

# THE WEEK:

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## A PAROCHIAL MISSION.

How to reach the masses? This is a question which is being anxiously asked by every section of the Christian Church. For it is quite certain that, however superior the masses may be, according to Mr. Gladstone, in political discernment, at least they are largely untouched by religion. Persons in better circumstances do, for the most part, attend some place of worship. At least there are not a great many families whose position is supposed to be above that of the working class, of which some of the members do not go to church somewhere; and this, whether they live in town or in the country.

As regards, however, the condition of the labouring classes in our great cities and towns, it is a matter of certainty that the vast majority of them are not found on the Lord's Day in any of our churches or chapels or places of worship. If any one doubts this, let him get the statistics of the outlying districts of the English metropolis, and compare the increase of population with the church provision that is made for their accommodation. Let any one take the city of New York, and, without going into its squalid localities, let him select any block, from, say, Third Avenue to the East River, or from the Eighth Avenue to the North River, taking in twenty or thirty streets, and let him find out the population of that block, and then ask how many of them can be got into all the churches of every kind that are to be found within that area, or anywhere near its boundary. What is to be done? Perhaps the best answer to that question is to go and do something; and even if it is not done in the best possible manner, or according to the most perfect theories, earnest work will seldom be done in vain.

The writer is not forgetting how strongly many persons feel on this subject—some holding that it is absolutely necessary to depart from conventional types of service if we would reach those who are at present alienated from the gospel, others holding that it is most injurious to adopt any methods which are not sanctioned by custom and authority. Between these extreme theorists stands the large mass of commonplace Christian people who believe, on the one hand, that no special methods are required, but only a more diligent working of the old; and, on the other, that new methods which are found practically useful are not to be condemned, unless it can be proved that they are productive of greater evils than those which they remedy, or at least that the good which they effect could be quite as well done in other ways, without the evil consequences connected with them. Under the methods thus brought into doubt, many sober Christians not lacking in enthusiasm would place the system of the Salvation Army.

Without pretending to settle these questions, the writer would like to give some account of a mission established in the city of New York, on Avenue A, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets, in the district adjoining the Church of St. George, Stuyvesant Square. It is well known that a new experiment was tried in the way of popularizing this church, by making the seats free and unappropriated, at the accession of the present rector, Dr. Rainsford. This experiment has been eminently successful, a fact which is attested by the largeness of the congregation, and by the

presence of all classes, rich and poor, especially at the Sunday evening services.

It was evident, however, that there were multitudes—probably thousands—within the sound of the sonorous bell of St. George's, who gave no heed to its invitation or to any other of a similar kind; and about two years ago a room was opened in Avenue A, at which services were conducted of an informal character to which all kinds of people were invited and entreated to come.

This movement has gone on for two years, and is still conducted with so much zeal and devotion that there is a service held in the Mission Room every evening, and on Sunday two services and a Sunday-school. Sometimes a clergyman conducts the service, sometimes a layman, frequently several conductors are present, but always some one is responsible for the service. It is only the consideration that these lines may fall under the eyes of those devoted men that prevents the writer saying what he would wish to say respecting the wonderful union of enthusiasm with practical common sense and skill in some of the laymen who form the strength of this work.

Some time before the hour appointed for the service, a little group appear at the street door of the Mission Room, with hymn books in their hands. The leader gives out a hymn, which is sung heartily by the workers, by a number of children who are sure to be there, and even by some of the passers-by. The hymns used are "Gospel Hymns" of the Moody and Sankey type—hymns and tunes, not of a high order, but evidently well adapted for this purpose, and, as far as the writer has remarked, perfectly harmless.

By and by, the assembled crowd are informed that service is to be held inside, and they are invited to come and take part in it. After they are seated, the hymn-singing is begun again, and continued for some time—an admirable provision for preventing talking or confusion before what would be called the beginning of the service.

Then the leader rises and gives notice that they will begin the service by singing a certain hymn; this is generally done standing. After the hymn a prayer is offered, generally extempore, sometimes consisting of a few collects. Then another hymn is sung. Then some one rises and reads a portion of Scripture, which he expounds, or else, without doing so, speaks in a plain and simple manner on some subject which he considers adapted to the character and circumstances of his hearers.

The order of the service here becomes a little uncertain. Permission is given to any one present to ask any questions, or to bear his testimony to the power of the gospel, or to bring to the notice of the leaders some special case needing attention or intercession.

It is perhaps at this point that the greatest difference of opinion will be felt, some holding that these testimonies are in many ways dangerous and likely to be productive of mischief. The writer has a certain amount of sympathy with these feelings. What he has here to say, however, is that, as far as his own observation has gone, he has seen nothing but good in the manner of conducting this work at the Avenue A Mission. In various ways such testimonies have been valuable. They have strengthened the hands of the workers. They have helped to confirm the converts—a confirmation sorely needed; and they have encouraged others to come forward.

Generally speaking, they are brief, quiet, humble, unpretending. It is quite true that such methods afford good opportunities for boasting; the writer can only say that he has not been present when they have been thus misused. He might give examples. One night a respectable workman, with a German accent, said that, by attending the services there, he had been led to an entire change of life, so that, whereas a year or two ago he had been a terror to his wife and family, he had now a thoroughly happy Christian home. The man had come in one evening when prayers were asked for his unhappy wife, who had borne her lot patiently and uncomplainingly, and was now almost despairing. The wife's patience, the testimony at the meeting, the prayers of the people, bore their fruit. The man was utterly changed.

Another time the reading had been on death as the wages of sin. A man stood up and said that he had been delivered by the work of the Mission, and he had tried to bring a fellow-workman to the services. One day he had told him he was going. "What was the use of that kind of stuff?" was the reply. The man was drinking. That night, in a fit of

drunkenness, he had gone and hanged himself; and he, the speaker, had brought to the meeting that night the brother of this drunken suicide, and asked those present to pray for him. The effect produced by this testimony was deepened still further when a woman got up and told how her own brother had gone down to a drunkard's grave. "I sometimes wish I were a Catholic," she said, "that I might pray for him; but we can pray for this man here to-night."

The spirit of the workers was excellent. There was no elation, no boasting, no sanguine forecasting of results. Sometimes, they said, they were tempted to despond; and then they would hear of people getting good, whom they never remembered to have seen, who had not come back to tell them of it.

If any one should doubt the need of some special agency to reach the people in that district, he should take a walk round the streets on a Sunday afternoon. The houses are large and good. They bear nothing of the appearance of Seven Dials, as it was some years ago. They are comparatively new, well built, and apparently "respectable." But the inhabitants! The passers-by need not remain in doubt. The young men of that quarter are of a cheerful and familiar affability. They address strangers without the slightest pride or bashfulness. They are, many of them, as near barbarians as could well be in a great and civilized city like New York.

Even if one could point out mistakes or disadvantages in connection with such a work, he might well have his mouth shut by the remembrance of the sore need. If you know a better way than this, try it. If not, at least bid God-speed to those who are doing their best, according to their lights.

But the writer saw nothing to find fault with, much to be thankful for, much to admire. Doubtless the work will need vigilant supervision; but without this no work can be successful.

One possible evil should be mentioned as having a tendency to connect itself with such a work—especially where the clergyman is single handed. It might be supposed by an enthusiastic and ill taught evangelist, that the type of work which is adapted for such purposes might equally be employed in the public services of the Church. There is no great danger of this error in a place where there are so many clergymen and laymen at work. Each one has his own gift, and his own work. But there might be such a danger where a clergyman was alone, or had only laymen to assist him. The more useful he found these Christy Minstrel like melodies, the more he accustomed himself to use them, the more he might come to suppose that they should supplant the historical hymnody of the Church. It would be a miserable degradation of Christian music. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" is a pretty thing enough, and useful in its way. But compare it with "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," or "Jesus, Lover of My Soul;" or compare the music of the one with the other!

So there may be a like danger in regard to Christian teaching. A mere hortatory, experimental, and practical kind of preaching, consisting largely in appeals based upon personal experience, has its use. If it were to supplant the solid didactic method in the ordinary congregation, it would be most mischievous. The ordinary worshippers in church do not need it. It is not adapted for them. Except as a special thing, it would do them no good. But this is the only danger that seems likely to be connected with these methods of work, and it ought not to be difficult to guard against it. With educated and cultivated clergymen it will be possible to do the one work without neglecting the other. C.

#### AUGUST AMONG THE ISLANDS.

THE beautiful pleasure ground of the St. Lawrence is all alive at present with the seekers of rest and holiday among its island mazes, and the "Meet" of the American Canoe Association is in full force. Steamboats and steam launches of all sorts and sizes, alternating with white-winged yachts, are perpetually darting up and down with their cargoes of holiday-makers; and a pleasanter vacation rest can scarcely be imagined than drifting in a skiff among the winding channels, or swinging in a hammock under the shade of oak or pine, catching, through the interlacing boughs swaying lightly in the breeze, charming little vignettes of blue river and clustered islets; while above your head a gray squirrel or a chipmunk is busily chattering, and the woodpecker is tapping away with his resonant bill a few yards from your hand. There is no way of really seeing the beauty of the Thousand Islands except sojourning among them for a few days at least. He who merely rushes through them in a river steamer is generally wearied by the monotony of seeing thirty miles of a scenery which has no striking features, and which must be seen in detail and at leisure to be appreciated at all. But to the patient explorer the islands more and more unfold their almost inexhaustible beauty, and hold him a willing captive under their spell.

From the midst of a dusty city to a tent in some sequestered island-nook, or to one of the pleasant country houses or summer cottages abounding on the river, is as great a contrast as can be imagined. Those whose holiday is limited often prefer the primitive tent in the midst of nature's wildness, while those who can remain longer generally like best the more permanent home, where the comforts of ordinary life are combined with perfect freedom—air of the purest, bathing *ad libitum* in the clearest water—albeit *fresh*—and such exquisite views as one may see set in the frame of the open French window, or between veranda pillars, where all about you are islands, river, and rocks of all picturesque forms, and tender hues of rose and gray. The granitic formation of the rock is indeed one of the chief beauties of the scenery, for the rich, ruddy tones and delicate shades of rose, gray, and sea-green, contrast most charmingly with the varying tints of the foliage, from the exquisite pale hues of early spring, to all the glow and splendour of October. In August, of course, the colouring is not so varied, and we have neither the rich scarlet clusters of the wild columbine, nor the crimson and purple festoons of the Virginia creepers and the sumach, to contrast with the gray, lichen-crusting crags. But there are still a few bright wild roses left among the gray rocks, and the golden red quickly lights them up with a mass of rich colour. And the river itself is always beautiful, in its constantly changing tints, from sunrise to sunset, passing through all the exquisite gradations of purple, gray, sapphire, and turquoise blue, to the mingled gold and rose and purple of a rich summer sunset. An August morning or afternoon, when the river lies calm and almost colourless as a glass mirror, giving back every outline and tint of the clusters of rock and foliage that seem to lie lightly on its breast,—while the distant woods and islands are veiled in a soft purple haze, and here and there a white line on the river indicates the slight ripple of a wandering breeze, and your boat may drift idly and aimlessly through one charming vista after another—gives as good an idea of the land of the lotus eaters, where "it seemeth always afternoon," as could easily be found. While, if you want a striking contrast, you may chance upon a wild night of wind and rain, and thunder and lightning, when the green islands look like dark, frowning river giants, and the crags give back the thunder peals in endless reverberations, and the white surf dashes madly on the more exposed rocks with a force that would threaten instant destruction to your skill if it were caught and dashed against them. But such things are rare at this season, and, in general, the river greets its summer visitors with its gentlest and softest aspects.

These miles of rocky islands—most of them richly wooded—were for years given up to the sole possession of their furred and feathered inhabitants, only looked at from afar by the passengers on our river steamers, or more fully appreciated by the enterprising yachting and camping parties who occasionally pitched their tents among these almost untrodden solitudes. Sir Richard Cartwright, as a youth, was one of the earliest campers among these islands, whose capabilities as a summer resort he always fully appreciated. It is only within the last ten or twelve years that the idea of building summer cottages on them, for permanent occupation, has become so comparatively widespread and popular. It only needed a few pioneers to set the example, which every year is more numerous followed. The building of the great summer hotel at Alexandria Bay, the "Thousand Island House," gave a marked impetus to the occupation of islands on the American side of the river; and the formation of the "Thousand Island Park" on Well's Island, by a company of shrewd Americans, transformed one of the largest American islands into a populous little summer city of tents, cottages, hotels, and boarding-houses. The bustling scene on the crowded docks, where excursion steamers are perpetually disgorging passengers' luggage during July and August, does not seem much like Arcadia; but a few minutes' walk takes one into sylvan arcades where the white tents and gaily painted cottages gleam with a pleasant suggestiveness through the embowering trees, while you catch glimpses decidedly Arcadian, of families enjoying their dinner or tea *al fresco*, or of some staid and respectable citizen and *pater familias* taking his *otium cum dignitate* at full length in a hammock—slung between over-arching trees, decidedly the most luxurious mode of taking a siesta. Most of these summer residents are Americans, with a sprinkling of Canadians from the vicinity. Our American friends carry some of their characteristic traits with them into this sylvan life. The writer chanced to hear one buxom dame narrating to a friend how a party of transient visitors had asked her to let them have the use of her tent and dinner table for an evening repast, after her own family had done with it, and how she had, after some consideration, acceded to the request and had charged the party fifty cents for her trouble in washing the dishes used:

*Colum non animum mutantur qui trans fluvium currunt.*

Alexandria Bay, as well as Well's Island, is an animated scene with the arriving and departing steamers, and trim, luxurious yachts, the daintily

equipped skiffs darting to and fro, the parties of visitors in stylish New York toilets lounging on the wide piazzas or just setting out on some water excursion. The view from the tower of the "Thousand Island House" is a magnificent one, commanding the whole channel of the river, east and west, for some twenty miles, with the large wooded mass of Well's Island in the foreground, the tower of Westminster Park rising above the trees, while below, the wide, blue river, studded with islands, stretches away towards Brockville, and above, the eye follows the narrow, winding channel, crowded with islands in most picturesque grouping, which lies between Well's Island and the mainland of the State of New York, stretching a rugged surface, partially wooded, for miles away in the background,—a little river, with its rushes and water lilies, winding out close by. Looking, or sailing up the "American Channel," as this part of the river is called, one feels as if the populating business were a little overdone! The eye grows tired of one trim, gaily painted villa after another, and it is quite a refreshing contrast to glide round into our quiet Canadian waters, where the solitary Lorn glides in unmolested dignity amid islands whose tangled shades are still as unspoiled by man as when, two hundred years ago, De Frontenac and La Salle made a state progress through their many windings with their retinue of canoes and *bateaux*. It may well be hoped that Government will reserve a reasonable proportion of the islands to be kept in their primitive wildness,—a bit of pure nature, in which eyes grown weary of city streets may find occasional rest and refreshment. The camper's tent among the trees does not spoil the sylvan picture,—rather gives it an added interest; and if campers are careful—as they ought to be—not to injure the beauty amid which they pitch their tents, it is well that they should have some free space wherein to wander and sojourn at will.

The American Canoe Association has, for two or three summers past, fixed its annual camp at Grindstone Island, on a bare, round-shouldered, tawny hill conspicuous from a long distance round, by the contrast it makes with the general green or purple tones of the islands. Though it has a slight fringe of trees along the water's edge, it seems rather a bare site for an encampment,—the attraction to the canoers being in the wide bay which spreads out between it and Well's Island, affording a spacious basin for aquatic exercises. It is a pretty sight just now to see the clusters of white tents, each local society camped by itself, usually with a central marquee to serve as a sitting-room,—the lady members of the association (for there are lady members) having their own little separate encampment among some shady trees alone, and hundreds of canoes, American and Canadian,—“Rob Roy,” “Indian,” and “Rice Lake,”—lie, drawn up side by side, or are lightly gliding over the wide blue bay, propelled by their owner's paddle or by two fairy-like sails, at bow and stern, carried by most of the canoes. Many of the little craft are beautifully finished in fine, varnished wood, and as they skim over the bay they seem to be the very perfection of a pleasure boat. One day of the camp is devoted to races, in which the canoers have an opportunity of exhibiting their nautical skill with great effect, the whole usually winding up with a grand illumination,—when all the little camps are brilliantly lighted up, and a long procession of lighted canoes, some of them forming fantastic figures of animals, winds and twists about like a fiery serpent over the dark water; while a huge bonfire, fireworks, and the lights of steamboats and steam launches add to the brilliant and Venetian effect of the whole. This is enhanced by the lively strains of band music, and some splendid rowing songs which come with very striking effect from the men in the canoes. This festivity ends the friendly tournament with its pleasant holiday and healthful exercise. After it, the campers fold up their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away in their canoes,—some of them “padding their own canoes” home. This “Meet” has now become a regular event of the season among the islands.

The “Canoe Camp” is only about five miles from Gananoque, which makes as good a point as any for seeing the islands, which are very numerous and picturesquely grouped. One of the finest views in the immediate vicinity is, however, a good deal spoiled by what looks very much like a small barn moored at the edge of one of the prettiest islands,—which obtrudes itself unpleasantly as a jarring feature from almost every point near the village. It would be a good idea to have an inspector appointed by Government, whose duty it should be to prevent such positively disfiguring additions to these beautiful islands. With this exception, however, the evidences of human habitation among these islands are not unpleasantly obtrusive, most of the houses being embowered in foliage through which you only catch glimpses of them here and there. “Dorasdale” and “Camp Iroquois” are the names of two of the prettiest island abodes, and “Ferncliff” is a charming retreat, on the mainland, with a fine view and picturesque ravine. “Tremont Park,” on a long, wooded island opposite Gananoque, is a collection of pretty summer cottages

scattered along the shore under the trees, presenting an inviting look of coolness and quiet. Several professors of Queen's and Victoria Universities have their summer homes among these islands, and a “Club House” for students of the latter is being erected. Many pleasant, family reunions take place among these sylvan retreats. One patriarchal family of twenty, a mother with her sons, daughters, and grandchildren, have had a little camp of their own for some happy weeks, enjoyed by both old and young.

The illumination of the islands and river residences about Gananoque is now an annual spectacle, a pleasant way of celebrating its civic holiday. Where there are so many striking points of view, it is easy, by means of Chinese lanterns and coloured lamps, to make an endless variety of beautiful effects, and the *coup-d'œil* of clustered lights outlining the rocky islands and headlands, and marking some of the larger buildings of the village, was exceedingly fine on the occasion of the late illumination. Yet, after all that art can do, Nature, with her calm, silent dignity, can always infinitely surpass it, and when the glare and glitter of the lights had died away, and the late moon arose on the scene, we felt that no artificial illumination can be half so beautiful as that wonderful one, so often repeated, “without money and without price,” which turns the rippled river into a sheet of rippled silver, and bathes, in an unearthly and idealising glory, every weather-beaten rock and rugged pine and bit of bosky woodland with its mysterious depths and contrasts of light and shade. And this wonderful revelation of beauty, too, every sojourner among the islands can have freely, for nearly half of every month. After all blessed consolation to the impecunious—the *best* things of life are those which we receive “without money and without price.”

FIRE-FLY.

#### A SUMMER IN THE MANITOULINS.—I.

THERE were two of us, Mac and I. We had a few summer weeks to spend out of town, and at last the time had come when we were to decide where. Of course we had fairly earned this vacation, and had been long looking forward with high anticipations to the pleasures it would bring us.

Where should we go? With all deference to Hamlet, this, and not “that,” was the question. We hadn't money enough to go to Saratoga or the sea-coast or to Europe, and we didn't want to go there anyway. For vacation life in these cases seemed to us to be very often not so much recreation, as a continuation in another sphere of the fashions and follies of the city. But we wished to avoid all that, and in truth to recreate ourselves with the freshness and unconventionality of nature.

We remembered that Grimsby and the Thousand Isles and Muskoka are less aristocratic than the resorts previously mentioned. But these have been subjected in a greater or less degree to “improving” influences, and are becoming more and more populous. And one feels sometimes like getting away from all improvements and all crowds, and starting life anew as it were, in primitive conditions.

Meantime the great question was undecided. Mac was becoming uneasy, and something had to be done. Just then a friend suggested a trip among the Manitoulin Islands. We were assured that we should find the scenery on the route both fresh and beautiful. So the matter was settled, and when the *Pacific* steamed out of the sleepy harbour of the ancient town of Collingwood we went with her.

The *Pacific* and the *Atlantic* are the regular mail boats for all the northern ports of Lake Huron. Each of them makes the round trip to Sault Ste. Marie every week, and they frequently run down to Mackinaw Island from the Sault with excursion parties. But as Mac and I had several weeks to spare, we decided not to take the trip continuously, but to drop off for a few days at such points on the route as promised to be of interest to us. And so we had prevailed on the steamboat agent in Toronto to mark our round trip tickets “good to stop over” at such places.

After calling at Meaford and Owen Sound, we reached Wiarton at midnight. This little town is situated on the Bruce Peninsula, and is the most northerly point of the Grand Trunk system of railways.

It was a magnificent night. The full yellow harvest moon had but risen over the bay. A stream of glory seemed to have sprung up from some enchanted fountain in those mysterious regions far away under the moon, and it glowed and sparkled with a calm celestial richness as it flowed across the bay towards us. The delicate haze that elsewhere rested on the water formed the banks of this magical stream, and we felt that if we were only to sail out upon it, it would surely drift us away to the beauty and delight of Hesperian lands and the Fortunate Islands.

On the west side of the bay, and almost over our heads, great limestone cliffs, resplendent in the moonlight, towered far above the masts of the vessel. A dark fringe of bushes overhung the cliffs, and through their topmost branches glimmered the silent stars of the Great Dipper.

But now the whistle sounds, the gang plank is drawn in, the lines are cast off, and the *Pacific* puts about, and is bearing away towards the North Star over the great bay of storms and shipwrecks. Soon all the passengers are gone to their berths, and all is quiet on board save the subdued rhythm of the plunging screw and the liquid cadences of the water splashing on the bows.

At sunrise we pass Lonely Island, fitly named, the only land now in sight in this wilderness of water. During the forenoon we sailed over the Squaw Island fishing ground. This island is the centre of by far the greatest fishing industry on the Canadian Lakes. A fleet of fifty boats and a steam tug are engaged in the work, and steamers from Collingwood call four or five times a week for the products of the fishery. Two enterprising firms carry on operations here. We learned from the Manitowaning *Expositor* that the catch of one of these firms during the present season up to the end of July alone amounted to four hundred and forty tons. Of these, four hundred tons were shipped while fresh to Buffalo and Detroit, the rest were salted and packed in barrels for winter consumption. The fish taken are chiefly salmon trout and white fish.

We are now sailing along the eastern end of the Grand Manitoulin Island, and the gray mountain tops of the north shore become more and more distinct from the hazy atmosphere that surrounds them. Soon a wild and rugged coast meets our vision, differing greatly from the familiar shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie. The rocks at a distance have a gray appearance, but as we approach nearer some of them assume a reddish hue, quite similar to that of rusted iron. They look as hard as adamant, and are for the most part bare of grass and trees.

Meanwhile, the *Pacific* has been steaming ahead, right against the rocky shore, and we are beginning to wonder where she can possibly be going to, when her head is slowly brought round and in a few minutes we are sailing up a beautiful bay. There, a mile ahead, lies the village of Killarney, and a more picturesque scene throughout, one could scarcely imagine. The bay is narrow and irregular in outline, and its rocky sides are diversified by clusters of fresh green bushes and pleasant patches of verdure. The water is very deep and of the most intense blue—much deeper in shade, it seems to us, than that of the lower lakes. A touch of aboriginal life is added to the picture. On a little sheltered plateau close to the bay is a birch-bark wigwam. Near the fire outside, an Indian family are sitting, evidently engaged in preparing their midday meal. They all turn and look at us with awed interest. Somebody on deck shouts "Boo-zhoo" (*Bonjour!*) to the swarthy father; he acknowledges the salute with a laugh, hearty and innocent, and a dozen handkerchiefs are at once waved from fair hands to the great delight of the squaw and papooses.

To the Ontario tourist, Killarney seems like a village in some foreign land. The people are for the most part Indians and French. The majority of the able-bodied men move to Squaw Island during the fishing season. Others do a thriving trade in rush mats and birch-bark knickknacks. The Indians of the neighbourhood bring in large quantities of blueberries and cranberries during the season. An Indian family, after spending four or five days on the mountains, will come into the village with a boat-load of berries which they trade off at the little stores for boots, cloth, and groceries. We were told that the value of the berries exported from this port last year was upwards of \$5,000.

After leaving Killarney we enter a great inland archipelago, containing uncounted thousands of islands, infinite in variety of size, of form, and of rugged beauty. The greater number of these islands are of Laurentian or Huronian formation, being geologically of the same structure as the La Cloche Mountains which here skirt the north shore. But the Grand Manitoulin itself, and the islands lying near it, are for the most part limestone. During the afternoon we crossed the channel, and ran up a long bay, and we were soon in sight of the old and weather-beaten island port of Manitowaning.

Here Mac and I stopped off for two days. A short distance to the west of Manitowaning lies Lake Manitou which discharges itself by a small stream into Michael's Bay on the south side of the island. We had some excellent trout-fishing here, the fish rising readily to the fly, and taking bait equally as well. On account of the proximity of the great central ridge of the island to the north shore, there are no perennial streams on that side, but all the streams that run to the south shore are said to be well-stocked with trout.

Next day we visited a remarkable deposit of fossils, a short distance from Manitowaning. They lie here detached in immense numbers and of several varieties; but the *Gasteropoda* and the *Zoophyta* were especially abundant. The limestone ridge of which Fossil Hill forms a part extends through the island and reappears again on the mainland at Cabot's Head, as the

well-known range that continues through the Province past Guelph and Hamilton to the Queenston Heights and Niagara Falls.

Across the bay from Manitowaning lies a large Indian reserve, in which is situated the prosperous aboriginal village of Weequemikong. In a future paper we purpose to take up various points of interest in connection with the history and life of the aboriginal inhabitants of this and other reserves in Algoma.

SIGMA.

### JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

THE gentlemen's residences at Donald are all the typical log houses of the settler, constructed on the simplest and most inexpensive plan. Lumber in this part of the country is a costly item, \$25 per thousand feet being paid for rough boards which in Ontario would sell at \$9 per thousand, or even less. The buildings consist generally of one centre or living room, off which the bedrooms open, with a kitchen at the back, and their dimensions are about 27 x 19 feet inside. The exterior of these modest dwellings is much more picturesque than would be imagined; the roughly trimmed logs laid in substantial parallel rows over and under each other at the four corners, show many artistic shades of dull grays and browns, blended into a harmonious whole by the creamy white plaster filling the intervening crevices. The logs are often allowed to project a foot or more at the angles instead of being squared off, and this breaks the rectangular lines, and adds a charming irregularity to the general effect. Roofs, floors, inside walls, and partitions of boards use up a surprising quantity of rough lumber, and the latter as well as the walls are covered with sheets of coarse, yellow-brown paper, tacked on to conceal the cracks and joints. This forms an excellent background for pictures or prints, and also lends itself admirably to decorative purposes with the brush or chalks.

In the matter of living, Donald is not a cheap place; at the same time all the necessaries and most of the luxuries of life can be obtained. Beef and mutton are excellent in quality, and sell at 15 cents per pound. Poultry and veal the market does not supply, owing to the scarcity of the biped and utility of the quadruped. Calves are not for the knife in this stock-raising district; the rollicking, awkward little beast leads a charmed life in the west. Salmon comes every week fresh from the Pacific Coast, and is sold at from 15 to 20 cents per pound; it is much redder in colour, and less flaky in quality, than the Atlantic fish. Fruit is abundant, being imported extensively from California and Oregon. I believe it is not generally appreciated that San Francisco is only three days by sea from Victoria, consequently only four and a half from Donald, so that these perishable articles reach us fresh and in the best condition. Peaches of the most superior quality, and price 80 cents per dozen; Bartlett pears, 60 cents; fine purple and white plums, 25 cents per pound (which means about six); beautiful grapes the same; oranges and bananas 10 cents apiece. Fresh vegetables can be procured once a week at least, sometimes oftener, and are decidedly expensive, though excellent of their kind. What would Ontario gardeners think of pease and beans at \$1 a peck, lettuce 25 cents a bunch, vegetable marrow 25 cents apiece, and new potatoes at 20 cents per pound? Butter and eggs are neither irreproachable nor above suspicion, and bring respectively 30 cents per pound and dozen; bread at 20 cents a loaf, and milk at 15 cents a quart, show that British Columbia is not at present a refuge for the impecunious. The Scott Act does not prevail in this country, but the prices of liquor are sufficiently high to prevent any great over-indulgence; beer and whiskey are 25 cents per glass, the latter stimulant is \$2 a bottle and the former, both English and American, sells at \$3 per dozen for pints, and \$5 for quarts. Fortunately, there is excellent water flowing from two or three springs, and the Columbia River provides soft water at 50 cents a barrel. I must not leave the subject of living without mentioning that servants' wages are \$25 to \$30 a month; and washing given out is done at the rate of \$1.50 to \$2 a dozen; the Chinamen, of whom only three or four have found their way to Donald, ask only 25 cents per piece. Five cents is the smallest current change, and coppers do not circulate in the Columbia Valley.

I have not noticed any vegetation peculiar to this district, the soil is sandy (as, I believe, is universally the case in pine regions), and the herbage is all scanty, cropping up in detached bunches every here and there. Wild strawberries were abundant all through July, and berries of all descriptions prevail now,—huckleberries, blueberries, whortleberries, mulberries, and raspberries in some parts. Every particle of foliage near the ground seems, at present, to be donning an autumn livery which rivals in brilliancy of colouring the gorgeous tints of the Canadian maples and oaks. The leaves of the wild strawberries glow with ruddy colour. I

have found a plant growing on the banks of the Columbia River on a single stem, about a foot high, without fruit or flower, in sprays like rose leaves, that resembles strongly the Virginia creeper in richness of colouring, and that streaks the ground about its locality with brilliant splashes of crimson and gold. The Oregon grape, known in Ontario as the Mahonia, offers a beautiful contrast to these gaudy shades with its low bushes of bright, glossy green leaves and dark blue berries; it grows profusely in all directions, and must be capable of resisting severe frosts in the winter season. Under foot, we have the glow of colour, so that nature seems somewhat reversed; while, overhead, we are surrounded by the dark heavy greens of the firs, pines, and spruces that are indigenous to the soil, with occasional groups of silver birch and white poplar.

The climate is perfect so far as my summer experience goes, and fulfils all that has been said or written of it. We certainly had some very hot days early in July, when I believe a hot wave pervaded the Dominion generally; and I heard that the thermometers in the town ranged at over one hundred degrees in the shade. The air, however, is so rare, one did not feel it at all in the house, and the extreme heat only lasted from eleven till five o'clock; the nights of those days were so cool that blankets were a necessity, and since then the weather has been cool and bracing, except just in the middle of the day, when the sun is directly overhead: it is pleasant to close the windows in the evening and light a small fire. There has never been a single case of sunstroke even among the workmen employed upon the road, which is certainly hard to realize when one feels the power of the sun at noon. The mosquitoes are a sad drawback to Donald; for my own part, I had no idea what a mosquito was or could be till I came here. Out of doors they are a veritable Egyptian plague, and it is an ordinary occurrence to see men walking about, moving first the right then the left hand round the back of their necks in a species of gentle perpetual motion, to ward off the attacks of the insidious insects, and they actually become quite unaware they are doing it; from the force of habit it has become mechanical, and I dare say they continue the practice long after the mosquito itself has departed. A judicious netting of windows, doors, and beds, with a constant renewal of the backwoodsman's smudge, keeps the house fairly free from the nuisance, and I am thankful to say that the present cool and even frosty nights are decidedly abating it.

E. S.

#### AUGUST IN THE KESWICK VALE.

Now genial August, July's swarthy child,  
Comes with the bloom of heather on her cheek,  
Rain, cloud, and sun play games of hide-and-seek;  
Old Skiddaw frowns, anon is reconciled.  
For harvest-home the last hay-cart is piled,  
The warm-breathed barns with richest odours reek,  
Fresh emerald hues the flowerless meadows streak,  
And second Spring upon the vale has smiled.

Sweet second Spring! though all the birds are still,  
Yet have we tender life and flutterings,  
And innocent new eyes on every spray,  
With downy breasts that think we mean no ill;  
And while such glimpse of Eden August brings,  
We love her better than the tuneful May.

—H. Rawnsley, in the Spectator.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MENTAL ECONOMY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Suppose a man of means, desirous to fill some large stables with a grand class of horses, instructs his buyer to obtain a number of fine Clyde colts or Suffolk Punches; that these animals are then thoroughly trained to heavy draught, and work on thus for a few years, vacancies being always supplied by the same class of animals; but that at the end of this period he suddenly changes round and orders all these animals to be at once put in training for the track and taught to trot. Would not such a man receive from every candid friend a warning that his first method of setting to work was not the one likely to make him successful in carrying out his new idea? May we not venture to assume that this would be admitted by the generality of reasonable men? Yet, something closely analogous to this takes place in any national system of education whenever any important radical change is made in the method of examining for certificates for teaching; something analogous has happened within the last few years, in this and other countries, owing to the constant changes that have taken place. As an instance, one might point to the subject of composition, the marks awarded to which were till quite lately so utterly inconsiderable that the class of mind calculated to excel in it was not attracted to the examination, and there was every discouragement to a man's practising himself in it to any appreciable extent. At times, perhaps, some seventy-five marks or so might be obtained for it, while three or four

times as many would go to reward the successful candidate in analysis or parsing, or some kindred subject. The change came; the subject in question was seen to be one of primary importance, both as a practical art and also as a test and developer of mental power. In fact nothing but a sort of semi-natural prejudice could have so long supported the older view of things, for we all knew just as well, when boys of ten years old, that the thing stood as now recognised, as we do to day. At the present time, therefore, when so many novel expedients, bad and good, are being proposed as the remedy for a confessedly bad state of things, we require a few fundamental canons by which to judge whether a certain subject should be excluded from the ordinary curriculum or be included in it, as needful for all; if included, the rank it ought to take, and whether some plan proposed be feasible or not: the mere creation of a college of preceptors, however great and good the results, will not necessarily make us either more scientific or more common-sense in our ideas on training youth, but is just as likely to concentrate and stereotype present notions. We have the science of political economy, to teach the laws regulating the development and distribution of material wealth; but while the most valuable riches of a country are its intellectual and moral great ones, the noble and heroic among its men and women—what have we done towards the far higher science of mental economy, or towards reducing educational systems to anything like system? We have not yet decided what subjects belong to technical training, and what to the education of the citizen as such, to the education, that is, of all alike; at least we have not done this on any settled principle, or definite ground; we have not noticed the effect of piling on one compulsory subject after another haphazard; we have not decided what is the highest type of mind the examiner can test, or the tutor prepare for examination, or rather we have decided this—we decide it every time we arrange the marks for an examination, only, having done it in a thoughtless, slovenly fashion, we are almost certain to have done it wrong. There is a very simple experiment which any examiner can make in a few minutes, and the results of which, if made public, would throw a flood of light on educational matters. Take any set of papers that have been used in an examination, note the proportion of marks awardable to what may be called 'non-cram' questions, those not to be answered through mere routine grinding. Change the proportion of those marks. If one-third of the whole were awardable to these higher-class questions, try what change would be effected in the order of the candidates by giving two-thirds of the marks to non-routine questions. It is quite possible that the highest man will no longer head the list, quite probable that some who have been rejected will take good places, and some who have taken good places will not pass. How so, you ask? In the one case, you will be rewarding principally mere routine knowledge, which has of course a high value, yet can be over-valued; in the other case you will be paying for the development of originality, teaching power, thought. We have heard of examiners re-reading the papers of rejected candidates to discover originality in them, and so excuse a revision of class list. If ever such an expedient were resorted to it would be proof positive of a radical and terrible defect in the rules for awarding the marks. Originality should be dealt with from the beginning, and be a factor of success with all, from the highest to the lowest, not to be taken into consideration only after a man has been rejected, or to finally re-adjust the class list. As to the experiment I have pointed out, anyone can make it either by conducting an examination for himself, or else by supposing a certain set of questions put, and marks allotable and allotted, and then changing the scale; he will find that a man may be deficient in the musical gift, or in the appreciation of form, the manipulation of figures, the rapid acquirement of the events of history or the roots of words, and yet be a great man even intellectually, may in some cases a great teacher in the very subject in which he passes a poor examination—though not perfect, he may be greater than many passing as more perfect; that many compulsory subjects lower the standard of intellectual power. If we enquire how this is:—it is because these are not the central faculties of the mind, but technical; and although the central faculties act only in combination with some or other of the subordinate ones, yet we do not need all the minor faculties in any high degree in order that the intellectual faculties should work or work grandly: while a man may be highly endowed with all the technical faculties, and lacking the central ones, he may be unable to turn them to any high purpose. Such a man passes high in the examinations, and then disappoints his friends and tutors. Almost all the marks for spelling, writing, and geography, most of those for history, parsing, and arithmetic are given for mere routine work, or for semi-cram; and as we demand a higher and yet a higher standard in one compulsory subject after another, hoping thus to raise our standard, we are in reality lowering it all the while, because each one tends to exclude from the list men who may otherwise be the more highly gifted—tends to exclude teaching power from the school-room, and originality and power of thought everywhere. If education be the development of the mind, our marking must correspond with its organization; the subordinate faculties must not be allowed to rank as primary. We require most assuredly and urgently a science of mental economy; its nomenclature might approximate more or less to that of present metaphysics, even of phrenology, but should at all events include the field of morals as of intellect, while worked in combination with physical development. The art which tends to put the right man in the right place, is of inestimable value. J. C.

Algoma, August, 1886.

WEIGL, an American composer, had written a quartet which the Emperor Francis felt called upon to lead, only that he played his part all through without taking the slightest notice of accidentals, until the composer, nearly on his knees, advanced and most reverentially said: "Would your Majesty grant my humble prayer for a most gracious F sharp?"

## The Week,

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WHAT were but a few months ago little more than speculative visions of the future of the C. P. R. are to-day, despite their seeming improbability, fast becoming realisations. Shipload after shipload of tea from Japan are passing over it to the Eastern States; and Mr. Frazer, a China merchant, in an interview with a *Montreal Star* reporter, expresses great expectations as to the development of the trade. The time occupied in transit is, it seems, shorter than by any other route—forty-seven days from Yokohama to Montreal, while the rates are in close competition with those by the Suez Canal route—£3.10s. sterling per ton of forty feet. So favourable indeed does Mr. Frazer regard the prospects of the new route to be, that he estimates that the proportion of three-fourths of the total imports of China and Japan teas into America, hitherto the share of the Suez Canal route, will hereafter come by the C. P. R.; which, throughout its route can drop off consignments to the States, so saving cost of carriage from the seaboard to places west. The western distribution into the States may be made south from Winnipeg, and the eastern from Brockville. There is something highly pleasing to the British heart in the hope that some portion of the profits of the Suez Canal Company may be diverted to Canada; for it has been estimated that since that wretched ditch was dug the French shareholders and officeholders about it have reaped from British trade just about enough to recoup the French nation the damages it had to pay for making war on Germany. The Suez Canal has never been properly constructed—it is a work that any reputable English engineer would be ashamed of; and the French company having put all the earnings into their pockets, it will begin to entail a heavy outlay for deferred repairs just when its revenues are falling off—a prospect at which we must own we are not so cosmopolite-humanitarian as to repine. But turning again to the C. P. R., from its prospects as a trade route to its prospects as a passenger route, we may endorse most fully all that Mr. Frazer has said on this head. No doubt the road will be used as a military road by the Imperial authorities; and besides this it is, we believe, sure to become a favourite route for civilian travel between England and the East. The scenery along it is fine; the Canadian air bracing; and to persons enervated by long residence in India or China, to whom the passage through the Red Sea and the scorching hot winds coming from the deserts on either hand is justly a matter of nervous dread, the alternative route now opened, entirely through one of the most salubrious climates in the world, is a boon little less than health itself. The present writer once heard a passenger through the Red Sea, who was utterly prostrate with the heat, say that in forty years' residence in India he had never suffered from the heat so much; and if this dreadful ordeal can be avoided by persons already so weakly that it is fraught with danger to them, and if, moreover, by taking the new route they will be drinking in health with every breath of this bracing air, who that can will not take it!

ACCORDING to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Government propose to do two things in Ireland, to administer the law and to consider carefully a scheme of decentralization in the direction of local self government, framed upon a popular basis. But if that is the whole of their policy, as he said in the debate on the address, they will not next session receive the support of the Unionist Liberals. Something must be done in the agrarian difficulty; and if when Parliament reassembles some plan is not proposed which shall relieve the poorer tenants, whose holdings have become non-rent-producing, through the decline in the value of agricultural produce, without letting off that other and larger class who are perfectly well able to pay, but take advantage of the Nationalist agitation to avoid their obligations—then the Unionist Liberals, failing something analogous to this being done, must turn out the Government. They have very fairly given the Government all the time asked to mature their plans; they refuse to support any motion whatever that might even remotely tend to a Government defeat in the meantime; but when the term has elapsed, the Government must show itself capable to deal with the situation, fully and in every part, or give way to others. The Tories will not show themselves to be so capable if they content themselves merely with the coercion of crime and the National League, while transferring the control of the

municipalities to the very men who form the main strength of the National League. Local self-government is not at all what is wanted in Ireland just now, except by the politicians of the National League, who would accept and use it as a powerful, because legal, machinery to the realization of their illegal objects: what is wanted are healing measures side by side with coercive justice—the maintenance of the Union, whilst removing any grievances that may threaten the Union.

MR. PLUNKET, however, stated that the policy of the Government was to extend the Land Act of 1881, and its success largely depended upon the restoration of social order. No doubt, this must not be neglected. If the Parnellites were permitted to frustrate this healing work by boycotting, intimidation, and moonlighting, a peaceful end to these troubles would never be reached. The law must be re-established again in Ireland, and the National League, if it continues its treasonous practices against the law, must be repressed with an iron hand. It would be a dangerous experiment to call in the military to the aid of the civil power in any country where law prevailed; but Ireland is so enmeshed in this Nationalist conspiracy that the only law valid there is that of the League, and the sending of Sir Redvers Buller—a soldier entrusted with the power of a magistrate—may, if he possesses military force of character, be the means of much good. It is not Englishmen that are being robbed, ill-used, and murdered in Kerry, but Irishmen—which surely proves that not all Ireland, or even nearly all, belongs to the National League. As the case was very neatly put by Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald at a meeting of the Cork Loyalist Association, in Cork, on August 7: “Never before in history had there been such terrorism and coercion as that of the National League. They were told that all Ireland, or nearly so, was with the National League. If that were the case, what was the necessity of all the murders, mutilations of dumb animals, and houghing of cattle that they heard of? It was for the purpose of making the tenant-farmers and labourers, who did not agree with them, subject to the League.” If Sir Redvers Buller can free these poor people from this outrageous tyranny, practised by men whose chiefs in Parliament have the matchless impudence to attempt to impede the Government whom they openly defy, as they defy every sanction of morality, by moving such an amendment to the address as that of Mr. Sexton, “representing the necessity of measures for the re-establishment of Her Majesty's authority in Belfast,”—if General Buller can re-establish Her Majesty's authority, and so overcome the League, in Kerry, he will do infinitely more towards the pacification of Ireland than almost anything else short of clapping the Parnellite incendiaries into Newgate.

As we thought when writing last week, it was an error of our contemporaries to suppose that Germany and Austria had in any way consented to the dethronement of Prince Alexander. The truth seems to be that Russia has withdrawn from the tripartite agreement lately existing among the Continental Empires. There was never any actual alliance between Germany and Austria-Hungary and Russia; but Russia has of late been admitted to the League of Peace established between Germany and Austria-Hungary after the Russo-Turkish war—admitted, not as a trustworthy ally, for anything more than an armistice between the two competitors for the heritage of Turkey in the Balkans is impossible; but admitted by Prince Bismarck as a friend of Austria, and embraced by Russia from a conviction that Austria, having for the nonce Germany at her back, could no longer be safely meddled with. It is from this League of Peace, which is not itself broken up, that Russia has now excluded herself; but the alliance between Germany and Austria subsists, with its attitude of warning, not to say menace, towards the restless policy of Russia. The great desire of these Powers is to keep the peace; and Russia is welcome to their friendship so long as she does not disturb the peace; but a glance around the world shows that she is so acting as to with certainty soon bring on international complications of the gravest character. The peace of the Balkan Peninsula is threatened by disturbances in Macedonia, fomented by Russian agents; Turkey is alarmed at the concentration of Russian troops on her Armenian frontier; Roumania is fortifying Bucharest to protect herself from being used as a Russian high-road in a fresh invasion of Bulgaria; England has just been compelled to protest against Russia's breach of the Treaty of Berlin in the matter of Batoum, and to resist her renewed attempts at encroachment on the Afghan boundary; and China is alarmed about Russia's intentions in the Corea. In South-Eastern Europe, in Asia Minor, in Afghanistan, in the far East—wherever in Europe or Asia there is at this moment an open sore in international relations, says the *Times*,—it is the same restless and grasping policy which is at the bottom of the trouble; and is it at all probable that, to spite England, as some would have it, Germany and



Austria gave Russia a free hand with Prince Alexander, approving her virtual seizure of the very heart of the Balkan Peninsula! We have little doubt that, on the contrary, this futile *coup*, which has fallen out so ludicrously contrary to Russian expectations, may have the immediate effect of driving the two Empires yet farther apart from the third, and probably of cementing the good understanding between Germany and England, set on foot by Lord Salisbury last year, and forwarded with so much judgment by Lord Rosebery.

THERE may be some ground for the report that in consequence of the infraction of the Treaty of Berlin by Russia, in closing Batoum, Lord Salisbury immediately on assuming office took the important step of notifying Russia of the withdrawal of the Afghan Boundary Commission. The Premier, it is said, made it plain that he saw no advantage in prolonging negotiations, while Russia claimed the right to repudiate agreements at its individual convenience. Earl Dufferin, it is added, has been informed of the contents of this despatch, that he may be prepared for any attack that may come from the North—a danger, however, which we think very remote, as far as respects India at any rate. This action of Lord Salisbury's is a fitting rebuke to the dishonest diplomacy of Russia; it were more folly to enter into any further agreement with a Power seemingly with no higher aspiration than to swindle its way in the world. The rebuff has doubtless caused anger at St. Petersburg; and perhaps the Czar, smarting under the reproach conveyed of bad faith, may further commit himself; but it is not England that should most shrink from war. To war the debate between the two countries must probably come, sooner or later; unless a social and political upheaval in Russia should intervene, which would most effectually remove this great menace to the peace of the world by destroying the existing autocratic government. The great body of the Russian people are eminently peaceable; and perhaps a sharp conflict between Russia and England would confer a blessing on the world, by shaking to wreck the autocratic system of government, and burying beneath the ruins the corrupt, but small, classes who cause all this disturbance, and whom the outside world erroneously takes to be all Russia.

MR. SHIRLEY HIBBERD, of Kew, writes to the *Times* on a subject which it is to be hoped may some day receive that attention at the hands of Prohibitionists that its importance deserves. If those mistaken humanitarians, instead of taking the platform, would take to the kitchen, and begin a work there which would do more to banish drunkenness than half a dozen legislatures filled with Prohibitionists,—the work, that is, of teaching the working classes the common principles of cookery,—they would receive the active aid of many as good friends of temperance as themselves, who now, however, are debarred from usefulness by the exclusive adoption of methods which it is plain to see, used exclusively, can result in no lasting good. A pregnant root of drunkenness is bad cookery: if people's digestion are spoiled from childhood up, how can they be expected, with the resulting and continuous thirst, to be abstemious in the matter of drink? And supposing it has not got to this pass, with tastes superior to the brute's, is it not natural, with enticing drinks to hand, to crave for them? But what is an unfortunate person of the poorer sort usually offered at home when parched with thirst? Water or—but let us hear our correspondent on the subject of Coffee (*his* subject)—that coffee which is usually supplied to working people, “What may be termed chandler's coffee,” he says, “is so bad that I strongly recommend a trial of it to respectable people who love good living; for they ought to know by a taste of real agony how the poor are robbed and poisoned, and have, as it appears, no protection from law, gospel, or the customs of society.”

HAVING broken a somewhat difficult bit of ground in this easy fashion, we now beg to lay before our readers—Prohibitionist or otherwise—the leading features of Mr. Hibberd's suggestions for the procuring of what we should administer to any unfortunate inebriate instead of a temperance lecture—a cup of hot, strong, delicious coffee. First, let us note that at for 12*d.* to 20*d.* (25 to 42 cents) per pound, a good coffee in berry is always obtainable, and 16*d.* (33 cents) may at the present time be considered a fair family price. Mr. Hibberd, it seems, in the course of a series of experiments, bought every kind of coffee he could see or hear of, and tried every possible (and some impossible) way of making it, having the assistance therein of a diligent and clever cook; and one striking result was the discovery that all ready-ground coffees sold in canisters, packets, and other “convenient” parcels are bad; some very bad, a few infamously bad. After trying innumerable samples without noting one that was worth trying again, he concluded that canister coffee is an unmitigated cheat, consisting usually of a mere shadow of the real thing, with a great bulk of chicory and more or less of what is termed “colour,” this being simply

burnt sugar to give factitious strength. It is not good policy, he says, to purchase coffee ready ground, but if it must be done the supplies should be small and frequent. Any one may test the purity of ground coffee by shaking a little over a tumbler of clear, bright, cold water, and leaving it for an hour or so. Pure coffee communicates its colour to cold water slowly, and when the colour has been imparted the infusion is still bright and clear and the colour is never deep. But chicory and other adulterants quickly produce an opaque and dark infusion. The difference is so striking that for ordinary purposes a better test is not required. It is best to roast and grind as wanted, but the grinding is the one important point, because ground coffee quickly parts with its aroma, and there is a great charm in having it made immediately from the mill. In some houses the trouble of grinding is thought much of, but, as a matter of fact, it is almost nothing, and a mill costing only a few shillings will last a lifetime. Coffee should never be boiled; it should be made with soft water at boiling heat, but if hard water must be used, it should not be made to boil until wanted, for boiling augments its hardness. A common tall coffee-pot will make as good coffee as any patented invention, but a *cafetière* is a convenient thing, as it produces bright coffee in a few minutes, and thus enables us to secure a *maximum* of the aroma and dispense with the use of any rubbish called “finings.” Every one to his taste, we will say, but as careless people make the coffee too strong one day and too weak the next, the ground coffee and the boiling water should be both measured, and it will always take as much as four cups of water to make three cups of coffee. For the breakfast table the addition of about one-eighth of chicory is an improvement, but for the dinner table coffee should be made without chicory, because it dulls the piquant flavour of the genuine article.

It is said in well-informed circles that the Czar's perpetual fear of bombs has developed in him a temper bordering on insanity. He has taken the control of the foreign affairs of the Empire into his own hands entirely, and this is really the explanation of the clumsy and bungling way in which the Batoum affair was conducted, so differently from the usual Russian policy of concealing the iron hand within a velvet glove. His Ministers fear to remonstrate, and the whole outlook for Eastern diplomacy is decidedly gloomy.

EVIDENCES of a post-glacial forest have been discovered on the western outskirts of Hull, England, about a mile from the Humber, and one mile and a half from the river Hull. Workmen engaged in a brickyard in the locality named, on cutting through the clean warp clay about twelve feet, have come across a forest bed on an irregular surface of the drift, on the top of which is a greenish sandy clay, with pebbles and stones. The roots of the trees are standing where they grew, and from their closeness represent the remains of a dense forest. The forest bed is now at the low water level of the sea. A stone implement has been found on the surface of the drift.

A TELEGRAM from Lyons announcing that some Austrian pilgrims to Lourdes had been insulted by a French mob has caused great indignation among the Roman Catholics in Vienna. One of the clerical journals, recalling the insults offered in Paris to the late Czar, the late King of Spain, and on many occasions to the German flag, exclaims:—“Nation of ill-bred gamins, you want a smart rod to correct you. Meanwhile, what friends have you in the world? What people can take you *au sérieux*!” And truly, what friends have the French in the whole world, except a class in Russia, who hope to profit by French hatred of Germany in any war between the two Empires?

THE London *Spectator*, reviewing Mr. Sydney E. Williams's *Party and Patriotism*, points out that many advocates of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Bills are so, purely in virtue of some general principle of the inherent right of a nation to self-government. The whole practical question as to the character of the representatives of the National League; the practical possibilities of a stable Government; the poverty of Ireland, and the radical injustice of its having alike the support of English money and the advantages of independence; the practical look-out under the proposed measures for the Ulster Protestants; all such questions vanish before a principle as little self-evident as, or rather *less* nearly self-evident than, the principle that every State has a right to actual independence. Such modes of argument admit of no direct answer, but are best met by recalling the reply made by Dr. Johnson to Goldsmith. “Surely, Sir,” said Goldsmith, “you cannot deny that ‘who rules a free people should himself be free.’” “Zounds! Sir,” replied Johnson, “you might as well say ‘who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.’”

BERLIN papers copy from the *Germania* the account of an important discovery in glass manufacture made by Friedrich Siemens, of Dresden. He has succeeded in casting glass in the same way as metal is cast, and obtaining an article corresponding to cast metal. This cast glass is hard, not dearer in production than cast iron, and has the advantage of transparency, so that all flaws can be detected before it is applied to practical use. It will be much less exposed to injury from atmospheric influences than iron. The process of production is not difficult, the chief feature being rapid cooling. The hardness and resisting power of this cast glass are so great that experiments are being just now carried out at the Siemens Glass Foundry at Dresden with the purpose of ascertaining whether the material could be employed for rails on railways.

A PARLIAMENTARY return has just been issued, showing the number of persons who voted as illiterates in the general election in Great Britain last year, and specifying the constituencies in which their votes were recorded. From the summary figures published in the *Economist*, it appears that the percentage of illiterates to the total number of voters was in England and Wales 2·17, Scotland 0·88, Ireland 21·81. As was to be expected, observes the *Economist*, Scotland, where the educational standard has long been relatively high, comes best out of the comparison. But what is most striking is, the tremendous amount of illiteracy amongst Irish voters; and it is a significant commentary upon Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals, that they sought to confer the most complete form of self-government upon far and away the most ignorant portion of the community.

LATELY in Switzerland a party of engineers and workmen had an opportunity of observing the way in which a thunder cloud discharges its electricity. They had just completed the fitting of a lightning conductor at the shelter hut on the Mythen, in Schwyz. A heavy storm was seen approaching from three different points, and they took refuge in the hut. Through a hole in the wall they could see the conductor. From time to time small bluish flames appeared hovering on it; then the lightning flash would be seen descending along the conductor into the earth, followed almost instantaneously by the thunder crash. More than twenty times they watched the phenomena regularly succeeding each other; then there was an electrical discharge of such violence that there seemed to be a recoil, and two of the party felt the shock from below up to their hips, and one fancied that both his legs were shot off. The party was so terrified that they quitted the hut and descended the mountain amid blinding snow, as thick as if it were the middle of winter, varied by thunder and lightning.

ON few subjects, writes the *Spectator* in a review of Baron Von Hübner's *Through the British Empire*, are current English notions so erroneous as on that of the position of women in the East. They are, as those who really know the East are well aware, very far indeed from being nonentities. A Hindoo husband said to the Baron at Benares: "It is quite a mistake to imagine that the Hindoo wife is a slave. If she seldom leaves the house, it is because she . . . is naturally timid . . . and shy. If a husband were to propose to his wife to accompany him in an open carriage, she would think him mad; she would probably tell him she would rather throw herself down a well. But this does not prevent her from being the mistress in the family and in the house, even more than the husband is the master." In Bombay, however, the Parsee women go about freely enough, recalling, with their bare necks and arms, and their graceful artistically draped figures, the masterpieces of Greek statuary. What is better, they not only talk and gesticulate with animation, but they laugh. And throughout all the wide East, laughter—true laughter—save in Japan, and perhaps in Canton, is among the rarest of human expressions.

BARON VON HÜBNER sees clearly enough that it is not the Russian question which is paramount in India, but the native question. Years ago, the decision was taken to give the youth of India a Western, and not an Eastern education. The result is, that every year the number of natives capable of political administrative office increases, their aspirations increase with their numbers, and the time is at hand, nay, has arrived, when those aspirations must in some measure be satisfied. Had England desired to hold India permanently by virtue of conquest, she should have kept Indian thought in that Oriental track in which the successive conquerors of India prior to the English were careful to keep it. But we agree with one of the Baron's interlocutors that, despite many difficulties that will have to be met and dangers to be won through, there is no reason to dread the ultimate result of the generosity which has prompted English administrators to aim rather at lifting the native to their own level, than keeping him eternally at his own. If the process of transition be accomplished with wisdom, with

patience, and with the necessary allowance of time for the desired modifications to effect themselves in, the Indian subjects of the Queen may come to feel themselves as much the citizens of a vast world-Empire as the inhabitants of the British islands.

THE Museum of the Berlin General Post Office received recently an interesting addition to its treasures. This is a parchment letter found in the city archives of Cologne, and which had been enclosed in a hollow bullet and fired out from the beleaguered town of Neuss in 1475, to let the friendly forces of Cologne know of the terrible plight to which the citizens were reduced. Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, was carrying on war against the town of Cologne and other Rhenish confederated cities, and had hemmed in Neuss so closely that the inhabitants were brought to the last extremity. An army of observation of the confederates, posted beyond the Rhine, watched Charles's operations, hoping to get an opportunity of relieving the town. The letter is from the commander, the Landgrave Hermann of Hesse, who describes how the besieged are destitute of food and ammunition, and only have stones for weapons, and water to live upon. They have no medicines or surgical appliances, and so the sick and wounded die without assistance. Some are for a surrender, and he fears that traitors may betray the place. They had a few days before lost 100 men in repulsing an assault of the Burgundians. The letter mentions that the besieged had previously fired off several other letters, some of which had fallen into the Rhine; and they were expending their last powder in firing off this one.

THE native question throughout South Africa becomes more difficult to deal with every year; every Governor in succession has his plan, which he carries out to a certain extent, and is then recalled in more or less disgrace; and so the condition of things grows constantly worse. The Colonists, left to themselves, would soon settle the difficulty, but only by doing what the Boers do,—namely, by establishing a system of serfage or forced labour, repugnant to English ideas. The problem is to prevent the Kaffirs from relapsing into interminable barbarism, without allowing great cruelty as well as such curtailment of their personal freedom as would shock British opinion. Whoever shall solve it will be the political saviour of South Africa, where the Boer question, though a considerable one, is of altogether secondary importance, notwithstanding the prominence given to it by Froude and by English politicians generally. Baron von Hübner shows that England might easily have retained the Transvaal had she not taken pains to disgust the Boers with English rule. His account of the Boers affords a vivid portraiture of this singular folk, slowly laborious rather than indolent, indifferent to all authority rather than disloyal to any particular form thereof, a survival of seventeenth century society modifying itself painfully and reluctantly under the stress of nineteenth century conditions and environment.

THE London *Spectator* thus concludes an article on "The Common-Sense of Imperial Federation":—There would be no paper-Union in a Fleet to which, at the thunder of the first cannon, contributory navies might pour from every quarter of the globe. From Australia and the Cape, from New Zealand and the islands of the Southern Sea, and from the Canadian ports that hold with either hand the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, succour of attack or of defence might come at need. Every island, every settlement, however small—the Mauritius and Fiji, Honduras and the Straits—might have its quota, if but the tiniest of gunboats, to contribute,—tiny contributions from some, mighty help from others, making together a force such as the world has never seen,—invincible, nay, unapproachable by even the navies of the world allied. Not less splendid, nor less impressive, though at present much more visionary, is the idea of a commercial union by which the wealth and the resources of every continent and every climate should be as freely exchanged across the Pacific as across the Thames, and by which the looms of Lancashire should supply the citizens of Melbourne as unchallenged as they do the citizens of London. The vision of a tide of prosperity so mighty and so beneficial as that which might thus flow and reflow on the shores of the British Empire, is no mere materialistic ideal, for with the flood of commerce would not fail to flow the flood of fellowship and of love. Of course, we are fully aware that all these ties would be voluntary, none of them compulsory, and that the commercial union, at least, is probably far distant. But still the vision of an invincible and federated Fleet, and of all men who own the sway of the Queen selling to and buying of each other without let or hindrance, may have a distant accomplishment; nor could any political cynic dare to call it crazy or unreasonable to place such a goal before the eyes of the English race.

## TO THE RAIN.

COME, gentle rain !  
 The million throated flowers,  
 The sear leaves in the bowers,  
 Aloud complain ;  
 And mourning Nature cowers  
 By ruined wells, in vain :—  
 Come, gentle rain !

Life-laden rain !  
 With swift and generous drops  
 Revive the wilting crops  
 And drouthy grain ;  
 Make music in the tops  
 Of sun-scathed trees again :—  
 Come, gentle rain !

Soul-cheering rain !  
 With footsteps light and fleet,  
 That march to music sweet,  
 Invade the plain :  
 With tears of pity greet  
 Parched lips and seething brain :—  
 Come, gentle rain !

Come, grateful rain !  
 Dark clouds ! be now unrolled  
 For us, your wealth untold  
 And precious gain !  
 Our woes are manifold  
 And life is on the wane :—  
 Come, gentle rain !

Haste, healing rain !  
 Restore the wasted rill,  
 The fields with verdure fill ;  
 Teach us again  
 That God is with us still,  
 That Hope is never vain :—  
 Come, gentle rain !

Hail, blessed rain !  
 Hail, luscious, life-fraught store !  
 Earth's pulse rebounds once more,  
 Devoid of pain ;  
 Her million tongues outpour  
 The resonant refrain !  
 Hail, blessed rain !

Hail, blessed rain !  
 Thy joyous, cheerful chime  
 Of falling drops, keeps time  
 Within that fane  
 Where Nature's voice sublime  
 Uplifts the grand refrain !  
 Hail, blessed rain !

Hamilton, 1886.

ROBERT C. STEWART.

## SAUNTERINGS.

How conservative the poets are ! How the very inmost fibre of their being clings and twines about that which time has honoured and possession has made dear ! In customs, laws, and institutions, the most demoralized old pile that history has left standing, the tiniest moss-grown, lichen-covered inch of stone or of tradition that the years have smiled and wept upon, is more to them than cubic feet of modern masonry or square yards of modern legislation. Against demolition the poet raises a piteous protest ; against innovation he sets his face as a flint. This is one of the principles upon which his poetic existence may be said to depend, yet his practice is seldom faithful to it. Tennyson's is. It is quite in the natural course of events that at the present crisis the Laureate's voice should ring forth, "Britons, hold your own !" and it is to be hoped that the poet-peer will live long enough to enter his lyrical objection to the denudation of his titled brothers. Tennyson, however, was an ermine-clad poet from his cradle, and has never been known to find inspiration outside of his own exquisitely embroidered emotions. But the scope of the people's poet is too wide for consistency. His sympathies are too broad, his connection with the commonalty too vital. His veins throb with the pulse of the multitude ; their hopes and joys and fears, their privations and struggles and despairs are his. He sees injustice with their eyes, he feels tyranny in their bodies. And so the broad catholicity of the social reformer and the intense unswerving loyalty of the eld-worshipper meet and wage war in him with varying results. One by one they have taken up arms in England against Gladstone and Home Rule. I see that Edwin Arnold is the

last to join the belligerents. Passing Gibraltar outward bound, in "India Revisited" he quotes of England :

Time was, when it was praise and boast enough  
 In every clime, and travel where we might,  
 That we were born her children.

and adds significantly :

Now there are statesmen who would destroy her unity, and make separation from her a boon and a reward.

Regardless of political bias, defiant of the great hatred of iron-heeled Wrong which must possess them, it is curious to watch their wide rebellion against any scheme, though it be of alleviation, that necessitates the breaking of bonds and the subversion of sentiment.

Talking of Tennyson, I suppose that courtier-poet's "Idyls of the King" have done more to prop up the decaying sentiment of loyalty than anything else in prose or rhyme the modern world has seen. A thousand Tennysons could do no more than prop it up, so many and so powerful are the influences that are slowly but surely reducing it to a hollow mockery of what it used to be—to a thing with greedy eyes and grasping hands that bows before a throne only until it shall be more profitable to spit upon it. Whatever good may be said of it, the first principle of democracy is essentially a selfish one. It owes no allegiance, it knows no fealty. You may say that loyalty had its roots in ignorance and co-existed with the vague idea that kingly attributes were more than human ; that it was the mere expression of dog-like attachment to superiority of any sort, augmented and intensified by the common passion for pomp and display. You may point out the wiser channels through which men guide their passions to-day—chiefly for irrigation purposes to increase the economic product—and your derisive finger may indicate the characteristics of the Guelfs as being especially worthy of homage. You will doubtless not fail to explode the bad logic of rendering tribute unto Caesar simply because some remote ancestor of Caesar's exacted it, and your argument will not lack the painful illustration of the mad King of Bavaria. And there is little to do but agree with you. There is irresistible conviction in the march of events. But are we not losing something in the rapid progress of the theory that formulates itself in—"Every man for himself, and the devil take royalty" ? It is excellent common sense ; but in its evolution has not an impalpable essence escaped us that is more beautiful, if not more profitable, than common sense ? I cannot think of any nobler virtue than that by which a man lays down his life for his king, and counts it as nothing, blind, ignorant, unreasoning as it is. And while, in the lapse of centuries and the development of the race, the future Canadian may find that virtue too picturesque for unqualified belief, I am glad that I live in a time when it is yet permissible to regret it. In a time, moreover, in which one may anticipate with reasonable certainty that when a short, stout, rather dull-witted gentleman ascends the throne that was his mother's, men may yet be found so immoderately abased as to shout "God Save the King," simply because he is—the king.

I suppose there is no dictation of an all-powerful Providence more universally deprecated than the ruling that none of us can eat our cake and have it too. Those of us who are either actively or passively in favour of the progressive movement regarding women have frequently had our attention called to this unfortunate fact, and never more sharply than in the present number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook discusses from a purely impartial standpoint the laws relating to the pecuniary liability of married women for family expenses, as these laws are in Massachusetts. It appears from Mr. Cook's article that no married woman in that State can be compelled from her private income, whether derived from invested funds, or speculation, or commerce, or the practice of a profession, to contribute to the support of her family, can be sued for "household" debts contracted with the consent of her husband, or can be regarded as in any way responsible for the maintenance of her children. It also appears, in the light of existing circumstances, that this is most unjust.

Twelve years ago—the final Act was passed in 1874—it occurred to no man in Massachusetts to write that article. Previous to that an acknowledged abuse existed in the shape of a man's financial as well as moral control of his wife, and the abuse was remedied. The remedy came late, and by the foregoing provisions was made generously efficient. But that was at a time when the wife and mother made a figure in public opinion that differs radically from the present and future view of her, a helpless, clinging, dependent figure, more or less irresponsible for everything except her own morals and the rearing of her children. This impression of her naturally made her wrongs more vivid, and emphasized the idea that she could hardly be too securely protected from the tyranny and rapacity of the other sex. Now, however, *nous avons changé tout cela*.

Women are to-day, as they always must be, helpless, clinging, and dependent; but only for the higher necessities of their lives, not for the lower ones. It is no longer a pathetic thing, or an unusual thing, for a woman to earn money; nor is it always by the dictation of necessity that she does so. The woman of to-day is comparatively self-sufficient—emergencies do not crush her; the woman of to-morrow will be, perhaps, superlatively so, if, as some evil prophets have it, her business and professional tastes oust her innate domesticity. And now, with this picture in his mind, of married women buying and selling and getting gain, lifting up a voice in the courts, and filling professors' chairs in the universities, Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook has discovered that a law intended for the protection of half of society works flagrant injustice to the whole of it.

The less practical among us may grieve to see this altered status of woman in the minds of men, and all that it implies. There is something very grand, very noble, very tender, in man's protection of woman because of her weakness and incompetence to protect herself. But the weakness and incompetence itself is not beautiful; and, at least in the eye of the law, I think we must be content to be as strong and competent as in us lies, sighing sometimes over the pages of some dusty old novel. *Eheu, fugaces!*

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

### LIVE AND LET BE.

Live and let be! The Alpine heaven is bright;  
Tired cloudlets sleep along yon azure sea;  
Soft airs steal by, and whisper, faint and light,  
Live and let be!

Live and let be! Is it not well to rest  
Sometimes from labour? live as do the flowers?  
Bask in the sunshine, lie on Nature's breast,  
Not counting hours?

Not heeding aught but on the pale, worn cheek  
To feel the warm breath of the murmuring pine,  
And watch on many a rose-flushed hoary peak  
Heaven's glory shine!

Is it not well? Sweet, too, at wondering eve  
To list that melody of tinkling bells,  
And hear old Echo in her distance wave  
Endless farewells!

Night, too, hath here her music, deep and strong,  
Of cataracts, solemn as an ancient psalm,  
Whence the soul's fever, born in heat and throng,  
Grows cool and calm.

Live and let be! It will be time enough  
Hereafter to resume the great world's care,  
When autumn skies are troubled, winds are rough,  
And trees are bare.

Then to renew the fight, the cause awaken,  
Dare all the strife, the burden, and the pain,  
Rally the weak; the downcast, the forsaken,  
Lift up again!

And what thou doest then, in Peace begotten,  
Shall show like Peace, her looks and tones recall,  
And, all the frail and faulty Past forgotten,  
Bring good to all.

Till then let nothing past or future vex  
The untrammel'd soul, 'mid Nature's freedom free;  
From thoughts that darken, questions that perplex,  
Live and let be!

—A. G. B., in *The Spectator*.

### ORCHARDS.

THE orchards of England are surely amongst the fairest bits of Nature still left to us. Let it be premised that by this name we do not suggest a prosperous, well-pruned, highly-cultivated piece of land, its monotonous rows of decorous apple trees allowing an undergrowth of gooseberry bushes. No doubt plenty of good fruit can be obtained from such an enclosure; at certain seasons of the year these cannot fail to be beautiful; but charm, fascination, must be sought elsewhere. The orchard of which we are thinking is old, but not too old; it is full of variety, yet not forlorn or neglected. The croft is, of course, close to a gabled farmhouse, with its picturesque grouping of barns and sheds and stacks; the ground slopes upwards from the house, and around the orchard are sheltering elms,—for fruit trees, as well as flowers, dread nothing so much as keen, blighting winds. The trees, mostly apple trees, are scattered about on the soft grass in charming confusion, here in vigorous youth or full maturity, there in

gnarled old age, bent and mossy, but always picturesque. Pears and damsons and cherries grow also in our orchard, nor is there wanting a venerable mulberry tree, or that most majestic of fruit-bearers, the walnut. At no season is the orchard deficient in interest. In winter, in the West Country, the mistletoe makes the ancient apple trees still green and cheerful, for the mistletoe has forsaken the oak, and has transferred its affections to the apple and poplar. But February has come, and the orchard draws us with irresistible power. There under the old trees, amongst the moist grass, spring the snowdrops—gentle, pure prophets of the beauty that is coming. A few weeks later, and in many parts of England the daffodils are sure to follow; and they have scarcely faded, when on some morning, as we throw open the window, we feel that the air has changed,—that, for a time at any rate, the stern thralldom of the east wind has been broken, and we understand that delicious bit of home-sick longing:—

Oh! to be in England now that April's there!

When Robert Browning's emigrant uttered those words, surely he was thinking of an English farmstead nestled amidst its orchards. On this April day we see against the tender blue of the sky a dome of snowy blossom; it is the old pear tree that has once more put on its court dress for the spring festival. And what madrigals the thrushes and blackbirds are singing! The birds rejoice in the orchard as much as ourselves; they have their chosen hereditary country seats. In that great pear-main, with its deep holes, telling where branches once grew, the starlings have built year after year, and now their interminable chatter mingles with the general chorus. In those smaller crannies of the Keswick codling the little titmouse weaves her snug house, and a few weeks later we shall watch the gay little pair frisking in and out with indefatigable energy to supply the needs of the soft, tiny, blue caps packed closely far within the hollow bough. The brown wren also loves the orchard, and so does that shy recluse, the little tree-creeper. But April glides into May, bringing the perfection of the orchard's witchery. We stand beneath the trees, and wonder whether in creation there is anything more lovely than these branches. The clusters of blossom and bud, the grace of the half-unfolded leaves, the rich green of the young grass beneath, the blue of the May sky above—what a wealth of beauty lies in these simple things! But there is a corner of the orchard which has its peculiar charm; the clear pond claims as its own the old quince tree, the wild crabs, and the blackthorns; and truly the quince blossoms, with their tints delicate as those of a shell, and their gray green leaves, with the silvery silken lining, are a study in themselves. Summer is not the most attractive of the seasons, so far as the orchard is concerned, albeit many of us can recall the delights of a seat amidst the boughs of some old, bending apple tree, in which the adventures of Robinson and Friday unrolled themselves before the childish eyes, eagerly bent on the pages of the little brown book. But towards the close of summer the orchard becomes a favourite haunt, as early, crimson-streaked apples, with names so quaint that they suggest histories, begin to ripen, dropping on the grass on dewy August mornings. Then comes the glory of the orchard's year as September and October bring round the time of the fruit harvest. To enjoy these strolls under the laden boughs there should, however, be education sufficient to guide the saunterer, and there is a rare pleasure in watching, year after year, how our old friends are prospering. A cruel frost late in the spring may often deprive us of fruit from some cherished tree for years together; then comes a genial season, and we see our favourite once more bending beneath its rosy burden. What interest attaches to fruit names, and how curiously varied are the designations by which the same apple is known in different parts of England! We cling to the apples of our forefathers, just because they connect us with bygone generations; and it is melancholy to see them ruthlessly banished from modern orchards as old-fashioned and worn out. Many of the new varieties have their undisputed excellences, but let us also preserve the best of the old apples. The Ribston Pippin is becoming extinct. Is it possible to prevent the disappearance of such a justly valued favourite? And why do we allow the small round damson to die out? An English apple harvest before the days of telegraphs and telephones comes before our memory as we write. It is a crisp autumn day, early in October. The orchard has been for many hours the scene of picturesque labour, and now the mellow afternoon sunshine is falling on the old, brown-jacketed labourer, who stands on the ladder filling his wallet with the more sober apples reserved for winter stores. Below stands the great basket, already half full, while the grass beneath the trees is strewn with disregarded fruit. Around, in the orchard, frolic the children, for this season is a time of unalloyed joy in their estimation. The rooks are preparing for their evening flight, and the clear air resounds with their sonorous voices. The sunlight falls on the water of the pond, into which the quinces and the yellow crabs have fallen; and thither come the children to fish them out with shouts of glee, and to take note of the harvest of sloes on the blackthorn bushes. From the boughs of the pear tree comes the robin's autumn song, and "in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn," while over everything broods the restful peace of the year's closing toil.—*The Spectator*.

"You may live like a gentleman for a twelvemonth on Hazlitt's ideas," says Augustine Birrell, in *Macmillan*, when speaking of Mr. Walter Bagehot's preference of Hazlitt to Lamb.

THE pig piano was a reality, and not a freak of the humourists. Abbé Montendre, of Louis XIV.'s time, was the inventor. He had a chest in which were placed pigs of various ages, whose voices ranged from a dulcet tenor to E flat in alto. They were manipulated by a piano key-board, the ends of the keys being armed with needles, which were poked into the porkers' flanks.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

MR. HENRY BLACKWELL, Secretary of the Eisteddfod of this city, sends me the following:—"There is in Carnarvonshire, Wales, a little, quaint, old-fashioned hotel called the Pen-y-Gwyrd. Standing at the foot of Snowdon and at the top of the Pass of Llanberris, it commands the grandest scenery in North Wales. The nearest house is a mile away, and the nearest church four miles; a walk of six miles takes you to the nearest railway and telegraph station, but to reach a town you have to ride or walk eleven. Charles Kingsley, in 'Two Years Ago' (Eversley Edition, Vol. II., p. 228), gives a good account of this famous hostelry. Like other hotels, the Pen-y-Gwyrd has a visitors' book, and it contains the names of many Englishmen of note. Some twenty-five years ago, Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, and 'Tom' Taylor, the dramatist, afterwards editor of *Punch*, visited this hotel, and getting possession of the visitors' book, each in turn scribbled four-line verses in it, on such themes as the hotel, the weather, the tap, the scenery, the table, and the host and hostess. They wound up their poetic work with a stanza in Latin. A tourist visiting the hotel in 1864 was struck with the idea that some of the poetry written in the book would not look bad in print; so he copied what he thought was the best, and issued it, *privately*, in a pamphlet. I have a copy of this little volume containing the verses of Kingsley, Hughes, and Taylor. It is the only one I have seen in an experience of seven years as a collector of books in the English language relating to Wales and the Welsh."

The pamphlet that accompanies Mr. Blackwell's letter is a diminutive volume, bound in blue paper, and bearing the title "Offerings at the Foot of Snowdon, or Breathings of Indolence at Pen-y-Gwyrd." It was printed at Woburn, "by J. Sergeant," in 1864. The verses of the Canon, the Queen's Counsel, and the playwright, hold the place of honour in its pages. The authorship of each stanza is shown by the initials printed above it. The first three run thus:

T. T.

I came to Pen-y-Gwyrd with colours armed and pencils,  
But found no use whatever for any such utensils;  
So in default of them I took to using knives and forks,  
And made successful drawings—of Mrs. Owen's corks!

C. K.

I came to Pen-y-Gwyrd in frantic hopes of slaying  
Grilse, Salmon, 3 lb. red-fleshed Trout, and what else there's no saying;  
But bitter cold and lashing rain, and black nor'-eastern skies, sir,  
Drove me to fish and botany, a sadder man and wiser.

T. H.

I came to Pen-y-Gwyrd a-larking with my betters,  
A mad wag and a mad poet, both of them men of letters;  
Which two ungrateful parties, after all the care I've took  
Of them, make me write verses in Henry Owen's book.

I have copied out three others of the English stanzas, irrespective of their position in this string of doggerel, and will conclude with the Latin lines which were the result of the trio's united efforts:

C. K.

And I too have another debt to pay another way  
For kindness shown by these good souls to one who's far away,  
Even to this old colly dog who tracked the mountains o'er  
For one who seeks strange birds and flowers on far Australia's shore.

T. H.

Oh, my dear namesake's breeches, you never see the like,  
He bust them all so shameful a-crossing of a dyke;  
But Mrs. Owen patch'd them, as careful as a mother,  
With flannel of three colours—she hadn't got no other.

T. T.

Pen-y-Gwyrd, when wet and worn, has kept a warm fireside for us;  
Socks, boots, and never-mention-ems Mrs. Owen still has dried for us;  
With host and hostess, fare and bill, so pleased we are that, going,  
We feel for all their kindness 'tis we, not they, are Owen!

T. H.

T. T.

C. K.

Nos tres in uno juncti hos fecimus versiculos;  
Tomas piscator pisces qui non cepi sed pisciculos,  
Tomas sciagraphus, sketches qui non feci nisi ridiculos,  
Herbarius Carolus montes qui lustravi perpendicularos.

—New York Critic.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

WEAPONS AND ORNAMENTS OF THE BRONZE AGE PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND.

THE evidence that is before us, incomplete and imperfect as it is, is undoubtedly evidence, not of an extreme scarcity, but of an abundance of gold ornaments greatly in excess of what we might have anticipated. To the questions of how this supply of gold was obtained and whence it was derived, there is no direct answer obtainable by any method known to me. But of this we may be certain, that from whatever source the Bronze Age people of Scotland obtained their supply of the precious metal, it could not have been obtained without its relative equivalent in labour or produce. Whether they procured it from its native sources within their own territory, and by their own industry and skill, or whether they imported it in exchange for other productions, the significance of its possession with regard to their conditions of life remains the same. In like manner, it does not affect the significance of their possession of bronze that they may not have procured the copper and tin of which it is composed from their own territories. If they imported these metals also, the fact that a traffic so complex and costly was maintained and provided for, implies the exist-

ence of conditions of culture and systems of social, commercial, and even political organisation, which cannot be held to indicate a low state of civilisation. The weapons and tools of the bronze age have this characteristic in common, that they are always well made, substantial, and purpose-like. In addition to these serviceable qualities, they possess the high merit of being well designed, graceful in outline, and finely proportioned, exhibiting, even in the commonest articles, a play of fancy in the subtle variations of their distinctive forms that is specially remarkable. . . . I venture to say that nothing finer than the workmanship of these bronze shields has ever been produced by the hammer. The people who supplied themselves with implements and weapons in this capable and cultured way, also used gold occasionally in the mounting of their weapons, and most lavishly in personal adornment. Although we know nothing whatever of their household arrangements, or the manners and customs of their domestic life, seeing that not a trace of a dwelling or site of a settlement of the Bronze Age has been discovered in Scotland, yet we are not without evidence of an indirect nature to indicate that they could not have been wholly destitute of the comforts and conveniences of life; and not the least striking of all the characteristics of their culture is exemplified in the fact that we know them chiefly, not from the circumstances in which they maintained themselves in life, but from circumstances which are the direct result of their attitude of mind towards their dead. If life with them was a struggle for existence, we look in vain for its memorials; but there is no wide district of country in which the memorials of their dead are not prominent, picturesque, and familiar features.—*Scotland in Pagan Times.* By Joseph Anderson, LL.D.

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN TORIES AND WHIGS.

HISTORICALLY, the two parties are sufficiently distinct. Though they have changed, modified, and even, as some aver, exchanged their principles, the distinction has throughout been roughly defined. In former times, they differed mainly in this: that to the Tory the Constitution was an end in itself beyond which he seldom looked; whereas the Whig deemed all forms of government subordinate to the public good, and, therefore, liable to change when they should cease to promote that object. "The Whig," says Hallam, "had a natural tendency to political improvement, the Tory an aversion to it. The one loved to descant on liberty and the rights of mankind, the other on the mischiefs of sedition and the rights of Kings." In later times, the Tory was an ardent supporter of the Church, and intolerant alike of Romanism and Dissent; the Whig treated Nonconformists with moderation, if not with favour. Historically, therefore, there is an intelligible foundation for the two parties. Is there also a natural history of parties? Mr. Lecky has ably endeavoured to show that there is. "The division of parties," he says, "corresponds roughly to certain broad distinctions of mind and character which can never be effaced." And it cannot be denied that the division is to some extent analogous with that between content and hope, between caution and confidence, between the mind which reveres the past and the mind which looks forward to the future, between the mind which sees most clearly the defects of existing institutions and the mind which is most alive to the dangers of change. Each side, he says, claims for itself a natural affinity with some of the highest qualities of mind and character. Each also arrays on its own side *those who, from infirmity of mind, are induced to accept half-truths as indestructible principles.* Those who are blindly wedded to routine, and incapable of appreciating new ideas or the exigencies of changed circumstances, and who have no very great desire to leave the world better than they found it, naturally gravitate towards Conservatism; while those who have no real appreciation of the infinite complexity and inter-dependence of political problems, and of the many remote and indirect consequences of every change—those who hate every privilege which they do not share, and those who are prepared "with a light heart and reckless head to recast the whole framework of the Constitution in the interests of speculation or experiment"—are naturally found in the ranks of the Liberals.—*Party and Patriotism.* By Sidney E. Williams.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

STRANGE reminiscence! At the end of the Terrace La Treille, on the eastern side, as I looked down the slope, it seemed to me that I saw once more, in imagination, a little path which existed there when I was a child, and ran through the bushy underwood, which was thicker then than it is now. It is at least forty years since this impression disappeared from my mind. The revival of an image, so dead and so forgotten, set me thinking. Consciousness seems to be like a book, in which the leaves turned by life successively cover and hide each other in spite of their semi-transparency; but although the book may be open at the page of the present, the wind, for a few seconds, may blow back the first pages into view. And at death will these leaves cease to hide each other, and shall we see all our past at once? Is death the passage from the successive to the simultaneous—that is to say, from time to eternity? Shall we then understand, in its unity, the poem or mysterious episode of our existence, which till then we have spelled out phrase by phrase? And is this the secret of that glory which so often enraptures the brow and countenance of those who are nearly dead? If so, death would be like the arrival of a traveller at the top of a great mountain, whence he sees spread out before him the whole configuration of the country, of which, till then, he had had but passing glimpses. To be able to overlook one's own history, to divine its meaning in the general concert and in the divine plan, would be the beginning of eternal felicity. Till then we had sacrificed ourselves to the universal

order; but then we should understand and appreciate the beauty of that order. We had toiled and laboured under the conductor of the orchestra; and we should find ourselves become surprised and delighted hearers. We had seen nothing but our own little path in the midst; and suddenly a marvellous panorama and boundless distances would open before our dazzled eyes. Why not?—*Amiel's Journal*.

### INDIA REVISITED.\*

AFTER an absence of twenty years, the man to whom we owe the poetry of India, has gone back to it, and, returning to his native land, has given us a sort of prose-poem chronicle of his Indian impressions as nearly a quarter of a century has affected them. The known literary world might be searched in vain to find another who could do so acceptably what Mr. Arnold has done. Long ago he sketched the Orient for us, later his noble art lit the canvas with tropical amber and rose, and now we gladly owe the details of the picture to his brush.

Mr. Arnold is a rare traveller. We look over his shoulder intent to lose no word of the journal he begins at the very mouth of the Thames, and all the while the good ship *Parramatta* is ploughing past the gray downs of the English coast, a period during which the average chronicler finds little but gruesome details. Truly only those who have eyes to perceive as well as to see should be permitted to write books of travel. What a saving of paper and ink and energy and publishing expenses the enforcement of that rule would effect! Everything has a suggestion for Mr. Arnold, delicate, clear and beautiful; and while his thoughts never skim very far from the ship, but follow it all the way like the light-winged sea-gulls, one finds in watching their grace and fleetness a perpetual delight. One lingers over the choice of a quotation from his transcript of the voyage, but this scrap of the mystical journey, "From Perim to Bombay," has an especial charm for me.

"What, indeed, may not seem possible amid such an universe of waters? If we sailed far enough, we might perhaps see the great Roc flying over the evening waves to some unnamed islet where her prodigious egg lies a-hatching on shingle composed of dead men's bones mixed with sapphires and rubies. We might come upon that green and opulent valley of diamonds, where you fling raw legs of mutton into the ravine, and find them afterwards carried up into the eagles' nests, stuck full of brilliants, Baghdad and Bassora are not very far away to our north-west, northwards lie Ormuz and the pearl grounds of the Persian Gulf; southwards, beyond sight, but not at any great distance, gleam the Laccadives, "Lakh-dwipa," the "One Hundred Thousand Islands" of the Indian Ocean; and underneath our keel, so some geologists believe, lurks the buried continent of "Lemuria." Nothing ought to appear too wonderful to happen in such waters, not even if we heard in the middle watch that mystic aerial voice of which Shelley sings:

Never such a sound before  
To the southern skies we bore:  
A pilot, asleep on the Indian Sea,  
Leaped up from the deck in agony,  
And cried aloud, "Oh, woe is me!"  
And died as mad as the wild waves be."

That the grave English scholar could so isolate himself from the practical present, and dreamily lose his imagination there on the magical sea of the tropics, among the alluring Oriental fantasies of his boyhood, seems to me a very remarkable and a very fascinating thing.

Once in Bombay, however, Mr. Arnold drops his reveries, and devotes himself to the industrious noting of progress in India that makes his book such useful as well as agreeable reading. Socially, politically, commercially, his observant eye and his faithful pen are everywhere busy with the record of a score of years as they have affected the English and the upper native classes of Bombay. In India herself, however, the India of out-of-doors, with her teeming dusky peoples, their religion, their habits, their dress, he finds little alteration.

"Everywhere, behind and amid the vast commercial bustle of modern Bombay, abides ancient, placid, conservative India, with her immutable customs and deeply rooted popular habits, derived unbroken from immemorial days. And overhead, in every open space, or vista of quaint roof-tops and avenues of red, blue, or saffron-coloured houses, the feathered crowns of the date trees wave, the sacred fig swings its aerial roots and shelters the squirrel and the parrot, while the air is peopled with hordes of ubiquitous, clamorous, gray-necked crows, and full of the "kites of Govinda," wheeling and screaming under the cloudless canopy of sunlight. The abundance of animal life, even in the suburbs of this great capital, appears once more wonderful, albeit so well known and remembered of old. You cannot drop a morsel of bread or of fruit but forty keen-beaked, sleek, desperately audacious crows crowd to snatch at the spoil; and in the tamarind tree which overhangs our veranda may at this moment be counted more than a hundred red-throated parakeets, chattering and darting like live fruit among the dark-green branches. India does not change!

As might be expected, however, it is when Mr. Arnold leaves the thoroughfare, and betakes himself to the hidden beauties of the gardens and the inner sanctities of the temples, that we feel the full impulse of that mysterious tide of being that sets eastward in him. By some inexplicable affinity he has penetrated deep into the very secret of the mystery and beauty of the Orient; he knows the alchemy of her pearls and the tints wherewith she dyes her sunsets.

The author has not been able to resist lighting his volume with the translation of occasional Indian poems that glimmer softly through its pages like jewels in a royal robe. They are too long to quote though, and I will conclude rather inconsistently with Mr. Arnold's exquisite preface, the sentiment of which has done so much to qualify him to be India's arch-interpreter to England.

"India, farewell! I shall not see again  
Thy shining shores, thy people of the sun,  
Gentle, soft-mannered, by a kind word won  
To such quick kindness! O'er the Arab main  
Our flying flag streams back; and backward stream  
My thoughts to those fair open fields I love,  
City and village, maidan, jungle, grove,  
The temples and the rivers! Must it seem  
Too great for one man's heart to say it holds  
So many Indian sisters dear,  
So many unknown brothers? That it folds  
Lakhs of true friends in parting? Nay! but there  
Lingers my heart, leave-taking; and it roves  
From hut to hut whispering "he knows, and loves!"  
Good-bye! Good night! Sweet may your slumbers be;  
Gunga! and Kasi! and Saraswati!"

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received the following publications:

- CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. Toronto: William Briggs.  
ST. NICHOLAS. September. New York: The Century Company.  
WIDE AWAKE. September. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.  
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. September. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.  
THE FORUM. September. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.  
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. August 28. Boston: Littell and Company.  
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. September. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.  
CATALOGUE OF BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RELATING TO AMERICA. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Company.  
CATALOGUE OF COLLECTIONS OF AUTOGRAPHS. PART I. New York: Bangs and Company.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

"A LEISURELY JOURNEY," by William Leonard Gage, is the delightful record of a trip to England and the Continent, told in an easy, graceful style, which has a peculiar charm like the repose of perfect manners. The volume is very daintily got up. D. Lothrop and Company, publishers.

"TEMPLE BAR" for July contained Prof. Johnson's article on Wordsworth from "Three Americans and Three Englishmen," recently issued by Mr. Thomas Whittaker. The Bentleys have agreed to use three of Prof. Johnson's lectures, paying for the same an honorarium equal to the price paid for original articles. They are honest, without international copyright.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Mr. Gladstone's authorized American publishers, expect to issue in a few days, simultaneously with its appearance in London, his great pamphlet entitled "The Irish Question." The bare announcement of this extraordinary publication has created the greatest sensation in London, where its political effect will be momentous, and its interest and importance will be hardly less marked in this country. The book is divided into two parts. Part I. is entitled "The History of an Idea," and traces the development of the Home Rule idea in Mr. Gladstone's own mind, defends his past course, and defines his present position. Part II. is entitled "Lessons of the Election." In it Mr. Gladstone analyzes the election returns, and concludes that Ireland has only to wait with patience and hope. Messrs. Scribner will issue the work in their Yellow Paper Series. The price will be ten cents.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for August 7th and 14th contain "Louis Agassiz," *London Quarterly*; "History in Punch," "The Novelists and their Patrons," and "Pasteur," *Fortnightly*; "Edmund Burke," *Contemporary*; "The Primrose League," *Nineteenth Century*; "The Meditations of a Parish Priest," *Blackwood*; "The Templars," by J. A. Froude, *Good Words*; "A Christening in Karpathos," *Macmillan*; "The Beasts and Birds of the Law," "The Spites of Rulers," and "The Contrast between Buddhist and Christian Teaching," *Spectator*; "The First Water-Meadow," *St. James's Gazette*; "In Heligoland," *All the Year Round*; "On the Variations of Climate in the Course of Time," *Nature*; "Old Letters," *Globe*; with instalments of "Don Angelo's Stray Sheep," "This Man's Wife," "A Garden of Memories," and "Sainte Marie," and Poetry. The numbers for August 21st and 28th contain "Native India," *Asiatic Quarterly*; "On the Study of Science," by Sir John Lubbock, *Contemporary*; "Letters and Letter-Writers," *Nineteenth Century*; "Christopher North," *Macmillan*; "Parrots I have Met," *Cornhill*; "Elizabeth Fry," *Blackwood*; "The Monks of Islam," *Gentleman's*; "The Templars," *Good Words*; "A Tropical Calm and Sunset," and "The Chateaux of Touraine," *Spectator*; "Jacobean Houses in the North," *Saturday Review*; "Beaconsfield," and "The Men of the Turkish Army," *St. James's*; "In Heligoland," *All the Year Round*; with instalments of "Treasure Trove," "A Garden of Memories," and "Don Angelo's Stray Sheep," and poetry.

\*India Revisited. By Edwin Arnold. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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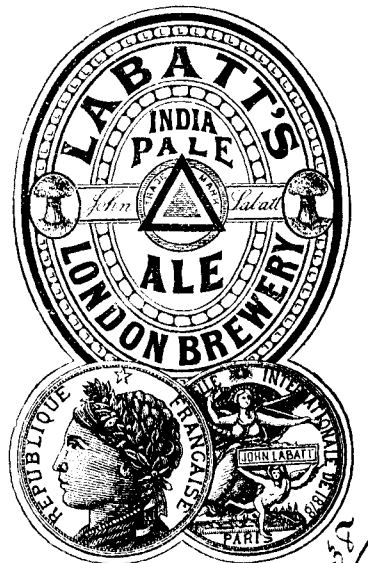
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