





# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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### CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
Attorney-General Longley on Independence	19
Dr. Bourinot on "Comparative Politics"	19
The Mormon Endowment House	19
Tree-Planting on the Prairies	19
Church Union	20
Rev. Mr. Cruchet's Paper	20
One Man, One Vote	20
The Death of Jefferson Davis	20
The Brazilian Revolution	20
The Stanley Expedition	21
That Portuguese Protest	21
DIVINITY DEGREES	21
PARIS LETTER	21
LOUGH SWILLY (Poem).....Albert E. S. Smythe.	22
FANTASIA.....Archibald MacMechan.	22
MONTREAL LETTER.....Ville Marie.	22
PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES	23
HALCYON (Poem).....Helen M. Merrill.	23
SOME COLLEGE MEMORIES	23
SATIRE AND SATIRISTS	24
THE TREAD-WHEEL OF LIFE (Poem).....R. W. Hanington.	25
THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.....D. Kimmont Roy.	25
THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE	26
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Imperial Federation.....W. S. G.	27
The United States Crusade.....T. E. Moberly.	27
Separate Schools.....L. G. McPhillips.	27
TRUE TALE	27
ART NOTES.....Templar.	28
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	28
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	29
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	29
CHESS	30

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ARGUMENTS against the possibility of Canada's existence as an independent nation are largely based on the diversity of sentiment and interest that is alleged to exist between the various Provinces. Nova Scotia and Quebec, in particular, are constantly held up as bugbears before the eyes of anyone who seems disposed to favour Independence. We have had it so often dinned into our ears that the Secession programme of the one Province and the Nationalist movement in the other effectually preclude all idea of a united Canadian nation that it is most refreshing to those who believe, as very many now do, that Confederation is not the last word in Canadian political progress, to find evidences that so far from these movements putting an end to the dream of a full Canadian nationality, in the idea of independence lies the very means of overcoming these disintegrating forces. An evidence of this character was last week afforded in the city of Quebec, where Attorney-General Longley, of Nova Scotia, lecturing on the destiny of Canada, put himself on record as favouring Independence. Mr. Longley is a prominent member of the Fielding Government, which, as our readers are aware, swept Nova Scotia a few years since on the Secession issue, and he has been frequently described as an Annexationist and a Provincialist of the deepest dye. His attitude on this question affords cheering evidence that the Secession movement was, after all, merely an ebullition of feeling, and did not show a rooted desire for disruption on the part of our Nova Scotian countrymen. To this interpretation, indeed, the inaction of the Fielding Government in the matter of Secession lends countenance. Mr. Longley's utterances were supported by the Hon. F. Langelier, mayor of Quebec, Mr. Laurier's first lieutenant from the French Province. Premier Mercier's presence on the platform did not, of course, imply his assent to the position taken by the speakers, but his remarks to a Baltimore reporter, as interpreted by himself, show him to be at any rate not an active opponent of the idea. Ex-mayor Beaugrand's paper, *La Patrie*, under its new editorship, has rushed to the support of Independence with Gallic vehemence, and its course has been followed by other

Nationalist papers. These facts may well lead thoughtful men to ask themselves whether a policy that can thus unite in its support Maritime Secessionists and Quebec Nationalists may not be the most hopeful policy for all who desire to see the spread of such a spirit of Canadian patriotism as alone can place the permanence of a united Canada beyond a doubt.

WE are told on excellent authority that those who measure themselves by themselves and compare themselves with themselves are not wise. Whether the converse of this proposition holds good depends, we suppose, on circumstances. It certainly is very natural and cannot be very unwise for a people situated as Canadians are, side by side with a great and flourishing Republic, to compare their own institutions with those of their neighbours. The writer of a certain pamphlet noticed a few weeks since in these columns has, as we showed, instituted such comparisons with a vengeance, and reached results which seem rather too flattering to our self-love to be reliable, and some of which loyal citizens of the United States would indignantly reject. A more dispassionate and, as we may probably say, without offence, more competent critic has recently undertaken the same service. We refer to Dr. Bourinot's first lecture at Trinity College, on "Comparative Politics." As the learned lecturer pointed out, the grounds for comparison are many and inviting, seeing that the two peoples have a common origin and a contemporaneous history. If Canada rather profits by the comparison it must not be forgotten that she had at least one great advantage in that it was her good fortune to have her institutions developed more slowly, and "to have been able to survey at a reasonable distance the details of the political structure raised by her neighbour," when called upon to remodel her own. Some of the points of comparison noted by Dr. Bourinot are well worthy of attention; though in the nature of the case the facts are not new, they are none the less deserving of study by any who might feel disposed to favour merging our political fortunes with those of our great neighbours. In two most important respects the Canadian constitutional system has a very decided superiority over that of the United States. These two points are referred to by Dr. Bourinot as follows: "The application of the elective principle to the judiciary was a grave departure from the wise British practice, which Canada has carefully avoided with great advantage to the administration of justice. The United States has no Executive like that of Canada, working in union with and dependent on Parliament, ready to inform the Houses and country on all matters of administration, initiating and controlling all measures of public policy and directing generally public legislation." Canada has also among other political superiorities a better electoral system, which, however, the States are now rapidly adopting. She is free in large measure from the great social evils resulting from a lax and demoralizing divorce system, or rather multiplicity of systems. The great contrast between the two countries in regard to this vitally important social institution is strikingly shown by the fact mentioned by Dr. Bourinot that from 1867 to 1886 there were only 116 divorces granted in the Dominion against 328,613 in the United States during the same period. These and other differences between the political systems of the two countries brought out by Dr. Bourinot should have a good effect in strengthening Canadians in their resolve to retain, at all hazard, their own national individuality and work out their own political destiny.

SINCE the paragraph in the last number of THE WEEK, touching on the Mormon Question, was written, American papers have come to hand with particulars of the remarkable evidence in connection with the Mormon Endowment House, which was recently given before a United States Court in Salt Lake City. This evidence was taken in the case of certain applicants for citizenship, who had been through the Endowment House, and bound themselves by its obligations. Eleven witnesses, all of whom had been members and some of them Bishops of the Mormon Church, testified that every member of the Church was expected to go through the Endowment House. "It was further shown," we quote from the *New York Inde-*

pendent, "that these ceremonies occupy the greater part of a day and include the taking of an oath, obligation, or covenant by each, that they will avenge the blood of the prophets, Joseph and Hiram Smith, upon the Government of the United States, and will enjoin this obligation upon their children unto the third and fourth generations; that he or she will obey the priesthood in all things, and will never reveal the secrets of the Endowment House under penalty of having their throats cut from ear to ear, their bowels torn out and their hearts cut out of their bodies. The right arm is anointed that it may be strong to avenge the blood of the prophets. An undergarment, called the endowment robe, is then put on and is to be worn ever after. On this robe, over the heart, are certain marks or designs intended to remind the wearer of the penalties that will be inflicted in case of violation of the oath. The fourteen witnesses who testified in favour of the applicants refused to state specifically what the oaths are, and their testimony did not shake that which had been offered." Could we imagine any possibility of invention or distortion to account for this horrible story, we should be disposed to place it at once in the category of hobgoblin visions conjured up by terrified bigotry or superstitious hate. Even when it comes in so direct a manner from so unimpeachable a source, we find it very hard to give full credence to ceremonies which seem more befitting East Indian thuggism than American civilization. But the hard facts remain, in spite of scepticism: they are crystallized around the decision of Judge Anderson. That decision refuses the sacred rights of citizenship to the adherents of a so-called Church which imposes such disloyal and murderous obligations upon its members. We should be very loath, indeed, to be the means of stirring up unjust or needless suspicion against any body of immigrants seeking citizenship in Canada. But the logic of facts is irresistible, and carries with it duties which the journalist cannot honestly shun. If, as has been stated, it is proposed to have an Endowment House in the Mormon settlement now being formed in the Northwest, it is imperative that these facts should be pondered well by our authorities, and such means taken as shall be effective to prevent the granting of Canadian citizenship to anyone pledged to implicit obedience to a Church which imposes such oaths and inculcates such morals.

WE are glad to see that the subject of tree-planting on the North-West prairies is awaking considerable and, as we hope, increasing interest. We would gladly do all in our power to augment that interest, because we believe the cultivation of trees to have a vital relation to the future prosperity of our great prairie land. Our correspondent of last week is no doubt right in his opinion that better results can be gained by the growth of a small number or plot of trees on every farm, than by the cultivation of forests at remote intervals. We quite agree with him, too, that the Government Experimental Farms should have the oversight of the business, or should at least be enabled and empowered to stimulate individual effort in every way possible. Why should not those farms, for instance, make experiments—we hope they are doing so—on a large scale with different kinds of forest and fruit trees, both native and imported? Why might they not be instructed to supply every farmer with a limited number of young trees, either free of cost, or at the lowest possible price, exacting reasonable guarantees for their proper care and cultivation? Subsidiary to such efforts should be careful analyses of soils, and experimental trials of the conditions requisite for growth, so as to enable the farm overseers to give the necessary instruction to those to whom trees were given or sold, to insure proper care and cultivation. As an evidence of what may be done with proper effort and with moderate outlay in the way of stocking the prairies with trees, the following from a paper published in St. Paul, Minnesota, is of interest. The writer says:

"Everywhere thrifty groves of small trees are to be seen where there was nothing but open prairie or farm lands before. The land owners seized upon the advantages offered by the Forestry Bounty Act with such avidity, indeed, that the Legislature of last winter found it necessary to cut down the amount of the bounty from \$3 to \$2.50 per acre. As it now stands, each land-owner may

draw \$2.50 per acre a year for six consecutive years for not more than ten acres planted to trees. To be eligible, however, he is obliged to furnish adequate proof that the trees are not farther than eight feet apart, and that he replants in every instance where a tree dies. The law of 1881 provided for a maximum expenditure of \$20,000 in tree bounties, and to keep the amount within this sum a reduction was made last winter."

The results of this wise law in Minnesota are said to have already been such that, in the words of another contemporary, "the face of the country has been so changed in a few years that people knowing it as prairie only, would fail to recognize it." Mr. Joly's brief letter in our columns a few weeks since has attracted considerable attention to the subject. He and others whose scientific and practical knowledge gives special weight to their opinions can render a great service to the country by continuing to press the matter upon the attention of the Government and people.

CHURCH union, as discussed at the recent annual meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, in this city, is a question, not only of great interest in itself, but of weighty import from the far-reaching possibilities it involves. How formidable are the obstacles to be overcome before any general union of the great denominations can be brought about may be inferred from the differences of opinion which are met at the threshold, touching the kind of union it is desirable to seek. In the opinion of some, that which is chiefly desirable in the way of Union, namely, essential unity in thought and purpose, is already a fact accomplished, so far, at least, as the so-called Evangelical Churches are concerned. At the other extreme stands the view, which was evidently that of the Bishops of the Lambeth Conference, that there can be no union worth the having apart from some form of creed subscription, and agreement upon some common theory in regard to such ecclesiastical questions as that of the "historic episcopate." Intermediate between these are those in whose eyes the desired union takes the form of a federal organization, more or less compact, framed simply with a view to effective co-operation in carrying on the great aggressive warfare which is the chief mission of the visible church. The latter class again seems likely to be subdivided into those who would have the Protestant or Evangelical Churches united in order that they may combine their forces more effectively in the warfare against Romanism, and those who would seek union for its own sake and make its borders wide enough for the admission even of honest Roman Catholics. There can be little doubt, however, that the true, as well as the only practicable idea of Christian union, is that of unity in diversity, though this, too, leaves wide scope for differences of opinion touching the limits within which the unity is essential, or the diversity permissible. Even were a grand organic union of all the churches of Christendom possible by the discovery of some place of compromise on all matters of creed and policy, it would probably soon prove to be a very doubtful boon to humanity. Its edifice, built up with much nice word-juggling to-day, would begin to crumble to-morrow. The great temple of truth is many-sided, and there is no height accessible to the human mind from which all its parts can be viewed in their proper relations to each other and to the whole. Most of us have to be content with such glimpses as we can get from the low stand-point within our reach. The main thing, so far as the mere matter of belief is concerned, is to get the largest views, and to frame the most comprehensive and symmetrical conceptions possible. The success, however, of such subordinate unions as those which have been consummated between the various branches of the Presbyterian and the Methodist bodies in Canada teaches by contrast a useful lesson in regard to the folly of splitting hairs in theology and perpetuating distinctions without differences. There can be little doubt that progress in the same direction may be made by other bodies with similar results; there is still less room for doubt that some form of federal union for the accomplishment of the higher ends for which all churches exist is among the possibilities of the future, and that the practical power of the Christian religion may be wonderfully increased by such a concentration of its resources.

ONE of the most striking and suggestive papers read at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance on the subject of "Christian Unity" was that of Rev. A. B. Cruchet, B.A., a French Protestant, of Montreal. In the heat of the present agitation on the subject of French aggression and the French language in the schools, every fair-minded, English-speaking Canadian will be glad to know how the matter strikes an intelligent and earnest French Protestant, who

has been for seventeen years working as an evangelist among the French-Canadians. There is much practical good sense in some of Mr. Cruchet's remarks, as when, for instance, referring to the need of constitutional reform, he reminds us, in effect, that Frenchmen are Frenchmen, and cannot, by any process, political or educational, be metamorphosed into Englishmen. We must "keep the substratum," says Mr. Cruchet, "it is good." The French ideas, tastes, methods, and manners are not to be discarded *en bloc*. Instead of looking upon the French-Canadian and his belongings with contempt or aversion, we should learn from him many things, and yield him many things. We must dismiss from our minds the notion that "the French-Canadians are an inferior, ignorant, degraded, and benighted people. They are not degraded, they are intelligent; and if they are not as well educated as their neighbours, it is because of their clergy, who educate the few to rule and govern the masses." The logic of the last clause rather militates, it must be confessed, against the preceding contention; still, the general argument is sound. Those who would really effect a change for the better in the views and ambitions of the French-Canadians must dismiss their contempt, born of prejudice and misconception, and approach them with the measure of respect due to their character as a people. "Cease to remind them," says Mr. Cruchet, "that they are a conquered people. They have been conquered by England, but not by the English-speaking inhabitants of Canada. In this land of ours we are all Canadians, all British subjects, all on a footing of equality." The thrust is keen, but merited. In another place the writer of the paper pointed out the necessity of emphasizing the difference between the "insatiable ambition of the clergy and the legitimate aspirations of the people." Again, he counsels that English-speaking Protestants cease to threaten French-Canadians with the loss of their language. "Why take away their dear and beautiful language? What harm is there to speak French, especially good French? The French, as far as I know, do not abuse their right. On the contrary, they learn English as fast as they can, and use it whenever they know that they will not be understood in French." The argument, however good in reference to Quebec with its million of French, to which, Mr. Cruchet, no doubt, means it to apply, would manifestly fail with reference to Manitoba and the North-West, with their small percentage of French settlers, if it includes the retention of the language for official purposes. A telling argument in favour of Christian union was made in the statement that it would enable the strong church that would result to wield with more efficiency the great power of the press. "The French-Canadians are rapidly becoming a reading population. A strong French Protestant press would more speedily than anything else evangelize the French, and yet their sole organ—*L'Aurore*—has for years eked out a miserable existence. None of the denominations would subsidise it, lest they should sow for some other denomination." We do not know whether the speaker is himself a member of one of the denominations so hard hit. His paper was certainly seasoned with a good sprinkling of French wit as well as wisdom.

THE Liberal Federation of England has wisely resolved to press forward at the coming session of Parliament a Bill embodying the "one man, one vote" principle. This is a reform so reasonable and just in its nature—provided, that is, that the fundamental Liberal principle of "government of the people, by the people, for the people," be accepted—that the question of its universal adoption, wherever representative institutions exist in their integrity, is but one of time. Now that the great Liberal party of England, with Gladstone at its head, has unequivocally and specifically embodied it as a plank in its platform, its acceptance by the Commons is pretty well assured, especially as the Liberal-Unionists can scarcely refuse to support it, and moderate Conservatives will not care to oppose it vigorously. This action of the English Liberals may suggest to those who claim to be their equivalents in Canadian politics the wisdom of pushing forward the same reform in Canada. Why not insist that the principle be embodied in the Franchise Act before the next general election? We see no good reason why the Government or the Conservative party should oppose it. The composition of parties in England is probably such that Conservatives will be likely to lose more than their opponents by the measure, but we see no reason to suppose that a similar result would follow in Canada. So far as we know the one party is as likely to receive the benefits of plural voting as the other. The chief value of the reform is that it would eliminate one temptation to imper-

sonation, and to the multiplying of spurious and otherwise fraudulent votes, and thus aid, to some extent, in purifying our politics.

THE death of Jefferson Davis has recalled to the world's memory the great struggle with which the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy was so closely connected. The responsibility which he with a few other leading Southerners incurred in precipitating the war of the Great Rebellion was a fearful one. Few men in the whole course of the world's history have been officially the means of causing so many of their fellowmen to bite the dust, as he who has just now himself obeyed the long-delayed but inevitable call. None the less, or perhaps we should say all the more, had his proved the winning instead of the lost cause, and the Southern Confederacy achieved the independent existence for which it fought so bravely, the name of Jefferson Davis might have gone down to future ages with something of the same lustre which glorifies that of Washington. Nor, after all, was there so very much difference in the specific ends for which the two men fought. Both aimed at freedom, the right of self-government for the people they represented. The misfortune—perhaps we should call it crime—in the case of the South was that the political independence for which it struggled was complicated and inextricably interwoven in the minds of the conquerors with the great moral question of slavery. As was apparent to outside observers in all the earlier stages of the contest, and as Lincoln himself frankly avowed, the issue on which war was waged and victory won was not the manumission of the slaves, but the preservation of the nation. Still it is likely that more Northern men fought to put down slavery than fought to save the nation. Probably more fought for money, or under compulsion, than from either a patriotic or a moral motive. Even at this date it is hard for the dispassionate reviewer of this eventful bit of history to see any valid reason, from either the political or the ethical point of view, for the distinction which makes the war of the Revolution a glorious struggle in the sacred cause of freedom—and the war of the Rebellion an iniquitous uprising against legitimate authority. Indeed, from one point of view, Washington was more emphatically the rebel, seeing that the Government against which he rose in arms made no pretensions to be based on the consent of the governed, while it might well seem that a Republic formed by the voluntary federation of States, and boasting the suffrages of a free people as its cornerstone, repudiated its own fundamental principle the moment it denied the right of secession to a number of the contracting States. So true it is that the event has after all most to do with determining the moral character of a movement in the eyes of history. But, passing by all such speculations, now bootless, nothing but a blind obstinacy could refuse to recognize the over-ruling Providence, which out of the evil has educaed and is still educating good. The slaves are now freedmen, and are, we may hope, gradually becoming freemen. The nation is at peace and likely to remain so. The South has been reconstructed on a better foundation than that of unrighteous slavery, and is being regenerated by the infusion of the impulses and energies of a new and better life, industrial, political, and let us hope, moral.

THE original story of the abdication of the Emperor of Brazil seemed from the first somewhat apocryphal. It is not the manner of kings, even of the mild type of Dom Pedro, to resign the prerogative of royalty with a bow and a smile, at the first polite suggestion of their subordinates. The ex-Emperor's version of the affair, if that reported is genuine, gives it, as was to be expected, quite a different colour. Still it must not be forgotten that Dom Pedro himself is, in this case, an interested witness, and is scarcely in a position to give a dispassionate account of the transaction. Evidently the world will have to wait yet longer for a reliable version of this strange revolutionary movement. The character and motives of the chief actors must be read in the light of events yet to come. If the authority which, whatever the results, can hardly be described otherwise than as usurped, is wielded with moderation and transferred at the earliest possible moment into the hands of men constitutionally appointed to receive it, history may not only vindicate those who had the courage and genius to effect so great a change so quietly and peacefully, but may record their names amongst those of the benefactors whose memories future citizens of the Republic of Brazil may delight to honour. If, on the other hand, those who thus deftly but ruthlessly wrested the sceptre from the feeble hands of the aged monarch shall prove themselves military adventurers and self-seekers

by striving to retain their ill-gotten power, a civil war, and very likely a prolonged and bloody one, may be regarded as inevitable. Meanwhile, though the exiled Emperor and his wife seem to have been sent off with unpleasant haste and somewhat scant courtesy, it is pretty clear that they were subjected to no needless indignity. Assuming that the change was justifiable in the future interests of the country, the more promptly the royal family were hurried from the shores the better for all concerned.

THE Stanley Expedition, unquestionably one of the most wonderful in all history, is at an end. Its value to civilization cannot yet be estimated, but cannot fail to be great. The geographical discoveries made are not only of profound interest to students of that branch of science, but they also throw, if not a flood, at least some revealing rays of light upon the interior of Africa, and will assuredly suggest new routes for commercial and philanthropic enterprise. But while waiting for the fuller information, which it must be a work of weeks or months for the great explorer to give to the world, the contemplative mind can scarcely avoid recurring to some of the darker phases of the Expedition. It will be a great relief should the very serious accident which has befallen Emin Bey not prove fatal. His death, on the very eve of his return to civilization, in a manner so unromantic and unheroic, would throw a lasting shadow over the whole campaign. The mention of Emin Bey reminds us, too, that there are many things yet to be explained in regard to the relations between these two men. Are those relations as cordial as might be expected between the rescued and the one who has performed the rescue at such tremendous cost and risk? If not, why not? Can it be that Emin was brought away from the Province over which he had so long ruled with consummate skill and tact, rather against his will—that he is, in fact, rather resentful than grateful for the unasked service done him? Were it not, again, that as “laws are silent in the midst of arms,” so the restraints of civilized life are rightly relaxed, or thrown aside, in the depths of an African jungle and in the presence of swarming hosts of savage foes, we might be impelled to speculate about the moral sanctions which must be invoked to justify some of the high-handed measures to which the intrepid explorer found it necessary to resort. At the present moment he would be a bold man who should dare to insinuate a doubt as to the righteousness of anything and everything which Stanley may have done. One fact, however, must appear to the thoughtful mind singular, though it may be susceptible of satisfactory explanation. One of the reports the other day gave the welcome news that every white man who accompanied Stanley has returned in safety. We rejoice at the fact, albeit it recalls the other fact that the bones of more than half or two-thirds of all who set out with him on the expedition lie bleaching on the plains, or decaying in the swamps of the interior. How does it happen that the unacclimatized white man returns in safety, while the natives, who might be supposed to be much better prepared to bear the tropical heat and resist the malarial poison, die by scores and hundreds? Does the contrast suggest any difference in treatment, any cruelty in overwork, any profligality in the matter of barbarian lives? We are loath to entertain any such idea. Humanity is almost always the twin-virtue of intrepidity, and it is certain that no braver men than Stanley and his companions ever lived. Probably a satisfactory explanation will be forthcoming in due time, though we have thus far looked for it in vain.

“PORTUGAL becoming absurd!” Such is the characteristic headline which some astute journalist, a week or two since, deemed it witty and wise to place over the announcement from Lisbon that the Portuguese were protesting against England’s protest against the Portuguese claim to the ownership of Mashoualand in Africa. The protest in which the chief absurdity appeared was, we suppose, that of the Lisbon Geographical Society against the alleged action of the English authorities in supplying the Lohengulu with rifles for the purpose of enslaving the natives of Mashoualand. If by the British authorities was meant the officers of the British Government, the accusation was, we may admit, somewhat absurd. But if, as seems probable, the accusation was directed against traders, operating under the British flag and enjoying its protection, it might be well to enquire into it before so characterizing it. Strange things have before now been done, and are every day being done, in the name of British commerce, and it may be hoped that the Government will make a rigid investigation. Meanwhile the action of the

British Government in offering to refer the question in dispute with Portugal to arbitration is worthy of all praise. It is what was to be expected from the sense of justice of a magnanimous nation, conscious of its superior strength. But one would not have to depart from our own continent, or go back into history to discover that it is not always the method adopted by the strong in dealing with the feeble nation. All honour to the Salisbury Government for its regard for the rights of the weaker and for British fair play.

#### DIVINITY DEGREES.

AMONG the matters commemorated at the recent Jubilee of the Diocese of Toronto, there were few things of more importance than the action of the Provincial Synod with reference to degrees in Divinity. It may seem surprising to those who have not thought much on this subject, that three or four years (perhaps a larger space of time) should have elapsed since the question was first mooted in its present form; but we think that very important results have been secured in the interests of the theological education.

There can be no doubt that degrees in Divinity have become a byword, representing one of the worst of shams in an age which abounds in shams. Dr. Philip Schaff, who has ample means of knowledge, has declared that there are more Doctors of Divinity in the city of New York than on the whole continent of Europe. But the city of New York, great and important as it is, constitutes but a small portion of the continent on which we live; and it is quite startling to think of the numbers of D.D.’s, S.T.D.’s, and the like, who adorn the various Canadian and American Churches. The lamentable thing is, that these degrees in many cases represent no theological learning worth mentioning. It is even whispered that some of those so decorated could not read one chapter of the Greek Testament from end to end. Indeed, to such length has the malady grown that many American clergymen refuse to be made doctors, less they should be classed among the impostors.

To the credit of the Canadian Universities it must be said that, as far as is known, they have been generally careful in the conferring of their degrees, higher or lower. The examinations for B.D. and D.D., as far as they have come under our notice, have been quite as high as they could reasonably be made. The honorary degrees have been generally conferred upon men who will grace them, instead of bringing them into disrepute; so that we may feel satisfied that most of those among us who have been decorated are really not unworthy of that honour.

There was, however, a certain danger of the institutions by which those degrees were conferred being needlessly increased in number; and this increase involved a further danger in the lowering the value of the degrees conferred. Our remarks in this connection have special reference to Anglican Universities and Colleges. We quite understand that it was a grievance to theological colleges, accepted by the Bishops as seminaries for the preparation of candidates for the ministry, that, whilst they could obtain for their students degrees in arts from the University of Toronto and from the McGill University at Montreal, they should be unable to obtain degrees in divinity without being examined by one of those institutions which they regarded as rivals.

It was quite natural that the Theological College at Montreal should apply to have degrees bestowed upon its students through the McGill University. Indeed, we are informed that this University does actually possess the power of conferring such degrees. But the authorities of the University very properly judged that a secular Board was not the proper body to undertake examinations in theology; and, therefore, some different method had to be adopted. At the same time Wycliffe College sought to obtain Divinity degrees through or from the University of Toronto, and, as we are informed, a Bill was actually introduced into the Legislative Assembly of Ontario with the view of sanctioning this course. The Anglican Bishops of Ontario, with one voice, entered their protest against the measure; and in doing so they were influenced by various considerations. In the first place, they were probably unwilling to lose the control over the higher clerical education which belongs to their office. At present the Bishops have a certain control of the Anglican Universities. The Bishops of Ontario have a power of veto over the proceedings of the Corporation of Trinity College; and we imagine it is the same with Bishop’s College, Lennoxville, and King’s College, Windsor; but in the case of the theological colleges they have no such control.

It may be that the action of the Bishops was determined principally by these considerations. But there was another which had greater weight with many English Churchmen, and this was the danger of multiplying degree-conferring institutions, some of which might make any standard of examination they chose—plainly, a very serious matter. Those who feel the force of such an objection to the proposed change may have no present fear of danger to be apprehended from those who are now in the government of these colleges; but they must provide for the future, and, as it is clear that the University, as a secular body, could exercise no control over the examination, it would practically be allowed to each theological school to grant its own degrees and upon its own terms.

The plan finally sanctioned by the Provincial Synod at Montreal seems to us to be as good as any that could be adopted. The subjects for examination are to be arranged by a board consisting of representatives from all the Anglican Universities and theological colleges in Canada, by whom the examiners will also be appointed. The candidates, after passing the required examinations, may take their degree from any of the existing Anglican Universities, or from the Metropolitan of the ecclesiastical province. In order to provide for this, an Act will be sought from the Legislature giving to the Canadian Metropolitan the same power in regard to Divinity degrees as belongs to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in England. As far as we are able to judge, the scheme is an admirable one, and no one need blush to wear the degree which shall be thus obtained. We are informed that the chief part in the drawing up of the scheme is due to the learned Provost of Trinity College; and all who took part in the debates at the Provincial Synod were unanimous in their judgment of the ability and persuasive power with which Dr. Body commended his scheme to that august assembly.

There is one point on which there appears to be some difference of opinion. For the next three or four years the degrees of B.D. and D.D. will be obtainable by those who have only matriculated at one of the universities, but have not taken any degree. After that time no one will be eligible for the degree in Divinity who has not previously taken a degree in arts, B.A., at least. The opponents of this measure urge that Musical degrees, degrees in Law, and even in Medicine are now granted without the recipients having previously taken a degree in Arts. There is something to be said for this view; but, upon the whole, we are favourable to the change. Clergymen are teachers, and those of them who wish to write B.D. or D.D. after their name should possess not merely a professional training, but somewhat higher literary qualifications than should be required of the less distinguished members of their profession.

#### PARIS LETTER.

A VERY wicked fight is going on between food-sellers and citizens. The former ran up the price of commodities in May last, alleging as justification, the Exhibition; but that, the Big Show once closed, normal charges would be resumed, which has not been done—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Perhaps to ease the situation, and to avoid any O. P. riots, a company has been formed by the directors of the Russian restaurant of the Eiffel Tower, to supply families, at very moderate rates, with their meals ready cooked. This would not only effect economy in the matter of servants, and frugality in the market pennies, but would ensure first-class quality in food, cleanly and wholesomely prepared; served with despatch and uniform punctuality. Every morning one of the company’s butlers would wait on subscribers, present the day’s bill of fare for *dejeuner* and dinner, each article priced, when in due course a van divided into compartments and heated, would deliver the meal, range it on the table, leave a docket for the amount, and bring away the vessels of the previous meal. The idea is not quite new, but if the company, which is said to have plenty of capital, keeps faith with its clients, success will crown their speculation. The hatred to have cooking done at home is as intense as to have the washing executed on the premises. Many families, and resident foreigners in particular, practise the arrangement with some tavern in their vicinity. In this case they can order what they like. Many of the humbler eating-houses depend for their support on a number of families coalescing to meal there. Several butchers, in addition to raw meat, now sell it cooked, boiled, roasted, and broth. “Rolled roast beef” sells from three and a-half to four francs per pound, and Yorkshire hams in direct line from Bayonne at same price. “Cag” or boiled beef, is twelve sous per pound. The potato and the apple crops are failures this year in France; but Germany and Holland have come to the rescue. The cereal harvest is less by one fifth, to meet the national consumption. After England, France is the greatest bread-stuffs importer in Europe.

France is now in the first degree of a political jilt. The terrible Bismarck has cut her out in Muscovite affec-

tion. Thus it is clear, the Czar was not off with the old love. The French do not allude to the misfortune, but feel it acutely; they will later view it as a deliverance. No sound thinking Frenchman ever had confidence in a Russian alliance. It could give France nothing and it would hoodwink no serious people. Relying on herself and patiently abiding her time—therein lie the strength and future of France. In the Chancellor and Austria giving a free hand to Russia in Bulgaria, it is not clear that the Bulgars will allow themselves to be wiped out; it is not either a question, as to in what sauce they would wish to be cooked. They can fire the train in Macedonia and Albania, and force the Hungarians to aid them. This would be considered as the beginning of the end of the Austro-Hungarian mosaic empire. Perhaps Russia, having smashed up the triple alliance, would then be able to give the *coup de Jarnac* to Germany by swinging round to France. In any case the Turkish empire is destined to pay the piper, though never having commanded a tune.

Until Uncle Sam recognizes the United States of Brazil, France will abstain; he is slow this time in the matter of recognition; formerly, he would telegraph such like a Papal blessing. Except the Orleanist journals, the French press indulges in no deprecations of the right of the Brazilians to decide on the form of government that satisfies them. Being of late allied with the Braganza family, the Orleanists stand up for their relatives; after their uniting with Communists, Bonapartists, and Boulangists to demolish the French republic, they could hardly be expected to compliment the Brazilians upon the neatness and finish with which they superseded the empire—they surpass the French in their getting rid of Louis Philippe. After all, Dom Pedro was but the out-put of a revolution himself in Brazil—that of 1861. And to think he is paid a pension of two million francs a year—for doing nothing, and on condition that he will not return to "Ole Virginny." He can be utilized in Europe to preside at scientific reunions, just as Indian officers, when big liver forces them to retire, become chairmen of tea-fights and Dorcas Bees.

It was a mercy to put out the lights on the summit of the Eiffel Tower; fogs and rain kept them as it were under a bushel; indeed, of late, Parisians forgot to look at the twirling red, white and blue that will be formally extinguished on December first, and will so remain till May Day. It is contemplated to fix up the space between the first and second platforms of the Tower as an hotel to suit "high-life" clients, and to ease the over-crowded city lodging houses. The Grand Dukes and Bayards of Russia might rent all the apartments in advance. They have Eiffel Tower on the brain. Perhaps in the same category of uncertainty as the projected aerial hotel—why not a Nebuchadnezzar hanging garden—is M. Alphaud's scheme to preserve the exhibition buildings, and to extend the ornamentation of the grounds. Parisians remain dead or indifferent to the project, and are cynical as to attracting the universe every year to enjoy a metropolitan recreation ground. All places of amusement that count upon the support of the population aim to find a site on, or close to, the grand Boulevards. In summer, the Champ de Mars would be for Parisians a Central Africa, and in winter, a North Pole. For a concert at the Trocadero, where not half a dozen yearly take place, a pass out is preferred to a pass in. This explains why the Spanish Bull Fight Co. desired to lease it for their peculiarly civilizing spectacles.

So the new deputies are said to display an aversion to join their fortunes to those of the old parliamentary hands. Matters in the Chamber seem to be gravitating towards the lines of defunct House. No clear governmental majority has yet been hatched; till this incubation be accomplished, no important business, especially in the matter of reforms, can be taken in hand. One of the most business like and practical deputies is the Bishop of Angers, Mgr. Frappel; he is up on all subjects, and is a terrible worker. His only drawback is, that when in the tribune he speaks as if in the pulpit. The Comte de Mun is the most polished speaker in the Chamber, and he too devotes his time to business, and above all, to social questions. The Republicans ought not to allow these two Monarchists to gather all the laurels. All the fiscal reforms so far broached resolve themselves into a robbing of Peter to pay Paul. As M. Leon Say and his minority moderates have no apparent chance of being called on to form a cabinet, they might produce the model budget they are said to have in their coat pockets. If found feasible, the country might condemn them to carry it out.

Neither Boulanger, nor his opponent, Joffrin, the chief of some order of Socialists, will be declared elected for Paris; the former has the majority, but is an outlaw; the other, an amnestied Communist, is qualified, but has the minority of votes; consequence—a new election. The Boulangists say they will keep their ball rolling by contesting every bye-election. That is a question for the constituencies. The *Figaro* has at last applied the photograph to interviewing. It sent one of its staff to Jersey to tap Boulanger, and while he was being pumped, the photo of his attitudes under the pump was secured, and later engraved. The total turn-out was not bad. The innovation proves that the General was tapped, so corroborates the interlocutor. It is clearly the most genuine form of interviewing, next to the individual doing it himself. The *Figaro* should now utilize the phonograph, and, making duplicates of the cylinder, can them up like green peas, lobster, or pine apple, and offer the cans as prizes to new subscribers. Formerly the journal employed baskets of oranges and barrels of oysters for the same end. Z.

## LOUGH SWILLY.

I CAME through the still meadows  
To where the dead have rest.  
Across the Lake of Shadows  
The ranges of the West  
Gloomed to their utmost crest.

A sturdy, pinioned legion  
Bore heavy through the night,  
The mountain-guarded region  
Throbbled with the burdened flight;  
The long sea held the sight.

Voices, as from a distance,  
Were swept along the strand,  
With pitiful persistence  
Crying: "We have no hand  
To build the broken land.

"We, warriors of the waters,  
We, lords of towns and towers,  
We, chieftains' heirs and daughters,  
We, peers of ancient powers—  
Earth is no longer ours.

"The days have faded from us  
Fulfilling all their fee,  
The sun gives no more promise,  
The night no new decree;  
The shore is as the sea.

"The mountains stand up grimly  
Where the rough tempests beat,  
The waters wait there dimly  
Around their patient feet:  
We have no tryst to meet."

Oh, melancholy voices,  
Your passion is not vain;  
Unwisely he rejoices  
Who struggles not to gain  
All seasons that remain.

So, by the Lake of Shadows,  
Above its clouded face,  
I came through the still meadows,  
And pondered on Love's grace  
That leaves me yet a space.

Toronto.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTH.

## FANTASIA.

*Und wie ich reite, so reiten,  
Mir die Gedanken voraus.*

AS swift as thought! What can there be of speedier flight? Before the ink of this first word is dry the Puck of my brain has put his girdle round the earth. Why it is, I cannot know, but here in the stillness of my study the face of a friend rises, wearing the well-remembered, quiet smile; the measured tones of his even voice seem sounding in my ears. It does not matter that at the present moment we are seated at the extremities of a continent, as at the ends of a Cyclopean see-saw. The thought of his face has brought back even the familiar aspect of every place his presence used to fill. Our old haunts that we shall never see again! The thought of him unites us instantly. Rivers of a thousand miles, high mountain ridges, wide inland seas and prairies, ocean-like, shrink in a lightning flash to a compass narrower than the slightest of these pen strokes. But I had another friend—not retained, alas! but lost—in days long gone by. Urged by the spell of this second name, Puck has skipped the million waves of the blue Pacific, and reached an island under the Southern Cross where there is a nameless grave. Here the wanderer in many lands found rest at last, and the sore heart peace. How different this resting-place from the home of his boyhood within the gray walls of that old-world town! There it stands, like a city in a vision, its storied castle, its narrow, rough-paved streets, and the pleasant meadows without the gates. How many tales he used to tell me of it—in this very room, seated in that very chair; and here the two ends of that girdle meet, and the ink of the first word is not yet dry.

All this has taken place between two ticks of the clock, in the quiet of my secluded study. No whip or spur is needed. But when I ride or feel the exciting effects of rapid motion of any kind, all this is intensified a thousand times. It is the glory of motion which De Quincey felt on the box of the English mail coach, when the vision of sudden death flashed before his eyes. Dashing through the water on a yacht, or whirling along in a railway carriage, I find my thoughts taking long, arrow-like dives into distance from the bowsprit, or outstripping the winged words that flash past on the electric wires beside the iron rails. Not only do they fly faster than when my body is at rest, but they multiply themselves in flying. They rise as bees do, and take their flight far ahead in mathematical lines. It is not strange that they always choose one aerial path, nor any wonder that they cluster and swarm about one favourite spot. No marvel that they swarm about her!

"There's kames o' honey in my luv's lips—"  
Delight in every tint and fleeting shadow of her flower-face; music in every motion of her. About their Queen these true liegemen, these busy thoughts of mine, build their many-roomed palace, and store it with sweetness. Then I am awakened suddenly by a dash of salt spray in

my face or by finding the carriage pane cold against my cheek, while without is the blackness of darkness.

Some time, who knows but I may awake to find myself in the very audience chamber of the Queen herself? There it is so perfumed and warm. Some time, who knows but I may come to myself by feeling her regal eyes searching for mine to lift them up and meet hers, or by hearing my name flowing on the cadences of her sweet voice?

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

## MONTREAL LETTER.

FIVE years ago Dr. Clarke, now in Boston, then in Portland, Maine, became impressed with the necessity of banding together the young people of his flock, of making them well acquainted with each other, of inspiring them with a determination to know the Bible thoroughly, and to qualify and prepare themselves for active and intelligent service in the church and for God. His impressions shaped themselves into an organization. The limitless ramifications of existing organizations neither daunted him nor hindered his idea from spreading to other places and churches. Correspondence at the rate of five or six hundred letters daily flowed in. The new offshoots drew together and formed themselves into the Christian Endeavour Union. On this continent there now exist nine thousand sister societies, with a steady increase of one hundred societies per week, and a membership of one million. The enormous correspondence is undertaken and performed without a single paid official, and visits paid by Dr. Clarke to the branches in the United States and in Canada have rewarded him with the conviction that the movement is vigorous, healthful and stable.

The first annual conference of the Montreal branches was held last week under the Presidency of Mr. Herbert Ames, and the large and interested audiences gave testimony to the hold which the movement has taken of our Christian activity. The secret of its success seems to lie in the individual, practical and persistent performance of duty until the duty becomes a habit of nature—the secret of all success either in well or in evil doing. We shall not hear of a nation becoming moral without individual, practical and persistent morality on the part of its members, any more than we shall hear of a nation becoming degraded without individual, practical and persistent degradation on the part of its members. The Christian Endeavour Union demands of its followers that they shall read the Scriptures daily, engage in prayer daily, attend appointed meetings always—with no excuse for absence which they cannot lay before their Master—and take their share of practical duty in the conduct of such meetings. As the first lie smooths the way for the second, so the first bold stroke in favour of truth smooths the way for another. The Union is thus training up within the visible church an army of intelligent practical recruits, familiar not only with the theory but with the most successful and tested methods of converting evil-doers into good, well-rounded, healthful, work-a-day, young Christians. The attendance pledge has been criticised as too binding; the participation vow too severe. But it is evident that as in spheres of life, intellectual, commercial, political, or otherwise, the secret of success does not lie in abrogation, in proxy indifference, in half-hearted application, so we cannot look for a Christian Dominion, a Christian reputation, a Christian physique built upon anything but the principles which ensure success as cause does effect.

The postponed meeting of the Athletic Club House Committees took place a few days ago and the results of the city canvass were laid on the table. Members reported a universal sympathy and no great difficulty in reducing the sympathy to tangible dollars and cents. In accordance with generally expressed advice the Board of Directors *en masse* tendered their unanimous resignation, which was formally moved and seconded. The noble candour, however, was not without its effect upon the meeting, and indeed turned the scale in their favour. It was admitted that the gentlemen had laboured under difficulties and had not been sufficiently sustained by the public; and that if mistakes had been made, the Board was now in a position to profit by them. A new *régime* would enter upon its duties at the most trying time, the height of the season, and before it could acquire experience might record its failures too. The old *régime* had testified their interest by heading the subscription with fifty dollars apiece, and it was moved, seconded and carried that "the resignation of the Board be laid on the table till the annual meeting in April next—that the thanks of the meeting be meantime tendered to the Board for their services in the past, and that an advisory committee be appointed to assist them." A question as to whether substantial subscriptions had not been received upon the understanding that the present Board should resign received an emphatic answer in the negative. The result of the agitation in favour of the distress of the Club amounts to 707 shares of stock at \$10 each; five years' guarantee of \$1,300; annual subscriptions, \$736; and donations, \$1,037. If the creditors meet the situation in the same spirit of generosity which the citizens have shewn, the present difficulties of our athletic young men may be overcome. In order to secure future stability a gentleman proverbial for his liberality offered to bear his share of mortgage guarantee for three years, if nine others would join him. Hesitation was bantered and laughed into decision, and the noble nine came to the front.

It is proposed to build an enormous new inland dock at Hochelaga, below the St. Lawrence Refinery, to cover

about forty-five acres. Surveyors are at work taking levels between the river and St. Catherine Street. Warehouses, elevators, slips, repairing slips, and probably a dry dock are in the scheme for the winter storage of grain and freight to be in readiness for the spring trade. Rumour lays the estimate at six millions, the city at four, and the Canada Pacific Railway Co. at three. The Railway Surveyor claims universal benefit; the City Surveyor admits a qualified advantage; the Harbour Commissioners' Engineer questions its adaptability for local purposes; the Chairman of the Municipal Road Committee is of opinion that it is an actual necessity in addition to the great scheme under consideration by the Harbour Improvements, as under the latter the wharves can never be adequate, and there is some doubt as to their being available for the spring water level.

The proposed site is three miles from the Canal. Though advantageous for the C. P. R. and the lumber trade, it would entail cartage and barging between the new dock and the city. Craft from the Canal would have to be towed down through the St. Mary's Current to unload, and in spite of the Road Chairman's opinion it is possible that the Harbour Improvements scheme may be sufficient for us to undertake meantime. If not, why undertake it? Of course, Montreal could be removed later on, and placed in a position less antagonistic to our ambitions. The Harbour Engineer, however, suggests that if the Railway requires increased elevator accommodation, that may be secured on the river side within the present scheme, or elevators could be built farther back, to communicate with vessels by means of shoots, as in Boston by the Hoosac Tunnel and Elevator Company. Nevertheless, the Canadian Pacific Railway is entitled to a hearing, as it is teaching the Canadian nation a lesson or two.

VILLE MARIE.

### PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

**LE CONGO FRANCAIS DU GABON A BRAZZAVILLE.** By Léon Guiral (Plon). This is a posthumous work. The author visited the Congo regions twice, but did not return from his second voyage. His parents gave him the choice, to become a professor of literature, or a shopman. He selected neither, and joined the navy. After being stationed in the West Indies, he was chosen in 1880 to join M. de Brazza. He remained two and a-half years with the latter, at the Congo, when ill-health compelled him to return. It was while convalescing in France, that he composed the present volume. The Minister of Public Instruction, to utilize the author's ability as a naturalist, sent him on a mission in 1884, to study the fauna and flora of the Upper Congo. He selected for his field of exploration the basin of the San Bendo, a river situated 200 miles from the French possessions, and which no European had ever visited. In November, 1885, he died there.

The book is specially interesting, because it gives a trustworthy account of what France is doing in that part of Africa, a matter difficult to ascertain, though her "land grab" there equals in extent her own continental area. The Congo it seems, is a river not unlike steps of stairs. In a course of 200 miles, it rises as much as 350 yards, when the table-land of the Dark Continent is reached. To overcome the section of the cataracts, Stanley, by mining, cut a lateral passage parallel to the river, hence the natives call him the "Rock Smasher." Belgium intends to conquer the obstacles by a railway to cost twenty-five million francs, while De Brazza counts on overcoming the impediments by utilizing a parallel river—the Ogooné, and thus reach the head waters of the Congo. The former is not unlike the Loire in length and sweep; it is navigable for maritime commerce a distance of 125 miles, for barges, 440 miles more, when Franceville is reached and navigation becomes arrested. Travelling 220 miles more Brazzaville is reached, where the Congo cataracts commence.

The climate of the Congo is only temperate from May to October. The valleys are mere marshy forests; on the hill slopes the grass is several yards high, while other slopes are arid and sandy. The population is composed of several tribes, and slavery is an institution. After a tribal war, not only are slain enemies eaten, but occasionally the prisoners too. It is not by violence the natives annoy Europeans, but through their bad faith, and interminable palavers. Everything must be paid for in stuffs, salt, or remainder stocks. Cultivation is rare, and limited to tapioca, cane-sugar, maize and tobacco. Only the women work; the men repose, save when they hunt elephants and buffaloes, rats and toads, all of which quarry is duly eaten. Poultry and goats are the only domestic animals.

Few Europeans have come to the French Congo, and they are imported natives from Senegal and the Gaboon, who execute work. It took two and a-half months with De Brazza to travel from the sea shore to Franceville; during the journey several small boats and some natives were lost in addition to cases of goods. The chiefs levy heavy black mail for permission to pass through their territory, and the native porters dislike to quit their villages for any distance. The author avows that, in value and in organization, the Belgium settlement at Leopoldville is far superior to any that France can show, and that she would do well to copy. Once he met Stanley, who travelled with a large suite, and whom he states, keeps every one at a distance, and only grants an audience like a sovereign or a commander of an army. M. Guiral says he looked very miserable with his two porters in presence of the Stanley caravan; as he was only officially a corporal in the marines, he cut off two pieces of his red flannel

shirt, and fastened them on his sleeve to indicate his rank. The day before a boat having capsized, when the author lost the only pair of boots he possessed, (Stanley we know is accustomed to rags and bare feet), he presented the author with a pair of boots, which he declined, because Stanley was the national rival of De Brazza, and such would lower the dignity of France. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

The author encountered one curious sovereign, Mokiko, who styled himself like the Shah of Persia, the King of kings. This monarch confessed that not one of his subjects either obeyed or feared him; hence, why he was unable to supply carriers. The author concludes, that the Congo is a country of which the future depends on commerce and the "cultivation" of the natives, not on colonization by emigration. The West African is refractory to all work. The exports are small, a little india-rubber, some ivory and ebony. The forests will be able to supply timber when those of Europe are exhausted. M. Guiral states that the commerce in French Congo is carried on by foreigners, not one French factory exists, while the English, Germans and Portuguese have several. On the coast, France has two small missionary stations. France, it appears, has only a sentimental interest in the Congo; she retains it for the future, and for others for the present. The only institution that thrives is the hospital ship, the *Alceste*, which has a staff of five doctors. This old vessel is too small, and will be replaced by the *Minerve*, which is to be fitted out at the cost of a million francs.

**L'HISTOIRE DE L'HOPITAL DE BICÊTRE.** By Dr. Richard (Steinheil). In French, Bicêtre is synonymous with Bedlam, so the reader can anticipate the nature of the volume, which is extremely interesting. It will be new to many to learn that this celebrated and magnificent hospital—where Dr. Charcot conducts his hypnotic experiments on lunatics, and the humbler classes board out their aged relatives in the hospice section—was founded by an English Bishop of Winchester in the thirteenth century. Then it was a castle, and passed subsequently into other hands. In the fourteenth century it was the headquarters of robbers, till Louis XIII. and Richelieu utilized it as an asylum for invalid soldiers. When Louis XIV. erected the Hôtel des Invalides for pensioners, he converted, in 1656, Bicêtre into a general hospital. The lieutenant-general of police ordered all vagrants to be lodged there, and the doctors sent to the same vast establishment all persons suffering from contagious disease, to be incarcerated as criminals. Prisoners of war were confined also in Bicêtre, and not much distinction was made between them and the lunatics, who occupied the same wards and cells. The details of the old treatment of the insane are horrible; for them the cemetery was preferable to Bicêtre.

**ETUDES DE LITTÉRATURE ET D'HISTOIRE.** By Joseph Reinach (Hachette). The author was private secretary, friend and disciple of Gambetta, and now edits the *Republique Française*, the journal founded by the deceased patriot. M. Reinach is still young. As a collegian he was distinguished as a hard worker, and was proverbial for carrying off the best prizes. M. Reinach's writings are remarkable for their courageous virility, their richness of ideas and their correctness of style. He recalls in point of vigorous sententiousness the late Veuillot. He may claim the merit of having written the most crushing philippics against Boulangism. The volume is a collection of articles that will repay not only a student of the French language, but the reader who desires to know the opinion of an intelligent foreigner on contemporary events. There is a talented chapter dealing with the historical influence of France on Germany, and another respecting the intellectual influence of Germany on France. The description of the court of Bavaria before the Revolution is very amusing, and at the same time sad. The papers on French contemporary historians—Lanfrey, Henri Martin, De Broglie, De Coulanges, etc., are full of keen criticism. Articles on Sir William Hamilton and parliamentary logic, on Gambetta as an orator, and souvenirs of Gordon complete the volume.

The chapter devoted to the Confessions of an Orleanist is not only attractive, but full of actuality. It draws a distinction between the Orleanism of 1830 and that of to-day. In 1830 the Orleanists were liberal and Voltairean, with Louis Philippe at their head—to-day they are the enemies of the Revolution. In 1830 Louis Philippe styled himself "Citizen King;" he accepted without frowning the title of "King of the Barricades;" he assumed airs of the grandest simplicity, walked about with a gingham umbrella under his arm, and shook hands with everyone. The representative of Orleanism to-day, says the author, desires to govern on the lines of Louis XIV., for the Comte de Paris ignores the Charter of 1830, and repudiates his political misall—the English Constitution. The Comte agrees with Prince Bismarck that parliaments ought to vote taxes for several years in advance, oblivious of the truth that the bases of popular liberty and individual freedom lie in the hands of parliaments annually voting the budget.

**LES ARTISTES LITTÉRAIRES.** By Maurice Sprouck (Levy). This is a most original book, and the exponent of the new school of scientific criticism, whose chief is Taine. M. Sprouck dissects Flaubert, the brothers Goncourt, Baudelaire, De Bauville, etc., with the cool severity of science, seeking only the truth. He is a clinical professor, who studies genius as Pinel loved to study maladies, and for whom there was nothing more attractive than a beautiful typhoid fever. M. Sprouck finds beauty in the affections of intelligence and the eccentricities of talent.

He probes and exhibits his diagnosis of the névrosis of great men. Diseased writing flows from diseased mental power. Flaubert was epileptic, Baudelaire died from aphasia, and Jules de Goncourt from general paralysis. The Goncourts, like Flaubert, loved only the artificial; they hated nature—she was their enemy. It was only in studying man they found repose. That is névrosis, hysteria. The volume will compel the reader to think, even to dreamland.

**LE CENTAIRE DE 1789.** By G. Guerout (Alcan). The Revolution continues to exercise still the best minds of France, and among the solid works published on the Centennial of 1789 this ought to be retained. The present volume not only examines the history of French events during the last century, but those of Europe as well. The author examines three points: Have the hopes of Frenchmen respecting the First Revolution been realized? have its fruits been worth the cost? and is the Third Republic capable of giving to France the home stability and the foreign influence of which she stands in need? Taine says, that for a hundred years the history of France has been only a series of errors and downfalls. It is a book full of fact and thought-food.

**LA BÊTE HUMAINE.** M. Zola's new book, is just appearing in a serial form. It is man *versus* railways.

### HALCYON.

WHITHER now, ah, pensive bird,  
When a wailing voice is heard  
In the sere leaves, thin and gold,  
When the sky is gray and cold?

Whither now, O lonely one?  
For a mist is on the sun,  
Weeping soft o'er summer's grave  
Where the withered grasses wave.

Whither now? ah, fleet away  
To a dreaming, golden day,  
To the southern bayou flitting,  
In the summer sunlight sitting;

Dreaming by the fountain blue,  
Halcyon, would I were with you,  
By its bosom broad and calm,  
In that land of light and balm!

Picton.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

### SOME COLLEGE MEMORIES.

THE generations pass away swiftly enough on the high sea of life; more swiftly still in the little bubbling backwater of the quadrangle; so that we see there on a scale startlingly diminished the flight of time and the succession of men. I looked for my name the other day in last year's case book of the Speculative. Naturally enough I looked for it near the end; it was not there, nor yet in the next column, so that I began to think that it had been dropped at press; and when at last I found it, mounted on the shoulders of so many successors, and looking in that posture like the name of a man of ninety, I was conscious of some of the dignity of years. This kind of dignity of temporal precession is likely, with prolonged life, to become more familiar, possibly less welcome; but I felt it strongly then, it is strongly on me now, and I am the more emboldened to speak with my successors in the tone of a parent and a praiser of things past.

For, indeed, that which they attend is but a fallen University; it has doubtless some remains of good, for human institutions decline by gradual stages; but decline, in spite of all seeming embellishments it does; and what is perhaps more singular, began to do so when I ceased to be a student. Thus, by an odd chance, I had the very last of the very best of *Alma Mater*; the same thing, I hear (which makes it the more strange), had previously happened to my father; and if they are good and do not die, something not at all unsimilar will be found in time to have befallen my successors of to-day. Of the specific points of change, of advantage in the past, of shortcoming in the present, I must own that, on a near examination, they look wondrous cloudy. The chief and far the most lamentable change is the absence of a certain lean, idle, unpopular student, whose presence was for me the gist and heart of the whole matter; whose changing humours, fine occasional purposes of good, flinching acceptance of evil, shiverings on wet, east-windy, morning journeys up to class, infinite yawnings during lecture and unquenchable gusto in the delights of truantry, made up the sunshine and shadow of my college life. You cannot fancy what you missed in missing him; his virtues, I make sure, are inconceivable to his successors, just as they were apparently concealed from his contemporaries, for I was practically alone in the pleasure I had in his society. Poor soul, I remember how much he was cast down at times, and his life (which had not yet begun) seemed to be already at an end, and hope quite dead, and misfortune and dishonour, like physical presences, dogging him as he went. And it may be worth while to add that these clouds rolled away in their season, and that all clouds rolled away at last, and the troubles of youth in particular are things but of a moment. So this student, whom I have in my eye, took his full share of these concerns and that very largely by his own fault; but he still clung to his fortune, and in the midst of much misconduct, kept on in his own way learn-

ing how to work ; and at last, to his wonder, escaped out of the stage of studentship not openly shamed ; leaving behind him the University of Edinburgh shorn of a good deal of its interest for myself.

But while he is (in more senses than one) the first person, he is by no means the only one whom I regret, or whom the students of to-day, if they knew what they had lost, would regret also. They have still Tait, to be sure—long may they have him !—and they have still Tait's classroom, cupola and all ; but think of what a different place it was when this youth of mine (at least on roll days) would be present on the benches, and at the near end of the platform, Lindsay senior was airing his robust old age. It is possible my successors may have never even heard of old Lindsay ; but when he went, a link snapped with the last century. He had something of a rustic air, sturdy and fresh and plain ; he spoke with a ripe, east country accent, which I used to admire ; his reminiscences were all of journeys on foot or highways busy with post-chaises—a Scotland before steam ; he had seen the coal fire on the Isle of May, and he regaled me with tales of my own grandfather. Thus he was for me a mirror of things perished ; it was only in his memory that I could see the huge shock of flames of the May beacon stream to leeward and the watchers as they fed the fire, lay hold unscorched of the windward bars of the furnace ; it was only thus that I could see my grandfather driving swiftly in a gig along the seaboard road from Pittenweem to Crail, and for all his business hurry, drawing up to speak good-humouredly with those he met. And now, in his turn, Lindsay is gone also ; inhabits only the memories of other men, till these shall follow him ; and figures in my reminiscences as my grandfather figured in his.

To-day, again, they have Professor Butcher, and I hear he has a prodigious deal of Greek ; and they have Professor Chrystal, who is a man filled with the mathematics. And doubtless there are set-offs. But they cannot change the fact that Professor Blackie has retired, and that Professor Kelland is dead. No man's education is complete or truly liberal, who knew not Kelland. There were unutterable lessons in the mere sight of that frail old clerical gentleman ; lively as a boy, kind like a fairy godfather, and keeping perfect order in his class by the spell of that very kindness. I have heard him drift into reminiscences in class time, though not for long, and give us glimpses of old world life in out-of-the-way English parishes when he was young ; thus playing the same part as Lindsay—the part of the surviving memory, signalling out of the dark backward and abysm of time the images of perished things. But it was a part that scarce became him ; he somehow lacked the means ; for all his silver hair and worn face, he was not truly old ; and he had too much of the unrest and petulant fire of youth, and too much invincible innocence of mind, to play the veteran well. The time to measure him best, to taste (in the old phrase), his gracious nature, was when he received his class at home. What a pretty simplicity would he then show, trying to amuse us like children with toys ; and what an engaging nervousness of manner, as fearing that his efforts might not succeed ! Truly he made us all feel like children, and like children embarrassed, but at the same time filled with sympathy for the conscientious, troubled elder-boy, who was working to entertain us. A theorist has held the view that there is no feature in man so tell-tale as his spectacles ; that the mouth may be compressed and the brow smoothed artificially, but the sheen of the barnacles is diagnostic. And truly it must have been thus with Kelland ; for as I still fancy I behold him frisking actively about the platform, pointer in hand, that which I seem to see most clearly is, the way his glasses glittered with affection. I never knew but one other man who had (if you will permit the phrase), so kind a spectacle ; and that was Doctor Appleton. But the light in his case was tempered and passive ; in Kelland's it danced, and changed, and flashed vivaciously among the students, like a perpetual challenge to good-will.

I cannot say so much about Professor Blackie, for a good reason. Kelland's class I attended, once even gained there a certificate of merit, the only distinction of my university career. But although I am a holder of a certificate of attendance in the Professor's own hand, I cannot remember to have been present in the Greek class above a dozen times. Professor Blackie was even kind enough to remark (more than once), while in the very act of writing the document above referred to, that he did not know my face. Indeed, I denied myself many opportunities ; acting upon an extensive and highly rational system of truancy, which cost me a great deal of trouble to put in exercise—perhaps as much as would have taught me Greek—and sent me forth into the world and the profession of letters with the merest shadow of an education. But they say it is always a good thing to have taken pains, and that success is its own reward, whatever be its nature ; so that, perhaps, even upon this I should plume myself that no one ever played the truant with more deliberate care, and none ever had more certificates for less education. One consequence, however, of my system is that I have much less to say of Professor Blackie than I had of Professor Kelland ; and as he is still alive, and will long, I hope, continue to be so, it will not surprise you very much that I have no intention of saying it.

Meanwhile, how many others have gone—Jenkin, Hodgson, and I know not who besides ; and of that tide of students that used to throng the arch and blacken the quadrangle, how many are scattered into the remotest parts of the earth, and how many more have lain down

beside their fathers in their "resting graves !" And again, how many of these last have found their way there, all too early, through the stress of education. That was one thing at least, from which my truancy protected me, I am sorry indeed that I have no Greek, but I should be sorer still if I were dead ; nor do I know the name of that branch of knowledge which is worth acquiring at the price of a brain fever. There are many sordid tragedies in the life of the student, above all, if he be poor, or drunken, or both ; but nothing more moves a wise man's pity than the case of the lad who is in too much hurry to be learned. And so for the sake of a moral at the end, I will call up one more figure, and have done. A student, ambitious of success by that hot, intemperate manner of study that now grows so common, read night and day for an examination. As he went on the task became more easy to him, sleep was more easily banished, his brain grew hot and clear and more capacious, the necessary knowledge daily fuller and more orderly. It came to the eve of the trial and he watched all night in his high chamber, reviewing what he knew and already secure of success. His window looked eastward, and being (as I said), high up, and the house itself standing on a hill, commanded a view over dwindling suburbs to a country horizon. At last my student drew up his blind, and still in quite a jocund humour, looked abroad. Day was breaking, the east was tinged with strange fires, the clouds breaking up for the coming of the sun ; and at the sight, nameless terror seized upon his mind. He was sane, his senses were undisturbed ; he saw clearly and knew what he was seeing, and knew that it was normal ; but he could neither bear to see it nor find strength to look away, and fled in panic from his chamber into the enclosure of the street. In the cool air and silence and among the sleeping houses, his strength was renewed. Nothing troubled him but the memory of what had passed and an abject fear of its return.

Gallo canente, spes redit  
Aegris salus refunditur,  
Lapsis fides revertitur,

as they sang of old in Portugal in the Morning Office. But to him that good hour of cock-crow, and the changes of the dawn, had brought panic, and lasting doubt, and such terror as he still shook to think of. He dared not return to his lodging ; he could not eat ; he sat down, he rose up, he wandered ; the city woke about him with its cheerful bustle, the sun climbed overhead ; and still he grew but the more absorbed in the distress of his recollection and the fear of his past fear. At the appointed hour, he came to the door of the place of examination ; but when he was asked he had forgotten his name. Seeing him so disordered, they had not the heart to send him away, but gave him a paper and admitted him still nameless to the Hall. Vain kindness, vain efforts. He could only sit in a still growing horror, writing nothing, ignorant of all, his mind filled with a single memory of the breaking day and his own intolerable fear. And that same night he was tossing in a brain fever.

People are afraid of war and wounds and dentists, all with excellent reason ; but these are not to be compared with such chaotic terrors of the mind as fell on this young man, and made him cover his eyes from the innocent morning. We all have by our bedsides the box of the Merchant Abudah, thank God, securely enough shut, but when a young man sacrifices sleep to labour, let him have a care, for he is playing with the lock.—*Robert Louis Stevenson in the "New Amphion."*

#### SATIRE AND SATIRISTS.

WHEN the purple grapes of pagan Italy grew to be bursting-ripe, the Vintage came on with its wealth of high spirits and song *galore*. I have forgotten the Tuscan for "plenty." Then it was that the dark-eyed girls flung back in rude verses the quip and crank of their almond-eyed comrades of the grape. The Fescennine songs were sung amid shouts of vinous laughter, and the thing we call Satire had its real birth. It is true that in the earliest days of Time the tendency to "chaff"—to be ironical—to pick the bones of an opponent, easily became not only a human feeling, but a human practice. And it soon became a matter of temperament, whether the chosen victim got a shower-bath of lemon-juice or of vitriol—a dose of gin-and-bitters or of strychnine. At first all Satire was personal. Long before the day of Archilochus (B.C. 700), who first put invective into a metrical shape and dashed it with humour (which is the needful squeeze of lemon), men and women, even in the exceedingly proper days of the Old Testament, took their fun off each other—jeered at the lover, whether he won or lost, flouted the poor husband with a scolding wife, or the poorer wife with a spendthrift spouse. In ancient Greece, however, life was too real, too sincere for Satire to take a deep root in the literary soil, while the Epic, the Lyric, the Drama flourished. Satire never rose to literary mark : the stinging words of Simonides and Hipponax perished ; and to the ordinary reader of Greek, no name of satiric note rises to the mind but that of an old friend, Lucian of Samosata, whose Dialogues must have troubled Zeus, and Hermes, and Aphrodite almost as much as they troubled a certain entrant of Trinity, of whom I wot.

In Latin days, however, when the Hellenic star grew dim, the Art of Ridicule (as Satire has been defined) got a good chance. For, while Greek nationality decayed, Greek passion in art and poetry also decayed, and the Roman age of splendid artificiality began to dominate the world. When the Roman sword grew somewhat blunt, the Roman

pen took on a sharper, brighter point. After the days of Cato the Censor, Rome lost her real passion and manliness, and began to swim the Tiber only under a summer sun. This was the chance for Satire, which flourishes best in a non-passionate age. When Lucilius had led the way, our well-beloved Horace began to sing. Many of the great men of the world have been but small in physique. Flaccus was no exception to this rule. But I question if ever a little man secured a greater love among the small ones of the earth who write verse. His Satire is of the gentlest, too : a mere touch of the whip, or, if stronger measures are needed, a little stroke of a fine, affectionate lancet, that scarcely draws blood. How different the style of Juvenal, who bludgeons his victim, and then smashes his bones with hexameter yells.

As the world rolls round, the nature of Man remains in essentials much the same. One must, when the humorous occasion arises, laugh or grin, or sneer or scowl, at the said occasion, be the laughter real or forced. And when Rome died out, and the pall of the Dark Ages spread over Europe, the literature of the Laugh fell asleep, but did not die. How could it die? *Humanum est ridere*. Out of the consciousness of the Teutonic folk spake the voice of Reynard the Fox, the best of mediæval satires. Then in England from the Malvern Hills the cry of gaunt Will Langland was heard scourging with bitter words in the "Vision of Piers Plowman" the lagging, luxurious, licentious churchmen of his day. John Skelton in Colin Clout (Colin being the rustic clown, Clout the city hammerer) made the land ring with the woes of peasant and mechanic. But do not think that England had it all her own way in satire and sarcasm. Rabelais filled France with Gargantuan laughter, and Cervantes, the inimitable, made the rusty knights of old the subject in "Don Quixote" of inextinguishable fun.

When England divided into two rival camps of Puritan and Cavalier, the spirit of mockery got hold of a certain hanger-on in Puritan households—a tutor or private clerk—and when he emerged from this condition of chrysalis he brought with him the sheets of Hudibras. It is a long bit to travel—but if you wish to walk with Learning, Wit, and admirable Commonsense, go on the journey with Hudibras and Ralph. This work, ranking as great in the days of the Second Charles, indicated a change in our poetical literature, which had been working for more than fifty years. I have already talked of a passionate youth being followed by a contemplative afternoon, and a mocking age. Poetry repeats, in its history, the life of Man : for is not poetry the highest expression of that life? Shakespeare's rose-red verse, and Milton's calm seraphic enthusiasm filled a century with light and colour. But then the world grew cynical, and, of course, satiric Bôileau twanged his "creaking lyre" in France, trying to ape Horace, with a crown of parsley and roses awry on his head and a cup of wine beside him. And to Bôileau even Addison bowed down, forgetful that "glorious John" Dryden had touched the highest point in English satiric verse, by the composition of that great political crusher, entitled "Absalom and Achitophel." Addison, who was not a satirist, although in the *Spectator* he made mild fun of Saccharissa and her tribe in hoop and fan, felt a touch of Pope's lash in the lines to Atticus, but he did not live long enough to read the "Dunciad." The "wicked wasp of Twickenham" enthroned, as Monarch of Dulness, one Theobald, who had edited a rival Shakespeare : but when a new edition of the "Dunciad" came out, Colley Cibber, who had quarrelled with Pope, was exalted to the royal chair. The "Eighteenth Century" was full of satiric scorn. Arbuthnot lashed Marlborough in the "History of John Bull"—Swift put the bitterest essence he could find in the vials of his wrath into that strange mad book "Gulliver." In France Voltaire jibed at everything, holy and unholy ; and even gentle shrinking Cowper, rising from his domestic themes to higher levels of thought, trounced the clerical fop, and the trader in slaves with right good will.

Byron had in him, more than any writer of our century, the germ of a great satirist, as no one can doubt who reads his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" or his "Vision of Judgment." But the lurid passion that fills his verse so carried him away that he forgot to gibe. One might dwell, did time permit, on the satire of the pencil and the brush, as distinct from that of the pen. Hogarth, Leech, Tenniel, Du Maurier rank among the princes of this craft and we owe many a good laugh, many a wholesome thought to the pages of our old friend *Punch*, whose paper might be labelled, like George Wither's book of old, "Abuses Stript and Whipt."—*Weekly Telegraph*.

THE Women's Printing Society, which was started in Holborn thirteen years ago on a very small scale, seems now well able to hold its own in trade, its last annual report showing increased returns of nearly £300. Work to the amount of nearly £1,500 has been done during the year, the profits realized being over £250. The society employs thirteen girls and two men, the latter to do the heavier work, besides a proof-reader and a boy. An important branch of the work is the training of apprentices, chiefly daughters of small tradespeople, who, beginning to learn the work at fourteen or fifteen, are able after three years' training, to earn good wages either in the office or in other establishments, where there is a constant demand for capable woman printers. During the greater part of their apprenticeship the girls receive a small weekly wage. The board of management consists exclusively of ladies, amongst whom are Lady Goldsmid, Mrs. Claude Montefiore, Miss Agnes Zimmerman, and Mrs. Bright Lucas.

## THE TREAD-WHEEL OF LIFE.

SLOWLY, wearily, Time's great wheel moves round,  
 With every now and then a jolt, a jar,  
 As some slight pebble, or, at times, a stone  
 Of greater size and moment is encountered  
 Upon the way, and crushed into the dust  
 Relentlessly; a jolt, a jar, perchance  
 Scarce to be felt upon the upper rim  
 Of the great circle, pausing not at all  
 By reason of the shock, but still pressed on,  
 Driven by forces long accumulating,  
 Not to be lightly stopped; a jar, scarce felt  
 By myriad millions more of human pebbles  
 Yet clinging, mud-stuck, to the revolving wheel,  
 Or climbing and struggling, struggling and climbing up,  
 Up, ever up, striving to gain a place  
 Upon the top, but only to be dragged  
 By the slow revolution of the wheel  
 Down, down again, until they too slip off,  
 And disappear beneath, and are o'errun.  
 So the great wheel rolls round. And we who climb  
 Push on, unmindful of the stones that fall  
 Incessantly upon our every hand,  
 Dreading to look behind. As one who walks  
 Alone the grim ink-blackness of the night  
 Fears to look back, nor knows the reason why,  
 But hurries trembling on, so we climb up,  
 Till desperation can no more afford  
 Us headway 'gainst the wheel's down-dragging strength.  
 Still we toil, breathless—will not yet give up,  
 But persevere to make but even way  
 Against the wheel, and so to hold our place,  
 Though we advance not. But the time is short—  
 Until with heartsick for dismay we see  
 That now no longer can we e'er prevail,  
 Or even hope to hold our own against  
 The constant, cruel force which mercilessly  
 O'erpowers us, and which, at last, we note  
 Is gaining on us; slowly at first, as we  
 Renew our efforts to surmount the hill  
 And gain the headway lost; slowly at first,  
 But ever faster, as our powers weaken;  
 Until at length, with limbs and heart toil-weary,  
 We cease to struggle, and can only cling  
 And watch the nearing brink, which comes so slow  
 But sure withal; or smile, perchance, at others  
 Scarce yet begun the ascent, whose legs are strong  
 And hearts light, and who, bounding nimbly upwards,  
 Forgetful are, or ne'er have learned how quickly  
 Their joy will turn to grief, and hope to terror.  
 Others we see, as we, despondent clinging  
 And waiting for the end; some trustful, praying,  
 Expecting to attain to bliss hereafter,  
 Others, again, full of sighs, groans, and curses,  
 With oaths rebellious on their sin-stained lips,  
 And fearing to pass o'er th' approaching brink  
 To the unknown beyond. Still on we sweep,  
 And on, and on, and on—till, at the edge,  
 A kind oblivion steals our senses from us.  
 So we fall off, and down, and are o'erridden,  
 Nor conscious are of death for Life Immortal,  
 Where all is smooth, and straight, and none grow weary,  
 And Time's great wheel becomes eternal rest.

Dorchester, N.B., Canada. R. W. HANINGTON.

## THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

THE friendship of books is a friendship within the reach  
 of all. We may not be able to collect rare volumes,  
 or even cover our bookshelves with the great standard  
 writers in the English tongue, not to speak of the higher  
 ranks of scholarship, which are utterly beyond us, yet the  
 average English reader may mark, learn, and inwardly  
 digest the wealth of the ripest thinkers at a cost so trifling  
 that none need be excluded. No doubt we would be  
 delighted to have at command the princely libraries of  
 Prospero, and the immense scholarship of Squire Wendover  
 (poor man!); nevertheless, without such large opportuni-  
 ties and splendid equipment, the intellectual life is not  
 denied any of us, and our influence on others may be both  
 sweet and wholesome, notwithstanding.

We have to regret often, however, that we are a good  
 deal like Old Beattie, of Mickeldales—of all our reading  
 we just retain what hits our fancy, and thereby becomes  
 a part of ourselves. The gigantic memory of Sir Walter  
 Scott or Lord Macaulay strikes us with amazement, making  
 us painfully aware of our own poor resources in this respect.  
 We have some comfort in believing that George Eliot,  
 with all her great ability and unrivalled power in her own  
 field of literature, had always to verify her quotations like  
 an ordinary mortal. So, if we cannot jump over the moon,  
 we may clear a fence or two, if the height be but reasonable.

If we can retain the tone and flavour of our choice  
 authors most of us are satisfied with the result, leaving  
 the polyglot accomplishments of the few uncoveted. Our  
 mental food, however, is a matter of serious consider-  
 ation. We do not eat every dish that is set before us, be  
 it served ever so daintily. We respect our stomachs (that  
 great seat of the imagination), and have learned to have a  
 wholesome dread of dyspepsia. But there is often a dispo-  
 sition to treat our minds with much less consideration  
 than we do our bodies, intoxicating ourselves, nauseating  
 ourselves, and enervating ourselves with extraordinary  
 complacency, as though we imagined there was laid up  
 somewhere in us an apparatus that would act as a safety

valve, without trouble on our part, and detach at times  
 our moral from our intellectual life. What we read, how-  
 ever little that may be, can never cease to be one main  
 element in the moral atmosphere of our lives. The power  
 of literature, be it ever so poor, or ever so excellent, lies  
 not simply in what it says to us, but in what it makes us  
 say to ourselves. Suggestion is more powerful than state-  
 ment. The human mind is a mysterious storehouse, laying  
 up good and bad with remarkable indifference, and without  
 conscious effort, and the impression once made may be  
 dormant for years, only to spring to life at the touch of  
 some chance word, or sight, or look, or musical note, which,  
 after the lapse of years, may have power, for good or evil,  
 to fire the whole train of forgotten memories, compelling  
 the burying-places of the mind to give up their dead; and  
 they are indeed fortunate who have

No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,  
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure.

Our mental good is of more consequence than we can  
 well estimate, particularly so in youth, for the spring time  
 of life holds within itself the promises of the future.

My inheritance, how wide and fair;  
 Time is my fair seed field, of Time I'm heir.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has told us that the training of  
 a child should begin a hundred years before he is born.  
 But it really begins many hundred years before we appear  
 upon the stage of time. We are heirs to all the ages, and  
 whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good  
 report, in the life and thought of the past belong to us—

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,  
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave.

Think how much poorer the world would have been  
 without Moses and Isaiah, without Homer and Dante,  
 without Paul and Seneca, without Marcus Aurelius and  
 Caesar, without Epictetus and Plato, without David and  
 Milton, without Bunyan and Shakespeare, not to mention  
 any others of that noble army of seers, apostles, poets,  
 historians, and soldiers, through whose inspired genius  
 the human interests of the past and present are linked  
 together. Whatever the moneyed interests of the world  
 may say to the contrary, thought rules, and when all the  
 bustling and shouting that would stifle it are hushed, and  
 even the great works which it guided the hand of man to  
 do have perished, or remain only in faded splendour to  
 tell of pomp and glory gone forever, it shall remain with  
 us still in the world of wisdom and of beauty, and shall  
 not pass away.

The writer can remember that crisis in his mental life  
 when the beauty and terror and grandeur of the great  
 masters in the English tongue first took possession of his  
 soul. Doubtless others can do the same. It is the hour  
 of the soul's awakening. It may be through a book, a  
 friend, a sermon, a lecture, a great sorrow, or a great joy;  
 but by whatever means it comes to us, it is the beginning  
 of a new life, a veritable new birth—a birth from above.  
 When the first whole and complete Shakespeare came into  
 the writer's hands it was a great occasion, and honour  
 demanded that the bulky volume should be read from the  
 beginning, and the first play was "Macbeth." Retiring  
 early with a solitary candle, which served to make the  
 darkness of a large bedchamber visible, leaving ample room  
 for imagination to call spirits from the vasty deep to people  
 the dark recesses, and peer out between the ample curtains  
 that draped the ancient four-poster of forty years ago—  
 with all these suggestive accompaniments the eager student  
 of twelve years sat down to the perusal of Shakespeare's  
 great tragedy. It was no work of fiction at that moment,  
 but a real and terrible history, painted by a master-hand.  
 The weird sisters were not creatures of the poet's brain,  
 but real and embodied spirits of evil, unearthly, wild,  
 blasted things; creatures accursed, whose very looks were  
 like sword-thrusts, and their tones like a breath from the  
 bottomless abyss. Then that dagger of the mind which  
 lures Macbeth to commit the deed of blood, and the swift  
 vengeance which remorse inflicts upon them both—

Methought, I heard a voice cry, sleep no more!  
 Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,  
 Sleep that puts up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Sleep has died by violence, the very atmosphere reeks  
 of slaughter, and retribution has already fallen upon the  
 hapless Thane of Glamis, and a worse man might have  
 escaped the terror of his crime, but—

High minds of native pride and force,  
 Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!  
 Fear for their scourge, mean villains have,  
 Thou art the torturer of the brave!

There is nothing here of the lament of another poet  
 when he tells that

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,  
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays;  
 Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;  
 Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,  
 And lights on eyelids, unsullied with a tear.

Nor Shakespeare in another of his plays, when he says:

O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet seaboy in an hour so rude,  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot  
 Deny it to a King?

But in Macbeth sleep has been killed by crime, and  
 hell has found the criminals in the very hour of their  
 success. They have slipped into a dark river whose  
 current is too strong, and they are being swept on to swift  
 disaster. All the perfume of Arabia cannot sweeten Lady  
 Macbeth's little hand, or undo the terrible past, and Mac-  
 beth looks upon the wreck of his own life, and confesses  
 that he has lived long enough, his May of life has fallen  
 into the sere and yellow leaf.

And that which accompany old age,  
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
 He must not look to have, but in their stead,  
 Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Having made my first plunge into Shakespeare, and  
 survived it, I settled down to something like a study of  
 his life and writings, but never have I lost the sense of  
 that first night when all alone in the hush of the midnight  
 hour I saw the weird sisters and Banquo's gory locks,  
 and heard Macduff's startled cry—

O horror! horror! horror!  
 Tongue, nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
 The life of the building.

Many years afterwards I visited the ancient Castle of  
 Glamis, which tradition links with the story of Macbeth,  
 and being somewhat run-down in health and over-fatigued  
 besides with prolonged wanderings among the old armour  
 and records of the castle I was seized with a sudden  
 faintness which made it necessary for me to lie down, and  
 the bed chamber near which I stood at the moment was  
 courteously placed at my disposal. When I recovered I  
 found I was occupying Duncan's Chamber, the chamber  
 tradition links with the murder, and certainly with its  
 imperfect light and sombre furnishings it was better  
 adapted for a veritable chamber of horrors than the sleep-  
 ing apartment of a King.

Little as we know of Shakespeare's life, we love to  
 weave that little into some picture of the man and his  
 surroundings, if happily we may bring the thousand-souled  
 writer within the scope of our understanding and heart.

We can all imagine him a young man starting for  
 London with little money in his purse, a defective educa-  
 tion, if we are to believe that he had "small Latin and  
 less Greek," and weighted by an early and probably  
 unhappy marriage; be this as it may, we find him at  
 about twenty-two in the full stream of London life, living,  
 we may suppose, the unrestrained life of Marlow, Green,  
 and the rest of the "playwrights" of the period. He tries  
 his "prentice hand" on Titus Andronicus, the Comedy of  
 Errors, and the first part of Henry VI. But mere frolics  
 of intellect and action could not long satisfy a mind like  
 Shakespeare's, and with the Midsummer Night's Dream  
 we have the unfolding of the finer qualities of his genius.  
 It is a marvellous blending of classic legend, mediæval fairy  
 land, and the clownish life of the English mechanic of that  
 day, making under the magic touch of the great master a  
 strange and beautiful web of poetic fancy in which threads  
 of silken splendour are run together in its texture with a  
 yarn of hempen homespun. As we study his earlier and  
 later plays we note the change that passes over them. The  
 light and airy fancy we find in his earliest efforts gives  
 place to a tone of sadness and thought. He had prospered  
 and become famous, the Queen patronized him, the people  
 loved him, he had made many and powerful friends,  
 when suddenly all his life was darkened at high noon.  
 His best and dearest friends were ruined. Essex perished  
 on the scaffold; Southampton, to whom he dedicated his  
 sonnets, was sent to the Tower; Pembroke was banished  
 from Court, and he may himself have fallen under suspi-  
 cion. Under the pressure of public and private ills he  
 turns to the study of the sterner and more tragic aspect  
 of life. The last days of Queen Elizabeth were drawing to a  
 close, and the poet, like his own Hamlet, felt that "the  
 times were out of joint." Measure for Measure, Julius  
 Caesar, Othello, Macbeth, Lear, and some others bear  
 witness to the change that had passed over him. He  
 stands aside from the crash that overwhelmed his friends,  
 gazing sadly on the changing world around him. The  
 darker sins of men, the unpitiful fate which slowly  
 gathers round and falls on men, the avenging wrath of  
 conscience, the cruelty and punishment of weakness, the  
 treachery, lust, jealousy, ingratitude and madness of men,  
 the follies of the great and the fickleness of the mob are all  
 with a thousand varying moods and passions painted and  
 felt as his own.

While friends were falling around him, and hopes  
 fading, he was passing through seas of inward suffering,  
 and his work retains for us the colouring of his mind.  
 Failure seemed everywhere. Hamlet's fine and penetrating  
 intellect is useless for want of the capacity for action.  
 The virtue of Brutus is foiled by its ignorance of mankind,  
 Lear's mighty passion battles hopelessly against the wind  
 and rain of fate. The poison of a villain mars and ruins  
 Othello, a woman's weakness of body and power of con-  
 science dashes the cup from the hand of Lady Macbeth;  
 lust and self-indulgence blast the heroism of Anthony;  
 and pride ruins the nobleness of Coriolanus. The religious  
 questions that agitated thoughtful minds in the days of  
 Queen Elizabeth find no place in the works of Shakespeare,  
 when he touches on questions of religion it is with rever-  
 ence, but also with impenetrable reserve. "To die is to  
 go we know not whither, we are such stuff as dreams are  
 made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep." Then  
 toward the end of his life the cloud of sadness passes  
 away and his last works are touched by a loving calm, as

of one who had known sin, and sorrow, and fate, but had risen above adverse fortune into peaceful victory.

All this is much more than a twice-told tale, yet it is well to recall it once again, it may perhaps lead others to open their Shakespeare with loving reverence, and help them in some measure to make books their friends, and cultivate the society of the great masters in the English tongue.

D. KINMONT ROY.

### THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

MUCH as railway penetration has done to open up the moorland regions of the north of England, it has effected here but little change. Upon leaving the platform of a small, primitive station, we mounted the steep and narrow little street—(it might have been the original of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Hill called Straight)—and steeper and steeper it rose in front of us at every step; while down its centre there presently poured, with a clatter, clatter, clatter of wooden clogs, the village lads and lasses just let loose from school, each lusty urchin clad in such a suit of brown corduroys as must have set at nought the rudest blasts of winter, to say nothing of rugged walls and gnarled branches.

"Could anybody show us to Mr. Brown's?" was our first enquiry, Mr. Brown being the nephew of that Martha Brown who, it may be remembered, was the "new girl" who succeeded Tabby, when Tabby's days at Haworth parsonage were numbered. A mite of four was told off to trot in front of the ladies to the neat little stationer's shop, within which stood Martha Brown's nephew, only too glad to lead the way up his little back staircase to the room wherein was laid out all he had to show pertaining to the revered family, in whose service his old relation had lived the best part of her life.

And now I must just remark that it is a mistake to suppose that the memory of the Brontës is dying out in the place which once knew them so well. Every old villager we spoke to—and these were not few—had something to say, and usually some reminiscence to offer on the subject. The names of "Charlotte," "Emily," and "Branwell" dropped easily and familiarly from their lips; and yet there was nothing impertinent, nothing the least disrespectful, in the sound: it merely seemed as if these simple folks cherished a hallowed remembrance, with which any of the ordinary forms of speech would have been incompatible.

One nice little matron, with a chastened, subdued demeanour, and a face that plainly told life had been to her no child's play, had perhaps more to tell than all the rest about the Brontës. She had seen "Mrs. Nicholls" pass into the church in her bridal attire on the wedding morn—very plain, but Charlotte always was very plain in her dress; and again had seen her re-enter the same churchyard gates but a few brief months later, when carried to her grave. "She was never very intimate, never at all free spoken with the Haworth people." "Oh, they liked her: nobody had ever a word against her; but it was understood that she, and indeed all the family, liked best to be let alone. Charlotte would come and go. She was a very quick walker, and she would turn the corner of the parsonage lane and be down the street all in a moment; and then she would drop into the shop"—(we were sitting in "the shop" as we listened)—"order what she wanted, and be off home again at once, without a word more than was needed. My father," continued the narrator, "had always himself to take the cloth, or whatever it was that had been ordered, up to the parsonage, when his work was done; and he had to measure it there, and cut off the length required. No, none of them would ever have it measured and cut off in the shop; it had to be taken up in the piece to the house, and cut there. The Brontës had ways of their own, and that was one of them. They were strange people, but very much beloved. Mr. Brontë was a fine old gentleman" (with a sudden little glow of warmth), "a very fine old gentleman" (most emphatically); and the speaker had heard that there were some who had written about Charlotte, and made up books about her, "who had not spoken quite true about Mr. Brontë." All she could say was that "there was no one in Haworth now living who had not a good word for the old gentleman, and to see him and Mr. Nicholls together after they were left alone, and poor Mr. Brontë so helpless and blind, was just a beautiful sight—that it was." She would have discoursed till midnight, but time pressed.

To return, however, to Martha Brown's collection. It was pathetically poor and scanty, I am afraid I must confess; though I trust her very obliging and intelligent nephew, its present possessor, will never know I said so. Marvellously little of this world's goods had those poor Brontës, and of course the better portion of those—such as they were—were not here. Their oak cradle I had seen in another part of Yorkshire that very morning, and Charlotte's doll's tea-set I treasure among my own valuables.\* A few gold hair-rings of enormous size, such as could only have been worn by the venerable patriarch on his forefinger, a fob seal, and some Paisley shawls—none of which could with any certainty be traced as the property of any one nearer than an aunt—had also been shown me in the little nook where the cradle was installed. All of these had been sold, on the passing of Haworth living into other hands. They had not been bequeathed either to friends or relatives. Martha Brown, however, had been given the relics, which were now shown us; they were

\* It is of old Leeds ware, ornamented by little pictures of the principal features of the surrounding country.

laid out in a small glass-case, and consisted of a green purse of netted silk, a thimble-case of enamelled copper, and a few more such odds and ends. There were also some shawls (presumably belonging to the aforementioned aunt, for I am positive Charlotte never draped herself in anything so gorgeous), and a number of elementary pencil-drawings of eyes, noses, and other interesting features, such as might be supposed to have been laboured through by reluctant and unskilful schoolgirl fingers. As far as I can judge, none of the Brontës had the slightest real talent for drawing. The oil-painting of the spaniel, which has the place of honour over the mantelpiece in Mr. Brown's little upper chamber, is simply ludicrous from its badness.

One or two really interesting objects were, however, lying on the centre-table. These were Charlotte's own time-worn copies of the *Quarterly* for December, 1848, and other periodicals of a like date, in which were inserted those miserable criticisms which were meant to crush the author of "Jane Eyre." How often, we reflected, had her brow been bent over those cruel pages? We know they made her heart bleed, and that for a moment she fancied she read in them her doom. Strangely, strangely do they read now.

But perhaps I have undervalued the relics which Mr. Brown offered recently to the museum at Keighley, and for which the custodians would not pay the price required. Keighley—pronounced Keathley—is only a short distance from Haworth, and it has been thought that the good folks there would jump at the offer. They did not, as we know; and somehow I agreed with them, though my reason for so doing sprang from a cause they little guessed. Briefly, the friend who accompanied me to Haworth has in her possession treasures far more precious and interesting than any Martha Brown had to bequeath, and these were given her by the original of "Rochester" and "Paul Emmanuel" himself. "Paul Emmanuel" is still alive, and but recently delivered up, among other curiosities, a number of essays composed both by Charlotte and Emily Brontë while under his charge at Brussels, and corrected and emended by him as their master. These essays are upon no account to get into print, and it is easy to discern why. Although Charlotte's letters to her preceptor are, it is feared, by this time destroyed, no letter could breathe more transparently and more unconsciously the emotions by which that proud yet tender spirit was torn in twain than does one of the short papers which I saw the other day at Ilkley. The elaborate epistle in which Monsieur Héger detailed his reasons for turning a deaf ear to all petitions on the subject was not required by me, after one brief perusal of the little essay. The refusal breathes a high and chivalrous tone, and with the motive one can find no fault; but, apart from publicity, it is sad to think that neither letters nor essays were treasured for their own sakes by the Brussels schoolmaster. It almost makes one's blood boil to think of that warm, imaginative, hungry and thirsty girlish heart, beating against its bars, underrated and misunderstood by the sprightly, amiable, but withal undiscerning and self-opinionated man who was its ideal.

Holding the faded manuscripts in my hand, a tremor thrilled through my veins. How, when, and with what feelings had they been written? The penmanship is daintily fine, small, and clear. They are in French, of course, and are finished off with feminine neatness and precision; the exquisite signature "C. Brontë" being traced with the utmost delicacy in the upper left-hand corner, instead of being appended to the final words. They are full of subtle touches, and deep, impassioned utterances. It must be added that the subjects handled were such as admitted of these; and on such subjects could the author of "Villette" be bald or cold?

But Monsieur Héger, calmly correcting and emending, understood nothing—still understands nothing of what lay beneath the surface. Even now, even after a lapse of over forty years, when the fame of Charlotte Brontë has echoed to the very ends of the earth, the two who should have been so proud of her, should have deemed themselves so much exalted by her, are simply at a loss to account for such an extraordinary and inexplicable state of affairs. The venerable pair—for both the late master and mistress of the celebrated school are living—have now retired to "dwell among their own people"; they live in a small world of their own, tenderly cherished by sons and daughters, who are themselves grandfathers and grandmothers, several of whom have, moreover, achieved distinction in various walks in life. No aged parents are more devotedly revered, or more dutifully waited upon, than they; and but for his little "kink"—if I may use an old Scotch word—about Charlotte Brontë, I should say that, in talent, sense, and acumen, they seldom meet their equals. But regarding "Jane Eyre" and its sister products, Monsieur and Madame Héger purse their lips. They do not care to talk about them, nor their author. She was, in their eyes, only a shy, impulsive, affectionate, but somewhat oversensitive and impressionable, young nursery governess, who learned nearly everything she knew while under their charge, and who should not have gone home and written tales about her good friends at Brussels.

Much better, infinitely better, would it have been if Charlotte had pursued her vocation as a teacher of youth—that vocation for which she came to them to be perfected—than have so misused her time and talents. As for recalling any little traits of character, any little sayings or doings, any grave or gay idiosyncrasies—why Charlotte Brontë was only a pupil among pupils, and, moreover, a pupil too reserved, too undemonstrative, too morbidly

unguinal to have been either attractive as a child or charming as a woman.

I have seen the portraits of Monsieur and Madame Héger. They represent two such faces as one seldom sees; but of the two I prefer that of the wife. It is that of a calm, judicial, restful nature, capable of infinite patience and of strong endurance; but it is easy to conceive that with just such a nature Charlotte Brontë had nothing in common. In consequence, but scant justice is done to "Madame Beck" at her hands. Doubtless each mistook the other; and while Madame wondered and sighed over the petulant outbursts of the incomprehensible English girl, Madame's own quieter, more gentle spirit, her toleration, forbearance, self-control and outward imperturbability, would in its turn be almost intolerable to one of Charlotte's temperament.

But Monsieur Héger is a figure of more general interest, therefore one word more regarding him. He is a bright, vain, handsome octogenarian, charming and delighting to charm, eager to talk, and as eager for an audience, as exacting of homage and subservience as in the days when schoolgirls trembled at his glance. Imagine him fifty years ago, and you can hardly go wrong in imagining a very fascinating personage; then recollect that fifty years ago or thereabouts the little Yorkshire nursery-governess took her first flight to Brussels, and there beheld "Paul Emmanuel"—*et voilà tout!*

Haworth Church has been so much altered and "improved" under the auspices of its present vicar, that nearly every vestige of interest or romance has been "improved" off the face of it. An ordinary marble slab in the wall records that the different members of the Brontë family repose in a vault at the other end of the building, and over the vault itself a small brass plate has the names of Charlotte and Emily Brontë engraved upon its face.

We had thought this had been all, when the deaf old sexton, who had been in vain endeavouring to elicit our admiration for a reposed presented by the vicar's wife (which, to my mind, made but poor amends for all her husband had swept away)—when the old fellow suddenly exclaimed, "Well, there's the window!"

"The window? What window?"

Without waste of words, he jogged down a side aisle, and called a halt in front of a very handsome, small, stained-glass window bearing this inscription:—"In pleasant memory of Charlotte Brontë," put up by—whom do you think? *An American citizen!* There was no name, no indication given whereby the plain "American citizen" might be identified; and it has actually been left to this unknown, noble-minded denizen of another country to erect the only spontaneous memorial which has so far been granted to the memory of one of England's greatest female novelists?

Haworth Churchyard is full of grey, weather-beaten tablets, above which the storm-tossed alders sigh, and amongst which the leaves were dropping as we stood. Behind lies the open moor, not purple and heathery, but covered with short-cropped, starved-looking grass, occasionally intersected by the stone walls of the district. The nearest of these enclosures, lying at the back of the church and parsonage, would doubtless be the playground of the poor little motherless Brontës when first that sombre parsonage became their home. Through it, when older grown, they would ramble forth on solitary walks and thoughts intent. (Emily, we know, was an especial lover of such expeditions, and this field-path would be her only outlet.) Roads are few in the vicinity, and her only alternative would be that which traverses the main street of the village. We can hardly picture her making it her choice.

The Black Bull Inn is still Brontë to the core. A kindly welcome was there for us, and true Yorkshire hospitality, more especially when the honoured name became our passport. Would we have our luncheon in Branwell Brontë's little back parlour. It would be ready in a few minutes, and meantime—and meantime? We were only too glad to hearken to anything and everything the good soul who preceded us had to tell. So this was poor young Brontë's favourite resort?

"That was his chair," she said simply, and pointed to a tall, old Chippendale arm-chair, with a quaintly-carved "fiddle" back, and square seat, set edgewise. That was his chair, and in that corner it always stood. You see it is a nice corner, between the fireplace and the window; and there he used to sit, and sit—(alas poor Branwell!) and when he had been sitting longer than maybe he should ha' been, Charlotte would be heard out at the door there (pointing along the dark, stone passage to the front entrance), asking after him, an' if he were in the parlor? And he would hear her voice, and he would up wi' this window, and be out of it like a flash of lightning." (It was a broad, low casement, opening upon an inn yard, whose jutting stone walls were well fitted for concealment.) So that when Charlotte came in to look for him, continued our narrator, she would see nowt, d'ye see? And our folks they would know nowt, i' course. But Branwell, he were round the corner, down i' the yard yonder; as soon as she were gone, he jumps through the window again—you can open it easily from the outside—an' back to his chair, an' she never the wiser. It would be dark, too, maybe.

As the quiet words fell upon our ears the bygone scene stole upon our vision.

As we gazed, a silence fell upon the little room. It had been the haunt of genius, even though—sorrowful thought!—genius had passed that way to ruin.

What had Haworth to show after this?—*Mrs. L. B. Walford, in The Critic.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—The editorial note in the last issue of THE WEEK upon the Annual Meeting of the Imperial Federation League, held in London on the 15th November last, while kindly and appreciative, is somewhat discouraging to those who entertain the hope of the ultimate success of this cause.

After expressing your doubts as to the practicability of the scheme, you say, "But leaving sentiment for the moment out of the question, the self-interest of the mother country and that of the colonies seem to bear upon the movement at right angles to each other, so to speak."

I cannot agree in this; I believe the opposite to be the case. But assuming it as to Great Britain, let us consider the proposition as regards ourselves. Among civilized men self-interest is not the all-powerful factor in regulating conduct which cynics would have us believe, and further, true self-interest may be opposed to apparent self-interest. Thus, if a stranger offered gratuitously to support me and my family, self-interest as construed by cynics would urge the acceptance of the offer; the arrangement would enable me to live without labour and to enjoy ease and leisure not at my command at present. Would any one commend me for accepting such an offer?

Yet this is somewhat the position of the colonies and Britain at this moment. The mother country supports fleets and armies for the common defence of all, and towards the vast expense of them the colonies contribute nothing. It is said to be the "interest" of the colonies to perpetuate this state of affairs so long as the generosity of the mother country is willing to maintain it. It appears to be self-interest to accept all favours which can be got for nothing; but I doubt if colonists who consider the matter are accustomed to take any pride in the fact.

But wherein is Imperial Federation opposed to the self-interest of the colonies save in this one question of expense? Critics tell us that "the colonies would not care to be mixed up in England's foreign wars"; as if our present danger from this source could in any way be enhanced by a federation of the Empire; as though war at the present day with any power, European or otherwise, possessing a navy, would not directly menace our seaports on both oceans, as well as the third merchant shipping fleet in the globe. At present the war would be none of our making; under Federation we should have at least a voice as to whether it should be entered upon or not.

I can understand why the Briton of the home-island, proud of his success in governing it, is unwilling to concede to the colonist representation at Westminster, or any voice in Imperial councils. I can understand his indifference—his neglect (of which you complain in the matter of the Behring Sea Seizures) of the interest of men too poor-spirited to demand as their birthright a share with him in the government of the Empire, of which their country forms so important a part.

As regards Canada the colonial relation cannot last. Five million people may be content to have their foreign affairs managed by men in whose election they have no voice; thrice that number, possessed of accumulated wealth and the vast interests of a rich and rapidly growing country, will not. They will not, even though that management should always be as wise, conscientious, and just as has been that of the Imperial Parliament during the past half century. They will not be, as we are, content to be "protected" if only some one else pays the bill.

Other forces of attraction come into play. We lie within the long and deep shadow of a great and prosperous republic, which tempts our people with the offer of an absolute self-government we do not now possess, and with a distinctive name among the nations of the earth which we cannot under existing circumstances lay claim to. Federationists strive to counter-balance this offer with an offer of an equal partnership in a yet wealthier and grander confederation of men of our race. Should their efforts prove abortive through the apathy of statesmen in England, or our own timorousness, can one fail to see the ultimate result?

W. S. G.

## THE UNITED STATES CRUSADE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In your issue of the 29th ult. another Republican crusader, Mr. W. E. Raney, of Saco, Maine, emulating our modern "Peter the Hermit," the great and only Erastus, seeks to set the Canadian heather on fire with what he modestly calls "a few dry facts."

The reference to the decaying industries of the New England States in my letter to THE WEEK, quoted by Mr. Raney, was a reference to an alarming and disastrous state of facts which is regretfully admitted by the United States press, and which is a cause of great anxiety to the statesmen of New England. Mr. Raney's ingenious suggestions as to what he thinks are the probable causes of "the decaying industries" of his States of "the rock-ribbed hills," can no more stay their inflowing tide of manufacturing decay and commercial disaster, than can his boastful array of "fat dividends" of the famous "thirty-three cotton companies of Fall River, Mass.," delude Canadians into the belief that all's well across the border. Mr. Raney must remember that the Canadian people live too near the great Republic to fail to distinguish between bombastic assertion and well-grounded argument. Have

not things come to a serious pass in the New England States when a Commission has to be appointed by their Government to visit important centres, and to seek out the causes of the manufacturing and commercial depression? Perhaps if Mr. Raney were to draw the attention of his Government to the famous "thirty-three cotton companies" and their "fat dividends," not excluding the "three" in his own neighbourhood, more especially that of the "plethoric surplus," it would at once recall its Commission, whose occupation, like Yorick's, "would be gone."

As to shrinkage in value of New England farm lands and Mr. Raney's plausible explanation "that the sons of New England preferred . . . the big garden farms on the prairie to the rock-ribbed hills of Maine," etc., Mr. Raney will bear with us as we cull from one of his "big garden farms on the prairie" an actual not a rhetorical "dry fact," and present it to him to make such "application thereof" as may be most pleasing. It is but one of many referred to by our Dominion Statistician, Mr. George Johnston, in his very able letters on the subject. Professor Henry, lecturing in Richmond, Wisconsin, said: "One of the richest prairies in the United States is that of the St. Croix Valley in Wisconsin." Of that valley he said: "To-day the richest part of it is almost without fences; the majority of the farm buildings, especially the barns, are poor, and the people complain bitterly of hard times."

Another "dry fact" from over the way. The New York Times says: "The farmers of the United States are staggering under a burden of mortgage indebtedness approximating nine thousand millions of dollars."

Will Mr. Raney permit the suggestion that the "fat dividends" of his New England factories be at once applied as strengthening plaster to the overburdened backs of the United States farmers.

As to our comparative progress in population with the United States Mr. Johnston says: "The Dominion had a half a million of people in 1810. The United States in that same year had seven and a quarter million. Canada has increased ten times; the United States but nine times. Had the United States increased their population as rapidly as the Dominion of Canada, they would now have seventy-two and a half million instead of say sixty-five million."

Mr. Raney asserts that the "sons who have left the farms of New England have not left the country;" and again, "the places of those who leave are eagerly taken by Canadians." I would ask Mr. Raney, Are there not hundreds, nay thousands, of natives of the United States permanently and prosperously settled in Canada? and as to the second assertion, Does Mr. Raney think that there is a Canadian so bereft of his senses as to leave Canada and attempt to reanimate "a decaying industry," to occupy "a deserted factory," to rebuild "a ruined foundry," to purchase "a shrunken farm," or to dispute the "loss in population" of the New England States, or even to seek to revive ship-building on the dreary coast of Maine?

Toronto, Dec. 10th, 1889.

T. E. MOBERLY.

## SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Although I no longer reside in the Province of Manitoba, I shall retain a strong interest in everything which affects the Province where I have spent so many years of my life; and in following in your journal the discussion on the Separate School question I have read the letters of Mr. F. Beverley Robertson, John W. Dafeo, and Mr. A. E. McPhillips, together with your editorial notice in your edition of the 22nd ult., replying to the letters of Messrs. F. Beverley Robertson and A. E. McPhillips. You comment the arguments of Mr. F. Beverley Robertson, and say that Mr. A. E. McPhillips' reasoning fails at the crucial point. I have not now before me either of the letters, but I may take it that the part referred to by you is the crucial part. You say that the conclusiveness of the reasoning turns upon the question whether Catholic Schools existed in "practice" in Manitoba before the union. This I do not dispute, but you go on to say that that question is not merely a question of whether such schools were in operation, but whether these schools were in any way recognized as part of a Public School system and aided by public funds. This I most positively deny. The discussion on this matter is a question of construction, and rests upon the meaning of clause 22 of the Manitoba Act. As I have not the Statute before me, I take the section from Mr. Dafeo's letter. It reads as follows:—

"Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the Province at the union."

I think Mr. Dafeo has quoted correctly. To make this section support your argument the word *or* must be read *and*. Read as it stands, and without such a change of meaning, it is clear that the Act was meant to cover a "right or privilege" by "practice," without any express authorization of law as distinguished from a system authorized and carried on by express legislative enactment "by law."

To argue that in order to partake of the benefit of this section the schools must not only have been in operation and recognized as part of the school system, and aided by public funds, is as I said before to agree that in the section the word *or* means *and*. This is a question of legal construction which I am willing to argue with Mr. Robertson, should he be willing to support the opposite contention

after I have pointed out to him the length to which his argument has led him.

At present I will content myself with giving my opinion that no such construction can be placed on the word. The meaning is plain, and on its face there is no reason which a court could reasonably give for changing the plain meaning of the word. I refer you as to this to pages 24 and 284 of Maxwell on Statutes.

Taking the section, then, to mean as it reads, the word "or" being disjunctive, and eliminating for the present the word "law," the section will read, "Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have . . . by practice in the province at the union."

That the Catholics of Manitoba had a right or privilege "by practice" with respect to denominational schools cannot be and is not denied, and the question now is, will the proposed legislation "prejudicially affect" that "right or privilege." It does not need any great clearness of perception to see that a law which will compel the supporters of denominational schools to support also public schools from which they will derive no benefit will prejudicially affect the "right or privilege" which the Catholics of Manitoba have with respect to their denominational schools.

I think I have shown that it is not at all necessary for Mr. A. E. McPhillips to show you that the Catholic Separate Schools existed in the form and sense you contend for, and the difficulty is not one for him and the supporters of Catholic Separate Schools but for Mr. F. Beverley Robertson and those who propose to destroy them.

In conclusion I will only say that if the advocates of Public Schools will only take time to consider the unjust position in which they will place their Catholic fellow-citizens by the enactment of such a law as is proposed, and will remind themselves that this is an era of religious and civil liberty, no such law will ever appear on the statute book.

It matters not that our reasons are such that they cannot understand them, they are religious reasons; and the law has no more right to compel a man to pay taxes to or send his child to a school to which he objects for religious reasons than it has to compel him to pay money to or attend a church to which he objects for similar reasons; and to enact a law compelling him to pay taxes to one school from which he can conscientiously accept no benefit, while he has at the same time to send his children to and support another school which receives no support from the taxes he pays, is to enact something which is tyrannical in the extreme.

L. G. MCPHILLIPS.

Vancouver, December 3rd, 1889.

## TRUE TALE.

PEOPLE who are familiar with London at all, particularly that part of it known as Buckingham Palace Road (pronounced "re-oad," of course, by the aboriginal population), may remember a certain poor, shabby, overcrowded and not over-clean lane called Stanley Crescent. It leads from the Royal Mews back into Buckingham Palace Road, and is tenanted by some of her Majesty's most shiftless and unpromising subjects. Drink and crowding and centuries of poverty are to blame for the squalor of the houses, for the irresponsibility of the inhabitants. Such as these can never be reclaimed while they remain where they are; the only hope is in breaking up the neighbourhood, killing the old off—humanely enough, too, for the workhouse and the home do kill such people off in a marvellously short time, the change of residence affecting their spirits—and sending the young away. Of the latter, some go down into the sweet hedged lanes of the provinces, others get apprenticed, become smart joiners, milliners, factory hands, cab drivers, always passing with a certain wilt of horror the entrance to Stanley Crescent, and some—most fortunate of all—get shipped off to the Colonies, and either go weakly to the wall there as they would have done anywhere, or else become infected by the strength and purity of the life around them and so end by making good citizens.

Of the children in Stanley Crescent, Lyddy was at one time the very worst. Lyddy *what*, you might ask her again and again; she could never tell you. Beaten, bruised, prematurely old and almost ugly with the mark of a sinful over-production in her face, poor Lyddy grew to be thirteen—not perhaps bad, but certainly low, with but one bright side to her life, and that simply the existence, round a couple of corners, of a group of peacocks. Any day, if you choose, you may dawdle about the iron railings that surround Buckingham Palace, and peer at the peacocks that strut gaily inside. Tourists do so, Londoners do so, all sorts and conditions of men, women, nursemaids, messengers, soldiers, tramps and children do so, and they are certainly worth the waste of time. And what wonderful things they were to Lyddy! She might have gone farther into the Parks if she had liked, or along the broad walk up which every morning at ten came the handsome soldiers to exchange guard, but even if she had fresher fields and newer pastures in her eye she rarely yielded, but brought up daily, or almost daily, whenever the glint of the gorgeous tails caught her enraptured vision at the familiar iron railings.

Now, let it not be thought that Lyddy was an embryo artist, or poet, or anything of that sort. She was simply an embryo woman, and the sight of those spreading tails, bronze and crimson, green and gold, opal and russet, fired

that imagination which nothing had quite succeeded in stifling, for whenever the royal scavengers attacked the royal mews-heaps and muck-heaps, and the visitors from Stanley Crescent followed hungrily in the rear, and other children grabbed at paper, soap, and bits of food and cake, Lyddy watched—a gaunt, bony, dark-eyed, slatternly little miser—for bows of ribbon and crushed-up flowers and other faded perquisites of punctilious ladies-in-waiting; and when she got them she would twist them up into tragic head-dresses—a young Ophelia mad for very love of the shining peacocks with their splendid trains of colour.

One day when Miss Hill (this is not Miss Octavia Hill of whom we all know so much that is good and vigorous and kind and philanthropic, but another just as kind, a lady who devotes her life to the poor)—when Miss Hill was leisurely sauntering up from Marlborough House in the wake of the soldiers and children, and not a bit ashamed of it either, she caught sight of the extraordinary figure of Lyddy, clad in rags, dirt and artificial flowers, her face pressed so close to the iron railing that when she took it away in order to reply to Miss Hill the marks were left against her dark and sullen little cheeks. Proudly the peacocks paraded up and down their aristocratic enclosure, while the kindly-disposed maiden lady and the decked-out waif regarded them together. Something—the dark eyes, the silly wreath, the hateful rags, the gleam of interest in better things that this ardent pose denoted—moved the former to quick action. She went into Stanley Crescent with Lyddy and got the consent of the man and woman who looked after her to send the miserable child out to America. The scene was short and anything but pathetic; just sordid and wretched and dull. Lyddy, who did not realize what had happened, pinned her crazy carnations and crumpled tarlatan more securely to one side of her head, eyeing the maiden lady all over.

In a few days—dark late dawns which were innocent of birds' twitter; lurid afternoons when the great yellow fogs held cressets of moving fires; bright, long nights when the wine-shop gleamed out into the blackness by means of a thousand and one enticing and illuminated effects—Lyddy sailed away.

Sailed away from the old wrong life to a new and promised land, with a sound and decent, if not fashionable, hat upon her short, black hair, and the discarded carnations bundled away among a mass of rubbish in a drawer of a room in Stanley Crescent. And sailed away—was it forever?—from the richly plumed peacocks of the palace and all the thoughts and images they had so often suggested.

When ten years had passed, where was Lyddy? Behold her, in the tall and striking, neatly-dressed and well-behaved wife of a prosperous miller in the western part of the fair Province of Ontario. Behold her, a few years later, living on the outskirts of a large and thriving city, mistress of an establishment in red brick and green shutters, a couple of maids, and a stiff flower-garden, with her husband, the young miller, already a rising man and spoken of as the coming candidate for the vacant seat in the Provincial Legislature. Before she was twenty-seven Lyddy appeared at the provincial opening of the Counterfeit House and was arrayed in purple and fine silks, her soft old-country accent and her fine appearance giving her a very distinguished place indeed. The Capital was clearly and easily the next step in the uproad direction and to the Capital she soon went, accompanied by the young miller, now a fabulously wealthy man and a rising politician. There is no need to sketch his ultimate career. He is easily recognized in the "Prominent Canadian, Sir H. G. L. M. N., who has been knighted now about a couple of years and stands a good chance of becoming Canadian Commissioner at London."

But did you never hear how he lost his wife? It is a painful story. Just a year and a half ago they were in London, and Lady H. G. L. M. N. (Lydia was her Christian name) had been presented at Buckingham Palace by a dowager well known in colonial circles. The striking face and figure of the "fair Canadian" could not easily be forgotten. She moved like a queen towards the short but commanding presence of Her Sovereign—a trying moment even for those to the manner born—and bore the ordeal with grace and composure.

Afterwards, when the crush of carriages commenced to file slowly away Lady Lydia grew strangely excited as they passed a certain narrow green enclosure where Her Majesty's peacocks displayed their splendid tails. Looking down at her flowing and regal garments—an "arrangement" by a Court Dressmaker in purple and bronzes and topaz yellow, a sigh shivered through her highly-wrought frame and leaning too heavily against the door of the brougham, which had not been properly fastened, the poor lady fell out—alas!—among that crowd of frantic horses and struggling vehicles, upon her diamond-filleted head. And, the street being so narrow and there being such a crush on all sides, it was impossible either to go back or to go forward, and so they turned the horses' heads, when they had picked her up and put her back into her carriage, towards a still narrower but partly unfrequented street—Stanley Crescent, they called it—a "short cut," the driver said, and just as they entered this street, a doctor in his brougham was passing by. The driver, who knew him, pulled up and told him of the accident, and there being no other place at hand and Stanley Crescent having much improved since our first acquaintance with it, the physician got them to help him with poor Lady Lydia into the nearest house—a plain but clean and respectable dwelling

in which a neat woman, a laundress, lived and did her work. And this house was No. 9, the house from which Lyddy had gone forth in her childhood.

They could do nothing for her but fold her arms upon her breast and take off the diamond fillet that had cut into her dark hair. The laundress, anxious to be of use, rummaged about for soft cloths to wipe that pale brow, and when she opened the drawer of an old and rusty cupboard let fall a little bundle of something that looked like faded artificial flowers. So the carnations and the diamond fillet lay on the uncarpeted floor together. It is a sad story, is it not?

#### ART NOTES.

THE Sketch Portfolio of the Ontario Art Union is now opened to subscribers at the office of Mr. Gagen, the secretary, and the quality of the sketches is much superior to those supplied last season. Under the new regulations all artist members who participate in the benefits of the Art Union are compelled to supply a proportionate number of sketches, a plan which gives the coupon-holders a much wider field to choose from.

A NEW periodical is being issued in Paris under the supervision of S. Bigg, called *Artistic Japan*, which seems likely to prove a great success. The projectors promise to furnish by means of wood engraving a continuous series of diversified specimens of Japanese art, and the letter-press is by well-known *littérateurs*, who are at the same time collectors of Japanese curios. Edmond About, Louis Gonse, and Victor Champier write on the various phases of Japanese art.

OF the paintings in the new Toronto Art Gallery on King Street west, of which we promised to speak, one of the best and most artistically managed is No. 103, "A Fistic Duel," by Peskoff. It represents one of the brutal combats patronized by Ivan the Terrible, in which a valuable prize was given to the victor who survived as champion at the close of the contest, the latter being open to all comers. The story is well told. The champion is in the ring marked on the snow awaiting the onset of a determined adversary, who is being held back by a refined-looking woman; on the ground are a fur cap and some marks of blood left by the just vanquished combatant who lies stertorously breathing in the foreground, attended by his wife and mother. High on a raised scaffold are the terrible Ivan, his councillor, and body guard; to the left of the ring stands the prize-holder and a man playing a cithern, with a jester, somewhat after the Russian type, riding on a man's shoulders and making fun of the whole proceedings. A large crowd fills the middle distance. Some of the members engage in a fight of their own, and the background consists of the buildings of a Russian city, presumably Moscow, the grouping and disposition of light and shade being excellent, while the drawing and action are good without being exaggerated. The largest picture in the collection is No. 106, "Emigrants awaiting shipment at Havre," by A. P. Dawart, from last year's Salon. These life-sized figures, apparently peasants from various parts of Europe, the German type predominating, are well drawn and artistically grouped, but the groups are so divided or cut up as to form several distinct pictures, not sufficiently subordinate to the composition as a whole. At the other end of the gallery, No. 104, "The Soldier's Meal," by P. Grolleron, Paris Salon of 1887, is a fine piece of out-door effect with figures and buildings carefully drawn and elaborately finished. No. 126, "Boy Overboard," by Geo. B. Bridgeman, a Toronto artist, is a remarkably vigorous effort for so young a man; the attitudes of the sailors leaning over the boat are good, and the motion of the boat is well given. The water is, however, rather opaque, and the boy's head too much dissociated from the rest of his body. It is remarkable that nearly all these pictures deal with tragedy; there are very few cheerful subjects included in the exhibition.

TEMPER.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

OTTO LESSMANN, musician and critic of the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, has been in attendance at the Leeds (Eng.) Festival, and does not hesitate to praise the performances and the new works of English origin.

BENJAMIN GODARD, the great French composer, has just finished the orchestration of his opera, "Dante," which is to be brought out during the present season at the Paris Opera Comique. He has also written a new "sacred legend," entitled "St. Genevieve," for soli, chorus and orchestra.

It is said that Mr. David Laurie, of Glasgow, has refused \$10,000 for the famous "Alard" Stradivarius violin; but \$12,500 have now been offered on behalf of an American, and the matter is under consideration. The "Alard" formerly belonged to J. B. Vuillaume, the expert, who gave it to his son-in-law, Delphin Alard, violin professor at the Paris Conservatoire, who sold it to Mr. Laurie. It is dated 1715, and the only alteration since made is a slight lengthening of the neck.

MADAME MARIA BEVIGNANI, wife of the much esteemed conductor, Signor Bevignani, died on the 9th ult., at Sestri Ponente, Liguria, in her forty-second year. She had been unwell for some months past, but her death was somewhat unexpected. She was very popular in musical society, and her box at the opera, when her husband was conductor at Covent Garden Theatre, was always a pleasant rendezvous.

She, with her sister, Augusta Kruls, now Mrs. Dickinson, were the nieces of the late prima donna, Teresa Titiens.

THE *Leipziger Tageblatt* gives an enthusiastic account of an organ recital by Mr. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, at St. Thomas Church, Leipzig. After dwelling upon the "phenomenal" technique displayed by the player, and the extraordinary ease with which he managed his pedals, the journal concludes: "The dexterity manifested by the artist in the use of the registers, without in the least degree interfering with his playing, was something quite new to us. Altogether, Mr. Eddy's performance has greatly increased our respect for our foreign competitors in the art of organ playing."

THE appearance in this city of Sarasate and Eugene D'Albert is quite settled. It is hoped the programme, or programmes, will be such that the high prices presumably asked will make it worth the while for musicians to attend. We should have at least the "Kreutzer," or a "Grieg," and perhaps one or two concertos. We do not only want to hear Sarasate and D'Albert play, but we also want to hear a standard work by Beethoven or Schumann well, magnificently done, so as to elevate our standards of thought and expression, as well as to excite pleasurable emotion at brilliant technique.

MIDDLE RHEA's performances gave a great deal of pleasure to her admirers, who, nevertheless, hardly found in the play, "Josephine," anything to recall very forcibly the stirring days of the First Consul. Napoleon is altogether too remarkable and highly individualized a character to be adequately depicted by the ordinary American support. His photographs, consisting mainly of drab trunks, top boots and a hang-dog expression, were doubtless true to life. Rhea was as sweet and eloquent as ever, and it is needless to say that her gowns, so successfully advertised, charmed even the sterner sex.

THE Christian Church has always made greater use of music in its ritual than any other religion. Twice in the year, at Easter and Christmas, this fact is made most obvious. In the most ancient times the festival of Christmas had wreathed around it many of the customs of paganism, with which the peasantry of Northern Europe parted most unwillingly, but the joyous carol music of this season was always pure and undefiled and, above all, appropriate. One must depreciate the fact that some of the churches in modern days make of the Christmas musical service a very thinly disguised opera. The English carols and some of the stately German *Weihnachts chorale*, the grand oratorio of the "Messiah" and Bach's Christmas oratorios, contain a repertoire of fitting music for the season, and for all capabilities, from the simple singing of the country choir with a one-manual or a cabinet organ, to the most elaborate service of an ultra-fashionable church. There is no excuse for turning to "Martha" or "Carmen" or even "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" for Christmas music.

WE are very pleased to draw notice to the projected entertainment in Shaftesbury Hall, Dec. 24, in aid of the Children's Fresh Air Fund. During the past summer the Children's Fresh Air Fund gave free excursions and refreshments to 3,250 children gathered from the poorest homes of the city. There were twelve trips altogether—seven to Long Branch, two for a sail on the lake, one to the Island, one to Howard Lake, and one to Victoria Park. The work of gathering the children was undertaken by Mr. Edward Taylor and a number of lady mission and church workers, and an earnest effort was made to secure the attendance of those children most likely to be benefited by the excursions. In many cases, too, mothers were invited to enjoy the outing, and they seemed to be in need of, and to appreciate the kindness, fully as much as the younger ones. The management of the Fund was in the hands of Mr. J. J. Kelso, who arranged all the excursions, ordered the provisions, etc., and received and paid out all moneys in connection with the cause.

THE first great Leeds Musical Festival formed part of the ceremony connected with the opening of the Town Hall by the Queen in September, in 1858. It lasted four days, was conducted by Sterndale Bennett, and the Leeds Medical Charities benefited to the amount of \$10,000. It was confidently expected at that time that a regular series of Triennial Festivals would occur. Difficulties arose, however, and the enterprise was not revived until thirteen years later. At that time Sir Michael Costa conducted, as he likewise did in 1877. In 1880 Sir Arthur Sullivan accepted the conductorship, which he has since held. These festivals have given birth to many works that have since become standard. Among others may be mentioned: Bennett's "May Queen," Macfarren's "St. John the Baptist," "The Bride of Dunkerron," by Henry Smart, Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch" and "Golden Legend," "Gray's Elegy" by Alfred Cellier, "The 97th Psalm" by Joseph Barnby, "The End of the World" by Raff, "The Story of Sayid" by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, "The Revenge" by C. Villiers Stanford, and other less important works. This year new compositions were produced by Dr. Parry, who made a great success last year at Birmingham with his "Judith," Dr. Corder, who has written an opera, "Nordisa," for the Carl Rosa Company, Dr. William Creser, a Leeds organist, and Dr. Stanford.

DREADFUL old man, who only believes in professional music: "I hope you amateur gentlemen take a real pleasure in performing." Chorus: "Certainly we do!" Dreadful old man: "Then, at least, there is some compensation for the torture you inflict."

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

LECTURES ON RUSSIAN LITERATURE. Ivan Panin. The Knickerbocker Press. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

It should be stated at once that the author of these six lectures is a staunch adherent of the literary tenets proclaimed a few years ago by Mr. Howells. The lectures were evidently prepared with a view to exalting Russian literature at the expense of all previous and popular schools, and the peculiarities of the author's English, crude and unfinished as it frequently is, hardly prepare us for accepting his dicta upon Wordsworth and Dickens and George Eliot, all of whom are, in his opinion, vastly inferior to the four Russians, Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, and Tolstoi. It is extraordinary that there can be such differences in criticism, but each age has owned its fanatics. Why comparisons and parallels must always be instituted when a writer undertakes to exalt a certain individual or a particular school is and must ever remain a mystery. Wordsworth is "tame and commonplace"; Dickens, "demoralizing"; George Eliot must fill her story with "descriptions that do not describe, and reflections that do not reflect." Only Turgenev files and fles. "And for modesty, too," says Ivan Panin, "the literatures of England and Russia furnish instructive comparison. Russia has no autobiographies of note. Men there were too busy with their art to have much time left to think of themselves." The error here is in bracketing together the literature of England and Russia at all. Even half a dozen swallows do not make a summer. Further on Ivan Panin says, "Homer often nods in the 'Iliad,' but in 'Taras Bulba' Gogol never nods." Many other instances might be cited to prove that the book is hardly more than a national panegyric, though there is no doubt of the author's disinterestedness, and he is possessed of a certain brilliancy and elasticity of style.

IN THE TIME OF THE CHERRY VIEWING. An Episode in Japan. Margaret Peale. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is a daintily bound and most readable little book, half story, half notes of travel, quite appropriate for the holiday season. Japan will soon have little or nothing left of it wherewith to solace the *blasé* traveller, for it enters already as an amusing and graphic factor into a number of every-day books.

THE NEW PANDORA. A Drama. By Harriet H. Robinson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

If any reputation the author of this valuable contribution to American poetry has already gained has not reached us, it must be considered our misfortune, inasmuch as the scholarly attributes and smoothness of the work and its purity of motive render it very important and interesting reading indeed. Dramatic poems in blank verse are things, as a rule, to be carefully avoided, but "The New Pandora" forms almost a startling exception to the rule. The beauty of the old Greek myth revives in the hands of the careful worker who paints with equal skill the rough men of the woods and streams, Ingomars, satyrs, brutes, and the pure and celestial spirit of Pandora "mated to a clown." The subject is a difficult one, but the author has succeeded in a consistent manner, freed from extravagances or blunders, in calling up images of beauty and nobility from the caverns and shores of mighty Greece, and embodying them in a drama of genuine literary importance and value. American literature is the richer from Mrs. Robinson's thoughtful effort, which, it will readily be seen, is a drama simply in plan, and not intended for public performance.

CATALOGUE OF THE BOOKS IN THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY. Toronto: Central Public Library.

We heartily welcome this neat, exact, and in every way creditable companion catalogue to that of the Reference Library noticed in our issue of the 14th June, and what we then wrote can be applied with even greater emphasis to the present volume. It might be well if more of the ever increasing number of readers whose time is saved, whose tempers are sweetened, and whose interests are so admirably conserved by its concise and comprehensive pages, were to reflect upon the tireless industry, the technical ability, and the minute and methodical accuracy which those helpful pages so well exemplify in their 50,000 clear, succinct, and accurate entries. A noticeable feature is the explanatory treatment of pseudonyms and anonymous publications. The preface, division, subdivision, treatment in detail and mechanical execution of the work are such as will gladden the heart of the most exacting bibliophile. We cannot close our reference without commending the wisdom of the Board of Management in adding to their very efficient staff Mr. T. Arnold Haultain, M.A., whose name appears in this catalogue as second assistant librarian. Mr. Haultain is one of our valued contributors, has already made his mark in Canadian literature, and is eminently qualified for the position which he so efficiently fills.

KEYS TO THE WORD, OR, HELP TO BIBLE STUDY. By A. T. Pierson, D.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Company; Toronto: John Young.

A new and cheaper edition of Dr. Pierson's valuable little work. By the use of an appropriate keyword, suggested

by the scope of the contents, or some special inherent peculiarity, each book in the sacred canon is indexed so as to be readily and intelligently recalled to memory. In addition to the system outlined, the pithy and scholarly notes will be found very interesting and useful.

THE *North American Review* is amply fulfilling the promises made by the new management. A high standard was set in the November number, but the December number, which has just come to hand, does not fall below it, and the announcements for the future show that no one who means to keep abreast of the times can afford to neglect this sterling publication. In the December issue the discussion of the subject of "Divorce," which was begun in November by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Potter, and Colonel Ingersoll, is continued by Mr. Gladstone, Justice Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, and Senator Dolph, of Oregon. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose article on "Wealth" in the June number of the *Review* was the last article accepted by the late Mr. Rice, returns to that subject, writing this time on "The Best Fields for Philanthropy." Colonel Ingersoll contributes Part I. of his answer to the question, "Why Am I an Agnostic?" which is written in his customary brilliant style. George Westinghouse, Jr., of the Westinghouse Electric Company, furnishes "A Reply to Mr. Edison," wherein he contends that the alternating current is safer than the continuous current used by the Edison Company in electric lighting, and that wires can be put underground with entire safety. The Hon. Roger Q. Mills outlines the "Republican Tactics in the House," and gives his reasons for believing that the rules ought not to be altered. Karl Blind says "A Good Word for Jews," and Walter Damrosch, in "German Opera and Every-day Life," describes and explains the extraordinary popularity of Wagner's operas in this country. Marion Harland writes earnestly on "The Incapacity of Business Women." Lord Wolseley brings to a conclusion his series entitled "An English View of the Civil War," paying a joint tribute to the genius of Lincoln and Lee as the two commanding figures which that period produced; and there are several other important papers. Altogether the number reflects a portion of the best thought of the age.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A NEW volume of poems by Robert Browning, no fewer than thirty, will be published this month by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., under the title, "Asolando: Fancies and Facts."

"PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS," by Principal Shairp, will shortly be issued from the Riverside Press. It contains essays on Thomas Erskine, Bishop Cotton, Arthur Hugh Clough, Norman Macleod, and others.

WITH the January number, *Scribner's Magazine* will have two important serials in progress, illustrated by artists of unusual merit—"In the Valley," illustrated by Howard Pyle, and "Expiation," by A. B. Frost.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have nearly ready a new book by Louis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," etc. It will be illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss, who will be indeed fortunate if he repeats the successes of Mr. Tenniel in the earlier books.

THE third volume of the new edition of Mr. Hughes's novels will contain "The Scouring of the White Horse" and a Christmas story entitled "The Ashen Faggot," which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, as long ago as January, 1862, but has never been reprinted.

MR. MARTIN TUPPER was born as long ago as 1816, in London. His father was a physician, descended from an ancient family, partly of German, partly of Guernsey, origin. He was educated at the Charterhouse and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degrees of B.A., M.A., and D.C.L. A barrister by profession, he never engaged in practice; but, himself an educated man, took to a sort of literature which, it is safe to say, few educated men have had the patience to read. Mr. Tupper did some creditable magazine work; but he long outlived his popular vogue, and his death now can hardly be said to remove an active force from the world.

W. C. BROWNELL, the author of "French Traits," in an article on "The French Exposition," in the January *Scribner's*, points out three disadvantages against which, as compared with the French, the United States shall be compelled to struggle if it undertakes an exhibition in 1892. They are: (1) that it possesses no site which can be compared for fitness with that which Paris possesses; (2) that it has no competent organization directed by a long and splendid tradition of æsthetic dignity and taste to create and control the exhibition of 1892; (3) the absence of any body of engineers, architects, sculptors, and decorators at all commensurate in numbers and æsthetic tradition.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH will kindly furnish a contribution towards THE WEEK for December 27th. A paper entitled "A Heroine of New France" from Blanche Macdonell is being eagerly looked forward to by lovers of the old régime. Mr. Lampman's sonnet, "Among the Orchards," is a carefully constructed piece of verse, strongly onomatopoeic in character. Miss Agnes Maule Machar will write on "Higher Education," and some very curious translations will appear, being made by a Canadian lady, new to the world of letters, from the yarns of an old Indian chief. Louis Lloyd, Prof. Clark, of Trinity

College, Mr. G. Mercer Adam, Prof. MacMechan and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison will also contribute papers and poems upon subjects of vital interest.

THE *Spectator* of November 23rd has the following note upon a poem by Bliss Carman, published in the *Universal Review*: We are tempted to assert that the very life-blood of poetry is simplicity, upon reading Mr. Bliss Carman's "Cordyon: an Elegy in Memory of Matthew Arnold." There is in every stanza of this poem an elaborate straining after effect, which leaves nothing but a confused impression on the mind. "No picture," says Mr. Quilter in the essay from which we have already quoted, "that is painted only for the sake of exhibiting the artist's skill can be really attractive;" and the remark holds good of a poem. A lament, more distinguished for cleverness than pathos, lines of but half-intelligent meaning, and pictures of Nature, which the reader strives in vain to bring before the mind's eye, are the distinguishing features of this eccentric poem.

THE editors of *Nature* (London), on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the establishment of the magazine, take occasion to review the progress of science during that period of years. In the physical sciences, the development of the atomic theory and the establishment of a connection between the theories of electricity and light have been the main achievements; in chemistry, the proclamation of the periodic law of the elements and the development of organic chemistry; in astronomy, the development of the spectroscope, the use of photography, and the extension of the nebular hypothesis; in biology, the firm establishment of the Darwinian doctrine, the development of the study of bacteria, and, later, the effort to determine the position of the Lamarckian principle, have been the main features. In botany, the key-note has been the study of protoplasm and cell-life; in geology the greatest advance has been in the application of the microscope and the study of rock structure.

THE *Spectator* says of "The Quiet Life," a volume just out, and edited by Austin Dobson: Mr. Austin Dobson's verses are new, and they seem to us to catch the spirit of the poems which they introduce to us, while they preserve a certain note characteristic of their own time. The poet of these latter days realizes the sweetness of the "quiet life," and describes it with a zest that is perfectly genuine. He has his visions—

Of Spring that breaks with all her leaves,  
Of birds that build in thatch and eaves,  
Of woodlands where the throstle calls,  
Of girls that gather cowslip balls,  
Of kine that low and lambs that cry,  
Of wains that jolt and rumble by,  
Of brooks that sing by braunly ways,  
Of sunburnt folk that stand and gaze,  
Of all the dreams with which men cheat  
The stony sermons of the street.

But he is like Horace's usurer, who, charmed with his own imaginings of the delights of a country life, "omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam," but alas! "querit Kalendis ponere." So our poet dismisses us with a doubt:

Let the dream pass, the fancy fade!  
We clutch a shape, and hold a shade.  
Is Peace so peaceful? Nay—who knows?  
There are volcanoes under snows.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. William Allingham, which occurred on Monday, at Eldon House, Lyndhurst Road, Hampstead, aged sixty-one. He was born at Ballyshannon, in Donegal, in 1828, of English descent, though his family had been settled in that place for some generations. He early displayed a taste for literature, and contributed to the *Athenæum*, *Household Words*, and other journals. In the first number of *Household Words*, his poem on "The Wayside Well" appeared, and in 1850 he published his first volume of poems. His "Second Day and Night Songs" was issued several years later, and in an enlarged form, with illustrations by Rossetti and Millais. In 1864 first appeared in book form "Laurence Bloomfield on Rich and Poor Ireland," a narrative poem of nearly 5,000 lines. In 1874 he became editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, and contributed to it many prose articles. Three years later he issued his "Songs, Poems, and Ballads," which contained revised versions of many former pieces then first collected, and in 1888, his "Irish Songs and Poems," with nine airs harmonized for voice and pianoforte. He also wrote and published two plays, *Ashby Manor* and *Evil May Day*. Mr. Allingham had a large circle of literary friends, among whom he was able to number the Poet Laureate and Mr. Carlyle. He married in 1874, Miss Ellen Patterson, the well-known water-colour artist. The remains of Mr. Allingham will be cremated at Woking.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *British Medical Journal* writes:—It may not be as widely known as it deserves to be that twenty grains of salicylic acid, given in liq. ammon. acet. three or four times a day, will so far control a common cold that the aching of the brow, eyelids, etc., and during movements of the eye, will cease in a few hours, while the sneezing and running from the nose will also abate, and will disappear in a few days, and, more fortunately still, the cold will pass off, and not finish up, as is customary, with a cough. It may be that it is only in persons tainted with rheumatism where we find a chill followed by such a train of troubles, and certain it is that different persons suffer in different ways after a chill. But for a very great number of people of fair health who are liable to take a common cold, it is highly desirable to avoid a cough, and the salicylic acid treatment places this in our power.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## CRICKET FOR THE BLIND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Standard* publishes an account of some cricket matches which has in it something of the pathetic, as well as curious. The matches are played by students of the College for the Blind at Worcester, who use a wicker ball with a bell in it, and are guided entirely by ear. Behind the stumps a wicket-keeper claps his hands, and the bowlers, guided by ear only, sometimes hit the wicket three times out of six. The batting is usually inferior, the ball being heard only when it touches the grouse; but one lad often makes seventy runs off his own bat. An experiment was tried of a match after dark between the blind cricketers and some friends who could see, and, of course, the latter were nowhere. One realises the perpetual darkness of the blind from that little incident in a most painful way; it is so unbroken, that new powers develop themselves in the remaining senses.

ALL day I could not work for woe,  
I could not work nor rest;  
The trouble drove me to and fro,  
Like a leaf on the storm's breast.

Night came, and saw my sorrow cease;  
Sleep to the chamber stole;  
Peace crept about my limbs, and peace  
Fell on my stormy soul.

And now I think of only this—  
How I again may woo  
The gentle Sleep, who promises  
That Death is gentle too.

—Amy Levy.

## THE GOOD GRAY POET.

AMONG the ever-widening circle of Walt Whitman's friends and advocates it was known a year or more ago that a notable French writer on English poetry, M. Gabriel Sarrazin, had published an essay on the Good Gray Poet, in which he gave some sympathetic and penetrating opinions upon "Leaves of Grass" and its author. A slip containing extracts from the essay was handed about, and it was evident even from the few paragraphs there printed, that the writer had read and understood deeply the purport of Whitman's message. Word was sent forth that the poet himself endorsed M. Sarrazin's exposition of his ideas, and a translation of the complete article was eagerly looked for.

M. Sarrazin's volume is entitled "La Renaissance de la Poésie Anglaise 1798-1889;" and the article on Walt Whitman is divided into four parts, under headings of "Pantheism," "The New World," "Leaves of Grass," and "Walt Whitman." An introductory chapter precedes the first of these and opens with a fearless statement of the author's faith in the American seer. "At the moment," he says, "when in Western Europe, the educated and literary classes are allowing themselves to become inoculated with the subtle poison of pessimism, at the moment when, in Russia, the Slav spirit gropes in the midst of Utopias and contradictions, and mingles tendencies toward conquest and supremacy with the idea of a mission at once humanitarian and mystical—at the self-same moment a triumphant voice cries out on the other side of the Atlantic. In this chant of a lasting and almost blinding luminary, no hesitations, no despairs; the present and the past, the universe and man, free from all concealment, confront with a serene superiority the bitter smile of the analyst. There is no need for us any longer to search for ourselves because we have found ourselves." Here follows a resumé of the topics to be treated of in the essay, and the first section entitled "Pantheism," opens thus:

"The poetry of Walt Whitman proclaims at the outset complete pantheism with no extenuation and with all its consequences. At first there was an outcry. Shelley had dreamed of sanctifying evil, of declaring it the necessary brother of good and its equal. But should one be permitted to say that evil encloses good as the seed encloses and makes burgeon the germ of the flower? As well place the pedestal of Satan next that of the Divine. What spirit, escaped from the nether regions, had committed that audacity? And worst of all, most incomprehensible of all, the heart of the miscreant whence sprung this blasphemy seemed to have wings, joyous, light, which palpitated in ecstasy.

Here is sufficiently clear insight, and for a foreigner a remarkable knowledge of our attitude toward Walt Whitman; but the next quotation exhibits a still more surprising stretch of liberality for one reared in a nation where religion is confounded with ceremony and ecclesiastical formula. M. Sarrazin has found the core of Whitman's philosophy, and in spite of conventions and barriers of birth, adopts his teachings with a wisely tempered enthusiasm.

"Neither in the dawn of civilization in the Orient, that region elect of mysticism, nor amongst the most exalted Catholics of Spain and Italy, has a spirit more profoundly lost itself in God than has Walt Whitman's. Because, for him nature and God are one; God is the universe, or to speak more exactly, the mystery at once visible and hidden in the universe." "And then in effect," he continues, "Whitman says: 'God being in all things and everywhere how can we help loving Him in all things and everywhere? . . . Jacob Boehme held evil to be the promoter of good—the good of strife and victory. But this position is always open to dispute, and Walt Whitman never disputes.'"—*The American*.

CHILD, my child, how sound you sleep!  
Though your mother's care is deep,  
You can lie with heart at rest,  
In the narrow, brass-bound chest;  
In the starless night and drear  
You can sleep, and never hear  
Billows breaking, and the cry  
Of the night-wind wandering by;  
In soft purple mantle sleeping  
With your little face on mine,  
Hearing not your mother weeping,  
And the breaking of the brine.

—Andrew Lang.

## ONE ASPECT OF A WEDDING.

It is impossible that such a scene as the marriage of the heir to the Greek throne with a Princess partly of German and partly of English blood should not bring many strange contrasts and coincidences before the minds of men. The very name and title of the bridegroom call up memories the most remote from the traditions of that Athenian greatness, without which, nevertheless, it is doubtful whether there would have been an independent Greece at all, and quite certain that Athens would never have become a Royal capital. Constantinos, Duke of Sparta, takes his name from the first Christian Emperor, the founder of the "New Rome," on the Byzantine waters, and his title from the severe aristocratic commonwealth which was the very antithesis to the Athenian genius. His bride represents two kindred peoples, separated by a wide gulf of national character from the lively and versatile Hellenic nature, but both profoundly influenced in their intellectual development by the priceless gifts which Greece—and, in this respect, Greece almost means Athens—has bequeathed to mankind. The marriage ceremony was, in some sense, typical of the union of those two great currents of thought, art, and policy, which have joined together to swell the mighty river of modern civilization. Certain incongruities there must be, where names and things hallowed by ancient recollections suddenly come across us in the bustle of everyday life. It is not without a sort of pang that we hear, among the honours rendered to the bridal pair and the illustrious guests at Athens, that "the Acropolis was illuminated," just as if it were the Crystal Palace or the Eiffel Tower! But how are such shocks to be avoided in a country where we are told, as a matter of course, that the King took the train to Eleusis, not to do honour to Demeter, but welcome the Royal family of Denmark? The pouring of new wine into old bottles is an inevitable incident of progress in a country with such an historic record as Greece. That Greece is progressive will not be denied, though it may be thought that she would do better to turn some of the attention she bestows on "advanced politics," both at home and abroad, to the improvement of her natural resources, which have not yet been brought up nearly to the level at which they stood before the waves of conquest and spoliation swept over her. All the civilized world is interested in the revival of Greece, as was once more proved by the gathering at the Duke of Sparta's marriage. The guests met, indeed, to discharge a pleasant family duty, but it may be doubted if some of them would have gone so far for such a purpose had the little kingdom been a mere Serbia or Montenegro instead of the land that was, long before the rest of Europe emerged out of the darkness of prehistoric times, the cradle of artistic power, intellectual effort, and political capacity.—*London Mail*.

## WARNING.

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CLARENCE COOK, MANAGING EDITOR.

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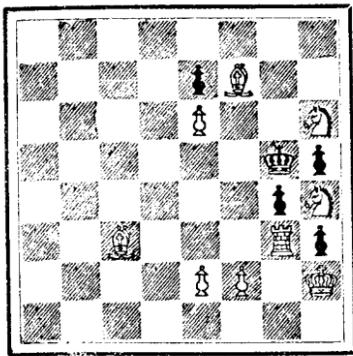
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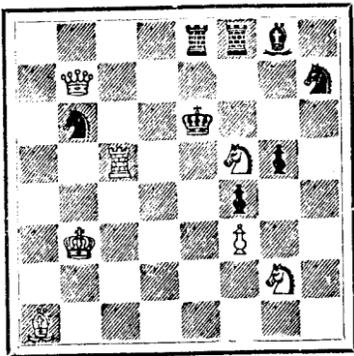
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 418.

By W. GLEAVE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 411.

- White. 1. B-B 8, 2. Q x K P +, 3. Q-R 4 mate. Black. K-B 3, K x Kt, B-K 4, Kt x Q. With other variations.

No. 412.

Q-R 3

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Table with 4 columns: Mr. Bird White, Mr. Miniati Black, Mr. Bird White, Mr. Miniati Black. Lists chess moves from 1 to 35.

NOTES.

- (a) A favourite move of Mr. Bird. (b) Perceiving Black's intention to Castle on the Queen's side. (c) We confess it is a daring venture. (d) All this is well intended, and very bold on the part of the young master, but the counter attack is hardly expected to succeed against the veteran. (e) B-Q 3 is the right move here. (f) A brilliant, and to all appearance, a sound conception. (g) Compulsory. (h) Equally compulsory. (i) Obviously White could win the Pawn with 26. R-Kt 6, but he would have to give more for it than necessary. (m) And now comes the brilliant termination.

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