

# THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GOBEIL, *Secretary*.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 7th December, 1885.



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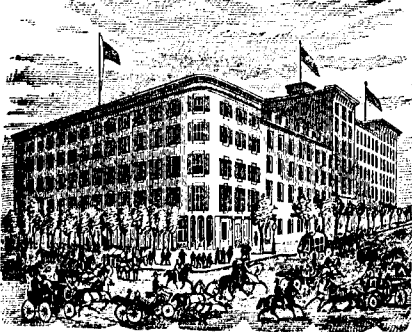
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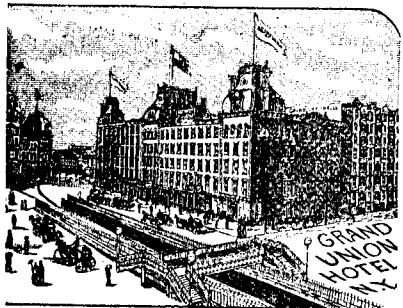
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# THE WEEK.

Third Year.  
Vol. III., No. 5.

Toronto, Thursday, December 31st, 1885.

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## THE EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY.

CHRISTIANITY in America—its present condition, its drift and tendency, its probable future—is a subject well worthy the attention not only of the religious man, but of the student of social science. However sceptical one's opinions may be, it cannot be denied that Christianity is, and will be for some time to come at any rate, a most important factor in all the affairs of the people of this continent. Any scheme of moral, political, or social philosophy in which Christianity is ignored, however well it might perchance suit some future age, is for all present purposes defective and impracticable. And this remains true, whatever relations Christianity may bear to the State; whether upheld, or tolerated, or repudiated by the powers that be. The student of the times then must needs be gravely interested in the question, What is the probable outcome of all these cross-currents of thought in American Christianity?

By this term we mean the aggregate of all those various organizations, more or less isolated from one another, existing on this continent, and called "Churches," "Denominations," "Sects," or "Heresies," according to individual bias. The sum of all these, as the modern presentment of the religion of Jesus Christ, is what we denominate American Christianity. To what is this Christianity verging? What are the indications whereby we can prognosticate its future evolution?

That it is in a state of transition all must admit. No Christian, whatever may be his "creed," desires or expects that, say in fifty years from now, all the "denominations" at present existing on this continent (there are some five hundred, it is said,) will still be flourishing, *plus* several more which will be invented in the meantime. Every believer in Revelation looks for a better state of things than that. The zealous and sanguine adherent of any particular denomination expects that his views will ultimately prevail. The philosopher, it may be, sees in these divisions evidences of a disintegration that must eventually produce collapse. But no one, believer or unbeliever, conceives of the present mixed state of Christianity as final or permanent: it cannot exist forever as it is. What, then, is its drift? Is it emerging from chaos to order, or is it undergoing the process of decomposition and decay?

Unsatisfactory and shifting as the present state of Christianity in America may be, still it is just the state that might have been anticipated. It is the natural outcome of the peculiar circumstances under which this continent has been peopled. Men of every nation under heaven—certainly every Christian nation—have found a home here, and have brought with them the seeds of their own national species and varieties of religion, which have all taken root and grown; and besides in this fertile soil other indigenous varieties have sprung up. The active, restless, inventive American mind has not been content with foreign importations even in religion: and so the accumulated varieties of foreign "cults" have been augmented by genuine American ones. The late M. About, in his very clever *brochure*, "The Roman Question," thus wittily described the American character: "By the time he is twenty-five years of age, an American has tried his hand at a dozen different trades, made four fortunes and at least one bankruptcy, held a political office, gone through a campaign, had a lawsuit, established a new religious sect, killed half-a-dozen men with his revolver, and conquered an island." It is not to be wondered at—it is due partly to the American

character and partly to uncontrollable circumstances—if there has been such a tendency to multiply religious sects: if, for instance, in the city of Chicago we find a McArthur among the Baptists, a Swing among the Presbyterians, a Thomas among the Methodists, and a Cheney among the Episcopalians, each "starting a new religious sect" of his own, and if the whole of this western continent has become a happy hunting-ground for all sorts of theological Nimrods. American Christianity in its present stage appears nebulous and chaotic: and yet scarcely so; for it will not answer Mr. Herbert Spencer's definition of such a state; it is neither coherent nor homogeneous. Rather it is a sort of conglomerate, displaying the results of all the forces of heat and cold, denudation and deposit.

What, then, is its drift and tendency to-day? Can we see indications to tell us what the next formation is likely to be? Shall we mark a still further process of disintegration, to be closed, perhaps, with a glacial epoch of blank unbelief; or are there signs of a development into a better order of things?

The American mind, active and given to experiment, is at the same time eminently practical. If any scheme fail to produce the good results anticipated, it is quickly abandoned for another. Hence, such a problem as the one before us is likely to be much more speedily solved in America than in countries which are hampered in their progress by old traditions and race prejudices. American Christianity has tried the experiment of Individualism and Sectarianism till, one would think, it had reached its utmost possible limit. He must be an ingenious man, indeed, who can discover grounds on which to "establish a new religious sect" to-day. The practical American sees that this sectarianism is, after all, ruinous to the common cause; it brings Christianity itself into disrepute; it confirms, not to say creates, unbelief; it causes enormous dissipation of energy; it is productive of rivalry, envy, disparagement of each other's motives and practices, and every form of un-charity. In short, all the evils of Partyism in Politics are multiplied infinitely by the various "Parties" of Christianity. We might, then, expect to find a reaction against this partyism; and so we do. One of the greatest forces now observable in American Christian thought is a longing for consolidation and unity. "Organic Union" is a cry of the present day; and though men may differ as to how it is to be brought about, still the cry for its imperative necessity is waxing louder and louder. It was raised some time ago, but at first feebly. The Reports of the Annual Meetings of the Evangelical Alliance show how that cry has been gradually increasing in intensity. Formerly, at such meetings, it was the fashion for the speakers of different "denominations" to congratulate one another on the sectarianism of Protestants as a good thing. There used to be much talk about the "many regiments in one army." But that talk is almost silenced nowadays. The report of the Alliance Meeting in Montreal in 1874 marks an interesting stage in this evolution of Christian thought. Some few voices, indeed, were heard applauding the present state of things; but the stronger thinkers raised the tone which has since reverberated, louder and louder, of dissatisfaction at the divided state of Christendom, and of a longing for organic union. The most pronounced of these speakers was Rev. Dr. Grant, Principal of Queen's College. His paper, whose very caption ("The Church of Canada—Can such a thing be?") was striking, showed that this deep and clear thinker was not only abreast but ahead of the then times.

In Canada practical effect has been given to this cry by the organic union of the aforesaid *dissecta membra* of the Presbyterians and Methodists respectively.

Two very remarkable contributions have of late appeared in American magazines, written from very different points of view and by authors of very different "creeds": one entitled "The Idea of God," in the *Atlantic Monthly* of last November, by Mr. John Fiske, a Unitarian; the other in the *Century Magazine*, also of November, by a Presbyterian, Professor Charles Shields, of Princeton, which is entitled "The United Churches of the United States." Starting from very different points, and with very different aims, yet each contributes his quota toward the solution of our problem. Professor Shields comes out boldly for Organic Unity, its absolute necessity. He condemns the perpetuation of dead issues by the preservation of old national churches—such as the Dutch Reformed Church, the German Reformed Church, etc.—on this continent, where old-world nationalities are becoming fused in one homogeneous race.

Again, he frankly admits that all such coalitions as the Bible Society, the Evangelical Alliance, the S. S. Union, etc., etc., are but "temporary expedients." He says: "The unification of American Churches, if ever it is to come at all, cannot be precipitated by platforms, coalitions, compromises—in short, by any external association of the different denominations which leaves them still without internal modification and vital connexion." To this let us add, it is but justice to ascribe the refusal of the High Anglican party to participate in these schemes, not to their resistance of the desire for Unity, but to the fact which this scholarly and liberal-minded Divine points out, that all these schemes are but makeshifts; they simply cover up the wound and do not heal it. Men are satisfied with these "temporary expedients," instead of seeking to eradicate the evil. It is, in fact, a daubing of the rifted wall with untempered mortar.

With deep insight the Professor adds: "The American Churches, . . . it is inevitable in the long future, will undergo much modification and . . . assimilation to one another or to some divine model toward which they are tending." He proceeds to show where we may "discern these unifying tendencies." He discusses *seriatim* the three bases of Doctrine, Polity, and Worship. On the first of these three (Doctrine) he does not entertain much hope of unity as yet. He is "doubtful if perfect agreement is attainable." To this we would answer: Not only is "perfect agreement" unattainable, but it is most undesirable. The endeavour to enforce perfect agreement on all points has ever been the bane of the Church. As long as men's faces differ, so long will men's opinions, particularly on such metaphysical points as are involved in many of these theological doctrines. There are only two alternatives: either the United Church of the future must have a basis wide enough to allow great diversity of opinion, or we must continue to have, as now, separate sects to reflect each its own special phase of thought. Yet, notwithstanding, some basis of Doctrine the United Churches must have: what one better, or more generally acceptable, could there be than the Nicene Creed?

As to the second basis (Polity), Dr. Shields says, truly, all the larger denominations are assimilating in principle if not in name. The Episcopal Church, by her Congresses and Synods, which freely admit the lay element, is by so much assimilating to the Presbyterian and Congregationalist systems; while, from the other extreme, the Congregationalists, by adopting a "Congregational Union," are so far departing from their old practices and assimilating to the Episcopal system of an Organic Union of parishes. This problem is working itself out.

But what surprises one most in the essay under review is that the learned author places his chief hope on what we should have been inclined to consider the greatest obstacle, viz.: Unity in Worship. Surely one would think the *crux* lay here. How is it possible that the Episcopalian would give up his stately Liturgy, and decorous if "formal" worship, for the long prayer extemporaneously dictated by the one officer? or how on the other hand could Jennie Geddes submit to any curtailment of the "Liberty of Propheying"? Nevertheless, where others would see the greatest obstacle, Prof. Shields finds his clue out of the labyrinth. And, strange to say, that clue is the Prayer Book of the Church of England, to be adopted in its entirety. He does not believe in "new made liturgies or patchwork services": he is even more severe on "incongruous mixtures of liturgical and extempore worship," with "the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, or the Gloria torn from its proper liturgical connection," than he is on the "temporary expedients" of undenominational alliances. We leave our readers to study for themselves the argument of the learned professor, which would be spoiled by piecemeal quotations. Suffice it to say, he draws a distinction between "ritualist" and "revivalist" worship: he thinks each good and necessary in its place; so that while the Prayer Book as a whole should be closely adhered to in the stated assemblies of the "United Churches," much latitude should be allowed for informal revival and prayer meetings, for arousing the careless, and for bringing the irreligious into the fold. To all this we heartily respond "Amen." The Evangelicals in the Anglican Church have long worked on these lines; and so do the Ritualists; their "Missions" give plenty of room for all sorts of unprecedented action. When the guests are assembled at the Banquet of the King, all things should be done "decently and in order"; but when His servants are in the lanes and by-ways compelling men to come in, formalities might be dispensed with. This remarkable paper closes with these pregnant words:—

"The general conclusion is now before us: a doctrinal compact of the American Churches can only be looked for in the distant future: their ecclesiastical confederation may be nearer at hand: but the liturgical fusion is passing before our eyes toward its only logical issue in the Prayer Book."

But one thought seems to have escaped our author. If this line of

action becomes general, as he anticipates, the "United Churches" of the future will have a "Doctrinal compact" in the Nicene Creed, which all will then confess. Certainly, even this basis will exclude some; but a line must be drawn somewhere. The Nicene Creed makes us draw it at the Divine character, not only of the mission, but of the *Person* of Jesus Christ. The objective doctrine of the Incarnation would thus become the "Articulus Ecclesie," instead of Justification by subjective faith, or any of the other metaphysical abstractions of—well, let us say ecclesiarchs.

Assuming, then, the correctness of Dr. Shields' prognosis (and he is no mean authority), American Christianity is now rapidly recovering from her fever of Sectarianism; and if she takes faithfully the remedies he prescribes, we may see the day when all Trinitarian Protestants will "with one mouth glorify God." The Evolution of American Christianity is toward Order, Strength, and Beauty, and not toward further decay.

Two great parties have hitherto been left out of consideration, one the Church of Rome and the other Unitarian Protestants. The former—the Church of Rome—we *must* leave out of the question: there is no compromise with her; there is no parleying. She must be left alone in her glory to carry out, if she can, her design of making all Christians submit to her sway. Professing herself to be the sole embodiment of all true religion, she sings the song of Vivien:—

"Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:  
So trust me not at all, or all in all."

Still, we fancy, in spite of her blandishments, she will never entrap the Merlin of American Christian Thought. In her worship and her philosophy she is an exotic which will scarcely thrive in American soil; in her autocratic government and her despotic rule she is an anachronism. Only imagine all the Christians of America, some fine day, submissively banishing from all their homes and clubs and reading-rooms some magazine—say the *Century*—because an order to that effect had just been telegraphed from Italy! In such case it could, indeed, be said that Merlin

Lay as dead,  
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Mons. de Tocqueville, it is true, predicted that the Church of Rome in America would ultimately reign supreme, "because the regular army always in the end overcomes guerillas and volunteers." But Mons. de T. lived too long ago. He had not seen how readily the American character could adapt itself to circumstances; how speedily the citizen soldiery develop into a well-drilled army. No doubt, if this multiplication of sects were to go on much longer, the end would be that Rome and Agnosticism would divide the prey between them. But it will be another thing when Prof. Shields' grand idea shall have been realized.

The other class which has been hitherto omitted from consideration is at the other extreme of religious faith, viz., those who hold Unitarian views. They, too, would be excluded by the platform proposed. No scheme can be framed to include every possible shade of belief, from Rome's excessive demands on our faith, through all the diminutions until we reach the vanishing point. Nevertheless, a great deal—a vast deal—will be effected if all Trinitarian Protestants unite. The Unitarians must be left to work out their own development; for among them, too, is much commotion. There are Unitarians and Unitarians; there is an immense gulf between the Unitarianism of Channing and that of Theodore Parker. At this day the "High" Unitarian, who believes that Jesus Christ was "divine" (whatever that term may mean to him), has very little in common with the "Low" Unitarian, who looks upon Christ as a mere man, and a more or less mistaken one at that. The High Unitarian, repelled from the "low" doctrines, is much nearer the Trinitarian faith than he is to the faith of his "low" brethren. He is just verging on "Orthodoxy"; but he cannot accept it because to him "Orthodoxy" is tantamount to Tritheism, which he cannot endure. Now here Mr. Fiske's essay, alluded to above, is very useful. We cannot endorse all his sentiments in that paper upon "The Idea of God," but it is right to remember he approaches the subject as a Philosopher and Evolutionist rather than as a Theologian. His whole essay is very suggestive; but there is one point to which we would call special attention. He insists upon it that to form a correct idea of God we should dismiss the teachings of St. Augustine (which, he says, have too much coloured the theology of both Rome and Protestantism), and revert to the philosophical divinity of St. Clement of Alexandria and St. Athanasius. Now, here again we would heartily respond "Amen." The distinction between the Greek and Latin ideas of God is too intricate a question to be taken up here; we must refer our readers to the essay in Anglican, the Greek, and the Old Catholic Churches, the point of concord was not the works of any Latin Father, but of the Greek St. John Damascene. Here is a clue: perhaps it will be to the advantage of the



United Church of the future to frame its theology on the lines of the Greek Fathers instead of Latin ones; especially if, as this profound writer points out, the Greek or Oriental idea of God is more compatible with modern science than the Western. At all events, if the Unitarians are willing to follow the prescriptions of their own Mr. Fiske, and take their Idea of God from the writings of St. Clement of Alexandria and St. Athanasius, we who hope for the Organic Union of Christians on the basis of the Nicene Creed will not complain.

Everything then tends to make us hopeful of the future Evolution of American Christianity. Making all due allowance for the necessary existence of some "bolters," we may yet see the day when a noble organization of many millions of Christians shall exist on this continent, with "One Body and one Spirit, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all."

G. J. Low.

### THE IRISH CRISIS.

To politicians the Irish Question naturally seems wholly political. The fact, however, is that it is more religious than political and more economical than religious.

Too early marriages, which the church encourages, numerous families, and a population constantly out-growing the means of support afforded by a country unsuited for the raising of grain, are the root of all the evil, and these no political change can affect. If Quebec were an island it would be another Ireland. Absentee landlordism is much to be deplored as well as reprobated; but rather on social than on economical grounds, since the absentee estates are not the worst or least liberally managed. For a redundant population emigration and more prudent habits are the only remedies. Disunion will do nothing for it. That Ireland can be fed by cutting off her trade with England, if it were not a mere suggestion of hatred, would be the dream of a lunatic.

It may be that the Roman Catholic religion best secures salvation in the next world. But it does not best foster the qualities and habits which produce prosperity in this world. Spain, Portugal, Southern Italy, Mexico, France before the Revolution, are the proofs. National education in Ireland is the gift of the Union: it was introduced and is maintained in the face of priestly opposition: with the Union it would fall, and with it would fall the possibility of scientific industry, without which there can be now no industrial success. Besides, it would be instructive to inquire whether the landlord draws away more money from the people than the Church. Here, again, political change can bring no cure: it can only deliver the people more completely than ever into the hands of the priests.

So far as the question is political, I have always maintained and I appeal to such experience as there is for proof that the right course is the opposite to that on which all the politicians seem to be acting. The one political grievance of the Irish is, that with their impressible nature, and with their personal attachment to rulers, they have never seen their Sovereign or their Government. Other political grievances they have none, unless it be that they are not allowed free murder, for which a decentralized police is another name. The one thing needful was, not that they should be severed from the Empire, but that Imperial institutions should be brought home to their eyes and hearts. If royalty during the present reign had done its duty to Ireland and spent the time there which it has spent at Balmoral, disaffection, I am persuaded, would never have raised its head, nor would a demagogue ever have usurped the crown. Even now, I believe, that the regular presence of royalty and an occasional session of the Imperial Parliament in Dublin, for the special consideration of Irish questions, would be sufficient to allay the storm. It is a pity that the royal title, as regards Ireland, cannot be at once devolved on the Prince of Wales, who is disposed to do the duties of the Irish crown.

What the political scheme of the Nationalists for Ireland is we have never been told. An ignorant and superstitious, though good-natured and lively, peasantry, led by priests and demagogues, is hardly a sound foundation for a republic. We know what such a republic would do, not only to landlords but to loyalists, to men of English blood, and Protestants. Then would come civil war.

I have said that Ireland has no real political grievance, except the absence of royalty, and the distance of the Imperial Parliament. If she has one, what is it? None has yet been named, nor has Parnell ever brought forward in Parliament any motion for redress or reform. He at once raised the standard of moral rebellion, sought to wreck the House of Commons by obstruction, and let murder loose in Ireland. Never was an insurrection more devoid, not only of real and substantial, but even of alleged, cause. Surely Parliament, if it has any sense of its own dignity,

might at least require that the demands of Mr. Parnell and the Irish should be respectfully and constitutionally presented to it before it rushes into surrender.

I have never failed, I believe, as a public writer, to advocate the redress of every Irish grievance. Nor have I been cold or backward in doing justice to the graces of Irish character. But dynamite, murder, mutilation of cattle, calumnious mendacity and treacherous ingratitude to friends and benefactors, are not graces of character in any race whatever. Any race which thought that they were would be on the high road to perdition.

Our Canadian politicians are all cowed by the Irish vote to which, in the Costigan resolutions, they paid a hypocritical homage. The party press is subject to the same influence, and therefore Canada has seemed throughout the struggle for British Unity to send to the Mother Country counsels of weakness and surrender. But there are tens of thousands of men of British blood here who, if they could be heard, would give counsel more worthy of their race. Every practical grievance they would desire to see redressed, everything which justice requires they would desire to see done, and this for the honour of Great Britain as well as in the interest of Ireland. But shame and sorrow fill their hearts when they see the British Parliament brought by its unpatriotic factions, or by abject fear, to lay the unity, the majesty, and the greatness of the nation at the feet of an insolent rebel, whom one moment of patriotic unanimity would reduce to his natural impotence. Let England freely and deliberately make any sacrifice of power or territory to righteousness and her sons will be content. They know that her greatness is inseparable from morality. What they cannot bear is to see her shamefully dismembered by treasonable weakness.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, it seems, has been saying that "there is no hope of justice except through party warfare." The conclusive answer is that, as I have just said, no demand for the redress of any specific grievance whatever has been preferred by the representatives of Ireland or rejected by the House of Commons. What Mr. Herbert Gladstone might say, however, would be of little consequence if his utterances were not indications of his father's designs. As Mr. Gladstone once forced his way back into power by taking up Irish Disestablishment, so he now hopes to force his way back by embracing Disunion. That is the obvious meaning of his son's words, and, so construed, they portend a great disaster to the country,—a disaster far worse than even the murderous muddle in Egypt, or the blunders in foreign politics which made staunch Liberals rejoice when that department passed out of Mr. Gladstone's hands. What calamities has this man's incapacity for government, combined with his dazzling gifts and imposing qualities, brought upon the nation!

It is not impossible that Mr. Gladstone may muster enough Rebel and Radical votes to carry his motion in the Commons. That the Peers will have the courage and the patriotism to hold out is not likely. Yet if they did, and if a dissolution were thereby forced, with the Union for the issue, the nation would at least have a chance of putting forth in defence of its integrity any force that may be left in it. The bitterest enemy of the hereditary principle would be willing to grant the Peers a long respite if they could rescue from the impatient cravings of a senile ambition the unity, greatness, and honour of the nation.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

### THE IRISH QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28, 1885.

THE report that Mr. Gladstone is preparing an adequate scheme of Home Rule for Ireland naturally interests all classes of people in the States, but notably the Irish-Americans and men in public life.

The first, most surprising, and most gratifying result of the publication and apparent confirmation of the news was the sudden collapse of that "race-hatred" between Saxon and Celt of which so much has been said on both sides, these many years past, to the equal damage of the people of both countries. Irishmen of prominence, and of unquestionable devotion to the Nationalist cause, have all at once found themselves willing and able to speak of Mr. Gladstone with respect, if not with affection; to advocate moderate courses for the coming Parliament of Ireland, and to anticipate loyal coöperation from their countrymen at home in maintaining the integrity of the British Empire. This change of feeling among representative Irishmen on this side of the ocean is a distinct gain to the principle of true unity between the united kingdoms, and to some extent aids in forming a right judgment upon the question how a real pacification of Ireland is to be assured.

So far as Ireland and the Irish inhabitants of the British Isles are concerned, no doubt the British Government can at any time command peace by the exercise of physical force—that is, assuming that English constituencies would support by their votes a policy of repression. But coercion could have no appreciable force outside of Ireland, and until the Irish-Americans are pacified England will be beset on her flank by a foe far more dangerous than Russia is ever likely to become. It is the

existence and even imminence of this danger that gives importance to the exposure of the merely bugaboo character of the supposed social incompatibility between Englishmen and Irishmen.

Next to the German, the Irish is the largest non-English element in the population of these States, and upon the question of Irish nationality that element must be counted to at least the third generation. Leaving out what may be called, without disrespect to the Irish people at large, the riff-raff (to which, in its mass, every civilized race and people contribute their quota), the territorial area of the Union is numerously dotted with men and women of Irish birth or descent in various degrees prosperous, intelligent, and influential, and these possess in common a sincere belief that they are enforced exiles from a dear, delightful land, once flourishing and glorious, which has lain for six centuries under the heel of an oppression unexampled in the annals of civilization. The calm student of history may well presume to minimize the ancient splendour and prosperity, and to dispute somewhat the unrelieved blackness of the alleged oppression; but statesmen who would be great and successful must pay substantial regard to the feelings as well as the judgments of men, and must look beyond the select body of critics and philosophers at the masses of average people behind that make up a nation. Whether right or wrong in their historical perspective, Irish-Americans are honest in their convictions as to their national wrongs and their national duties in respect of their ancestral land, and their solidarity in directing American forces and influences against the presumed despoiler of their birthright becomes every day more compact and menacing. Say that it is an abuse of American hospitality, and a menace to American institutions, to make our political agencies a fulcrum for operations upon foreign matter, and we are no nearer a solution. Willing as the non-Irish-Americans are that Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell, and Lord Salisbury, should settle the Irish question for and among themselves, they are not going to organize, in our day and generation, to compel their Irish compatriots to devote their political activity to exclusively home affairs, and until there shall be an organized opposition to the Irish vote, that vote will be always capable of threatening and injuring England every time she gets embroiled with Russia, France, or any first-rate power.

Taking now the standpoint of an American politician, it may quickly be seen that a settlement of the government of Ireland to the satisfaction of the Irish people would be a great relief to him. As a rule he is densely ignorant of Irish history and of the condition of Ireland, nor has he the slightest wish to study Ireland on either its historical or social side. He resents the presence among his electorate of an insolent, because powerful, phalanx of Irish voters, and feels humiliated at the compulsion put upon him of identifying himself with a cause of which he knows little and cares less, and of the soundness and ends of which he has his doubts. Possibly he wishes that there were a countervailing English vote that would enable him to defy the thralldom by which he feels himself enslaved, but he knows there is not and never can be such a vote, for want of a vital principle to create and maintain it. So that disregard or defiance of his embodied Irish constituents would mean permanent exclusion from public life, which would be death to a politician. The worthiest statesman of our land could not affront the Irish vote and survive in a political sense; the unworthy insincerely and ostentatiously court it to the injury of American interests. If we were to concede to Mr. Parnell and the cause for which he stands all the merits and virtues ascribed to them by the most devoted of his followers and admirers, it would still be wrong from any American standpoint to invite him to address our House of Representatives, as was done on the occasion of his last visit here, to the disgust and annoyance of at least three-fourths of the members, any one of whom could have prevented what we deplored by voting adversely to the invitation. Should it please Mr. Parnell to visit the United States this coming year, further humiliation is in store for many of our public men who do not believe in identifying the United States with the embroilment of peoples and governments abroad. To such, a settlement of the Irish question, satisfactory to the Irish race, would come as a personal relief, leaving them a little freer to deal with those other impending thralldoms, Prohibition and Labour.

Finally, we who are neither of the race of Celts or politicians, would be glad of a settlement such as just indicated, because the solid Irish vote is an impediment to healthy political development and a constant temptation to demagogues to climb into places from which they are sure to do us hurt. Perhaps, too, in the evolution of political ideas we have come to think that the minority of Orangemen and Irish landlords have not an everlasting right to speak and act for Ireland, nor that English, nor even Imperial interests, should utterly outweigh the wishes and aspirations of the majority, as so clearly manifested in the recent Parliamentary elections. We had an Ireland in our own politics a few years ago, but we never took kindly to coercion while applying it, as we thought, for necessary ends of high policy, and we are rather ashamed of the episode now, mild and transient as its phenomena were. It might be instructive for English statesmen to remember that this dishonourable page in our political history, known as Reconstruction, had no other basis than the sordid selfishness of some of the leaders of a political party.

No worthy Anglo-American would wish to see England make other than just and honourable concessions to Ireland, under any amount of pressure at home or abroad; but English-born residents of the United States would rejoice to see an honourable settlement that would close forever the painful chapter of Irish-American hatred of their Motherland and the exploitation of American politics with a view to her debasement or destruction.

B.

THE assumed discovery of a 6th Pianoforte Concerto by Beethoven as announced by the *Allgemeine Zeitung für Musik* is pronounced by a high authority to be only a fable. It was asserted that Herr Max Friedlanders discovered the score bearing the date 1805.

## THE DEATH OF AMY ROBSART.

IN the current number of *Macmillan* a writer discusses the subject of the death of Amy Robsart, especially with reference to Sir Walter Scott's presentation of the case in "Kenilworth," and to the views of the antiquarian critics who hold that in that romance Sir Walter has unwarrantably perverted history. The author of the essay comes to the conclusion that in this matter Sir Walter Scott has not exceeded the license of a novelist: if he is not strictly accurate neither are his critics, and that of all the serious charges brought by them against him not one has been verified. Speaking of the circumstances of Amy Robsart's death, so far as they are really known, the author says:—

The date when the lady took up her residence at Cumnor cannot be fixed, but it cannot well have been before 1560. Canon Jackson has made a great point of a paper found at Longleat from her to her tailor. It shows, he says, that she was "liberally supplied with the finery of the day," that there is at least "no sign of parsimony in her apparel," this last piece of evidence being considered by him so important as to deserve the distinction of italics. But who has said anything to the contrary? Certainly not Sir Walter, as his novel stands most strenuously to testify. This, however, is beside the question. The whole business is, indeed, overlaid with so very much that is beside the question, that it is extremely difficult, even with the best intentions, to keep always clear of the pitfalls that beset our laborious steps.

Elizabeth came to the throne in November, 1558. Early in the next year rumours were abroad that she was likely to marry Robert Dudley, whenever his wife's death should leave him free for a second marriage. In May, 1559, De Feria, the Spanish minister in England, wrote to Philip, that he hears the Queen "is enamoured of my Lord Robert Dudley, and will never let him leave her side. . . . It is even reported that his wife has a cancer on the breast, and that the Queen waits only till she die to marry him." Dudley had then been married to Amy Robsart nearly nine years, but no children had been born of the marriage. It is vain work trying to guess Elizabeth's real feelings, nor are we concerned with them. All that is certain, and all that is necessary for us to bear in mind, is, that from the time of the Queen's accession to the time of Lady Dudley's death, it was common talk, both in England and on the Continent, that Lord Robert Dudley was one day to be the husband of the Queen of England. On the eleventh of September, 1560, De Quadra, then Spanish ambassador in London, sent off to the Duchess of Parma at Brussels a long account of a conversation he had held on the third of the month with Cecil. The secretary, who was then disgraced, owing, it was supposed, to Dudley's influence, after lamenting the Queen's folly and the injury she was doing to herself and the realm, said that "they were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. They had given out that she was ill; but she was not ill at all; she was very well, and taking care not to be poisoned." The next day, that is on the fourth of September, four days before Lady Dudley's death, the Queen told the ambassador "that Lord Robert's wife was dead or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it. Assuredly it is a matter full of shame and infamy." And the letter concludes with a paragraph evidently penned in haste at the last moment:—"Since this was written the death of Lord Robert's wife has been given out publicly. The Queen said in Italian, '*Que si ha rotto il collo.*' It seems that she fell down a staircase."\*

Dudley was then with the court at Windsor. The news of his wife's death was not generally known till the eleventh of September; but it is clear from his first letter to Blount, that on the ninth he was aware that something had happened at Cumnor. He at once sent off Blount to inquire; but while Blount was still on the road, the news arrived at Windsor by a messenger named Bowes. Dudley remained quietly at Windsor, contenting himself with sending a letter after Blount, to the effect that he had learnt of his wife's death "by a fall from a pair of stayres," and praying his cousin earnestly to do all that he can to sift the matter to the bottom, and to see that the coroner and the jury did their part likewise, "honourable and due by all manner of examynacions." He said also that he had sent "for my brother Appleyarde, because he is her brother." Then Blount tells his tale. He had stayed his journey at Abingdon, to hear what the folk said. The landlord of his inn was discreet. He allowed that some people were disposed to say evil of the matter, but for his own part he would say no more than that it was a misfortune, because it had happened in Forster's house, and he had a good opinion of Forster. Next he reports a conversation with Pinto, Lady Dudley's maid. Pinto was vague, as is the wont of her class. She said she thought it "verie chance, and neither done by man nor by herself"; then owned that she had often heard her lady pray to God to deliver her from desperation; and finally said that she meant to imply nothing. The most important, however, of Blount's news is that the servants had all been sent off to Abingdon Fair early on the fatal day—Sunday, the eighth of September—by Lady Dudley's own orders, leaving her alone with Mrs. Odingsell, a daughter of the Hyde whose seat in Parliament Forster succeeded to, and Mrs. Owen, wife of Forster's landlord. Of Forster and his wife there is no word. The servants returned in the evening to find their mistress lying dead in the hall. Nothing more is known. Of Mrs. Odingsell's evidence, or Mrs. Owen's, we have no record. There is no report of the proceedings at the inquest, nor of the verdict. The only authority for the former is the correspondence between Dudley and Blount; we know, from various sources, that the latter, after a long and

\* See Mr. Froude's "History," vii. 277-81, also a note, p. 290, on the Simancas Manuscripts.

uneasy inquiry, was one of accidental death; and that the public were not at all satisfied with the result. One or two other things have, however, to be noted. Mention has been made of one Appleyard, sent by Dudley to attend the inquest. John Appleyard was Amy's half brother. He was concerned in some way with the Dudleys in the affair of Lady Jane Grey, after which he disappears till he turns up again at Cumnor. Seven years after the inquest, when the old rumour of the Queen's marriage with Dudley blazed out again, people began to revive the Cumnor scandal. Blount and Appleyard were both summoned before the Council, and notes of the latter's examination exist among the Hatfield Manuscripts in Cecil's handwriting. From these it appears that one of the witnesses swore that, "bringing answer from the Earl of Leicester to Appleyard that he could not help him in his requests as he desired, Appleyard used words of anger, and said amongst other things that he had for the Earl's sake covered the murder of his sister." Appleyard swore that he did not believe the Earl to be guilty, but "thought it an easy matter to find out the offender"; he further swore that he had often pressed Dudley to let him take the matter up, but had been always refused on the ground that the jury thought otherwise, although at the time he made his request the verdict had not been given. Subsequently Appleyard, lying in the Fleet Prison, withdrew his words, and professed himself satisfied with the verdict, a copy of which had at his own request been sent to him. Also, there exists in the same volume of manuscripts from which the famous correspondence was extracted, the fragment of an original letter from Blount to Dudley referring to this very examination. In this he much regrets that they could not have spoken together first. This letter appears to be in Blount's own handwriting; it is at any rate in an earlier handwriting than the other letters. Mr. Froude thinks it possible that the latter may be copies garbled for Blount to take before the Council. It is certainly possible, but we are not just now dealing with possibilities. He also says that if Appleyard spoke truth there is no more to be said. Canon Jackson says very triumphantly that Appleyard did not speak truth, because of his recantation, and because of a letter found at Longleat from Sir Henry Nevill to Sir John Thynne, in which Appleyard is said to have confessed before the Star Chamber that he had spoken falsely and maliciously. But Canon Jackson must have read history somewhat dimly if he does not know that a man brought before the Council for speaking ill of a monarch's favourite was very apt to change his tone. But again there is no proof either way. Mr. Froude has really put the case in a nutshell: "If Appleyard spoke the truth, there is no more to be said." For close upon three hundred years the general opinion has been that Appleyard did speak the truth.\*

#### CONSEQUENCES OF CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER.

THE Coalition Ministry did not long survive the final signing of the treaty. The events of the next few months are curiously instructive as showing the quiet and stealthy way in which a political revolution may be consummated in a thoroughly conservative and constitutional country. Early in the winter session of Parliament, Fox brought in his famous bill for organizing the government of the great empire which Clive and Hastings had built up in India. Popular indignation at the Ministry had been strengthened by its adopting the same treaty of peace for the making of which it had assaulted Shelburne; and now, on the passage of the India Bill by the House of Commons, there was a great outcry. Many provisions of the bill were exceedingly unpopular, and its chief object was alleged to be the concentration of the immense patronage of India into the hands of the old Whig families. With the popular feeling thus warmly enlisted against the Ministry, George III. was now emboldened to make war on it by violent means; and, accordingly, when the bill came up in the House of Lords, he caused it to be announced, by Lord Temple, that any peer who should vote in its favour would be regarded as an enemy by the king. Four days later the House of Commons, by a vote of 153 to 80, resolved that "to report any opinion, or pretended opinion, of His Majesty upon any bill or other proceeding pending in either House of Parliament, with a view to influence the votes of the members, is a high crime and misdemeanour, derogatory to the honour of the Crown, a breach of the fundamental privileges of Parliament, and subversive of the constitution of this country." A more explicit or emphatic defiance to the king would have been hard to frame. Two days afterward the Lords rejected the India Bill, and on the next day, the 18th of December, George turned the Ministers out of office.

In this grave constitutional crisis the king invited William Pitt to form a government, and this young statesman, who had consistently opposed the Coalition, now saw that his hour was come. He was more than any one else the favourite of the people. Fox's political reputation was eclipsed, and North's was destroyed, by their unseemly alliance. People were sick of the whole state of things which had accompanied the American war. Pitt, who had only come into Parliament in 1780, was free from these unpleasant associations. The unblemished purity of his life, his incorruptible integrity, his rare disinterestedness, and his transcendent ability in debate were known to every one. As the worthy son of Lord Chatham, whose name was associated with the most glorious moment of English history, he was peculiarly dear to the people. His position, however, on taking supreme office at the instance of a king who had just committed a most outrageous breach of the constitution, was extremely critical, and only the most consummate skill could have won from the chaos such a victory as he was about to win. When he became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, in December, 1783, he had barely com-

pleted his twenty-fifth year. All his colleagues in the new Cabinet were peers, so that he had to fight single-handed in the Commons against the united talents of Burke and Sheridan, Fox and North; and there was a heavy majority against him besides. In view of this adverse majority, it was Pitt's constitutional duty to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country. But Fox, unwilling to imperil his great majority by a new election, now made the fatal mistake of opposing a dissolution; thus showing his distrust of the people and his dread of their verdict. With consummate tact Pitt allowed the debates to go on till March, and then, when the popular feeling in his favour had grown into wild enthusiasm, he dissolved Parliament. In the general election which followed, 160 members of the Coalition lost their seats, and Pitt obtained the greatest majority that has ever been given to an English Minister.

Thus was completed the political revolution in England, which was set on foot by the American victory at Yorktown. Its full significance was only gradually realized. For the moment it might seem that it was the king who had triumphed. He had shattered the alliance which had been formed for the purpose of curbing him, and the result of the election had virtually condoned his breach of the constitution. This apparent victory, however, had been won only by a direct appeal to the people, and all its advantages accrued to the people, and not to George III. His ingenious system of weak and divided Ministries, with himself for balance-wheel, was destroyed. For the next seventeen years the real ruler of England was not George III., but William Pitt, who, with his great popular following, wielded such a power as no English sovereign had possessed since the days of Elizabeth. The political atmosphere was cleared of intrigue; and Fox, in the legitimate attitude of leader of the new opposition, entered upon the glorious part of his career. There was now set in motion that great work of reform which, hindered for awhile by the reaction against the French revolutionists, won its decisive victory in 1832. Down to the very moment at which American and British history begin to flow in distinct and separate channels, it is interesting to observe how closely they are implicated with each other. The victory of the Americans not only set on foot the British revolution here described, but it figured most prominently in each of the political changes that we have witnessed, down to the very eve of the overthrow of the Coalition. The system which George III. had sought to fasten upon America, in order that he might fasten it upon England, was shaken off and shattered by the good people of both countries at almost the same moment of time.—*John Fiske, in January Atlantic.*

A young lady in New York who combined Campanini-worship and autograph-fiendishness, asked the popular tenor to write his autograph in her album. He wrote, "I am ze greatest tenor in ze world—Campanini." A few days after, the same lady met Ravelli, and asked the same favour of him. He glanced at Campanini's sentiments, and wrote on the opposite page, "Me, too—Ravelli."

MR. H. HERKOMER, R.A., the Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, delivered his inaugural lecture in the Sheldonian Theatre a week or two ago. The subject was "Sight and Seeing." He said seeing was not sight, but understanding, and understanding involved knowledge and the storing-up of facts and images of the mind. But this knowledge would be useless unless accompanied by the capacity of receiving new impressions. Art was the result of seeing with a privileged mind through the trained eye. The professor referred to the portrait he had painted of Wagner. He had never had a sitting properly so-called, but only a month's seeing. Tired out at last, he determined to try what his memory would do to furnish him with a face only inwardly visible. At last he got a sitting, and found he had only to make a slight correction in the drawing of the ear and of the outer angle of the chin. He must confess, however, that although the work looked bright there was nothing positively natural or correctly drawn. The picture was a compromise. He proposed to give talking and painting lectures. He intended to paint heads from nature in the presence of an audience selected from that attending the talking lectures, and to accompany his work with a kind of running commentary. This he could not carry out until he returned from America in the spring.

THERE is something remarkable in the circumstances of the fisher races being amongst the earliest and most eager converts to Christianity in India, so much so as to render it questionable whether it be only an accidental coincidence or the result of some permanent and predisposing cause. Along the coasts at Madras many became Christians early; indeed from the southern outskirts of the town at St. Thomé to its northern village of Ennore nearly all the fishermen are Christians of the Romish persuasion. The Koli tribe of fishers in Bombay are nearly all Christians, though they have occasionally wavered. The Parawa or fishermen of Cape Comorin were the earliest proselytes of St. Francis Xavier, and they have still a pride in alluding to the fact that they were the first, as they have since been the most faithful and abiding, of his converts. It was by the fishermen of Manaar that he was invited to Ceylon in 1544, and notwithstanding the martyrdom inflicted by the Rajah of Jaffna, and the persecution with which they were visited by the Dutch, that district and the adjacent boundary of the Wanny have to the present day been one of the strongholds of the Roman Catholics in Ceylon. It is amongst the Parawa or fisher caste of the Singhalese that the Roman Catholics have at all times been most successful in their efforts to Christianize.—*The Cyclopædia of India, and of Eastern and Southern Asia, Commercial, Industrial, and Scientific. By Surgeon-General Balfour.*

\*Mr. Froude's "History of England," vii. 283-9.

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THE Hon. Adam Crooks has closed a life which had been mournfully prolonged for two years after the final decay of his intellect. He leaves behind him the memory of a cultivated gentleman, a genial member of society, and an honourable statesman. As Minister of Education, he did not escape the hostile criticism of political opponents. But it is remarkable that his offer of an appointment in connection with Toronto University to Mr. Warren, which raised a great storm at the time, was the other day justified by that gentleman's election, at an unusually early age, to the headship of one of the most important colleges at Oxford.

THE contest for the Mayoralty is being carried on by both sides with much bitterness; but however regrettable this may be, it is perhaps under the circumstances natural enough. For although Mr. Howland has repudiated the Scott Act, many of his supporters unquestionably, at any rate at first, had that Act in view in pushing his candidature; and, on the other hand, Mr. Manning's supporters could not close their eyes to what was doing, and so were doubly determined to defeat any advance under cover. Apart from this feeling, there seems to be no valid reason why Mr. Manning should be displaced. It is a wholesome rule that gives a Mayor a second term of office. Even then under our municipal system he has not too much power: when in full command of his office his authority is quite sufficiently checked by the Council; but when the Mayor is changed every year, the new incumbent being necessarily dependent on others till thoroughly initiated and firmly seated, which cannot be for some time, the change has the effect of permanently destroying the Mayor's just influence, which is not desirable. His authority ought to be held in check, but not destroyed; and therefore in the circumstances we believe the interests of the city would in the present case be best served by the election of Mr. Manning to the Mayoralty for a second term, and of Mr. Howland to an Aldermanship. This latter dignity ought indeed in any case to be an indispensable preliminary step—a sort of apprenticeship—to the Mayoralty. Having served as an Alderman for the coming year, Mr. Howland would be in a much better position to take the Mayoralty next. The Scott Act issue will then most likely be out of the way, and in his candidature he will receive the support of very many who cannot for one or the other reason vote for him now.

IT is to be hoped our legislators perceive the full meaning of President Cleveland's recommendation to Congress to provide for admitting Canadian lumber to the United States free of duty. Axe and fire have for many years had unrestrained sway in the great lumber forests of the Union; they are fast disappearing; and the chief remaining source of supply, the pine forests of Michigan, will at the present rate of destruction not hold out for more than five or six years longer. This prospect is alarming enough to Americans, and President Cleveland's recommendation, which looks to saving the American forests by using up the Canadian, though it may be opposed by a few interested lumbermen, will most likely be readily adopted by Congress. If the duty be removed, the Canadian forests will soon swarm with American lumbermen; and in a few years one of our best possessions will be in the pockets of our neighbours, Canada being left with nothing of it but some hundreds of square miles of stumps and dead trunks and a spoiled climate. A more substantial export duty than the present is the immediate remedy for this danger; but this should be only the initial step in remedial measures. Our forests have been wasted too much already; and now that this new danger to them is looming up, a regular forestry department ought to be instituted in each Province, whose object should be to restrain the injudicious cutting of trees, and to preserve them as a perpetual source of income, which, with proper management, they might easily become, instead of an asset to be used up as quickly as possible.

IT is somewhat inconsistent with President Cleveland's professions in regard to Civil Service Reform that on the adjournment of the Senate they had before them over two thousand presidential nominations to office to pass upon. These were all to the higher offices, and doubtless formed but a small proportion of the actual changes made throughout the country. It looks

as if Civil Service Reform is to begin—not yet. Although by confirming these appointments the Senate will turn out their own political friends, the indications are that they will in most cases do so, for they reason that then when their own party returns to office their hands will not be tied in reversing the present process. They are, however, missing an opportunity of playing a great part. If they would do as they ought, and decline to make the changes proposed, though on returning to power they might lose the nomination to some few offices, they would, by keeping the present incumbents in office, strengthen their position as a party, and, better still, immeasurably increase the influence of the Senate as the one stable conservative element in the American body politic.

THE Presidential Succession Bill proposed by Mr. Hoar has been passed by the Senate. The Bill transfers the succession to the members of the Cabinet after the death of both President and Vice-President, and provides that there shall be no new election until the regular time for an election arrives. The member of the Cabinet succeeding will do so in virtue of his office, which office he will have to retain in order to stay qualified—a provision that by throwing possible double duty on members of the Cabinet will have the desirable effect of tending to make the offices of the lower civil servants permanent.

IF Prohibitionists were less intent upon forcing their legislative remedy on people of another way of thinking, they would have leisure to see, not only that their responsibility does not cease with passing a law, but also that that law is unmistakably failing all around them. In their blind devotion to an attempt to repress intemperance by legislation—an attempt that has failed wherever made—they assume that everyone opposed to their method is an enemy of temperance, whereas these generally are so from a truer appreciation of facts, and therefore a better knowledge of fit remedies. But we occasionally meet with a Prohibitionist who has sufficient individuality to break away from his party and take the bit of inquiry between his teeth; and if he be an earnest inquirer, the result is generally somewhat surprising—to him and his late associates at any rate. Such a one appears to be Mr. Sutton, a staunch teetotaler and a State Senator from Iowa, who has been making, for the *Chicago Tribune*, an examination into the working of the prohibitory law in his State. He finds that the total number of open saloons in Iowa is somewhat greater now than before the law went into operation. There were one thousand eight hundred and six saloons open in the State before the law was enacted, and at present the number of places where liquor is sold openly is one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven. In addition to these, Mr. Sutton discovered that there are four hundred and twenty places where liquor is sold surreptitiously. He concludes that Prohibition has done great good in places where public sentiment sustains it, and great evil where public sentiment is against it—a conclusion which is practically a condemnation of the system. In the communities where there is no reason for this kind of restriction the law can be enforced; but in communities where careful regulation of the liquor traffic is a necessity the prohibitory law fails, and leaves no other form of legal restriction in operation.

AS Labour Unions appear to be growing in strength in Canada as well as the States, it is well to note what effects such quarrels as that of the Typographical Union with the *Mail* are producing in the latter country. *Bradstreet's* published a week or two ago some statistics on boycotting which are remarkable, not to say alarming. The current idea of boycotting is that the boycotter refrains from having anything whatever to do with the boycottee; thus one boycotts a dry goods firm by refusing to deal with it, a newspaper by refusing to buy it, and so on. But the facts given by *Bradstreet's* prove that boycotting in the States goes much beyond this. In the case of the *Mail* here, we understand, members of the Union were advised not to support any nominees of the *Mail* for aldermanic honours, unless they individually repudiated in writing the action of that paper toward the Union. And this, though in a milder form, is practically the same method as that pursued in the States. In the case of a boycott of the *New York Tribune* the boycotters boycotted a number of business firms with whom they had no quarrel, in order to force them to desist from advertising in that paper. In the case of a firm in Pittsburgh the boycott took an opposite form; a number of newspapers being boycotted for publishing their advertisements, and a street-car line for carrying their advertising card. And again in the case of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the boycott took the form of waylaying public men and others when stopping at the hotel, and requesting them to go elsewhere under the penalty of being boycotted at the polls or in business; and circulars were sent out to persons known to have stopped at the hotel threatening them with a boycott if



they patronized this place of entertainment. But in the case of one Heurich, a brewer at Washington, the boycotters appear to have caught a Tartar. Mr. Heurich [we quote the account in full] "had just completed a new building for his brewery at a very large cost, and was putting up some private dwelling-houses. The builder with whom he had entered into contract employed non-union labourers in their construction. The Knights of Labour demanded that Heurich should annul that contract unless the builder consented to employ union men. Heurich refused; said he had \$80,000 in the bank, and would spend every dollar of it rather than submit to such dictation. He then left for Europe, and a boycott of his beer was proclaimed and very widely enforced. From Europe, acting on misinformation, as is now said, Heurich telegraphed a despatch which was construed as a surrender to the boycotters, whereupon the boycott, by public notice, was raised. In the meantime Heurich had reduced the price of his beer to about cost, thus underselling all the other brewers and agents in the city, and a general reduction of wages was threatened. On Heurich's return from Europe a paper was presented to him by the union to sign, but he peremptorily refused to sign it, or to pay the costs of the boycott, which he was also asked to do. And there the matter rests, the labour organizations hesitating to renew the boycott for fear that Heurich will continue to cut prices, and thus cause a reduction in the wages of labour in all the other breweries in the city, and Heurich declining to make any concessions until all threats are withdrawn." Evidently such a system as this ought to be prevented by all means from taking root in Canada. Combinations of the employed against the employers are, in some circumstances, perhaps, justifiable; but nothing can justify such a running amuck as this through society.

THE tenor of the latest telegrams from England indicates that the good sense of the nation is at last beginning to assert itself against the project of party leaders. It was a hopeful sign to see last week even one Liberal statesman manfully withstanding the tide of folly that was seemingly carrying the English people in the wake of Mr. Gladstone: it is most gratifying now to perceive that Mr. Forster's protest gave utterance to the sentiment of by far the most important body of Mr. Gladstone's own supporters—the provincial Liberals. This their attitude it may be hoped will arrest Mr. Gladstone's steps in a path he never ought to have entered on. He doubtless is very unwilling to retire from public life under a shadow; but that shadow is cast by his own maladministration of affairs. He may, perhaps, be excused for looking about for a cause that will again carry him to the Treasury benches, but he might have lighted on a happier inspiration than the idea that his mission on earth will not be complete till he has settled the Irish question. The success of his past efforts in that direction hardly warrant the assumption that he has a heaven-born mission in respect of Ireland. For though he did indeed settle the Irish Church question, which we were then told was to pacify Ireland, his subsequent dealing with the land and agrarian crime has had no other effect than to incite to further agitation, and to greatly increase the chances of civil war. But a few weeks ago the concession of Home Rule to Ireland was a thing not one Englishman in a thousand would have dreamt of, and the Liberal leaders stood pledged to the lips against it; but now that Mr. Gladstone has been converted by the necessity of conciliating the Parnellites in order to defeat the Tories and place himself in power, a change has been wrought and the terms and conditions of Home Rule are calmly discussed in the press, as a matter of course. One has been almost tempted to think that Carlyle's dictum that England is inhabited by twenty-seven million inhabitants—mostly fools, is as true to-day as it was forty years ago, save that there are now a few millions more. Undoubtedly a most valuable feature of the English system of responsible government is the personal element—the union of personality with politics; but in the present case we cannot but fear that this great, and, it must be admitted, well-deserved, personal influence of Mr. Gladstone is, unless checked, likely to prove a baneful one to the country. An alliance with Parnell may afford him a stepping-stone to power; but he cannot, and no one can, with safety to the Empire grant to the Celts the right to rule in Ireland; and certainly he cannot attempt it with safety to himself. The Irish demand three things—liberty to deal with the land question according to their own ideas, the right to protect Irish manufactures by duties on imported goods, the control of the administration of justice and of the police. Nothing short of these concessions will permanently satisfy them; but the English statesmen, or the English party, that concedes them will be ruined.

THERE is one feature about the recent elections of so great importance to the future of Liberalism that, if rightly appreciated, it seems incredible that any but the merest tyro in politics would, in order to gain a temporary lease

of power, risk so much that is otherwise certain. In all previous elections the main strength of the Liberals has lain in the boroughs, but, owing to various causes, the boroughs have this time rejected the Liberals. In all previous elections this rejection would have sealed the fate of the Liberal party in that Parliament, for the county elections always went against them: even if they carried the boroughs, whatever majority they there had was certain to be reduced by the result in the counties. Such was the case in 1880. The boroughs then returned a great Liberal majority; but the counties came to the rescue of the Conservatives, and reduced the Liberal majority from an overwhelming to a bare working one. But now, for the first time in history, the counties have gone Liberal, and have converted what would in former times have been overwhelming defeat into at least a semblance of victory. It is not probable the revolt in the boroughs against the Liberals will continue: it is due at any rate in part to accidental circumstances, which may change; but what we think will continue is the adherence of the counties to the Liberal side. They have always hitherto, as we have said, gone Conservative, but now for the first time the rural vote has been heard, and it says as plainly as can be, We have no confidence in the Conservative party; our interest, it is true, might be supposed to be identical with the interests of the farmers, the squires, the parsons about us, but yet we think we shall be better off in the hands of the Liberal party, and for them we vote. This vote, however, is not one of approval of the past conduct of affairs by the late Government—it can hardly be an intelligent vote in that respect—but it is one of confidence in the future; and this confidence the leaders of the party ought at this juncture to be very careful to retain. They have captured the stronghold that has stood the Conservatives in such good stead in the past; but they may easily lose it again, especially on this Irish question. The great bulk of the new electors are Dissenters, men of strong individuality, and Englishmen, and they have no idea of being ruled by the Irish; and about the worst thing that could happen to the leaders of the party just now would be to have to initiate Home Rule legislation. That business, if it has to be done, belongs properly to the Conservatives. In the late elections, notwithstanding what the Liberals have done for Ireland, the Irish rejected every Liberal candidate, but elected eighteen Conservatives. The Government, too, is Conservative: to them naturally belongs the initiative; and, therefore, it seems doubly fit that they should arbitrate between the Nationalist and Conservative parties of Ireland, for into these two camps Irish representation is now divided. The interference of the Liberal party is uncalled for: their function at present is to watch and correct the action of Government; but the moment they, while in Opposition, go beyond this function, whether at Mr. Gladstone's instance or any other leader's, they will, in all probability, alienate their main support, the new voters, and deliver themselves bodily into the hands of the enemy.

NOR a little comment, says the *Railway Review*, has been occasioned by the placing in England of a heavy order for steel rails by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy. This road occupies a position so commanding, and conducts its operations with such care, that its present action naturally attracts general attention. The company is understood to have paid something like ten dollars per ton over American prices. The reason for going abroad is said to be simply to get a better rail than is made in the United States. We understand that the officials of the road claim that they have watched the behaviour of English rails, and are convinced that there has been no deterioration in their quality from the high standard of some years ago, while they also claim that American rails have deteriorated in make. American rail makers do not, of course, admit this, and other roads report a different experience from that of the Burlington. It is undeniable that some of our best makes of American rails are hammering down rather rapidly, but, while a soft rail is asked for in order that broken rails may be avoided, what can be done? The question seems to hinge upon a proper compromise between soft and hard rails. As long as the latter are not wanted because of their liability to fracture, the crushing down of the soft rail ends must be put up with. It is not reasonable to suppose that American rail makers cannot manufacture as satisfactorily to specification as foreign makers; but the Burlington's purchase, made after careful consideration, would seem to indicate that there is a screw loose somewhere.

IN an interesting paper on "Stimulants and Narcotics," contributed to the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Dr. Fortescue Fox takes occasion to recommend the Oriental way of using tobacco. "Methods of smoking," he observes, "exercise an important influence on the effect produced. Smoked in the European fashion—according to which the fumes of the burning leaf are sucked directly into the mouth—the essential prin-

principles of the drug, including nicotine, find a free entrance into the system. This is obviated by the Turks, Hindoos, Chinese, and others, who draw the smoke through a layer of water, in some form of water-pipe, such as the hookah and narghilé. By this very wise method the narcotic effects are far more difficult to produce and altogether less in extent. Hence it would be of great and undeniable advantage to introduce the water system into this country." On the general question, the writer concludes that "we have no sufficient ground to condemn the use of stimulant-narcotics. Certain forms of indulgence we may properly condemn. Excess we must always condemn and deplore; but, setting these aside, we have this use established the world over, various in form, similar in general tendencies and effects; and these effects and tendencies are not, to the best of our knowledge, inimical to the welfare of man." In no case can we have a right to say of tobacco, or of any other vegetable product supplied in great natural abundance: "This thing is without its right use in the world; it is an agent of unmitigated evil."

"THE most popular candidate for rulership in Spain," writes a correspondent of *Modern Society*, "is undoubtedly the ex-Queen Isabella. 'She has all the dear old Spanish vices,' say her admirers, 'and we should like to have her back.' But her past naughtiness prohibits a return to the first love. That Isabella 'is a jolly good fellow' is what nobody can deny. I could never discern anything womanly in her nature; she was born for the camp not for the Court, and her ladies-in-waiting should have been generals and field-m Marshals. She is the ugliest woman alive; fat, flaccid, and with piggy eyes. And still she is eminently pleasing by her manners; her friendly, free, and easy nature disarms. She looks every inch a Queen not the less, and is very graceful notwithstanding. She is more intelligent than witty, is courteous alike to high and low, is unselfish, and has a heart open as day to melting charity. But the individual that would displease her by getting up her tantrums; which only have the duration of the snow flake on the rivers, would require the protection of all the gods of Olympus at once."

THE success of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria has greatly elated Court circles in England. The Queen is said to be particularly pleased, and Princess Beatrice has been receiving frequent daily bulletins concerning the condition of her brother-in-law's army. This elation of the Royal family is shared in to some extent by the English people, who are inclined to champion Prince Alexander's cause, mainly because he has been put under the ban of the Czar of Russia, a potentate whom nearly all Englishmen hate on principle. And he probably does not entertain the friendly sentiment toward England that, as we read in the *Greville Memoirs*, the Emperor Nicholas expressed in 1844, when, at a review, he told the Queen—who had made a remark about the smallness of the English army—that the whole Russian army was at her disposal in any case of need.

#### TRANSLATION OF A GREEK BALLAD.

[THIS ballad, current in the Greek Provinces of the Turkish Empire, was a great favourite of Goethe's. It has been often translated before; among others by Sheridan and Prof. Blackie. The present translation is by Miss Lucy M. J. Garnett, and appears in her new book, "Greek Folk-Songs from the Turkish Provinces of Greece."]

Why do the mountains darkly lower, and stand brimmed o'er with tear-drops?  
Is it the wind that fights with them? is it the rain that beats them?  
'Tis not the wind that fights with them, nor rain that's on them beating;  
But Charon's passing over them, and with the Dead he's passing.  
The young men he before him drives, and drags the old behind him,  
And ranged upon the saddle sit with him the young and lovely.  
The old men beg and pray of him, the young beseech him, kneeling:  
"My Charon, stop thou in a town, or near cool fountain tarry,  
That water may the old men drink, the young men cast the boulder,\*  
And that the little bairnies all may go the flowers to gather."  
"At no town will I stop to lodge, nor near cool fountain tarry;  
The mothers would for water come, and recognize their children;  
And know each other man and wife; nor would there be more parting."

THERE were twenty-five failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against nine in the preceding week, and thirty-three, twenty-four, and seventeen in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883, and 1882 respectively. In the United States there were one hundred and ninety-three failures reported to Bradstreet's during the week as compared with two hundred and seventeen in the preceding week, and with two hundred and seventy-eight, two hundred and sixty, and two hundred and forty-two respectively in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883, and 1882. About eighty-one per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

\* The game of "putting the stone."

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MARIUS THE EPICUREAN: His Sensations and Ideas. By Walter Pater, M.A. Second Edition. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

It is with unusual pleasure we introduce this book to such of our readers as have not read it in its first edition. The story is of a young Pagan boy living at the dawn of Christianity, and exhibiting throughout his career an elevation of character and a purity of morals that we seldom meet with even at this late date. The book has not much incident in it; yet it is of absorbing interest: it is not a popular book, yet among the multitude of books published few will be read with greater pleasure than this. Only the reader must come with a mind and heart open to enjoy the intellectual banquet. It is a book to be read and re-read—a book on whose every page a cultured man will find some fresh thought, some exquisite passage of more than ordinary beauty. Its literary method is most excellent—a classic of the highest order. So perfect is the art that conceals the machinery of its language, that one hardly realizes how pure is the diction till the attention is arrested perforce by some exquisitely finished phrase showing us what the English language is capable of. We invite attention to the following extracts from the first portion of the book:

"The hiddenness of perfect things; a shrinking delicacy and mysticism of sentiment of the kind so well expressed in Psyche's tremulous hope concerning the child to be born of the husband she has never yet seen—in the face of this little child, at the least, shall I apprehend thine—in *hoc saltem parvulo cognoscam faciem tuam*; the fatality which seems to haunt any signal beauty, whether moral or physical, as if it were in itself something illicit and isolating; the suspicion and hatred it so often excites in the vulgar—these were some of the impressions forming, as they do, a constant tradition of somewhat cynical pagan sentiment, from Medusa and Helen downwards, which the old story enforced on him.

"'Tis art's function to conceal itself—*ars est celare artem*—is a saying which, exaggerated by inexact quotation, has perhaps been oftener and most confidently quoted by those who have little literary or other art to conceal; and from the very beginning of professional literature, the 'labour of the file'—a labour in the case of Plato, for instance, or Virgil, like that of the oldest of goldsmiths as described by Apuleius, enriching the work by far more than the weight of the precious metal it removed—has always had its function.

"To know when one's self is interested is the first condition of interesting other people. It was a principle, the forcible apprehension of which made him jealous and fastidious in the selection of his intellectual food; often listless while others read or gazed diligently; never pretending to be moved out of mere complaisance to other people's emotion: it served to foster in him a very scrupulous literary sincerity with himself.

"The remainder of the day was spent by most in parties on the water, and Marius and Flavian sailed further than they had ever done before to a wild spot on the bay, the traditional site of a little Greek colony, which, having had its eager, stirring life in the days when Etruria was still a power in Italy, had perished in the time of the Civil Wars. In the absolute transparency of the air on this gracious day, an infinitude of detail from sea and shore reached the eye with sparkling clearness, as the two lads sped rapidly over the waves—Flavian at work suddenly, from time to time, with his tablets.

"Flavian lay at the open window of his lodging with a burning pain in the head, fancying no covering light and thin enough to be applied to his body. His head being relieved after a time, there was distress at the chest. It was but the fatal course of the strange new sickness, under many disguises; travelling from the brain to the feet, like a material resident, weakening one after another of the organic centres; often when it did not kill, depositing various degrees of life-long infirmity in this member or that, and after that descent returning upwards again, now as a mortal coldness, leaving the entrenchments of the fortress of life overturned, one by one, behind it.

"It seemed that the light of the lamp distressed the patient and Marius extinguished it. The thunder which had sounded all day among the hills, with a heat not unwelcome to Flavian, had given way at night-fall to steady rain; and in the darkness Marius lay down beside him, faintly shivering now in the sudden cold, to lend him his own warmth undeterred by the fear of contagion which had kept other people from passing the house. At length about daybreak he perceived that the last effort had come, with a restoration of mental calmness which recognized him (Marius understood this in the contact, light as it was), there, beside him. 'Is it a comfort,' he whispered then, 'that I shall often come and weep over you?' 'Not unless I be aware of you there, and hear you weeping!'"

THE PASTOR'S DIARY AND CLERICAL RECORD. Prepared by Rev. Louis H. Jordan, B.D., Pastor Erskine Church, Montreal. Revised Edition. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

A brief but comprehensive diary and note-book, likely to be of very great use to clergymen of all denominations. Besides a calendar, the ordinary contents of an almanac, and a diary for every day in the year, it contains about twenty-six other tables appropriately ruled as a congregational directory, communion lists, baptism, marriage, and burial lists, and the like, together with cash account and memoranda forms.

POEMS. By William Wetmore Story. Two Volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

These two volumes are respectively entitled "Parchments and Portraits" and "Monologues and Lyrics." They are mostly Italian in subject, and, the author being a sculptor as well as a poet, they are very artistically constructed as well as imaginative in subject. Perhaps a specimen or two will fairly exhibit the quality of the author. We quote from the "Battle of Marat," in which the movement of the verse has a very appropriate spirit and dash:—

Adown our mountain gorges, in a heap of steel and blood,  
And shattered cuirasses and helms, they rolled into the flood;  
Their hands that gleamed with diamonds in vain they lifted high,  
As the red wave bubbled over them, and drowned their fearful cry.

We rushed with old Von Hertenstein, his white hair streaming free,  
Where Hallwyll battled with the pride of knightly Burgundy;  
With the mountain force of stout Lucerne we sheared them from the plain,  
And mowed their glittering sheaves of spears like fields of autumn grain.

In the following, taken from a "Lawyer's Plea for Judas," Lysias, chief of the Centurions, is supposed to speak, many years after the event treated of. His utterance will be found to be somewhat curious:—

"He to betray his Master for a bribe;  
He last of all. I say this friend of mine  
Was brave when all the rest were cowards there.

"His was a noble nature; frank and bold,  
Almost to rashness bold, yet sensitive;—  
Who took his dreams for firm realities;  
Who once believing, all in all believed;  
Rushing at obstacles and scorning risk,  
Ready to venture all to gain his end;  
No compromise or subterfuge for him,  
His act went from his thought straight to the butt;  
Yet with this ardent and impatient mood  
Was joined a visionary mind that took  
Impressions quick and fine, yet deep as life;  
Therefore it was that in this subtle soil  
The Master's words took root and grew and flowered.  
He heard, and followed, and obeyed; his faith  
Was serious, earnest, real—winged to fly—  
He doubted not, like some who walked with Him,  
Desired no first place, as did James and John;  
Denied Him not with Peter; not to him  
His Master said: 'Away; thou'rt an offense;  
Get thee behind Me, Satan;—not to him,  
'Am I so long with ye who know Me not;'  
Fixed as a rock, untempted by desires  
To gain the post of honour when his Lord  
Should come to rule—chosen from out the midst  
Of sixscore men as His apostle—then  
Again selected to the place of trust,  
Unselfish, honest, he among them walked.

"But why, if Judas was a man like this,  
Frank, noble, honest,"—here I interposed—  
"Why was it that he thus betrayed his Lord?"

"This question oft did I revolve," said he,  
"When all the facts were fresh," and oft revolved  
In later days, and with no change of mind;  
And this is my solution of the case:—

"Daily he heard his Master's voice proclaim:  
'I am the Lord; the Father lives in me;  
Who knoweth Me knows the Eternal God—  
He who believes in Me shall never die.  
No; he shall see Me with My angels come  
With power and glory here upon the earth  
To judge the quick and dead. Among you here  
Some shall not taste of death before I come  
God's Kingdom to establish on the earth!

"What meant these words? They seethed in Judas' soul—  
'Here is my God—Messias, King of Kings,  
Christus, the Lord—the Saviour of us all,  
How long shall He be taunted and reviled,  
And threatened by this crawling scum of men?  
Oh! who shall urge the coming of that day,  
When He in majesty shall clothe Himself  
And stand before the astonished world, its King!  
Long brooding over this inflamed his soul;  
And, ever rash in schemes as wild in thought,  
At last he said, 'No longer will I bear  
This ignominy heaped upon my Lord.  
No man hath power to harm the Almighty One.  
Ay, let man's hand be lifted then, at once.  
Effulgent like the sun, swift like the sword  
The jagged lightning flashes from the cloud,  
Shall He be manifest—the living God—  
And prostrate all shall on the earth adore.'"

FIAMMETTA: A Summer Idyl. By William Wetmore Story. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The story of Fiammetta is a sad one. She is a lovely peasant girl, who serves as a model for a Naiad, for Marco Stenoni, an artist, during a summer he spent at his old home in the mountains, to which he had fled from the heat of Rome. He returns to the city, and she, falling love-sick, confesses to the priest.

"So she told her simple story: how Marco had come and had wished her to be his model for the Naiad; how they had spent long days together talking while he painted his picture; how kind and good and friendly he was to her; how they had rambled together through the woods, and sat by the streams, and gradually a new world of sensations and feelings had opened before her; and how, almost before she knew it, he had become the only person on earth she cared for.

"I could not help it, Padre. I loved him—I loved him; and I love him still with all my soul! To me there is no one else in the world. And he is gone, and I never shall see him again, and I don't wish to live any longer. There is nobody I can say this to but you; and oh! I feel that I must say it to somebody. I have done nothing wrong, Padre, believe me—I have done nothing wrong; but I am so unhappy."

The end is a painful one. She gradually fades away, and a message is sent to Marco, who, however, hurrying to her bed-side, arrives only to receive her dying embrace.

A MORTAL ANTIPATHY: First opening of the New Portfolio. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

It is hardly necessary for us to say a word on the merit of Dr. Holmes's literary work. This New Portfolio begins with a story laid in a village summer resort. Its main feature is a medical theory about which we should think there would, if advanced in earnest, be much doubt and discussion. The "Mortal Antipathy" was acquired by the chief character of the piece in infancy in this wise:—

She no sooner saw me than, with all the delighted eagerness of her youthful nature, she rushed toward me, and, catching me from the nurse's arms, began tossing me after the fashion of young girls who have been so lately playing with dolls that they feel as if babies were very much of the same nature. The abrupt seizure frightened me; I sprang from her arms in my terror, and fell over the railing of the balcony. I should probably enough have been killed on the spot, but for the fact that a low thorn bush grew just beneath the balcony, into which I fell and thus had the violence of the shock broken. But the thorns tore my tender flesh, and I bear to this day marks of the deep wounds they inflicted.

The shock had the peculiar effect in after life of causing a horror and mortal dread whenever a young and beautiful woman came in his way. He became a recluse; and it was while a sphynx to the inhabitants of Arrowhead Village that his cure came. He fell ill, and was lying in bed unable to move, when, the servant being away, a fire broke out in the house:—

Euthymia was not to be held back. Taking a handkerchief from her neck, she dipped it in a pail of water and bound it about her head. Then she took several deep breaths of air, and filled her lungs as full as they would hold. She knew she must not take a single breath in the choking atmosphere if she could possibly help it, and Euthymia was noted for her power of staying under water so long that more than once those who saw her dive thought she would never come up again. So rapid were her movements that they paralyzed the bystanders, who would forcibly have prevented her from carrying out her purpose. Her imperious determination was not to be resisted. And so Euthymia, a willing martyr, if martyr she was to be, and not saviour, passed within the veil that hid the sufferer.

Maurice had given himself up for lost. His breathing was becoming every moment more difficult, and he felt that his strength could hold out but a few minutes longer.

"Robert," he called in faint accents. But the attendant was not there to answer.

"Paolo! Paolo!" But the faithful servant who would have given his life for his master had not yet reached the place where the crowd was gathered.

"Oh, for a breath of air! Oh, for an arm to lift me from this bed! Too late! Too late!" he gasped, with what might have seemed his dying expiration.

"Not too late!" The soft voice reached his obscured consciousness as if it had come down to him from heaven.

In a single instant he found himself rolled in a blanket and in the arms of a woman.

Out of the stifling chamber—over the burning stairs—close by the tongues of fire that were lapping up all they could reach—out into the open air he was borne, swiftly and safely,—carried as easily as if he had been a babe, in the strong arms of "The Wonder" of the gymnasium, the captain of the Atalanta, who had little dreamed of the use she was to make of her natural gifts and her school-girl accomplishments.

Such a cry as arose from the crowd of onlookers! It was a sound that none of them had ever heard before or could expect ever to hear again, unless he should be one of the last boat-loads rescued from a sinking vessel. Then, those who had resisted the overflow of their emotion—who had stood in white despair as they thought of these two young lives soon to be wrapped in their burning shrouds—those stern men—the old sea-captain, the hard-faced, money-making, cast-iron tradesman of the city counting-room—sobbed like hysteric women; it was like a convulsion that overcame natures unused to those deeper emotions which many who are capable of experiencing die without ever knowing.

This was the scene upon which the doctor and Paolo suddenly appeared at the same moment.

As the fresh breeze blew over the face of the rescued patient, his eyes opened wide, and his consciousness returned in almost supernatural lucidity. Euthymia had sat down upon a bank and was still supporting him. His head was resting on her bosom. Through his awakening senses stole the murmurs of the living cradle which rocked him with the wave-like movements of respiration, the soft susurrus of the air that entered with every breath, the double beat of the heart which throbbed close to his ear. And every sense, and every instinct, and every reviving pulse told him, in language like a revelation from another world, that a woman's arms were around him, and that it was life, and not death which her embrace had brought him.

TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS. By Lord Tennyson. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

This volume contains, besides "Tiresias," some twenty-five other poems of Tennyson's. Some of these are, perhaps, already familiar to the reader, notably "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," "Despair," and the "Epitaph on Gordon"; but there still remains much to give a new delight to the admirers of the author's older works, or, in other words, to the admirers of true poetry. The only piece we have anything to object to is the ode to the Princess Beatrice, which strikes one as a little overdone, though, perhaps, this would not be so if it were addressed to an ideal princess. The chief pieces in the volume are the title-poem, "Tiresias," "The Wreck," "To-morrow," "The Spinster's Sweet-Arts," "The Ancient Sage," "The Flight." In Tiresias the Theban seer thus describes the calamity which befel him:—

Then, in my wanderings, all the lands that lie  
Subjected to the Heliconian ridge  
Have heard this footstep fall, altho' my wont  
Was more to scale the highest of the heights  
With some strange hope to see the nearer God.  
One naked peak—the sister of the sun  
Would climb from out the dark, and linger there  
To silver all the valleys with her shafts—  
There once, but long ago, five-fold thy term  
Of years, I lay; the winds were dead for heat;  
The noonday crag made the hand burn; and sick  
For shadow—not one bush was near—I rose  
Following a torrent till its myriad falls  
Found silence in the hollows underneath.  
There in a secret olive-glade I saw  
Pallas Athene climbing from the bath  
In anger; yet one glittering foot disturb'd  
The lucid well; one snowy knee was prest  
Against the margin flowers; a dreadful light  
Came from her golden hair, her golden helm  
And all her golden armour on the grass,  
And from her virgin breast, and virgin eyes  
Remaining fixt on mine, till mine grew dark  
For ever, and I heard a voice that said,  
"Henceforth be blind, for thou hast seen too much,  
And speak the truth that no man may believe."  
Son, in the hidden world of sight, that lives  
Behind this darkness, I behold her still,  
Beyond all work of those who carve the stone,  
Beyond all dreams of Godlike womanhood.

In "The Wreck" a very different note is struck:—

He that they gave me to, mother, a heedless and innocent bride—  
I never have wrong'd his heart, I have only wounded his pride—  
Spain in his blood and the Jew—dark-visaged, stately and tall—  
A princelier-looking man never steep thro' a Prince's hall.  
And who, when his anger was kindled, would venture to give him the nay?  
And a man men fear is a man to be loved by the women they say.  
And I could have loved him too, if the blossom can doat on the blight,  
Or the young green leaf rejoice in the frost that sears it at night;  
He would open the books that I prized, and toss them away with a yawn,  
Repell'd by the magnet of Art to the which my nature was drawn,  
The word of the Poet by whom the deeps of the world are stirr'd,  
The music that robes it in language beneath and beyond the word!  
My Shelley would fall from my hands when he cast a contemptuous glance  
From where he was poring over his Tables of Trade and Finance;  
My hands, when I heard him coming, would drop from the chords or the keys,  
But ever I fail'd to please him, however I strove to please—  
All day long far-off in the cloud of the city, and there  
Lost, head and heart, in the chances of dividend, consol, and share—  
And at home if I sought for a kindly caress, being woman and weak,  
His formal kiss fell chill as a flake of snow on the cheek:  
And so, when I bore him a girl, when I held it aloft in my joy,  
He look'd at it coldly, and said to me, "Pity it isn't a boy."  
The one thing given me, to love and to live for, glanced at in scorn!  
The child that I felt I could die for—as if she were basely born!  
I had lived a wild-flower life, I was planted now in a tomb;  
The daisy will shut to the shadow, I closed my heart to the gloom;  
I threw myself all abroad—I would play my part with the young  
By the low footlights of the world—and I caught the wreath that was flung.

But perhaps the piece that will be most generally liked is one in the manner of the "Northern Farmer." It is called "The Spinster's Sweet-Arts," and it is the soliloquy of an old maid to her cats, whom she calls "arter the fellers es once was sweet upo' me," very often confounding the cats with them. Here is a specimen of the poem:—

Rob, coom oop 'ere o' my knee. Thou sees that i' spite o' the men  
I 'a kep' thruf thick an' thin my two 'oonderd a-year to mysen;

Yis! thaw tha call'd me es pretty: es ony lass i' the Shere,  
An' thou be es pretty a Tabby, but Robby I seed thruf ya there.  
Feyther 'ud saay I wur ugly as sin, an' I beaint not vaain,  
But I niver wur downright hugly, thaw soom 'ud 'a thawt ma plaain,  
An' I wasn't sa playin i' pink ribbons, ye said I wur pretty i' pinks.  
An' I liked to 'ear I did, but I beaint sich a fool as ye thinks;  
Ye was strookin ma down wi' the 'air, as I be a-strookin o' you,  
But whiniver I look'd i' the glass I wur sewer that it couldn't be true;  
Niver wur pretty, not I, but ye know'd it wur pleasant to 'ear,  
Thaw it warn't not me es wur pretty, but my two 'oonderd a-year.  
D'ya mind the murnin when when we was a-walkin' togithe, an' stood  
By the claa'y'd-ooop pond, that the foalk be sa scared at, i' Gigglesby wood,  
Wheer the poor wench drownid hersen, black Sal, es 'ed been disgraced?  
An' I feel'd thy arm es I stood wur a-creepin about mo waaiist;  
An' me es wur allus afear'd of a man's gittin' ower fond,  
I sidled awaay an' awaay till I plumpt foot fust i' the pond;  
And, Robby, I nivr 'a liked tha sa well, as I did that daay,  
Fur tha joompt in thysen, an' tha voickt my feet wi' a flop fro' the claa'y.  
Ay, stick oop thy back, an' set oop thy taail, tha may gie ma a kiss,  
Fur I walk'd wi' tha all the way hoam an' wur niver sa nigh saayin' Yis.

BONNYBOROUGH. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is a delightfully breezy story. It is a book full of living human interest, with an air of Quaker-like purity and morality, from whose perusal one rises with refreshed love for humankind in whatever situation of life. The excerpt appended is not offered as a specimen of the style of this book—there is little of the country dialect in it; but it may serve to introduce the heroine to our readers.

"I waz here, I know," she repeated. "I waz out t' the mow, after hen's eggs, that blessed afternoon—day afore the Fourth—leven year ago this very las' come an' gone July, an' I found him there, flat-face on the hay, a-cryin'—the way a man cries, dry an' hard; ef y' don't know how thet is, Lord keep ye from ever findin' out. It's terrible! He warn't much more 'n a boy—whut's five 'r six 'n twenty? But there he wuz, a struck-down man. 'T warn't no losin' of a jack-knife, ner gitt'n' cheated out o' marbles, ner his pa a-thrashin' of him; ther' warn't but jest one thing that could 'a done it, ner but jest one woman. I know that."

"Warn't it sperritoal wrass'lin', may be?" suggested Rebeccarabby.

"To the land, child, no! Wy, he'd hed his expeer'ance, an' come out all clear an' hopeful, years afore. It wuz the one thing else thet happens to a man, an' it happened to him hard. Pore soul; he hedn't had no other womankind. His mother she died when he wuz twelve, an' Peace Polly she warn't ten, then; an' ye know's well's I do it laid on him t' be womankind 'n all, himself, t' Peace Polly—not jest knowin' how, nuther."

Peace Polly had got enough. Her heart was throbbing up in her throat. Her teeth were set. Her conscience—is conscience all over and through one, like a flame?—was wrapping her in a sudden, live torment.

"My one, one brother," she gasped, "all these years!" If she had learned this a little while ago, would she have known it so? Life had grown in her strangely.

She sank; she crouched down; she crept backward. She flung her head, she buried her face against a thick, soft pile of blankets and coverlets that were filled in upon the lowermost of the tall shelves that shielded her.

Nobody could hear her there. She shrieked little smothered shrieks of pain into the deadening folds. "My brother! my one brother," she still cried, with a strong inward cry, though the words were whispered.

She remembered every hard, cross, contemptuous word she had ever said to him. She forgot every tease, every pettiness she had ever endured from him. Oh, she pitied him so, that he had borne that all these years—and she had never known. Then the tears came like rain.

And at last a soft, tired breath. "But I do love him"—the thought swept through her like a calm—"or I could not care about it so."

"From all our sins, negligences, and ignorances, good Lord, deliver us."

UNIVERSAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY AND MYTHOLOGY. By Joseph Thomas, M.D., LL.D. New edition, thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged. 2,550 pp. Sheep, \$12. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Old as the world is, and wide-extended as have been the activities of man from the earliest ages, this book, of not unwieldy size, contains an epitome of their whole history—so far as known. It is the most complete work of the kind we possess. A second edition of the original work published some fifteen years ago, its older articles have undergone a thorough revision, and it has been enlarged by several thousand new biographical sketches. We have dipped into it in several directions and have found it very complete and reliable. As far as our observation goes it contains the condensed memoirs of every eminent person that has helped to make, or is making, the history of the world; and we should pronounce it to be an indispensable work of reference to all concerned in the same work.

RECEPTION DAY, No. 4. New York: E. L. Kellogg and Co.

A collection of recitations, declarations, dialogues for boys and girls, and the like, adapted for use in the school. The selections are short and lively; easily comprehended by the average scholar. The teacher has been saved much tedious recasting and adapting, every piece being readily available.



THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, ACCORDING TO THE USE OF THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This edition of the Prayer Book is as adopted by the General Synod of the Reformed Episcopal Church, held in Montreal, October 20th last. The revised version of the Old and New Testaments has been used throughout the book, although the ancient hymns used in the Morning and Evening Services are still according to the authorized version: the Henry VIII. version of the Psalms has, however, given way to the revised version. This is not the place to enter into other changes made in the book, which, we learn, are according to the recommendation of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church held in 1785. The present edition is of a convenient size, is paged throughout, and printed by John Dougall and Son, of the *Witness* Office, in a style little distinguishable from the prayer books issued by the English University Press. It is a most creditable specimen of Canadian workmanship.

WHAT TOMMY DID. By Emily Huntington Miller. New York: John B. Alden.

Tommy was an enterprising little fellow, and the story relates his boyish escapades in a very entertaining manner. The book has a good, but not goody, tone, and is delightful reading for young children.

WE have received also the following publications:—

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Illustrated. January. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.

SOUTHERN PLANTER. January. Richmond: J. W. Ferguson and Son.

OVERLAND MONTHLY. January. San Francisco: 120 Sutter Street.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. December. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publication Company.

MUSIC: A Souvenir of Love. Words by John Imrie, Toronto. Music by E. Gledhill, Toronto. Toronto: Imrie and Graham.

ST. NICHOLAS. January. New York: The Century Company.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

A. B. LAWLER.—Under the administration of Sir John A. Macdonald.

The question of amnesty was submitted to the Imperial Government, and after much correspondence between Lord Dufferin and the Colonial Secretary, the latter left the decision in the hands of the Governor-General. Lepine had been captured, and lay in the Winnipeg gaol under sentence of death; but Lord Dufferin commuted it to two years' imprisonment.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—I have been favoured with the perusal of a series of lectures delivered by the Rev. Robert Murray, Presbyterian minister, Oakville, U. C., and printed in Toronto in the year 1839, in reference to the extreme temperance views held at the time. He takes as a leading text: "In vain do they worship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." He traces the heresy from apostolic times till now as under:

"We read in the Acts of the Apostles, vi. 5, that Nicolas, a proselyte of Antioch, was one of the seven deacons chosen by the Apostles. This same Nicolas gave name to a sect of heretics, afterward condemned by the Great Head of the Church, as we find in Revelations ii. 6, 15, where it is said to the Church of Ephesus: 'But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which I also hate'; and to the Church in Pergamos it is said: 'So hast thou also them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes, which thing I hate.' Upon this declaration of the Holy Spirit, the name of this sect was soon laid aside, but their heresies were perpetuated by the Gnostics, as may be seen at full length in the writings of St. Irenaeus. The Gnostics adopted very austere rules of life, recommended rigorous abstinence, and prescribed severe bodily mortifications."

"Again, the Manichean heresy, which is a branch of the Gnostic, prevailed toward the end of the third century. The elect of this sect were bound down to rigorous and entire abstinence from flesh, eggs, milk, fish, wine, all intoxicating drinks, and wedlock, and depriving themselves of all the comforts that arise from moderate indulgence, and also from a variety of innocent and agreeable pursuits. Toward the end of the fourth century the Manicheans assumed various names, which they adopted as a cloak, and abandoned them whenever they were discovered under their new guise."

"The Manichean heresy was, in some measure, new modelled in the twelfth century by one Constantine, who then became their great apostle, and seduced vast multitudes to embrace his creed. Constantine was at last stoned to death for his vile and heretical doctrines. Yet, notwithstanding all these unnatural severities, the sect was for a time extremely popular. This sect prevailed in Bosnia and the neighbouring provinces about the close of the fifteenth century."

"The Maraionites, like the Gnostics, were another branch of the Nicolaitanes. The rule of manners observed by this sect of ancient heretics was also extremely severe. They were expressly prohibited wine, wedlock, flesh, and all the external comforts and innocent enjoyments of life."

"We also find the Sembiani, who were another branch of the same family, prohibiting all use of wine among their members, as being the production of Satan and the earth, and in its nature only evil, and that continually."

"The same heresy has been witnessed under a vast variety of names,

and with some shades of difference, in almost every age, from the days of the Apostles down to the present time. But no sooner has its origin and tendency been discovered under any particular name than it has assumed another designation, and thus continued for a time to play its foul game without being suspected, even by those who were supporting the cause."

The latest name it has been known by is the assumed one of "temperance," but which has been exposed and routed by a letter from the able pen of the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell of this city. And when we consider that the sun and substance, apart from purely moral and voluntary agencies, of the doctrine is, as in the case of the Sembiani, to attribute creative power to Satan in creating that which causes fermentation, we have no difficulty in finding out the origin of all the lies and false statements, the profane language, the fines and imprisonments, and persecution of their fellow mortals, and the asserted continuance of their punishment even in a future state. No one, the forestry of whose brain has not been blown upon for a long time by the false wind of doctrine, can fail to trace the action of that evil spirit who disguises his enmity to religion under the cloak of an angel of light—the angel of temperance.

The intense hatred of these apostates from temperance is to be found in every lecture they deliver—a hatred which assumes its most acute form when fulminating against those who presume to differ from them as to the best mode of securing temperance—an indiscriminate and confused hatred, which confounds the method with the thing itself, and hesitates not to accuse the best of our citizens as utterly vile, simply because they regard their own individual consciences more than they do the dictates of any other human being's.

Yours, etc., A.

## MUSIC.

### TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE latest aspirant for the suffrages of the music-loving public of Toronto is a society with the above name. It has been founded on the model of the celebrated Henry Leslie Choir of London, Eng., perhaps the most famous body of vocalists in the world. Oratorio being already amply provided for by existing organizations, it was thought to be a matter of regret that, in a musical city like Toronto, no society existed for the study and performance of a high class of concerted vocal music such as madrigals, part-songs, etc., works which depend mainly for their effect on the delicacy and refinement of their rendering, and a faithful observance of all the different *nuances* and marks of expression. This vacancy the "Toronto Vocal Society" aims to fill. There is a large field of most beautiful compositions by Purcell, Webbe, Arne, Bishop, Macfarren, Sullivan, Hatton, Hullah, Leslie, Smart, etc., for concerted voices without accompaniment, replete with the greatest interest both to performers and audience. In the Henry Leslie Choir the greatest possible care was exercised in the selection of members, only those being eligible who were possessed of really fine voices with some amount of cultivation, and ability to read at sight. The balance of parts was also carefully preserved. Without being too exacting in these respects, a thing impracticable in a perfectly new organization, the Toronto Vocal Society follows this plan as far as possible, and starting on this basis with such objects and aims, there is no reason why the members should not derive a great amount of enjoyment, as well as positive benefit, by the study of such works as it is proposed to take up. Music certainly ought to form a more important factor of home life than it does at present. When one considers the amount of enjoyment given and derived by three or four people possessing the ability to take up and sing a part-song, it seems a pity that this branch of musical education is not more generally studied. In the olden times such training was as much a part of a gentleman's education as fencing or riding; in these days of hurry and bustle we are a little too prone to undervalue the aesthetic side of life. The management of the Toronto Vocal Society is on a firm business basis, its affairs being controlled by an Executive Committee consisting of the President—Mr. Maunsell B. Jackson, Clerk of the Crown, Osgoode Hall—Vice-President, Secretary, three lady and three gentleman members, with the Musical Director *ex-officio*. It has a carefully-prepared constitution, which will shortly be printed, and a code of rules for the governance of members. The committee have engaged the services of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam as musical director and conductor for the first season, ending the second week in May. Mr. Haslam is not only a recognized authority on the subject of voice cultivation in England and France, having held official positions in both countries, but is also reported to be a trained and experienced conductor, with a sound method formed in the best schools. He is conversant with a large repertoire of the best English, French, and Italian works, many of which he conducts in public from memory. It augurs well for the musical enterprise of Toronto that a sufficient inducement should have been offered him to abandon an idea of going to the States, where he had several tempting offers. Mr. Haslam was brought over to New York at the special request of the Chevalier Augusto Vianesi, Director of the Royal Italian Opera, London, Eng., and the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg.

A SERIES of three concerts of Scottish music will be given by the Bairnsfather Family, in Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, the first one to take place on "Hogmanay," the last evening of the year. On New Year's Day there will be both matinee and evening concerts. This is a rare opportunity for the lovers of Scottish songs to hear them rendered correctly in respect both of purity of dialect and expression, for which the Bairnsfather Family are justly renowned. To those who have not yet had the pleasure of hearing this family we recommend this as a high class concert of

Scottish songs. The Bairnsfather Family now hold the first place as the exponents of Scottish song and verse on this continent, and the press, wherever they have been, accord them hearty praise in no measured terms.

## HAMILTON.

ON Friday evening, December 18, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club played here, under the auspices of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. There was a large and very enthusiastic audience, and *encores* were numerous. Miss Edwards, the soprano, did not please, because of her persistent tremolo. The concert was given in the Royal Roller Rink, which proved a good concert room, although the electric lights worked badly and interfered with the comfort of the performers and enjoyment of the audience.

On Monday evening, December 21, D. J. O'Brien, one of the best local music teachers, gave a concert at the Grand Opera House, which about seven hundred people paid fifty and seventy-five cents each to hear. The performers, with the exception of a few orchestral players, were pupils of Mr. O'Brien's. The concert was chiefly notable for the *début* of Miss Maud Hare, a Grimsby lady, who sang "Ernani Involami," exhibiting a brilliant soprano voice of great range, good volume, and much flexibility. Miss Hare sang in a style which showed her a singer with the natural ability of a true song-bird. Training has not yet done much for her voice, but nature has done a great deal, and it is much to be hoped that she will study earnestly and acquire a method which will supplement, and not substitute, the gifts of nature. She has started well, and her course will be watched with great interest by musicians here. Those in attendance at this concert were good-natured, and *encores* were numerous.

The cast for the coming performance of the "Sorcerer" by the Hamilton Musical Union has been announced as follows:—John Wellington Wells (the Sorcerer), Mr. Fred Warrington; Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre, Mr. J. H. Stuart; Alexis, Mr. T. D. Beddoe; Dr. Daly, Mr. E. W. Schuch; Notary, Mr. T. H. Stinson; Aline, Mrs. George Hamilton; Lady Sangazure, Miss Marie C. Strong; Constance, Mrs. McCulloch.—C Major.

ARCHITECTURE has been termed frozen music. A pointed gothic arch is therefore a frozen fugue. In a contrapuntal work fugues are like the final pointed completion of these arches in our Gothic cathedrals. Ehlert, in his letters on music, says, "Whenever a noble, a believing mood of mind, strives upwards to the highest, wherever a last majestic result must be brought forward for universal recognition, the fugue becomes the most natural means of expression, for no art-form embraces such consciousness within itself; not one is so well capable of preaching the truth at once. For the peculiar characteristic of this form lies in the fact that several voices have united to say the same on different intervals." The fugue naturally takes its place in great vocal and instrumental works wherever a feeling of noble completion is to be expressed, but this tone of universality must arise as naturally out of the subject as does the capital complete the pillar.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE *Philadelphia Record* has presented its subscribers with a very useful almanac for 1886. It contains a vast quantity of information respecting public matters in the States, besides astronomical and household matters.

A PARAGRAPH running the round of the German papers says that "the English statesman Goschen is writing a biography of his grandfather, the publisher of the works of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland." It is reported that a considerable number of hitherto unpublished letters of these poets will appear in the volume.

"CALLED BACK" has been translated into Spanish, and is issued by D. Appleton and Co. in light blue paper covers, at fifty cents per volume. About 2,000 copies were ordered while the book was still in press. It is the first novel translated from the English for the Appletons' Spanish Department, and its success has determined them to follow it up with others. The title of this new version of Hugh Conway's popular romance is "Misterio."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, in richness of illustration and in its literary attractions, seems like another Christmas number. It has, indeed, several articles especially appropriate to the season. Not the least remarkable of these is a Christmas sketch—"an echo of plantation life"—entitled "Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'," by Thomas N. Page, the author of "Marse Chan." Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, tells the story of a Christmas holiday spent with the Germans on the fore-posts of Paris during the Franco-German War.

THE New Year's number of the *Magazine of American History* is as interesting to the society or business man as it is to the teacher and student. Its contents are fresh, varied, and informing. The origin of "Slavery in America" is ably discussed by General John A. Logan, whose portrait, exquisitely engraved on steel, forms the frontispiece to the magazine. This number, however, is by no means given up to the Civil War studies. "Washington's First Campaign," by T. J. Chapman, A.M.; "Princess or Pretender," by Charles Dimitry; and "The New Year's Holiday—its Origin and Observances," by the editor, are delightful reading.

"POOR old Kossuth," says Edmund Yates, "being no longer able to earn his living by teaching languages in Italy, has now found a home in the house of his sons, who are shepherds in the valley of the Sixt, in Savoy. Patriotism does not seem a lucrative calling."

If Monsieur de Lesseps continues augmenting his family as he has hitherto done he will be able to supply labour to excavate his canal out of the ranks of his own flesh and blood when all the rest of the available bone and muscle of the world has succumbed to Chagres fever.

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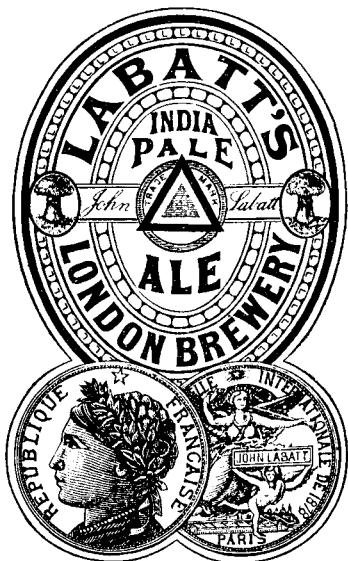
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#### Fortnightly Review.

The greatest exponent of radicalism in England. Its Editors and Contributors have ever been noted as leaders of progress, and have formed a school of advanced thinkers, which may justly be cited as the most powerful factor of reform in the British Empire and elsewhere.

#### British Quarterly.

While discussing all branches of modern thought, is particularly devoted to the consideration of the more recent theories in Theology and Philosophy. Its articles are characterized by a keenly critical spirit, and for fulness of treatment and justness of criticism it stands alone, in its special field, among the periodicals of the world.

#### Edinburgh Review.

Numbers among its contributors the greatest names that have moulded English thought for the past eighty years. While its policy admits the discussion of all questions, its conservatism is tempered with a liberalism that marks it as the INDEPENDENT REVIEW of the world.

#### Quarterly Review.

Its reviews cover all the leading issues of the day, and embrace the latest discoveries in Science, in History, and in Archaeology. Much space is devoted to ecclesiastical history and matters connected with the Church, thus making the Review invaluable to the clerical student, as well as of great interest to the general reader.

#### Westminster Review.

Is notable for the latitude of its theological views, many of the most advanced of modern theories in theology having received in its pages their first authoritative support. A distinctive feature of this Review is its "INDEPENDENT SECTION," containing articles advocating views at variance with those of its editors.

#### Blackwood's Magazine.

Is the leading and most popular magazine of Great Britain. The tone of its articles, be they fiction, incidents of travel, critical or political essays, is unexceptionable, rendering it most desirable for the Home Circle.

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#### WHAT IS CATARRH!

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.  
Catarrh is a mucous-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of urberole, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomosa, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

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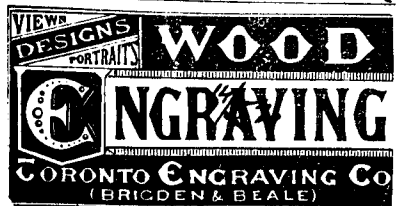
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