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THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

BY GENERAL M. BUTT HEWSON, C. E.

THE Grand Trunk Railway reflects by its unprofitableness on the material interests of Canada. Mr. Potter's mistake in arraying the line against the character of the Canadian people and the progress of Canadian development, does not alter the fact that the financial result of its investments is a misfortune to this Dominion. A duty to the continued growth of the country demands that the failure of that gentleman's road to reward its owners be placed upon its real merits; and that the placing be done in a spirit of sympathy for him and them with a view to the reversal, as far as is now practicable, of what is a disaster applying in common to English capital and to Canadian progress.

In seeking a remedy for the unprofitableness of the Grand Trunk, the search should

commence in an enquiry into the cause. Is there, then, any reason outside the line, any reason in the traffic resources of Canada, why it should not yield dividends? The answer to this question can be given with the authority of a demonstration by comparing certain facts of railways in the United States with corresponding facts of the Grand Trunk; and as recent discussion bases the failure of that line upon the overdoing of railway construction in Canada, by applying the comparison to the field in which that alleged overdoing takes its extreme form—the Province of Ontario.

The following table is compiled mainly from "Poor's Manual" of 1873-4.\* It may not be severely accurate, but is perfectly trustworthy as authority for the conclusions to which it points:—

\* Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1873-4, by H. V. & H. W. Poor. New York, 1873.

*The Railways of the Province of Ontario.*

Railways in Ontario.	Length—Mile..	Cost (Dollars).	Cost per mile (Dollars).	Gross receipts (Dollars).	Receipts per mile (Dollars).	Working expenses in per-centage of gross receipts	Remarks.
Grand Trunk .....	485	67,900,000	140,000	4,233,000	6,553	80.4	The cost of the Grand Trunk is estimated at £28,000 per mile on the authority of Sir Hugh Allan's pamphlet. The blanks in the table apply to new roads not yet introduced in specification into "Poor's Manual." These roads are given, however, in order to show the full mileage in the Province.
Buffalo and Lake Huron	161	6,443,000	90,000				
Great Western .....	342	39,773,000	90,000	5,390,000	12,132	59.7	
G. W. leased lines.....	102						
Canada Southern .....	324	17,000,000	52,000	895,000	6,023	79.8	
Northern.....	140	6,086,000	43,000				
Toronto, Grey, and Bruce	88			304,000	2,719	56.9	
Toronto and Nipissing ..	87						
Midland .....	109	3,348,000	31,000	275,000	3,279	65.6	
Brockville and Ottawa ..	84						
Central .....	28	691,000	24,000	32,000	1,137	77.4	
St. Lawrence and Ottawa	59						
Cobourg Line.....	46			162,000	2,742	71.6	
Whitby Line .....	19						

With the foregoing specification of the railways in Ontario, the comparison suggested may now be made. It is put in the following table, on the faith of the figures of Poor's Manual of 1873-4—that is to say, for the

year ending with June, 1872—the population being estimated to that date; in the case of the American lines, from the census of 1870; in the case of the Canadian lines, from the census of 1871:

Basis of comparison.	Total miles of railway.	Total Population.	Population per mile of railway.	Gross receipts of the railways.	Gross receipts per mile of railway.	Gross receipts per head of population.	Dividends on stocks.
Ontario.....	2074	1,647,000	794	\$ 11,291,000	\$ 5,444	\$ 6.85	
Minnesota .....	1616	510,000	268	3,515,000	2,113	6.89	1.60
Iowa .....	2734	1,315,000	360	8,969,000	3,280	6.82	2.06
Wisconsin .....	1779	1,120,000	595	7,832,000	4,224	6.99	2.92
Maine.....	933	630,000	723	4,653,000	4,988	7.38	2.57
New Hampshire .....	627	320,000	395	3,625,000	5,830	11.33	5.70
Vermont .....	568	332,000	467	4,260,000	7,500	12.83	3.91
Michigan.....	1904	1,280,000	672	11,921,000	6,261	9.31	4.85
Indiana.....	3748	1,730,000	443	24,415,000	6,514	14.11	0.50

The table just given goes directly to the question of excessive railway construction in Ontario. It shows that, in proportion to population, that Province has less length of railway than Maine, Michigan, Indiana, only one-half of the length in New Hampshire, and only one-third of the length in Minnesota. Excluding though it does all

the earnings of one-third of her lines—those for which the returns are not given in Poor's Manual—it shows that every inhabitant of Ontario contributed, notwithstanding, as much to railway earnings as every inhabitant of Minnesota, of Iowa, of Wisconsin, and very nearly as much as every inhabitant of the old State of Maine. These points of

comparison on the basis of population may be held as disposing of the allegation of excessive length of railway in Ontario, whether as a matter of fact, or as an explanation of the failure of the Grand Trunk to yield dividends.

Over-construction being inadmissible, what, then, is the cause, what are the causes, of the unprofitableness of the great highway of Canada to its proprietors? The gross receipts set opposite Ontario, in the table next preceding, do not, it will be seen by recurring to the first table, include new and unfinished lines. The earnings of 700 miles are thus, it may be repeated, omitted. The income per mile is, therefore, not \$5,444 as set forth, but is in fact \$8,186. Taking the figures of the table, however, regardless of this correction, they are good for the conclusion, that when the railways of New Hampshire, with receipts of \$5,830 per mile, those of Maine, with receipts of \$4,988 per mile, those of Wisconsin, with receipts of \$4,224, those of Iowa, with receipts of \$3,280, and even those of Minnesota, with receipts of but \$2,113, all pay dividends on their stocks, the reason why Canadian railways do not, the reason why the Grand Trunk with receipts of \$6,563 per mile does not, must clearly be sought for elsewhere than in the activity of the people as measured by the volume of the traffic.

What of the severity of the Canadian climate? Does not that cause an extraordinary absorption of earnings in working expenses, and make thus the reasoning from the figures cited above illusive? As this suggestion has been addressed recently to popular misapprehension in England, it demands, in order to avert the injury which it is calculated to do the railway progress of the Dominion, an examination in fulness of evidence.

The selection of American States presented in the last table has not been made in contemplation of a foregone conclusion. It has proceeded with the single purpose of eliminating from the question under review, at this point, any disturbing considerations of climate. It includes, be it observed, all the States that border upon the Dominion, from Nova Scotia to Manitoba. It embraces in its averages several lines which traverse regions whose winters are much more severe than the average winter of those traversed by the railways of Canada. Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, are represented on the

one hand, and Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, are represented on the other hand, by items of the table which exclude from the comparison with those of Ontario, any special application of the question of climate against that Province, for the reason, *prima facie*, that the first group being mountainous, and the latter group being situated on plains of greater elevation, they embody averages of higher altitudes, while a glance at a map of North America will show that both groups embody averages including even higher latitudes. The popular misapprehension as to the exceptional effect of climate on railway-working here, may be readily disposed of by the foregoing figures under the reading of this explanation; but the special force necessary in proof which is designed to "*reason down* what has not been *reasoned up*," demands, now that the consideration of the management of our great railway is being approached, that that misapprehension be met in direct issue on its merits in the special case of the Grand Trunk.

The earnings apportioned to the great Canadian highway in Ontario yield, according to the first table given in this paper, an average per mile of \$6,553. The working expenses of that line, although paid out of receipts higher than in the case of any of the averages given, stand, be it observed, in percentage of the gross earnings, at 80.4. Now, the value of climate in determining that percentage may be traced in general by a comparison with the corresponding facts in the country at each end of the line, and as far as may be, along its route, including even those lines which run from it 50 or 80 miles northerly into basins of greater elevation and higher latitude. A review of the question in that light presents it thus :

Working expenses of all lines in Michigan,	}	1904 miles ...	62.5 per ct.
Do. of the Great Western of Canada .....		444 miles ...	59.7 per ct.
Do. of five lines running northerly from the Grand Trunk in Ontario .....	}	420 miles ...	72.4 per ct.
Do. of all the roads in Maine, exclusive of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence .....		783 miles ..	72.2 per ct.
Do. of the Grand Trunk,		1377 miles ...	80.4 per ct.

The specifications of working expenses given here show that all the roads of Michi-



gan—a region situated at one end of the line—are worked at a cost of 17.9 per cent. less. It shows that with the exception of one railway managed by the Grand Trunk Company, all the lines of Maine—a region situated at the other end—are worked at a cost 8.2 per cent. less. It sets forth that the Great Western of Canada, including a trunk which runs within 20 miles of it for a distance of 180 miles, and a branch which extends to the north of it for 100 miles, are worked at a cost 20.7 per cent. less. Showing, besides these facts, that five tracks extending northerly from it in Ontario into the colder regions of Ottawa, Pembroke, Collingwood, transact their business at a cost 8 per cent. less, the conclusion is irresistible that the excessive absorption of the receipts of the chief railway of the Dominion in working-expenses, does not find its explanation in climate.

A comparison such as that just made is met by the hint that the extraordinary proportion of the working expenses of the Grand Trunk is referable mainly to the severity of the climate along its extension eastwardly from Montreal. That part of the line being but one-fourth of all, the cause that, operating on that length only, can affect the running cost on the whole to such an extent as it is said to do, must stand out very broadly in the case of other lines worked under similar conditions. What then are the facts of roads situated in the same latitudes?

The European and North American Railway of the State of Maine begins in the latitude of Prescott, on the Grand Trunk, and ends in the latitude of Richmond, on the branch of that line to Quebec. One hundred and fourteen miles in length, it was worked at the date of the latest returns given in Poor's Manual of 1873-4, for a proportion of its gross earnings no greater than 55.0 per cent. The Intercolonial Railway includes in the results given for it the European and North American line of New Brunswick. The Government of the Dominion of Canada manages that line, and may be supposed to do so under the usual penalty of a control so remote and loose—extravagance. And yet what is the result in that case? Beginning at St. John's and running as far to the north as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the 149 miles included in the report of that line by Poor, though they correspond in latitude almost exactly with the

Grand Trunk from Montreal to Quebec, consume gross earnings in the business to the extent of but 67.8 per cent.

Several railways of the North-west of the United States operate in winters as severe as those of the Province of Quebec. Incorporated with other lines, they do not stand out in special facts, and are therefore excluded from use here. One however there is, which presents an extreme illustration of the value of climate on the lower sections of the Grand Trunk. The Marquette, Houghton, and Ontonagon Railway is 49 miles in length. Making a connection at an intermediate point with the lines of Northern Wisconsin, it begins at one port of Lake Superior, Marquette, and ends at another port of that lake, L'Anse. Situated on a peninsula swept in winter by winds from one ice-bound sea on the one side, and from another ice-bound sea on the other side, it runs, furthermore, through a region whose elevation above the banks of the St. Lawrence below Montreal must be held, according to Humboldt's equation of heights, to assign it a climate over two degrees more northerly than that proper to its parallel of latitude.\* But waiving all consideration of its exposure and of its elevation, the Marquette, Houghton, and Ontonagon, if moved eastwardly along its geographical parallels, would, placing one of its termini at Quebec, extend from that city towards Three Rivers, its whole length lying on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence. And yet while its gradients are highly unfavourable to cheap work, that line, which traverses a climate more severe perhaps than any known to settlement in the Province of Quebec, transacted its business for the year represented by its last report in Poor's Manual, at a cost to its gross earnings of but 56.2 per cent.†

Facts in the States containing its eastern and its western termini, and in the country along its route, show that our chief highway

\* The isothermals of the maps rest, in reference to this region, on no data. Mere fillings in at random between remote points known to observation, they are worth nothing against the above inference as to the climate of the Michigan-Superior Peninsula.

† The detention of trains caused by snow on the Marquette, Houghton, and Ontonagon Railway during last winter—the severest known for 40 years—aggregated, according to a letter of the officer charged with its superintendence, 85½ hours.

is worked at a cost excessive to an extent varying from 8.0 to 20.7 per cent. The excess has been shown to hold in the case of a road in Maine having an average latitude equal to that of Montreal, in the ratio of 25.4 per cent. ; and in the case of a road in New Brunswick conducted with the extravagance fairly supposable in the transaction of such a business by a Government, has been shown to hold, in a latitude corresponding with that of the branch connecting Montreal with Quebec, in the ratio of 12.6 per cent. And the returns of a railway in the terrible climate of the Peninsula lying between Lake Michigan and Lake Superior have confirmed those proofs of the insufficiency, if not of even the irrelevance, of the plea of climate in explanation of the working expenses of the Grand Trunk, by declaring their consumption of the gross earnings to be excessive to the extent of even 24.2 per cent.

Overdone construction of railways does not apply in Ontario as a matter of fact ; and is therefore not admissible as the explanation of the failure of our great line to reward its owners. Insufficiency in the volume of traffic does not hold in the case ; and must consequently be set aside as the cause of the misfortunes of that enterprise. What then is the true cause, what the true explanation, seeing that those offered by the Directors cannot be accepted ? Earnings that, on the evidence of the results in all other cases, might be supposed available to a large amount of profits for the proprietors, are absorbed in the working ; and as this exceptional absorption has been shown not to be referrible, as the Chairman of the Company says it is, to incidents of climate, it must be referred under a strong presumption to the only other cause remaining for its explanation—the management.\*

A review of the government of our chief railway in relation to the failure of that undertaking to yield profits must begin here at the question of working expenses. The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway is worked under lease by the Grand Trunk. Its owners keep an account of its transactions ; and supply thus an illustration of the lessee's adaptation to railway service on this con-

\* The word "management" is used throughout this review in the sense of a legal entity holding perpetual succession. To put any other interpretation upon it would be not only painful to the writer, but unjust to individual directors.

tinent. The following table exhibits the results in that case under contrast with corresponding results of ordinary management in the case of every other railway of the State of Maine :

RAILWAY-WORKING IN MAINE.

The Railways in Maine for which the Net and the Gross earnings are given in Poor's Manual of 1873-4.	Length in Miles.	Gross Receipts in Dollars.	Working Expenses in percentages of gross receipts.
Bangor and Piscataquis.....	48.20	114,000	73.7
Knox and Lincoln.....	49.00	88,000	59.1
Maine Central.....	310.00	1,928,000	68.9
Portland and Ogdensburg..	60.00	115,000	65.2
Portland & Oxford Central	27.50	20,000	70.0
Portland and Rochester..	52.50	132,000	71.2
Portland, Saco, and Portsmouth.....	51.30	659,000	73.0
St Croix and Penobscot..	1.00	81,000	68.0
Atlantic and St. Lawrence (worked by Grand Trunk.)	149.50	1,146,157	95.6

The table just given sets forth the fact that the Grand Trunk Company works the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway at an excess above even the high average of its whole line, to the extent of 15.2 per cent. of the income. In showing this, and in showing further that its transaction of the business of that road of the State of Maine costs more of the gross earnings than any of the lines on either side of it by so great an excess as 21.9 per cent., it leaves, after all that has been said above in proof of the inadmissibility of other explanations, no escape from the conclusion that the absorption of so exceptional a proportion of the receipts of the Grand Trunk in the cost of its business is chargeable to the directing body.

The working expenses reflect pointedly on the management. They suggest a general review of its doings from the outset, beginning with the most striking evidence of its want of adaptation to the circumstances in which it has acted—the Victoria Bridge. Those who have had experience on lines in the United States may have seen as they entered that structure on their passage of the St. Lawrence, a foreshadow of the monetary results of railways in Canada. The millions

of capital sunk in that admirable work of British engineering might have proved, as in the case from which it is copied, a wise expenditure in a country of dense population; but must be regarded worse than waste since, expended on a mile of track in a country thinly peopled, they have been hung in a very madness of formulary, a millstone around the neck of a great enterprise. And the moral pointed in that instance may be drawn through this review at each of the general facts which lie at the bottom of the failure of our chief railway as a subject of investment—that the circumstances existing here declare to be totally out of place an administration based on ideas formed on railways in a country so old and thickly settled as England.

To give point to subsequent criticisms on the management, it may be well to lay down here a few simple premises:—

Economy of length is a consideration in railway-carriage overlooked or undervalued at home. Its violation in any serious degree is not a danger in a system whose lines are so short. On a great continent, however, where the spaces operated on are so vast, and in a new country where the lines of intercourse, not set by immemorial usage or final adjustments of trade, are in progress of determination by a competition which knows little restraint in *statu quo*, every rod in the length of a railway has a creative value. While, for instance, 20 miles of unnecessary length in a line tapping a great stream of traffic, might result in the diversion of that stream to a rival, it would at the same time burden the through and the way-business remaining, by an unnecessary outlay in transportation. If six trains each way should prove to be the measure of the business in that case, the excess of working would represent 240 train-miles per day; and this waste of effect, put at, say \$240, would amount to a waste of money at the rate of \$87,600 a year. Capitalizing that annuity at 6 per cent., it would represent \$1,460,000; and would show thus the saving of every mile of distance in the case of a line of 12 trains a day to be worth, *on the ground of economy in working*, \$73,000. Additions to the direct length of an average railway represent therefore additions to capital at the rate of \$14 per foot.

Distance and cost may be taken in railway generalizations as convertible terms. A line equidistant at all its points from two ports

represents, therefore, a succession of instances of equality of cost of transportation to either port. In the competition of the two for the freights of the interior, that line may be said to traverse a route of neutrality. Like waters dividing on a ridge, the surpluses on either side take different directions, one outflow going to one port, the other outflow to the other port. In an analogy from nature, it may be said that the division of those two volumes takes place on a trade-summit, while the area bounded by two such summits—one on one side of the surface tributary to the business of a port, and the other on the other side—may be said, in pursuance of the same analogy, to constitute a trade-basin.

The products offering for transportation within any trade-basin belong economically to the shipments of the corresponding seaport. They constitute the proper traffic of the railway or railways designed to tap that basin for discharge into its proper port. The restriction put by inference from this upon railway-rivalry may, it is true, be made by disturbing considerations to vibrate over a certain breadth of debatable ground; but still cannot be pressed aside beyond a limited extent, in pursuit of a carrying-trade conducted legitimately. To make this important point of application to the present case more plain, it may be added that, as no competition can be maintained profitably with a rival who obtains his wares at a first cost necessarily lower—and as length of transportation is, in general, the measure of first cost in railway competition,—distance must be held to put upon that competition an impassable limit of range.

The elementary considerations laid down here may be applied in the next place to a preliminary survey of the field of the Grand Trunk.

Montreal is nearer by 18 miles of railway than New York to the Niagara frontier at Suspension Bridge. It is further by 25 miles of railway than New York from the Niagara frontier at Buffalo. During her direct intercourse with the sea, our commercial capital includes, therefore, in her trade-basin—the area, be it recollected, tributary economically to her commerce—the whole Province of Ontario. In winter, however, the ocean recedes from her to a distance which measured on her outlet to it, is 297 miles. At that time, abstract economy forces Montreal back

from her summer area of tribute to hand over to her rival, New York, all that part of it—about 27,000 square miles,—which lies west of a line running from a point between Whitby and Port Hope in a direction north-eastwardly towards the Valley of the Ottawa. And in application of this generalization, it may be stated for the purpose in hand that, while the Grand Trunk in summer occupies west of Whitby a strong position subject to but a feeble competition by the railways of New York, it does so on a field that must still be considered debatable, seeing that it may be held by *either* party at *one* season of the year by right and at the *other* season of the year, so far as it may be held at all, but by policy.

Abstract economy would assign to Montreal in a railway competition with New York during the navigation of the St. Lawrence, the trade of all the Peninsula of Michigan and of the upper lakes. At Detroit, the commercial capital of Canada has the ascendancy in the struggle at that time of the year, by virtue of an economy equal to the cost of transportation over 96 miles; at Sarnia, of a transportation over 122 miles. Experience declares, however, that so far as existing attempts to divert the commerce of the Upper Lakes go to prove the contrary, their steamships, abhorring short voyages, cannot be arrested on their way to transhipment at Buffalo. And their rates commanding all the great aggregations of the shore-line of those inland seas, the railways have but comparatively little of the through business to struggle for in summer beyond that which the outlying lines may have gathered by the way.

The traffic offering at Detroit and Sarnia offers in a double competition—with a navigation that can underbid the railway, and with railways which bring to a reduction of their disadvantage in distance, the advantage of superior support by the way. But the excess of their length disappears altogether in their rivalry with the Grand Trunk, when winter, closing the St. Lawrence, makes them masters of the freights offering at Sarnia and Detroit, by right of an economy of transportation representing the cost, in one case on 175 miles of track, and in the other case on 201 miles. And thus obtainable at but low rates in summer, and subject to the control of rivals in winter, the through freights within reach of the great Canadian line at Sarnia and Detroit must be held, not

only because of their cheapness, but because also of their unsteadiness, to constitute a business which is, at best, a questionable subject of effort.

Let this review of the field pass now from the West to the East. Between Montreal and Toronto the way-freights of the Grand Trunk are disputed in summer by navigation. American ships bring to bear within that extent of the route an active rivalry at all points of large aggregations from the back country; while the freedom of the coast to Canadian vessels extends a similar rivalry by a system of touchings at ports along the line, to several of the smaller stations. At that season of the year, concessions adapted to these circumstances are the only means of obtaining business along that part of the road, while the business of the points thus acted upon may be commanded in winter as far west as Port Hope on any judicious schedule. Even then, however, Whitby being but 555 miles by railway from the harbour of New York, while Port Hope is 567 by railway from the harbour of Montreal—Portland—the footing of the Grand Trunk west of Port Hope can, as stated above, be sustained, so far as it may be sustained at all, but by address.

The survey that has been just made of the field shows, it may be observed in passing, that the management of our great railway demands originality of thinking, closeness of observation, and flexibility of method. The object of that survey, however, has been to point out views and circumstances that enter into a proper judgment of the leading facts of the administration of our most important railway.

The Company had a choice of two routes between Montreal and Sarnia. Following the direct line, the track would have been laid 15 or 20 miles to the north of Lake Ontario with a large economy of length. In that event it would have run near the "rain-divide;" and, by crossing the drainage about its source would have effected a large saving in the number and character of the bridges. But an experience disregarding all the surrounding circumstances, decided that the route should pursue the shore of the Lake; and thus burdened the capital of the Company by an unnecessary length of track, a more expensive system of bridging, and many stretches of heavy and difficult embankment.

Waste of capital was committed by the management in other forms than that of the blunder as to route. English practice adhered to its routine by contracting for the construction of the road as for a coat completed to order. Economy should have suggested that Messrs. Peto, Brassey, & Betts be confined to the taking out of the centre of the cuts, leaving the slopes to be removed by the Company; and should have suggested, further, that those gentlemen be limited at swamp-crossings and such places to the laying of a temporary track on "corduroy" or trestling, leaving the ultimate road-bed for construction in the permanence of embankment by the Company. This course would not only have saved interest on capital which lay unproductive for a long time, by opening the line two or three years in advance for traffic; but would have effected a still further economy by giving additional employment during the development of business to the Company's half idle track and rolling stock. But an experience incapable of modification to the expediencies of the case, pursued a routine that, incurring from one year's to three years' interest on millions of expenditure, and adding to the necessary cost of the earthwork so much as perhaps even 20 per cent., may be traced to-day in the volume of the Company's balance-sheet.

On the direct route between Montreal and Toronto the road would have *commanded* for a distance of 300 miles, way-business from both sides of its track. The area of the local traffic—evidently the only source of income on which it could have counted with confidence—would have expanded in that case into the interior to the greatest possible extent, beyond all danger on either hand of future loss by competition.—A body of producers separated from a railway by a waggon-haulage of 30 miles is much more likely than one separated from it by a waggon-haulage of but 15 miles, to bring that line into competition, or having brought it, to stray off to its rival.—Ideas formed in a practice not at all adapted to this great and new Continent determined, however, that the line should follow the lake, and in doing so not only exposed it to an ultimate reduction of tributary surface by rivalry on the north, but gave it from the outset a reduced area of local traffic subject to competition for six months of the year with a free navi-

gation. And thus has the management become responsible for aggravating its waste of capital, by a contraction and an embarrassment of its more profitable business.

The experience that decided on the route disregarded economy of length when it settled on a total abandonment of the direct line. It did so to a further extent when it laid down its track in general conformity with the meanderings of the Lake-shore. Adding to these items of loss caused by a management governed by an inapplicable training, the further lengths of route incurred unnecessarily in the windings between Toronto and Sarnia, the whole sums up to the waste of income and crippling of grasp represented by an excess of distance to the extent of about 20 miles! Conceived though the Grand Trunk was in a design for delivering American freights on board British bottoms, the agents of that design did not stop at its embarrassment by that blunder between Sarnia and Montreal; but put the *coup de grace* to that evidence of unfitness for their work by the further blunder of embarrassing the road's intercourse with the sea for six months in the year, by a *detour* on the route between Montreal and Portland, to an extent which gives an aggregate of wanton excess of transportation, equal to a prohibition on freights in favour of rival lines, at the rate of at least a dollar and a-quarter per ton!

The railway reached Sarnia with its objects placed, by waste of capital and waste of distance, under serious difficulties. At that point, however, if it were wise to have adhered to its original purpose, the duty of the management demanded the encouragement by its moral support of a direct extension, giving it the shortest possible connection with the granary of the West, Chicago.\* It left that connection open to be occupied, as it has been since, by the rival which has entered into the enjoyment of the "Air Line," that discharges upon the Canada Southern at St. Clair. Full, however, of stiff experience, full of a spirit of competition which does not hesitate to grasp at what it cannot hold, the Company decided that its best way to Chicago lay in encouraging first and leasing afterwards, the line which, by giving it a

\* This very measure was urged upon the Company at the time in a full and formal statement protesting against the extension to Detroit—a statement made to the chairman by the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, M. P.

terminus at Detroit, initiated its mistaken policy of hostility to the Great Western. And what was the result of that error? The Grand Trunk was enabled by it to deposit freights at Toronto in a transportation of 564 miles, while the Great Western could deposit them there in a transportation five miles shorter, and at rates which, sustained by its great resources in way-business, might have been held to have declared the competition, if not ruinous, at least unprofitable.\* And that folly was all the more wanton, inasmuch as an avoidance of war with the Great Western would have presented the alternative of competition for the business of Chicago, by the "Air Line" referred to above, under the advantage of a transportation twenty miles less than that by way of Detroit! Here again the failure of the great railway of Canada to yield profit to its stockholders, can be traced from the very inception of the enterprise to want of adaptation to the special circumstances of the case in a set of ideas imported, cut and dry from railway-offices in England!

Passing from errors of design and execution that have wasted capital and restricted traffic, this review will touch now on errors of administration that have exhausted earnings.

The American rivalry that advances into Canada in winter, does so in no instance with greater force than along the line of the Buffalo and Lake Huron. A direct exten-

\* The freight-field traversed by the Great Western belongs, he it recollected, to New York at one season of the year, and at another season to Montreal. The true position of that line so far as the way-traffic is concerned, is one of free action in the direction of either at the proper time; and, therefore, as between the competition of the lines of New York with the Grand Trunk for the business of Western Ontario, a position of neutrality. If that line had not been attacked, its local freights would, no doubt, have been allowed to move under a schedule open, if not even inviting, to movement in summer along the main line and the Toronto branch towards Montreal. This might have been made to bring with it, under a joint arrangement between the two roads, the largest possible amount of the business offering at even Detroit. Instead of the hostility involved in the extension to that place, this co-operation would have worked with excellent results to both lines, by, on the one hand, saving the Great Western the disadvantage of alliances where her true position is that of freedom, and on the other hand, by conferring on the Grand Trunk in its competition with the lines of New York, the advantage of neutralizing that powerful agency, and of even using it to a certain degree as a support.

sion of her own system, that railway enables New York to act with the highest possible effect at that season, in not only draining from the Southern side of the Grand Trunk its local traffic, but in even tapping its trains on their arrival at Stratford. While that line lies in summer *across* the then trade-basin in which it is situated, and its traffic may be set down at that time as small, it is still a traffic tending, from the moment it reaches the line, in the direction of New York. But in winter that road runs directly towards the outlet of the trade-basin to which it *then* belongs; and operating New York-wards at even its crossing of the Grand Trunk with an economy equal to the cost of transportation over 181 miles, is attached to another system than that of Canada, by a force which passes beyond all the restraints of schedules framed with regard to profit.

The Grand Trunk has leased—leased even in perpetuity—that agency of New York, the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway! From Goderich to the crossing of our great line at Stratford, the contract, however questionable for even that extent—45 miles—of the whole, might find a seeming of justification as a means of holding freights which seek Montreal voluntarily in summer, by enforcements of schedules in winter. But no restraint of schedule consistent with gain can reverse the natural out-flow southwardly, in either winter or summer, of the mass of freight on the 115 miles of the Lake Huron Railway between Stratford and Buffalo.† On what ground of reason then did the management carry its spirit of grasping into the lease of a line belonging thus by an economical force beyond the legitimate operation of tariffs, to another, a rival system?

Extraordinary though the fact of the Buffalo and Lake Huron lease is, still more extraordinary are its terms. Held during the process of its completion, unproductive for sections of 30 to 80 miles in the hands of a contractor after a pernicious formulary, that line was opened for traffic in 1856-8, at a cost of \$8,400,000. Its full capital expended

† The Directory appears in its leases and competitions to have no perception of the limits of legitimate business. It seems to disregard all elementary considerations of economy in these cases, and to hold that, under the operations of "control," traffic may be bent in any direction because of a ductility which knows no limit, at the good pleasure of the schedule-makers!

before it had obtained any development of its business, it fell, from the day of its opening, into debt, until it had become virtually insolvent. About four millions of dollars of deficit had been liquidated by an issue of its stock—a deficit that showed an average, up to 1868, of \$350,000 a year! The directors of our great highway finding that competing line thus bankrupt, lifted it not only into solvency, but into riches by a lease in perpetuity, converting half of the four millions of the arrearage-stock into Grand Trunk common stock, the other half into Grand Trunk fourth preference stock, and, while paying five-and-a-half per cent. interest on the bonded debt, paying upon the original stock a graduated rate of dividend which, having reached last year  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., is to reach in 1878-9, five per cent!

But the Directors in going outside their proper business in the case of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Company, did not stop with the lease. The Great Western of Canada, the New York Central, the Erie, and the Lake Huron Railways are all concerned in the crossing of the river at Buffalo. The three rich Companies succeeded, however, in placing the burden of the ferry at that point, as a sequence of the Buffalo and Lake Huron lease, upon the facile-tempered management of the Grand Trunk. \$80,000 a year was thus taken from the earnings of that impoverished line to maintain a ferry 115 miles away, and tributary, for twelve months of the year, in despite of all schedules, to the traffic of rivals! But that is not all, for the management, anxious to give that favourite competitor, the Buffalo line, an outlet more lasting than lease or ferry, has committed the Grand Trunk to an expenditure upon a bridge at the same place—a structure in which it is interested to even a less extent than it is in the Thames tunnel—at the rate of \$100,000 a year for twenty-eight years! The concern of the stockholders of the Grand Trunk in the approach of New York to their field of traffic is very difficult of explanation as a motive for the construction at Fort Erie of an International Bridge, however readily it might explain the construction there of a Chinese Wall.

The lease of the Lake Huron line brings into question broadly the capacity of the Grand Trunk management to drive a bargain. The Detroit and Sarnia Junction

Railway tells a similar story. It extends for 59 miles, and on a route which, not very far from a water-way, involves a competition at several of its points with a navigation. Whatever of local freights it may command tend naturally to the steamships and markets of the city at its southern terminus. Of little or no service to the Grand Trunk during summer, its chief, if not its only use to that line holds but in winter as an agency—the inferior of two from which the choice has been made—of the policy of competition for through-freights. The cost of the road is set down by Poor at \$2,169,736—\$1,074,736 being a bonded debt and the residue stock. It has been leased for a rent, exclusive of working and maintenance, yielding a clear profit at the rate of six per cent. interest on the debt, and a dividend of four per cent. on the stock—a second instance in which the management of the Grand Trunk makes rich all the roads it touches except its own!

Port Huron—opposite Sarnia, on the St. Clair—drew breadstuffs in 1874 to the value of \$37,000 from Canada. Detroit drew breadstuffs during that year to the value of \$173,000 from Canada. The current of commerce which rushed past those two places in the water-carriage that deposited, in 1872, a bushel of wheat in New York from Chicago for  $24\frac{1}{2}$  cents, swept those products, as it went on to its ultimate destination on the sea, from those very termini of the Grand Trunk.—So much in illustration of the direction of traffic at Detroit and Sarnia. Again: that railway cannot deposit freights from Lake Huron at Montreal short of a transportation over 501 miles of track; while the Northern of Canada can do so in a transportation of 427 miles\*; the Midland of Canada in a transportation of about 384 miles. In the teeth of these facts the Grand Trunk maintains a line of steamers on the Upper Lakes, with the view of collecting freights for shipment from Sarnia to Montreal, over 501 miles of Railway! True, those steamers are not owned and worked by the Grand Trunk; but that rather confirms than corrects the statement that they are maintained by that road, unless it is supposed that a private individual would in-

\* Though competing for the Lake business under a rail-transport 74 miles less than that of the Grand Trunk, the Northern Railway has abandoned that business as unprofitable.

vest his capital in an attempt to reverse the route assigned to commerce by a broad and plain economy, without making himself safe with a management remarkable for facile bargains.

The readiness of the Directors to assume extraneous outlays is exhibited strikingly at Prescott. The St. Lawrence and Ottawa line connects at that point with our trunk railway. It is a virtual extension of the great chain which extends from New York to the opposite bank of the river at Ogdensburg. Another line terminates at that point on the American side; and constitutes the fourth which is concerned in the crossing. As at Buffalo so here, the management accepts the burden of the ferry, supplies the capital and works the steamboats, shrinking from the unpleasant duty of haggling, in a facility of temper which, were a legal a natural entity, would command admiration for the magnificence of its amiability!

The Montreal and Champlain Railway extends from the Grand Trunk 49 miles in the direction of New York. Having fallen into arrear, its revenue had become subject to a floating debt when it was incorporated in our great railway under lease. Its capital account consisting of funded liabilities in the sum of \$882,813, and of stock to the amount of \$1,534,875, the rental agreed on, not only paid in 1872, 6 per cent. interest on the bonds, but paid also on the stock a dividend of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.—showing that the Montreal and Champlain Railway is another of the favoured lines raised by lease at the cost of the treasury of the Grand Trunk, from poverty to affluence.

But the Directors have fallen into no error more flagrant than that of the lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence. Having originated in the commercial ambition of the city of Portland, that road was in the hands of an interest perfectly co-operative with that of the Grand Trunk. If a lease were at all to bind the two together, it should have been of the line between Richmond and Island Pond to the Portland Company; because that Company could have afforded to work the whole on the lowest possible schedule in consideration of the indirect results arising in the expansion of the commerce of the chief owner, Portland. And that working applying to a business subject annually to a great flow and a great ebb, was evidently of a character which a skilful management

would have thrown upon the other party—a party, be it remembered, whose interests guaranteed the highest obtainable advantages to the winter traffic of the Grand Trunk.

Prudence ought to have forbidden the commitment of the management for ever to a discharge upon the sea at Portland. The 297 miles of extra transportation by which it encumbered its business in that case, should not have been accepted as unavoidable while a single effort had remained untried to maintain winter communication with the ocean at Quebec.\* That communication should have been a settled hope of the Board, if only to make 150 miles of its own track, which has been perhaps a burden upon its revenue, a source of profit. A foregone conclusion was, however, permitted to assign the navigation of the great Canadian inlet of the ocean to the impracticable, in the teeth of the new appliances embodied in the steamship, and to close the door of hope held open by those appliances with a lease binding the traffic of the Grand Trunk for five months of the year to the reduction of volume incident to its delivery upon the sea at a point so remote as Portland.

To return to the lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, be it said that its impolicy consisted, furthermore, in the indirectness of the route. Even if the contract had been expedient in any other, or in every other point of view, it was clearly inexpedient in this. And now arises a rebuke of its folly in the fact, that while it ties the Grand Trunk for ever, if allowed to stand, to the cost and restricted traffic incident to an outlet upon the sea over a line of 297 miles, another line has grown up which offers in vain to reduce the cost and expand the traffic by performing the same work with a transportation 60 miles less.

To digress for a moment here, it may be observed that the chief disadvantage of the Grand Trunk lies in the fact that one-half of

\* What the management should have done in this case many years ago has been initiated recently by private individuals in Quebec and Montreal. Instead of making war upon the Government and people of Canada, that body has now an opportunity, through the public spirit of these individuals, of pressing the Dominion into its service by exercising the influence of a common interest in favour of public action on the subject of the navigation of that estuary of the sea, the Lower St. Lawrence, in winter.



the length of its main line—the half west of Port Hope—runs for six months of the year across the direction of the economic outflow of trade. The freights which it acquires under these circumstances must be carried at rates fixed closely to the actual cost of transportation; and even then can be counted on but in a stream more or less reduced. Traversing great lengths of the track, that traffic would be a source of large income if it could be retained under a schedule independent of a competition of disadvantage. Now the reason why this cannot be done in winter lies in the recession of the seaport from Montreal to Portland, and that reason followed out, shows that the extent in Western Ontario of the reversal of the attitude of the line in winter depends on the extent of that recession. If, instead of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, the outlet to Portland lay over the shorter line offering for that purpose, the degree of the reversal would be very much reduced; but if the winter terminus were established in conjunction with ocean navigation at Quebec, the reduction would have been carried still further in a gain to the Grand Trunk by the increase of its business and the strength of its control. Removing the limit of traffic proper to that great railway to a line beginning about ten miles west of Toronto, and passing—leaving Guelph on the left—midways between the roads to Owen Sound and Southampton, it would, while adding 13,000 square miles to the permanent area tributary to Montreal, enable that railway to command in winter the local business at full rates as far west as Guelph. If, going beyond this, the chief highway of Canadian commerce were capable of *the broad* in disregarding its length between Montreal and Quebec for a consideration ten times the equivalent, it might make its business full and steady to the extent of complete control of the freights between Toronto and Sarnia, by success in efforts to establish communication in winter from Montreal to navigation at Quebec, on that probably practicable and certainly economical track for broad-tread and perhaps rubber-tyred driving-wheels, the ice-bound surface of the Upper St. Lawrence.

Passing from the impolicy of the lease to its terms, be it remembered that when the City of Portland invested her credit in the Atlantic and St. Lawrence she would have

done so as a gift. The profits she looked for were other than dividends. Now, the Grand Trunk management, in keeping with the character of its bargains, bound itself in its lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence to pay six per cent. interest on the bonds, four per cent. on the stock, and to maintain for the City of Portland a sinking fund for the redemption at maturity of her stock-debentures! In comment on these stipulations it may be added, on the faith of the owners of the line, that the lease costs the proprietors of the Grand Trunk a draught upon their income—a loss without any supposable necessity whatever—to the amount of \$280,000 a year!

The errors of administration which have been pointed out above have been confined to instances admitting of an approach to an estimate of their equivalents in money. But the waste of income that may be held chargeable to the management under the head of working-expenses cannot be put fully in that way, because of want of information as to the details. Entering on that branch of this subject now, in order to do so as far as practicable in specification, this review will treat it, in the first place, in the form of general suggestion.

The peculiarities of the field of the Grand Trunk's operations make its working a duty of nicety. When even one per cent. of the cost of that service represents such a sum as \$70,000, the ordinary shareholder can understand how expensive may be its direction under a want of flexibility and tact. The result as it exists, cannot be scrutinized in detail without incurring a risk of violating the propriety which sustains the administration of a great practical business under any suspicion not resting on proof. But it may be said on one head of the subject, that, while there are considerations which point to the belief that the through-traffic of the Grand Trunk is carried on at even an ultimate loss, injustice might still be done by pronouncing on that point beyond the suggestion that no mere showy returns of tonnage and passengers are of any real worth when obtained in violation of the rule that every use of the property should bring with it a demonstrable profit.

So long as Portland is its nearest outlet on the sea, the through-business of the highway of Canada should be but a secondary consideration. Development of way-traffic

should be held by the management its primary duty. Subject to the diversions of attractive forces, at one season or another, along the whole length of the line, the local business can be held at its largest volume only by close watching, exact thinking, and nice adjustment of means to an end. Whether or not a want of these may be the cause, this review does not venture to say, but it submits to those who have access to the facts, that loss of way-business west of Toronto may be suspected on general grounds; and may be suspected east of Toronto on the special ground that imports of Canadian products were *shipped from the line of the Grand Trunk* at Toronto, Whitby, Port Hope, &c., into the American ports of Lake Ontario to an amount that reached, in 1874, a value, in breadstuffs alone, of \$4,500,000!

The loss of way-business and the charges for through-business, though probably constituting serious instances of mismanagement, cannot be reduced to the positive. They are therefore disposed of in the foregoing remarks in order to place this review again on the footing of proof. With that view it takes up the subject of the working expenses in connection with one branch of the superintendence—the disposition of the rolling stock and the making up of the freight trains.

About 1864-5, our great railway made additions to its rolling-stock by hiring. 2,089 cars obtained in that way were in the service of the Company in 1871. Representing in the expenditures of that year a special payment of \$142,100, the cost of their employment gives a rate per car per annum of \$70. The following table will show the number of cars in use and the work which hired cars assisted in performing each year since 1862.

FREIGHT CARS AND THEIR WORK.

Year.	No. Owned.	No. Hired.	Tons per Car.	Excess of Cars. No.
1862	3001	—	232	—
1863	3001	—	222	—
1864	3332	—	not known	—
1865	3847	not known	not known	—
1866	3948	323	239	298
1867	3948	787	214	791
1868	3968	459	235	407
1869	3968	692	231	465
1870	3844	2030	268	1108
1871	3807	not known	not known	—
1872	3837	2089	257	—

257 tons having been established in 1872 as a practicable load per car per annum. All the other years of the table show the rolling-stock to have been in excess. The Company's property four cars *more* than the number seen thus to have been necessary in 1867, but 25 cars *less* than necessary in 1866, and but 52 cars less in 1868, the employment of extra stock during those years does not appear to have been actually unavoidable. In 1869, the deficit amounted to 227 cars, the hiring to 692; and in 1870 the deficit, amounting to 922 cars, the hiring amounted to 2,030. On the five years from 1866 to 1870, the insufficiency of the rolling-stock having been equal to 1,222 cars, and the hiring to 4,291, an average excess of hired cars must be held to have been employed in the working, to the proportion of two-thirds of all—to the number of 614 per annum.

Each of the freight cars of the Northern of Canada moves annually 560 tons, and of the Great Western 540 tons. That 257 tons should be the best working result obtainable on the Grand Trunk becomes, under contrast with these averages, a subject of question. These several loads, however, not being assigned their several mileages, can be reduced to specific dimensions of work but by equating the carrying-payments on each in terms of distance.—The average receipts per ton on the Northern of Canada is \$2; on the Great Western \$2.70, and on the Grand Trunk \$2.70. By an inference from this, it must be held that each freight-car of the Great Western transports for a certain distance 540 tons a year; while each freight-car of the Grand Trunk transports, for a distance that ought not to be very widely different, but 257 tons a year! Circumstances arising in the great extent of the line may explain some of this apparent want of economy in the working; but whatever may be held to remain of that want, involving as it does, besides payment for hire and/or repairs, an increase of "dead weight," and an addition to the cost of maintaining the track and machinery, must be held, in the case of a management which consumes gross earnings in working expenses to an extent so exceptional as 80 per cent., highly suggestive of a saving in the disposition of the cars and the arrangement of the trains. Even though it should not prove a clear gain to the net earnings to reject 20 per

cent. of the tonnage, the irresistible presumption that the average load may be raised by judicious superintendence to 400 tons per car is all that is necessary for the conclusion that the Company's business may be transacted without any car-hiring whatever.

The management of the Grand Trunk has been arraigned here under the check of insufficiency of proof. The specifications given are, however, of the very gravest character, and require now in conclusion but a summing up to place their aggregate in the form of an equivalent loss of net income. The following statement is offered as an approximation to the amount:—

On lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, a waste of .....	\$280,000
Do. Buffalo and Lake Huron, a waste of...	100,000
Do. Detroit Junction, do. ...	50,000
Do. Montreal and Champlain, do. ...	50,000
Do. Buffalo Bridge, do. ...	50,000
On 2,089 hired cars, rent \$142,000	} do. ... 970,000
Do. repairs 201,000*	
Do. running	
Do. track renewals	
Annual waste.. .. .	\$1,500,000

Violent diseases are said to require violent remedies. This review has, therefore, dealt with the case of the management vigorously; but in every instance with qualms of sympathy. The more painful part of the probing it has undertaken having now been brought to a conclusion, it proceeds to enter on the less disagreeable office of the remedy—a remedy, however, that no squeamishness can be allowed to offer in a form less radical than the distemper.

The Direction has been placed at great disadvantage by its reservations. Its statements are so broad as to deprive it of the benefit of intelligent suggestion from outside. The points put, for example, in this examination are put in several instances at hazard, because of the public want of knowledge of details. The owners of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence give a specific basis for condemnation of the management of the great Canadian railway in leasing their line; in paying so extravagant a rent for it; and in working it at so extraordinary a proportion of its earnings. If these special facts had appeared on the face of the ac-

\* This amount is *pro rata* for the hired cars in the sum set forth by the Company for repairs of all cars.

counts of the Grand Trunk, that series of blunders would, no doubt, have found a remedy long before they had cost the stockholders so many millions which ought to have been applied to dividends. But details being wanting in all other instances of the errors that have been glanced at in this survey, the condemnation of these errors has proceeded on but general reasons; and loses, therefore, some of the force necessary to command their correction. On these grounds then be it said that the first condition of bettering the fortunes of the enterprise is that of the publication of its transactions in detail.

Publicity in all its operations is a duty passing beyond the stockholders of the Grand Trunk to those other parties to the enterprise—the Canadian people. And at this point the omission of the management in that particular constitutes a special reason for the immediate discharge of a general duty of the Government of the Dominion. The railway is an interest of such great dimensions even now, and of such vast dimensions in the approaching future, that it requires supervision in the interest of the public. A law providing that annual reports be submitted by the several railway companies to Parliament is a measure demanded for the protection of railway capital, and for the development of the country. Creating a Bureau with authority to shape these reports, and to even go behind them, whenever such a course might be deemed necessary, to the Company's books, such a law would not only place our railways on their merits beyond the reach of market-rigging, but would also hold those merits at a high level by restraining inflations in the balance-sheet and extravagance in the direction.

English ideas in the design, execution, and working of existing lines, are chargeable mainly with the reputation of Canadian railway-securities in the money market. They should, therefore, be held in the interest of the Dominion under the fullest check consistent with the rights of the stockholders. A system of reports to Parliament would be an effective form of restraint in that case; and should be provided for with that view in creating the proposed Bureau—the reports covering all new projects to the extent of their gradients, their alignments, their works, their merits; and covering existing

lines to the extent of their schedules, their workings, their renewals, their leaseings, their credits, their additions to capital. Besides returns showing the several heads of mileage, the earnings, the distributed cost of working, the volume of business under the several divisions, "way passengers," "through passengers," "way freights," "through freights," &c., the Bureau should be authorised to obtain statements of station-transactions, distinct reports for sub-divisions of a company's business, and all other details called for in its discretion to give point to its annual criticisms on the several managements.†

Reports by the several companies obtained by law, the first step will have been taken in the reform of the Grand Trunk by placing its working under a light broader and more searching than that permitted to be thrown upon it by a council of managers. The general mode of working and accounting shuts out from the public any knowledge of the "profit and loss" of the Lake Huron steamers, of the Detroit Junction lease, of the Buffalo and Lake Huron lease, of the Buffalo Bridge, of the Montreal and Champlain lease, of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence lease. The same methods of centralization keep the two parties concerned—the proprietors of the railway and the people of the Dominion—in the dark as to the details of business on the different sections. Besides these objections to an absolute direction at the centre, a still further objection applies to it on the ground that it loses all the effects of the principle of rewards and punishments by suppressing public competition amongst its employees. For the reasons glanced at here, the working should be parcelled out into six, seven, or eight divisions, each having an independent head, with a system of subordination shaped as far as possible on the basis of individual freedom and responsibility. Separate accounts kept by each of these bodies for its division and for such parts of its division as might be held to constitute properly special concerns,

† The reports of the companies should include specifications of their working expenses during *each month*—certainly so as to the cost of keeping the tracks clear of snow, and as to the duration of and loss caused by the interruption of traffic by reason of snow. This would dispel a general misapprehension as to the actual disadvantages of railway business in Canada, by reducing that disadvantage to exact dimensions.

the working of the line and the results of its several outside parts, might be brought under corrective contrast with all the advantage of that individual interest which quickens the wit and stimulates the energy of competition. The management in London being restrained to the narrow dimensions demanded in the case of an external control which has worked in the past disastrously, the body next in order, that of the Direction here—say a board of advice and review, made up of heads of divisions, and meeting once a month under a chief stationed at Montreal—should exercise but a general supervision, limited in its interference by a severe adherence to the principle of individual responsibility on the part of the head and the subordinates of each division.

But no change in the form of the management will yield full fruit if not accompanied by a change in its spirit. The ambition with which the Company entered on its work was almost as boundless as the North-West of this Continent. The exhaustion resulting has, it is true, had some effect in moderating a temper so extravagant; but has left much to be done yet to bring it within the restraints of the actual. Instead of putting itself in open hostility to the development of this Dominion, the management is called on by every consideration of reason to accept the conclusion that, while freights outside its proper field will be transported, in any event, by lines other than the Grand Trunk, the real interests of the stockholders demand that, looking the inevitable in the face, it direct its expectations and its efforts mainly to the fullest possible development of the way-business between Sarnia and Montreal. Clipping its wings, confining itself strictly to its own proper business, rejecting all traffic that does not leave a distinct balance in the revenue account, provoking no rivalries, and expending no energy, *except on internal economy*, in guarding against them, the Direction of our great highway having undergone thus a total change of spirit, will have but to reconstruct its administration on the basis of individual responsibility and of public accounting by divisions, to reach the highest obtainable results by carrying its reform one step farther.

No business can be conducted economically on a footing of insolvency. A penalty

attaches in the management to the plaint that the Grand Trunk represents a loss of English Capital to the amount of so many millions sterling. The parties concerned in London appear, nevertheless, to even relish that cry; for they swell the nominal amount by including in their very balance sheet £3,110,500 of a liability from which the Government of Canada has granted a release! A reversal of the insolvency thus proclaimed is, however, a necessary reform, in order to stimulate the vigilance of the proprietors in the future, and to brace the energies of the enterprise for the work of a new career. With that view, and with the further view of the moral effect upon the employees, the inflation of the Capital account ought to be reduced to the basis of cash; and, eliminating the sum represented by the Canadian release, the remaining liabilities ought to be re-issued under authority of a special Act of Bankruptcy, in amounts determined on the basis of their values in the market.\*

The Grand Trunk Railway has been for several years virtually insolvent. A question of morality can, therefore, not be supposed to arise from a proposition to give that matter of fact the form of law. True that giving is suggested on the condition that the rights applying under a foreclosure of the mortgages be exercised in recognition of the market values of the stocks, and with, on the other hand, the design of setting aside the obligations incurred by the stockholders through the exercise of delusions little short of insane. The bondholders to whom the Company is in default have, however, a right to obtain possession, and their right in that case is not a whit better in morals than their further right to give back all interest in the property to other innocent sufferers who have invested money in its creation. The lessors deserve no more sympathy than is due to men checked in the

continuance of despoliation under the form of a bargain *over-sharp*—especially when they carry off, under the check, such a large remainder as that represented by the development of their business and the maintenance of their property during so many years of exhaustive outlay.

A new railway offers, be it repeated here, an economy of distance between Montreal and Portland to the extent, it is said, of 60 miles. A surrender of the lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence would place this opportunity at the service of the Grand Trunk, and would affect thus on the seagoing business of that great line in winter—until that business be established with a much greater saving on the St. Lawrence—a saving equal to more than a dollar a ton.

The abandonment of the present route of the Grand Trunk to Portland would carry with it much, if not all, of the Company's interest in its lines east of Montreal. The question arises, therefore, what should be done with those lines on the surrender of the lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence—arises, be it recollected, under circumstances demanding the boldness with which life is sometimes saved by amputation. Of the 393 miles below Montreal, the length—144 miles—between that city and Island Pond, taken at the rate of the remainder of that route to Portland, pays a profit of about five per cent. of its earnings—say \$50,000 a year. The 249 miles remaining are said, with some seeming of accuracy, to absorb that surplus, if they do not encroach upon income elsewhere. The abandonment of those lines would be a grievous necessity, if a necessity it were, to not only the Company, but to the public; and this consideration makes the question one for the joint action of both. The political power being, in fact, mainly responsible for the addition of at least that part of the whole which lies east of Richmond, there is a reason in morals as well as in policy why a disposition of the Company's lines below Montreal should be made under an arrangement with the Government. At a low rental, or by purchase at a price representing the balance left after deducting from the actual cost since opening those roads, the amount of the relinquished lien, the Crown may be induced to take them off the Company's hands in the interest of the local population, and of the completeness of its purpose in

\* A reconstruction of the Company by the bondholders in any indifference to those pioneers of railway development in Canada, the stockholders, would be regarded here with indignation. And wise heads in London will not forget how important to the best interests of the property is the sympathy of this Government and people. No concession as to the section below Montreal, or any other favourable legislation could be obtained under a foreclosure which did not recognise to the full amount of the market value all the present parties to the ownership.

the construction of the Intercolonial. And Parliament having assisted in that wise the placing of the great railway of Canada on a good footing before the English public, will have done to the standing of the railway securities of the country a service which will yield a fifty-fold return upon the expenditure in its effect upon the settlement of the lands of the Crown.

The lease of the lines below Montreal by the Government ought to yield at least \$300,000 a year. This would, it may be assumed, constitute a clear addition to income. Holding the results of reform in the working at simply the estimated saving effected by rejecting the hired cars, the measures proposed—including the sale of the Buffalo Bridge at half its cost—would yield a gross addition to net earnings in the sum of \$1,800,000. One million of dollars being applicable now for interest, the income available for profits would therefore aggregate, under the radical treatment pointed out, about two millions eight hundred thousand. The adoption of real values reducing the

total liabilities to about one-half their nominal amount, that clear profit would meet all the interest on the bonds, and going beyond, to the stock preferences, would extend to the remainder of the capital in the form of at least a small return. Now that, with even its present management, its local traffic is increasing, its locomotives doing more work, its passenger cars carrying more passengers, its freight cars greater loads, these evidences of inherent vitality declare that the measures proposed are all that are wanting to do what cannot be done otherwise—to raise the Grand Trunk into a condition of vigorous health. That point once arrived at, the line would go on thenceforth, in an experience bought dearly, it is true, under the vigilant supervision and close economy of expectant gain, until it should reach, as it would have reached originally if its management had been different, a condition of prosperity which, superior to all future inflations of an insolvent's financiering, will hold every dollar of its stock in the enjoyment of an assured dividend.

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SONNET.—A SCEPTIC'S REGRET.

**B**EAR witness, Lord, that, with reluctant feet  
 And oft reverted eyes, I turn away  
 From the old paths my fathers trod ; for aye  
 They shall be sacred to my heart, albeit  
 They darken now before me— nor will greet  
 My waking sense on each returning day,  
 With pleasant greenery and fair array  
 Of flower and leaf, which never summer heat  
 Of Passion withered, nor the chilly breath  
 Of Doubt's dark winter. There the golden hours  
 Heedless I followed, till from th' inner land,  
 A blast forth rushing smote with sudden death  
 The blossoms all, and quitting faded bowers,  
 I passed where sullen waves beat on a barren strand.

*Cobourg.*

G. G.

## LOST AND WON :

## A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

*By the author of "For King and Country."*

## CHAPTER XXI.

## NIAGARA FALLS.

"I can forego thee—but not bear to see  
 My love, like rising mist, thy lustre mar :  
 That were a base return for thy sweet light ;  
 Shine, though I never more shall see that thou art  
 bright."

THE day of his brother's death, though dark enough for Alan, was hardly darker for him than for the country in whose service Dan had sacrificed his young life ; for, just as the new-made peace was gladdening the hearts of all, the country was plunged into a new sorrow by the tragic death of the wise and good ruler who had guided her through the storm into a peaceful haven. On that memorable Saturday, the tidings of President Lincoln's assassination were ringing through the Republic, spreading gloom and dismay as they went, for hardly could even the most reckless Southern heart rejoice in a deed that could do no good, and might do terrible harm. But Alan was not in a condition to rouse himself to interest, even in an event like this, and the waves of excitement, sorrow, and indignation that surged about him were almost unheeded. The reaction after the excitement he had undergone told severely upon him after the first stunning shock was over—the shock which death, however certainly expected, must always bring to our feelings and instincts. The kind surgeon's care averted a serious illness, however, and Alan was able to stand by and see the remains of his brother laid in a quiet cemetery, where many a soldier's grave, though unmarked by any individual monument, is kept green and cared for by loving and loyal hands.

Alan managed to write a line or two to Mr. Dunbar, asking him to undertake the communication of the sad intelligence at Mapleford, and then he was obliged to take

a day or two of enforced rest, for his strained system refused to bear more till it had had some repose. Dr. — showed him all the kindness and attention which, with his numerous pressing duties, it was possible for him to do, and it was mainly due to his care and kindness that Alan was able, three days after the funeral, to set out on his homeward journey, with a heart full of sad reminiscences of the scenes he had just passed through, and of others hardly less sad just then : of the times long, long ago, when Dan and he had been boys together, when Dan had been the "little brother," to be alternately scolded and protected.

The bright Spring sunshine was gilding the still bare, yellow branches of the willows on the Mapleford road when Alan at last drew near home. In passing through Carlington he had seen Philip Dunbar, who had prepared him for a new sorrow awaiting him at Mapleford. The shock of the death of his favourite son had been too much for the enfeebled mind and body of Mr. Campbell, and a new "stroke" had come on, from which the doctor gave his family small hopes of his rallying.

Mr. Campbell lived on for a week or two, in the same helpless condition—just able feebly to recognize, by a gesture or a hand-pressure, those who stood around him. Even his wife could hardly repine when, at last, the weary time of waiting was over, for him as well as for them. He had been a very different man in those last days, since the habit of drinking had been overcome, and his wife's good influence had had fair play. Indeed, from the new expression of rest that came into her face, spite of all her sorrow, it seemed as if she did, at last, believe that even in this hour of extreme bereavement she had had her "heart's desire"—of seeing her husband safe.

It had been a trying time for them all, however, and poor Jeanie, who had been for some time rather overworking herself,

showed its effects as much as any one. Before the sad news came which had plunged them into mourning and hastened her father's fatal seizure, she had been exhausting herself with study in the hours which should have been devoted to relaxation. The reason for this was that a new study had been prescribed, on which teachers were expected to pass an examination, if they would retain their certificates. The educational authorities had not then reached quite so advanced views as to prescribe such studies as mensuration and agricultural chemistry as a requirement for female teachers, but the new study was quite abstruse enough to make it highly improbable that she would ever have to teach it to any of her young country scholars, and difficult enough to require a good deal of hard work in order fully to master it. The unceasing labour, combined with the strain of teaching, with the oppression of keen sorrow now super-added to it, told severely even on Jeannie's vigorous constitution. She did not get better as the warm weather set in, and the doctor advised change of air. She could not well go alone, and, early in July, Alan, who needed change of scene almost as much as she did, got a fortnight's leave of absence to accompany her. Neither had ever seen Niagara Falls, and, at Jeanie's desire, that was the place fixed upon for their trip.

It was late on a soft moonlight evening when they arrived, and sat for a long time on the piazza of the Clifton House, watching the snowy sheets of water shimmering in the soft moonlight, which touched into a more shadowy mistiness the clouds of ascending spray. The banks, the rocks, the islands, all lay in deep shadow—only the white glittering water stood out in ghostly relief, with the shadowy veil of vapour softening and idealizing it. There was an inexpressibly solemnising quiet and hush about the sublime, ceaseless motion, and the groups of people scattered about the long piazzas seemed to feel it also, for they talked in subdued tones or sat in silence. Once, out of the hum of a subdued conversation going on at some distance, Alan's ear was caught by the word "Carrington," uttered in a thoroughly English voice, quite unfamiliar to him. He looked eagerly to see the person from whom it proceeded, but the group was in too deep shadow for him to distinguish anything more than that it

seemed to consist of a gentleman and two ladies.

Alan and his sister sought out a quiet little lodging in Drummondville, next day, their finances not permitting them to afford the expenses of hotel life during their stay. And as they had come to the Falls to enjoy them, not to live luxuriously and meet fashionable tourists, they found their lodging no drawback to their pleasure. Indeed, the gradual approach to the Falls, with all their ineffable grandeur and magnificence and mystery, down the quiet shady green lanes, which concealed everything but the noise of many waters and the ascending column of spray, was in itself a constantly recurring pleasure, as the superb tableau of Falls and spray and rapids broke ever freshly upon their sight.

They were, both of them, good walkers, and scorning the persuasive offers of carriages from officious hackmen, they explored, with fresh interest, the numerous walks that they found extending in all directions, from the Whirlpool, three miles below the Falls, to the beautiful little islands at the head of the rapids, on the Canadian side. They were never tired of admiring the winding road along the high bank of the river, with its rich wooded fringe of pine and birch and cedar, the deep green river sweeping in eddies and rapids far down below, losing itself round wooded points, with little peeps of the great Falls far away in the distance, while high on the opposite side towered the American bank, its bare, rugged escarpment of rock seeming to rest on the leafy green buttresses that swelled out below. Then, as they approached the point where the Clifton House stands, and where the river bed widens out into the great rounded basin of dark grey water and white foam, into which fall the two huge sheets of water divided by the mass of rock on which Goat Island rests, they always stopped to admire the little separate cascade which, at some distance below the American Fall, comes wandering alone through the fields, and dashes itself down, a mass of frothing, braided foam, among the dark brown rocks below.

A favourite point of observation with them was the winding road that leads down to the Ferry landing—a quiet picturesque path along the side of the steeply sloping cliffs, all luxuriantly draped with foliage and creepers, particularly the wild vine and Vir-



ginia Creeper. Under the shade of a wide-spreading tree at the lower extremity of this path, Alan and Jeanie would sit for hours on a rock, taking in the grandeur and beauty of the scene around them; the white quivering fleecy sheet of the American Fall opposite seeming almost a straight surface, though in reality it is very much curved inwards, and the wide, deeply-rounded wall of water of the Horse-Shoe Fall, the centre of which, from the immense volume of the descending water, is a smooth glassy expanse of exquisitely pure and vivid green, set off by the snowy wreathing foam of its shallower portions, and by the constantly changing, yet ever the same, soft veil of encircling spray, on which, as on the bosom of the deluge, so often rests the bright rainbow, spanning the tumultuous mass of seething waters.

One afternoon, when Jeanie and Alan had sat for some time silently in this quiet spot, they heard the voices and steps of another party approaching them, an occurrence so common that they hardly even turned to look at the passing strangers. These, however, instead of merely passing to the ferry boat, seated themselves at a little distance, evidently intending only to enjoy for a while this view of the Falls. Alan's attention was attracted by hearing the same rich English tones in which he had heard the word "Carrington" on the evening of his arrival, and he turned to look at the speaker. He was standing with his side face towards them; a handsome, rather massive English profile, with fair, closely-cut hair, and a tall, broadly-made figure, which looked as if its muscularity had been well developed by cricket and other athletic games. On his arm leaned a lady, whom it required no very close inspection to set down as his sister, a few years older, apparently, but with the same type of feature, a mass of rich fair hair, and the beauty of complexion, and full, finely-formed physique which only Englishwomen possess in perfection. But Alan's eye passed lightly over both, and rested upon another, seeming to him strangely familiar; a small, slight female figure in black, leaning against a projecting rock, a little in advance, evidently absorbed in the scene before her. As he looked, with a vague, half-formed recognition in his mind, the lady turned to speak to her companions, and in an instant Alan knew the eyes and smile of Lenore Arnold.

The recognition was mutual, and Lenore advanced to greet him with a frank, bright smile of surprise.

"How little I thought of meeting any one from home here," she said, as they shook hands, and Alan replied to her inquiring glance towards his sister by introducing them to each other.

Lenore spoke a few words to Jeanie, in the sweet winning tones, and with the simple cordiality, that were natural to her, and then said, turning towards her companions—

"I must introduce you to my friends, with whom I am travelling home—strangers in the country—who have been travelling in America, and who kindly took charge of me on their way northwards."

Alan and Jeanie were duly introduced to Mrs. Charlton and Mr. Mortimer. The lady was rather quiet, with a good deal of English reserve about her, but her brother was quite disposed to talk, after a somewhat desultory fashion, and was evidently still more disposed to do anything that might be agreeable to Miss Arnold.

It was natural that the two little parties should, after that, coalesce, and do their sight-seeing together, enjoying it all the more, on the whole, for the greater variety of taste and feeling among them, though it may be doubted whether Lionel Mortimer considered Alan in the light of an unmitigated acquisition. He sometimes interfered, unintentionally, with Mr. Mortimer's former monopoly of Lenore. It sometimes happened that, in their walks, Alan and she would pair off together, and, what was worse, Mr. Mortimer did not feel at all assured that this arrangement was in any wise displeasing to the young lady, though he considered that any girl in her senses would naturally prefer the conversation of an Oxonian, and a representative of an old English family, to that of a young fellow who had never been out of Canada within his recollection, and who had not even, as he soon discovered, ever been at college.

Yet Mr. Mortimer's conversation was not so brilliant as might have been imagined. His energies seemed to have found a physical rather than an intellectual outlet. He was a much better authority on batting and rowing than on the subjects which were supposed to have chiefly occupied his attention while at Oxford, and his conversa-

tion about things in general betrayed a crudeness and indolence of mind that, notwithstanding his superior advantages, made him often show rather unfavourably in comparison with the more thoughtful Alan. His sister noticed this, for she had more natural cleverness than her brother, and would remark apologetically that "Lionel was really too lazy; it was a shame he didn't use his mind more; he had been spoiled, being the only son; if he had a wife to rouse him up, and give him aims and interest, he would soon be very different."

But Lionel was contented with himself as he was, and at present his chief aim and interest were to pass the time as pleasantly as possible in the sunshine of Lenore's smiles.

They had descended the winding stairway which leads down the face of the cliff, to the very verge of the great Horse-Shoe Fall, on the Canadian side, and had penetrated, under the shelter of ordinary water-proofs and umbrellas, almost as far as adventurous tourists do who don the hideous disguises known as "waterproof dresses." One or two parties of forlorn looking people in the frightful yellow oil-skin dresses which make them unrecognisable to their dearest friends, had passed them, considerably exciting the amusement of the ladies; and then they were left undisturbed to enjoy the solemn grandeur of the mighty flood, with its "noise of many waters," thundering down in volumes of spray and foam over the precipice that jutted menacingly over their heads, as if, at any moment, it might fall and crush them. The roar of the waters was so overpowering that the party remained, by common consent, almost silent, unwilling to allow themselves to be distracted by any effort at conversation. As they slowly retraced their steps, stopping every now and then in their progress over the wet slippery rocks and fine shingle to take another look backwards, Mrs. Charlton said:

"There is just one scene in Switzerland that occurs to me as being as grand, though of course the character of it is very different—utter silence and repose, while here there is ceaseless noise and motion—I mean at the edge of the Mer-de-Glace, just as you go on to the Montaubert; do you recollect, Lionel, looking up that grand vista of ice and snowy aiguilles?"

"Yes," said Lionel, rather languidly; "of course I recollect; splendid walk I had that day to the Jardin, and didn't Digby and I tuck into the chicken-pie and champagne when we got back!"

Jeanie could not help an involuntary merry glance at Alan, but Lenore did not seem to have heard the speech. She and Jeanie were still lingering, unwilling to turn away. Presently Lenore began making her way cautiously over the slippery stones below her, to pick a bright cluster of the yellow *Impatiens*, which grew luxuriantly among the black rocks. Alan noticed her wish, and anticipated it by springing forward and securing, with his long arm, the blossoms she wanted. She thanked him with one of her bright sweet smiles, and took it carefully, saying she wanted it as a memento of the spot. Mr. Mortimer noticed the little incident, and did not look as if it altogether pleased him, but he began to make a practice of picking for Lenore similar fragile mementoes of all the spots they afterwards visited. It may have been that the *Impatiens* was more easily preserved, or that, being the first requisition, it was the most valued. However this may be, it was carefully preserved in Lenore's memorandum book long after most of the others had withered and been thrown away.

They spent one day on the American side, wandering through the mazy paths and shady arcades of Goat Island, exploring the little fairy islets linked to it by the wonderful bridges that span the rapids, admiring the miniature cascades that here and there toss themselves over brown rocks, in nooks between the islands, and the vistas of grey swirling water and white foam that extend between the green freshness of the island foliage, nestling, as it seems, in the very bosom of the angry current, bright grass and delicate plants overhanging the headlong surges, and the sweet carol of birds heard against the thundering roar of the mighty flood—nature's sweetness and loveliness seen in sharp contrast with her sternness and sublimity. Mr. Mortimer and Mrs. Charlton surveyed curiously the little group of Indian women in their bright blankets and gorgeous necklaces, who cluster beside the pathway at the brink of the American Fall, displaying their stock of beadwork ware; and the former, whose ideas of Indians were based upon a tolerably extensive reading of Cooper, was

somewhat disgusted to find what very ordinary English the dark, lank-haired maidens talked, and how very well they seemed to be versed in dollars and cents.

"Your aborigines are rather disappointing," observed Mrs. Charlton, as they left the group, after a little playful chaffing between Lionel and the most talkative of the girls. "It would require a great deal of imagination to transform a damsel like that into a Pocahontas."

"Yes," replied Alan, thoughtfully, "but we certainly have not left them as we found them, and I doubt whether the difference can all be put on the credit side. British fire-water and trading principles, as seen in the fur traders, for example, have not been the best grafts to put on an Indian stock. And, besides, I suppose there are as great differences of character among Indians as among ourselves," and he went on to speak of his friend Ben—his fidelity, and his grateful affectionate disposition.

Lenore looked up with one of her bright appreciative looks, as she had got rather into the habit of doing when Alan made any remark that interested her. Alan, on his side, had got as much into the habit of looking for such marks of sympathy, which stimulated his mind more than he knew, and thus a strong feeling of *rapprochement* was, almost, unconsciously growing up between them.

"Still, one would be sorry, after all," she remarked, "to think that their contact with Christian nations had really done them no good. I know something of the wrongs they have had to suffer at the hands of nominal Christians; but then, think of the earnest labourers they have had among them, have now—'living epistles seen and read of all men,' who have given up comfort, civilization, everything that makes life attractive to us, to take to them the blessings of Christianity. Many of those early Jesuit fathers, too—"

"Who used to burn their bodies for the good of their souls," interrupted Jeanie.

"Well, grant that they were mistaken in the means! That was the fault of their system and their age, not of the hearts of such men as Bréboeuf and Lallemand, for instance, who went to the stake themselves as bravely as any old saint or martyr, and with the same object to make them willing, that of testifying for their Master."

"Besides," added Jeanie, "when we think what the Indians were when the white men first came, we can bear the mixture of some evil with much good. We are so apt to associate innocence with natural influences that we make up for ourselves a false picture of Indian life, even when we know better. With such a life as they generally led, who can say that even the partial extermination they have undergone—however unjustifiable some of the causes were—has not really been for good?"

"As we shall find everything overruled to be in the long run, however hard it is to see it now," said Lenore gently, with one of the bright smiles, full of faith and hope, that occasionally broke, like a gleam of sunshine, over her usually pensive face.

Lionel thought that this sort of talk had lasted long enough, and he found a ready means for a diversion in one of the beautiful fairy-like cascades that dash and foam under the little bridges which connect with the smaller islets, but a few years ago quite inaccessible, and in the somewhat lackadaisical attitude and proceedings of a "happy couple," who were absorbed in each other's society, and so happily unconscious of the "chaffing" remarks in which the young Englishman indulged, *sotto voce*, at their expense.

"How terrible it must be," said Lenore, as they sat down to rest on a bench looking up the hill of thundering rapids, sometimes coming down over clearly discernible ridges, at others swirling in smooth inclined planes of water into a bed of white seething foam below; "how terrible it must be when any poor boatman, crossing up yonder, first finds himself drawn into the current, and feels it too strong for his arms to resist?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Alan, "and how often it has been the case!"

"How often it is the case in other kinds of things," said Jeanie, who was fond of tracing analogies between the visible and invisible world. "How many people drift into things they never meant, and only find out their danger when they find themselves sucked into the current and there is no escape."

Alan did not prosecute the idea. He was feeling that he himself was drifting into a certain metaphorical current, where resistance was of no avail, however hopeless the case might seem to be. Lenore, too, was

silent, but Lionel Mortimer seized the thread of the discourse and brought it back to literal fact.

"I should think a good many people must go over the Falls one time or another. These walks must be dangerous with nothing to keep one from falling over! Splendid place for suicides! A good deal better than London Bridge, with all the dash and roar; and then the name of the thing, you know!"

"I don't think I ever heard of a suicide taking place here," said Lenore, in good-natured explanation. "The sort of people who usually come here wouldn't be likely to do anything of that sort, unless, indeed, they were anxious to make a sensation; and it doesn't often happen that people fall in either, though I have heard of a sad story of that kind that happened at Luna Island. It is more through getting drawn into the current of the rapids above, owing to carelessness or intoxication, that accidents happen."

"I should like to see something go over," said Mortimer. "Not a person, you know—that would be too exciting—but an animal, or a boat, or something of that sort."

"You should have been here when the steamer *Caroline* was set fire to and sent over," said Jeanie, with a quiet smile. She rather enjoyed the young Englishman.

"Ah, that must have been very nice. Set fire to—and at night, I suppose! When was that?"

"Oh, a long time ago! In some troubles that we once had with our Yankee friends."

"Oh, the times of the Lundy's Lane affair, and Brock's monument, and all those things," said Mr. Mortimer, who had been taking a small course of Canadian history out of his Guide Book.

"Not just then," began Jeanie, and then stopped short, with a sigh of despair; she had already been trying in vain to correct Mortimer's general chronological confusion, and to make him understand the difference between the war of 1812 and the "rebellion" of 1837, but she had given it up in despair, for she found that the next time the matter came up his confusion was as great as ever, and her efforts were lost labour. So she wisely let the matter drop.

Lenore had been sitting very silent, her eye fixed on the great moving mass of water before her.

"It does give one such an idea of Infinity,"

she said, gravely. "This constant, constant motion; the perpetual, never failing supply—no drop of water ever, for two seconds, in the same position, yet such a perpetual succession of them! With such an immense volume of water continually pouring over one would think the supply would get drained off."

"Not when you think of the immense volume of the great lakes that feed it. Think of Lake Superior—itsself an ocean in miniature!" replied Alan.

"Well, but the marvellous arrangement—the adjustment of forces which occasion that perfectly regular supply, neither increase nor diminution. When one thinks of all the arrangement required for that, the mind feels it cannot grasp the idea."

"Oh, some fellows will tell you that it is all the sun," said Lionel Mortimer. "He's the great force-producer, everybody knows now-a-days—drives everything, from the planetary system down to railway trains. He's got enough to do—pretty hard worked I should say!"

"But who drives the sun?" said Lenore, smiling.

"Oh, that I will leave you to settle with Tyndall, Huxley, *at id omne genus*; that's beyond me," replied the young man, carelessly. "Now, won't you people come on? Seems to me we've had enough of these grey breakers."

They strolled along the front of the island, ascended the little Terrapin Tower, standing like a lone outpost in the front of the spray and foam of the Fall; went down the Riddle staircase, where again they encountered dismal yellow-robed pilgrims to the "Cave of the Winds," and passing over in the ferry-boat studied the great hollowed-out Horse-shoe Fall on the opposite side from their point of observation of the preceding day.

"How much stronger you must be Miss Lenore," said Alan, noticing the elasticity with which, after all their previous wanderings, she still made her way along the rough craggy paths.

"Oh, yes!" said Lenore, brightly. "So much better and stronger that I hope not to have to be sent away this winter."

"A winter in Nice would be splendid for you, Miss Lenore," broke in, rather eagerly, Lionel Mortimer. "That would set you up. We must get you to come with us, and we'll

make up the jolliest party, and do lots of sight-seeing. Eh, Fanny?" he said, turning to his sister. Niagara's very well, in its way," he added, patronisingly, "but Nice, and the Riviera, and Florence, and Naples, are all a good deal better, to say nothing of Rome. Oh, you must see them all, Miss Lenore!"

Lenore only smiled, though she had coloured a little too. It was not often that the young Englishman was roused to speak with so much enthusiasm; and it was impossible for her to be blind to his marked attention and preference, though no one could have detected that they gave her any pleasure, or discovered any tokens of "encouragement" on her part. But, as they walked on, Mortimer insisting that she should take his arm over the rough places of the way. Alan watched them with a strange pain gnawing at his heart. It was a fitting destiny that seemed opening before the fragile girl, to be the cherished companion of one who had the power to smooth to the utmost her path through life, to avert all care and exertion, to surround her with every luxury and pleasure that life could supply. And she? She would well grace the English home to which she would go as queen and loving mistress. She would be a sweet benevolent lady of the manor, dispensing her bountiful charities with the grace that all kindness took when coming from her, doing the honours and hospitalities of her noble home with a gentle dignity that would adorn it far more than its outward beauty. Why should Alan think for a moment of a different lot for her, a lot of comparative poverty, care, and privation. And yet, he wondered whether Lionel Mortimer's aimless, pleasure-loving type of life would satisfy her, with her high ideal of life and its responsibilities, her enthusiastic aspirations. And then he despised himself for the self-conceit which seemed implied in the half-formed feeling that he might satisfy her better; a feeling arising perhaps from the many sympathies they seemed to have in common. But that thought must be put down and kept down. Alan felt he had drifted into a feeling for Lenore, quite beyond his control, but he could keep it rigorously shut up in his own heart, could keep it from touching in the slightest degree the fair and prosperous course of the life that seemed shaping itself before her. And,

after that, Alan, with determined resolution, compelled himself to refrain from availing himself of the opportunities for conversation and companionship which their wandering at the Falls naturally afforded. He could hardly tell whether Lenore noticed it, though once or twice he caught her eyes somewhat wistfully directed towards him, as if wondering at the change, and questioning whether she had given him any cause for offence. And then, for a little while, he would forget all about his resolution, throw prudence to the winds, and rejoice in the sweetness of her presence and companionship.

It was, at last, somewhat unexpectedly arranged that Lenore should leave her English friends, and travel home under the escort of Alan and his sister. Mrs. Charlton was to meet her husband in Toronto, where he was detained on business, and young Mortimer wished, from thence, to make a little *détour* and pay a flying visit to the Western prairies. Lenore, of course, was anxious to get home as soon as possible, and the little difficulty that had previously existed was now solved by the opportunity which presented itself of going home with the Campbells. Mr. Mortimer was to come on to Carrington after his visit to the prairies, and spend a few days at Ivystone, and his sister and her husband were to accompany him, if the latter's business engagements would permit.

The last day of their sojourn at the Falls came and passed. They made a last tour of inspection, revisited the points of view they had most enjoyed, and laying in various little mementos. Mr. Mortimer and Mrs. Charlton invested largely in Indian work. feathers, fans, &c., &c., as gifts for home friends, who would prize anything characteristic from the Falls.

On the morning of their departure, as they met at the Clifton House for an early breakfast, they had perhaps the most striking and unique view of the Falls which they had yet enjoyed. The sun was just rising behind a long low bank of purple cloud, flooding the sky behind it with its deep golden light, while the heavy column of spray from the Falls arose brilliantly rosy, against the shadowy background of foaming waters. They all involuntarily exclaimed at the exquisitely lovely effect, which, however, was as transient as it was lovely, sad-

ing in a few minutes into "the light of common day." As they drove along the river bank to the railway station, their eyes still wandered back to the fascinating scene behind, the white walls of flashing shifting foam, and curling vapoury spray. At last a turning of the road hid even the lonely little fall on the outpost from their sight, and they all felt, with a sigh, that they had indeed bidden farewell to Niagara.

At Toronto they separated, for a time at least; Lenore, with Alan and Jeanie, taking passage in one of our luxurious lake steamers, which Mortimer well called floating hotels. Jeanie, who had never before seen anything of modern luxury, took some time to get over her surprise at the richly decorated saloon, with its gilding and coloured glass, and soft velvet *fauteuils*.

There was a regatta going on in Toronto bay as their vessel steamed rapidly through the green curling water, ruffled by a breeze strong enough to swell the white sails of the pretty yachts which flitted about, tacking and veering in their course, like gulls of a larger growth. It was a lovely summer day, and the three travellers sat on deck all the afternoon and evening, watching the daylight tints of sky and lake take gradually the richer but fleeting hues of sunset, while the golden sun at last descended beyond the distant line of water, just as he would have done on the Atlantic. Then they sat on in the twilight till the moon, now more than full, rose behind a long bar of cloud on the eastern horizon. They had been talking more freely and familiarly, as people often do under the softening influences of twilight and approaching night. Lenore, in speaking of her southern home, happened to mention by name the town where she chiefly resided. Alan started, it was the place where his brother had died. Both Lenore and Jeanie—they were fast friends before now—saw his start and knew the cause. There was a moment's silence, and then Jeanie said, in an unsteady voice:

"Alan, I must tell you, though Lenore wished me not. She was the lady that poor Dan spoke so much about."

And then Jeanie walked away to the other side of the deck, feeling that Alan and Lenore might talk more freely about his brother, unfettered by her presence.

It was some moments before Alan recovered from his surprise and the emotion

which it excited. The words seemed to bring before him, as if it had been presented in a photograph, the day he had entered the hospital ward, and the figure in black that he had seen retiring from his brother's bed. It may be imagined with what emotion he thanked her for her kindness to his brother, and how much there was to talk about in the sad yet pleasant reminiscences of the setting of Dan's young life; and how, in Lenore's sweet, earnest sympathy, Alan found a soothing balm which seemed to make even sorrow sweet. Lenore, too, could tell him much of the earlier days of Dan's illness, when she had been first attracted to him by a resemblance to some face she knew, which puzzled her until she found out his name and home; of how, gradually, his mind had become reconciled to leaving life in all its young freshness, as it had seized, with a vividness and intensity which surprised her, on the hope that lighted up death with a brightness which nothing except Divine hope could bestow.

"I was very sorry I was not able to see you at that time," said Lenore, at last, when they had gone over all the circumstances that were so interesting to both. "I knew from the doctor that you were come, and I left at once, feeling sure that you and he would prefer meeting alone. Next day I sent to inquire for you, but was told that you were too ill to see any one. And that very evening I was obliged to go, as had been previously arranged, to stay at the country house of a friend, where I met Mrs. Charlton and Mr. Mortimer."

As she spoke, Alan suddenly remembered an exquisite bouquet which had shed a delicious fragrance beside his bed during those days of prostration, and his own vague wonder at the beauty of the flowers and the grace of the arrangement. Now, he felt sure that it was one of the many little kindnesses that Lenore was constantly showing to some one. But he was too shy to speak of it, lest, after all, he might be mistaken.

"Certainly, I had no idea that you were so near," he replied. "I think I should have recognised you if it had been in any other circumstances. It would have been a great comfort to know that I had one friend in all that great, busy city. And yet, I did not feel so very lonely, after all. I never imagined before, Miss Lenore," he added, earnestly, "how true those words are: 'A

very present help in time of trouble.'” And, encouraged by Lenore's look of sympathetic response, he went on to tell her a little of what had passed through his mind in that solemn night-watch.

The vessel sped on her course, unresting, leaving her long wake distinctly defined in the gleaming waters of the wide lake, while they talked thus, almost forgetting the scene around them, and the passage of time. It was well that Jeanie had resources of her own, for it is to be feared that she was forgotten too. And in that long, low, earnest conversation, their deepest feelings, called forth by the emotions and thoughts that occupied them, seemed to become more fully known to each other, and drawn more closely together than they could have been by months of ordinary intercourse.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### AN ELECTION CONTEST.

CORIOLANUS—“You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.”

FIRST CITIZEN—“We do, sir, tell us what has brought you to't.”

COR.—“Mine own desert.”

FIRST CIT.—“You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.”

JEANIE CAMPBELL had received from Lenore a most urgent invitation to spend a fortnight at Ivystone, before going home; and as Miss Honeydew had at last returned to Mapleford, accompanied by one or her newly-arrived nieces, so that Mrs. Campbell would not be lonely in her absence, Jeanie willingly consented. A sincere attachment had sprung up between Lenore and herself, and Jeanie was young enough, and fresh enough, to enjoy keenly all new experiences of people and places, and modes of life, to say nothing of the attractions of Ivystone, and of Lenore's society.

At Ivystone, she seemed to have got into—

“A land  
Wherein it seemed always afternoon.”

So softly and luxuriously the wheels of life rolled on, without noise or friction. The luxurious, tasteful apartments, with their ornaments and flowers; the beautiful grounds, with their shrubberies and smooth green

terraces, from which gorgeous beds of petunias and verbenas, and portulaccas and brilliant geraniums and foliage plants, flamed out, each in its own predominating colour, were a constant wonder and delight to her. It seemed like one of the gardens of fairy palaces, of which, as a child, she used to dream.

And then Mrs. George Arnold, with her fair graceful beauty and floating gossamer robes—she had discarded mourning by this time, “it made her feel mopish,”—and her easy *dolce far niente* sort of life, seemed no inapt imposition of a fairy princess; though, apart from the dramatic fitness, practical Jeanie could not help inwardly moralising a little over the idleness which, at Ivystone, seemed to hold absolute sway over every one but Lenore. Renée, with her *insouciant* good nature, and Pauline, who was constantly flitting about, like a butterfly, from one pleasure to another, seemed only to care to make the passing hours yield as much surface pleasure as they could extract from them. No thought of any nobler purpose seemed to influence their plan of life. With Lenore it was very different. An earnest purpose seemed to pervade everything she did, even the innocent pleasures and recreations which she seemed to enjoy as keenly as any one; more so, perhaps, since they were a real relaxation, instead of a constant pursuit. Jeanie sometimes wondered at the tenacity of purpose which could so steadily hold on its course, independent of the distractions which the different lives of the others were continually creating. And yet she by no means held herself aloof. Lenore seemed to be the one to whom all came for sympathy, no matter what the trouble might be. Even Jane, trifling Mrs. Arnold often had recourse to Lenore's gentle sympathy in her petty imaginary troubles, which Lenore, seeing that, to her at least, they were real troubles, never scorned as imaginary.

The pleasant summer days of Jeanie's visit passed delightfully and rapidly away. In the afternoons and evenings, Alan was, naturally, a frequent visitor; he could not deny himself that pleasure while his sister's stay at Ivystone afforded him so good an excuse; feeling that after that was over, there would be room enough for the self-denial he intended so vigorously to practice. Hugh often accompanied Alan, and often,

also, Philip Dunbar. Indeed, Mr. Dunbar's unusual sociability formed the subject of some "fun" at Ivystone, and some good-natured teasing of Jeanie, who took it all quietly, with apparent determination not to understand, though in spite of her, it made her cheeks glow and her heart beat, as even she could not be altogether insensible to the increasing attraction which Mr. Dunbar seemed to find in her society. Alan, only, did not seem to notice his friend's growing fascination. Brothers are slow to observe such things, and to him it seemed so natural to like to go to Ivystone! And when there, his own thoughts and eyes were fully occupied, to the exclusion of even Jeanie. Mr. Mortimer would be there soon enough, and then Alan had resolved in his heart that he would close his vizard and retire from the lists, leaving the field to his rival. No matter what it might cost him, he could do it, and he would!

It was the last evening of Jeanie's visit. They had had some boating on the river, and then they sat on a favourite rustic seat on the bank, watching the stars gleam softly out in the dusky sky, and the fire-flies sparkling here and there as they flitted in and out among the dark shadowy trees. Mr. Dunbar, Alan, Jeanie, and Lenore had been discussing, in a rambling, desultory fashion, various social and semi-political questions. Suddenly, after a brief silence, Jeanie said, *apropos* of nothing in particular—

"I wonder you don't go into Parliament yourself, Mr. Dunbar."

"I'm not at all sure that any one wants me there, Miss Campbell," he replied, laughingly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jeanie, in surprise. "I think there couldn't be much doubt of that. I'm sure we want all our best men there. We haven't so many."

But here she caught herself up, for in her eagerness she was saying more than she had in the least intended; and Lenore filled up the blank by saying, rather mischievously for her,—

"At least, Mr. Dunbar ought to feel flattered, Jeanie, by your putting him down among the best!"

It was fortunate for Jeanie that the darkness concealed the rosy flush that mounted to the open, candid brow—framed in its arch of dark, soft, chestnut hair. Mr. Dun-

bar replied, in a tone that was unconsciously much softer than his usual one—

"I do feel honoured, I assure you; the more so that I know Miss Campbell never flatters—intentionally. But the pity is," he added, with his half-cynical laugh, "that the mass of our 'free and independent electors' are not such good judges and, therefore, less appreciative; and the way in is, I fear, shut up to me. As things are at present, I think it is next to impossible for almost any man to get a seat without an amount of personal canvassing and begging for votes which would be intolerable to me; and without, also, the use of means, less legitimate, which I never would condescend to use; and, worse still, I could not conscientiously identify myself entirely with either of our two arbitrary 'parties,' and so should be a black sheep with both. But for these considerations, I think I might have been tempted to try before now."

It was seldom, indeed, that Mr. Dunbar spoke out his mind so freely, especially when ladies were present, and Lenore noticed the unusual phenomenon if no one else did.

Jeanie, however, had recovered from her momentary embarrassment, and said almost as earnestly as before—

"I should like to see you try it, at least, Mr. Dunbar,"

"And if I failed?"

"You would fail for conscience sake, and your friends would appreciate you all the more," she replied in a lower tone, for George Arnold, his ever-lighted cigar in hand, at this moment joined the circle, and made a diversion from the previous conversation. He had just come in from town, and seemed somewhat excited.

"Have you heard the news?" he said addressing the two other young men.

"What news?" both asked at once.

"Why, Langley's dead. He's been ill for a few weeks, you know, but no one thought it dangerous, and now he's popped off—all in a minute, as you may say. It's confoundedly annoying, for we expected he'd have got that Railway Bill through the first thing when the Session commenced; and now of course, there will have to be a new election, and who knows what may turn up?"

The member for the county in which Carrington was situated was a non-resident, and had not come very much in contact with his constituents, so that his death was re-



garded more in a political than in a private light. It was discussed for a little while in its bearing upon Carrington and its interests, and then Alan and Mr. Dunbar rose to go. As the latter shook hands with Jeanie, she said, in a low tone, "Now you might try. Mr. Dunbar. Isn't this a coincidence?"

"If I do," he said, smiling, "you must wear my colours—figuratively, of course; reversing the old knightly order of things."

Jeanie coloured more deeply than before, for Mr. Dunbar spoke with an earnestness and a significance by no means usual with him.

"Dunbar, here's a chance for you now in public life," said George, as they were walking down the avenue. "If you'll go in for election on the Ministerial ticket I'll promise you our support, and I think you'd be almost sure to get in. It wouldn't be very expensive, and I know you can afford a little."

"Thanks," replied Philip, coldly. "If I went in at all, it would not be on the Ministerial ticket. You know what my sentiments are about the present administration, and I shouldn't change them just for the sake of being elected. And, in the second place, if I did stand, I'd stand on my own merits, not on those of my purse. I'd far rather stay out of parliament all my life, than go in by canvassing and bribing, as so many do."

"Then I'm afraid you'll get leave to stay out," laughed George, half fearing lest he might have put some mischief into the head of so impracticable and Utopian a fellow.

Philip talked thoughtfully over the matter with Alan as they walked home. "I've half a mind to try it," he said, "just as an experiment. I haven't any very sanguine expectations of success, but the experiment could do no harm, and might have a good moral influence."

"If you do I'll stand by you," exclaimed Alan warmly, his enthusiasm kindled by the thought of such a candidature.

"Don't make any rash promises, Alan. Your influence will be expected for Arnold's candidate—whoever he may be—and I won't hold you to anything that might injure your prospects."

"But I have a right to my own political opinion," said Alan, indignantly. "No one can possibly expect me to act differently from my convictions."

"Well, we'll see," said Philip, quietly, and they separated; Mr. Dunbar to think,

long and carefully, over a prospect which had a good deal of fascination for a mind like his, with a natural turn for politics.

There was much discussion of possible candidatures during the next few days. The Ministerial party, which had long maintained its ground steadily in Carrington, held a meeting of its prominent members, and as no thorough-going ministerial candidate of sufficient weight and ability was to be found in Carrington, it was agreed that the city which had supplied their former member—Mr. Langley—should be applied to to furnish a suitable candidate to meet the views of the party. This was done in the person of Mr. Fulton, a lawyer of ripe age and long-standing desire to assist in managing the affairs of his country, which had hitherto been unfortunately thwarted by one or two defeats. He was, however, the most eligible candidate on hand, and became the nominee of the influential Ministerial party in Carrington.

In the meantime Mr. Dunbar had received numerous applications from the oppositionists to become their candidate. It was well known that he disapproved of many things connected with the party then in power, and it was taken for granted, therefore, that he would be ready to throw himself into the arms of the opposite party, and be willing to let the tide of opposition bear him into parliament. And even in Carrington, whose interests were so closely bound up with the progress of a railway the very existence of which depended in a great measure on the favour of the party in power, there was a pretty strong opposition.

But Mr. Dunbar declined to pledge himself to give his implicit support to any party. He had seen enough of parties, he said, to show him the evils that were inseparable from them. However anxious their leaders might be, while in opposition, to reform certain abuses, it usually happened when they came into power, that they found themselves committed to a complicated line of action, involving, almost certainly, some measures which were more or less objectionable. He could make over his individual conscience to no party; he must and would preserve his independence, and support those measures, and those only, which should commend themselves to his judgment and sense of right, from whatever party they might proceed, instead of offering

as too many partisans did, a factious opposition to measures excellent in themselves, only because they emanated from the wrong side of the house, or supporting doubtful ones, because they came from the right.

These ideas, of course, were far from satisfactory to the thorough-going oppositionists, whose chief animating aim was the complete demolition of the party they hated. They shook their heads ominously over Mr. Dunbar's lukewarmness, and proceeded to fix upon the most respectable candidate they could produce,—a Carrington ex-lumberer, pretty well-to-do, and with some little talent for public speaking, and "catching" an audience, which had hitherto been exercised chiefly in small municipal affairs.

Notwithstanding the discouragement which Mr. Dunbar thus received from both parties, he determined, backed up by a few of the more reflective and unbiassed of the Carrington politicians, who heartily approved of his sentiments, to stand and try his fate as an independent candidate. It could do no harm. He should not run himself into pecuniary embarrassment by means of a candidature conducted without bribery in any form, and the experiment, even if, as was quite probable, it should fail, might have, at least, as he had said, a good moral influence.

As the nomination day approached the tumult of opposing opinions waxed warm. The *Chronicle* and the *Intelligencer* abounded in sharp, peppery articles, containing a pretty strong infusion of irrelevant personalities directed against the candidate of the opposite party; while both indulged in hits, as strong as was in their power to bestow, at Philip Dunbar. George Arnold was very indignant at the latter for persevering in standing.

"It can't do him any good, and it splits up our vote. Why couldn't the fellow let it alone," he said; and he carried his indignation so far that he would hardly notice Philip in the street, to the amusement of the latter, who looked upon him very much in the light of a passionate boy. But Mr. Dunbar endeavoured to keep Alan from committing himself in his favour, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in persuading him to keep quiet, and take no active part in the election. Alan had hardly been at Ivystone since Jeanie's departure. Mr. Mortimer was there now, and he kept to his resolu-

tion of avoiding temptation. He sometimes met him riding or walking with Renée and Lenore, but he would only permit himself the exchange of a few courteous greetings, and politely declined the occasional invitations he received, to form one of a party for an excursion by land or water. And thus he not only avoided Lenore's society, but any special conversation with her brother on the political excitement of the moment; for just then business was too pressing in business hours to permit even political conversation.

The great day of the nomination at last arrived, and at least one half of Carrington was collected around the hustings, a sort of pine box set up on a platform in front of the little town hall.

Mr. Fulton was the first candidate nominated; proposed by George Arnold and seconded by Mr. Sharpley, who, of course, had given in his unqualified support to the side which he had reason to believe would "pay" the best. George Arnold's speech was short, "jolly," and to the point. It did not enter deeply into abstruse political questions. They wanted a railway, to maintain and increase the prosperity of their town. That railway wanted government aid, which, of course, could hardly be got except through a member known to be a thorough adherent of the government, no slippery "Jack in the box," who might change his politics as often of he changed his coat. If the county, with Carrington at its head, should now make the mistake of electing as its representative either a factious oppositionist or a shadowy nondescript, who might be anything or nothing, it must expect to ruin its own prospects, and would have itself to thank for cutting short the tide of its own prosperity.

This speech was received with delighted applause from the Ministerialist party, including most of the commercial population of Carrington.

"Ay! that's it; that's just what I've been telling ye," observed Sandy M'Alpine, complacently indulging in a pinch of snuff.

"That's the talk! bully for Arnold," said a young fellow, lately started in the hardware business, and equally anxious that the railway should go on.

Mr. Sharpley, who seconded the nomination of Mr. Fulton, indulged in a more ambitious and sustained flight of rhetoric, which

was considered by his admirers a finished effort of eloquence. He painted a glowing and gratifying picture of the great country which Canada, the heir of the old institutions of Great Britain; "the brightest jewel in the British crown," was destined to become. He alluded feelingly to the heart-stirring associations of the old land; waved his arm enthusiastically towards the national ensign floating above, while he indulged in a rapturous eulogy on the "flag that had braved, a thousand years, the battle and the breeze;" and brought down the house, metaphorically speaking, in loyal enthusiasm, by an allusion to the Sovereign who filled the British throne. From this, the transition was easy to animadversions on the evil-minded revolutionary spirit which would tamper with old established institutions, and shake the solid foundations of national prosperity—the demagogues and lovers of anarchy, who would fain stir up discontent and opposition to the present administration. Canada had her history to make, and it would be a noble one, if she remained true to the traditions of the past, the steady conservation and reliance in the existing order of things which had made Britain what she was. But, for his part," said Mr. Sharpley, as he was winding up, and led on, perhaps, by the comparative excitement into which he had worked himself, "he would rather have the most thorough-going, full-faced oppositionist that ever showed his colours, and stood to them, than the uncertain shuffling of the changeling who called himself an 'Independent member,' and who, warily committing himself to no course of action, was usually only 'waiting for his price.'"

Philip Dunbar, calm and unruffled, stood by with folded arms, and his usual half-cynical smile hovering about his face, composedly listening to the speech, which, with his knowledge of Sharpley behind the scenes, afforded him as much amusement as if he were in no way personally concerned. At the last allusion, he could not resist bowing slightly in the direction of Sharpley, in acknowledgment of the implied compliment. Sharpley, struck by a sudden recollection, wondered a little whether he might not have gone rather too far. His eyes wandered nervously in Philip's direction, and caught the expression of his sarcastic smile. Perhaps his conscience spoke for a moment, for he had a conscience, though it was rather

deeply buried beneath a load of superincumbent selfishness and convenient sophistry. However it might be, he was certainly overcome by a most unusual nervousness, and his speech came to an end rather abruptly, the eloquent peroration he had prepared being thus, for that time at least, lost to the world.

Mr. Fulton's speech followed that of his proposer and seconder. It was a long, detailed, and by no means brilliant defence of the policy of the Government, taking up the points which had been chiefly assailed by the *Intelligencer*, the Opposition paper of Carrington. He was a man rather slow and pompous, solid and substantial, both in body and mind; and his speech, though satisfactory enough to his supporters, as he hammered out his elaborate argument, was decidedly tedious, to the junior portion of his audience especially, who began to indulge in various hootings and whistlings, more varied than melodious, which, however, were promptly put down by the voice and staff of authority, in the person of a policeman, who was determined to discharge his duty diligently—on that side at least. But even the most enthusiastic upholders of the party were not sorry when Mr. Fulton sat down, exhausted by his long-sustained elocutionary effort.

Then followed the speeches of the proposer and seconder of the Opposition candidate, preceding that of the candidate himself. There was an abundance of invective and denunciation heaped upon those who, by means of "bribery\* and corruption," were driving the country down a fast descending grade of ruin. No vestige of good could remain in any Government so utterly corrupt. Pluck it up, root and branch, was the only practicable course. Only let the electors rally round the Opposition standard, discarding the selfish considerations with which the "bread and butter party" were endeavouring to blind their eyes to their true interests, and they would deserve the gratitude of their country by the impulse which they would give to its vital

\* As the above was written previous to the political excitement of 1873, and the events related are, of course, dated at a much earlier period, there is no reference, either by intention or implication, to any subsequent "developments." The picture drawn is simply a picture of a state of feeling which then existed.

prosperity. There were also some passing hits at the delusion and danger of "half-and-half" measures, the fatal mistake of listening to men who would temporise or compromise in the slightest degree; who would support any measure, however speciously plausible, which proceeded from a party so corrupt and selfish that even an apparently good measure must have some ulterior evil motive, and should, therefore, be opposed, tooth and nail, simply on account of the source from which it emanated. Can one touch pitch and not be defiled? It was, therefore, simply impossible that any measure really good for the country should have its origin in a poisoned source; and the speakers ended by confidently predicting that every honourable and unselfish man; every true lover of his country; every voter not bought by some selfish consideration; would inevitably vote for the Opposition candidate.

These speeches were not so effective as they might have been but for the tumult of uproarious interruption, which, at times, rose so high as to drown the voices of the speakers, and which was by no means so zealously repressed as it had been when the Government candidate was speaking. The Oppositionists afterwards averred, with what truth it was difficult to ascertain, that much of it was organized interruption, proceeding from a number of the Arnolds' workmen judiciously scattered among the crowd, whose proceedings were, at least, winked at by the police functionaries present.

The interruptions waxed louder and more furious, when, at last, after being proposed and seconded, Philip Dunbar, the "Independent Candidate," rose to address the crowd. But, nothing daunted by the uproar which had made the last candidate, Mr. Baker, stutter and grow red with excitement and anger, Mr. Dunbar stood patiently playing with his watch-chain, with the same quiet smile on his face, waiting till the tumult spent itself for lack of aliment. And then, at last, his very equanimity won, for a short time at least, a hearing from the somewhat curious crowd.

Mr. Dunbar spoke well and tersely, every word telling with incisive effect. He ably defended his "independent" position—dwelt upon the evil done to the country and the cause of good government by the factious party spirit which made Canada a

mere battle-ground for political tournaments, and split her voters into two bands of partisans—blind adherents of whatever political leader had been able in the first place to gain their ear and favour. He wanted to see a higher tone of political feeling prevail—a tone of feeling which should regard simply the true interests of the country, which, instead of taking for its chief aim the maintenance or demolition of one or the other party, should calmly weigh and consider the tendency of measures alone, and should send to parliament only such representatives as, not pledging themselves to extend an unqualified support to the policy of either party, whatever it might be, should stand in an honourable liberty to support or oppose, as conscientious judgment should dictate, those measures which seemed to them worthy of support or opposition, with reference only to the national honour and prosperity, not for the sake of maintaining, at all hazards, the reign of any political party. Parties themselves, he honestly believed, it was next to an impossibility to preserve pure, in however pure a spirit of reform they might at first originate. They always necessarily contained mixed elements. Astute and unscrupulous politicians were sure to find their way into them and use them for their own ends. The upright and scrupulous man who gave his unqualified adherence to any party, however he might originally sympathize with its spirit and principles, must ere long, in all probability, find himself called upon to choose between being at issue with his party, and being drawn in, perforce, to lines of conduct of which he could not in his heart approve. He appealed to his hearers as to the effect which this keenness of party spirit had had upon the tone of public feeling and public morality, to the low personalities, the sharp vituperation, the slander and abuse which it called forth, exciting the worst feelings, and leaving sad and painful traces in the lowered moral tone of the community. All this without taking into consideration the undue influence and bribery, direct or indirect, which, in some form or other, was so generally practised, tampering with a sacred individual responsibility, and undermining the truth and honour of the people to a lamentable degree. Were people really anxious that the good of the country, pure and simple, should fairly prevail, could such things be? Every man who sullied his

lips by an abusive speech, or degraded the press by making it the medium of vile personalities, was simply adding another illustration of the evils which the spirit of partisanship was daily and hourly working—evils not to be counterbalanced by even a very large amount of increased political or commercial prosperity.

He then briefly indicated the general outlines of the policy which he considered the most advantageous for the country, and ended with a reference to his own candidature. He had come thither, he said, with no sanguine hopes of election. He should use, in order to obtain it, no other means than the simple and direct one of asking for the vote and support of such as possessed sufficient confidence in him to grant it. But, knowing that in parties as at present constituted, political "right" and moral right often mean very different things, he could never sell his political conscience for a seat, nor place himself in a position in which he should find his hands tied, and his free action impeded in any course which he should see to be most advisable for the country's true welfare, which, while he duly regarded local interests, he would yet never make subservient to these.

Should he fail in being elected, he would not grieve unduly, but could patiently await a time when candidates, acting as he did, would have their chance, a time which should be like "the brave days of old," when

"None were for a party  
But all were for the State."

a time, to which he confidently and hopefully looked forward, when the legislature of Canada should no longer present the spectacle of two opposing bodies of combatants drawn up in battle array under leaders whom they must uphold through all the animosities which heated their spirits and blinded their vision; but that of a calm and statesmanlike assemblage of earnest and thoughtful men, met to bring the best powers of their minds and energies to bear upon taking counsel for their country's weal, and to

seek that, and that alone, unreservedly and unwaveringly, as God and their consciences should give them light.

Alan, who stood near his friend, listened to every word of his speech with intense enthusiasm, burning to show itself in deeds, if not in words. But to the crowd at large, many of its best passages were lost, owing to the persistently renewed interruption, part of which was, doubtless, pre-concerted and systematically organized by interested parties, while part of it proceeded naturally and spontaneously from the impatience with which people listen to unpleasant truths which they cannot dispute, but in conformity with which they have pre-determined not to act.

One or two others were then nominated, in order to give them an opportunity of speaking, and each did his best in his own particular line of politics to do away with the effect of Mr. Dunbar's address. But, for all that, there were not a few who carried away with them the feeling, not only that it was by far the ablest which had been delivered that day, but also, that its main points, at least, were incontrovertibly true.

The "show of hands," however, was declared to be in favour of the Ministerial candidate, and the members of that party took especial care to impress upon the minds of all whom they met, the idea that Mr. Fulton's election was a matter of positive certainty, and that opposition was equally ridiculous and futile. Notwithstanding this professed belief, however, they worked as hard to secure it as if they had considered it very doubtful indeed. Committee meetings, formal and informal, were continually taking place, and every vote in Carrington, with the possibility of securing it, was privately talked over as well as industriously canvassed. Every means of influencing voters, directly or indirectly, was discussed, and many and ingenious were the hidden influences brought to bear—concealed springs of action too delicately contrived and carefully concealed to subject their originators to the charge of open bribery, though they were, in reality, nothing else.

"L'HOMME PROPOSE."

A SONG begun—begun, but never ended ;  
A rose-tree that has never borne a rose ;  
A love that with no other love has biended ;  
A story, with beginning but no close ;

A life half lived, its duties half completed ;  
A soul that never joined with other soul ;  
An army, ere it e'er fought, defeated ;  
A racer started that ne'er reached the goal ;

A picture merely sketched but never painted ;  
A sky from which the sunlight all has fled ;  
The tint of purity grown soiled and tainted ;  
A hope half uttered, and so, wholly dead !

Had fate been kinder then the song were finished,  
The picture painted, and the story told,  
And love through want of love had ne'er diminished,  
Nor hope had vanished, growing dead and cold.

So runs the tale, the pitiful, sad story,  
So sad, so frequent—then why try at all ?  
So dimly shaded lies the road to glory,  
Why make endeavour that will likely fall ?

Glory is dross ! The nobler aim is duty.  
This freely do thou do ; forego the rest !  
The honest *purpose* makes the truest beauty—  
What matter if thou fail ? Do but thy *best* !

## THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

BY JOHN KING, M.A., BERLIN.

AN International Congress must always be hailed as an event of great importance, for, whether its object be the termination of some unhappy contention or the improvement of the laws which regulate the intercourse of nations, it has special claims upon the sympathies of humanity. Such assemblies will always occupy a prominent place in history, for they mark the steps by which the family of nations attempts to improve its relationships. There have been several undertakings of the kind in our time, varying in the boldness of their design, the elaborateness of their details, and the splendour of their success. We are now to have another. Those which have been belong to old world history; that which is to be will form an epoch in the life of a newer and much younger civilization. The English Exhibition of 1851 was confessedly the most novel and daring proposition of them all. It had no precedent to refer to—no statistics to build upon. It had to be carried into execution by means invented impromptu for the occasion, while the whole world looked on, prepared to condemn or applaud as the issue might determine. The building for the purpose was the first of its kind, and the largest that man had ever attempted to construct. It had to be erected on a purely theoretical plan, without the test of experience, and in a time so short that its completion seemed to be beyond the reach of possibility. But the task was performed, and the vast edifice of iron and glass which covered eighteen acres of ground at Hyde-Park, was a fit representative of the age in which it was reared and the purpose to which it was magnificently and successfully dedicated.

The Exhibition of the World's Industries which will formally open in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, 1876, will be not unworthy of its great progenitors. So far as this continent is concerned, it has all the vague anticipations of an experiment which, if not altogether new, will at least be tried

under conditions and circumstances very different from any that have hitherto prevailed. In this respect it will be clothed with the charm and possess all the prestige of perfect novelty. It is a bold enterprise as well—bold in its inception, but bolder still in those lofty aims by which its ultimate success must in a large measure be judged. That the leading journals of the United States should invest it with extraordinary pretentiousness, is only what was to have been expected. They are notoriously prone to self-glorification where their own institutions are concerned, and, in the present instance, they cannot go far astray in flattering the self-love and vanity of their constituents. Still, as organs of public opinion, we have no right to assume that they have unduly magnified the promised achievements of their first International Exhibition. To the American people it is an affair of supreme and overshadowing interest, and Canadians cannot be indifferent to any scheme seriously affecting the fame and fortunes of a nation with whose industrial destinies their own are linked so closely. Sentimental objections have been started to the occasion selected for holding the Exhibition, but these can avail little in view of the practical importance and results of what is after all a great practical undertaking. The difficulty of transportation is an objection of a different character. The expense and trouble attending the carriage of goods from points very far distant are no doubt very great, and when these are at all insulated, or cut off from telegraphic communication with the rest of the world, the difficulty must be proportionately increased. But with respect to the larger areas of population, and particularly those to which America will look for the liveliest competition, there is no obstacle in the way of transport that can be described as formidable. Electricity and steam combined have almost reduced space and distance to a minimum. The deep-sea cable has long since moored the greater part of the

old world close alongside the new, and British sea kings, with their swift-sailing fleets, have practically bridged the Atlantic. The law of compensation, however, is constantly operating in great as in small things, and, whether apparent or real, the drawbacks incident to the distance of the main point of attraction from the world's industrial centres will be more than counterbalanced by the advantages presented to the peoples of this western hemisphere. They will have facilities for competition and display which they have never had before, and will scarcely fail to improve their golden opportunities.

In all its plans and arrangements, its internal economy and classification, and the innumerable minute details of so vast an undertaking, the directors of the forthcoming Exhibition have everything in their favour. They have all the experience of its predecessors to draw upon—the knowledge of their difficulties and obstacles, and of the means of surmounting them. Should the fates be propitious, and above all the fickle fates which control the peat of the world, there will be nothing to shade the brilliancy of its success, or to prevent its being beyond all comparison the grandest event of the year. There are some things, of course, which no amount of human prudence or foresight can guard against, and war is one of them. With diplomacy playing a ceaseless game in secret and silence, no one can forecast the horoscope of the future. But we can always hope for the best. The policy of every commercial nation is that of peace, and, looking abroad upon the world from our present stand-point, there appears no serious cause to dread a war of any magnitude for some time to come. France is probably the only one of the continental powers from which there is anything to fear, but her draught of the bitter cup has surely been too recent and too full to make her feel an uncontrollable desire for fresh calamities. The dread in her case is after all, perhaps, more imaginary than real. It is a natural offshoot of the notion that France is awaiting her opportunity—that Frenchmen have an humbled pride to vindicate, and a terrible revenge to satisfy. But even war, with all its paralysing horrors, has not prevented these periodical congresses of the nations. Could it have done so, the Exhibition of 1862 would never have been an accomplished

fact. That Exhibition will always be remembered as a splendid victory over influences the most hostile and obstacles so seemingly insuperable that, had they been foreseen, mortal courage would almost certainly have failed to face them. The sudden death of the Prince Consort, the soul and master-mind of the project, at the most critical stage of its development; the gloom which that calamity threw over the Court and over the whole British nation; the awful internecine struggle which raged uninterruptedly on this continent, during the entire term of the Exhibition; the general depression which this inflicted upon British and continental trade, and the terrible blight with which it smote the English cotton manufactures, reducing hundreds of thousands of industrious, well-to-do operatives into recipients of parochial relief and charitable bounty—all these combined to make the enterprise one almost hopeless of accomplishment. But it was accomplished notwithstanding, and, in almost all respects, except the single one of good fortune, it surpassed its predecessor of 1851, and nobly achieved all the substantial ends for which it was projected. The American people, therefore, can have no reason to fear for their present undertaking the most unkindly reverses. But it is evident they have none. We look to them in vain for any prognostications of evil for this great work; instead of idly brooding over misfortunes that may never come, they are setting about its prosecution as if complete success were already assured. Rightly or wrongly, they adjudge the prospects to be in the highest degree favourable, and are sounding notes of busy preparation throughout the length and breadth of the land. Their newspaper press teems with descriptions of what has been done, of what is yet to do, and of what the assembled peoples of all nations will then for the first time witness under an American sky and on American soil. The national pride is aroused, and the energy and ingenuity, the wealth and resources, of the great Republic are laid under tribute to exact from the world contributions to this rival of the far-famed Exhibitions of monarchical Europe.

Like the peoples of older countries, where history has been repeating itself for centuries, the people of the United States have felt the evils and curse of war. They



are now, like them, about to try what can be effected by the arts and virtues of peace. Ten years ago they were just emerging from a conflict the most dreadful and sanguinary of modern times. They then proved how a nation unused to arms can exhibit warlike hardihood, enterprise, and fortitude, and can endure, for the sake of national unity, the greatest and most painful sacrifices. The preservation of the Union was felt to be a prize worth striving and suffering for, and their wisdom in preserving it is now about to be, in some measure, rewarded. Had the "sacred right of secession" been secured by the South, we should have had to wait many years in fitful expectancy of the spectacle which will next year be presented in the city of Philadelphia. As it is, a powerful, because an undivided, people will then show how, having settled their own differences, they can remove, for the time being, all differences and distinctions between the other great members of the human family. They will, at all events, prove that they can promote the comfort, enlarge the knowledge, and strengthen the kindly affections of mankind towards each other; that they can produce effects much nobler and more lasting than those of war—more profitable to the world generally, and more consonant with the lessons which are derived from our common Christianity; that they can achieve a triumph of industry instead of a triumph of arms, and, by their readiness to sign a treaty of universal amity, break down international barriers, and form, however temporarily, an universal republic of all nations. We say temporarily because, whatever may be the realisations of this Exhibition, we cannot expect that, as an augury of peace and good-will to humanity, it will be any happier than those which preceded it. The events of the last twenty-five years have proved how rudely such hopes may be disappointed, at least to outward seeming. Peace was not inaugurated by the memorable experiment of 1851, as it was fondly believed it would have been. The echoes of its hymn of thanksgiving were soon lost in the clangour of contending armaments, and the agonising cries of men bent on each other's destruction in almost every quarter of the globe. The bloody fields of the Crimea, and the still more frightful scenes of the Sepoy Revolt, were rude awakenings from the dreams of a social millenium—terrible mockeries of that

universal brotherhood about which many prattled so amiably and unthinkingly. The same, or a like commentary may be written on successive Exhibitions. But it is the destiny of delusions that they must be found out, and that those who believed in them must suffer. The lesson has been often enough inculcated, and, we may hope, has by this time been well learned. War will not be put down by any amount of skill in making pruning-hooks. Ambition or selfishness will not be checked by the utterance of oracular sayings that they are wrong. Oppression does not become one jot more easy to a true-hearted and right-principled people because the despot desires them to eat, drink, and be merry, and take no thought of the political to-morrow. Men's mental, moral, and spiritual aspirations are not to be stifled with material wealth.

The Centennial Exhibition of 1876 will, then, be no more a success in these respects than the Exhibitions of former years, and no more fortunate except in its better self-knowledge. But are we, therefore, to conclude that, with these periodical *lustra* of the nations, there is no truth in the thoughts and feelings that so deeply stir men's minds towards peace? It would be a fatal mistake to think so. Close intercourse, friendly emulation, a mutual communication and participation of benefits, pleasures enjoyed in common, knowledge imparted by each to all, must be as humanising, in the long run, to nations in their relationships to each other as to individuals. We may expect too much from such a source—we may expect it too soon; we have had our corrective lesson, and no doubt it will teach us to moderate our hopes. But who will say that we ought to expect nothing as the result of these influences? Who can believe that nations do not become more and more averse to hostilities with each other in proportion as they become acquainted with each other's excellences? The mere interchange of national civilities for a common purpose, and in a common cause, is not this of itself a guarantee of national concord? Charles Lamb has told us somewhere of the genial powers of "social friction"—of the aspiring and elevating influence which men of different natures, pursuits, and ambitions exert upon each other. Humanity is much the same everywhere in its social susceptibilities; and

can it be doubted that the influx amongst Americans of cultivated and intelligent foreigners from every quarter of the globe, and the copious and vivid illustration of great social and moral truths which they will bring with them, will not tend to their advantage by dissipating somewhat of their national vanity and prejudice, and teaching them that they by no means enjoy a close monopoly of intellect, ingenuity and virtue? The beneficial effects of such an assemblage on this head alone, if it yielded no other instruction, should commend it to our warmest sympathy. That it will fail, however, in the fulfilment of some of our highest desires is only what dear-bought experience has led us to expect. Commerce is what, at every such time, she is thought and said to be—a great peacemaker; only one must not suppose that she is necessarily at the same time an earnest patriot, a scrupulous moralist, a wise legislator, and an impartial judge.

But if as yet the prospects of man in his international relations are clouded and obscure, there is no other aspect of human condition and destiny that will not be made clearer and fuller of promise by the crowning event of next year. This will be seen not merely in the vast and varied collections of the Exhibition itself, but in the proofs which these will afford of the boundless capacities for production of those who made them. As a comparative and competitive display of natural products, inventive ingenuity, industrial skill and artistic taste—as a marvellous assemblage of interesting, useful, and charming objects—treasures of art as well as of science and nature, the Exhibition will be, we may well believe, an absolute success. Its highest value, however, will consist not so much in the many things which these are intended to do, as in the one thing which they have so often done already, and to which they will be there to testify—the development of man's own character, with all its fertility of resource, its dogged perseverance under difficulty, distress, and disappointment, its care of all past acquisitions, its unbounded faith in all kinds of future possibility. To the illustration of man himself, to the idea of cheering and strengthening him, to the raising him at once to a higher point of view, pointing him the road and winning him on to higher honours and far greater achievements—the

whole enterprise will be a wondrous commentary, and every effort and incident in it will assume new force and be imbued with new meaning. Æsthetically speaking, it will have all the features and surroundings of a grand spectacle. But it is not in that character merely that it will have to be considered or viewed. Neither will it come before the congregated publics of the nations as a mere delightful or beautiful entertainment. It is intended to be, and unquestionably will be, something far beyond that. Whatever there is in it of an idealistic vision will vanish with its near approach, and it will come forth a grand reality, teaching by comparison with the past, and offering guidance for the future; and as such its advantages must be inestimable. The class of objects alone will furnish materials for inexhaustible study. Within a small compass, and under a single roof, will be collected and arranged the varied productions of every clime under heaven which subservise in any manner the wants of man. The profusion with which whatever may contribute to human sustenance, comfort, and taste has been given—the adaptation of each object to meet some special need arising out of special conditions—the proportions in which they have been distributed over the earth's surface, and the manner in which these proportions have served to link together in mutual dependence the otherwise severed nations—the wondrous variety of invention which they will illustrate—the no less wondrous diversities of desire and taste to which they will address themselves—the modes in which art has made them serviceable—the influence which they have exerted as articles of food upon the bodily constitution, as articles of clothing upon the manners, as articles of construction upon social life and habits—surely here alone will be a boundless field for elevating and profitable speculation. And, let it be remembered, that it is the bringing of all these things together in one view that will contribute so largely to stimulate, suggest, and direct men's thoughts. It will be less in the details, than in the assemblage of them, that the power to stir within us grateful and reverent reflections will be found. In this respect the Exhibition will be a true microcosm, a world in miniature, in which moral and intellectual near-sightedness alone will not find abundant matter for the loftiest thought and richest

suggestion. Universal examples will there be found of how the raw material, culled from the surface or drawn from the bowels of the earth, may be deftly fashioned by the manufacturer for purposes of use or ornament; of how dead matter has been subdued by the machinist to his use, and made his fellow-labourer and slave; of how, in his strivings after something higher than mere utility, man has created a perfection in form and expression greater than that which he finds in living nature, and applied the means which science has invented to help and to extend his enquiries into her intricate machinery. The world's progress in everything that can impart elegance to the labours of the mechanic and manufacturer, or that can add beauty to comfort in the implements and appliances of a high civilization, will there be seen. Alongside rough ores and minerals forced from their mysterious hiding places, and gigantic enginery well-nigh infinite in its powers and capabilities, will be found everything that can appeal to the most delicate human sensibilities—that can fascinate the eye, gratify the ear, or move the deepest affections of our nature. All these will show with what seeming simplicity have been evolved the exquisite and the ideal, and how the flush of genius has been thrown over so many of the common and ordinary things of life.

The whole Exhibition will be a splendid proof of how far-reaching in intellect, rich in resources, and powerful in its control over the blind forces of nature, humanity has become. It will be no less a rich and multiform display of that supreme beneficence which overarches, so to speak, the destinies of our race. No thoughtful mind can see the simplest of nature's laws adapted to the working out of man's designs, without being sensible of that wise and all-pervading Goodness which has placed within our reach such an infinity of forces, and such a diversity of exquisitely contrived mechanism, and which has endowed us with the skill, and furnished us with the motives, necessary to apply them to our own uses. We discover that within the domain of nature there are processes in endless variety which, if we thoroughly comprehended them, as, by diligent investigation and study, we may do at some future day, we might substitute for the greater proportion of that unskilled or but half-skilled labour which

exacts such terrible self-denial from the great majority of mankind. Most of the really hard work, much also of the most delicate and complicated work, which could better the condition of civilized man might, were our knowledge co-extensive with the materials placed at our disposal, be performed for us by the untiring agency of inanimate forces, and so supersede the exhausting toil at present borne by human thews and muscles. The coming Exhibition will afford a general comparison of notes as to how far this possibility has become realized; to what extent, in what particulars, to what uses, nature has been compelled by science and art to yield up to man the laws and methods of her procedure, and, in what ways and under what conditions, she is willing to work under his guidance, and to further the fulfilment of his wishes. A comparison so multifarious, and withal so profitable, is only vouchsafed at rare intervals. As a living, palpable record of philosophical transactions, it must be invaluable, for it will display and describe not merely the triumphs of science, but show with the best models and most perfect apparatus of the time the application of science to every branch of industrial art. No one, moreover, can witness the substitution of inanimate for animate agencies—see them in actual operation, and follow them through all the processes by which they convert the raw material into the finished fabric, without taking a broader view of human destiny, and without having his hopes of the future quickened and expanded. Who can estimate the salutary impressions which such agencies will leave upon the minds of the hundreds of thousands of honest, eager workpeople who will survey them, and who will see, with incalculable satisfaction and advantage these diversified contrivances for economising human labour, and for making fire, wood and water do so considerable a part of the drudgery of the world? How many there are who still need to be taught the infinite superiority of intelligence over brute strength; and how thoroughly convinced and deeply impressed all such will be as they pursue their way through the crowded corridors of that vast building where at every step the lesson may be learned. Does any one imagine that American working men, and especially such as are familiar only with manual toil or horse labour, will visit

this Exhibition and return to their daily occupations with minds as stolid, as uninquisitive, as contentedly ignorant as before? How, indeed, can any one conclude that the sum, the quality, the activity, and the direction of national intelligence is left unaffected and unimproved by what is brought under its cognizance in these modern displays of everything that is best in the world? How can ignorance remain impassive amidst scenes of the endless triumphs of art and industry, in all their varied suggestiveness, profusion and magnificence? And is it possible that the rude masses can be unmoved by a thousand silent but eloquent tongues, telling of toil not as a weary burthen bearing heavily upon the toiler, but as a high, ennobling power developing the rich resources of the human mind in ministering to the wants and the gratifications of humanity?

Whatever character for selfishness the American people have to lose, it is plain they have no desire to make this Exhibition a mere gigantic advertisement for themselves. The arrangements for foreign exhibitors are of the most liberal kind, and their whole undertaking is being entered upon in a truly cosmopolitan spirit. Invitations have been issued to the whole world to bring their choicest productions and compete with the most powerful representative of Democracy, and with each other, in amicable rivalry. Nor can we doubt that the challenge will be universally accepted. Britain, with her countless colonies and possessions, will be there to strive for the peaceful triumphs of the English race. The multitude of her busy workshops and mines at the seat of Empire, the fields and forests of Canada and Australia, the remote dependencies of the African Continent, the rich dyes and cunning looms of Hindostan and the far East, will there attest the wide-spreading operations of those who, wherever they be, or by whatever name called, are still our fellow-countrymen. Canada especially, we may hope, will make a zealous response to the call of a neighbouring people, and bring into action all the resources at the disposal of an undisturbed country, enjoying the full vigour of its natural strength. Germany and France will contend for another mastery than that of war—their artificers and handicraftsmen for other victories than those which follow the sword and fields of slaughtered battalions. To them, as to

all, the summons from this side the Atlantic is a summons to the peaceful arena of a nobler competition, where the superiority or predominance of one country may be built, not upon the depression and prostration of another, but where each may strive which can do most to embellish, improve and elevate our common humanity. It is a summons that will defy the ordinary restraints of space and distance, and be heard through and beyond all the barriers of colour, creed and nationality. It will go forth to insulated and far distant centres of civilization like China and Japan—to countries many thousands of miles apart—to unmapped islands of the remote East, and the comparatively unknown and untrodden wildernesses of the far North—to the earliest seats of science and the arts, and to communities still semi-barbarous. From every climate and every zone will come something of nature's bounteous gifts, or of man's thought and handiwork, his steady perseverance, or subtle ingenuity. The oldest arts and newest inventions, the rarest specimens of skill and taste—all alike will challenge comparison and contrast in this microcosm of the products of all nations.

The influence exerted upon practical science by the periodical occurrence of such Exhibitions cannot be over-estimated. The growth of the industrial arts, and of knowledge in the practical labours of life, is gradual and protracted. They must have their seasonable changes, sunny ease and intervening stormy conflicts. And as the tree requires its many years, so the industries of man must have their many seasons to arrive at maturity—their times of inflorescence of human skill and labour, and of blossoming in every department of human genius. Expositions like that of next year show us the point of development which these have reached. They mark interesting stages in the world's peaceful progress, and new starting points from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions. Every country is pursuing its industrial course with such scientific and artistic assistance as it can command, and with a more or less intimate union of the theoretical and practical, but still pursuing its own separate course with little reference, in many cases, to the experience of other countries. International Exhibitions cannot fail to furnish a systematic and general comparison of the

results achieved by all. The deductions of true science can only be drawn from a large aggregate of facts, and these, scattered as they are broadcast over the world, are in this way brought together with the happiest results. It is by means like these that pure science has been rescued from empiricism, and that the foundations, broad and deep, of all knowledge must in a large measure be laid. A fresh direction and a new impetus are at once given to practical science as well, and the connection strengthened and communication facilitated between the scientist and the manufacturer, to the great benefit of both.

The means which such an Exhibition calls into action must no less assist in that scientific analysis of industry which is required to raise its character. They excite a wider philosophic spirit in the practical arts of life, and prepare the way for other and more brilliant victories in industrial philosophy. We see this verified in the later history of industrial science. Every one knows that the stimulus ministered, in the year 1851, to the application of the results of science to purposes of industry and art, was powerful and beneficial beyond the most sanguine anticipations. The good seed sown for the first time returned so bountiful a harvest that recurrent Exhibitions have become almost as indispensable as the recurrent seasons themselves. Let us hope that, as a friendly comparative display, the Exposition of 1876 will be found to have added in at least an equal degree to the purely scientific, as well as the wide international, advantages conferred by those which preceded it, and to have diffused practical knowledge equally with the beneficent feelings and influences called forth in other years. That it will multiply our materials for rational and refined enjoyment, is the least that is to be expected from it. To sustain its pretensions, it must do infinitely more. The people of the United States, more than any other, will be put upon their trial at this industrial assize of the nations, and it behoves them to see that the verdict which the world will pass upon them is one that had better not have been courted. The times in which we live are somewhat exacting in these things, and of this they are perhaps as sensible as any people

under the sun. They have taken their own time, and chosen their vantage ground at pleasure. It remains to be seen how far they will be able to claim the merit of having inspired every department of human skill and labour with new motives and fresh power for the conquests which lie before them, and of having given the mind of humanity an upward impulse, the effects of which will be increasingly beneficial as the years roll on.

There is a still more profound problem which their Exposition must do its fair share in solving. A marvellous and instructive sight, unique in the history of the Republic and of the brotherhood of American nations, it cannot fail to be; but it has also to be seen how high a place it will take as a diplomatic conference to renew and strengthen the blessings of peace and ready assistance between mankind universally. Should it help on the solution of this problem, or make it in any degree clearer and brighter of promise, its service to humanity will have been a priceless service. There will certainly be much in the occasion and its associations to beget anything but forgetfulness of a Past that should never have been—much to test generous thought, mutual forbearance and conciliation, and sentiments of national kindliness. But impartial historians, on both sides of the Atlantic, have long since settled the records of that Past and its character, and there is no reason why the men of to-day should not think and speak of both rationally and with calm, unclouded judgments. To the people of the Republic, there will be the restraint which a gracious hospitality always imposes—to those who will be their guests, those incentives to self-control which a well-bred guest never exceeds. Still, whatever consideration there may be for national shortcomings and prejudices, or, however far the proper courtesies of the occasion may prevail, there can of a truth be nothing to destroy the great fact of the Exhibition itself. It must ever remain a grand historical event in a land in which history is, comparatively speaking, young, and long survive as a splendid recollection of a peaceful time, hastening on the accomplishment of that "great end to which all history points—the realization of the unity of mankind."

## DOUBT.

From "SPRING WILD FLOWERS,"

*A volume of Poems, by Professor Daniel Wilson, LL.D., University College, Toronto.*

THEY ope ! Truth's ancient gates !  
 A little more, and still a little more,  
 As did they in your halcyon days of yore,  
 Ethereal Greece, Nile-watered Egypt hoar,  
 Whence history dates.

Slow breaking dawn of day  
 Emerging from the illimitable, vast,  
 Incomprehensive universe, the past  
 So vainly questioned, while the ages last,  
 Thus ray by ray.

Faith, science, doubt profound,  
 Searching for ampler knowledge from afar,  
 By turns have soared to question every star,  
 Have probed the earth, to tell us whence we are,  
 And whither bound.

Ask we not even now  
 The self-same questions uttered by old Nile  
 To her stone-sphinx, that gazed with stony smile  
 At Fate's poor questioner,—as she does still  
 With haughty brow ?

Dark-curtained orb of light,  
 Thus tarrying the hereafter to disclose  
 Ray upon ray, until the clear dawn grows,  
 And Truth's great noon in glorious ardour glows  
 On the soul's sight ;

Flinging her blaze abroad,  
 Above, around, in unencompassed sweep,  
 Wide as eternity : from out the deep  
 Of darkness dawning ; glowing up the steep,  
 Lightward of God.

But still we peer and pine  
 Vainly, with tear-dimmed eyes, for glimpse within  
 Thy bars ; while some blind brother steps between,  
 Complacently pronouncing doubt a sin—  
 A creed divine !

As in its birth hath been  
 Full many an utterance, a divine impress  
 And fitting die of the soul's nobleness ;  
 Though now a badge, a form, a worn-out dress,  
 For fashion ta'en.

And is belief no more?  
 A thing as facile as a courtier's suit ;  
 To be put on, like bloom of summer fruit,  
 By the mere sunshine ; fashioned by the moot  
 Of faction's roar ?

Nay ! give the soul free scope.  
 To doubt is to inquire, to search, to scan ;  
 To seek to comprehend the wondrous plan ;  
 To know, believe, and worship as a man,  
 With God-like hope.

A faith from God, and so  
 No thing of measured words and formal creeds ;  
 But as ethereal as the soul, which feeds  
 On its pure essence ; and by purest deeds  
 Proves whence they flow.

Dim, faithless world, roll on  
 Into thy future ; while the Christ-sown seeds  
 Grow, not to lifeless words, but living deeds ;  
 And living souls give utterance thus to deeds  
 Like to Christ's own.

Soul ! press into the light ;  
 Strive in the race ; reach upward to the prize ;  
 Hope ever on ; believing realize :  
 Till in the great reality hope dies,  
 And faith is sight.

## THE TWO NEWMANS.

THE students of Thackeray will doubtless remember the following passage in "Pendennis" (Chap. 61.) "'The truth, friend,' Arthur said, imperturbably, 'where is the truth? Show it to me. That is the question between us. I see it on both sides. I see it on the Conservative side of the House, and amongst the Radicals, and even on the Ministerial Benches. I see it in this man who worships by Act of Parliament, and is rewarded by a silk apron and five thousand a year; in that man who driven fatally by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything, friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognized position of a leader, and passes over, truth-impelled, to the enemy, in whose ranks he is ready to serve henceforth as a nameless private soldier; I see the truth in that man as I do in his brother whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavours to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares, with tearful eyes, and hands up to Heaven, his revolt and recantation.'"

There is little doubt that this passage referred to the two Newmans—John Henry, the Anglican Convert and Catholic Priest; and Francis W., the Professor and Free-thinker. At the time, or some time before, Mr. Thackeray put these words into the mouth of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, Dr. John H. Newman had delivered his famous lectures upon Anglican difficulties, and they had been attended by Thackeray and Miss Bronte, and all the literary and religious celebrities of the day. About the same time, too, Francis W. Newman had published his work on "the Soul" and his "Phases of Faith." The Fellow of Oriel had become a Catholic Priest, and the doughtiest of the English champions of his newly adopted Church. The Fellow of Baliol had become a species of Rationalist. Both had come from the same parents. They had been carefully trained and highly educated. They had great talent. Both were men of grave and

earnest minds. Both were devoted to the same absorbing studies. Both had access to the same sources of information. Both, in their early career, had years of doubt and months of darkness—seeking rest and finding none, seeking truth and not finding it; and in mature years, when the laws of life and mind compelled them into definite beliefs, one took the path to the cloister, the other to the groves of Academe; and the elder might sadly say to the younger, as the distance between them increased—

"My paths are in the fields *I know,*  
And thine—in *undiscovered lands.*"

Looking at the grave Greek face of the elder, John Henry Newman, not less than reading his wonderfully calm, clear, cold, logical disquisitions, no one can doubt that he has fixed his faith and has found rest for his intellect, whatever may be thought of that faith and that rest. Reading the essays of the other, one finds him still wandering and wondering, hoping, doubting, humanely and kindly dreaming of better times to come for the human race in its development of religious ideas, and for himself some future state, unknown, unforeshadowed, possibly with God in spite of doubts, and an epitaph which shall embody the verse of the Laureate—

"Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.  
There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

These two men illustrate in their lives, each now near its close, and in their work, now nearly over, the two great religious tendencies of the time, that towards submission to Authority, and that towards freedom of Individual Judgment. When I began this article I simply intended to say that the latest publications of these two learned brothers (who are not brethren) illustrate strikingly and with singular coincidence, their different forms of argument and their different articles of belief. Let us turn for a moment to one of the latest essays of Francis W. Newman ("Contrasts of Ancient and Modern



History"—*Fraser's Magazine*), a very able and learned article which contains a great deal of thought in a small space, and we shall find some opinions advanced which are so curiously in contrast with the opinions of his brother that, having in view their relationship, we instinctively suspect they are writing, honourably, against each other.

The first thing that strikes one on reading this article is the friendly patronage and toleration which the writer holds out to Islam. He says:—"We may, therefore, easily be too severe upon Islam for its wars of Proselytism. When the Arabian prophet saw polytheistic worship wedded to immoralities of various types, it was a nobler impulse in him to wage war against Polytheism, believing that with it he should exterminate impurity and cruelty, than in Alexander the Macedonian to make war upon Persia in order that he might himself become the lord of Asia." And again he says:—"But in every Mussulman state the religion infuses an active force into the government which must emphatically profess to be religious publicly and privately." And again, "As regards foreign nations, the Moslem wars were tempered by the principle of Proselytism unknown to the Gentile states. If Chaldean horsemen or Roman infantry laid prostrate a people's liberties, the conquered had nothing left but to crouch and suffer; but if Saracens or Moors were the invaders they had but to adopt the new religion, and they at once became the equals of their conquerors and valued members of the ruling body." And again, "It remains an interesting problem whether, from the cultivated Mussulmans of India, we can hope any diffusion of human civilizing and exalting principles into this wide-spreading religion which shows no tendency to vanish away."

It is hardly possible that in writing in this way, and in extending this patronage of something akin to praise, and something approaching confidence, to Islam, Professor Francis W. Newman could have forgotten his brother John Henry Newman's lectures on the Turks, which were delivered and published in 1853, at the beginning of the Crimean War. And it is equally impossible that he could have failed to recognize the fact that he was advancing opinions and making suggestions directly opposed to those which were advanced and made, with

an unusual degree of vehemence, by Dr. Newman in those lectures. It will, therefore, be interesting to turn to those lectures and see the differences between the opinions of the two brothers on Islam and the Turk. In the third lecture, "The Turk and the Christian," we read, "No race casts so broad and dark a shadow on the page of ecclesiastical history and leaves so painful an impression on the mind of the reader, as the Turkish." And again he calls out against them thus: "But that unhappy race of whom I am speaking, from the first moment they appear in the history of Christendom, are its (Christianity's) unmitigated, its obstinate, its consistent foes. They have the populousness of the North with the fire of the South; the resources of Tartars with the fanaticism of Saracens. And when their strength declines there is no softening, no misgiving, they die and make no sign. In the words of the wise man, 'Being born they forthwith ceased to be; and have been able to show no mark of virtue, but are consumed in wickedness.' God's judgments, God's mercies, are inscrutable; one nation is taken; another left. It is a mystery; but the fact stands; since the year 1048 the Turks have been the great Antichrist among the races of men." There is no need to multiply quotations. Dr. Newman adds count after count to his terrible indictment against the people and the creed to which his brother extends such large toleration.

Turning again to Francis Newman's essay, we find another point of divergence of opinion, not so marked as the first, but still marked enough for curious comment. Speaking of the action of the Popes in encouraging the crusades, he says:—"It is not attributing too much foresight or sagacious policy to the court of Rome, to believe that they wished to stop and put down the Turkish power before it should come near. However this may be, such was the result; the might of the house of Seljuk was crippled on the plains of Palestine, and did not ultimately reach Europe."

Now we turn to Dr. Newman's third lecture, part II., where we find the same subject treated; and while the lecturer, doubtless, would accept his brother's tribute to the sagacity of the Popes, he adds another reason for their warlike attitude. He says that the Popes desired to turn the restless

ambition of European kings and princes into a new and less destructive channel, and to compel them, if they would fight, at least to fight the enemies of their race and creed and their honour, not for themselves alone, but for Europe and Christianity. He says: "In vain did the Popes attempt to turn the restless destructiveness of the European commonwealth into a safer channel. In vain did the Legates of the Holy See interpose between England and the French kings; in their very presence was a French town delivered over by the English conqueror to a three days' pillage. In vain did one Pope take a vow of never-dying hostility to the Turks; in vain did another, close upon his end, repair to the fleet, that 'he might, like Moses, raise his hands to God during the battle;' Christian was to war with Christian, not with infidel." And now we come to the most striking contrast of all, to a point of divergence which seems too manifestly to have been chosen for the display of independent judgment. In his essay, Francis Newman says: "With the Reformation of religion in Europe, a new era opens. A great cleft was made in the ecclesiastical power; in all the Protestant countries, except Scotland, the Church fell into dependence on the State, as in old Rome. It remains to ask—Is there nothing new introduced by Protestantism through which we are put in contrast with ancient times? Undoubtedly, an eminently important principle, destined to influence the world to remote ages, has for the first time been forced forward into public law by the instrumentality of Protestantism, and that is *the right of individual conscience*. This, as I have said, was scarcely imagined by antiquity. It was practically disowned by Jew and Egyptian, Greek and Roman. It obtained very partial admission with Mahomedans, and was utterly denied by Romish divinity and by the practice of the Catholic states."

Now, if this challenge had been directly flung down before Dr. Newman as a gage of controversy, it could not have been more circumstantially met and contested than it has been in Dr. Newman's letter to the Duke of Norfolk, on occasion of Mr. Gladstone's "Expostulation." That now famous letter which, by the way, has called forth from the English press (witness the articles in the *Times*, the *Spectator*, and the *Pall*

*Mall Gazette*) the loftiest efforts of modern daily journalism, contains some remarks which afford the occasion of contrasting the opinions of these brothers on the subject of conscience. Keeping the above opinions of Francis Newman in mind, let us turn to the letter of John Henry Newman (page 58), and we find there the following description of the popular notion of individual conscience:—"When men advocate the rights of conscience, they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him in thought and deed of the creature; but the right of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting according to their judgment or their humour without any thought of God at all." And again, "Conscience has its rights because it has its duties; but in this age, with a very large portion of the public, it is the very right and freedom of conscience to dispense with conscience, to ignore a lawgiver and judge, to be independent of unseen obligations. It becomes a license to take up any or no religion, to take up this or that, and let it go again, to go to church, to go to chapel, to boast of being above all religion, and to be an impartial critic of each of them. Conscience is a stern monitor, but in this country it has been superseded by a counterfeit which the eighteen centuries prior to it never heard of, and could not have mistaken for it if they had. *It is the right of self-will.*" And in answer, doubtless unintentionally, to his brother's remark that "Romish divinity" had "always denied" liberty of conscience, Dr. Newman says: "Both Popes (Gregory XVI. and Pius IX) certainly scoff at the '*so-called liberty of conscience*,' but there is no scoffing of any Pope in former documents addressed to the faithful at large at that most serious doctrine, the right and duty of following that Divine Authority, the voice of Conscience, on which, in truth, the Church herself is built."

And now one more extract, with a commentary, and I have done. In concluding his essay, Francis W. Newman says that the effect of the freedom of individual conscience has been that, "the European literature for a hundred years past has looked realities in the face unchecked by ecclesiastical or any formal rule, and out of this boldness has issued *more tenderness for human nature than ever before.*" (The italics are his own.) And here any careful reader of his brother's works, indeed any careful reader of modern

social, political, and industrial history, must take issue with him. In what, we are forced to ask, does this exceeding tenderness for human nature consist? and how does it manifest itself? Is it shown in those vast military armaments and organizations which account human nature so little, and have so little tenderness for either human life or dearest ties, or most sacred associations? Is it shown in the prevalence of a philosophy which takes from the origin of man that breath of God which ennobled his first existence, and which evolves him from matter, an automaton without a soul? Is it shown in a commercial system which puts interest and profit as the first consideration above right dealing and honesty and fair wages; which makes the condition of the agricultural labourer so bitter that he blindly rebels from the misery which within the last three hundred years, and since the sixteenth century, has been accumulating upon his class; and which tolerates the gigantic dishonesty of rogues on 'change, while putting the unfortunate debtor into prison for a few pounds? Is it shown in a system of poor relief which has, so far as state organization is concerned, eliminated all traces of charity from the relief afforded? Is it manifested in the continual increase of crimes, even of violence; in the spread of seduction, abortion, practical polygamy, divorce, embezzlement, wife-beating, garotting, and thievery? Is the press more "tender to human nature" of late, in its personal discussions, its charges of fraud, its outrageous violation of the sanctities of private life, and the secrets of the *escritoire*? Are the laws any more ten-

der of human nature? Witness the, till lately, totally abrogated freedom of the Irish, and the despotism which prevails in Germany! There may be a greater tenderness for crime, because there is a loss of regard for the Divine ordinances which crime violates. There may be a greater tenderness for vice for the same reason. There may be a greater tenderness for irreligion and blank infidelity, because of the spread of a philosophy which tries to obliterate the traces of God's hand on the earth which He created, and to cut away all the props of that authority which He established. But that there is now, more than three centuries ago, any greater "tenderness for human nature," embodied in human flesh, it is difficult to understand, it is impossible to believe.

We have not here a lasting city; we look not here for happiness unalloyed, for life without toil, anxiety, misery, mortification; but for the ages in which there was least of these, I for one look back, and do not look forward for amelioration. Francis Newman looks forward for the golden age. John Henry Newman looks backward, not for a golden age (which never existed and never will) but for the ages when man was most blessed and God was most worshipped. And I humbly look back with him—I who reverence him so greatly as the man whose life seems the loftiest within my sphere of knowledge, and whose works have been an intellectual revelation to me.

Halifax, N. S.

M. J. G.

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## TO HERBERT SPENCER.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

*Professor of Mental Philosophy in Queen's College, Jamaica.*

**D**EEPEST and mightiest of our later seers,  
Spencer, whose piercing glance descried afar  
Down fathomless abysses of dead years

The formless waste drift into sea or star,  
And through vast wilds of elemental strife  
Tracked out the first faint steps of yet unconscious life;

Thy hand has led us through the pathless maze,  
 Chaotic sights and sounds that throng our brain.  
 Traced every strand along its tangled ways ;  
 And woven anew the many-coloured skein ;  
 Bound fact to fact in unrelenting laws,  
 And shown through minds and worlds the unity of cause.

Ere thou hadst read the universal plan,  
 Our life was unto us a thing alone :  
 On this side Nature stood, on that side man,  
 Irreconcilable, as twain, not one :  
 Thy voice first told us man was Nature's child,  
 And in one common law proclaimed them reconciled.

No partial system could suffice for thee,  
 Whose eye has scanned the boundless realms of space ;  
 Gazed, through the æons, on the fiery sea,  
 And caught faint glimpses of that awful face,  
 Which, clad with earth, and heaven, and souls of men,  
 Veils its mysterious shape forever from our ken !

As tiny builders in some coral shoal,  
 Raising the future mountain to the sky,  
 Build each his cell, unconscious of the whole,  
 Live each his little life, and work and die ;  
 Even so the lesser toilers in thy field  
 Build each the little pile his narrower range can yield.

But, like a skilful architect, thy mind  
 Works up the rock those insect reasons frame,  
 With conscious plan and purpose clear defined  
 In arch and column, toward a single aim,  
 Till, joining part to part, thy wider soul  
 Piles up a stately fane, a grand, consistent whole.

Not without honour is the prophet's name,  
 Save with his country and his kin in time ;  
 But after-years shall noise abroad thy fame  
 Above all other fame in prose or rhyme ;  
 For praise is his who builds for his own age,  
 But he who builds for time must look to time for wage.

Yet, though thy purer spirit do not need  
 The vulgar guerdon of a brief renown,  
 Some little meed, at least, some little meed  
 Our age may add to thy more lasting crown ;  
 Accept an unknown singer's thanks for light  
 Cast on the dim abyss that bounds our little sight.

## SOLD.

## A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND, ONT.

## I.

"I see this child is one too much."

CHEINING Manor was a fine old place; it would be difficult to say which class of its admirers praised it most, or had most cause to do so. Lovers of nature extolled the matchless beauty of its park and grounds; lovers of the picturesque said that nothing could exceed the effect of the majestic pile where every varying and incongruous style of building melted into one grand whole; antiquarians went into raptures over its worm-eaten wood and moss-grown stone; while the votaries of modern luxury and convenience all agreed in praising the admirable plan and perfect execution of the parts added by the present possessor.

The present possessor was Solomon Enthwistle, Esq., of the City of London, Russian Merchant, &c.; sometime Alderman and once Lord Mayor. Few people, if any, knew what his wealth amounted to. Having begun in a small chandler's shop (a fact he now found it convenient to forget), he had, by industry and close attention for the greater part of his life, brought his fortune to that point where the money seemed to double itself while he stood by and looked on. He never lost a ship; his agents were always honest, his ventures always successful; if tallow rose in the market, his warehouses were sure to be full of it, if hemp were in demand, his ships were certain to come in laden with that article and no other; speculation changed its name and nature for him and became safe investment; his life was a lottery, all prizes and no blanks. Old Enthwistle didn't know what he was worth, the world supposed; but the world was wrong. Solomon Enthwistle was not the man to make a mistake on that point.

Mr. Solomon had but one wish in the world ungratified. When he became possessor of Cheining Manor; when spending there the short period of the year in which he could tear himself from the ware-rooms and counting-houses in which his soul delighted, and in which his money was made; when under the influence of ancestral woods, Norman architecture, wide-extended park without and contracted space within, moat, keep, and donjon, and the "loop-hole grate" where captives may have wept in days of yore; the idea entered his mind that it would be very pleasant if rank and distinction could go with all this wealth. But, alas! in one sense this was impossible. Various reasons, in part known and in part shrewdly guessed at, made it desirable that no very strict research should be made into the annals of the past, and that the greatness of the Enthwistles should begin now. He could not call himself the descendant, but he would be the founder, of a race. What a pity that the execution of our resolves does not always depend upon ourselves!

Of several pledges of affection granted to the worthy merchant and his worthy wife, but one remained, a daughter some seventeen years old. Fortune had never blessed him with a son. He did not grieve so much over this as fathers very often do; a son might not perhaps have turned out well, and could never have been more than an *Esquire* or a *Sir* at most; but a daughter could and should make a great match. Mr. Enthwistle had very little idea who his grandfather was, but his grandchildren should be noble. A million of money could surely purchase any peerage in the land; so at least Mr. Enthwistle thought, and how could so shrewd a man be wrong?

So at sixteen the fair Emmeline Enthwistle came forth before the world, to be admired and courted, and as her parents fondly

hoped, to make her matrimonial choice among the noblest of England's sons. If not exactly a beauty, she had a sufficient share of good looks to pass for such when viewed through the golden haze which surrounded her, and suitors were not wanting to write sonnets in her praise, to dance, and praise, and flirt, and whisper, and propose. But, alas, they were not of the stamp desired by Solomon the ambitious. No duke's son appeared among the number; offer after offer was rejected by the fond father on his darling's behalf—baronets of doubtful fortune, and knights whose fortune admitted of no doubt at all. The fair Emmeline made no objection to the dismissal of her successive adorers, and her father congratulated himself on having so faithful an ally in his child. She felt, he thought, how much depended on her; she for herself as he for her, longed for a great destiny and a lofty fate. Poor man! he was soon to be undeceived.

The enchanting historian of the gayest court in Christendom relates how, when the beautiful Fanny Jennings drew out her handkerchief or shook her muff, *billets doux* flew about like hailstones. Miss Entwhistle so far unintentionally imitated the lovely maid of honour, as to let fall, one day, a note in very masculine handwriting, which by some untoward accident found its way to the hands of her mamma, and was by her transferred to the afflicted Solomon. The feelings with which they perused and commented on it, may, as the novelists say, be better imagined than described. The epistle began: "My adored and adorable Emmeline," and ended: "Your forever attached, &c., Adolphus Thistlethwaite," and was moreover couched in such terms as to make it very plain that it was in answer to one the writer had previously received.

Now Mr. Thistlethwaite was a briefless barrister; "a feller" as the ex-alderman said, "who 'ad his bread to earn, and couldn't earn it." One who never by any chance could make their daughter "My lady," or deserve her father's hard-won gold. Some people might have thought the match fitting enough; Mr. Thistlethwaite could contribute tolerably good birth to balance Miss Entwhistle's dowry, and there was youth and good looks on both sides, and mutual affection; but not so deemed the merchant and his better half. They sent for Mr. Thistle-

thwaite, and sternly demanded "how he dared . . ."

He, in his turn, asked their objection.

"Merely your hopeless poverty and want of title," Solomon politely replied.

The briefless one modestly suggested, that "wealth and fame; nay, the honours of the woollack itself, were open to members of his honourable profession."

"Yes," was returned, "and so it was open to every one to make a million of money, as he, Solomon Entwhistle had done, but precious few did it, and he was not going to have done it for nothing."

The conclusion of the conference was an injunction to Mr. Thistlethwaite to think of Miss Entwhistle no more; and his dismissal with a plain hint that his further acquaintance was not desired.

Having thus disposed of the lover, the lady was next to be dealt with; but this was not so easy a matter. They could not banish her; she was too old to be whipped; and too much spoiled to stand in any great awe of them. The alderman was ably seconded by his worthy partner, who, having been "my lady'd" to her heart's content during the brief period of her husband's civic dignity, could imagine nothing more delightful than the enjoyment for life of what she had, during its too fleeting possession, found so sweet; but they found they had a hard task to perform. They first tried reason, and endeavoured to fill the mind of their recusant child with the ambitious longings that fired their own. Miss Entwhistle was deaf to reason and the promptings of ambition. They held out promises of wondrous rewards; but the fair Emmeline, though not of a very deep nature, possessed sufficient affection for her lover to render her proof against all bribes. They scolded and abused—Emmeline only laughed. They threatened punishment and disinheritance—no matter; her Adolphus did not want her fortune, but her. This was enough; the distracted parents beheld dreadful visions of an elopement and a clandestine marriage, and having tried every other means in vain with their rebellious daughter, they resorted to the last, and locked her up. That is to say, they took her down to Cheiving Manor, and kept her there in durance hard and fast.

Love, says the proverb, laughs at locksmiths. If he did so in the old days when the saying first came into vogue, it must

have been because either he himself was stronger, or his opponents not so strong. The fair Emmeline, who, as is the wont of seventeen, was not without a spice of romance, at first thought it very delightful to be a martyr for the sake of her love; but the pleasures of martyrdom pall after a season. Communication with the outer world was stopped; she never left her room unattended by either father or mother, and she soon began to miss her accustomed daily fare of flattery and admiration, to say nothing of the incense of her Adolphus's love. He, with lover's ardour, tried manfully to break the bonds in which his adored one lay captive, but only brought on her greater miseries than before. A note, in course of transmission from him to her, in which mention was made of an express train and a special license, was intercepted; whether by accident, or whether treacherously betrayed, who shall say? But the result was the same. The hapless lady's confidential maid was taken away, and her place supplied by a dragon well fitted to have charge of such Hesperian fruit; old and ugly enough to make compliments an insult, and at wages high enough to make any money bribes the barrister could offer untempting. Her chamber was altered to one of the oldest in the manor, where the walls were two yards thick, and the windows four inches wide; and when she retired at night, her father locked the door and pocketed the key. What was to be done? Miss Entwhistle had heard of prisoners who had achieved liberty by patient perseverance, and felt herself strong to dare and with courage to do or die. She began to undermine the wall, but after breaking three penknives and two pair of scissors, and scratching her fingers severely, without further result than a few marks upon the wainscot, she came to the conclusion that Baron Trenck or M. de la Tour could have had but slight difficulties to contend with in comparison with her's, and gave up the attempt to escape in despair.

But deliverance was at hand. The aristocratic suitor, in vain watched for when fortune smiled, made his appearance now, in the shape of Frederick, Viscount Moonington. Like a prudent wooer, he made overtures, first to papa, who, though he was not a duke's son, welcomed him under the present desperate circumstances with open arms. Miss Entwhistle was told that she was to re-

ceive him as a lover, and prepare herself in a short time to become the Viscount's bride. "Lord Moonington's a fool, and I won't," said Miss Entwhistle.

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 II.

"Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself."

Lord Moonington had but lately succeeded to the title; he had inherited it, not from his father, in which case all would have been well, but from an uncle, who had been so lost to all sense of propriety and natural feeling as to leave a WILL. By this unheard-of document he bequeathed all the estate, pictures, plate, jewels, all the wealth that made rank desirable, to another nephew, his sister's son, leaving the name, the only thing he could not interfere with, shorn of all its substantial advantages, to his next and rightful heir. Lord Moonington was of opinion that such a wrong had never before been inflicted on mortal man.

He was not, however, without hope. Certain very learned men gave it as their opinion that the late lord had had no right to make such a will. They did not dispute the validity of the document, or impeach the sanity of the testator, but boldly struck to the root of the matter, and declared that, however genuine the paper, however sound of mind he who dictated and signed it, it was not worth the pen it was written with; that some small minor possessions might have been under his control, but that the greater portion, almost the whole, of the Moonington wealth went with the title, and could be as little disposed of at the caprice of the temporary possessor as the title itself. So said Lord Moonington's lawyer; those on the other side were equally sure that the right lay with them. It was to form the subject of a grand trial, the *cause célèbre*, of the session. The time for its decision was very near; and while the unfortunate and fair Emmeline Entwhistle was pining in her prison in the country, the case of Moonington *v.* Sandford was the talk of the town.

Lord Moonington was sitting by his dining-room fire one evening in no cheerful frame of mind. His thoughts were in the handsome house in — Square, where he, in his own opinion, ought then to have been,

but was not. He had just dined, and the dessert was upon the table, when the servant brought him a card. "Mr. Adolphus Thistlethwaite; don't know him," said my lord, "but show him in." And in a few moments Mr. Thistlethwaite followed his card.

"Your lordship's cause comes on on Monday?" he said, after a few unmeaning words on either side.

Lord Moonington looked gloomily into the fire: "Yes."

"Do you expect to gain it, my lord?"

"It's a toss-up," said his lordship. "— says we're safe, but then Sandford's lawyer says the same to him. Who's one to believe?"

"You wish to gain it, I suppose?"

"I'd give a thousand a year to any one who would assure it," said Lord Moonington.

"It shan't cost you a penny, my lord, if you trust your cause with me."

"To you!" said my lord, bluntly enough. "Why what case have you conducted? I never heard your name before."

"I dare say not, my lord. I never had a brief. But if your lordship will allow yours to be the first, I promise you it will not be the last."

Lord Moonington looked first at his visitor, and then at the bell.

"I dare say you think I'm mad," said Mr. Thistlethwaite, interpreting the look. "I won't mystify you any longer, but explain. I have discovered a point in the case which, to my certain knowledge, no one else is in possession of, and which renders you perfectly secure—secure beyond all doubt. It is at your lordship's service if you choose. I will serve you, if you in turn will serve me."

"But I can't, if I would. They have already retained — and —."

"I don't want to lead. I am quite content to take a second part at first; it will be well known afterwards who brought the important fact to light and won the cause. Try, it can do you no harm."

"No," said his lordship, thoughtfully. "And what is your fee? For I suppose you don't mean to work for nothing."

"Not if I *succeed*, my lord. If I fail I shall ask you nothing; but if I win your cause, as I shall, will you do what I request?"

"Do! What am I to do?"

"What I ask you when I have gained your cause, my lord."

"And am I to promise without knowing what it is?"

"If you agree to my terms, yes. Remember if I fail I shall not ask it, and if —."

"If you succeed there is nothing I would not grant. Very well; sit down and have a glass of wine, and let us talk it over."

The result of the famous trial created universal wonder and admiration. Lord Moonington came off triumphant, firmly established in his wealth and honours, houses and domains; his cousin's party, lawyers and friends, hid their diminished heads, and Mr. Thistlethwaite's fortune was made. People were never tired of extolling the genius of the hitherto unknown young lawyer, who had discovered so important a fact in the case, one that had escaped all observation but his own, who had shattered the enemy's cause, and brought his client off with such glory. He was right. His first brief was not his last. They poured in faster than he could attend to them, and instead of being idle, he was soon half worked to death.

Lord Moonington, in the meantime, went down to Cleveland, his country house, about twelve miles from Cheining Manor; and straightway began his courtship of Miss Ent whistle. Here was treachery; here was black ingratitude; here was a case for the reprobation of those who had but one virtuous spot in their minds! To Mr. Thistlethwaite he owed the roof that covered him, the horses he drove, and the wine he drank; but for him he would never have owned Cleveland—never have seen or known the lady he now aspired to make his own; and he repaid his friend's services with this deadly injury. All who knew the circumstances cried "Shame!" But Lord Moonington was not one to be cried down, nor particularly given to feel shame, and went on with his wooing. He had the parents' goodwill—what cared he for that of friends?

The lady's goodwill, however, was necessary, and that he did not make much progress in obtaining. She was compelled to receive Lord Moonington's visits, and listen to his compliments, but she did not trouble herself to reply. Her mother was never absent from her elbow, "to see that Emmy behaved herself," and after every pettish



answer and scornful toss of the head would inflict a nudge or a pinch which did not tend to smooth matters, improve Emmeline's temper, or render Lord Moonington's suit more likely to succeed; and, under such untoward circumstances, the courtship proceeded but slowly.

At last, Lord Moonington begged a private interview with the wilful maiden's mamma. He was about to make a proposition, he said, which would, no doubt, excite her surprise, and perhaps her displeasure—(Mrs. Entwhistle ejaculated, "Law, my lord, displeas'd with *you!*")—in which case he begged her pardon. He was aware it was quite out of rule, but all rules had their exceptions. Mrs. Entwhistle did not need to be told the ardent and respectful admiration he felt for her beautiful and amiable daughter, and he hoped, in time, to convince Miss Entwhistle of it in an equal degree ("I hope so, I am sure, my lord"); but in the meantime might he suggest that it would perhaps be better—Mrs. Entwhistle must pardon him if he transgressed the bounds of etiquette—to leave them a little more, just a *leettle* more, to themselves? Girls were apt to be romantic—girls so young as Miss Entwhistle especially—and she might perhaps expect rather tenderer speeches, rather more—lovmaking, in short, than was quite easy in the presence of a third party. She had, probably, been accustomed to it from that very objectionable young lawyer, of whom he had heard, and might not think his true affection sincere without similar protestations. Once more, would Mrs. Entwhistle forgive him if—

Mrs. Entwhistle looked puzzled, but complied. "Well, my lord," she said, "though it's not usual, I ain't afraid to trust her with you. I hope you'll bring the stubborn girl to reason, however you do it. But Solomon and me are so afraid of that impudent young lawyer that we daren't let her out of our sight till she's safely married to you or some one else. So you may go and talk to her, my lord, but I must stay outside the door."

Under these somewhat peculiar circumstances, Lord Moonington enjoyed this and other subsequent interviews with the lady of his love. At first she appeared as obdurate as ever, but gradually she softened in manner, and a more yielding look came into her face. The Viscount, taking advantage of such favourable symptoms, pressed his suit,

until at last it seemed that woman's faithlessness was to go hand in hand with man's treachery; and Lord Moonington announced to the delighted parents that he had obtained their daughter's consent to be his bride.

Public opinion, at least the sentimental part of it, condemned the lady as it had before condemned the lord, and she seemed to care as much about it as he did, viz., not at all. The ex-alderman and his wife, too glad to find their daughter brought to reason, readily consented that the engagement should be a short one, but declined to abate their care. The preparations for the wedding should be got through as quickly as possible, but in the meantime the prisoner must be guarded as closely as ever—that Thistlethwaite, when he found the prize about to escape him, might even try to carry her off by force! The noble lover pleaded, but in vain. "When she's yours, my lord," chuckled Solomon, "you may slacken the rein if you choose, but while she's mine, I'll keep the curb on, and break her in for you." There was nothing to do but submit. Solomon was determined to have all safe, and kept his daughter under lock and key as before.

### III.

"My ducats and my daughter!"

EVERYTHING comes to an end at last—even the preparations for a grand and vulgar wedding. In this case all that could be done to bring it to a speedy conclusion was done, to suit the impatience of the noble lover. Mantua-makers and milliners, cooks and confectioners, jewellers and lawyers, made frantic haste, and at last all was announced to be in readiness, and the day before the eventful one arrived.

Lord Moonington had made but one stipulation with regard to the wedding. In the matter of settlements, he had shown the noblest disinterestedness; he had enough of his own, he wanted but his bride, not her fortune, her father might deal with that as he pleased. The alderman took him at his word, and had the settlements drawn so strictly that as far as Lord Moonington was concerned, Miss Entwhistle might have had no fortune at all. But the Viscount had made it a point that the ceremony should be

performed by a friend of his own, and by him alone; he had an odd superstition that the "assistance" of several clergymen, as is the modern fashion, instead of strengthening might weaken the nuptial tie, and he preferred to follow the old style. They would, perhaps, think him very sentimental, but, long since, he had promised a dear school and college friend that he, and he only, should unite him to the bride of his choice; he would not like to fail in his word, and he hoped this favour would be granted him. Mr. and Mrs. Entwhistle would have rather preferred a string of divines, but they did not like to refuse the only request of their son-in-law elect, and graciously consented.

The Rev. Charles Kirkwood arrived the evening before the wedding. There was a brilliant company assembled—if brilliancy consists in a display of wealth—at Cheining Manor, and there was, besides, plenty of beauty in the bride and her ten attendant maids. With the Rev. Charles all these ten fair maidens fell instantly and utterly in love. He was indeed a matchless young parson. What could exceed the curl of his hair or the clerical yet tender expression in his mild eyes? What could exceed the mellifluousness of his voice, or the whiteness of his teeth, when he smiled a pensive smile? They marked the exquisite tie of his white neckcloth, they noticed the thinness of his white hand, they marvelled at the Lilliputian dimensions of his shiny boot, and envied the happiness of the young ladies of Slip-sloptecum, his distant living. The bride had, no doubt, her own affairs to attend to, but she did glance critically at the Rev. Charles, and whisper to her future lord, "He does certainly look the clergyman to the life."

Who shall describe the marriage? The dresses, the carriages, the cost, the display, all that wealth without taste or refinement is capable of? The self-gratulation of the parents, the adulation of the guests, the magnificence of the breakfast, the pompous platitudes of the speeches, and the quality of the wine? The bride (who, it was afterwards remembered, was more than usually nervous), followed by her gossamer-wheel maiden train, rustled to the altar in silk which almost impeded her movements by the stiff richness of its folds. Fifteen hundred guineas, disguised as Alençon lace, veiled her blushes and draped her form;

and five thousand pounds, in the shape of diamonds, circled her neck and arms. Did she, in the midst of her splendour, give a thought to him to whose vows she had first listened and whose trust she had so faithlessly betrayed? Ah, no! When all was over—the last health drunk, the last speech made, the carriage at the door, and the bride made her last farewells in the hall—her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed. Her father drew her to him and looked at her, with less affection than pride, as he said good-bye. "You're my lady now," said he, "safe and fast. Take her, my lord, and make her happy. Good-bye for a while, my child. Heaven bless you and your husband!"

"Amen!" said the bride. The carriage-door was shut, the postillions cracked their whips, and Lord and Lady Moonington were whirled away.

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A month elapsed, during which the happy pair made their bridal tour on the Continent, and the Alderman and his wife received two letters from their daughter the bride. She and her adored husband, she wrote, were the happiest of the happy; everything was delightful—all was *coulcur de rose*. It was no use to write in return, as they travelled so fast and so eccentrically that no letters could reach them, but they did not intend to remain more than a month abroad.

At the appointed time, Mr. Entwhistle saw in the "fashionable intelligence" the arrival of Lord Moonington at his country seat. "I think they might give my lady's name as well," grumbled he; "let's go and see the girl, mother, and see how she looks after her travels." It was late in the day, and they had twelve miles to traverse, so that the evening was closing in when they reached Cleveland. "Lord Moonington was just going to dinner," the footman said, "and would not like to be disturbed." "Never mind, my man, I'm at home here," said the Alderman, making his way towards the dining-room, the door of which he opened, and discovered Lord Moonington in the act of raising the first spoonful of soup to his lips.

Mr. Entwhistle glanced to the head of the table for his daughter. The place was vacant. Lord Moonington was alone.

"Hey-day! where's my lady?" he enquired.

"Emmy ain't sick, I hope?" the mother exclaimed.

Lord Moonington swallowed his soup, and stared at them. "May I ask of whom you speak?" he suavely enquired.

"Who?" said Mrs. Entwistle, "ghast. "Why, Emmy, our daughter, that you married a month ago!"

"Who?" said the Alderman. "Why, Lady Moonington, to be sure!"

Lord Moonington took another spoonful of soup, and leaned back in his chair. "I know no such person," said Lord Moonington.

Utterly confounded, the father and mother gazed first at each other and then at him, unable to utter a word.

"I found a card here," crawled his lordship, "and I have no doubt you will also receive one, which may, perhaps, explain. John, hand that envelope to Mr. Entwistle, and leave the room."

The wondering Alderman opened and read—

"Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Thistlethwaite.

"At Home,

"November 17th, 186—,

"No. 1, Honeymoon Square, W."

How they stormed; how the dark plot by degrees unravelled itself; how, thread by thread, the skein of villany was unwound to their horror-struck minds, need not here be told. How his share in the transaction was the return made by Lord Moonington for the gaining of his cause; how the Rev. Charles Kirkwood was a friend of Thistlethwaite's own profession, selected for the

service because, as Emmeline had said, he "locked the part so well;" how the grand marriage had been all a delusion and a sham; and how Miss Entwistle (Miss Entwistle still, in spite of the lately concluded ceremony) had been handed from one bridegroom to another at the end of the first stage; how all this gradually unfolded itself to their bewildered senses, and how they felt when it did so, may, perhaps, be faintly imagined, but could never be done justice to here.

"You see, old fellow," said Lord Moonington, "if you hadn't been so precious strict we wouldn't have let you have the fuss and ridicule of the sham marriage; we never meant to go so far, because we thought we could give you the slip sooner; but you kept the curb so tight that there was nothing to do but go through with it, and I took your daughter up to London and handed her over safely to Thistlethwaite at London Bridge, in time for the Dover train."

Mr. Entwistle vowed vengeance and the law, but my lord laughed. In fact, of what use would vengeance be? It would not unmarry his daughter, or give her what he had tried to secure for her, alas, in vain! Things were bad enough already; better hush them up than make them worse. So the alderman and his wife, though they left Cleveland with heavy hearts, resolved to make the best of a bad bargain, and to put a good face upon the matter. They did not wait to be asked for pardon, but resolved to offer it; and determined to visit No. 1, Honeymoon Square, W., the next day.

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## PRAYER AND CHRISTIAN BELIEF.

BY FIDELIS.

**B**EFORE giving, briefly, the grounds of the Christian belief in Prayer, which, from want of space, it was impossible to do in a preceding article, the writer wishes to take up one or two points in the article of Mr. Le Sueur on "Prayer and Modern Thought," which were also left unanswered for the same reason.

In the first place, however, the following brief presentment of the Christian argument, from the pen of a vigorous thinker and

writer, the Rev. G. M. Grant, is given as supplementary to what has already been said on the subject:

"I. All admit the reflex action or influence of prayer, and that it is beneficial thus. But it would cease to be beneficial thus, did we not believe that God is a reality, that He is a Person, that He hears and answers prayer. Therefore He must be so, or the highest part of our nature is based on a delusion. In other words, we have the same

reason for believing in Him in these respects, that we have for believing in the existence of a material world. For the idealist will prove incontrovertibly that our only ground for believing in the existence of a material world is—faith. We cannot admit that a lie is truer than the truth. If it is, truth is worthless.

“II. Most people admit that there are answers to prayer in the spiritual region—that God gives His Spirit to them that ask Him, and that He may, and sometimes does give it even to them that do not ask Him; though usually the grace He infuses into the soul is proportioned to the faith of the seeker. How this is done we cannot tell; for the Spirit works in those hidden depths of our nature where consciousness and observation cannot follow. We see the results. ‘The wind bloweth where it listeth.’ The man who does not acknowledge this has much to learn of himself, or he is an incomplete man.

“III. The great majority of people sincerely ask God for temporal gifts. Are they warranted in doing so? Doubtless there is a difficulty here to the scientific mind that the untutored mind has not. For the untutored mind knows little of law, whereas in studying nature, we see rigid law everywhere; and doubtless, also, a good deal of odd natural philosophy has been talked on this branch of the subject. If the universe is law, the event will happen whether we pray or not for it; therefore why pray? The difficulty is undoubted, but it applies equally to the spiritual blessings we receive. And the difficulty is just the old one, of Divine Predestination, and how to reconcile it with Free Will. Dealing with this, Milton’s angels found no end—‘in wandering mazes lost.’ And neither shall we. We have just to accept the facts, and the facts are—that God is sovereign and that man is free.

“IV. For wise purposes, for our education, God has established an order of things which we suppose the best possible; and we have no right to disregard it, or to expect that He will. But, in obeying that order, we are not to conceive of it as anything in itself. It is God acting in that way. We are to feel the same thankfulness for blessings and the same resignation in trouble as if we could see that God personally sent the blessing and the trouble. The high law according to which God provides for and

governs us is higher than natural laws; it over-rides, penetrates, and directs them without conflicting with them. How it does so we cannot tell, just as we cannot tell how He infuses His spirit into us, and makes us new creatures and new forces. But if it is impossible that God could do this, then He is not omnipotent. For us to complain that we do not comprehend these facts, is to complain that the Creator is not God.

“V. On the other hand, we must pray chiefly for spiritual blessings. ‘Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.’ Ask not for temporal benefits as if these were absolute blessings. Only ‘one thing is needful.’ And ‘man does not live by bread alone.’ If a beggar only ask for bread he will be a beggar all his days. Let him ask to be a son, and his father ‘knoweth what things he hath need of.’ In asking for bread, then, ask as knowing that you are not depending on any particular arrangement of outward circumstances, ask as knowing that you shall live by everything God appoints, every word that proceedeth out of His mouth. Yet ask, if you feel the need. The Father cannot be pleased either at your hiding your real feelings or at your doubting His power. But, in asking for a temporal blessing, you know that it may not be for your real good to get it; the getting it might involve the loss of something far better. In asking for more of His Spirit—for more of faith, hope, and love, your prayer cannot but be in more accordance with the will of God.”

The following passage, taken from “Thoughts on Revelation,” by the well-known Rev. Dr. McLeod Campbell, formerly of Row, bears so truly and forcibly on the question under discussion, that no apology is needed for adding it to what has been already said on the subject:—

“We know that while our highest intercourse with God as the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, both as to ourselves and in prayer for others, belongs to the eternal life, we are not called to shut out from our minds in such intercourse the lower interests of existence, which it is natural and not sin to feel. No interest which it is *right* for us to cherish is to be held in this view, ‘common or unclean,’—and here it is no contradiction to feel authorised to ask God for that which seems desirable, as well as to labour for it, and to feel that we are putting

forth a power besides our labour when we so ask, because God may grant our request, though as to all but the *absolute good* our asking has a conditional element in it—a reference to God's perfect light. We can believe that our asking is so far a reason with God for granting what, unasked for, God would not have sent, and yet that it may be sometimes higher love to refuse, and that in that case God will refuse. It is peace to be at liberty to go to God, presenting our seemingly right desires in the form of requests. It is part of that peace to know that if what we ask for would be better withheld, it will be withheld. But *waiting on God's decision* is altogether different from waiting to see a necessary flow of events as to which our prayer has had no place as an element in the Divine determination.

"No doubt, in the measure in which we seek first the Kingdom of God, our interest in the other things promised to be added thereto will be subordinate, becoming continually more and more so; while—such is the character of the Kingdom of God—increased spirituality in our desires will only render the prayers in which these desires utter themselves more earnest. For, although, seeing the glory of God in what we desire more and more clearly, we shall expect it with more abundant assurance of hope, we shall not therefore cease to ask for it, we shall not -ubside into contemplative and what would be thought more philosophical faith, or content ourselves with passive waiting. Were all our prayers gathered into the Lord's Prayer—and to this prayer tends more and more as the mind of Christ is formed in us—prayer would still be *prayer* and *not* simply *praise*. Our attitude in looking forward to the hallowing of the Father's name—the coming of His kingdom—His will being done on earth as it is in heaven—would be a waiting in the faith that our prayer was hastening that we had prayed for. In this view, the thought naturally arises in remembering the many whose lips in each church service, as well as at other times, repeat the Lord's Prayer, how mighty the power to overthrow the kingdom of darkness and hasten the day of the Lord would be which would be going forth from the Church were the Lord's Prayer, in all lips, a prayer in spirit and in truth."

We are told that "what the world wants to know about prayer for physical results, is

whether or not it is efficacious." This "the world" will *never* know till it abandons its position of curious incredulity and learns to take its Heavenly Father's way. "God gives such knowledge to His children by His Spirit, and they have an unction from the Holy One and know this, and a good many things that the world knows not." To them, with their full conviction on the subject, such reasonings as we have been dealing in seem almost irrelevant. We believe the results of prayer can never be tabulated in any form that will satisfy "the world." For, in the first place, the amount of true prayer is known to Him only "who seeth in secret," and in the next, the great majority of answers to prayer are known only\* to the individuals to whom they occur. But *they*

\* The following instances of answers to prayers for temporal blessings of various kinds are taken from a number of well-authenticated similar instances in a volume entitled "I Will," by the Rev. P. B. Power. M. A. Every praying Christian's experience could furnish many similar ones.

"Two Christian persons were about to perform a long and trying journey; one of them was in such ill health as to make it likely that the journey would be a severe trial to flesh and blood. The mind of one of those travellers was led to commend this matter to the Lord, and to ask Him for such especial travelling mercies and strength for his friend, that the journey might not prove wearisome, or too much for the frame which had to sustain it. The hours of night rolled on, and as the morning broke, the one for whom the prayer had been offered, and who had shown no sign of fatigue, turned to the other and remarked that, strange to say, no fatigue was being experienced, and that the time was flying by rapidly. Then the secret of the prayer was told; and when the journey was accomplished, and rest could easily be had, the traveller did not even feel the need of it."

"A Christian man, a relative of the author, was in great difficulty in reference to a paper of consequence, which was required immediately, but could not be found. Search was made in all parts of the counting house, but to no purpose. When reduced almost to despair, he bethought himself of the power of prayer, and asked the Lord to guide him to the place where the paper was. It now came into his mind to go to a certain spot, and there he found the object of his search."

"A Cree Indian, in Rupert's Land, and his family, were once in their wanderings exposed to a fearful fire, which was running across the country with great violence and speed. There appeared no way of escape. Suddenly he remembered what he had been told of the one great God over all, and while his family were crying and clinging to him, he fell on his knees and said, 'O Thou great One who art above all, whoever Thou art, save me from this fire,' and ere the fire touched him, or any one of them, there fell upon it such a heavy shower of rain as totally extinguished it. In consequence of this, that

know. The author of "Prayer and Modern Thought" has misconceived a passage in the original article referring to the recovery of the Prince of Wales. No "theory" was advanced that it was due to the greater facility of communication, or the "rapidity with which prayer could be set in motion." The fact was merely stated, as constituting a *difference in the circumstances*. Is it irrelevant to suppose that any great agent of communication affecting the destinies of men, as does the Atlantic Cable, is included in the counsel of God's will? Is it unreasonable to suppose that it *may have* been included in these counsels that so large a portion of the Christian world should be united in praying for the recovery of the Prince on the very day on which it was His will to answer their prayers by turning the tide of the disease? The instance was *really* a "prayer-test" case of the kind demanded by Sir Henry Thompson, with the offensive element of experiment omitted, as it *could* not be in an artificial test case, the prayers being in good faith for the object alone. But as so often happens when a generation "seeks a sign," it does not know when the sign really comes!

While referring to this subject, the writer may recall a remarkable incident in connection with the fatal collision of the *Ville du Havre* with the *Lochearn*. When the rescued passengers of the former, together with the crew and passengers of the latter, were taken from the *Lochearn*, which was in a sinking condition, it may be remembered that the captain of the American vessel that rescued them, stated that he had been led to alter his course in consequence of an *impression which he could not shake off*, that there was some reason why he should do so. And, but for altering his course, he would not have come in sight of the *Lochearn*. Were the grateful passengers—the earnest Christians on board who had been praying for deliverance—wrong in thinking the "impression" which thus guided the captain to their deliverance, an answer to their prayers? Is it fair or reasonable to call such things "mere coincidences?"

The recent great waves of "revival" in

individual now denies the Indian's god, and acknowledges none but One."

Cases in which special help in illness, and aid in great temporal need, came in answer to prayer, are also related.

Great Britain and other places, which have been of incalculable consequence to the happiness and welfare of thousands, have been gratefully acknowledged by praying Christians to be answers to the prayers which many of them had been offering, both in unison and "in secret."

We believe, however, that not only do answers constantly come to individuals; but, as was before remarked, that those enterprises prosper most, which are most truly conducted in the spirit of prayer. Business men have often testified that in committing their daily cares to God, they not only experience a calmness and peace,—in itself most conducive to success;—but really receive direction, in their temporal concerns, to act in such a way as was best for them in *every* respect, spiritually as well as temporally; while those who do not pray, frequently find even their temporal success their spiritual ruin.

And this does *not* pre-suppose any "business imbecility." The most sagacious men of business know that many perplexing junctures must occur, in which the clearest human intellect is at fault. In such cases they have known, also, what an infinite relief it is to "cast their burden upon the Lord," and to seek guidance and *true wisdom* from Him who "giveth liberally and upbraideth not." And they who most habitually use the means of prayer know how groundless is the objection sometimes made by thoughtless observers, that time spent in prayer is time wasted. They know it to be so much the reverse, that one of the busiest of Christian workers once said,—"I am so busy that I *cannot* do without prayer!" "*Bene orasse est bene laborasse*," is most true—much more true than the converse—and earnest students have testified to the truth of the slightly altered phrase, "*Bene orasse est bene studuisse*." There is time wasted, doubtless, in "*saying* prayers,"—in uttering unmeaning forms of words wherein the soul has no part—but not in *praying*—in the heart's fervent petition for light and help from the infinite Source of all energy. They who pray as they work, or pray as they study, will both work and study to most purpose. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

But, of course, it is only faith that can.

understand these blessings and appreciate the efficacy of prayer. We know that there were some places in which our Lord *could* not do His mighty works, "because of their unbelief." To the ordinary eye many blessings must seem to come alike to those who pray and those who do not; though it may be doubted whether they are the\* *same* blessings, wanting the element of *love*, that is more than half the value of the *gift*. Were it otherwise, prayer would cease to be an exercise of love and trust. It would become a mere matter of calculation,—no more a *religious* act than the turning of a machine. But as men advance towards a fuller light, we believe they will more and more realize the efficacy of prayer,—more and more endorse Tennyson's beautiful and true lines :—

"More things are wrought by prayer  
Than *this world dreams of*. Wherefore, let thy  
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them  
friend?

*For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.*"

In the preceding remarks, and in our article of last month, we have not been so much attempting to *prove* the efficacy of prayer, as to remove objections and presumptions against it; to show that the difficulties felt in relation to it, are only those which must be felt in relation to any adequate theistic hypothesis which takes into account man's free action. The *proof* of it rests on other grounds. Like other fundamental religious truths,—that, for instance, of the Being of a God,—it rests on a three-fold basis, each portion

\* To Mungo Park, in the desert, the insignificant little moss was a refreshing token of his Father's love and care. To the man who recognizes only "natural law,"

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose is to him,  
And it is nothing more."

We may imagine two children, the one of whom had all its wants supplied, mechanically, by some invisible agency; while the other had a parent's care, and love, and sympathy to appeal to on all occasions. Which would be the happier—have the best developed moral nature? Analogous to the first case, but far more sad, is that of those who do not recognize, in all things, the constant care, and love, and sympathy of a Heavenly Father.

of which strengthens the others:—the instinctive belief of humanity, the evidence of Revelation, and the testimony of the consciousness of those who truly pray.

Only the first of these, we know, will carry much weight with scriptural objectors; but *it* ought to be a strong proof, even to them. Instinct is proverbially truer than reason; and we know of no great, wide-spread instinct that has not its real object and its final cause. Now, there is no stronger instinct implanted in man's nature than that of appealing to God in his need and his distress. The experience of all ages, the religious hymns of all nations, the *vox*, cry which unconsciously breaks from men's lips in extreme peril or intense agony, all prove the force of this unconquerable instinct, which the abstract reasonings of men can no more eradicate, than they can eradicate our sense of the reality of pain. If, therefore, God be not the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, this instinct which He has implanted is a lying instinct, founded upon a lie.

The proof from Revelation we regret to know *all* will not accept. To us, of course, it is conclusive. This is not the place to enter into all our reasons for accepting the Bible as indeed a Revelation from God. We will give only one of the strongest. We find it a Book which is totally different from any other, a Book which,—said A. H. Hallam,—“fits into every fold of the human heart;”—whose teaching finds a complete response in the depths of our spiritual consciousness, which responds more fully, the more enlightened it becomes. We find it a Book in which, as nowhere else, God is all in all, and man takes his true place of insignificance and dependence;—which most fearlessly denounces *every* sin of heart and life, even those which man is most ready to condone;—which demands the entire sacrifice of self and self-will, holds up a standard of sublimity of holiness—a perfection of purity—a tenderness of love,—such as no other “sacred books” have approached, and presents us with a Divine example of all these, which, in the estimation of its keenest and most hostile critics, has never been equalled—could never be surpassed. And no truth is taught more distinctly and repeatedly by this Divine guide, by statement, by illustration, and by history, than that of the duty and the efficacy of prayer.

The third ground of proof is one, also,

into which we sorrowfully admit that many cannot follow us—that of Christian consciousness. Yet they who would oppose to the blank materialism of a Clifford, the testimony of their own consciousness of an “Overshadowing Presence which we call Divine,” should at least weigh, with respectful attention, the evidence of those who believe that they have a fuller consciousness. And the consciousness of those who, in all ages, the present not excepted, have sought most earnestly for spiritual life, have led the noblest and purest lives—two favourable conditions, surely, for knowing truth—is expressed in the ever-living words: “In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God.—Verily God *hath* heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.” Is it wise to resist such accumulated testimony of the ages? Would it not be wiser, as well as more philosophical, for those who have no experience in this matter, to try, earnestly and truly, whether in their case the same course would not produce the same results? Those who take all the concerns of their daily life, their requests, either for themselves or for others, to their Heavenly Father, are so constantly meeting with answers to prayer, that to suppress the testimony of their own consciousness in this matter, when occasion calls, would be ingratitude to that Father, and culpable indifference to the welfare of others. They pray for temporal blessings, and receive either the blessing asked for, or a satisfaction in its absence, which is often felt to be better. They pray in temporal distress, and are either relieved in a way they could never have expected, or receive a strength and often a joy under its very pressure, which unassisted nature could never have even conceived.

They pray in darkness and receive light—sometimes in the very attitude of supplication,—though at other times, doubtless for wise purposes of discipline, the light they look for may be for a time delayed. They pray in perplexity and receive guidance, sometimes by the leading of events, sometimes by the direction given to the mind itself. They pray in temptation, and either receive deliverance from the temptation or strength to overcome it. And just in proportion as they “restrain prayer before God,” do they find their spiritual life cramped and fettered, their progress impeded, their faith

dimmed, the power of evil asserting itself, their strength to resist temptation weak or powerless. Can any objector think that they who have had such experiences, and such evidence, will give up their faith in prayer to any abstract reasonings of any human intellect? Rather, *knowing* the infinite value of this medium of communication with the great Source of all life, blessing, and spiritual power, would they plead, heart to heart, with those who do not use this means, to come and share its blessings also. And in the preceding pages, the matter has not been discussed as one of abstract speculation alone, but from an earnest desire so to commend what is held to be truth to those who do not so hold it, that they may recognize it and reap the infinite benefit of so doing. “That which we have seen—declare we unto you.”

A poem of Clough's is quoted at the close of the article which has been under consideration, as an evidence of the highest faith. We admit that similar expressions in old Assyrian or Vedic hymns, of fragments of which this reminds us, *are* an evidence of faith, because the writers had no means of fuller light. But, if it has been the will of God to reveal to us a great deal more, that He not only *is*, but that He is a God “forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin;” if the “glory of God was made manifest in the face of Jesus Christ,” if He not only “dwelt among us,” but, at the cost of infinite suffering, revealed at once the Divine love for man and hatred for sin; then is it “faith,” or is it self-willed presumption, to turn *from* light bestowed and to say,—“I will not ask to feel Thou art!” It is a sublime faith, when we know no more, to say,—“Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him.” But it is infinitely better to *realize* that He wills that we should have “*life* and should have it more abundantly.” Such words as these quoted words of Clough's recall very different words than those applied to them in the context;—“If thou knewest the gift of God, thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water,”—are the words we involuntarily think of. For we do not think that any need live in a region of vague abstractions and misty “shadows.” We think that, even on this side of the “undiscovered lands” where we shall see more clearly, it is possible to realize the blessings of *real* knowledge and *communion*, not mere



vague contemplation of an abstract good, but communion as with a personal friend and guide. We know that it will be said that such as Clough *could* not "believe." We have no wish to speak presumptuously of the inner capabilities of any human spirit, but we do not think that God has commanded anything *impossible*.—"And this is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ,"—a commandment too often forgotten by many who plead the promise—"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." The "great possessions" of the young man in the Gospel, sometimes find a parallel in the great intellectual possessions of others,

which also obscure the Giver in the gift. It is a "hard saying" for such to come into a sphere in which these possessions avail them nothing,—to agree to the condition of becoming "as little children," a necessity, we believe, in the nature of things; for are we not all "little children" in relation to the Infinite? Thinking of Clough and such as he—there comes to our memory *other* words;—words which the progress of the ages and the "advance" of thought seem only to invest with a fuller and sadder significance, a more wistful pathos, a deeper intensity of Divine love and sorrow;—"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not!"

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## WHY IMPERIAL FEDERATION IS IMPRACTICABLE.

BY ROSWELL FISHER, M.A., CANTAB., MONTREAL.

THE importance of the future relations of Canada and Great Britain is, I believe, sufficiently great to justify yet another article on the subject in the pages of the CANADIAN MONTHLY.

In the present paper it is the purpose of the writer, leaving out of sight the feasibility of indefinite continuance as we are, or of our becoming sooner or later an independent people, to show, with special reference to the articles of Mr. J. Mathews in the July and August numbers of this magazine, that a Federation of Great Britain and her self-governing colonies is impracticable.

Mr. Mathews devotes the greater part of his two papers to defining what he considers should be the positions of his adversaries, which he then proceeds to criticise with considerable clearness and vigour. When, however, he presents us with his own proposition, he altogether neglects to enunciate its necessary conditions; nor does he argue his case with that strictness of method or clearness of view which we should have expected from his criticism of rival schemes.

Surely it is incumbent on those who advocate such a scheme as a Federation of Great Britain and her colonies to show that these

countries possess those conditions of race, political and commercial interests, and geographical position which are the necessary elements of the problem. This Mr. Mathews, however, can hardly be said to have attempted. Indeed, his whole argument is based on the assumption that all these conditions are fulfilled. It is my intention, on the contrary, to show that some of these conditions are altogether wanting, and that those which are present are undergoing rapid change in a direction adverse to the formation of closer ties between the various countries interested. Before doing so, it may not be out of place to glance at the past, and inquire if history gives us any information on the subject. Is there any record of colonies, separated by considerable distances from the mother countries and from each other, remaining, when grown, as it were, to manhood, under one government either central or federal? In the only instances which seem to bear on the point, Greece, Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain in the case of the United States, the answer is in the negative. An historical presumption is, therefore, established against the Federationists, as we may call them. But as this of itself is not conclusive, I shall

now inquire whether the present conditions of the countries in question are such as to negative the teaching of history.

Fortunately the question of religion need not enter into the discussion, and we may pass on to the condition of race. At first sight the answer on this point seems very clear, and altogether in favour of continued union of almost any kind. A little consideration, however, will, I think, show that, although at present any divergencies of race are unimportant, tendencies are even now at work which in time produce serious modifications of, to coin a word, racial type. In the United States, short as has been its inhabitation by Europeans, we already see the rapid evolution of a modified type. The Anglo-American of several generations, as a rule, differs markedly from his European ancestor or cousin in physical, mental, and moral character. To account for this, we must have regard not alone to the character of the American democracy, but also to mingling of races, to climate, soil, and geographical situation with its attendant social and economical influences. If the change of racial character in the United States has been the result of all these causes, the same result is likely to flow from the same causes in the colonies, time enough being granted. Nor are the signs even now wanting: the Canadian or Australian of a generation or two generally becomes less and less English, Scotch, Irish, or whatever his fathers may have been, and shows signs of developing, as it were, local traits. If this is true, and it will hardly be denied by any competent observer, our present unity of race is seen to be unstable; and though this feature of the case may not be strongly marked, or in itself of very great importance just at present, it is of sufficient weight, in view of the future, to have received recognition from those who wish to establish a lasting union between such countries as Great Britain and her colonies.

In considering the next condition of the problem—whether the political interests of Great Britain are identical with or closely allied to those of the colonies—a clear distinction must be drawn between political interests and political sympathies, with which they are often confused: political sympathies, though in the long run never divorced from political interests, may yet exist, in the absence of severe shock, for some time after common political interests have ceased.

Our sympathy with Great Britain caused us to raise the 100th Regiment during the Crimean War, though our interests were not touched; but since then we have shown no signs of repeating this generosity. Political interests may be defined as those which affect, directly or indirectly, our political position or development, or our national existence. In this sense the most cursory glance at the situation will show that our political interests only touch those of Great Britain at one point, and those of the Australian and South African colonies not at all. In the event of Great Britain being called upon once more to defend her Indian Empire, or to coerce China in the interests of her opium trade, however much our sympathies might be with her, our political interests would be untouched. Nor can our political development or national existence be said to be interested in the independence of Belgium or the maintenance of Turkey as a European power. To even a greater extent is it true that we have no especial interest in Australia or South Africa, or they in us. The sole point of contact between the political interests of Canada and those of Great Britain is on this continent. But here the other colonies are not in the least interested; and Great Britain has shown on several occasions, with ostentatious indifference, that she considers our interests on this continent by no means identical with her own. The advocates of Confederation may here argue that we are really interested in Great Britain outside this continent, because, in the event of her suffering a serious defeat, she would be unable to defend us against the United States, and thus our national existence would be threatened, or that when she is engaged in a war with a maritime power we are interested, as we are passively at war with the same power. The answer to the first is, that it is an argument which affects Canada alone, as the other colonies have no great neighbour to threaten their independence, and if they are not already, they very soon will be, in a position to defend themselves against any European or American enemy. But even in our case, it is contrary to experience that any people should incur great probable burdens to insure themselves against a remote and improbable danger, which would be the case if we contributed to the active military force of the Empire. Moreover, if we were strong enough to turn

the scale in a foreign war of Great Britain other than America, there is little doubt we should be in a condition to defend our own existence, and would not need to bribe Great Britain to guarantee our nationality by helping her to fight her own battles; for this is what it certainly comes to if we are to take an active share in the military and naval concerns of the Empire. If we do not do this, but are merely passive allies as now, where is the necessity for a Federation? It is evident, however, that we would not consent to the former arrangement, because the bargain would be against us. Great Britain has numbers of possible, not to say probable, enemies, whereas we have only one, and the other colonies, we may say, none. I have devoted more space to this than it deserves, because the consideration of these points will at once show how hopeless it would be to come to any agreement as to the share which the different states of the proposed Federation would have to take in any war affecting only one or two of the states.

In regard to the second argument, it may be allowed that we are commercially interested, to a certain extent, in the interruption of our trade with any maritime power with which Great Britain may be at war. This is the small penalty which we at present pay for Great Britain's protection. On this point even, if rumour was true, the Australian colonies, or some of them, showed signs of dissatisfaction, for it was currently reported in London, at the time of the Franco-German War, that one or more of the Australian colonies had informally notified the British Government that they would, in the event of Great Britain becoming entangled, declare themselves neutral.

On this question of political interests, Mr. Mathews rather bears witness against his own side, for he, in knocking down the pretention of the Nationalists, that Great Britain would be willing to guarantee our independence, asserts that her guaranteeing Belgian independence is no argument, because she is there one of several guaranteeing powers, and moreover, "Her interests are more involved in Belgian than in Canadian Independence." Certainly a peculiar argument in favour of our political interests and those of Great Britain being closely allied.

Community of commercial interests is the next element of the question which presents itself for our consideration. It can

hardly be argued that, on the part of the colonies, at least, any great community of commercial interest is felt, when the whole course of their commercial policy has shown a strong tendency to become protectionist, that is adverse to Great Britain. But even if this commercial warfare were acknowledged to be senseless and impolitic, it would not alter the ultimate result, as far as we are concerned. The pre-eminence of Great Britain depends on her exceptional superiority in manufactures and marine; but it is just in these directions that nature intends us at no distant day to enter the ranks of her rivals. In fact, every factory established here to make goods as well and as cheaply as they make them in Great Britain, is a blow, small or great, at her commercial interests. Mr. Mathews disposes of this important question with a very illogical answer to the assertion of Mr. Fuller, that the attempt to establish a common tariff would alone make shipwreck of any scheme of Confederation. The question of tariffs or no tariffs at all, though it might delay, would not hinder the ultimate divergence and even collision of commercial interests.

It has now been shown that in the case of Great Britain and her colonies there is a tendency to divergence and consequent collision on the three points of race, political interests, and commercial interests. The sole cause of this tendency is to be found in the absence of geographical contiguity and its attendant circumstances. And yet Mr. Mathews, Mr. E. Jenkins, and other Federationists, are continually asserting that telegraph and steam have annihilated geographical boundaries. Mr. Mathews, in disposing of nature in this high-handed fashion, falls foul of the late Mr. Mill, and disposes of him in a somewhat remarkable paragraph. He quotes the following sentence from Mr. Mill: "Countries separated by half the globe do not possess the natural conditions for being under one government or even members of one Federation." I am ashamed to say that I have not read the work of Mr. Mill from which the above sentence is quoted, but it is the actual basis of the whole foregoing argument. Mr. Mathews replies:—"The answer to this *theory* is the *fact* that all the countries in question have been *thus united* (these italics are mine) for about a century."—A truly astonishing assertion!

Does Mr. Mathews seriously think that Mr. Mill, or any other political writer and thinker would describe the relationship of Great Britain and her colonies for the last century as being a union under one government? Mr. Mill evidently refers to countries sharing on equal terms in a common government. So far is this from being the case with the countries in question that for the greater part of the century the colonies were held in complete pupillage to the mother country, after which legislative independence was given or extorted from time to time, at each modification of the relation the colony becoming more independent of the mother country; till now Great Britain holds the anomalous position of guarantor and, in certain cases, chief justice of a number of next to independent republics, which position is held conditional upon neither party subjecting it to any rude shock.

To designate these ever changing relationships as being *thus united* for almost a century, and to assert that during all this time the Imperial authorities have fulfilled for the whole empire all the duties which would devolve upon a Federation, except in raising a common revenue, is as remarkable a misreading of history as it is a failure to answer Mr. Mill.

Not less curious is the subsequent argument that, stated shortly, because a union of various kinds has existed between certain countries for a definite time, therefore it is probable that a union of a different kind from any of them can be formed and endure indefinitely. A conclusion in no wise warranted by the premises. Indeed, in this and in a previous paragraph, where Mr. Mathews defines an Imperial Federation as simply a readjustment of existing relations or of our present union, the whole weakness of the writer as a political thinker is apparent. Unless I have greatly misunderstood Mr. Mathews, he considers that colonies, governed more or less directly by the Crown and Parliament of the mother country, colonies in a state of continually growing independence, with no representation or share in the central country, and colonies forming states of a confederation on equal terms with the mother country, are all, in a similar sense, under one government, and the varying relations are merely modifications of one another. Such is not at all the case. The grant of legislative independence to the

colonies was a complete revolution in their history, and not at all a development of their previous relationship, and not less would a Federation be a complete revolution not only to the colonies but to Great Britain, and of such a character that its permanent success would contradict all the experience we possess. But if Mr. Mathews has altogether failed to answer Mr. Mill's theory with fact, he and many other Federationists have equally failed to appreciate the true value of the geographical question. So far from telegraph and steam having completely changed its conditions, they have accomplished relatively little in this direction, as can easily be shown. Those who argue with Mr. Mathews fail to see that distance differs not only in degree but in kind. It is argued that, because a member can travel to-day from Quebec to London as quickly as in the last century from Caithness to London, it is as simple a problem to bring Quebec and London under one government as it was Caithness and London. This is, however, far from being the case. Caithness, however distant in time from London, is connected by a more or less dense population with the capital, the continuity of interest among the different sections of the country not being broken at any one point more than at any other point. Moreover, both Caithness and London and all the intermediate population are equally interested in that country called Great Britain, which itself necessarily belongs to what we may call the European national family. On the other hand, Quebec and London are separated by an ocean, placing a gap so wide in the continuity of interests, and of such a character that it can never be bridged over; and, apart from family tradition, there is no reason why the Canadian should take any more interest in the nearest Briton than in the nearest Frenchman or Norwegian. The difference of character in distance by land and distance by sea, will be almost better shown by another illustration drawn from our present circumstances. British Columbia is to-day about as far in distance, and farther in time, from Quebec than is London, and yet she has become politically joined to Canada. How is this possible? Because her independence is, in a sense, threatened by the same power which threatens us, and, further, we, in imagination, see the present gap filled in the future by a continuous population, bound

together by a chain of common interest in which no links are wanting. A very little reflection will show that separation by sea has been of quite another character than separation by land, or rather connection by land. We often hear it said, and truly, how different would have been the character of the people and the fate of England if it had not been for the strip of sea which separates her from the Continent. This being so, it matters not whether we can send members to London by balloon or telegraph even, the extent and character of the distance is fatal to the continued existence of those conditions which are necessary to the formation of peoples into one nation, either centralized or federal.

While on this point, it must be borne in mind that when we quote telegraphs and steam as annihilating distance, they do so not only for countries politically united, but for all the world. The condition of political union among peoples must be interests common to them alone, and these are not specially created or served by universal rapidity of communication.

I have now, I believe, fulfilled the object of my essay, and shown that, reversing the order of my argument, the distances separating Great Britain and her colonies are so great and of such a character as to compel an increasing divergence in their commercial interests, their political interests, and their social type, which will inevitably result in

the weakening of their political sympathies. Till the Federationists have condescended to abate somewhat of their enthusiasm in favour of Pan-Britonism, whatever that may be, and show that great differences of climate, soil, and position have ceased to affect the character and interests of communities, it is hardly worth while to criticize any paper constitution which may be proposed for the good government of this unborn Confederation.

Before closing, I may notice still another condition of all successful Federations—this is that the members of such a state should be sufficient in number and of such average equality of weight as to render the probability of any one or several states being able to override the interests of the others extremely small. In the proposed case, this would not be so, as, for long, Great Britain could outvote all the colonies together if she considered her own interests to be served by so doing.

Having now, I trust, answered Mr. Mathews's demand that those who consider the Federation of Great Britain and her colonies to be impracticable should give their reasons, I may leave this part of the question of our Political Future.

If not anticipated, I shall endeavour in another paper to show what I believe our policy should now be, and what alternatives the future may probably hold in store for us.

## PROOFS AND DISPROOFS.

BY LAON.

IN this "age of discussion," to be worsted in argument is a fate that many must meet, and that no one who has borne himself modestly and bravely need be ashamed of. The one thing of which a man who takes an argument in hand should be ashamed is, to have violated the rules of honourable intellectual warfare; and, whether the public pronounce him victor or vanquished, the thought of this should give him more pain than the most signal defeat. It is, therefore, with no little regret that I find myself under the necessity either of accepting the imputation of such conduct (contained in an article in the last MONTHLY) or of throwing it back upon my accuser. I, too, have the interest and credit of the CANADIAN MONTHLY somewhat at heart; and, apart from all personal considerations, I feel it a duty to show that the article which the Editor accepted under my *nom de plume*, for the June number, was *not* what an extremely irritated opponent has represented it to be.

The article in question bore the title "Messrs. Moody and Sankey and Revivalism." Its object was to present a contrast, with which my own mind was very much impressed, between the tremendous doctrines which the two revivalists were preaching and singing, and the general habits of thought and feeling prevailing in the present day, and particularly the most marked *tendencies* of the age. These habits and tendencies I expressed for the sake of convenience by the words "modern culture," using inverted commas, as here, to indicate that the words were employed in a somewhat special sense—that is to say, in the sense which, by frequent use for the same purpose, they are rapidly acquiring. That the attempt to establish this contrast was a legitimate one, I never for a moment doubted. That many would rather remain blind to it, and would owe me no thanks for my trouble, I very well knew; but

it did not seem that any rule of charity made it necessary, for their sake, to refrain from what, in the interest of truth, was so manifestly desirable. It has been complained that, having in view a fundamental antagonism between "modern culture," as I chose to use the words, and doctrinal Christianity, I put forward Messrs. Moody and Sankey for the purpose of making doctrinal Christianity ridiculous. The complaint involves a very left-handed compliment to Messrs. Moody and Sankey; but, as a matter of fact, it is wholly unfounded. I mentioned those two gentlemen because, at the time, they were very prominently before the public; and because the evangelical world seemed agreed that, whatever might be their individual peculiarities, they at least were preaching the gospel in its purity. There was no wish or intention to identify the revivalists with other Christian teachers, except in so far as they were accepted and approved by others; and the attentive reader of my short paper can hardly have failed to notice the complete absence of any reference or allusion to the Christian clergy as a class or profession. If, under the circumstances, the mention of the names of the two eminent revivalists can be spoken of as "tactics," all I can say is, that a man may be a tactician without knowing it.

The accusation brought against me by the Rev. G. M. Grant, in the last number of this Magazine is, briefly, that I "misrepresent the evangelists, misrepresent Christianity, and misrepresent modern thought," in complete defiance of the "honourable responsibility" imposed by anonymous journalism. "Almost every sentence" in my article is alleged to contain proof of this; so that, if the charge is not well substantiated, my accuser will stand convicted of woful misimprovement of his opportunities. Where there is such wealth of matter it devolves upon him surely to select signal, decisive, and unquestionable instances of "misrepre-

sentation." He is confessedly in the position of the man with the ten talents: we look for vast returns from so splendid a capital.

I. *Misrepresentation of the evangelists.*—Here a preliminary remark. At the time my article was written (in the month of May last) Messrs. Moody and Sankey were at the height of their career in London, and the newspapers were teeming with reports and discussions of their proceedings. For the most part, the tone of the press was sympathetic; but there was not a little of adverse criticism current; and, amid the multiplicity of accounts and the conflict of opinions, it would not have been by any means extraordinary if a writer in this country had made, or repeated, some statement respecting them that was open to correction. The more people are written about and talked about, the harder it sometimes is to know the truth about them; certainly the easier it is to fall into mistakes respecting them, without being swayed by any unworthy motives. Consider another case. Suppose that all one knows, or can know, about a person—a writer let us say—is comprised in three pages of leaded type in a magazine, and that one's attention is specially directed to those pages, and that he undertakes to reply to them, and to launch bitter and contemptuous remarks at the author of them—how does the case stand if, within those narrow limits, such a person does not avoid the most palpable misrepresentation? We shall see the application of this immediately.

I am charged with misrepresenting the evangelists by giving, "as a summary" of their teaching that "the more ignorant a man is, the more contracted his mental horizon, the more likely it is that God has given him a mission to enlighten his neighbours and the world." But did I do this? Most certainly not. Did I seem to do it? Most certainly not. My critic has been at the pains of detaching from my account of Mr. Moody's teaching one single item, and that the least important; and then proceeds to say that that detached item was my "summary." Talk of "tactics," but what tactics are these?

According to my critic "only a fool would utter, and only a fool could fancy that sane men would listen to such nonsense," as the sentence above quoted im-

putes to Mr. Moody. Good. The proposition is—to vary its form, without in the least varying its sense—that the more ignorant a man is, the greater the probability that God has chosen, or will choose, him as an instrument for enlightening the world. Now, let us listen to Mr. Moody himself in his sermon on "Human Instruments:—" "What we want is to cease from man and get done with men, and look right straight away from man to God. The world is seeking after wisdom; but they don't know God by wisdom. It is not the wisdom of the world. \* \* \* Yon is a mountain, and God wants to thrash that mountain; and there lies a great bar of iron—ten thousand men could not lift it—and right by its side, a weak little worm. The Almighty passes by that bar of iron, and takes up the little worm to thrash the mountain. \* \* \* He uses base things, contemptible things in the sight of the world. In this chapter (1 Cor. i.) Paul sums up the five things which God does use—foolish things, weak things, base things, despised things, and the things which are not. \* \* \* It is said we are living in an enlightened age; we may be, but to God it is the same; and he takes the contemptible things of the world and uses them." Supposing now, at this point, some one had arisen in Mr. Moody's meeting and said: "I am a very ignorant man; do you think God can use me?" Mr. Moody, if he permitted the interruption, would have replied at once: "Most certainly." "But do you think," let us suppose the man continuing, "that God is *as likely* to use me as he would be if I were learned?" How could Mr. Moody, in such a case, with the words he had just used fresh in his recollection, fail to reply, "He is more likely to use you than if you were learned; for does He not, as I have said, pass by the bar of iron to take up the worm; and is it not His rule of action to choose feeble instruments in the eyes of the world, so that 'no flesh may glory in His sight?'" And is not this precisely the position I assigned to him? To say that one man is *more likely* than another to receive a certain thing does not exclude that other, and I never charged Mr. Moody with teaching that God would in no case use a learned man; for that is *not* his teaching, and I never supposed it was. But it *is* his teaching that, according

to God's ordinary rule of action, ignorant and feeble men are preferred as His instruments to learned and strong ones; and that I did charge. Of course, by the same rule, a greater degree of ignorance is preferred to a lesser; Mr. Moody's comparison of the worm with the iron bar that ten thousand men could not lift sets this point in a clear light. So much for the first instance of "misrepresentation?" Who would believe what the second is?

The second is a most ingenious invention of my critic's, who, at this point, begins to inspire an uncomfortable doubt that his working capital is not as great as he gave out. (The doubt will develop as we go along.) I charged Mr. Moody, it would seem, with teaching that the "best preparation" for modern life is "to realize vividly the falling down of the walls of Jericho," and similar marvels. But did I? The question can only be answered with a blank denial. Towards the end of my article in discussing the effects of Mr. Moody's teaching, I remarked that "to realize vividly the falling down of the walls of Jericho, &c., &c., was not the best (*litotes*, for *was not a good*) preparation for living in an age of the world in which, so far as any human eye can see, everything takes place in obedience to natural law." But this was merely my comment on the fact that Mr. Moody tried to make people realize these things; and the sentence implied nothing respecting Mr. Moody beyond that fact. Surely I might say, with reference to this most unjust charge, that "tortuous argumentation is not the best means of promoting the 'respectability' of a magazine," without being held to have charged my critic with formally teaching that tortuous argumentation *is* the best means of attaining that end.

It was caricature, however, for me to speak of the "beasts from the four quarters of the globe coming trooping into the ark." Well, knowing how literally Mr. Moody interprets the Bible, and how he despises scientific objections, I honestly thought this was his view; and I honestly think so still; though the only animals I can speak of positively, as having been assigned a place in the ark by him, are the fly and the clephant (*vide* the sermon on "The Blood"). As to "caricature," seeing that Mr. Moody loves to dwell on the most grotesque features in Old Testament history, such as Samson's

exploits with the jaw-bone of an ass, the blowing of the horns round the walls of Jericho, the smashing of the pitchers carried by Gideon's men; and as he loves to make things more grotesque by imagining them repeated in the present day ("the Archbishop of Canterbury and some of your great potentates going right round London blowing 'rams' horns") it is really hard to understand how the trooping of the beasts from the four quarters of the globe into the ark can be regarded, or how anything of that kind can be regarded, as caricature.

II. *Misrepresentation of Christianity.*—My opponent, in entering upon this division of his subject, wanders away very surprisingly from the rich mine of misunderstanding furnished by my article, to delve in a letter I addressed to the *Toronto Liberal*, in answer to a criticism in that paper. As he does so, however, only to tumble into a misunderstanding which it would take rather longer to correct than the correction would be worth, I pass on to the serious charge made against me, under this head, of not having presented the doctrines of Christianity to which I referred in the terms in which they would have been presented by those who hold them. To this accusation I answer that my object was, if possible, to take the customary wrappings off the doctrines, so that "those who rejoice more or less in the liberalistic philosophy of the day," might be led to ask themselves seriously the question, whether any reconciliation could possibly be effected between the doctrines in their ultimate form and that philosophy. I know it is possible so to disguise Christianity as to bring it into apparent harmony with the most advanced thought; but that was not a task I could undertake; nor is that the task Mr. Moody undertakes; and surely if the latter can lay bare the very skeleton, so to speak, of the system, and earn unbounded praise and gratitude by doing so, it is hard to find oneself accused of inflicting "a sustained insult on all who believe" for doing precisely the same thing, but with a different object. My statement of doctrine was far less effective for the purpose I had in view than a few passages from Mr. Moody's sermon on "The Blood" would have been.

It is doing me complete injustice to say that I applied the name "machinery" to the "ever present, prevailing, tender love of



our Father and Saviour." Love we all understand; but what I referred to—the process by which men are to be saved from the effects of a curse pronounced upon them before they were born—is a very different thing. How difficult it is to prevent this appearing in the light of "machinery," is evident from the number of treatises written for the sole purpose of trying to throw into it some meaning that may redeem it from that character. How easily it lends itself to the generation of further machinery, is seen in the Church of Rome. The Rev. Frederick W. Robertson speaks, in one of his letters,\* of the doctrine of the atonement as interpreted by Protestantism, as "this Shylock affair with the scales and weights." What if I had ventured on language so picturesque? It is hard to realize the consequences, when my poor insipid word "machinery," provokes such indignation.

My critic next shows what can be done by a little judicious grouping. He asks if it is an example of sober thinking "to speak of the truth taught by Mr. Moody . . . as 'the most irrational beliefs,' as 'superstition for the masses,' and as a 'teaching that cannot rouse the conscience without insulting the intellect?'" I am sorry to interfere with an artistic effect; but it is only proper to point out that, out of these three phrases, only one, the last, conveys a direct expression of opinion. The first occurs in a conditional sentence, and the second in a paragraph in which I combat a cynical opinion, known to have a certain degree of currency, that "culture is for the favoured few, and superstition for the masses." If the question is as to a writer's sobriety of tone, it makes a difference whether he *once* expresses an emphatic opinion as to the irrationality of certain doctrines that he rejects, or whether he loads his pages with dogmatic assertions to that effect. The former alternative applies to what LAON did; the latter, to what he is accused of doing by an opponent who despises "tactics." Moreover, any one who reads my article with the least attention must perceive that the concluding sentence applies immediately and particularly to Mr. Moody's vivid representations of Old Testament miracles; and I maintain that to retail as sober facts of history the capture of Jericho, as described in the book

of Joshua, and the exploits of Sampson with the jaw-bone of an ass, does insult the intellect of the present day, and that the marked avoidance of such themes by the higher minds among the clergy shows that *they know it*.

My critic must know enough of the laws of grammatical analysis, to understand that he cannot take a relative pronoun out of a sentence, and force the antecedent into direct connection with the verb of the relative clause, without materially altering the sense. Yet, this is what he does in quoting me as having said: "It is as clear as noon-day, that confusion of thought and logical contradictions, are regarded as perfectly in place in the theological region." It would almost seem as if he wished to furnish me with arms for maintaining my point, that there is "one department of thought from which candour and intellectual honesty are all but totally excluded." Be it remarked, that what is spoken of here is a "department of thought." There is no personal or class reference whatever; the idea present to my mind at the time, being the moral and intellectual weight thrown by the current theology upon all classes. The question then is whether there are sufficient known grounds to justify the expression of such an opinion. To discuss this point in anything like a satisfactory manner, would require a separate essay, and copious citations from the literature of sermons and commentaries.† To do justice to it here is simply impossible; but an observation or two may be made. As to the very considerable prevalence of tortuous, if not positively dishonest, methods of reasoning in theology, the evidence of professed theologians may be called. Thus in the Preface to Webster and Wilkinson's edition of the Greek Testament, we read (page x) the following: "We are convinced that much mischief has been done to the cause of Gospel truth, and truth in general, by the unscrupulous violence, and, perhaps, unconscious dishonesty, which have characterized many of the Conspectuses of the New Tes-

† To those who care for a rich feast of theological unreason, I would neatly recommend a work entitled, "Alleged Discrepancies of the Bible," published last year at Andover, in the United States. The author, John W. Haley, M. A., himself apparently a man of considerable learning, has laid under contribution, a vast mass of critical and exegetical literature; and certainly has done what in him lies to make the rough places smooth.

\* "Life and Letters," Am. ed., p. 299.

tament records, termed Harmonies, both in ancient and modern times. Conceding all the demands of the most crafty,\* and, at the same time, most unphilosophical infidelity, with regard to the nature, action, and effects of inspiration, the compilers of these synopses have failed to accomplish their own avowed object, have promoted that of the common adversary, and almost hopelessly embarrassed the great subject on which they are fundamentally mistaken."

Professor Jowett, in his contribution to "Essays and Reviews," says that "educated persons are beginning to ask, not what Scripture can be made to mean but what it does mean." Further on he observes: "Much of the uncertainty which prevails in the interpretation of Scripture arises out of party efforts to wrest its meaning to different sides. . . . In natural science it is felt to be useless to build on assumption; in history we look with suspicion on *a priori* ideas of what ought to have been; in mathematics, when a step is wrong, we pull the house down until we reach the point at which the error is discovered. But in theology it is otherwise; there the tendency has been to conceal the unsoundness of the foundation under the fairness and the loftiness of the superstructure. It has been thought safer to allow arguments to stand which, although fallacious, have been on the right side, than to point out their defects; and thus many principles have imperceptibly grown up, which have overridden facts."† This is the language of a man who still holds an honoured place in the Church of England; having outlived and put to shame the brutal abuse (there is no other word for it) that he received, on account of these sentiments, from such adversaries as the Rev. Mr. Burgon and the present Bishop of Lincoln.

How, indeed, could the case be otherwise than as Mr. Jowett has described it, when, according to so conservative an authority as Mr. George J. Romanes, author of "Christian Prayer and General Laws," Christian believers have, in almost every age, been fighting their battles on wrong

premises, and resisting the inevitable conclusions of widening knowledge? The writer last mentioned attributes the "intense embitterment which nas, from the first and uninterruptedly, characterized the relations between these two great departments of thought" (science and religion) to the fact that science has ever been acting as the "purifier" of religion from various false conceptions of the universe, in spite of a most stubborn opposition on the part of religion to being so "purified." Mr. Romanes, a Burney Prize Essayist, thinks that this "influence of science upon religion must now be considered to have ceased." No doubt it would be very convenient so to consider it; but from a scientific point of view there is very much yet for science to work upon; as the Prize Essay itself may be held to testify. Moreover, it is deserving of mention that the author himself is a convinced Darwinian or evolutionist; and, therefore, unless he is wrong in his science, the evolution philosophy must some day be accepted by the Christian world. But what a hard struggle there will be against this final purification! How many screens will be held up against the light, and what feats of false logic remain to be performed!

The urgency of the demand for false logic will, of course, depend upon the degree in which the individual thinker is embarrassed by his preliminary assumptions. As Messrs. Webster and Wilkinson state, the old fashioned expounders of Scripture floundered most miserably in their attempts to establish impossible harmonies, and to maintain an extreme and irrational theory of inspiration. They themselves hope to escape a similar fate by throwing away, as useless *impedimenta*, much that their predecessors valued. "We have not attempted," they say, "to reconcile all the apparent discrepancies in chronology, matter of fact, and diction which occur in the Evangelic history." But are they yet prepared to speak out in every case the thing that is? I fear not. Try them with such a passage, for example, as the parable of the Unjust Steward; and they will tell you a good many things you don't want to know. They will take some pains to explain (what hardly needs explanation) just how the rascal cheated his master, and curried favour with the dishonest debtors; but they will not tell you the one thing that is to the purpose, will not express

\* Why crafty? "Infidelity" does not trouble itself to assail positions that are not held; and if untenable positions are held, why should they not be assailed. Criticism must adapt itself to the beliefs actually found prevailing at any given time.

† "Essays and Reviews," 4m. Ed., pp. 375-6.

the one thought that arises in every unsophisticated mind, viz., that the story is of no ethical value whatever, or rather is of a hurtful tendency, since crime is represented as actually receiving praise. That is the judgment that needs to be pronounced; but *they* will not pronounce it; they have not thrown away enough baggage yet.

The position that theology has always assigned to reason was indicated, almost in a word, by Canon Woodgate, at the Church Congress of 1869, held at Liverpool. After maintaining that all doubts on doctrinal points should be dismissed as so many temptations to sin, he added: "No man was ever brought to a state of belief by mere argument. When a man tells you with self-complacency that he does not believe this or that truth, ask him, 'Do you try?' If not, of course, he doesn't, he can't."\* That is it; we must *try* to believe. But who knows what the Canon could himself believe, if he only tried? He has mastered Christianity; but would Mohammedanism present insuperable difficulties, or Buddhism, or Mormonism? A juvenile ditty says:

"If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try again."

If the reverend gentleman would only go on trying, there is probably no belief under the sun he might not succeed in acquiring.

It is at this stage of the argument that my critic amiably remarks that the proper way of dealing with people like "LAON" is either to treat them with silent contempt, or to hand them over to the police. For the notice he has deigned to bestow upon me, I am indebted to the fact that he is himself a contributor to this periodical.† It is well to know on what footing we stand.

III. *Misrepresentation of modern culture.*—I am charged with libelling "modern culture," in maintaining that it is antagonistic to doctrinal Christianity. This is a definite issue which I very gladly accept. It would assist my argument if I could state with some fulness what doctrinal Christianity, in its most authoritative creeds and confessions, summons us to believe;

\* Proceedings of Church Congress, 1869, p. 97.

† There was an article of the Rev. gentleman's in the very number in which the paper on "Messrs. Moody and Sankey and Revivalism" appeared. Yet, strange to say, a friend had to "call his attention to the latter."

but as there is scarcely space at my command for such a purpose; and as, moreover, it may be desirable to keep a controversial article as free as possible from phrases that have strong devotional associations, I trust that the serious reader will endeavour to keep before his mind all that I am thus debarred from expressing. First then, let us glance at the most striking signs of the times. It is now fourteen years since the Bishop of Oxford, in the Preface to "Replies to Essays and Reviews," repudiating the notion that the great development of scepticism in England could be due to a reaction against sacerdotalism, used the following words: "No, this movement of the human mind *has been far too widespread, and connects itself with far too general conditions* to be capable of so narrow a solution. Much more true is the explanation which sees in it the first stealing over the sky of the lurid lights which shall be shed profusely around the great Antichrist." Again, "Such a state of the human mind may be traced, with more or less distinctness, during this century everywhere in Christendom. It may be seen speculating in German metaphysics, fluttering in French literature, blaspheming in American spiritualism." Upon this picturesque statement the only remark to be made is that it is not necessary to go to German metaphysics, or to American spiritualism, to find what the Bishop refers to. Thousands who are perfectly innocent either of metaphysics or of spiritualism have plenty of it.

Have matters changed since the above words were written? They have decidedly. The lights to which the Bishop referred, whether lurid or not, whether destined or not to form an aureole for Antichrist, have become more numerous and distinct. There may almost be said to be a *new public opinion*. Nothing now is too bold or too "advanced" to be freely read and canvassed by the educated public. In those days the *Westminster Review* was the one solitary organ of any note in which heterodoxy could find utterance. Now there are two monthly reviews from which no opinions, presented in proper literary garb, are excluded. In addition to these, the monthly magazines publish articles at which the religious world a few years ago would have held up their hands in horror. Witness Mr. Leslie Stephen's contributions to *Fraser*, reprinted

under the title of "Essays in Free-thinking and Plain-speaking," and Mr. Matthew Arnold's numerous papers in the *Cornhill*. Contrast the guarded expressions of Mr. Mill, in the "Essay on Liberty," published a couple of years before the "Essays and Reviews," with the unreserved declarations of Mr. Morley in his work on "Compromise." These two treatises, almost equal in length and not very dissimilar in their subject-matter, may serve to measure pretty accurately the distance that has been travelled during the last fifteen years. Of course, the world has seen scepticism before, but the phenomenon that startles it now (if, indeed, it still startles) is the intimate union of scepticism with general literature, and with current philosophy and science. The sceptics of a former age stood out in strong relief against the solid mass of orthodox writers; not so the leading sceptics of today, who are distinguished more by their acknowledged literary or scientific eminence, than by the heterodoxy of their opinions. It would be a wretchedly poor account to give of Mr. Arnold, Mr. Lewes, Mr. Morley, Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, Mr. Darwin, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, to say that they were sceptics; we think of them first of all as leaders of opinion upon literary, social, philosophical, and scientific questions; that they are sceptics is becoming every day a less and less important fact. Why, an English Duke and K.G. may write a book pointing out the complete incredibility of the Christian theology, and nobody wonders that he should have arrived at such opinions; the only wonder is that, being a Duke, he should have taken the trouble to announce them.

If I had not been challenged so formally for proof that the current of modern thought is flowing away from Christianity, I should consider the foregoing remarks sufficient to prove the general correctness of my position: but as *Æmilius Scaurus* has met Varius with so flat a denial and so haughty a defiance, it may be presumed he will require evidence of no ordinary cogency. Let me quote then from a work the authority of which he will not impugn, Prof. Christlieb's Lectures on "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief." This most orthodox Professor—odd man that he is—after insisting on the importance of recognising "the full extent of the breach between our modern

culture and Christianity," proceeds to say, "*That such a breach exists needs surely no proof from me.*" Why, not only does the thing, in the opinion of my courteous critic, need proof, but the man who asserts it is a "libeller." But, of course, that was written with a view to "LAON," assumed to be, as indeed he would not deny being, a very inconsiderable scribbler, and must not be held to be any disparagement of the orthodox giant who fulminates at Bonn. So we may go on and quote the Professor without misgiving:

"Thousands of educated persons now feel themselves compelled, as by an essential requirement of modern intellectual culture, to assume a critical position towards Christianity, so far as it transcends the sphere of merely natural or rational religion, regarding it as an indubitable sign of defective cultivation or narrow-minded partisanship, when any one professes an unreserved adherence to all the articles of the Christian faith. Great masses of so-called 'cultivated' persons in Germany may be said to entertain a deep-seated mistrust of all that is positive in Christian faith." (page 11).

"Even now in England, where, for ages past, faith has struck its strongest roots in the very heart of the common people, and still retains in great measure its hold upon them, doubts and sceptical theories are rapidly spreading." (page 17.) "A look into our town churches shows at once the estrangement of the great majority of our educated classes from the Christian faith. [There is no need of italics; such words italicize themselves.] Modern culture concentrates itself in our larger towns, and it is just there we find our emptiest churches, and, in comparison with our growing population, the fewest of them." (page 27.) "A further glance at our modern literature will exhibit the almost abysmal profundity of the chasm which, in this respect, divides our present culture from our Christianity." (page 30.) Further on he says that things are not as bad in England and America, but that, even in those countries, "the following statements are enough to show that the breach is of lamentable extent." Then follow some statistics with regard to the circulation of "infidel" publications.\* "So

\* With a delicacy which free-thinkers cannot too highly appreciate, the Professor places in one category sceptical and immoral publications. It must

great and universal," he concludes, "is the chasm which, more or less, in all countries of the civilized world is now dividing the spirit of the age and its most characteristic products from the faith, aspirations, and convictions of the Christian church!" (page 34.)

Let us draw breath and review the situation. "LAON" is indicted as a libeller of modern culture, and yet he has only said of modern culture in moderate language what a pillar of orthodoxy has asserted in ten-fold stronger language, and far more sweeping terms. "LAON'S" error manifestly was in not speaking of the breach as "lamentable." Had he done that all would have been right. It makes a wonderful difference in whose interest the truth is told.

After so much severity, a little charity by way of contrast is very charming; so my critic "charitably supposes" that "LAON" is "very imperfectly acquainted with" the authors,\* he undertook to cite as illustrations of a culture opposed to Christianity. I sincerely trust the quality of this charity is not "strained;" but, strained or not, the question is: does "LAON" need it? The reader shall decide.

"Fancy the indignation," it is said "of Walter Scott or of Thackeray, had either been told that the tone and bent of his writings was in fundamental contradiction with Christianity." Yes, fancy it; and then remember that the indignation of either would have been nothing to the purpose, if the fact asserted had been true. People are not always prepared to hear the truth about themselves. I open a volume of the *National Review*, one of the ablest periodicals ever published in England—a kind of precursor of the *Contemporary*—and in an article entitled, "Ethical and Dogmatic Literature," my eye falls on the following sentence: "Thackeray and Trollope are read and enjoyed by thousands, who are perfectly satisfied with the brilliant daguerreotypes of superficial life, alternating with heathen passion, which form the staple of those writers' works." I read a little further in the same article, and I find *Scott*, *Shakspeare*, *Chaucer*, and *Homer* bracketed, as forming another school of "pagan" literature. That the word

have been a revelation to the Huxleys and Tyndalls to find that their natural allies were in Holywell Street.

\* Carlyle, Tennyson, Arnold, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray.

"pagan" is not here the chance invention of a single writer, but expresses an idea more or less widely entertained, I may illustrate by the following passage culled from a volume which my critic, no doubt, holds in high esteem, the record of the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance at New York, and from the speech of one of the most eminent men who took part in that conference, Professor Noah L. Porter, of Yale: "The supernatural facts of Christianity are significant and important, because they imply certain truths of the nature of man, and reveal and enforce certain truths of the administration of God.

If Christ's death and resurrection have no relations to man's life with God, and in the future world, it is of no special moment whether they are believed or denied. The relations of these facts to man and to God, when received as true, constitute what we call the Christian faith; when they are defined and defended in the forms of science, they constitute Christian theology. To both of these modern literature is more or less unfriendly. So far as it is *Pagan* in its spirit and tastes, it is hostile to the Christian faith. It is Pagan so far as it believes in the development of nature, as opposed to the redemption from sin,\* in the free spontaneity of impulse, as against subjection to duty, in the æsthetic perfection of culture, as opposed to the higher beauty of unselfish love." Can any reader at all familiar with the writings of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, fail to apply to them a portion, at least, of this description of what constitutes the pagan element in literature. "Literature," says Prof. Porter again, "is largely anti-Christian." My remark with regard to the great novelists, meant precisely what the President of Yale College has here expressed, neither more nor less. But just as I am debarred from recognising the same facts as Prof. Christlieb; so, apparently, I must not form the same estimates of men as President Porter. If I do, a charitable opponent will tax my ignorance, in order that he may not impugn my veracity.

Matthew Arnold is made over to me; but

\* Compare with this the words of my article: "The novelists who challenge our admiration and sympathy for natural goodness, and who make us feel that the best qualities any one can possess are heroism, honour, and disinterestedness, and that these are spontaneously developed in certain natures . . ." I called this "heresy;" Prof. Porter's word is Paganism. *La belle choix!*

my "delusion reaches its height" when I mention Tennyson as one of those whose works conflict with Christian theology. My "delusion," let me assure my critic, is shared by very many not incompetent judges who recognise in Tennyson the apostle of a naturalistic religion wholly irreconcilable with the supernaturalism of the common creed. Christianity teaches that human nature is fallen, that in Adam we have all died, and only in Christ can be made alive. Tennyson, in his greatest poem,\* has planted himself distinctly on the ground of the evolution philosophy, and sees in human history a gradual "working out" of the inherited animalism (not the inherited sin) of the race. Such a philosophy as this points, not to redemption through faith in a vicarious sacrifice, but to the further progress and elevation of humanity through the unfolding of its natural powers. It is nothing to the purpose to speak of the ennobling effects of Tennyson's poetry or Scott's prose; since it is freely conceded now-a-days (it was not formerly) that the highest natural virtues are frequently found in those who have lost all faith in Christian doctrines.

Who would believe that anyone would try to establish the orthodoxy of Thomas Carlyle? Talk of the indignation of Scott and Thackeray in the case supposed a moment ago; but think of the amusement, not unmingled with a less genial feeling, of "the grand old Chelsea seer," as my critic calls him, on being presented with a demonstration that he is doctrinally sound, not in all details perhaps, but in essentials! It seems there is a saving passage in Mr. Carlyle's *History of Frederick the Great*, in which the writer expresses "a most orthodox belief in future punishment." But surely these words are very lightly uttered. It is highly questionable, in the first place, whether the passage referred to means anything more than a confident prediction of the final triumph of good over evil; but waiving that point, before a belief in hell can be called most orthodox, it is necessary to know the nature of the hell, and the class of persons for whom it is held to be provided. Does my critic for one moment suppose that the hell of which Carlyle speaks embraces all who have not been "born again" in the theological sense? Does it provide a place for Herr

Teufelsdröckh, that irreclaimable specimen of the natural man? If not, then it is simply puerile to talk of Carlyle having a "most orthodox belief" in future punishment. I could cite scores of passages which would completely establish Carlyle's complete alienation from all creeds—one amongst them in which he speaks of "old extinct Satans"—but as that is impossible at this stage, let me just cite the estimate of the "grand old seer" pronounced by the Rev. A. S. Farrar, in his *Bampton Lectures*, published under the title of "A Critical History of Free Thought:"—"One writer, a Prince in the region of letters, may be adduced, many of whose works imply, directly or indirectly, a mode of viewing the world and society contrary to that which is taught in Christianity. *He is the highest type of the antagonistic position which literature now assumes in reference to the Christian faith*, and which finds some parallel in the contest which occurred in Julian's time, and at the Renaissance."\* Must it be "charitably supposed" that the Bampton lecturer did not know what he was writing about?

I almost fear that the patience of my readers has been overtaxed; but I trust they will bear with me a moment longer. Under my hand are two more passages which I cannot forbear quoting, as they proceed from unexceptionable witnesses, and express with a precision that leaves nothing to be desired the present relations of literature to religion. Listen first to Miss Dora Greenwell, the gifted author of the "Patience of Hope:" "We are met," she says, "by little direct opposition to revealed religion; its moral teaching is respected; the sacred person of its Founder is held in reverence; it is as a power that Christianity is denied." Then, in a note, she adds: "The lightest leaf will show which way the wind is setting, and I know not where we are met by a plainer expression of this tacit, and in some degree respectful, denial than in the popular literature of the day. Here we see a systematic ignoring of Christianity, combined with a rather inconsistent exalta

\* See, also, for a precisely similar estimate of Carlyle, Mr. George Brimley's *Essay on the "Life of Sterling."*—Would it be believed that an editorial writer in the *Christian Guardian*, reviewing "LAON," speaks of Carlyle as being "in substantial harmony with Christianity, and giving expression to strong faith in its central truths?"

\* In Memoriam, cxvi.

tion of the benevolent aspect peculiarly belonging to it."\* Now turn to a recent work entitled, "Social Life in Greece," by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy. A Hebrew prophet, like Ezekiel, he says, if transplanted into our life, would be completely at a loss to follow the reasoning of our modern literature; and, indeed, could not move in modern society. "Aristotle or Menander, on the other hand, would only need to understand the names of our modern discoveries. In all moral and social questions they would at once find their way, and enjoy even our poetry and our fiction. But what is more striking, even the mediæval baron and the mediæval saint would feel vastly more out of place among us than the intelligent Greek. The satire and scepticism of modern society, the decay of fixed belief, the omnipotence of free discussion . . . all these features would be very congenial to the Greek, while they would shock and perplex the Crusader" (p. 2).

Here I close. If representations like these do not confirm every word I wrote with regard to the antagonism between "modern culture" and doctrinal Christianity, then I must be hopelessly blind to the force of language. It will be observed that my citations have been wholly drawn from orthodox sources. It would have been easy to produce testimony from a very different class of writers, such as Strauss, Matthew Arnold, Leslie Stephen, and Greg; but, as these might be conceived as having some interest in magnifying a phenomenon to which they had themselves contributed, it seemed best to pass them over and quote exclusively from their antagonists. Of course, as

\* "Patience of Hope," page 78.

I said in my last article, Messrs. Moody and Sankey *may* be right, and modern culture hopelessly wrong; and, in the same way, the Rev. Mr. Grant may now be right, and the host of authorities I have cited, wrong; but, granting that, the knowledge (of which it might not be "charitable" to suppose the reverend gentleman destitute) that so vast a body of opinion was on my side might have served to check his exuberant disparagement of even an anonymous writer. For any pain my former article may have caused to sincere believers, I can only feel extreme regret; but, in so far as they are sincere, they must desire that the Christianity in which they believe should be clearly distinguished, not only from all opposing forms of thought, but from all forms that have any tendency to drain it (if I may so speak) of its essential virtue, and reduce it to a purely human level. This, too, is my desire. Christianity claims a distinct place and a paramount authority. Let it have that place, so that, when men see it *in its place*, they may be able to decide whether they can submit to its authority. The voice of "LAON," no doubt, sounded harsh in a community where the monotony of a conventional orthodoxy is rarely disturbed by any note of dissent; but the challenge uttered should have been received in a different spirit from what we have seen; as it would certainly have been in the days of simple, unequivocal faith. However, it is for the defenders of orthodoxy to choose their own tactics; and if they put forward a Christianity that makes room for so arch an unbeliever as Carlyle, then, indeed, all controversy ceases; but the Christianity of St. Paul and of his Master becomes a thing of the past.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Reformers of Montreal West have struck a serious blow at partyism, without intending to do it. The retirement of Mr. Frederick Mackenzie obliged the leaders to cast about them for a champion strong enough to pit against Mr. White. The *dii majorum gentium* condescended to advise their followers, and the Premier came down from the Ottawa Olympus on purpose to set matters right. Sir Alexander Galt, erewhile a "corruptionist" of the first water, and still, as he informs us, a Conservative, was angled for with some pretence at skill. The design was a bold one; but in desperate straits men cannot afford to be hesitating or pusillanimous, and if the ex-Finance Minister could have been secured, it might have been justified by that best of all apologies—success. Sir Alexander, however, was too large a fish for the party net. Salmon are not to be taken like sprats or even mackerel; they have an awkward habit of leaping, and thus it happened that while the fishers of men thought they had this fine specimen safely enclosed, he jumped the bounds and was off again in the free, deep azure beyond.

When Mr. Blake re-entered the Cabinet, we ventured to express our approval of the step. It was evident then, and will be more abundantly evident hereafter, that the member for South Bruce can do far more for his country in office than out of it. He was thoroughly agreed with the Premier and his colleagues on all essential points, and brought into the Council chamber, what was much needed there, independence of thought and action. Mr. Mackenzie has vindicated himself from the charge of subserviency to outside dictation; he has a will of his own, and no lack of power in the shape of passive resistance. To the *vis inertia*, Mr. Blake contributes an active and aggressive energy which cannot fail to make itself felt. With the Aurora speech fresh in public memory, his appointment was universally approved by all—and their name is legion—who desire to see the interests of the country paramount in its councils. With

Sir Alexander Galt, the case is somewhat different. Resembling Mr. Blake in many qualities, mental and moral, he occupies a position entirely unique. It appears to us that justice has never been fully done to his great abilities and sterling integrity; indeed, he has not done them full justice himself. Uniting with talents of a high order an intimate acquaintance with the most difficult and perplexing department of civil polity, he has always been, mainly we admit from the force of circumstances, in a more or less isolated position as a statesman. The fact that he was regarded as the representative of the Eastern townships, although it enabled him to assert his personal freedom from party and sectarian passions, served also to keep him almost alone. It enabled those who detest individuality, as opposed to partisanship, to taunt him with being the leader of a party made up of two or three. Although Sir Alexander has always been eminently practical in his aims, it was and is the fashion to tax him with being "speculative"—a term applied by trading politicians to all who lay plans in the present with a view to the future. He has never had any patience with the temporary patchings of political cobblers, or with that peculiar type of genius which would govern a nation in the same way as it would fly a kite. Those who were present during the sittings of the House in 1858, will remember with what listlessness, not to say impatience, both parties heard the luminous speech in which the hon. member for Sherbrooke unfolded his plan for a Federal Union of the British North American Provinces. The two parties seemed to be equally bored by a scheme which was as impracticable in their eyes as More's *Utopia* or Harrington's *Oceana*. The sturdy adherents of the existing constitution, who, like the *Globe* of to-day, deprecated unsettling legislation, endured the exposition in silence, whilst the political charlatans on the other side produced their nostrums with the *naïve* confidence characteristic of the tribe. In less than a month after, the latter produced an addled egg, which never



came to anything—"some joint authority" which nobody could define, surrounded by albuminous nebulosities called "checks and guarantees." Eight years had passed when Sir A. T. Galt was present at the Charlottetown Conference, and assisted in reducing his "speculative" theory into practice. Throughout, his policy has been essentially national, and it would, for the present, be a serious injury to the national cause, if either one party or the other should succeed in drawing him into the toils. The views of Mr. Blake are substantially the same; but he has been an active worker on behalf of the dominant party, and his great abilities will do best service at head-quarters. Thus, with one great champion in the Cabinet, and another occupying, as we hope he will soon occupy, a recognised position as an independent member, national politics—the politics of the future—will be in safe keeping.

When the Montreal Reformers sought the aid of Sir Alexander Galt, they had no lofty end in view—only a paltry triumph for party at the best. If they had elected him as a supporter of the Government, they would have gained a seat and a tormenter at the same time. As a member of no party, he may prove an invaluable friend; as a supporter, he would have approved himself through thick rather than thin, and certainly not when matters came to a tight squeeze. No doubt the financial Cassandra of Lennox would ultimately have made way for him; but even then, no satisfactory result could accrue from the party stand-point. There are some animals which cannot be tamed. On the whole, therefore, it was, perhaps, well for the party, as it certainly was for the country, that the nomination was declined. Since the Aurora speech, Sir Alexander Galt's letter to the Hon. Mr. Ferrier is by far the most important *pronunciamento* from any public man of the first rank. It is the first clear declaration of a preference for country, as distinguished from party, and a resolution to serve the one at the expense, or rather to the neglect, of the other. After declining to serve under Sir John Macdonald, and speaking of the duty felt by some of his party of sustaining Mr. Mackenzie's Government at its inception, the writer continues thus:—"The necessity has now passed away, and the administration must henceforward be judged on its own merits, and

not supported from any fear that their resignation would absolutely restore Sir John Macdonald to power." Before stating in detail his own views of public policy, Sir Alexander says, "to my own mind they appear of sufficient weight to overrule all mere party engagements, and I should gladly act with those to whom they may prove acceptable." After stating them, he thus concludes, "I have only to add that the strength of my convictions on these subjects is such that I could not lightly consent to endorse the views either of the present Government or of the Opposition, so far as either are yet known."

In these sentences the true basis of a national policy is securely laid. The particular measures advocated by one statesman or another may be reasonably open to discussion; and discussion, to be profitable, must be free, unbiassed, and exhaustive. Differences of opinion on public questions are not only inevitable but desirable, as proofs of intellectual and moral vitality in the nation; but the aim and end of legislation must be seen from first to last. So long as this is clearly recognised, the fate of individual schemes and propositions may be left to take care of itself. Their utility or inutility will be established, if not by debate, at all events by experience, if only their object—national prosperity and progress—be kept clearly and prominently in view. That it should be necessary to reiterate again and again the truth that party, at its best, is a means and not an end seems strange; but it is necessary, as Sir Alexander Galt clearly admits. So long as parties exist they must, to some extent, consider the public weal or they would cease to exist. Yet let the time come, as it has come in this and other countries, when party interests conflict with, or obscure, national interests, and it is the latter which must go to the wall. Personal power and aggrandizement will more and more engross the thoughts of politicians; the tyranny of organization paralyze the intellect and warp the moral sense; and ultimately all idea of rational deliberation and decision will perish amid a senseless Babel of party jargon. To talk of a national policy and yet uphold the existing party system is to make a mock of words; to toil after national eminence by such devious paths as are trodden now is to forsake the highway and be lost in forest and morass. If you interrogate the party

leaders, what information will they give you on the questions which crowd upon the Legislature for solution? How is the policy of the hour conceived except by haphazard, or in the puerile desire of doing things otherwise than opponents proposed to do them? If you ask what course a patriot should pursue, they will answer, Be a Reformer or be a Conservative; and if you seek to know the difference between the parties, they cannot tell you. Like the Christian Father, their admonition is *crede ut intelligas*, believe in order that you may understand, and the more you believe the more ignorant and bewildered you grow. To bid a reasonable man follow one of the prevailing factions is to bid him shut his eyes that he may see, and the plain duty before him is to forsake these blind guides and find some one who will point out a more excellent way. Partyism, as it obtains in Canada, is a fraud upon the intelligence of the people, and a most clumsy and expensive fraud at that. At this very time, when financial depression has caught us by the elbow, and when it ought to be the function of statesmen to take stock rationally; when the growth of our debt, the extent of our probable means, and the whole subject of our national undertakings with its correlated topic, the settlement of our fiscal system on an intelligible basis, should engage the earnest attention of all our public men, we are treated to platitudes about "sound Reform" and "good old Tory" principles. Party warfare has ceased to be an amusement or even an indulgence; it has become a chronic disease, which many people are foolish enough to mistake for an evidence of normal vitality. When party mounts the hustings what sense can be attached to the wildness of its rhetoric? It has given up reasoning and taken entirely to declamation of the yeasty kind—*vi morbi coactus, concidit et spumas agit*. It has no broad and comprehensive plans to propound, no statesmanlike views of national duty to unfold and enforce—nothing but blatant utterance, which is either virulent and vindictive or frothy and inane.

It is because Sir Alexander Galt indicates the true aim of any policy worthy to be called national, that we regard his letter as marking a stage in political progress. It is quite possible to differ with him at every point upon which he touches; but as to the

main and vital issue—that between country and party—there ought to be no question, and will be none, except with the blind followers of purblind guides. It is worth while to note, *en passant*, the treatment of this letter by the party press. The *Mail* speaks of the writer with courtesy, as it was in a sense bound to do, but it taxes him with lubricity of memory. Sir Alexander Galt's views on Canadian independence, and not the Pacific scandal, it is urged, formed the real cause of alienation between Sir Alexander and Sir John. It is sufficient to reply that this might have been the case, if these speculative opinions had been recently adopted, or had assumed the form of practical disloyalty to the Crown, and neither of these assertions can be maintained for a moment. Sir Alexander Galt's views on this subject were as well known, and as publicly expressed in 1858, when he became Minister of Finance, as at any later period; and with regard to the second supposition, it may be sufficient to refer to the letter before us, in which it is submitted that protection "would certainly sever the connection with Great Britain," while on the other hand, Free Trade should be modified, so as to adapt it as well to our own circumstances, as to "our political relations with Great Britain." The *Globe* of course, falls back upon its files and republishes the stale abuse of by-gone years. This it always does when it fails to secure an ally; the grapes are always sour to the old fox, when it is quite certain that they are unattainable. If Sir Alexander was so extravagant and wasteful as Finance Minister, why did Mr. Brown take office with him in 1864? If the former had determined to contest Montreal as a Reformer, would the *Globe* have thought it worth while to mention the matter? On the contrary, would it not have pressed his candidature, as against the editor of the *Montreal Gazette*, with all its might? Further, if it could induce this "extravagant" Minister, who is crying out for economy, to enter the Government, and take charge of the Dominion Finances, would it not jump at the chance?

The discussion between Free-trader and Protectionist, as it is usually conducted, appears to us eminently unsatisfactory, if not absolutely futile. It is surely unphilosophical, in the highest degree, to insist upon the universal application of general principles, however theoretically sound, to the infinitely

varied conditions of social existence. When men avail themselves of scientific truths in the arts, they do not hesitate to consider modifications in reducing theory to practice; why should they refuse to follow a similar course when they have to deal with the intricate problems of human life? Ought it not rather to be the duty of the economist or the statesman to refrain from dogmatism "when," to quote Mr. Herbert Spencer, "he contemplates the incalculable complexity of the influences under which each individual, and *à fortiori*, each society develops, lives, and decays?" The efforts made, in modern times, to collect and classify the phenomena of man's life on the earth and his relations to it and to his fellows have been abundantly successful; but it has fared otherwise with ambitious attempts to co-ordinate and label these facts under the name of scientific law. The philosophies of history and civilization have been more or less tentative and provisional; where, as in Mr. Buckle's great work, precision and certainty has been claimed, the result has been failure. Whether the new "science" which borrows from Comte its hybrid, but convenient, name of sociology, will be more successful time must show. Political economy has attained the rank of a science, and, therefore, we have no right to despair of intellectual effort in any field, however difficult. Still even here, the successes have been mainly in branches of the subject susceptible of scientific treatment. In their adaptation to widely differing communities, the laws require to be so fitted and twisted that we lose sight of scientific method altogether. When a Free-trader appeals to the "hard science" on behalf of his economical creed, like Sir Alexander Galt we may be with him "theoretically," but when we come to make the concrete application, we are beset with difficulties. On the one hand, for example, we have a country of limited extent, with great wealth, a present supply of coal, and a redundant population; in other words, land dear and scarce, labour cheap, and grain produced in insufficient quantity. On the other side of the ocean, in a portion of the same Empire, the conditions are almost entirely reversed. What then is to be done? Is theory to be a Procrustes' bed to which communities are to be bound and stretched or lopped to regulation measurement? Clearly not, and when it is added

further that Canada has at her doors a neighbour who has had the start of her, does it involve any violation of economical sense (we do not say science) to insist that the latter shall "carry weight" in the race? Sir Alexander Galt remarks:—"We cannot and ought not to ignore the interest which our fellow subjects elsewhere have in our revenue policy. But as regards the United States, I frankly declare that they ought to be dealt with in the same purely selfish spirit with which they treat us." With the first clause of this sentence, we entirely concur, since it would be obviously incompatible with the duties we owe the Empire to adopt an avowedly hostile tariff as against England. There is, however, one objection not so much to the substance as to the phrasing of the latter clause. To rest our national policy on a basis of retaliation, rather than upon the reason and necessity of the case appears to be unwise. The word "selfish" is itself misleading. Political economy, with its corollaries on fiscal matters, is essentially selfish. Adam Smith grounded the theses in his celebrated work on pure selfishness; the obverse side of the shield being contained in his *Moral Sentiments*, in which sympathy was posited as the motive power in ethics. All trade systems are selfish; they only differ in the way in which human selfishness is approached. The Chinese policy is the most purely so, ultra-Protectionism comes next, and Free Trade follows in the same class, because it directly appeals to self-interest, and not to cosmopolitan feeling or any sense of brotherhood in human kind. How long, let us ask, would the cotton lords of Manchester, or the iron-masters of South Wales clamour for unfettered intercourse, if by any chance, such as the exhaustion of coal, or excessive rise in wages, foreign nations were enabled to beat them on their own ground? It is not impossible that in the twentieth century the agriculturalists of England may be Free-traders, and her manufacturers Protectionists.

The true policy, to our mind, is that indicated by Sir Alexander Galt—neither that of Free Trade nor that of Protection, pure and simple, but that which the circumstances of the Dominion clearly demand—in other words, a national policy. Canada occupies exactly the position contemplated by Mr. Mill (*Fol. Econ.*, B. V., chap. X.):—"The

only case in which, on mere principles of political economy, protecting duties are defensible is when they are imposed temporarily (especially in a young and rising nation), in hopes of naturalizing a foreign industry, in itself perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the country. The superiority of one country over another in a branch of production, often arises only from having begun it sooner." These are the words of a Free-trader, and they describe accurately and indicate distinctly the end to be kept in view, and the best means of attaining it. Canada depends in the main upon customs' duties for the means of paying the interest upon her ever-increasing debt and of reducing its capital. She has all the facilities for extensive and profitable manufactures, with a competing neighbour, whose territory lies conterminous with her own for thousands of miles, and yet we are asked to adopt the same policy as wealthy England, or warned by the example of isolated colonies at the antipodes. The error of economical theorists is akin to that of the politicians who regard the British constitution as suited to all races and all times, and it would be quite as irrational to insist on imposing rigid trade maxims on all countries alike, as to think of establishing responsible government in Ashanti, because it has been found to work well in Canada. The tendency of men in the mass is to fall victims to a shibboleth, and it is a weakness which has wrought incalculable mischief. What is required now is a revenue policy suited to the present circumstances and probable future of the Dominion, and then you may call it "incidental Protection," or "modified Free Trade," as fancy or prejudice suggests. Above all, it should be a settled policy, one so fixed and guaranteed that capital and labour may be enabled to make some forecast of their future. We have been coquetting with Brother Jonathan too long, and it is time that we settled upon some system of our own, instead of dangling, like Mohammed's coffin, between earth and heaven.

The process of decapitation in the election courts goes on apace. Messrs. Neelon, of Lincoln, and Miller, of Muskoka, have been not only unseated but also disqualified. Both cases, however, have been appealed. In the Court of Error and Appeal, judgment has been delivered in the Halton and Peel

cases. In the former, Mr. Barber's disqualification was confirmed—a decision which does full justice, and no more, to a notable offender. It is a disagreeable task to expose again the misrepresentations of the chief organ in election matters. In its own report of Chief Justice Richards's judgment, we read:—"He had communicated with Chief Justice Draper, by whom the present case had been tried, and he (Chief Justice Draper) had said that if the respondent and the witness, Maddigan, had made the explicit denials . . . which it appeared they intended making, he would have found for the respondent." But this denial "*not having been made*, he was obliged to decide against the respondent on the evidence." The Court, under these circumstances, granted a new trial. Now, let us turn to the *Globe's* travesty of the judgment in its leading columns:—"At all events, Mr. Chisholm has the satisfaction of knowing that five eminent judges *have accepted the statements* of himself and his friends in preference to those of the miserable creatures," &c. That is, the judges accepted statements, which were never made, but were "intended" to be made—a kind of acceptance which reminds one of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Attorney-General, who retracted a charge he was *going* to prefer. Comment is unnecessary, still it would satisfy a reasonable curiosity, if we could ascertain what ethic system it is that the *Globe* affects.

The cases under appeal we only notice for the purpose of exposing a misrepresentation and a fallacy. In the Muskoka case, a new point arose. Mr. Miller was accused of employing his supposed influence with the Crown Land Department as an engine of corruption. It was certainly a cheaper method of bribery than putting his hands in his own pockets, but whether it be less illegal to corrupt a constituency by wholesale than by retail, remains to be seen. It may be that there is a difference in kind between promising to secure the payment of an elector's claim by Government, after the claimant has pressed for it in vain, and the purchase of an elector by a ten-dollar bill, but we fail to see it. We all know that government supporters have "casual advantages" (*pace* Dr. Ryerson)—the price, we should call it, of their votes; but this is the first time we have seen them openly discounted in advance. It may, also, be one thing to promise a man

employment oneself, and another thing to promise a number of men employment by the State, but the distinction is rather a fine one. At any rate, the point was new, and Mr. Justice Wilson, an exceedingly able, cautious, and painstaking judge, adjourned the case more than once, for consideration, as well as for consultation with his judicial brethren. At length judgment was given, unseating and disqualifying Mr. Miller, but with that evident reluctance every one would feel at being compelled to take so severe a step. Having faithfully performed his duty, the Judge remarked, "I, for one, shall in no way regret if the conclusion I have felt obliged to come to should not be the opinion of the higher Court." Every one can see, without a party commentary, the motive of the Judge; but this is what becomes of it after passing through the *Globe's* crucible—"most persons will share with Mr. Justice Wilson, in a *jeeling of gratification*, if this decision is set aside." In other words, the Judge's absence of regret and party jubilation over a trumpety victory, are the same thing; and we are to believe that, for the first time in juridical history, a Judge will so far stultify himself, as to go into ecstasies over a proved error in deliberately and conscientiously formed opinion. The failure of editorial law in the North Victoria case was palpable, all the "eminent Judges" of the Appeal Court repudiating the amateur decision against Mr. Hector Cameron. Yet in the Muskoka case we have a luminous dissertation on the law of evidence, for the special instruction of the Judges, who are not supposed to know anything about it. Mr. Justice Wilson stated, in substance, that if the alleged attempt at bribery had been confined to one case, he might, by giving the respondent the benefit of a doubt, have acquitted him. The person approached might be unworthy of belief, or he may have misapprehended the respondent or the respondent. They have uttered carelessly words which his hearer may have strained beyond their intended meaning. But when other instances are adduced in evidence which, with the first, tend to one conclusion, as the radii of a circle converge upon its centre, the case becomes stronger as the instances are multiplied. No reasonable person will dispute the Judge's position for a moment; but the *Globe* does and exhibits its *pendant* for fallacy and sophism at tedious length. Of course the judicial *dictum* is dis-

torted. The "cumulative principle," says the oracle, is "a novel proceeding, and in a matter involving what are practically penal consequences, will certainly provoke discussion." Then follows a new version of a plain and obvious maxim: "it seems to amount to the proposition that, if a man were tried for half a dozen murders, and by reason of conflicting testimony, or nicely balanced testimony, got the benefit of the doubt in all, he should be sentenced to be hanged, because putting all the doubts (!) together, they must be held to make up one proof." If this is the way the "unlearned mind" approaches questions of this kind, all that need be said is that it had better leave them alone. Nobody is obliged to expose his ignorance on any subject, and it is certainly better to hold one's tongue than to talk nonsense. A writer who talks of adding doubts together, to make a proof is capable of any vagary. Confining our attention to the case before us, it is sufficient to remark that there were not six charges or even two charges, but only one, that of corruption during a particular election. There was one offence, one indictment, one judgment, one sentence; moreover there was no "conflicting testimony," and no "nicely balanced testimony," for the facts relied on in the judgment were undisputed. The doubt lay here: had there been but one alleged instance of attempted corruption, to set against a canvas, otherwise pure and legal, the Judge might in charity have resolved it into a mistake. There are many ways of explaining away one ugly fact, but when it is reinforced by additional facts, all inculpatory, the case is different. One witness may have been convinced that a candidate desired to approach him corruptly and have been mistaken; but it is hardly possible that a number of witnesses could have fallen into the same error. To bring the matter more clearly before "the unlearned mind:" suppose that any one were to accuse the *Globe* of systematic misrepresentation, and to ground the charge on a dishonest use of quotation marks, a distortion of fact or a false statement of an opponent's position, it is clear that if the accuser relied upon an isolated case, some explanation might readily be found in typographical error, lapse of memory, or misunderstanding; if, however, the same thing had occurred a hundred times, there could be no room for doubt. Or if again a single reply from an

opponent, which any fair man would publish as an act of justice, were excluded, it might be urged that it was crowded out, lost or mislaid; but when the same course has been pursued for years, we cease to devise excuses, and attribute it to its true cause—a settled system of injustice, reinforced by ardent cowardice. Most people are aware that “the cumulative principle,” as applied to our contemporary, has long since afforded a correct clue to its character.

The rumours to which the *Mail* gave publicity for several days have been substantially confirmed. The Supreme Court appointments are definitively made, and the vacancies in the ranks of the Provincial Judges filled up. It appears to us that, as far as they are announced, these appointments will command universal approval. So far as Ontario is concerned, at any rate, they are unexceptionable. We do not think it would be possible to select a lawyer, either from the bench or the bar, who combines so many of the qualities desirable in a President of the Court, or whose elevation to that position will be greeted with so hearty a satisfaction, as Chief Justice Richards. As a representative of Equity Mr. Strong is not so well known to the lay community, but in the eyes of the profession he stands (possibly with the exception of Mr. Edward Blake) *facile princeps*. The name of Mr. Moss is mentioned by the *Globe* as the probable successor of Mr. Justice Strong in the Court of Appeal. If this probability becomes a certainty, we should be better able to congratulate the new judge if we could do so with unalloyed satisfaction. That he would prove an ornament to the bench there can be no question; yet his appointment would still be a matter of regret. The hon. member for West Toronto has been only a short time in Parliament, but he has given evidence of marked ability and aptitude for public life. Taking a manly and independent course on behalf of enlarged and patriotic views, it would be a misfortune if his political career were cut short by elevation to the bench. The way up is always open to a professional man of eminence, but it is not often that one in the prime of life has, to all appearance, so promising a public career before him. It would be much better to place Mr. Moss beside Mr. Blake in the Government, and, therefore, we hope the impression con-

veyed by the *Globe* is correct—that this appointment is still *in dubio*. Of the Supreme Court Judges from the other Provinces we are less competent to speak except at second-hand, but they are all men of recognised standing and ability, and will no doubt be acceptable to the profession and the public more immediately interested in their elevation. The other changes have not yet been authoritatively announced, so that it may be premature to express an opinion upon what may turn out to be mere speculation.

The Attorney-General has determined to establish a Ministry of Education, and named Mr. Crooks as the first occupant of the new office. The Chief Superintendent has for some years been urging the Government to take this step, and his importunities have at length been rewarded. There is much to be said for and against the measure, but, on the whole, Mr. Mowat seems to have acted wisely; at any rate it is too late now to discuss the matter. The appointment of Mr. Crooks we should consider a good one, if we thought he had backbone enough to hold his own with such a practised wrestler as Dr. Ryerson. If he consents to go down gracefully and acknowledge the chief to be a “a present deity,” all will be well; but should he prove restive and recalcitrant, his life will be a burden to him. Power and responsibility would be so hopelessly involved in conflict that the present state of affairs in the Council of Public Instruction would be halcyon in comparison. Indeed, we know of nothing comparable to it, sacred or profane, unless it be the scene in Virgil:—

“At, Phœbi nondum patiens, immanis in antro  
Bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit  
Excussisse deum.”

Whether *antro* would represent the Normal School or the Government Buildings, or which would be the Sibyl and which Apollo, it is perhaps impossible to say. Mr. Crooks ought by all means to insist upon a clean sweep in the Department. No good can result from putting the new wine into old bottles, unless it be a good to have it spilt over the columns of all the newspapers in the country. If we are to have a Minister of Education, we do not want a Chief Superintendent, but a permanent Deputy Minister, tolerably amenable to reason and control. Dr. Ryerson has repeatedly expressed a wish to retire, and if he is still

of the same mind, he should be dealt with liberally, as liberally indeed as is consistent with a due regard to the length of the Provincial purse. He deserves this at the hands of the Government in consideration of forty years' honest, earnest and untiring exertion in the cause of education. The country will certainly not grudge an exceptional retiring allowance under circumstances which cannot occur again. If an arrangement satisfactory to Dr. Ryerson be possible, it is important to have it concluded at once. The Department could then be placed on a footing with the other departments, the prospect of divided councils would be dissipated, and an aged public servant, who, with many faults, still deserves well of his country, would gain an honourable respite from labour at a season when it is at once meet and welcome.

In addition to the direct advantages we derive, or are supposed to derive, from the election law, there are indirect consequences which may or may not be an advantage—the frequency of bye-elections. There were several of these last month, but, as we anticipated, they have not materially altered the position of parties in the Assembly. Mr. Crooks found rest for his weary feet in South Oxford—a county which seems particularly fond of leading men, since it had returned Sir Francis Hincks, Mr. Brown, and Mr. McDougall, before it saw Mr. Mowat or Mr. Crooks. It would now appear to have abandoned tuft-hunting, and transformed itself into a refuge for the destitute. After the election, Mr. Crooks was received by his friends, who proposed to conduct him to his residence amid the flare of torches and the beating of drums. This appears to have incensed the members of the noisy brigade, whose delight it is to make every other night hideous with the wheezy fife and the badly-strung drum. A few nights before, Mayor Medcalf received a similar welcome without molestation. Probably the *soi-disant* followers of a monarch, who resolved to maintain “the liberties of England,” thought the Crooks demonstration an outrage upon the Orange order and the Mayor, his civic robes and dignity; at any rate their ideas of liberty appear to be somewhat peculiar in their nature. They attacked the procession, broke windows and torches, and acted generally as brave defenders of the Protestant faith are expected to act. Few

people would think of calling either the Mayor or Mr. Crooks a “conquering hero,” but if the friends of either of them desire us to “see” him in that light, and to tell us that he “comes” by cornet, ophicleide, sackbut or psaltery, we see no reason why any one should interfere. Rowdiness of this kind would never be thought of, if we were not pestered by organized gangs of lawless men and boys. In East Kent, South Essex, and East Peterborough, the position of parties was unchanged. In North Victoria, Mr. McRae, who was defeated by a majority of four, has gained the seat as an oppositionist by about sixty. In East Peterborough, the contest was a triangular one. Dr. O’Sullivan (Opposition), who is a Roman Catholic, was unseated on petition. His name has been freely used by the press of his party as a proof of their religious tolerance. Not to be outdone, the Reformers brought into the field Mr. Hogan, a co-religionist, and committed a blunder in doing so. The fate of Ald. LaRocque, in Russell, might have warned them that by securing one wing of their party they were tolerably certain to lose the other. John Knox and the Pope do not run well in harness together, a fact which Mr. Sargent knew and determined to profit by. Announcing himself as an Independent, his hope was to secure the seat on religious, rather than political grounds—in short to distance his opponents and gain the winning-post on the back of the great Protestant horse. The result was the election of Dr. O’Sullivan by a plurality of votes,—the actual majority of votes cast being divided between Hogan and Sargent. It does not follow, however, that the election would have terminated differently, if the member elect had had but one opponent. If Mr. Hogan had stood alone, a large number of the ultra-Protestants would have stayed at home; and had Mr. Sargent been the Government candidate, an equally large number of the Roman Catholics would have supported Dr. O’Sullivan. As the contest was actually conducted, there were two Reform stools, and between them the party came to the ground.

The Dominion seems to be afflicted just now with an epidemic of crime. Crimes of violence and fraud have been committed with alarming frequency of late. It would not be proper, on this occasion, to enter upon the subject at length. The public

mind is sufficiently excited upon the subject already, and it would be unwise, as well as unjust to the prisoners awaiting trial, to pour oil upon the fire. Whether any particular person is guilty or not, is a question to be determined by a jury, and it is above all things desirable that jurors should approach each case on its own merits, with minds as unprejudiced as may be. There are three points, however, to which we may allude, because the prevalence of crime is a fact which cannot be ignored. In the first place, the agencies employed for the apprehension of criminals are notoriously inadequate. Of course, it is always open to the party press to assail those who are responsible for the police service, when they are supposed to be political opponents. It is always done in Toronto, and elsewhere also we doubt not. In this city we have as large, as well-conducted and thoroughly trained a force as can be had for the money. Yet, in the outskirts of the city, which are extending with great rapidity, whole streets are unpatrolled—abandoned, in short, to burglars and ruffians generally. As the Duke of Cambridge said of the army, we may say of the police, if you want adequate protection, you must be willing to pay for it. Our detective force requires to be placed on a better footing; telegraphic communication should be maintained between the police-stations and the railway stations, and all the outlets from the cities. The suggestion by the *Mail* of a mounted police should be seriously considered, and as a temporary substitute for it, the serjeants should have horses at their command, and a force specially detailed for suburban duty at a moment's warning. The second point is, the propriety of over-hauling our criminal code, and revising our systems of punishments, so that the law may operate more powerfully as a deterrent than it does at present. Lastly, is it not time to consider whether the Extradition Treaty with the United States might not be extended so as to include a larger number of extraditable offences, such for instance, as breaches of trust, which are becoming alarmingly frequent? The facility with which the defaulter escapes is a direct temptation to crime. This is evident from the fact that one successful defalcation is a signal for the commission of half-a-dozen more. Slavery no longer exists to complicate the problem, and there ought to be no difficulty in in-

ducing the Washington Government to agree to a comprehensive agreement on the subject. A good extradition treaty would do more to lessen crime than a whole army of police under present circumstances. The criminal who escapes from either country should be made to feel that to cross the lines is merely to go in bond, like goods *in transitu*, and that he is destined to pass again within the jurisdiction from which he has escaped.

The new phase upon which the Guibord case has entered seems to have aroused the liveliest attention in the United States as well as in Canada. The first attempt to bury the body, the disingenuous utterances of the Bishop, and the vigilant lawlessness of the ignorant and drunken defenders of Catholicism, we pass over as too generally known to need repetition. It is quite certain that Mgr. Bourget or Père Rousselot, by uplifting the finger, might have saved Montreal, and through it, the Dominion, from the disgraceful stigma which has been fastened upon them. The Bishop refused to remonstrate with the rioters; nay he has actually had the boldness to offer a qualified apology for them. The decision of the highest Court in the Empire has been defied by a miserable rabble, and the highest dignity of the Church stands by and admonishes the mob in some such words as these: "My dear children, it is naughty to do that, but I cannot find it in my heart to blame you." It may be presumed that this is a salient example of what the Church calls the policy of "passive resistance."

It ought to be obvious to reasonable Roman Catholics by this time, that the hierarchy has not a logical leg to stand upon. There was not a pretence—for argument is out of the question where both law and facts are on one side—which was not torn to shreds in the judgment of the Judicial Committee. The Court did not even occupy its strongest ground—the actual *status* of the Church in Quebec. Had the Roman Catholic faith enjoyed simple equality with other voluntary religious bodies as it does in Ontario, the decision must have been the same. It is easy to suppose cases, which might arise in the Courts here, in which the civil rights of Protestants might depend on an interpretation of their ecclesiastical law. Archbishop Lynch, who is always a courteous disputant, evidently feels that the position of Mgr.



Bourget is untenable, since, although he has written a great deal on the subject, he systematically evades the real points in controversy. In one place he asks how Protestants would act if a Roman Catholic priest refused to bury a Fenian. All that need be said in reply is, that if the Fenian were legally entitled to interment, the law would insist on its being done. At the same time, it will be soon enough to discuss the question when it arises, which will not be yet awhile. A Church which must have given Christian burial to hundreds of Fenians since the organization of the order, is not likely to raise any difficulty about interring another. The Archbishop desires to know also, what is the duty of a Christian, in the event of the State passing or enforcing an unjust law. The question requires no answer *pro hac vice*, because it is irrelevant. The law administered in the Guibord case may be unjust or not; but it is of the Church's own choosing. As M. Doure points out, the *Manuel des Curés*, sanctioned by Mgr. Bourget, distinctly affirms "No one can doubt that the common ecclesiastical law, which obtained in France before the cession of Canada to England, is the ecclesiastical law of Canada;" indeed the Quebec Courts have so decided in many cases. Archbishop Lynch is therefore estopped from pleading the injustice of the law, and he cannot possibly affirm that it has been wrongly interpreted. In France, the law was administered by the *Parlements*, excommunications were absolutely reversed by them, and priests thrown into prison and kept there while they proved recalcitrant. As a matter of indisputable fact, the Church in Quebec enjoys an amount of power and liberty now it never thought of asserting under the Bourbons. If a French Governor, or Intendant of the Louis XIV. type, were now ruling Quebec, the prelates would have found themselves interned in the Citadel, if they dared to interfere in politics, as they now do with impunity.

M. Doure, in a letter to the *Globe*, summarizes the facts of the case, and applies the law with admirable clearness and conclusiveness. The cemetery is not the property of bishop or *curé*, but of the *curé* and laity together, forming a corporation. By the Imperial Act of 1774, the Church is empowered to exact the payment of *dimes* or tithes, and also such further rates as may be necessary to build and repair edifices, by process of law

—a privilege enjoyed by no other Church in Canada. Having thus conferred a right, the State exacts a duty—the duty of applying the moneys raised and the property acquired for the benefit of the tithe-payers. If the Bishop takes it into his head to deprive a parishioner of his rights *proprio motu*, and in disregard of his own ecclesiastical law, the State has the right to interfere, and will do so. Joseph Guibord was a devout Roman Catholic printer, who had performed great services to his Church; but he was also possessed of literary tastes, and this led him to join the *Institut Canadien*. A time came when Mgr. Bourget fell out with this association, and complained of some of the books in the library. The catalogue was sent to him with a request that the objectionable books might be marked. This was not done, so little did the Bishop trouble himself about the matter; but instead of taking the course prudence and charity indicated, he threatened the *Institut* with excommunication *en masse*. An appeal was made to Rome, and in the meantime Guibord died suddenly, one of the last causes of anxiety to him being to learn how the Papal See had decided the question. Now, if there be any well-established principle in law, it is this, that *lite pendente*, while a cause is yet under adjudication, the appellants stand free from any penalty; yet, so uncharitable was the Bishop that he refused Guibord his rights as a Roman Catholic in good standing, and then bolstered up a bad case by an *ex post morte* decision from Rome. There is little doubt that if Guibord had lived, he would have bowed to that decision, unjust though it would have been. The Roman doctors, of course, settled the point on Ultramontane principles, instead of consulting what Mgr. Bourget himself has declared to be "the ecclesiastical law of Canada." By that law Guibord remained a member of the Church, and was entitled to Christian burial. Not having been mentioned by name, the major excommunication never attached to him, and by the law, civil and ecclesiastical, his *status* was unaffected by the bolt levelled at the *Institut*. The positions of M. Doure are in fact irrefragable from every point of view, and Archbishop Lynch must know it, or he would have replied to the learned counsel's letter. We observe that the Quebec Courts have awakened to the fact that parishioners have some rights which a *curé* is bound to respect; for they have ordered a priest to bap-

tize a child, notwithstanding the orders of his superiors. One thing is certain, the judgment must be enforced, and the supremacy of the law vindicated at all hazards. The Bishop may curse the few square feet of earth, if he can derive any comfort from that harmless amusement. It may please him, and will do no harm to poor Joseph Guibord.

On the afternoon of Sunday the 26th ult., the supremacy of the law was challenged from another quarter. This being the year of the Papal Jubilee, the Roman Catholics of Toronto and elsewhere have been making what are called pilgrimages from one church to another, so as to secure the promised indulgence. They have conducted themselves with exemplary propriety, interfering with no one, and going about their spiritual business as unostentatiously as the requirements of the case admitted. All this they had a right to do under the law of the land, and therefore were entitled to protection by all the force at the command of the authorities. Whether the processions are wise or unwise, profitable or futile, is beside the question; the devout, at any rate, thought it right to obey their supreme pastor, and as they did so without interfering with the rights or disturbing the peace of their fellow-subjects, no one had the shadow of a pretext for molesting them. A mob of roughs, who have taken Protestantism under their especial patronage, thought otherwise. They are not very religious or very courageous. The bulk of them manage to walk in procession to church once a year—otherwise their devotion is scarcely perceptible, unless it obtrudes itself upon public notice in lawless assaults upon the rights and liberties of their neighbours. They have in fact reduced riot and lawlessness to a system, and it remains to be proved whether they or the law they outrage be the stronger. During the past few weeks no less than three wanton breaches of the peace have been committed by these fellows. The assault upon a returning excursion party was followed by the outrageous attack on Mr. Crooks' procession, and now on Sunday in broad daylight the same gang pelt with stones Roman Catholics and police, and fire pistols in the public streets in utter defiance of law and order. Of course we hear the usual excuses in the shape of cock-and-bull stories of an old woman insulting the guardians of our religion from a window, and of somebody else doing some-

thing similar at the entrance to St. Michael's. They only serve to show that the rowdies knew they were breaking the law and desire now to put the best face upon it they can. The riot was in fact planned on Saturday, and freely spoken of as an event likely to relieve the monotony of the Sunday. It is not our intention to waste indignation upon these persistent defiers of law and authority. It is surely quite as much as ordinary patience can bear to be pestered and annoyed by the execrable music with which they make day and night hideous from year's end to year's end. That nuisance may perhaps be endured, but when the quiet of our day of rest is disturbed by a set of scamps who care nothing for law or religion, it is time to call for stringent measures. The burden of guilt, when a breach of the peace is committed, rests with the rioters, not with those who are strictly within the broad tolerance of the law. Mr. Johnston McCormack and his friends may not think so, but their Protestantism has too much of Popery in it for our taste. We claim for Roman Catholics what we assert for ourselves, an absolute freedom of worship, and complete protection in everything not explicitly forbidden. What Roman Catholics would do or actually do in like circumstances is apart from the question; Protestants affect to walk with a higher light and a more generous temper, and they can best show their superiority by being faithful to the maxims of the Great Master. It has been said that many Roman Catholics are better than their creed, as many Protestants are worse than theirs; it rests with the authorities of Toronto to show that here, at any rate, in a preponderatingly Protestant community, we have no respect of persons in the application of liberal principles. The cry amongst the abettors of riot is—stop the processions, "because they may cause a breach of the peace;" a tolerant man—a Protestant indeed—would say punish violence and the peace will take care of itself. Toronto has suffered too long from this lawless rule, and it is time that something were done to end it at once and forever. Every concession is a triumph to organized rowdyism; and every triumph is a vantage-ground for fresh outrage. The only effectual method of dealing with the evil is, to use an Americanism, to "stamp it out," by rigorous measures of repression at the time and severe penalties afterwards.

We cannot afford to live under mob law ; much less can we reproach the Guibord rioters, whilst law and order are, under peculiarly aggravating circumstances, boldly trampled under foot in the City of Toronto.

Outside the Dominion there has been a dearth of news this month. In the United States, the conventions have been busy in laying platforms and nominating candidates. As we remarked on a former occasion, the Democratic party is divided into sections, which may possibly re-unite next year, if their lust of office should prove strong enough in its cohesive power. For the present, the currency question has caused bitter disunion. In Pennsylvania and Ohio, the Inflationists have it all their own way ; in New York, Massachusetts, and the Eastern States generally, the "platforms" of the party pronounce strongly in favour of "hard money." Governor Tilden of New York, a candidate *sub rosa* for the Presidency, and Governor Gaston, of Massachusetts, are strongly and irrecoverably committed to the specie basis. It is difficult to see how they can possibly recant, should inflation carry the day this month in Ohio. If the Republicans of that State, stirred by the appeals of Carl Schurz and Senator Sherman, succeed in beating Governor Allen and General Cary, the West must succumb. Still it would seem from the non-committal resolutions of Republican conventions in that region, as if the cry for "more money," by which is meant more assignats representing nothing, were too strong to be met boldly. The elections in Ohio, and later in Pennsylvania, may have an almost revolutionary effect on American parties. The question of a third nomination for Grant may be said to depend upon the result in these two States, and should inflation prevail, there seems nothing for it but a thorough disintegration of parties. General Grant is making a strong bid for support by an apparent change of front in Southern matters. The reply of the Attorney-General to Governor Ames' requisition for troops, seems to point in this direction. There may be, and no doubt are, other reasons for a refusal in this case ; but the refusal is so phrased as to wear the appearance of a determined renunciation of interference in State affairs. Of course it may be all in seeming, or else the President has been compelled to consult expediency, rather than preference, as he has also

done in parting with Secretary Delano. The remnants of the coalition of 1872 which supported Greeley have re-assembled, but they have no hold upon the people. The experiment tried at the last election was too disastrous to be repeated, and so the Liberals, as they call themselves, like the conies, are "a feeble folk," without any prospect of making strength out of their weakness. In another month or so a better forecast of the Presidential campaign will be possible ; for the present all is chaos in American party politics.

The heads of the Imperial Government are still making holiday. The only official utterances since the prorogation are contained in the speeches of Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, the Secretary of the Board of Trade, and very injudicious speeches they were. It was most impolitic certainly, if nothing more, in a gentleman who has a good deal to do with merchant shipping under the temporary Act, to attack Mr. Plimsoll so virulently, and picture the hard treatment of ship-owners in such pathetic language. It is, to say the least, not reassuring to Englishmen, who fancied that Mr. Plimsoll's "romantic episode" had effected its object. Mr. Roebuck, that extraordinary Tory Radical, has also been delivering himself, at Sheffield, of characteristic platitudes of no great moment, except to Mr. Roebuck. Mr. Bright addressed a popular audience also, and his remarks are always deserving of respect and attention. It appears that he has been excogitating a policy for the Liberal party, which stands sorely in need of one. Having dipped his hand into the lucky bag, or perhaps more scripturally, cast lots, he has brought up the extension of the borough franchise to the counties, as a "plank" on which the demoralized forces may stand united. For Mr. Bright there is a singular want of earnestness and decision manifested in this speech. It is as if had said, "Here are a number of topics on which we may raise a popular cry, which would be the best ? For myself, I have not much faith in any of them, but as we must have something to go to the country upon, let us toss up for it." Disestablishment of the Church was long since flung on one side as a bad card, and he evidently feels no interest in any of the other issues. Dr. Kenealy's success seems to have disgusted him with popular suffrage, and we are in-

clined to think that "the residuum" extended farther up the scale than he used to acknowledge. How the additions of many thousands of ignorant agricultural labourers to the electorate is to help matters, he does not explain; perhaps he hopes to bleach mud by the addition of mire.

There has, perhaps been enough said of the collision between the *Alberta* and the *Mistletoe*. Dr. Kenealy's friends have espied a new count in the indictment against royalty, as they would have done even if Prince Leiningen and his officers had kept a good lookout, which unfortunately they did not. The second jury has acquitted them of blame, perhaps more from a natural reaction of loyal feeling than otherwise. It is impossible to acquit the officers of either yacht, but a lesson may be conveyed by the untoward disaster to the minds both of the careless and the curious. The sinking of the *Vanguard* by the ram of the *Iron Duke*, is a disaster which will cost England half a million sterling. Here nobody was to blame apparently, but the fog; and singularly enough there is no mention of fog-signals being employed. The English papers are comforting the people with the assurance that the collision is a blessing in disguise, since it has proved that no ship can be constructed which a ram cannot destroy—a species of consolation which reminds one of Charles Lamb's Chinaman burning his house to roast a pig.

The political barometer of France has been gradually shifting about, from set-fair to changeable, and it is now very near to stormy. To begin with, the Reds are troublesome. Mr. Naquet, who seems to have assumed the mantle which is beginning to drop from Louis Blanc's shoulders, has denounced the Wallon Constitution. Of that M. Gambetta could afford to take no notice, and therefore took none; but worse remains behind. The plot for staving off the dissolution is beginning to take shape, and it is not a pleasant shape. *Le Courrier de France* and *Le Temps* have announced that the Government has determined to insist upon the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and to abolish the *scrutin de liste*. Should M. Buffet persist in his resolution, a breach in the constitutional party would be inevitable. Even if M. Gambetta were willing to give in, this question could be of little service to the Government, for his influence and prestige would be gone. It is

quite certain, however, that he will resist the plan to the uttermost, for he has repeatedly declared that he would sooner have no dissolution for a year, than give up the *scrutin de liste*. The reason is obvious. If the Government plan of voting for only one candidate be adopted, monetary and official influence will have full swing at the polls. The prefect, the banker, the Legitimist or Orleanist baron, would have it all their own way in the narrow constituency. Whereas, if every elector casts votes for all the representatives of a Department, the Republican feeling would make itself felt throughout. There would be no room for local influence. The difference between the two systems may be roughly put in this way. In the States, say in Massachusetts for example, each elector casts his vote for one representative in his own congressional district, that is the *scrutin d'arrondissement*; if the Constitution permitted him to cast his ballot for the entire congressional delegation of the State, he would enjoy the *scrutin de liste*. Now as M. Thiers remarked the other day at Geneva, the former plan is preferable, in a normal condition of things, because it brings the member in closer contact with his constituents. The present state of affairs, however, is not normal; the Republic has enemies on every side, and therefore local representation would inevitably injure the chances of its permanent establishment. For the present, therefore, he insists upon the *scrutin de liste*.

The movement amongst the Bonapartists may possibly cause some patching up of the compact between the Centres and the Left; but at present there seems every chance of a definitive break-up in the united party. Admiral de la Roncière, a pronounced Bonapartist, in command of the Mediterranean fleet, has created a sensation by a letter to a friend. In this remarkable epistle, that officer asserts the right of private judgment in the matter of allegiance in a way hardly compatible with his position in the navy. It is something novel to read from the pen of an Admiral in active service that he will "be the devoted servant of the Government of Marshal McMahon so long as he shall not be forced outside of the Conservative paths in which to-day he is concentrating his most ardent efforts"—in other words, so long as the writer pleases, and no longer. Of course the President had no course open to him but to supersede the outspoken

Admiral. The Bonapartists mustered strong at Arenberg. The principal business of the meeting was an announcement that the Empress had formally resigned the Regency, and that henceforth the Prince Imperial would assume the duties of his hereditary position, under the guidance of M. Rouher. The agitation for a *plébiscite* is to be kept up, and political warfare upon the Republic levied upon a grand scale. The Imperialists have no great hold upon the electorate just now, but it would be difficult to say what may happen in another half-year. If the schism in the Republican ranks should prove irreparable, the great mass of the people, despairing of a settled Government under the existing constitution, are exceedingly likely to throw themselves at the feet of Napoleon IV. Let them once be convinced that the Republic is unworkable and they will not hesitate to repeat the votes of 1848, 1852, and 1870.

King Alfonso appears to have made his throne tolerably secure. The cause of Don Carlos, making every allowance for studied falsehood and exaggeration, is obviously hopeless. Even his committees abroad are said to be imploring him to abandon the war. Catalonia is entirely in the hands of the Alfonsists, and only one stronghold remains to him anywhere—the town of Estella. The fall of Seo d'Urgel not only lost him his last hold upon Catalonia, but also the services of Lizzaraga, his best general. Officers and men are falling away from him every day, and the end cannot be far off. At Madrid constitution-mongering is the order of the day, and a new Ministry, mainly of the Liberal type, now advises the King. The Church has been making a desperate effort to prevent religious toleration; but the Government seems to be firm in its resolve to maintain freedom of worship. Rome must yield; indeed it is already doing so in its usually shabby way by sacrificing the Nuncio, really its mouth-piece, on the pretence that he has exceeded his instructions in the demands he made upon Ministers. Cardinal Leineove has been

superseded by Mgr. Rapella, who is said to be a Liberal, and the honour and dignity of the Papal See will thus be saved.

The war in the Herzegovina goes on in a desultory way. If we may trust the Servian telegrams the tide has turned in favour of the insurgents. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that unless Turkey displays greater activity, or the Powers interfere in some more effective way than the Consular mission, Prince Milano, of Servia, will be powerless to keep his people from making common cause with the insurgents. The Porte declines to make any promises of reform until the rebellion is crushed—a very foolish piece of obstinacy, since the Turks never keep their promises at any rate. The insurgent demands are few and reasonable—That the tribute payable to Turkey shall be levied in a different way; that the evidence of Christians shall be taken in the courts; and that the police force should be recruited from among the inhabitants. These reforms are certainly not extravagant, and with the story of Turkish outrage lately unfolded to the British public by ex-consul Farley before us, the suggestion of them seems a great proof of moderation. Earl Russell's plea for the unfortunate people, and his contribution of fifty pounds, have been made the occasions for jeering by the *Saturday Review*, which just now enjoys the bad distinction of being the only reputable defender of Moslem barbarity. It even descends to petty misrepresentation of the veteran Whig's subscription, which was given, not, as the cynic falsely alleges, to aid the insurrectionists in the field, but to alleviate the terrible sufferings of the poor fugitives; including thousands of women and children who are ruined, homeless, and on the verge of starvation. The accounts which are given of the present state of the ill-fated country are heart-rending in the extreme; still the people do not appear to have lost heart or hope, and have resolved either to be exterminated or to lay down their arms with something more substantial to rely on than the Punic faith of the Porte.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS ON JOURNALISM.  
 Edited by Charles F. Wingate. New York :  
 T. B. Patterson. 1875.

This is a very provoking book in many respects. It contains a good deal of interesting information respecting American journalism, but this is spread over so large a space, that when the reader has waded through its three hundred and sixty pages, the first reflection which will occur to him almost inevitably will be that his time has been spent upon a labour which makes him no adequate return. Interviewing is itself an excrescence in modern journalism ; it is annoying to those who are its subjects, and eminently unsatisfactory to the public. When, however, a large volume, like the one before us, is made up of "interviews," the task of its perusal is one that few would undergo, except in the execution of their duty. If Mr. Wingate had given us some account of the newspaper people and a condensed statement of their views on the present needs and future prospects of journalism in America, he might have produced a readable volume within reasonable compass. As it is we have the opinions of no less than twenty-seven writers spun out in a merciless fashion, helter-skelter, without system and without any attempt to frame a general *consensus*, or even to classify the conflicting views and strike a balance between them. That the opinions of editors such as Whitelaw Reid, Dana, Halstead, Marble, Curtis, and others, are worth knowing will be readily admitted ; but there is no justification for presenting them in so chaotic a form as to leave no settled impression on the mind. The same may be said also of the reiteration again and again with a little variation in phrase of the same opinion. Moreover a great deal of mere padding in the shape of newspaper extracts—such as the pithy platitudes of Theodore Tilton about virtue and vice—might have been excluded with advantage. The modern art of book-making seems, to us a great nuisance, where it is not an actual fraud upon the time and pockets of the public.

Having said thus much in dispraise of Mr. Wingate's book, it is only fair to say it contains many valuable hints for the elevation of newspaper journalism, offered by men of shrewdness and experience. We can only refer here to two points, on one of which there seems to be con-

siderable difference, whilst on the other there is tolerable unanimity. The arguments for and against anonymous journalism are presented in various lights, though with little novelty or originality. It would perhaps have been difficult to say anything here on so well-worn a subject. The balance of opinion is clearly in favour of the existing system, and it appears certain that it will continue to obtain both in England and America. The other question is one of great moment, since upon its decision will depend the position of the newspaper press in future. Almost all writers who express an opinion in this volume are clearly convinced that the days of party journalism are numbered. They point to the fact, that as popular intelligence advances, readers are losing faith in the utterances of strictly party organs. The *Herald*, the *Tribune*, and all the ablest papers in the West and South have espoused the independent system, and adhere to it with more or less consistency. Partyism, there as well as here, has fallen into disrepute, and the newspaper press which clings to it through thick and thin has suffered in public estimation to an astonishing degree. There can be no doubt that the same is true of Canada, though we have not yet gone so far on the road to conscientious and independent expression of opinion as our neighbours. On this head there is no disagreement amongst the best American editors. They are all convinced that if the daily journal is to hold its own, it must cut itself adrift from party connections, and eschew entangling alliances with sinister interests of all sorts. There are many other topics touched upon, such as the proper price of the daily paper, the "dead-head" system, the true position of the advertiser, the insertion of special notices in the reading columns, &c.—all of them treated with sound and practical good sense.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW. By Anthony Trollope. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1875.

If this novel had been the work of a new and unknown author, it would probably have been received with general applause. Coming from the workshop of a popular artificer, it has met

with some adverse criticism, more or less deserved. An English reviewer has observed that Anthony Trollope knows how to write a novel only too well. He is an established favourite, especially in the boudoir, because he seems to have found the way to the universal heart of feminine humanity, mastered its mystery, and made himself acquainted with its likes and longings. Mr. Wilkie Collins has gone off into *bizarrie* in character and plot, and there is no other male novelist remaining of the old school who can hold his own with Mr. Trollope. Mr. Black, Mr. Blackmore, and a few others who might be named, are of the rising type—a new school in fact, of which George Eliot is the master, as indeed she is like to be of good novel and romance writing for many years to come. Anthony Trollope has lost none of his skill; there are no traces of artistic decadence in the work before us, but he seems to have abandoned those fields in which we used to delight in his company in former years. The cathedral close and cloisters, the freshness of the country parsonage, have disappeared to make way for the vulgarities of the stock exchange, and the gorgeous show of the *parvenu* plutocracy. The cunning of the character painter is unimpaired; but there is an evident straining after incident in ephemeral topics of interest. The Foreign Loans Committee report has been utilized by novelists, as the Whitechapel murder by the reporters, and this is an obvious mark of weakness. Mr. Grenville Murray, in the *Boudoir Cabal*, and Mr. Trollope in the latest of his novels, both snatch at it with all the zest of a penny-a-liner. The *Saturday Review* attacked both fictions, but not, we think, on strong ground. The authors, in the Rev. Nonus Nines of the one, and Mr. Alf of the other, trod, too sharply on the cynic's toes, and that would apparently account for his unwonted savagery. The character of Lady Carbury has been fastened upon as untrue to life, by an American critic of all others. He cannot believe that a titled lady could resort to her pen for support, much less seek to fill her depleted purse by unworthy angling for editorial support. It is always unwise in a foreigner to challenge the portraiture of a writer like Trollope. In his types he is never mistaken and should never be distrusted, unless upon incontrovertible proofs. Lady Carburys exist in English society, and it is to the credit of our novelist that he has contrived to soften the harshness of her character in that mysterious solvent, a mother's unselfish love of a worthless son. Mrs. Hurtle, a Western American, is perhaps the actor in the drama most offensive to the Boston critic; yet with Laura Fair in our recollection, it is hard to see why she should be called unnatural. It is no doubt to be regretted that novelists will insist upon selecting *outré* types of character like Mrs. Hurtle or Fiske, in dealing with America. Mr.

Trollope certainly must have met in the United States many a noble girl and many a fresh and worthy type of womanhood about whom he might have thrown a glow of interest and sympathy. Travelling, as he did, through the large cities and along well-traversed highways, he may have missed the worthy side of home life in America. Still he has managed to enlist the reader on Mrs. Hurtle's side in the end, and there is not much to complain of. Mr. Melmotte, we suppose, may stand for a Baron Grant, who comes to grief at last. Roger Carbury is a very honourable squire, but we should say rather a disagreeable person to live with, and the Longstaffes are not "nice," though strictly conventional. Hetta Carbury is a brisk little heroine, of course pretty and lovable, with a dash of the cat in her, as all heroines must be to save them from insipidity. Paul Montagu would no doubt make her a good husband; there is little to be said on behalf of his head, whatever we think of his heart. We only wish poor Marie Melmotte had been tethered to a better fate, but we cannot have everything mundane our own way, even in novels. The plot the reader must discover for him self or herself. As we have already observed the craft of the workman is as deft as ever, and the book as a whole is as interesting as it is pure and unobjectionable in tone throughout.

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EARTH TO EARTH; a Plea for a change of the system in our Burial of the Dead. By Francis Seymour Haden, F.R.C.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

ALTHOUGH the revival of cremation seems to have gained some footing in South Germany and Italy, there is no likelihood of its general or permanent success in Christendom. Appeals to ancient precedents will avail nothing as opposed to the general repugnance of modern society to the system. Its advocates have endeavoured to raise their hobby to the dignity of a fine art. They are fond of dilating upon the inoffensiveness of the crematory process, the thoroughness with which it performs its work, and the satisfaction it will be to sorrowing relatives to have the ashes of their deceased friends elaborately inurned as household treasures—comely additions in fact to our drawing-room furniture. All their efforts to convince will prove abortive; men will insist upon burying and being buried, and the only question is whether the present system of burial may not be so far improved upon, as to combine some regard for sanitary laws with a reasonable respect for prevailing opinions on the subject.

Mr. Seymour Haden, in this *brochure*, which is a reprint of three letters addressed to the *Times*, is opposed to cremation as costly, troublesome, and unacceptable. The writer remarks that there are 3,000 people dying in London

alone every week, and then proceeds to say:—"Apart from the fact that this (cremation) is only another and a clumsy way of burying the body, I doubt a general acquiescence in such a mode of disposing of it, and fear that the tendency may be to preserve it, and that room must be found somewhere for the 3,000 urns or other vessels capable of receiving it. What are we to do with these urns? Are we to reopen our church vaults (happily closed, though still uncleansed) for their reception, or take them into our houses and move them with our furniture with every change of abode? How will our sons' sons, who have lost all interest in us, feel disposed to treat them?" &c. Mr. Haden, therefore, is an advocate of burial, and he lays down six propositions on the subject, which we venture to condense. The earth, he contends, is the natural destination of all organized bodies that have lived and that die on the earth's surface. The evils cremationists complain of are not inseparable from interment, but are wholly of our own creation. These evils are twofold—the preservation of bodies too long before burial, and the enclosing of them in thick wood or metal coffins, so as to exclude the "beneficent agency of the earth." Air, he says, merely decomposes, the earth resolves and assimilates, and, therefore, any attempt to exclude the latter is a vain attempt to resist a Divine ordinance, and a wanton injury to the health and lives of the community. The debt of nature is not paid

in full until earth is returned to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust. In five or six years a body, interred in a natural way, would disappear, except a few crumbling bones and other dry and friable portions. Instead of doing this, our practice is to enclose the dead, and continue the process of putrefaction indefinitely to no useful purpose.

The plan of the writer is simply this, that if a coffin is used at all, "it should be of the thinnest substance," or "a coffin, the top and sides of which admitted of removal after the body has been lowered into the grave, or a coffin of some light permeable material, such as wicker or lattice work, open at the top, and filled in with any fragrant herbaceous matter that happened to be most readily obtainable. A layer of ferns or mosses for a bed, a bundle of sweet herbs for a pillow, and as much as it would still contain after the body had been gently laid in it of any aromatic or flowering plant for a coverlet—such a covering, in short, as, while it protected the body from the immediate pressure of the earth, as effectually as the stoutest oak, would yet not prevent its resolution." This new scheme has something reasonable as well as practical and sentimental about it, and may yet be realized in actual practice. Still it must not be forgotten that there is no subject on which men are more conservative in their notions, especially as it is bound up with confused notions of a religious dogma.

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## CURRENT LITERATURE.

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MR. GREG dons again the prophetic mantle and utters his Cassandrian message through the medium of the *Contemporary Review*. His article on the "Right Use of a Surplus" is not made up, however, of lugubrious prophecy of all that cannot be averted. On the contrary, it is, in the main, eminently practical and sound. The first reflection that occurs to the writer is that in every age there is some special duty prominently presented—some abuse to reform, or some danger to avert. The mischief is that the old evils and the old issues are perpetuated long after they have ceased to be of any importance. "The notions, the animosities, and the fears of the fathers are frequently transmitted to the sons, who live under the reformed régime, and have an entirely different set of dangers to contend against; yet they go on repeating phrases and formulas that have lost their meaning, fighting against antagonists that are dead and buried, or at

least have become shadowy and insignificant, and pursuing objects that perhaps have already been pursued too far. The prevalent habit of mind, the direction or *set* of principles and maxims, survive the circumstances which were their origin and justification; and, like all such survivals, become noxious as soon as they cease to be useful. Weapons and tools should be religiously buried when they have won their victory and finished their work." Mr. Greg proceeds to show how this has been the case in financial matters, by giving a sketch of the monstrous abuses in expenditure, and the onerous and invidious system of taxation against which our fathers contended. Everything is now changed, wages are higher, food is cheaper, the incidence of taxation has been adjusted, every vexatious impost has been abolished, customs duties have been reduced to a minimum, and yet people are still crying for further remissions. The gist of the writer's



complaint is that this cry is kept up by class or trade interests, and employed as an *ad captandum* appeal by politicians, when it has no justification. This position is fortified by an elaborate array of statistics. "We are," he says, "the richest nation on the earth, and yet we submit to be told by our orators in Parliament that we are not rich enough to discharge our duties, or to mend our social evils, or avert our coming perils. We find ourselves with millions of surplus revenue when our annual budget is unveiled to us—last year it was six millions—yet our constant question is not 'What best can we do with it?' but 'To what clamorous interest or class shall we give it away?' Mr. Greg contends that the national prosperity now enjoyed by England will not, at any rate, may not, be lasting, and that, therefore, instead of following Mr. Gladstone's system of flinging away surpluses when the country can afford to spend them, and when it is their duty to spend them, they should be utilized now while we have them. There are six objects of expenditure which Mr. Greg regards as of immediate and pressing importance—the Army, the Administration of Justice, Irish National Education, the Reduction of the National Debt, Sanitary Measures, and the Relief of Local Taxation. He contends that if Parliament refuses to apply its revenue to these purposes now when the country is wealthy and prosperous, and taxation light, it will bitterly rue its so-called economy in the day of peril.

Dr. Carpenter's paper on "Ocean Circulation" is exceedingly instructive, as well as interesting, although, from its length, it is impossible to give an adequate idea of its contents here. The writer sums up the results of exploration in H. M. S. *Challenger*, and the U. S. steamer *Tuscarora*, with a view to substantiating the theory of deep-sea current from the poles towards the equator, and a return current in the reverse direction. By this means a never-ceasing circulation of the great seas is kept up and life rendered possible at all depths. It is noticeable that the old notion of the Gulf Stream as a modifier of climate in Western Europe is exploded without ceremony. The climatic influence of the main currents of ocean, both in the Atlantic and Pacific, is traced with great care. Professor Huxley meets another antagonist in the person of Lord Blachford, better known, perhaps, as Sir Frederick Rogers. The writer has very little confidence in the physiological method as applied to psychology. Preferring to rest entirely on what we, or more properly each *Ego*, know by consciousness or experience, he endeavours to follow in the path marked out by Descartes. The method need not be followed out here in detail. It may suffice to say that his lordship arrives at this just conclusion:—"In all this I seem to myself to have shown that the evidence of the sensitiveness of human beings is as conclusive as any-

thing can well be, and that, with unimportant difference of degree, the evidence for the sensitiveness of animals is the same as the evidence for the sensitiveness of men other than ourselves." He denies, therefore, that a "dog is only a better kind of *marionette*," and demands the proof, if any, that he is. Then follows a rather slashing criticism of Professor Huxley, of which we must content ourselves with an example. Quoting a passage in the Professor's *quasi-demonstration*, in which follow successively the phrases—"it is a highly probable conclusion," "it is further highly probable," and as an inference from these premises, "We may assume, then," Lord Blachford parallels the argument thus:—"Remove from a piquet pack the diamonds and draw a card, 1. It is highly probable (in fact 2 to 1) that it will be a black card. 2. It is also highly probable (in fact 5 to 3) that it will not be a picture card. Mr. Huxley's conclusion would be 'we may assume' that it will be a non-picture card of spades or clubs—the fact being that the odds are 15 to 9 against its being so." Mr. Walter Edwards has a plea against the English Poor Law, and in favour of its early repeal. We observe that he is not aware that there are alms-houses supported by the State in New England, and that a system of out-door relief has been instituted, which places them in the same category with the English workhouse.

Three essays, or rather skeletons of essays, are published under the title of a discussion "On the Scientific Basis of Morals." Professor Clifford's part is, as he describes it, very "crude," indeed, we scarcely see how a thinker of his acuteness could have penned it, if he had thoroughly thought out his subject. His theory of the "Tribal Self" is a sort of fancy patchwork, for which Hobbes and Rousseau are mainly answerable, supplemented by touches from Darwin, Spencer, and Tylor. Bentham he repudiates altogether, and his derivation of Conscience, Right, and Responsibility are marvellous examples of imaginative skill. "P. C. W." replies, starting with a denial of the supernatural, of any essential difference between men and animals, and of any creator, and then he wants to know how the possible systems of ethics on this basis should treat a woman suffering with an incurable cancer. Should they nurse her, &c., for the remainder of her days? Should they leave her alone? Or should they terminate her existence? He then examines these questions by the light of these three theories:—the Mechanical or Automatic (Huxley's), the Utilitarian (Mill's), and the Perfectionist (Clifford's). His conclusion is that none of them can give a satisfactory answer, and that no answer is possible without a belief in the existence of an intelligent Creator, and in the spiritual part of man. Mr. Frederick Harrison, in the third part, is not at his best. He agrees with P. C. W. in the main, but

objects to his Theism. Of Mr. Matthew Arnold's concluding paper in defence, we have no space left to speak. In this part he examines the Gospel of St. John, and deduces as the result the evidence that the *logia* or discourses of Jesus reported there are mainly his.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a readable paper by Mr. Horace White, giving "An American's Impressions of England." First impressions are almost invariably superficial, but Mr. White appears to have visited the mother-country with a better furnished mind than most of his fellow-countrymen who make the grand tour can boast. The tone of the paper is almost uniformly approbatory, except when he treats of the construction of railway carriages and luggage arrangements. England, the writer says, is "more republican" than the United States, because in it "public opinion acts more speedily, surely, and effectively." He does not favour universal suffrage, and thinks England has already gone far enough, if not too far, in the path of enfranchisement. Justice, he contends, is more surely and expeditiously administered there. The first cause assigned for this difference may be commended to the framers of the Supreme Court Act. It is that "English Judges are not concerned to determine the constitutionality of any statute," as American courts are. The latter "have to determine not only the interpretation of the law, but whether it was competent for the legislature to pass the law; and the legislatures, both national and state, have fallen into the habit of passing bills of a doubtful conformity to the constitution, relying upon the courts to correct their errors, if any—a habit which may be mildly characterized as slovenly, dangerous, and destructive of all sense of legislative responsibility. One-third of all the delay and expense of law suits (except those of a strictly common-law type) arises from the necessity imposed upon Judges of deciding upon the constitutionality of statutes." This does not offer a bright prospect to Chief Justice Richards and his colleagues, nor does it promise well for the future of Canadian legislation. In educational matters, Mr. White thinks England will eventually take the lead, and he regards the land system there as practically unalterable. The State Church he believes to be "tolerably well braced," that Dissent is making no headway against it, and that the New Learning is its only formidable enemy. The English landscape, sanitary reform, and the drinking customs, are made the occasion of some shrewd remarks—above all, he is delighted with the civil service system of England, which he contrasts with the party method of promotion in America.

Mr. Lyall's essay on "The Divine Myths of India" is the work of a writer thoroughly conversant with his subject. It must be read through to be properly appreciated, but its two

main positions admit of brief statement. He maintains, as against Grote, that myths are never mere creations of human imagination, but are merely founded on a substratum of fact. The other contention is that the polytheistic deities of India, at all events, owe their origin to apotheoses of departed men. The fashionable theory in comparative mythology is that all heathen deities had their origin in the personation of natural phenomena, either of matter or force. Mr. Buckle made a notable error when he stated that Greece deified heroes because nature there was on a small scale, whereas the Hindoo, overwhelmed by the vastness of the world, and the overwhelming power of the agencies at work on it, made gods of natural phenomena. Mr. Lyall says that the entire notion is a mistake. The Hindoo worships the departed great as gods, and then attributes to them famine, war, pestilence, or any other evil that afflicts him. The process is thus reversed, the phenomena are attributed to supernatural beings, not converted into such beings; and he further tells us that the practice is maintained in every part of India at the present day. Mr. Symonds, who has contributed so many valuable papers on Greek and Italian literature, contributes a sketch of "Sophocles" and his relation to Æschylus and Euripides. His analysis of the great dramatist's art is exceedingly lucid and thorough; but we are rather surprised to see that he apparently agrees with Goethe's sneer at the dying speech of Antigone, in which we fail to see anything "bordering on the comic." Mr. Jenner's paper on "Women at the Swiss Universities," should be read by all friends of higher female education. It is a plain statement of the practical results of an experiment tried at Zurich chiefly, but also at Berne. The writer has the advantage of being able to produce the testimony of eminent professors in both universities, testifying unequivocally to its eminent success.

Mr. Morley continues his life of Diderot. The latest instalment covers the period of the *Encyclopædia*, and extends over forty-five pages. When completed, the biography will, no doubt, be published in a separate form, and should be carefully studied by all who desire to hear the other side of the question. Religious people almost shudder at the names of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and D'Alembert, whom they confuse with Robespierre, Carrier, and the headsmen of the Terror. Mr. Morley's three biographies will enlighten them on the subject of the three philosophical masters of the eighteenth century. We need hardly say that the style of these works is eminently lucid and attractive, and that with the strict regard for truth characteristic of the author, no fault is extenuated, no paltriness ignored or glossed over with apologetic varnish. Probably the large majority of Mr. Morley's readers will differ from *im toto celo* on religious and philosophical grounds,

yet we believe they will freely acknowledge their indebtedness to him when they rise from a perusal of these works. Perhaps no work so little understood is so often stigmatized with opprobrious epithets as the *Encyclopædia*. Morley gives an interesting account of the gigantic enterprise from the first—the accident, to which it owed its inception, the difficulties it had to encounter from the fickle temper of the Government, the hostility of Jesuit and Jansenist, the defection of Rousseau, the imprudent publication, by Helvétius, of his work *De L'Esprit*, and finally the perfidy of the publisher, Le Breton. Through all these difficulties, Diderot struggled, even after D'Alembert had abandoned the work in despair. Mr. Morley admits that Diderot not only admitted but also wrote articles in which he did not believe. That on Jesus Christ was “obviously a mere piece of common form,” and more than one passage in his article on *Christianisme* are undoubtedly insincere. So in his “more careful article, *Providence*,” we find it impossible to extract from it a body of coherent propositions of

which we could confidently say that they represented his own creed or the creed that he desired his readers to bear away in their minds.” How far Diderot's disingenuousness may be defended in consideration of the perils by which he was environed is a delicate question in casuistry each reader must answer for himself.

The Conservative Government has won the hearts of the Trade Unionists by its Master and Servants' and Criminal Law Amendment Acts, and if a General Election were to take place just now, the Home Secretary's work would probably secure the triumph of his Government in spite of its many sins of omission; Mr. Henry Compton's paper on the “Workman's Victory,” will be exceedingly welcome to Mr. Cross. It is laudatory throughout, yet a gentle hint is thrown out that something more is wanting to secure the complete adhesion of the artisans. A strong contrast is drawn between the sneering utterances of Mr. Bruce and Sir George Jessel and the substantial work done for them by the Tories.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

IN the October number of last year, we took the opportunity, presented by the opening of Mrs. Morrison's “Grand Opera House,” of initiating a new department of this Magazine—that of “Music and the Drama.” In that issue we took occasion to preface our notices of the local stage by a few words upon the functions of the theatre, and of that art which brings its lovers into that conscious pleasureableness, and that intelligent sympathy with each other, which none other can so effectively and universally create. On the present occasion, and at the re-opening of the Opera House for the new season, it may not seem out of place, if we say a word or two further on the theme which a year ago occupied our pen, more particularly with reference to those higher influences of the drama, as a recreative art and an entertaining educator, which may be made to emanate from the stage, and which may win for its future in our midst an existence fruitful in the moral and intellectual culture of its patrons. The play, when instinct with healthy life, and when under the direction of one whose taste is refined, and whose efforts are based upon the best traditions of the stage, is emphatically a source of innocent delight, and a means of agreeable instruction. In the delineation of character, in the play of motive and action, in the presentation of every gift of speech, every grace of ac-

tion and deportment, every impulse to lofty thought and feeling, the acted drama presents a scope for their exercise and display, such as the art of neither novelist, poet, nor painter can give, and which may embody the highest efforts of each, and be a satisfying substitute for the deprivation of any, or all of them. As an antidote, moreover, to the over-slavish, and mercenary, commercial spirit of the age, and as a means of relieving the biting tedium of a period of business stagnation and money stringency, such as exists in the country at present, and of qualifying the otherwise objectionable results of over-carefulness for the “morrow of this life,” it is an effective, happy, and legitimate factor. Still, as an important means in achieving these results, and as an entertainment which all can indulge in without regret, it is charged that it comes short of satisfying even the most well-disposed criticism, and fails in allaying the most rational and reasonable of scruples. Rare are the performances, it is said, that can attract an intelligent play-goer to witness them more than once, and that only at great intervals. Even where the best of plays are put upon the boards, there is that in their representation that offends the critical eye and ear, and presses home upon the spectator the impression, that his night at the play is a mis-spent evening. Faults in mounting, crudities in acting, defi-

encies in support, and other depressing features reveal themselves, and that portion of an audience that can better employ itself than by sitting out a performance that grates upon the ear, and wearies the brain, quits the house disenchanted with its attractions, and worried by its shortcomings. The remedy for this is not far to seek. In a great degree it is a question of expense—and with an augmented interest in theatrical affairs on the part of the public, objections such as these would be removed.

In addition to an active enterprise in securing the stars of the theatrical world—and there should be no stunt in the endeavour to bring them on the boards of the Opera House—one great requisite is an efficient and attractive stock company. The management last season was only fairly successful in regard to this essential. But its importance should be thoroughly appreciated. How often do we find a performance, clever and artistic in itself, dragging and palling by the utter inability of some of the actors to appreciate the points of the play represented or to apprehend its drift, and how more frequently do we find the good acting of some member of a troupe utterly marred by the *gaucheries* of one less gifted; and the pleasure thus received from the efforts of the intelligent and pains-taking actor thoroughly damped by the deficiencies of him who is otherwise. It is not the question of genius and inspiration in an actor that we are discussing, but the contrasts presented in the actor who has brought study, culture, refinement, and art to bear upon his work, and him who is utterly lacking in any of those requisites, and has yet to learn the very alphabet of his profession. But not a little of the responsibility necessarily falls upon the stage manager, whose duty it not only is to exercise a judicious supervision over the plays put upon the boards, but to see that they are properly mounted, their parts intelligently represented, and that the piece shall possess a symmetry and completeness, without which it must fail of its effect. It is not only that there shall be triumphs of acting, and successes in scenic display, but care should be taken that the atmosphere that surrounds and attaches to a play shall be preserved. Much of this is frequently lost in the mechanical style of the representation, and the play is made to fall from the standard of art to which it belongs, to that of a peripatetic show, to which it ought to have no kinship. Of course, for the sensational drama, these niceties of representation are not of so much consequence; but for the imaginative drama, they are prime requisites; and as they are absent or present, so the play may be said to be artistically presented or otherwise. Another feature on the boards that may give pleasure or annoyance to the play-goer is the manner, the voice, and the bearing of the actor. On these again, much depends. A distinction of bearing and deportment, and an ease

and self-possession of manner, contribute greatly to the impression created upon the spectator, and aid in no little degree, to elevate the play and impart an imposing effect to the representation.

But the pre-requisite of gifts is that of the voice, which in intonation and flexibility should be carefully sought for, of that which is pleasing in the one, and of variety and compass in the other. Nothing so much disturbs a house as to learn of the approach of an actor from the wings of the stage by familiarity with the defects of his voice. And on the contrary, there are few things more pleasing to an audience, than to listen to a well-delivered phrase, or a fine bit of declamation, in a voice that has not only power and pathos, but in a tone which is tuneful and agreeable to the ear, and that haunts the recollection, it may be, long after it is heard.

How far the management of the Opera House may be said to have selected its company, and placed its representations on the boards of the theatre, with a full appreciation of those requirements, in regard to the one and the other, which are so necessary to success, it is not, of course, for us to say. We have only to do with results; though, considering the experience, judgment, and energy of Mrs. Morrison, we should only be doing her justice in taking it for granted that her efforts to cater for the lovers of the drama in Toronto, have always been directed by that intelligent apprehension of the business of her profession, which has hitherto been her distinctive characteristic. Yet, it is not to be forgotten, that the drama in Canada is only in process of naturalization, and that it is but yesterday that we had a building worthy of being designated as a Theatre, or an Opera House. Moreover, there are few amongst us who can play the helpful *role* of a dramatic critic, and those who possess a sound judgment in theatrical matters, and who are capable of giving their opinion of a play without betraying the zeal of the partisan, or the gush of the youthful enthusiast, may be counted on one's fingers. To expect as yet, therefore, any very exalted standard of excellence, either in regard to the class of plays produced at the Opera House, or in the manner of their production, would be unreasonable; and to judge of the result here by comparison with the achievements of the London and Paris stage, would be a foolish injustice. Here we have no recognized class of play-goers, except those frequenters of the theatre that belong to the more frivolous and unemployed section of society, and the audience that is drawn from those visiting the city is as yet too small to be of much account. In the face of these facts, the sight that meets one at the play, and bearing in mind the large and continuous expense involved in the "running" of a theatre, is not only creditable in itself, but an achievement in the interest of the dramatic art in our midst that calls for the warmest com-

mendation. At the same time, while we deprecate undue fault-finding, and are not unmindful of the inappreciation of such an enterprise as that of Mrs. Morrison, on the part of a large class of the community that ought to be interested in, and helpful towards such labours, we cannot but urge the management to greater efforts in increasing the attraction of the Opera House. A more ample capital should be at command if necessary, to secure first-class talent, and there should be no stint in the amount required to obtain the "stars" of the profession. Our observation of the large houses drawn nightly, through the lengthy engagements of Miss Neilson and Mrs. Rousby last season, would justify the statement that the public will appreciatively and adequately remu-

nerate high-class talent. It may also be safely said, that the public will, on the admitted principle of giving value for a good article, give due support to those who merit it, and who are worthy of it. Let there be but the persistent effort in the higher direction we have pointed out, and though the labour may be great, the cost large, the sympathizers few, and the disappointments many, the final result can never be in doubt. Having extended these remarks beyond the limits of our space, and as the season has only just begun, we shall defer until our next issue to notice the plays that have so far been produced at the Grand Opera House, and our remarks upon the actors who have presented themselves.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Readers of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY will, we doubt not, be glad to learn that arrangements have been completed, by which the publishers are enabled to offer *The Academy*, a literary weekly of the highest rank among London critical journals, at reduced rates, for Canadian circulation. It is arranged, also, to furnish *The Academy* to subscribers of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, on the clubbing system, at a special price, to be posted (free) from the office of publication in London, direct to subscribers. Specimen copies, with quotation rates for single and club subscriptions, will shortly be sent from the office of THE MONTHLY. Messrs. Dawson Bros., of Montreal, the agents of *The Academy* for Quebec and Maritime Provinces, will extend the eastern subscribers of THE MONTHLY, the same advantages of clubbing with that periodical.

"Castle Daly, the story of our Irish home, thirty years ago," which appeared in *Macmillan's* Magazine, is now issued in separate form. The novel is written by Miss Annie Keary, and is said to be excellent both in manner and matter. Messrs. Macmillan have also issued a very interesting Scotch story, said to be written by the wife of an Oxford Professor, entitled, "The Harbour Bar."

Two new works of interest to the banking community are just announced, Professor Bonamy Price's treatise on "Currency and Banking," and Professor Jevon's contribution to the International Scientific Series, on "Money and the Science of Exchange."

A Canadian Edition will shortly appear of a new work by Miss Muloch, author of John Halifax, gentleman, bearing the title of "Sermons out of Church." A reprint of Miss Alcott's new novel, "Eight Cousins, or the Aunt-Hill," is issued by Messrs. Dawson Bros., of Montreal.

Messrs. Blackwood publish an interesting work, taken from *Blackwood's* Magazine, by Mr. Andrew Mercer, entitled, "The Abode of Snow," comprising the result of observations on a journey from Chinese Thibet to the Indian Caucasus, through the Upper Valleys of the Himalaya.

An interesting Report on the Geology and Resources of the region, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, undertaken in connection with the British North American Boundary Commission, by Mr. George Mercer Dawson, a son, we believe of Principal Dawson of McGill College, has just been issued by the Messrs. Dawson, of Montreal. We hope to notice it at some length in our next issue.

Messrs. Walker and Miles, of Toronto, have issued a handsome folio volume, entitled, "The New Standard Atlas of the Dominion of Canada," which must prove of value for reference to all classes. The work is compiled from the latest official maps and surveys, and comprises a series of topographical, geological, and railway maps of the country.

A new work entitled, "The Dawn of Life," by Principal Dawson, of Montreal, is announced by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, of London. The work consists of an account of the oldest known fossil remains, and their relations to geological time, and to the development of the animal kingdom.

An original and important contribution on the subject of Secular Changes of the Earth's Climate, by Mr. James Croll, of H. M. Geological Survey, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Appleton & Co. The work, which is said to be one of the most philosophical contributions to the science of geology within the last century, is entitled "Climate and Time in their Geological relations."