

THE WEEK

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Eleventh Year.
Vol. XI, No 43.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1894.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 cents

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.
Paid-up Capital \$6,000,000
Reserve 1,300,000

Directors.
GEO. A. COX, Esq., President.
JOHN I. DAVIDSON, Esq., Vice-President.
W. B. Hamilton Esq., Robert Kilgour, Esq.
Jas. Crathern, Esq., M. Leggat, Esq.
John Hoskin, Esq., J. C. L.L.D.,
B. E. WALKER, General Manager.
J. H. PLUMMER, Assistant General Mgr.
ALEX. H. IRELAND, Inspector.
G. de C. OGRADY, Assistant Inspector.
New York.—Alex. Laird and Wm. Gray Agents.

Branches.
Alta Craig, MONTREAL: Thorold,
Ayr, Toronto, Toronto Junction
Barrie, Main Office, Walkerton,
Belleville, 157 St. James St., Walkerville,
Berlin, City Branches, Waterford,
Brantford, 19 Chabouille St.,
Burlington, 176 St. Lawrence,
Cayuga, Windsor,
Chatham, Orangeville,
Collingwood, Ottawa,
Dundas, Paris,
Dunlop, Parkhill,
Dunville, Head Office,
Galt, Peterboro',
Goderich, St. Catharines,
Guelph, Sarnia,
Hamilton, Swilt Ste. Marie,
London, Seaforth,
Simcoe, 298 College St.,
Stratford, 541 Queen W.,
Strathroy, 338 Parliament,
163 King St. E.

Commercial credits issued for use in Europe, the East and West Indies, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and South America. Sterling and American Exchange bought and sold. Travellers Letters of Credit issued for use in all parts of the world. Interest allowed on deposits. Collections made on the most favourable terms.

BANKERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
Great Britain. The Bank of Scotland.
India, China and Japan. The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China.
Germany.—The Deutsche Bank.
Paris. France. Credit Lyonnais; Lazard, Freres & Co.
Australia and New Zealand. Union Bank of Australia.
Brazil, Belgium. J. Mathien & Fils.
New York.—The American Exchange National Bank of New York.
San Francisco.—The Bank of British Columbia.
Chicago.—The American Exchange National Bank of Chicago.
British Columbia. The Bank of British Columbia.
Hamilton, Bermuda. The Bank of Bermuda.
Kingston, Jamaica. The Bank of Nova Scotia.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized \$2,000,000
Capital Paid up 1,954,525
Reserve 1,152,252

DIRECTORS.
H. S. HOWLAND, President.
T. R. MERRITT, Vice-President, St. Catharines.
William Ramsay, Robert Jaffray, Hugh Ryan, T. Sutherland Stayner, Hon. John Ferguson.
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.
D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.
B. JENNINGS, Assistant Cashier.
E. HAY, Inspector.

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO.
Essex, Niagara Falls, Welland, Fergus, Port Colborne, Sault Ste. Marie, Woodstock, Galt, St. Catharines, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Rat Portage.
Toronto (Cor. Wellington St. and Leader Lane)
Toronto (Cor. Yonge and Queen Sts.)
Toronto (Cor. Yonge and Bloor Sts.)

BRANCHES IN NORTH-WEST.
Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, Portage la Prairie, Prince Albert, Edmonton.
Drafts on New York and Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed. Prompt attention paid to collections.

BILLIARDS.

Billiard Tables—Highest standard Bowling Alloys and Outfits. English Tables 6 x 12, built on Exact English lines, a specialty for Residences and Clubs. Send for '94 Catalogue.
REID BROS. & CO.
102 and 109 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA.

Capital, - - - - - \$6,000,000
Reserve, - - - - - \$3,000,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
ANDREW ALLAN, Esq., President.
ROBT. ANDERSON, Esq., Vice-President.
H. MacKenzie, Esq., Sir Joseph Hickson, Jonathan Hodgson, Esq., R. Mont Allan, Esq., John Cassils, Esq., J. P. Dawes, Esq., T. H. Dunn, Esq.
GEORGE HAGUE, General Manager.
JOHN GAULT, Assistant General Manager.

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.
Belleville, Kingston, Quebec,
Berlin, London, Renfrew,
Brampton, Montreal, Sherbrooke, Q.
Chatham, Mitchell, Stratford,
Galt, Napanee, St. John's, Q.
Gananoque, Ottawa, St. Thomas,
Hamilton, Owen Sound, Toronto,
Ingersoll, Perth, Walkerton,
Kincaidine, Prescott, Windsor,
Preston.

BRANCHES IN MANITOBA.—Winnipeg, Brandon.

Agency in New York, - 52 William Street.
The position of this Bank as to the amount of Paid up Capital and Surplus is the second in the Dominion.
A general banking business is transacted. Interest is allowed at current rates upon deposits in the Savings Bank Department, where sums of one dollar and upwards are received.
Deposit receipts are also issued bearing interest at current rates.

TORONTO BRANCH, 13 WELLINGTON ST. W.
D. MILLER, Manager. E. F. HEBDEN, Assistant Manager

QUEBEC BANK,

ESTABLISHED - 1818.
HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC.

Rest, - - - - - \$550,000.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
R. H. SMITH, Esq., President.
WM. WITHALL, Esq., Vice-President.

Sir N. F. Bellean, K.C.M.G., J. R. Young, Esq., Geo. R. Renfrew, Esq., Samuel J. Shaw, Esq., J. T. Ross, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC.
JAMES STEVENSON, WM. R. DEAN,
General Manager, Inspector.

BRANCHES.

Montreal, Thomas McDougall, Manager;
Toronto, W. P. Sloane, Manager;
Ottawa, H. V. Noel, Manager
Three Rivers, T. C. Collin, Manager;
Penobscot, T. F. Cox, Manager;
Thorold, D. B. Cronbie, Manager.

Collections made in all parts of the country on favourable terms and promptly remitted for.

JAMES STEVENSON,
General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA.

HEAD OFFICE, - MONTREAL

Claims Paid over \$15,000. The Most Popular Company in Canada.

MEDLAND & JONES, - GEN. AGENTS MAIL BUILDING.

TELEPHONE OFFICE - - - - - 1067
" MR. MEDLAND - - - - - 3092
" MR. JONES - - - - - 1610
Agents in every city and town in the Dominion

ATLANTIC LINES

American Line,
Red Star Line,
Dominion Line,
N. Ger. Lloyd Lines,
Beaver Line,
Hamburg Am. Lines,
French Lines,
Atlantic Trans. Co.,
Wilson Line,
Netherlands Line,
Bordeaux Line,
Insular Nav. Co.,
Italian Lines.

All Mediterranean Lines,
All Trans-Pacific Lines,
All Southern Lines,
All Foreign and Local Lines,
Cook's Tours throughout the world.

Barlow Cumberland,
72 Yonge St., - Toronto

THE TRUSTS CORPORATION OF ONTARIO.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS,
CORNER KING AND JORDAN STREETS.
TORONTO, - ONT.

Capital, - - - - - \$800,000
President, - HON. J. C. ATKINS, P.C.
Vice Presidents, } SIR R. J. CARTWRIGHT,
HON. S. C. WOOD.
Manager - A. E. PLUMMER.

The Corporation is authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Guardian, Committee, &c. Moneys invested. Estates managed. Deposit Safes to rent. Parcels received for safe custody.

Solicitors bringing business to the Company, are employed in the management thereof.

LIGHTHALL & MACDONALD Barristers, - SOLICITORS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Chambers: No. 1, 3rd Flat City and District Savings' Bank Building,
108 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

TELEPHONE No. 382.
W.D. Lighthall, M.A., B.O.L.
De Lery Macdonald, LL.B.

J. F. RUTTAN, Port Arthur, Ont. REAL ESTATE AND FIRE INSURANCE

Money loaned at 8% on first mortgage security on Port Arthur and Port William property. Investments made for non-residents.

1893 - - - - - 1894
Telephone 3089.

G. W. COOLEY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Wine and Spirit Merchant,
567 Yonge St., TORONTO.

A. F. WEBSTER TICKET AGENT AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

N. E. corner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

SUN FOUNDED A.D. 1710

INSURANCE FIRE OFFICE.

HEAD OFFICE,
THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, ENG.
Transacts Fire Business only, and is the oldest purely fire office in the world. Surplus over capital and all liabilities exceeds \$7,000,000.

CANADIA BRANCH, 15 Wellington Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

H. M. BLACKBURN - - - - - Manager
Residence Telephone 3376.
HIGINBOTHAM & REED - - - - - Agents
Telephone 488.

BEAVER LINE PASSENGER STEAMERS

Sailing Weekly Between
MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL

From Liverpool.	Steamer.	From Montreal.
Sat., July 21.	Lake Winnipeg	Wed., Aug. 8
" 28.	Lake Huron	" 15
" Aug. 4.	Lake Ontario	" 22
" 11.	Lake Nepigon	" 29
" 18.	Lake Superior	" Sept. 2
" 25.	Lake Winnipeg	" 9
" Sept. 1.	Lake Huron	" 16
" 8.	Lake Ontario	" 23

Superior accommodation for all classes of Passengers at following Low Rates:

Rates of passage.—Cabin, \$40, \$50 and \$60 single; \$50, \$60 and \$110 return. Second Cabin, \$30 single and \$65 return. Steerage, \$24.

* \$40 single and \$80 return cabin rates by Lake Nepigon and Lake Winnipeg only.

Special rates to Clergymen and their families. Passages and berths can be secured on application to the Montreal Office or any local Agent. For further information, plans of cabins, &c., apply to H. E. MURRAY, Gen. Manager, Custom House Square, Montreal.

ORDERED SHOES. Fine Ordered Shoes. Boots for the lame a specialty. Fred Ivey, 170 Bay St.

THE LEADER IN WESTERN ONTARIO.

“London Advertiser”
Early Morning, and Evening Edition \$4.00 a year by mail.

“Western Advertiser”
Weekly Edition, 16 pages \$1.00 a year.

“Citizens & Home Guard”
Published every Saturday, 8 pages, \$1.00 a year.

For advertising rates, &c., address,
Advertiser Printing Co.,
London, Ont

MANITOBA.

THE FREE PRESS, Winnipeg, is the oldest newspaper in the Canadian Northwest and has a larger daily circulation than all the other Winnipeg daily papers combined.

THE DAILY FREE PRESS circulates in every town reached by rail between Lake Superior and the Mountains.

THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS has the largest circulation amongst the farmers of the Northwest of any paper.

ADVERTISERS can reach the people of Manitoba and the Territories most effectually by means of the **FREE PRESS**.

For rates apply to

The Manitoba Free Press Co.,

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

*Wedding
Invitations,
"At Home" and
Visiting Cards,*

ENGRAVED OR PRINTED.

* *Correct in Style,
and at Fair Prices.*

ORDERS PROMPTLY
FILLED.

Write for particulars to.....

"The Week"

*Printing Department,
5 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.*

My May of life has fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf; and that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends I must not look to have; but in their stead, curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not.—*Shakespeare.*

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Although it is 30 years since the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, it is somewhat notable that every one of the eight then young ladies who were bridesmaids is still living. These ladies are all married, with the exception of Lady Victoria Howard.

Toronto, 28th November, 1893.

Dear Sirs,—

It is with much satisfaction that I learn that you have decided to establish a branch office in Toronto, believing as I do, that the more widely your Acid Cure is made known, the greater will be the gratitude accorded to you for the relief experienced by many sufferers in Canada. We have used your acid for over eighteen years, and are now prepared to state that it is worthy of a place in every family. We have found it thoroughly safe and effective and have commended it to many—for which we have been thanked. We wish you success in your new quarters, as we feel sure your success will bring relief here as it has already done to large numbers in the old land and other countries. Much will depend on the patient and persevering use of the Acid as set forth in your little book.

ALEX. GILRAY, 91 Bellevue Avenue.

COUTTS & SONS.

A bell that was cast in Spain in 1708 and that has had an interesting history is in the possession of Dr. J. L. Wilson, of Terre Haute, Ind. During Bonaparte's invasion of Spain it was captured and carried to France. In 1834 it was presented to Joseph Piquet, heading a group of French emigrants who finally settled at St. Mary's, Jasper County, Illinois. Mr. Piquet presented it to the church at St. Mary's in 1852, and it was used in summoning the people to worship until it was cracked by an accident, and had to be removed. Recently it attracted the attention of Dr. Wilson, who found it laying neglected in the churchyard, and he purchased it. The bell weighs 227 pounds, and is made of copper, with a mixture of silver.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Tonic

For Brain-Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

is without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

NIAGARA FALLS LINE

STEAMER

Empress of India

Daily at 7.40 a.m. and 3.20 p.m., from city wharf, foot of Yonge street (west side), for

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester, New York

and all points east and south. This is the only steamer connecting with railway at Port Dalhousie. Family books for sale, 40 trips for \$8. Low rates to excursion parties.

Tickets at all G. T. R. and principal ticket offices, and at office on wharf.

The Great West.

If you desire to learn what is going on in British Columbia; what openings for business and investment; what opportunities to make a new home in that delightful Province, subscribe for the Vancouver "NEWS-ADVERTISER."—Daily, \$8; Weekly, \$2 per annum, free by mail.

If you want to secure new customers or to sell your goods in the West, advertise in the Vancouver "NEWS-ADVERTISER."

Toronto, 43 Charles street,
April 2nd, 1894.

Dear Sirs,—“I have much pleasure in stating that your 'Acetccura' remedy has been used for the past fifteen years by our family. We have derived so much benefit from its application that I can heartily testify to its beneficial qualities.

“I have recommended its use to many of my friends, who also speak very highly of it as a very effective and simple remedy.

“Yours truly, WM. PENDER.”

COUTTS & SONS.

**PRESENTATION
ADDRESSES**
DESIGNED & ENGROSSED
BY
A. H. HOWARD, R.C.A.
53 KING ST. EAST
TORONTO

FROM
TEN
DOLLARS
UPWARD

HEALTH FOR ALL!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

Manufactured only at **THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London.**
And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

L.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 1 or by letter.

THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1894.

No. 43.

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

TERMS:—One year, \$3; eight months, \$2; four months, \$1. Subscriptions payable in advance.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. stg.; half-year, 6s. stg. Remittances by P.O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—CARTER TROOP, *Manager*, 6 Jordan Street, Toronto.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, *Publisher*.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CURRENT TOPICS.....	1011
PROGRESS AND POVERTY.....	1013
CANADIAN LITERATURE (Chap. I. Concluded).....	1014
<i>Prof. L. E. Horning, M.A., Ph.D.</i>	1014
MONTREAL LETTER.....	101
<i>A. J. F.</i>	101
A SONG OF THE EMPIRE (Poem).....	1015
<i>Rev. Frederick George Scott, M.A.</i>	1015
REV. FINLAW ALEXANDER, M.D.....	1015
<i>Rev. Wm. F. Clarke</i>	1015
MORAL TRAINING THROUGH LITERATURE.....	1016
<i>J. A. McLellan, M.A., LL.D.</i>	1016
I'LL KNOW YOU THEN (Poem).....	1018
<i>Henry F. Godden</i>	1018
PARIS LETTER.....	1018
<i>Z.</i>	1018
THE OLD SHIPYARDS.....	1019
<i>Christina Ross Frame</i>	1019
GLIMPSES AT THINGS.....	1020
<i>F. Blake Crofton</i>	1020
THE BOY SOPRANO.....	1020
<i>Mary E. Fletcher</i>	1020
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Christianity and German Criticism.....	1021
<i>Rev. Herbert Symonds, M.A.</i>	1021
GENHART HAUPTMANN.....	1021
APOLLO! ORAMUS (Poem).....	1022
<i>John Stuart Thomson</i>	1022
ART NOTES.....	1023
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	1023
LIBRARY TABLE.....	1024
PERIODICALS.....	1024
LITERARY AND PERSONAL.....	1025
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	1025
PUBLIC OPINION.....	1028
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.....	1029
MISCELLANEOUS.....	1030
QUIPS AND CRANKS.....	1031

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

The announcement is made that one of the largest manufacturing establishments in Canada is about to remove a considerable part of its business across the line, in order to enable its proprietors to take advantage of the cheaper raw material now obtainable there. To this extent, at least, the new American tariff is proving successful. The lesson conveyed is a most important one. Whatever opinion one may have with regard to the question of protection or free trade in the abstract, it must be evident that, if Canada is ever to become, in any important degree, a manufacturing country, it must be made possible for her manufacturers to obtain their raw materials at least as cheaply as their next-door neighbours, else they never can hope to compete with those neighbours in foreign markets. And it is only

by producing for foreign markets that any great success in manufacturing can be had, for the home market is too small to admit of operations upon the scale of magnitude which modern conditions make necessary to success. We know of no evidence to show that our high taxes upon iron, in its various forms, are doing anything to promote the home production which was their primary object. In the absence of convincing evidence of that kind, it is inconceivable that the Dominion Government can continue the policy which is thus depriving the country of some of its most promising industries, for one moment after the opportunity comes to effect a change.

The papers contained, a few days since, an account of marvellous results wrought by an experiment in irrigation, made by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, on a portion of its garden, at Moose Jaw, in the North-West Territory. The picture drawn of the acre or two of irrigated land, teeming with vegetables of the most luxurious growth and finest quality, while all the surrounding farms were parched and unproductive, speaks more forcibly than columns of ordinary argument of the possibilities of that beautiful district under a system of irrigation, if such can be carried out at any expense within the limits of the practicable. Yet those who are familiar with the characteristics of the soil in that and similar sections of the North-West, and who have seen what it is capable of during the seasons of moderate rainfall, which are, it is to be feared, the exception rather than the rule, will not be amongst the incredulous readers. Should anyone be disposed to accept with reserve the results of a single experiment, abundant and indisputable facts of a similar character are now, we believe, happily available from the records of what has been effected in Colorado and other places in the American West, through the agency of simple watering processes. We have not yet seen reports of the proceedings of the Third National Irrigation Congress which recently met at Denver, but as our own North-West was, we believe, represented there, the facts brought out will, no doubt, soon be made known in the regions in which they will do the most good. Imagination almost fails to picture the results which may reasonably be expected to follow in the great prairie regions which now suffer from drought, if the preliminary difficulties can be overcome, and an efficient system of irrigation be brought into operation there.

At the time the last "copy" is required for this number of THE WEEK, the International Deep Waterways Convention has been organized and some preliminary business done, but it is too early to say anything of the results of the meeting. The attendance seems to be fairly representative of those sections of both countries which are naturally most interested in the question of cheap transport to the ocean ports. Without indulging in useless conjecture with reference to the issue of the deliberations, we may remark on the pleasing nature of the meeting, composed as it is of representative men of the two countries met to take counsel together in a liberal and friendly spirit for the promotion of their respective interests, which are in this case, happily, identical. Apart altogether from the primary object of the gathering, it may be said that the mere fact of the two countries amicably uniting their counsels and means for the carrying out of a great international commercial enterprise, should such a movement prove feasible, would be an edifying spectacle, and the carrying out of the project could not fail to have a powerful effect in doing away with those petty jealousies and animosities which it seems to delight some people in both countries to foster. Whether the interchange of views at this particular convention shall accomplish anything practical or not, the delegates may well feel that it is no small honor to be studying, as one of the American delegates intimated, to promote the welfare of a continent and of a race, by making it possible for coming generations to exchange their products, and have them reach the markets of the world by the cheapest of all ways, which is the water-way. The promoters of the movement are planning to give an inestimable boon to posterity. All must wish them great success.

Perhaps the most plausible argument urged by protectionists in favor of high tariffs is the familiar one that a lower tariff means increased importation, and that increased importation means less home production, consequently less employment and lower wages. This is dwelt on as if it were self-evident, by leading advocates of high or prohibitory tariffs, both in the United States and in Canada. That there is a fallacy somewhere in the argument is evident from such facts as the history of Great Britain under free trade. Had the theory held good in her case, the introduction of free trade should have been immediately followed by a falling off in employment and

the Mother Country should have been depopulated long before the present time, through the rush of laborers to protectionist countries. That the opposite has been the fact, to a marvellous extent, everyone knows. The fallacy probably lies in the assumption that those to whom employment would be given by the industry established through the operation of the protective tariff, were doing nothing before the passing of the tariff, and would have continued to do nothing had that tariff not been passed, which is manifestly absurd. The very fact that importation is increased when the tariff is lowered or abolished proves that in its absence some other industry, more natural to the country, flourishes and produces the articles, of whatever kind they may be, which are sent out of the country in exchange for the imported commodities. Otherwise the importation could not be kept up. Instead of there being less employment in the country in consequence of importation, it is evident that there must be more, to the extent, at least, of the increase of labor caused by the exchange of productions. This is, of course, a very elementary bit of political economy, but it seems necessary to keep repeating it.

In his recent speech at Bangor, Maine, Governor McKinley, the author of the tariff which bears his name, seems to have involved himself in a maze of contradictions, which did not, however, prevent his party from gaining an overwhelming victory. At one moment he dwelt bitterly upon the fact that, for the first time in many years, the revenue, under the Democratic rule, had fallen below the expenditure; at the next he made capital out of the Democratic doctrine that reduced taxation means increased importation, and, consequently, increase of revenue. He denounced the free trade tendencies of the new tariff and proceeded to show how small was the increase in the free list. He pointed out how far the Act falls short of fulfilling the pledges of the party and meeting the views of the President, and yet vehemently denounced the Democratic leaders for proposing to continue the struggle for the improvement of a bill with which, he shows, they have every reason to be dissatisfied. But, above all, he takes a most pessimistic view of the effects to be wrought by the new tariff. He has no hope of prosperity during its continuance. In singular contrast with this are the cheerful views of Mr. Chauncy M. Depew, another leading Republican and probably the most influential man in the ranks of the party. Mr. Depew confidently predicts that the "settlement" of the tariff question is "the beginning of a new era of prosperity." He predicts, moreover, that no great change will be made in the tariff for long years to come. In this case, as in so many others, it will very likely be found that the truth lies between the extremes. It is improb-

able that any sweeping changes in the tariff will be made, or even agitated for in the near future. But it is pretty certain that what are, from the revenue-tariff point of view, very serious blemishes in the present schedule, will be fought against and removed one by one, until the whole is made less inconsistent and more scientific.

The armies of the Chinese and Japanese, which have been so long facing each other in Corea, have at last, it seems, come to close quarters. A battle of some magnitude has been fought, and the Japanese have been victorious. This is only what was to be expected, seeing that, to say nothing of the probably superior fighting qualities of the Japanese, and their more modern ideas and methods, they have the advantage in Corea, in every respect, saving, perhaps, the preference the native Coreans seem to cherish for the Chinese. As a matter of fact, it appears to be pretty well established that the Japanese rulers have been preparing for this war for many years, with the result that they are now able to confront their enemy with overwhelming odds in their favour, in respect not only to numbers, but also to military preparations of every kind. Their facilities for landing troops in Corea, and their promptness in doing so, even before war had been formally declared and their knowledge of the topographical character of the country, gave them, with other advantages, a superiority in numbers which seems to have enabled them to outflank and almost surround the Chinese force. But to whatever cause the victory is due, the fact—for we suppose this must be accepted as a fact, however reports from Chinese sources may modify or minimize it—that so complete a victory has been gained, and that the Japanese are, in consequence, enabled to fortify themselves in the country which is the bone of contention, will almost certainly give the Japanese an immense advantage in the future, especially so far as the possession of that country is concerned. It will be very difficult for China now to pour sufficient troops into the country to dispossess the victors. If Japan's real object was only to establish her claims in Corea, she may now content herself with completing her victory there, and acting mainly on the defensive until her antagonist is ready to come to terms. But it is likely that she is actuated by a much larger ambition and that China may yet be compelled to fight on her own soil for the integrity of her own kingdom.

The United States have made a treaty with China in which the Chinese Government consents—perhaps because it was useless to do otherwise; perhaps because it is not itself anxious for the expatriation of millions of its own people—that no Chinese shall be permitted to enter United States territory for a term of years. Such a treaty, no less than the harsh legislation which preceded it, opens some large ques-

tions of right and wrong. The same questions underlie the legislation of our own Parliament, which imposes a tax of fifty dollars upon every native of China who enters the Dominion. Rev. Principal Grant protested warmly against the latter, the other day, as unchristian, and so unworthy of a Christian country or nation. From the latter point of view there is seemingly a glaring inconsistency in the conduct of the man who, as a Christian, subscribes to a fund for the purpose of sending missionaries to China, to carry to its people the blessings of the religion which is believed to underlie and support our so-called Christian civilization, and, at the same time, as a politician, votes for the enactment of a law whose clear purpose is to prevent the Chinese from entering our country where they may enjoy to the full the blessings of this religion and this civilization. So far as we can see, the only ground on which this exclusion, for the American and the Canadian legislation have the same end in view, could possibly be defended on Christian principles, would be that the harm that would result to the people of these countries from the free admission of the Chinese would be greater in kind or degree than any loss that can result to the Chinese from their arbitrary exclusion. The Christian doctrine of human brotherhood, and its law of love would quickly settle the question.

Taking for the moment a wider, or as many will deem it, a narrower view of the question, and regarding it from the point of view of what we call natural right or justice, what conclusion shall we reach? We are not at all sure that any such distinction as we here attempt to make, is ethically valid. But let us assume, as so many seem to do, that a people in their organized capacity as a nation are justified in pursuing a policy of selfishness, such as would be repugnant to every higher notion of morality in an individual, by legislating simply for the promotion of their own interests in utter disregard of the effect upon others. Does it follow that any and every people are justified in the exclusion of immigrants from other countries, if they are persuaded, rightly or wrongly, that such exclusion will promote their own well-being? The question is a living one, for the American Congress is now restricting foreign immigration from every land, and many of its influential citizens are openly advocating measures for the still more rigid exclusion of incomers from other parts of the American continent and from Europe as well as from Asia. To many the question will scarcely seem an open one. Is not all our tariff legislation, for instance, based upon this same selfish view? And do not we in Canada carry it to such an extreme that we refuse to consider the effects of our tariff even upon our brethren in the Mother Country, for whom we are never tired of protesting our affection? And yet the theory logically

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.

leads to some strange conclusions. If, for example, sixty-five millions of people in the United States may say in effect: "There are now as many of us here as can occupy this land with the greatest possible degree of comfort, hence we will admit no more," it is evident that they might have taken the same ground when they were only thirty or twenty, or even ten millions. The logical result is that this whole hemisphere might have been seized and occupied by a few millions of mistakenly selfish people, and the myriads of the Old World left to suffer and perish from the over-population of one half the globe, while denied access to the vast fertile lands lying unused in the other half? Would not the locked-out peoples have had a natural, God-given right to demand admission and to force it, if they could, to a share of the goodly land provided for man as man, and not for a few greedy pre-emptors who had the good fortune to be first on the ground? If this be so, where is the limit to such natural right to be drawn? How many first-comers would have a right to pre-empt the earth and exclude all new comers?

Let us come down for a moment to a more practical view of the question. Is there no way in which the admitted evils of Mongolian immigration can be prevented or minimized, save by the radical method of complete exclusion? Is the "Chinese town," with all its abominations, a necessary result of Chinese immigration? It is one thing to say that a Christian nation has no right to forbid the people with a different, and as they think, lower civilization to set foot on its soil, and another and quite different thing to say that it has no right to require those who come to dwell among them to conform to such sanitary and other regulations as are deemed necessary for the physical and moral health of those among whom they seek new homes. Would it not be possible and practicable for such legislation, national or civic, or both, to be made and enforced, as would compel the Chinese to conform to our ideas in regard to such matters? Why should we not, for instance, prescribe that not more than a certain number should occupy a given space in room, and house, and territory, and that other by-laws, necessary to the health and moral well-being of the communities should be strictly observed? Might not the labour problem be settled in a large measure by such legislation? Compelled to live in a style more nearly resembling that of white labourers, they could no longer afford to underbid them, as they are now able to do by reason of their cheaper habits of life.

A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty.—*Thackeray.*

In the discussion of the economic problems which occupy so large a place among the burning questions of the day, no statement is more common, or, we venture to say, more generally believed, especially by the masses who regard themselves as in some sense the victims of unjust industrial conditions, than that the tendency of those conditions is to widen the gulf between the rich and the poor. Few, perhaps, would go so far as to say with Henry George: "All the increased wealth which modern progress brings goes but to build up great fortunes, to increase luxury, and make sharper the contrast between the house of Have and the house of Want," but the general impression certainly is, unless we greatly mistake the prevailing sentiment, that the tendency of our industrial system is towards the concentration of great riches in the hands of a few and the decrease of the numbers and comparative influence of the moderately wealthy. Certainly there is much in what passes under the eye of the ordinary observer, at least in this country and in the United States, to favor this view.

On every hand we see the smaller industrial establishments swallowed up by the larger. Many of us can remember a time when every town and village had its small manufacturing of various kinds, content to supply the wants of the surrounding country, within a moderate radius. At that time, too, the business of distribution was shared by many comparatively small establishments, each with its own circle of patrons, and each as a rule doing a business too small to foster expectations of great wealth, but large enough to insure a moderate competence for the frugal and skilful merchant. Now, and for some time past, on the other hand, we have been accustomed to see and hear of the absorption of several small establishments into one larger one, the removal of this to some large town or city, and the ultimate consolidation of the bulk of almost all the manufacturing in a particular line into one or more great combines, whose proprietors, by means of the superior facilities afforded by command of large capital, were enabled to crush out all competition on a small scale. So, too, one now finds in every large city great commercial emporiums, supplying to their crowds of customers goods of almost every conceivable description to meet the wants of the individual and the household, and but a little enquiry is needed to find that these vast depots of supply are built upon the ruin of many smaller businesses, whose former proprietors have been forced to give up the unequal contest and in many cases are glad to enter the service of the victors.

We are not now expressing an opinion upon the social or moral bearing of these great movements for the concentration of industries and of capital in fewer hands. It cannot be denied that the advantages re-

sulting from minute subdivision of labour, and saving of expense, are very great. We merely mention these facts of observation as samples of many indications which have given rise to the impression of which we speak. And many of us have been accustomed to believe that the dark dens and tenement houses in great cities, the abomination of the "sweating system," and what we have believed to be the increasing multitudes of the unemployed owing to the growing fierceness of competition for situations, by which the older and feebler are crowded to the wall, with all the untold privations and miseries which are the result in many once comfortable homes, were undoubted facts pointing in the same direction.

Those who have thus been accustomed to accept the impression that the rich are becoming richer and the poor poorer, as an admitted and incontrovertible fact, will be prepared to read with a good deal of surprise and perhaps with some incredulity, an article which Mr. W. H. Mallock, the well-known English thinker and essayist, contributes to the current number of the *North American Review*, under the title, "The Significance of Modern Poverty." Mr. Mallock sets out with a direct denial that the facts are in accord with the general belief as above stated. With regard to America he does not claim to be qualified to speak with sufficiently precise knowledge, but as to the chief countries of Europe, and England in particular, he maintains that it may be said with the utmost confidence, "a confidence derived from the most authoritative and various information," that the belief to which we have referred and which he justly describes as holding a foremost place in the teachings of all socialists, "is altogether wrong; that it is not only not the truth, but an absolute inversion of the truth."

"In England," he says, "the average fortunes of the rich are distinctly, even if not greatly decreasing; persons with moderate fortunes of from £150 to £1,000 a year, are increasing faster than any other class; whilst, so far as concerns the increase of the individual income, the average increase has been among the labouring and wage-earning masses. Mr. Giffen, for instance, the Statistical Secretary to the Board of Trade, to whom English socialists, whenever it may suit their purpose, are accustomed to appeal as the greatest living authority, has declared that so far as 'the individual income' is concerned, 'it would not be far short of the mark to say that the whole of the great material improvement of the past fifty years has gone to the masses.' And whatever test we apply, the same conclusion is forced on us. The masses not only receive as a whole larger incomes, but their incomes procure them more comforts and luxuries; they inhabit better houses, wear better clothes; they consume per head an increasing quantity of bread, meat, butter, tea, sugar, and tobacco; and, as the last census shows, the number of persons, such as clowns, jugglers, singers, and the humbler class of actors, who minister exclusively to the amusement of the poorer classes, has

increased during the last ten years by as much as eighty per cent. . . So far as it is possible to arrive at any conclusion, the number of manufacturing firms and retail shops in London has during the past ten years kept pace with the increase of the population, or has even grown somewhat faster; while the number of separate textile factories, instead of diminishing, as Karl Max predicted, increased from 6,307 in 1870 to 7,465 in 1885."

Without going further into details, Mr. Mallock contents himself with observing that the whole Socialistic view of the existing situation is wrong—"certainly so far as regards Europe, pre-eminently so far as regards England"; and he believes himself right in adding, "with regard to America, also." At any rate, he unhesitatingly maintains that so far as the modern system of industrialism, which is practically the same in England and in America, is concerned, "the natural tendency of that system, as is shown by England, which is its most complete example, instead of being, as the Socialists"—may we not add, "and many who are not Socialists?"—"say, to make the rich ever richer, the poor ever poorer, and to crush out the middle classes, has been for the past fifty or sixty years, and is at the present moment, to make the rich more numerous indeed, but slightly poorer; to multiply the middle class far faster than the rich, and to lift the masses of the people farther and farther above poverty."

If all this be so, how are we to account for the wide acceptance of the opposite belief, a belief which Mr. Mallock admits is very far from being held by Socialists and revolutionists only? This strange fact Mr. Mallock proceeds to account for. While he is constrained to grant that there are a large number of facts which make the view he is combating "eminently plausible" he proceeds to give his explanation of the cause of the mistake. This explanation, which he puts forth with characteristic confidence, may be summed up in a sentence. The mistake is due to the failure of those who make it, to proceed to their conclusions by the only logical method, that of percentages. When a village of five hundred inhabitants grows, in a comparatively short period, into a city of fifty thousand, "*economic impressionists*," finding a pauper class of one thousand in the city, and forgetting that the twenty-five paupers of the original village constituted really a much larger percentage of the whole population, hastily conclude that poverty is on the increase to an enormous extent. They fail to perceive that in order to determine whether pauperism has increased, it is not the absolute but the relative amount we must consider. This is the sum and substance of the explanation. The least that can be said of it is that it is by no means complimentary to the arithmetical acumen, or even to the rough common sense, of those who can suffer themselves to be misled by a fallacy so transparent that a clever child of ten would not allow himself to be taken in by it.

It is to be earnestly hoped that Mr. Mallock's facts and statistics are much more reliable than his explanation is convincing. The question is one of intense, of vital interest. It is well that so able a controversialist has entered the field in defence of the present industrial system. It is in the highest degree desirable that others who have time and ability may proceed with the investigation on the basis of fact. If it can be clearly proved that the tendency of the present industrial system is, as he claims, distinctly favourable for the masses, every sensible philanthropist will see the necessity of seeking not to change, but to improve it, whereas the establishment of the opposite opinion would be an equally conclusive reason for hastening to replace it with a better.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I. (Concluded.)

The student of Canadian literature has the same trouble in tracing the beginnings of his subject which those experience who try to trace genealogies in this country. Records are so imperfect that little is left but names, which are themselves often little more than traditional. The early Canadian settlers were too busy and had too little idea that anything they were doing, saying or writing was of importance to take pains enough to keep from perishing what everyone now knows would have been almost invaluable to any one attempting to chronicle the history of the country or of its literature.

In the course of my reading for these sketches I have come across several names in each of the Provinces of persons said to be gifted in poetry or imaginative prose, but little is to be found beyond the names.

Among those prominent in the earlier literature of Canada but few are from Ontario. Those I have found are: J. G. Ward, sometime editor of the *Cobourg Reformer*, who published his didactic poem, "*The Spring of Life*," in Montreal, 1834; Dan. Haydn Mayne, whose "*Poems and Fragments*" were published in Toronto in 1830, and Dr. Robert Douglas Hamilton, a very frequent contributor to Canadian magazines and newspapers under the pseudonym "*Guy Pollock*." The latter is said to have left a good deal of valuable manuscript to be published by a friend.

As is naturally to be expected, the Province of Quebec at this time was richer in writers. A most prolific author was Mrs. H. Bayley, who contributed many sketches to the *Museum* in 1832-34. Others are Levi Adams, who wrote in the *Canadian Magazine*; Rev. Geo. Bourne, whose work, "*The Picture of Quebec*," was published in 1729, 2nd ed. 1831. His "*Lorette*" came out in London. Wm. Fitz-Hawley published two volumes of poetry in 1829 and 1831; Adam Kidd is said to have shown good powers of versification, but died too young to do mature work. Mrs. M. E. Sawtell was a contributor to the *Literary Garland* and published a volume of religious poetry in 1840. John Williamson's work was received very favourably, and the name of J. H. Willis closes our list.

New Brunswick contributed very little to our early literature. G. E. Fenety, a

journalist, wrote "*The Lady and the Dress-maker*," which appeared in St. John, and Jas. Hogg published "*Poems*" at St. John, 1825, and a second volume of "*Religious, Moral and Sentimental Poems*," at Fredericton.

To Nova Scotia belong the great Haliburton, whose life and works have already been sketched, and, curious to relate, Oliver Goldsmith, who published "*The Rising Village*" in London, 1825. A second edition is said to have appeared in St. John, 1834. Bishop Inglis, of Nova Scotia, wrote a favourable introduction and the *Canadian Review and Magazine* gave a very flattering review of the poem, going so far as to find evidence of the relationship claimed with the greater Oliver in the similarity of treatment with that of the "*Deserted Village*," in the same easy flow of the verse and in the other characteristics.

Outside of Canada the one event which seemed to call forth the efforts of loyal poets was the conquest of Quebec. This was told in poetry by two Oxford men, Howard in 1768 and Hazard in 1769, as well as by Geo. Cockings in 1766 and Henry Murphy in 1790. One American author, Henry Finn, told the story of Montgomery (Boston, 1821). I have already mentioned the "*History of Emily Montague*," by Mrs. Frances Brooke, with its scenes in and around Quebec and Montreal. Peter Parley (G. S. Goodrich) also wrote "*Tales about Canada*" and a Thos. Cowdell is said to have published "*A Poetical Account of the American Campaigns of 1812-1815* (Halifax, 1815).

From the foregoing it will be seen that the principal names in our first chapter of Canadian literature are those of Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick) and Major John Richardson. The latter very bitterly complained that he might as well have published in Kamtchatka as in Canada, so little interest was taken in Canadian literature; and if Prof. Goldwin Smith's answer to the query, "What is the matter with Canadian Literature?" is correct, the same complaint might possibly be made even to-day. But we can afford to be optimistic rather than pessimistic, for unless all signs fail the outlook is improving.

L. E. HORNING.

MONTREAL LETTER.

The past week was unmarked by any great event. Nearly everybody has got back from the seaside and other summer resorts and once more the shutters are thrown open, the cobwebs swept away and lights burn cheerfully in the houses that have been so long closed up. The Horticultural show in the Victoria Rink was a success in every respect. The illumination of Bleury Street, by the residents thereon, created a mild sensation; the iceman commenced collecting his bills and the eclipse came off at the appointed time.

The French man-of-war, *Nielly*, spent the greater part of last week in this port and was officially entertained by the city. There was the usual drive through the city and around the mountain and the usual luncheon afterwards. Commander Deschamps said it was a pleasure to find himself amongst a French-speaking population. It was like being in France, but in a France of a special character, where everyone was free under a liberal government. The *Nielly* is one of the squadron charged with the protection of the French fisheries of

Newfoundland and Iceland. She is a cruiser of the third class and is built of wood and iron. She took an active part in the late war with China and in the blockade of Formosa. She has a crew of two hundred and eighty-two men, all Bretons and fishermen.

The sensation of the week in business circles was the seizure by the customs of \$30,000 worth of jute for the reason, the authorities allege, that it was in a different condition from that represented by the consignees and subject to the payment of duty. Under the tariff jute in the condition in which it comes from the loom and not being pressed, mangled, calendered or otherwise finished, is admitted free. It is claimed that the material seized has undergone a process which makes it amenable to duty. The consignees maintain that it is raw material within the meaning of the act and that it is of the same quality and finish as that which has been brought into the country on the free list for the past twelve years. The matter is in the hands of the customs authorities at Ottawa and their decision is awaited with interest by the mercantile community. The total amount involved is really over \$100,000 as the period of forfeiture covers the three years previous to the seizure.

Judge Dugas found occasion to say something about second-hand shops the other day. They are depositories for stolen goods. Some people think them good places. He does not, and he thinks this class of trade should be confined to one block of buildings, so that a policeman might be placed at each corner to arrest thieves who came to dispose of stolen goods. There are from five to ten complaints every day about the way this class of business is carried on. Of course all second-hand dealers are not alike: some are good and some are bad. Some expose the goods so that they may be seen, but many conceal the property and deny possession when recovery is sought by the detectives. Of late the second-hand stores have increased alarmingly and stolen property is invariably found in them. A speedy means should be devised to protect the public from this growing evil. There is no doubt that if the market for second-hand goods were closer watched there would be fewer burglaries.

The prisoner had been convicted of outrage upon a child and he was brought up before Judge Wurtele for sentence. Under the new Thompson Code his crime was, in the discretion of the judge, punishable by the scaffold. When the prisoner was put in the dock he saw, and the court officials and spectators saw, that Judge Wurtele had assumed the black cap which denotes a death sentence. The prisoner stood aghast, and that awful stillness which precedes the passing of a death sentence upon a criminal filled the court room. Would the judge impose the extreme penalty of the law? He removed the black cap, and the spell of painful emotion was broken. No; he was reluctant to impose the death penalty, and would substitute a sentence of ten years in the penitentiary instead. It was a strange and unusual scene, but it is to be hoped it will prove an effectual warning to the perpetrators of such crimes. It is not many years ago that Judge Rose, in a similar case at Ottawa, regretted that it was not within his power to pass the death sentence.

The investigation into the condition of the police force is creating a great deal of interest in this city. The public are hardly

satisfied with the way in which it is being conducted. In the first place, there is a decided objection to the enquiry committee being composed entirely of aldermen, some of whom are altogether too familiar with the police department. There was a strong feeling that the Government should appoint the commission and that some of the leading citizens outside of the council should be appointed on said commission. But the city attorney held that outsiders could not legally be appointed on the commission of enquiry and that the Government in the first place had not the power to appoint a commission to enquire into Montreal civic matters. The law says that the matter under consideration must be "of public interest," that is a matter in which Parliament is concerned. Has the Government any control of the police of Montreal? The attorney holds not. Then there is a section in the charter that the council or its committees may institute enquiries into the truth of representations made to the council respecting matters within its jurisdiction. Is it also maintained that any committee composed of others except aldermen would not have the power to hear witnesses, and that even a royal commission would be going beyond the law, which specially insists that aldermen are to try such cases. This was a disappointment to the better class of citizens who have not much confidence in the majority of the members of the council. Some of the aldermen who wish to shield the police are doing all they can to retard the investigation, and it is a question whether the object the citizens desire will be achieved.

A. J. F.

A SONG OF THE EMPIRE.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And bear the Briton's name,
For side by side our sires have died
In battle's smoke and flame.
They fought for England's glory,
And with her flag unfurled,
Their hearts and hands have made our lands
The girdle of the world.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And speak the British tongue,
Which loud and clear, like English cheer,
From honest hearts has sprung;
And over ocean's thunders,
Which roll since time began,
Our deathless speech the world will teach
The brotherhood of man.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And read how fierce and bold,
In battles long, to right the wrong,
Our fathers fought of old;
They broke the power of tyrants,
They set the poor slave free,
And badly fared the foe that dared
Oppose their liberty.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And, crowned with glories past,
With main and might, to champion right
And weld the Empire fast;
In vain the tempest thunders,
In vain the dark seas part,
The world's great flood of English blood
Beats with a single heart.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.
Drummondville, Que.

Beware of fire, of water, of savage dogs,
and of the man who speaks under his
breath.

In olden times few could write and
nearly everyone made his mark. Nowadays
all can write, and few make their marks.

REV. FINLOW ALEXANDER, M.D.

The case of the above-named gentleman, who has recently renounced Protestantism and joined the Church of Rome, is naturally exciting considerable interest, especially in those circles in which he is well known and highly respected. His reasons for the step he has taken have been set forth in a most frank and affectionate letter to his late parishioners in Fredericton, New Brunswick, which will well repay perusal as a study in human nature, setting forth the struggles of an honest and conscientious mind searching for some infallible source of truth. Mr. Alexander was curate of St. George's Church, Guelph, some eighteen years ago, since which time he has been assistant minister at the Cathedral of Fredericton, with the title of Sub-Dean. In Guelph he was much esteemed as an earnest, hard-working clergyman, especially attentive and kind to the poor. He has been known to doff his coat and cut wood for some poor woman, and was most assiduous in his care for the sick. Ven. Archdeacon Dixon says of him in the last number of *St. George's Parochial Magazine*:—"He was much esteemed here as a good, kindly and sympathetic man, and also in Fredericton, but was never regarded of any weight as a theologian." His mind had a twist Romewards during his curateship in Guelph, and his secession, while viewed with regret is no matter of surprise to those who knew him best. He might even then have adopted the motto, "*Latium tendimus*," and his course since may be described in the lines, slightly accommodated:—

"I nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer Rome."

The main reason given for the severance of his connection with Protestantism is that he did not find in the Anglican Church any tribunal to which clashing opinions could be referred and authoritatively settled. This is a virtual denial of the fundamental principle of Protestantism as stated by the immortal Chillingworth:—"The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants." The noble utterance just quoted fully harmonizes with the Scripture direction:—"To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to that word it is because there is no light in them." The word of God does not direct us to any human tribunal, but it contains a promise of Divine direction:—"When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come He will guide you into all truth." Then there is the command:—"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." It is a mistaken idea that any human authority can make a thing true by declaring it to be so. Mr. Alexander speaks disparagingly of the right and duty of private judgment calling it "the basis of mere private judgment," forgetting apparently that in its exercise there has come to be a *consensus* of opinion in regard to the vital truths of Christianity, which he himself admits to be "common to the Anglican Communion and the Roman Catholic Church alike;" he might have added, along with all Protestant denominations. He bemoans the "fierce controversies" and endless divisions of Christendom, and "the absence in the Anglican Communion of any tribunal whose decisions would be accepted by the whole body," and rejoices that "by the mercy of God" he has, "after long and weary searching," found in that "one Christian body which, claiming to teach upon authority, exercises the authority she claims," the tribunal he had been seeking.

That he should thus exclaim "Eureka" argues a strange oversight of the facts of history which show that almost all the diversities of Christian doctrine are held within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. The difference between it and Protestants does not lie in all Roman Catholics believing alike, but in their agreement to maintain visible and nominal unity in spite of their numerous diversities of personal opinion. The acceptance of papal infallibility is the bond of union with Roman Catholics, and it is to the disgrace of Protestants that they do not find a truer and better bond of union in those great truths which are common to all denominations of Christians, including, as Mr. Alexander says, "both the Anglican Communion and the Roman Catholic Church."

It is a curious and difficult problem in mental philosophy how it is that many minds feel the want of some central authority in human matters of religious thought. The explanation of this problem does not lie in weakness of intellect or deficiency of theological knowledge. It may or may not be true that Mr. Alexander is, as Arch. Dixon intimates, "not of any weight as a theologian," for even such a man as Cardinal Newman, who was possessed of a fine intellect and great scholarship, felt this need. The *Apologia pro vita sua* shows that despite his great mental powers and vast theological erudition, Newman was never satisfied until he found rest in the bosom of the Church of Rome.

It would seem that some minds like certain vegetable growths are of a leaning, dependent make. Like the ivy, they have tendrils that are ever seeking some stronger object to cling to. The number of those who have this peculiar mental characteristic is far larger than we are apt to think. There are multitudes in Protestant denominations who do not exercise their own private judgment. They pin their faith to their minister, their creed and their church. Their faith stands in the wisdom of men rather than in the power of God. A great book might be written on "The Popery of Protestantism." There is any number of little popes in the Christian world, and it is lamentable to see how many minds cling to creeds that are hoary with age, and by the admission of their own adherents, in need of revision. Every attempt to frame for the church an authoritative standard of opinion is a tacit assumption of the fundamental dogma of papacy. If we must have an authoritative expounder of the word of God, let us have a living one, so as not to preclude the hope of improvement. "A living dog is better than a dead lion." It is better to have a living than a dead pope; better still to have no pope at all. The present occupant of the Vatican is a vast improvement on all his predecessors, especially in permitting and enjoining the study of the Scriptures. Great things may be hoped for from this change of front. Did not Luther become the greatest reformer of his age, as the result of studying a chained Bible in the monastery of Erfurt? Surely many minds in the Roman Catholic Church will find their way into the light of God, now that the Pope himself has unchained the Bible.

It is marvellous to read what Mr. Alexander says in praise of the church to which he has gone. "The Church with its visible head, a centre of unity to which all questions and disputes in faith and morals may be referred, and of whose decisions there has been, in all ages, no reversal; a

church, therefore, in which pride of opinion cannot long find place; a church, moreover, which has a fixed and certain faith, unfolded through the ages from the first council to the last; to hear which church, as being the living body of Christ, is to hear Christ himself; to refuse which, through wilful and careless ignorance, is to risk the danger of refusing him that speaketh; a church which is emphatically that of the saints, and which, though in many ages and lands the church of the rich and learned, is emphatically also the church of the poor." With all respect for the writer of these overwrought sentences, it does seem as though he must have been labouring under a strange mental hallucination when he penned such a tissue of extravagant eulogies. It would take pages of criticism to answer these assertions.

Suffice it to say that some of them are historically untrue, and that others have no support in Bible teaching, notably, the alleged command to "hear the Church," which was given by our Lord only in reference to a case of trespass on the part of one member against another. "The pride of self-opinion" is as rife in the Church of Rome as anywhere else in Christendom. Nor is declination to accept papal authority always the fruit of "wilful or careless ignorance." It is generally the result of that intelligent acquaintance with the Scriptures which St. Paul commended in the case of the Bereans, who were "more noble than those of Thessalonica in that they searched the Scriptures daily to see whether these things were so or not." The Roman Catholic Church is not more truly the church alike of the rich and the learned, and also of the poor and uninformed than is the Church of England; and as for saintship, there are certainly some queer names on the Romish Calendar, while it must be admitted that all the great leading Protestant denominations can show a roll of saints giving a percentage to the thousand of their membership fully equal to that of the Church of Rome.

The letter closes with a most pathetic paragraph. He says:—"My doubts are now at an end. Temporarily the step I have taken has ruined me. The loss to me is that of home, friends, means of livelihood, cherished associations; of most things which make life dear; the gain inexpressibly blessed to me, has been wholly spiritual." No doubt the Master he is trying blindly to serve will accept the pure intention and approve the motive of His servant; but surely He is asking "Who hath required this at your hands?" The great sacrifices Mr. Alexander has made were no more demanded of him by God than were those of ancient worshippers who gave their first-born for their transgression, the fruit of their body for the sin of their soul. He could have been just as devoted, self-sacrificing, earnest and laborious had he stayed in the Church of England, where, as he tells his late parishioners, he had rarely passed in his preaching the ground of Christianity common to the Anglican Communion and the Roman Catholic Church alike. That is the teaching which meets the real wants of humanity. He could preach Christ to his heart's content, and it is of Him who bids the weary and heavy laden come to Him for rest, that people need to hear from the sacred desk. It is not by taking part in "fierce controversies perpetually raging around holy doctrines and especially the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist," that mankind are to be saved from their sins and sorrows. Alas! "what shadows we are, and

what shadows we pursue"! One is reminded of Cowper's lines on Truth:—
"Man on the dubious waves of error tossed,
His ship half foundered and his compass lost,
Sees, far as human vision can command,
A sleeping fog and fancies it dry land."

O how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No cumbering ornaments to clog the pile,
It stands like the cerulian arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity,
Legible only by the light they give,
Shine the soul-quickening words,
BELIEVE AND LIVE."

WM. F. CLARKE.

MORAL TRAINING THROUGH LITERATURE.*

I come now to consider how the teacher may make the moral element in literature effective in the training of character. Of the many points that might be considered I shall name but four: The Spirit of the Teacher, the idea of Unity in Literature, the Spiritual Interpretation of Poetic Literature, and Oral Reading (reading aloud), as a means for the Interpretation of Literature. The last two of these, though of supreme importance, will have to pass with an illustration and a bare outline.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TEACHER.

"As is the teacher, so is the school," a maxim trite but forever true and forever worthy of attention. As is the teacher's interest in a given subject, so is the interest of his pupil, and so, too, the strictly ethical effect of his teaching. This is true of all branches of instruction, but pre-eminently of literature. One of the saddest sights on earth—would that it were not so common—is a half-dead teacher operating upon a half-dead class, the product of his own handicraft; as, on the other hand, one of the most beautiful is the inspiring teacher before a class made sharers of his own spirit, and all aglow with a certain newness of life and sense of growing power. I have seen the mechanic grund-grinder, or the mere numerical babbage-machine, monotonously labouring at a creaking crank, and turning out mechanisms in the image of himself. I have seen, too, the artist-teacher, happy union of cultured brain and loving heart, working upon even the inert product of the sorry tradesman with results typified in the dream-vision of the Hebrew prophet. What a marvellous change! There is a shaking of dry bones, a movement of flesh and sinews and covering skin, and a soul created under the ribs of death.

IT IS ESSENTIAL IN LITERATURE.

In literature, beyond all other subjects, is this artist-spirit of the teacher a prime necessity. In grammar, arithmetic and the like, the dry-as-dust teacher may be aided by certain external stimuli—reports, examinations, inspectorial visits. But whatever worth these things may have as a stimulus to interest and as a test of results, they are utterly worthless as a means or measure of the best effects in literature—the ethical and the spiritual. These are subtle, impalpable, divine—the work of heart upon heart, of soul upon soul, with spiritual materials to which great and strong souls have given birth. They are as imperish-

* From an address on The Ethical Aim in Teaching Literature, delivered by J. A. McLellan, M.A., LL.D., before the National Educational Association of America, at Asbury Park, 10th July, 1894.

able as the immaterial principle which they have informed and transformed, and are, therefore, infinitely beyond the crude criterion of examinations and percentages.

Therefore, of the teacher of literature we ask not only what is his knowledge, his training, his experience, but, above all, what manner of spirit is he of? Love of literature and a clear consciousness of the profound ethical effects of his teaching are absolutely indispensable. His own imagination must be touched with the beauty, his own heart thrilled with the pathos, and his own intellect master of the truth and harmony of it, or his teaching will be but as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. The mechanic teacher of arithmetic is a spectacle for gods and men; but how shall we characterize the mechanic teacher of literature? The intellectual numbness produced by the one is a thing to be dreaded, but the moral paralysis wrought by the other is the crime of crimes. "It is a curse," says Byron, speaking of the poetry of Horace, "to comprehend, not feel his lyric flow, to understand yet never love his verse." Equally strong language may be used of the teacher who fails to make the truth, beauty, sublimity and harmony in literature produce their adequate effect upon intellect and heart. For the bread of life he is administering to hungry souls the veriest stones; instead of quickening and nourishing the divine spiritual instinct which in its development constitutes so large a part of the wealth and strength of man, he is, lesson by lesson, reducing it to an ultimate state of atrophy from which there is no recovery. Not long ago I saw a lesson upon "The Crossing of the Bar," given to a class of young men and women, by a teacher who had some ability but no depth of nature. There had evidently been much preparation, but the lesson utterly failed of its purpose. The shallow nature of the teacher could put no heart into it. There was much fluent "preparation" and "presentation," and "comparison" and all the rest of it; questions and expositions upon tides and rivers and formation of bars; on sunset and twilight and vesper bell; but the beauty and pathos of the poem, the living soul of it, these touched no chord in the teacher's heart, and left no vision of something beyond which eye hath not seen nor ear heard.

Now when the heart is touched with the spirit of the theme, with its faith and hope and love—what a weariness to the soul are expositions upon rivers and tides and bars and twilight and bell—and all the symbols which the sentiment alone breathes life into. We see for a moment, indeed, the outward and visible form, the signs of storm and darkness and ship-wrecking sea; but this glimpse of the concrete form passes at once into the higher vision which fills the soul—the vision of faith and hope and victory thro' immortal love.

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourn of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to meet my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

THE IDEA OF UNITY IN LITERATURE is a necessary factor in rational method. In every piece of composition worthy to be called literature there is an orderly movement of ideas towards a definite end. In high class literature, the product of a strong and cultured mind working under a clear and ever-present conception of its purpose, this movement of ideas seems to be spontaneous—a self-movement of constantly increasing clearness, beauty and force. In prose composition the dominant unifying energy is intellect stimulated by a glow of emotion; in poetry the dominant unifying energy is emotion controlled by the intellect. Now, if a piece of literature is worthy of serious study for its thought or for its expression or for the training of æsthetic and moral power, this idea of unity suggests at once an essential feature of the method to be followed. The genesis of thought, feeling and expression in the student's mind will follow the genesis of thought, feeling and expression in the author's mind. In the thought-process of the author's mind his purpose and the central conception of his theme gave unity to the composition; they should, therefore, be the unifying force in the learner's process of acquisition. Just as the author proceeds from the *Whole* through related groups of thoughts to the primary unity and returns through all the related parts, finally welding them into a more perfect whole, so the student begins and ends with the whole; passes from part to part with increasing unifying power until at last he clearly sees the Many organically constituting the One, and the One organically comprehending the Many. There is no time to illustrate the application of this principle in teaching. It is enough to say that without its proper application the teaching of literature is apt to degenerate into a mere memory-loading process; that with its proper application the fundamental activities of mind are trained, and literature makes a real contribution to the intellectual factor of the will. A single oration of Demosthenes or Cicero, of Burke or Webster, thus thoroughly handled, is worth whole volumes acquired by the memory-packing process. For as Ruskin says: "You might read all the volumes in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly illiterate and uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the mere intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy."

POETRY AND THE EMOTIONAL FACTOR OF THE WILL.

Since the æsthetic and the emotional are predominant in poetry, it affords the best means for the cultivation of the emotional side of the will. Whether poetry is regarded as the profound and beautiful application of ideas to life, or the sane and noble expression of the best and happiest minds, or the proximately perfect expression of a proximately perfect human soul; whether it is memory in imagination giving rise to poetic narration, or perception in imagination giving rise to poetic description; or intellect and imagination exemplifying truth and beauty in some

concrete form, we have always the two co-ordinate factors, greatness and nobility of thought and sentiment, and congruent greatness and nobility of expression. Hence, while in teaching prose we have the intellectual analysis and the criticism of form based largely on the unities, we have in teaching poetry

(1) The intellectual analysis—the intellect dealing with the concrete form in which truth and beauty are expressed—based as in prose, chiefly on the unities.

(2) The spiritual interpretation of this; the soul of it shining through the outward form. And (3) critical examination of the form—its fitness to express the ideal and universal, that is, the spiritual, which it embodies. This critical examination will involve the consideration of two components (a) the *presentative elements*, including melody, harmony, rhythm, etc., and (b) the *representative elements*, including harmony of parts, poetic epithets, poetic elevation of common words and thoughts, so-called figures of speech, etc.

Now, in right teaching, all these factors make for moral and æsthetic as well as intellectual culture. It would need a series of illustrative lessons to show the importance of these points; but there is time for only a few thoughts by way of suggestion. Why should not the idea of unity have its place in teaching (or studying) poetry as well as in teaching prose? If there is logical unity, the unity of comprehension in prose, is there not artistic and sympathetic unity in poetry corresponding to the dominant emotion through which it was produced? And, above all, why should we overlook the essential thing—so far as the ethical aim of instruction is concerned—the *spiritual interpretation*, the immortal truth and beauty which speaks clear-toned to the living soul of man?

I remember two lessons on the Chambered Nautilus. The one left in the mind a transient medley of facts in natural history, biography, grammar, Triton with his wreathed horn, etc., the moral effect of the poem being swallowed up and lost in a multitude of disconnected facts. The second lesson, with no elaborate discussion of irrelevant matters, irrelevant to the great and single purpose of the theme, filled and thrilled the heart with the great truth of the soul's self-development to higher things. A true illustration it was of the function of poetry as "the profound and beautiful application of ideas to life."

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea!

So that little gem of Longfellow's, "Excelsior,"—in spite of shallow critics and assassin parodists I call it a gem perhaps through a lingering prejudice of boyhood—has been taught again and again, not only without any regard to its artistic unity, but, what is far worse, with little or no perception of the living truth which it clothes and which has a lesson for every heart. University graduates, even medallists, have said that though they had often read, and even taught the poem, it had never struck them as being anything but an imaginative and somewhat musical account of the futile enterprise of a rash, though perhaps, courageous youth. They had been so absorbed

in the bare outward form, the symbol or metaphor of the poet's feeling—that the moral nature had never been touched by the living soul within.

Why should we make a mere *arithmetical* division of the poem into parts, *dissecta membra* violently wrenched from an organic whole? Why not rather lead the pupil through unconscious grouping of the related thoughts to a conscious recognition of the unities constituting the *organic* whole? We have in the first part the introduction of the youth and his purpose, and given with a touch of genius, his qualities typical of a noble manhood; then the physical perils and the allurements of a subtler kind that would divert him from his purpose; and, last of all, apparent defeat—death—but with a suggestion of unrecorded victory. Why pour out a rabble of facts and questions upon Switzerland, Alps, Mountains, Rhymes, Monks, Longfellow, Glaciers, St. Bernard Dogs, Avalanches, etc., till the lowest pit of monotony is reached, and the freighted memory is left without a nook for a living thought? The spiritual interpretation that almost alone makes for spiritual and moral influence has no place, or the lowest place in such teaching. Never a word about the imaginative climbing, the temptations and threatening perils, and dauntless spirit, as typifying the soul's struggle for its higher life; how perfected through conflict and stamped with the divine hieroglyphics of sorrow, it achieves through self-reverence, self-activity, self-control, that life of sovereign power which culminates in life immortal.

I remember in my youth being profoundly touched by this little poem; and the effect of the lesson has been with me through all the years. I was, for the time at least, the youth of high purpose and heroic endeavour. How I followed him in his perilous ascent—filled with the vision of mottoed banner and thoughtful brow and flashing eye and clarion voice—of happy home and pleading maiden, spectral glacier and awful avalanche, all quite powerless to shake his resolution. What deep sorrow filled my heart at the catastrophe:

A traveller by the faithful hound
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device—

And I asked, as I ask to-night, and as every sympathetic soul has asked, with the silent figure vividly before me: Is this all? Is this the end? What now of the broad brow, the dome of thought, the palace of the soul? What now of the flashing eye, the clarion voice, the dauntless heart? O! strong soul, what now of thy king-making heroism? Nay, NOT ALL:

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, yet beautiful, he lay;
While from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star!

Beautiful, as if the triumphant soul's last whisper to its faithful co-worker had been of immortality and the resurrection morning. And falling from the opening heavens the life motto of the heroic spirit seems lost in a mighty chorus: "Lift up your heads, O, ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors," that the victor may enter into life!

One misfortune of extraordinary geniuses is that their very friends are more apt to admire than love them.—*Pope*.

It has been well observed that we should treat futurity as an aged friend from whom we expect a rich legacy.—*Colton*.

I'LL KNOW YOU THEN.

Though glad the place, the time, I know not when

Our eyes may meet and their dear hope disclose

On busy round, or, as you stand alone,
Within a garden, you the perfect rose,
It may be soon, it may be late, but when,
Ah, when we meet, dear love, I'll know you then.

I dare not doubt that you are searching too,
I dare but hope you will not pass me by,
For when your sweet eyes rest on mine, you'll know

That my heart echoes your heart's melody;
And, like a closing psalm, with grand amen,
In perfect peace, dear love, I'll know you then.

New York. HENRY F. GODDEN.

PARIS LETTER.

Gradually we are beginning to know a little more of the inner life of the Coreans. Col. Chaillé-Long, arrived in the "Land of the Morning Calm," in 1887, as Secretary General of the United States Legation at Seoul. He embarked at San Francisco the 20th September, arrived at the capital on 28th October following, having to wait eight days till the Japanese steamer quit Yokohama for Chemoulpou. The distance between the latter and Seoul is 22 miles, and the journey is ordinarily made on the back of a native pony. But if the visitor do not wish to lose caste, he will travel in a chair, carried by eight men. The Colonel estimates the population at quarter of a million; the wall of the city is 20 feet high, and the seven gates are very pretty, at a distance. Except for the "Upper Ten," the houses are miserable thatched hovels, surrounded by marshes of every kind of filth, and that can only be supported by those born without a nose.

The house the Secretary occupied belonged to the Hindu order of architecture, with immense Louis XIV. windows; oiled paper instead of glass, but the window frames moved easily in their cases. No one uses the doors, but they jump in or out through the window. It is the smoke that prevents the inhabitants from being asphyxiated by the abominable stenches. The cabins have but one room; in a corner is a brick stove which burns wood every evening to cook the meal of the day; the chimney passes across the room to an exit on the opposite side; but the room remains filled with smoke, that carries off the miasms. Sanitarians will please note. Like the barn door fowls, the Coreans go to bed at sunset and get up at break of day. "In-Kiung" is the name of the Big Ben at Seoul; after its curfew toll, the streets that were animated like ants, become as silent as a city of the dead. The Corean has no bed clothes, but before stretching himself on his mat for the night he crams himself like a Strasburg goose, with rice, after which to wash it down, he swallows in gargling fashion, a "fire water" distilled from rice, that rapidly makes him as "glorious" as Tam O'Shanter, and contemptuous alike of blanket or counterpane. He is a hard drinker, and the only person that can beat him in this respect is his wife. The rice is washed in a brine, then boiled; when cooked it is emptied into a bucket, round which the family sit, each member provided with a spoon and a chop stick. But the Corean has his *pot-au-feu* day when a piece of beef is boiled with onions, turnips, radishes, and all the herbs

of St. John; salt and pepper are liberally added. The odor of this savoury dish recalls decomposed choucroute and ancient eggs. A coolie stuffed with the mess must be given a wide berth for 24 hours, and this explains why, if he be in the service of a European, he is requested to take his off day when he revels in the gola meal. Fish enters largely into the diet of the inhabitants; whether fresh, stale or putrid, matters not a jot. The fishermen take a fish off the hook, wash it in sea or river, pour a special sauce from a tobacco box upon it, and eat into the flesh of the jumping or wriggling animal as if it were bread and butter. They are economical, as the bones of the fish are preserved to make a salad. But the dish of dishes is the hairless canine; the king and coolie alike revel in a *plat* of poor dog Tray. Generally "the only friend of man," is made into a soup, and is enjoyed as a Mussulman does a sorbet in Mahomet's paradise. In size, the edible canis recalls the scavenger curs of Constantinople or Cairo, and each costs 2½ francs. On fete days the king makes a present of comestible dogs to the Mandarins and distinguished Europeans, and coming from the royal kennel they are viewed as the highest proof of esteem His Majesty can bestow. Imagine the master of the Buckhounds sending specimens of his pack to the Corean ambassadors.

But while dog soup figures every day on the tables of the rich, there is a positive plethora of poultry and game; bear is quite common, so is roast tiger and stewed leopard. The two latter dishes are served underdone to maintain their "game flavour," and are eaten with a sauce composed of red pepper and sugar. Europeans never ask for a second helping of these dainties. Fowls cost 10 sous a piece, a pheasant and a wild goose, 14; a duck 8, and eggs, 3 per dozen. Fruit is not plentiful; the favorite "pick-me-up" is prepared from ginger and other roots "too numerous to mention," with red pepper and sugar that would burn a hole in the stomach of an ostrich. The Coreans are too filthy and too lazy to be employed as general servants, the scullery is their realm; their salary is half to one franc per day, but they must board and lodge out. The model domestics are the Chinese and Japs, the latter especially; both keep the house as clean as a new pin; they are ever brushing, washing and polishing, the kitchen utensils shine like a mirror, they wash their hands several times a day, and the Jap demands his daily one hour off to take his bath, which only costs a sou. Europe ought to import Celestials and Japs to solve the servant question—only at present they are wanted at home to kill one another.

According to the belligerents, the war goes bravely on—in some part of Corea. Blocking the importation of rice to Peking is a serious move on the part of Japan. Krupp cannon and repeating rifles are useless in company with empty stomachs. The rice supply comes from Annam and Tonkin, but is transported in English and German coasters—to say nothing of junka. When China lays in her supplies of foreign engineers and cosmopolitan volunteers, regardless of cost, the moment will be trying for Japan. Can she hold out, and will the powers allow the slaughterings to continue till the combat ceases from want of combatants?

Holland has certainly independent ideas on sanitation. Thus at The Hague, when a doctor is satisfied that his patient has an

infectious disease he notifies the fact to the mayor, who at once orders a big poster to be placed on the entrance door, warning the public that the house is "dangerous," there being an inmate down with a contagious disease, and setting forth its nature and the name of the sufferer. Everyone gives the condemned house a wide berth; the wealthy even make long circuits to avoid even the street. Relatives and friends no more visit the patient till recovery be certain and the premises guaranteed to be disinfected. To the credit of humanity be it recorded, the servants, as a rule, never desert the sick person. The socialists object to this placarding as an attack on Dutch liberty. If the rich display the white feather in presence of contagion the working classes are culpably imprudent. A woman insisted on visiting a family whose members were all down with the small-pox and that carried off two individuals. She returned to her own dwelling hot foot from the contamination and communicated the infection to the three children of some lodgers, who fell victims to the malady; she was sued by the sanitary police and sent to prison for three days.

In a few days M. Robin, the director of the orphanage at Cempuis, where he educates 100 boys and 100 girls together, like "children of one family," will know his fate. M. Robin was one time a French professor at the Royal Military School of Woolwich. The hostility against him is strong, although he has powerful friends. He is not attacked for his Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Emile" theories; for his repudiating the existence of God, delivering a lecture on midwifery to a mixed class of boys and girls; to his Malthusian publications—whose utility the scientist Mascaret does not condemn—and presenting copies to ladies; no, his great offence is, advocating desertion when under the flag, rather than sanction his pupils to shed human blood. It is a *fin de siècle* affair.

Z.

THE OLD SHIPYARDS.

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we."

Twenty years ago or more, in the Maritime Provinces of this Dominion, and especially in the Province of Nova Scotia, a great and profitable industry flourished. But the days of bustle and activity in connection with this industry are fast becoming a memory only. At that time the creeks and tidal rivers, on the Bay of Fundy coast, echoed to the sounds of busy life; on most of those of sufficient size and good location vessels were being built; full rigged ships and stately barques, modelled, built, sailed, and largely owned by men of the locality, men as honest and sturdy as their own spruce ships. Thousands of tons were added yearly to Canada's mercantile marine. Now, there is scarcely a large ship built on the Bay.

Many of those that remain have been sold, within these last years of freight depression, and a large number of our old Nova Scotian vessels sail under the Norwegian flag. To-day "no sounds of labor vex the quiet air" in the shipyards. Unbroken silence reigns, save for the lapping of the waves on the beach, or the cry of the sea-gull as he dives for his prey in the shallows left by the receding tide on the great mud flats.

During the era of "good times," the foreign freighting business was very remun-

erative. It was estimated that in one county alone a million dollars were sent home from the ships at sea within a year.

Cotton freights from New Orleans, Savannah, and other ports in the Southern States, to Liverpool; grain from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore to various ports in Europe, and from thence general cargoes were carried round the Cape of Good Hope to the far East, or around Cape Horn to the west coast of America. Cargoes were brought back of Chinese and East Indian goods, from lands "where fragrant spices perfume the breeze; nitrate and guano from the west coast of South America, and wheat from California.

The children of the seaport village talked intelligently of trade winds, monsoons, and doldrums, and located Bombay, Singapore, Yokohama, Bahia, Valparaiso, and other familiar foreign ports, with greater ease than the towns in their own Dominion.

From the first sunny day in March, when the great sticks of timber were moved, and put in position for the workmen, until November when the last ship of the year sailed away, never to return, the waterside in a ship-building village was a veritable hive of industry. Hundreds of men were employed, and so an element added to the resident population, which has now totally disappeared.

At 7 a.m. the noise and bustle of the day's work began. To strangers these noises were a mere confused hurly-burly of sound, but those accustomed to the yard, easily distinguished the sounds made by each branch of the workmen.

The sharp clink of the fastener's maul as the bolts were secured; the loud and cheery ring of the calker's mallet; the thub, thub, of the dubber's adze; the driving of tree nails, hewing of planks, and the ordinary sounds of planing, sawing and cutting.

The never-to-be-forgotten hissing and spluttering noises, from the steambox, when the hot planks were withdrawn, and borne away on the shoulders of the "planker's gang" to be "set" in graceful curves, round the bow or stern of the ship.

In the sheds were piles of rock salt, used in salting the ship, bundles of oakum for the calkers, and coils of wire and manilla to be used when the riggers set up their stakes.

When the hull neared completion the "sheers" were set up and other preparations made for hoisting in the masts. Strong choruses of "Heave away," "Heave ho," "Bend to, my hearty," accompanied the groaning windlass, the rumbling ballast tub and the crash of falling stones.

It was at this stage in the building of the ship that the various smells of the yard came most strongly to the senses. The pleasant balsamic odors of pine, spruce and juniper of the earlier stages, gave place to the stronger smells of pitch, tar, oil and paint. From the open door of the forge came the fumes from the galvanizing tub, and to these was added, a day or two before launching, the disagreeable smell of hot grease, used for smoothing the launch-ways.

The foreman of the yard, with his most trusty men, attended personally to the laying of the ways. Great care was taken to prevent their spreading or breaking, and on their honest work depended many lives and the safety of the ship.

Ships were insured on the stocks, and when afloat, but in the brief space of time included in launching, when the ship was moving from land to water, the owner rarely had an insurance risk. Ships ready

for launching represented from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars of invested capital, according to size and tonnage, and were classed A1 usually in Bureau Veritas, and sometimes in English Lloyd's.

Ships on the Bay shore could only be launched when the tides were high, and the anxiety to be ready was very apparent in the hurry and bustle of the last days on the stocks. Final touches of paint and tar were brushed on, yards braced, ropes tautened and sails bent. Sometimes for unaccountable reasons the tide failed to come up to the necessary height and the launching had to be postponed for a fortnight. Very often the next tide would be extraordinarily high, dykes bank full, tide marks covered, and at high water the wavelets lapping well up under the ways.

Then came the "launching day" and what a gala day it was in those delightful summers long ago. In our ship building communities a launch attracted a crowd such as no other public festivity could. Early in the day express waggons and lighter vehicles came hurrying in from the back districts. Pretty girls in stiffly starched dresses sat primly in front, while often in the rear towered a bundle of fresh-cut hay for the sleek farm horses. Sometimes there were two launches, one in the day tide the other at night. A ship launch at night with its great fires in the yard and the glancing torches of the workmen had a weirdness all its own.

To the villagers the day brought its different experiences of pleasure. To the children it was a "red-letter day," from the first flutter of flags in the morning sunshine, until at eventide their weary little bodies were laid to sleep. To the youths and maidens who, "dreaming strayed," there were attractions offered at the town hall, where a tea-meeting was always in progress on launching day. To the wives and mothers whose sons and husbands were "going out on the voyage," the pleasures of the day were tinged with sadness. They knew too well the dangers to which "those who go down to the sea in ships" are exposed. To the young captain as he stood on the deck of his first new ship it was a day of triumph. Often poor and unaided he would by dint of perseverance and pluck have made the position for himself. The sea opened an avenue to wealth, and the "chance and change of a sailor's life," suited the hardy and adventurous Nova Scotian lads. To the builder and owner, the day was one of great anxiety, all the possibilities of a mishap came trooping before him. A principal part of the savings of a lifetime had been invested in the ship, and if she meet with disaster in launching, it would be a serious financial loss. The foreman was here, there, and everywhere; his keen eyes searching out persons who were seated in unsafe places, in danger from guiding lines, falling planks, or the return wave. With what anxious care he measured the intruding tide, saw the last man on board, and the staging knocked down, then under the ship again, for a last look at each block and shore, to see that all were in exact position. Gangs of bare-armed men came trooping from adjacent yards to assist at the launching. Soon the merry rattle of their pin-mauls was heard "wedging her up." This sound had an intensity peculiar to itself, and caused the belated sight-seers on the road to hasten their steps. Then came the splitting of blocks that are under the keel, and the knocking out of bilge shores that have borne the great weight of

the ship while she stood on the stocks. This is a very arduous and sometimes dangerous task, as the men are obliged to scramble out in haste, or lie on the ground, as the ship moved above them. When the last block was split out the cry was raised, "There she goes." The crowd of people in the yard rose *en masse* and for a moment the suspense and silence would be breathless. But when the stern rose from the water, and the bow sank gracefully, showing that the ship was completely and safely afloat, the pent up feelings of the spectators found vent in tremendous cheers.

The workmen gathered up their tools and reported at the office to be paid off. If early in the season, some of them found work in other yards of the village, the rest returned to their homes in distant parts of the Province. In winter the resident workmen found employment in cutting and making the timber for next season's ships. And so the busy life went on from year to year.

To-day "Ichabod" is written over all. Many of the yards have been ploughed and sown with grain; in others thistles are growing thickly through the grey and rotting chips; uprights and stages have long since gone down. Occasionally amid the desolation and decay, an old crane still stands, its long arm outstretched, as if in defiance of the forces that have wrought the ruin around it.

The reasons for the decay of this once great and flourishing industry are many and various. The general introduction of steam into almost every branch of the ocean carrying trade has practically taken the Atlantic business, from wooden sailing ships. The opening of the Suez Canal making a shorter voyage and convenient coaling stations for steamers has given the latter the monopoly of the East Indian trade.

These two have been the principal factors in hastening the downfall of wooden ship building and the foreign freighting business in the Maritime Provinces; and so within the last decade one of the chief sources of our former prosperity has come to a regretted close.

CHRISTINA ROSS FRAME.

Maitland, Hants Co., N.S.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

I should like to see more taxes imposed not only upon luxuries, but also upon vanities. To raise a moiety of a government's revenue in this way would reduce the hardships of taxation and at the same time act as a corrective to some frailties of the people. Small taxes upon crests and monograms on plate or stationery, or carriages, upon cockades and liveries for servants, and upon the wearing of jewelry or birds' feathers, would supply a considerable portion of a Government's expenditure. It would be still more desirable to tax such deceitful vanities as false hair and figures, but this would involve objectionable espionage, unless the import was levied only on the sale of such articles. Another device for unloading the public burdens on the vanity of the rich, Mr. Labouchere's suggested sale of peerages and baronetcies to the highest bidders, would not be available in Canada. But there would be a small mine of wealth for the Government of any Province that would put a little tax upon publishing the names of persons present at "functions." For, although the newspapers would then cease

printing names indiscriminately, there are enough silly persons, who would recoup them more than the amount of the impost, to create a nice little income for the Government and, perhaps, for the newspapers also.

There is much truth, if there is some pessimism, in Professor Goldwin Smith's letter on "What is the matter with Canadian Literature?" Notwithstanding the divergence of our Provinces in characteristics and in longitude, there will be, and to some extent there is now, a literature distinctively Canadian. British tales and poems redolent of the Scotch Highlands, of Cornwall, of Wales, of Yorkshire, or of Ireland, are distinctively British literature. Stories written by Frenchmen and developing the differing traits of Normandy, of Provence, or of Gascony, are distinctively French literature. And though Cape Breton and British Columbia, Quebec and Manitoba may vary in their customs, thoughts and aspirations, yet books written by Canadians and portraying the character or history of any of our Provinces are, as distinctively, Canadian literature. At the same time, Dr. Goldwin Smith is undoubtedly right in saying that talented Canadian authors will seek the largest market, and that by securing it they will reflect more credit on Canada. Equally incontestable is his remark that Canadian magazines, as started up to this date, cannot compete successfully with the lavishly financed periodicals of England and the United States. And if some patriotic millionaire should invest one, or two, or three hundred thousand dollars in starting a Canadian magazine, and pay the best market prices for the best offerings, his venture will probably prove a fiasco, unless he secures both an able and active editor and an able and active business manager. Even then his magazine will fail if he attempts to make it *exclusively* Canadian in its contributions and its topics. Would *Scribner's*, or *The Forum*, or any other well-equipped periodical that started to compete with rivals of enormous circulation, have had any fair prospect of success if it had handicapped itself by barring out all British or foreign contributions? In that case the editor would have been shorn of more than half its chances of "scoring a scoop" over his competitors. He might have possessed a keen editorial diagnosis and have felt that the writer most interesting to his *clientele* was a Britisher, and he might have had facilities for forestalling the swift competition of his rivals for the popular star, and yet the restricted scope of his magazine would have precluded him from utilizing these advantages. Besides, independently of the interest or the merit of their contributions, some contributors of the first rank would be needed, or the indiscriminating public would not believe that a new Canadian magazine could be a first-class publication; and if enough writers of the first magnitude could not be engaged in Canada, one or two would have to be secured from the United States or Britain. And should an adequately equipped Canadian periodical restrict its contributors entirely to tales and topics connected with the Dominion, its chances of a respectable circulation in the United States or England would be lost, and with this loss the prospect of its financial success would not be encouraging.

May not the somewhat disappointing growth of Canadian literature be in some

part due to the lack of a full national life, with its wider horizon, its more important political issues, and its more stimulating environment? Haliburton (to quote from my article upon him in the *Atlantic* for March, 1892) "fretted under the cramping influence of belonging to an unrepresented dependency of the British empire. He has compared the colonies to ponds which rear frogs, but want only outlets and inlets to become lakes and produce fine fish. He observed that the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy* beginning, 'Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,' might be aptly inscribed over the gate of any colonial cemetery; for to those who rested there, as completely as to the peasants who slept in the churchyard at Stoke Poges, 'their lot forbade' either to 'sway the rod of empire,' or to 'read their history in a nation's eyes.'

"It is a curious coincidence that his ablest depreciator, Professor Felton, of Harvard College, shared Haliburton's views on this subject. 'A full and complete national existence,' he wrote (in the *North American Review* for January, 1844), 'is requisite to the formation of a manly, intellectual character. What great work of literature or art has the colonial mind ever produced? What free, creative action of genius can take place under the withering sense of inferiority that a distant dependency of a great empire can never escape from? Any consciousness of nationality, however humble the nation may be, is preferable to the second-hand nationality of a colony of the mightiest empire that ever flourished. The intense national pride which acts so forcibly in the United States is something vastly better than the intellectual paralysis that deadens the energies of men in the British North American Provinces.'

Many clever and valuable literary works have been produced in Canada since 1844, when Professor Felton wrote this, and then he was smarting under Haliburton's criticisms of the United States. But there may be a germ of truth in an overstated case.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

THE BOY SOPRANO.

An organ recital will be held in St. Stephen's Church to-morrow evening at eight o'clock. The English Boy Soprano will sing.

For a week his coming had been heralded by the several newspapers of that enterprising American town and now the mere announcement of time and place was enough.

Long before the hour named every seat in the church was filled, people stood in aisles, and crowded up the stairs until even the queer little roof galleries were packed. A master spirit communed with the organ and gradually hushed the great congregation to perfect stillness. A few moments of waiting, then the red curtain at the end of the choir was drawn aside and the English Boy Soprano faced his audience.

Such a little lad. A grey-eyed, brown-haired bit of a boy. Not a "pretty boy," but many who looked upon him felt a sudden stirring in their hearts of hopes and aspirations long forgotten, for the face above the white surplice showed strangely bright and pure, almost as though he stood within a ray of more than earthly light. Pure; the word came instinctively to every lip.

Very softly the organ breathed now, and blending with it scarcely distinguishable from it, came the first notes of the singer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.

Higher, higher, higher. The organ was silent and the boy sang on. A wonderful voice, a marvellous voice, true and clear as a crystal bell. He seemed to bring the answer to all restless questionings, to be the fulfilment of a hundred vague desires. Higher and yet higher, ringing down the dim aisles, up through the crowded galleries, up, up to the great dome itself, perhaps above and beyond it, even to the gate of heaven, there to blend with those songs which are all purity and all peace.

Silence again, then here and there a whisper broke the stillness as the white-robed figure slipped into the vacant seat of the choir.

A hymn of praise, another of thanksgiving, and now the last.

The air in the crowded church grew heavy and oppressive and the boy wished vaguely that someone would open a window. What a lot of faces there were, he thought; with something in them too, so strange and unfamiliar, and yet for which he could find no name. He had never seen that look in the faces at home. Home. Suddenly that home seemed to be very far away. So many, many miles of water. Deep, awful water. It must be a long time before he could see her again and feel her touch. She would be at service now in the grand cathedral where he was used to sing. It was good to think that. But no, for the people had told him that time was different here. That was surely the most dreadful. If only the hour could be the same it would not matter so much, for then—Ah, it was time to sing again.

As he stood waiting he saw a face smiling at him from among the hundreds of other faces. So like, so wonderfully like. The brown hair was the same and surely the eyes must be brown too, with tender light in them, and there was the widow's bonnet. The smile was like his mother's too. His own dear, far away, beautiful mother. The face was gone again in an instant, for some one moved, and, indeed, all the faces suddenly became a blur to the eyes of the little chorister. He could not bear it, no indeed, indeed, he could not. With this hot choking in his throat how could he sing. And yet, for her sake, he must, he *must*.

Clear, true, but filled with irrepressible yearning came the first words,

"Oh, for the wings, for the wings of a dove."

He had sung it so often standing in the firelight of that shabby little parlor. She loved it beyond anything else that he could sing and his reward had always been a loving kiss and gentle good-night blessing.

Bravely he sang it now, singing with all his heart and soul; every word clear and penetrating as the love song of a bird, until the last lines seemed to break from his lips in a perfect passion of longing and heart-break.

"There to remain forever at rest,
There to remain forever at rest."

It was over; and from the crowded church he heard the sound of some one sobbing.

A hurry through the strange streets, an uncomprehended remark from his "manager," flashes of summer lightning, the glare from the great hotel, and he was free. Free to fling himself face downward on his bed and sob out the desolation and dreariness that filled his brave young heart.

MARY E. FLETCHER.

The mattock will make a deeper hole in the ground than lightning.—*Horace Mann*.

CHRISTIANITY AND GERMAN CRITICISM.

To the Editor of The Week.

Sir,—The interesting article on "Christianity and German Criticism," published in THE WEEK of Sept. 14th, contains several statements of such a sweeping and dogmatic character that one could wish that they had been supported by some evidence.

When one remembers the work done by Westcott's "History of the Canon," and Lightfoot's commentaries and other writings towards the modification of the Tubingen theory, one would like to know in what respect Professor Ramsay's work on *The Church in the Roman Empire* is to be considered "the most important contribution in our language towards the solution of the critical problems originally raised by the Tubingen School."

Or, apart from comparisons which are proverbially odious, what are Dr. Ramsay's contributions towards the solution of these critical problems. The reviewer says that he will point out the grounds upon which he bases his conviction that Prof. Ramsay's work marks an epoch in the history of the controversy, and that he will give an account of some of Professor Ramsay's conclusions in relation thereto, but I fail to see that he has given us either one thing or the other. Assertions take the place of "grounds," such as that "the witness of Asia Minor is the witness of history against surmise," and "The questioned conclusions of an arbitrary and subjective criticism can now be refuted by fact," or that "The science of New Testament introduction will be largely revolutionized," and these occupy so much space that no room is found for any conclusions bearing upon the questions at issue.

But are Dr. Ramsay's conclusions of such a kind that we can soberly describe them as history, or that we can appeal to them as fact. So far is this from being the case, that there is scarcely one which is not earnestly contested by writers of unimpeachable orthodoxy. Witness the controversy between Mr. Chase and Dr. Ramsay in the *Expositor*, and the various reviews in accredited English magazines. Is the reviewer himself prepared to bring down the 1st Epistle of Peter to the year 80 A.D. upon mainly internal evidence ("the new touchstone"), and to support the Petrine authorship by the hazardous supposition that St. Peter lived to that date, against such external testimony as we possess?

The reviewer refers to Weizäcker's "Apostolic Age" in such a connection as to prejudice an unwary reader against that work. Let me then, in conclusion, as an offset, quote the opinion of Professor Nash, one of the most accomplished Anglican scholars in America. He says: "It would be inexact to set him down as an unbeliever in the supernatural." "Above all else that is good here, a reverent spirit shines everywhere. The author is one of those who have most at heart the practical future of the Evangelical Church in Germany." He speaks of it as "this noble book."

Yours truly,

HERBERT SYMONDS.

Ashburnham, Sept. 17, 1894.

We adhere to the opinions as expressed in our article which Mr. Symonds appears to have quoted from memory, as he omits one or two important and qualifying words. With respect to his contentions we can but again refer to Professor Ramsay's work itself for proofs of the views advanced by us.—ED. WEEK.

On a memorable Sunday in the autumn of 1889, the Berlin *Freie Bühne* courageously started its career with a representation at the Lessing Theatre of a new social drama entitled 'Sunrise,' and a hitherto obscure young author awoke the next morning to find himself famous. No one was more surprised than Gerhart Hauptmann at the sensation created by his first play. He had written it without dreaming of the possibility of its ever seeing the light on a public stage and so was unhampered by the hundred and one restrictions that beset the dramatic aspirant who caters for popularity, and fears the censors, official and unofficial.

The scene of 'Sunrise' is laid in a mining district, and the misery and degradation of the miners, the selfishness and vulgarity of their capitalist employers, are graphically depicted with an unflinching realism, but with a vivid brevity which reveals vice in one lurid flash, rather than by a series of painstaking and nauseating details. From this sombre background stand out in happy relief love passages of a Goethean charm and naivety between the unheroic Socialist hero and the unsophisticated heroine, who, in spite of her sordid surroundings and depraved connections, retains the first bloom of her girlish innocence and purity.

That a young and unknown man should have produced a play so daringly original, so fresh without being crude, and one in which the prentice hand is nowhere visible, naturally filled an independent theatre-going world with wonder and delight, but it raised a storm of indignation in the bosom of the bourgeoisie, and incensed the Philistine critics. With the exception of the *Vossische Zeitung*, in whose columns a veteran journalist generously welcomed 'Sunrise' as a work of genius, the whole press assailed its author with furious vituperation. Hewas accused of plagiarizing Zola's 'La Terre,' a book he had never read, of having set at defiance every canon of art, and of having outraged the laws of common morality and decency.

Worse still, for a man desirous of belonging to no school and of upholding no cult, the naturalists and decadents claimed him for their own. The poet looked on for a while in amused amazement at the strife he had so unwittingly stirred up, and then fled into the country, where he set to work on two new plays. The hubbub over his first had scarcely subsided, when one bitterly cold night in 1890 saw two or three of Hauptmann's chosen literary friends ploughing through a snowstorm in the direction of Charlottenburg, to enjoy the rare privilege of hearing him read aloud, in his perfectly trained, mellifluous voice, a drama of domestic life, entitled 'Einsame Menschen' ('Lonely Beings'). What is cynically called the 'triangular situation,' the somewhat hackneyed theme of the love of two women for one man, is treated in this play in a manner which recalls 'Rosmerholm.' The final catastrophe in both is almost identical, but whereas Ibsen's is saturated with a gloomy pessimism, Hauptmann's is often pervaded by a genial, piquant humour, and is sufficiently lively to justify the belief that it might enjoy a 'run' even on the boards of a London theatre. It contains some remarkably trenchant analysis of character, and the characters verily live. We seem almost to feel their very pulse throbs, to hear the beating of their hearts. If 'The Weavers' is the

most powerful play Hauptmann has as yet produced, 'Lonely Beings' is undoubtedly the most subtle.

A visit to his native soil, the mountains of Silesia, suggested to him the idea of writing 'Die Weber' ('The Weavers'). Wandering from village to village, he associated intimately with the people from whom he had sprung, making mental photographs of their habits and character. The hideous oppression and hardships suffered by the Silesian weavers during a time of famine in the forties was a tradition in his family. His own grandfather had fought against starvation as he sat at his spinning-wheel, and had nearly succumbed in those terrible days. Stories he had heard in his childhood came back to Gerhart Hauptmann as vividly as if he had heard them only yesterday. He remembered his father—a prosperous self-made man—the day he moved into his handsome, well-appointed new residence, celebrating the house-warming by collecting his boys and girls around him and telling them the story of his youthful privations, of how he, too, had felt the cruel pangs of hunger, and almost gone under in the struggle for life.

Little did the father suspect what a lasting impression he was making on the small, dreamy-eyed boy at his feet—the youngest of his sons, whom he thought the stupidest, because he was always bottom of his class—or that his narrative was afterwards to serve as the basis of one of the most moving, realistic dramas of modern times.

'The Weavers' is a tragedy of hunger, and its hero is poverty. It is written in Silesian dialect, which intensifies in no small degree the dramatic power of its situations. No love-story, as in 'Sunrise,' runs like a thread of gold through the dark woof of grim wretchedness and suffering. The picture is all shadow.

After one performance 'The Weavers' was suppressed by the police, and to its suppression Hauptmann owed the unenviable and altogether unmerited reputation of being a dangerous propagandist of the doctrines of Socialism, and a standing menace to the public peace. Nevertheless, when once again a small audience of friends and critics were gathered together at the poet's house, and he drew forth and began to read with his usual modesty from the manuscript of 'Hannele, a dream-poem in two parts,' those who were most carried away by its pathos and beauty were two formidable guardians of the drama in Berlin, the *Oberregisseur* and the *Intendant* of the royal *Schauspielhaus*. So completely were these magnates brought under the wand of the magician that they agreed on the spot it would be a positive crime to refuse the stage to such an inspired conception as Hannele Mattern's death-dream.

The wisdom of their decision was confirmed by the enthusiasm with which the play was received on its first performance. In the theatre it proved even more effective and touching than when read in the author's study, and nearly all the critics united to praise it. His latest work has wafted the fame of Gerhart Hauptmann's name into other countries than his own. The Paris newspapers, notably *Le Journal des Debats*, have accorded him long and appreciative criticisms, and a translation of 'Hannele' by Mr. Archer appeared in a recent number of the *New Review*, where it has scarcely attracted the attention it deserves. But to read 'Hannele' in a translation is not the same thing as seeing it acted in the original,

and beholding with one's bodily eyes the marvellous hallucination painted by the fevered brain of the dying beggar girl, on the bare walls of a village casual ward. Spectators cannot fail to be profoundly impressed by the consummate art and psychological accuracy with which the delirium of Hannele is set forth. In it is shown the picture of her poor little life as it has been—a hell on earth, owing to the fiendish cruelty of a drunken stepfather—and the picture of it as she firmly and piously believes it will be in the future, a heaven evolved out of her childish imagination from Bible stories learnt at Sunday-school, and fairy stories heard at her dead mother's knee, a heaven in which 'good things to eat,' soft carpets, beautiful glittering white clothes, garlands of flowers, snowy-winged angels, play an important part round the central figure of a Christ who is her earthly hero, the village schoolmaster, transfigured and glorified.

In Germany, deep down among the poorest of the poor, in the wilds of the most God-forsaken country districts, a strong vein of national poetry still exists, and 'Hannele' is its appropriate utterance. Hauptmann's method is invariably in harmony with his material, and the greater part of his dream-drama is written in simple but exquisitely musical verse. It has laid him open to the charge of deserting naturalism for idealism and mysticism, and the school that at first hailed him with such a flourish of trumpets now denounce the author of 'Sunrise' as a renegade. But after all the poet has been true to himself. He has never been the slave of any *ism*, and has always aimed strenuously at portraying life, no matter what phase or condition of it he may select with unerring truth. Whether he is dealing with the drunkenness and degenerate morals of a mining population, the despair of famine-stricken Silesian weavers, with the delicate emotions of the soul as in 'Lonely Beings,' or the dying visions of a child of the people, he penetrates to the root of his subject, and divines the form in which it can be most faithfully presented. It is the individuality of his genius which makes it as ridiculous to speak of Hauptmann as an imitator of Zola or a disciple of Ibsen, as it is to regard him as the mere fanatical exponent of the cause of Social Democracy.

He is only just entering on his third decade, therefore the time is not yet ripe for pronouncing a final judgment on his works. As men's lives go, half a century of literary activity in all probability yet lies before him, though it would be unreasonable to expect any other period of his life to be so prolific in creation as the last five years have been. Besides the plays to which only inadequate allusion has been made in this article, he has produced others, as well as a poem of striking merit, and several novels, all more or less characterized by a large-hearted compassion for sorrowing humanity, and an intolerance of the social evils of the day. 'Florian Geyer,' the historical drama on which he is at present working, is being awaited with much curiosity. His admirers predict that the dramatist will make the portion of the past he is exploring in the archives of Nuremberg and Rothenburg live again, and that his characters will be no mere resurrected mummies, but breathing figures clothed with flesh and blood, as much in touch with modern life as Wagner's Siegfried or Tristan.

Whether these hopes be fulfilled or not,

Gerhart Hauptmann has already won an honourable place in literature. He will certainly count many English readers among his admirers as soon as adequate opportunities are given them of making his acquaintance.—*E. B. Marshall in The Bookman.*

APOLLO! ORAMUS.

Hail! Phœbus Apollo! with argent rays
bright,
Thou son of Latona, that bringest the light!
From Orient dawn to the Occident night,
The shadow-robed legions of Pluto, in flight,
Disperse from thy might.

O! thou, with the lyre of gold, singing the
morn;
Thy coming attended with harmonies born
In fair Delos' Isle, where the nightingale lorn
Her love ditty sings, from the rose-scented
thorn,
And fields of new corn;

To Cynthus' dread mountain our virgins shall
go,
With lotus-dressed tresses, and vestments of
snow;
Grant, God, ever glorious with silver-tipp'd
bow,
The needs of thy suppliant vestals to know;
Thy oracles show.

In Rhodos' famed isle of the clarified air,
Where sleep drops her balm on the forehead
of care,
And morn wakes the slumb'rer with melodies
rare;
Thy priestesses raise to thee sweet-chanted
prayer;
And incense gifts bear.

Then Phœbus, Protector! and Dian the chaste!
Twin gods of our temple in Tauris' lone waste!
Behold on thy altars our sacrifice placed;
Thy fame with sweet storax and myrtle wreaths
graced;

To succour us, haste!

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

Montreal, April 10, 1894.

ART NOTES.

We understand Mr. F. Galbraith is likely to have a number of engagements to exhibit his "Blacksmith." The numbers of visitors who have seen it and gone home to tell the tale will make many a stayer at home eager to have the same privilege, and in many of our smaller towns its coming would make an era in the art history of the place.

With regard to George Inness, whose death occurred lately, the *Boston Transcript* had the following glowing tribute: "The mainspring of a great art is the master passion of love, the power of exaltation, the susceptibility to a great and uplifting emotion, a divine flight of the soul. To be a landscaper of the George Inness stamp means the possession of a sensitiveness almost morbid, of a power of vision extra natural, of a susceptibility to certain phases of earth's beauty so keen as nearly to elevate that beauty to a celestial plane; it means that seeing is a pleasure so rapturous that it borders on pain; it means to be possessed by a ruling passion that leaves no room for any other interest, pursuit, or theme under the sun; it means that sickness, afflictions, poverty, hardships, reverses, disappointments, are as nothing weighed in the balances against art; it means the daily possibilities of the pageant of sunrise, of high noon, of sunset, of evening, glorious beyond all description, filling the heart, filling the

cup of life to overflowing, leaving only one supreme desire, to paint it all, as it is, to paint it and then die."

The percentage of poor work among the water colors at the late Toronto Exhibition was small; startling genius, even great ability might not be found, but the greater number were very pleasing and some few were much more. Should anyone wish to hang on his or her wall a delightful bit of nature, quiet and restful, it may be found in J. Wilson's "Woodland Stream" (52), a stream dark with the reflections of the surrounding foliage, through a break in which a glimpse of red sky is seen; for a crisply painted, exceedingly vivid piece of out-of-doors, "A Day in June" (86), by Charles Jeffreys; for what the name expresses in fresh, clear color, "Soft Stillness," by W. D. Blatchly. This artist has also one of the few figure studies among the water colors, prettily posed, "The Model." For freedom and looseness in work we admire Mr. Smith's "Hayfield" with its two figures, and the same qualities are to be found as well in that much painted "Percé Roche," and others from the same brush. Somebody—no name is given in the catalogue—has done good work in "Landscape with Cattle" (135); it is simply given, without effort. De Francischi has a glimpse of Venice, bright but hard. G. Bruenech shows a number of pleasing pictures: "Early Morning near North Cape, Norway," is a cluster of fishing boats, a pale orange sky and water, all in a light key. F. M. G. Knowles has many marine views given with his firm touch and clear color; his "Farm Lane" is a landscape in misty blue. Miss C. M. Martin has rendered well the effect of the shadows in "Old Stone Church, Lakefield." D. Fowler shows a number of flowers, still life and landscape. "Trooping Clouds of Spring," by C. M. Manly is a delicately rendered effect of hurrying clouds with willow trees in the foreground. Two views of our lovely St. Lawrence hang side by side, each by a different hand and showing a different mood. "Grey Evening, St. Lawrence," by A. P. Coleman, has the slightly misty effect seen and felt just after sunset along the shore; while R. F. Gagen has shown the sparkling, sunshiny river on a summer afternoon with point after point in beautifully receding perspective. F. A. Verner has a pleasing change from his usual choice of subject and style of treatment in "Group of Birches" with their gleaming bark. Simply and freshly given is J. T. Rolph's "On the Don," and M. Matthews has shown a most pleasing harmony in the greens of "Summer Morn, Wychwood," that is not in all his work. S. A. Mulholland has four pretty sketches, not remarkable in any way. H. Revell's "Come to the Greenwood" is well named, a delightful woodland glimpse. By using body color R. F. Gagen has lost one of the great charms of a water color, transparency, in his "Afternoon by a New England Stream." Astley Cooper's painting of "The Morning of the Crucifixion" has during the last few weeks drawn its thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of spectators. Its setting at the Exhibition was most favorable, but the space for spectators so limited that the heat and crowd at times made it impossible to give the undivided attention and study the work calls for. We do not admire the composition of the picture; the attention is not centred on the principal figure, two others at least, claim it equally; the figures on horseback seem wooden; the attitude of

grief expressed by one of the women on the right is affected, yet it is powerfully conceived and skilfully worked out. There must be allowance made for artistic as well as poetic license, we suppose, or how can it be that Christ is about to be nailed to the cross, which is on the ground, and for this purpose one of the men reaches up an arm to lay hold, while the two thieves may be seen in the distance led to execution and their crosses are already erected. There may be an explanation that has not come to our mind. The face of Christ expresses strength, dogged power even, "exceeding sorrowful" it is indeed, and if it does not reach the ideal we may have formed, what of it? Could anything? On the other hand, the fierce malignity in the faces and gestures of those nearest is powerfully given. The technique throughout is fine, especially in the solid modelling of the flesh, and the whole well repays careful study and will stand being seen many times.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The great Helmholtz is dead.

Mr. H. W. Webster has been engaged as teacher of vocal music in Havergal Hall, the new ladies' college on Jarvis St.

The Russian Court Orchestra are giving three or four extra concerts this week in the Massey Music Hall to fair audiences.

The Conservatory of Music is offering several free scholarships to be competed for in a day or two. Pupils must show talent and industry.

Mme. Nordica is engaged to be married to a Hungarian tenor, named Doeme. He proposed in "Wahnfried" in the home of Richard Wagner.

The Anton Seidl Orchestra will appear in the Massey Music Hall on the 20th of November. The soloist will be Miss Lillian Blauvelt.

Miss May Taylor, a pupil of Miss Norma Reynolds, has been awarded the "Mrs. Cameron" prize of \$100 for the best soprano voice. Besides this she will get one year's tuition free at the College of Music, under the new vocal teacher, Sig. Tessemann.

An instrumental club, having for its name "The Beethoven Trio"—composed of the following artists: Mr. Klingensfeld, violin; Mr. Ruth, cello; and Mr. H. M. Field, piano—has been formed here, and will be heard this year in concert. We understand two or three dates have already been arranged for.

The Canadian Musical Agency (Mr. M. Hirschberg, Manager) has an office at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's, 15 King St. East, and has full control of several concert organizations, and artists, who have in the past been very popular with the public. We believe prospects in this direction are much brighter than last year.

Mr. Thomas Ryan, so long and so favorably known among the musicians as the leader and manager of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, has decided to make Augusta, Georgia, his home for the future, and it will subsequently be also the home of the Quintet Club. Mr. Ryan has accepted the position of manager of the Ryan Southern Conservatory of Music, and the members of

the Quintet will be teachers in the institution. The Quintet will also accept engagements in and around Georgia.

A Conservatory of Music has recently been started in Buffalo, under the musical direction of Mr. Henry Jacobsen, formerly of Toronto, and well known as an excellent musician and teacher, and Mr. Andrew T. Webster. A very neat calendar has been issued, and we understand prospects are exceedingly bright for a successful school of music. Buffalo is a large, enterprising musical city, and we see no reason to prevent the newly established Conservatory from making a reputation for itself, and lots of money too into the bargain.

There is an effort being made to once more launch the Philharmonic Society. We hope it will be successful, as it is a pity to have no Oratorio Society, for the old Philharmonic, under Mr. Torrington's direction, did good work. We could easily stand one oratorio each winter, that is if it was given only after it had been thoroughly studied, and with a well balanced chorus, and orchestra, and good solo artists, but we think with all the other concerts—vocal and instrumental—it would be risky to give more than one concert, as it is very questionable if the public could, or would, support them. However, the undertaking is wholly legitimate and rational; the Philharmonic is the Pioneer Society, and if it comes up brighter, stronger, healthier and better than ever, it will succeed, but our people desire and demand finished performances to-day, and the vocal organization which gives the most artistic and musicianly performances, and pleases the public the best, will flourish, and the others will either have to be content with a fair amount of support, or sink. One of the two will be the inevitable result.

Dr. Hubert H. Parry, the eminent English musician, pays a warm compliment to the contributions of Italy to music, which are too often forgotten nowadays. He says: "The Italians appear to have been the most spontaneously gifted with artistic capabilities of any nation in Europe. In painting they occupy almost the whole field of the greatest and most perfect art; especially of the art produced in the times when simple beauty of form and colour was the main object of artists. In music, too, they started every form of modern art. Opera, oratorio, cantata, symphony, organ music, violin music, all sprang into life under their auspices. But," he adds, "in every branch they stopped half-way, when the possibilities of art were but half explored, and left it to other nations to gather the fruit of the tree which they had planted." One of the chief causes which he assigns for this shortcoming is the excitable nature of the Italians. "The impressions which are quickly produced do not always spring from the most artistic qualities, but the Italian composer cannot take note of that; he is passionately eager for sympathy and applause, and is impelled to use all the most obvious incitements to obtain them, without consideration of their fitness." The justice of this criticism is seen in the claptrap means to which the majority of Italian opera writers resort, which produce physical excitement without intellectual exaltation. All such music is doomed to an early fate.

A great number of opinions have been expressed during the past several weeks in the *Musical Courier*, *Music*, and other American papers and magazines, by many

eminent musicians, on piano touch, and how it influences tone. Some have gone so far as to say that the tone of a piano is individual with the piano itself, and cannot be made to sound otherwise even by the most beautifully developed touch of an artist. In one sense this theory is right; in another absolutely wrong. Of course if a piano has naturally a hard, wiry tone, the greatest artist cannot by his playing, produce an entirely different tone, but he will bring tones from that piano a thousand fold more beautiful than an uncultivated player, simply because he has the muscles of the hand and arm—which do with piano playing—so elastic, pliable, and developed, that by his touch alone he will give one a soft singing tone, of quite an opposite character from that produced by the other performer, which will be acutely hard, and thoroughly unmusical. The reason of this is merely because, on the one hand, the artist by his flexible, sensitive touch, causes the hammers to strike the strings with much less force and stiffness, the blow of the hammer is softened by the elasticity, and more or less relaxed condition of the hand, consequently the strings are set to vibrating easily, freely and naturally; on the other hand, the uncultivated player, who does not have his muscles under control—or in other words, does not use them as an artist in oils uses his brush, to get artistic effects—will by their very bony stiffness and unpliability, cause the strings to suddenly vibrate in a sort of spasm, and the tone, as stated above, cannot help being hard, unmusical and wiry. Touch has everything to do with tone. Can we not, by the touch alone, without any assistance from the pedal, effect a sustained, singing, lyric tone, a brilliant, pearly, sparkling tone, full of life and animation, a thundering, rich, glowing tone; and, again, tones so delicate, soft and ethereal as to be scarcely audible? And then, an artist who knows the means by which these various tones and moods are expressed, who is imaginative and has before him some beautiful ideal which he endeavours to reach, will he not draw from a piano, sounds which are noble in their sonority and richness, and charm one by the passion and beauty of his playing? His nature may be ever so musical and warm; his emotion ever so deep and sincere, and all admirably controlled and guided by his intelligence, but if he has not an elastic, sensitive, certain and perfectly developed touch, with a true, independent, flexible mechanism, his tone will positively be harsh and unpleasant, notwithstanding the piano may be a good one, simply because his pianistic equipment is bad and not properly cultivated. The whole matter rests right here; if a pianist has not got a good, artistic touch, his tone will likewise suffer, and will be correspondingly bad.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE CHURCH IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE
by Prof. W. M. Ramsay, 3rd edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: H. Revell & Co.

In this edition there are no changes of importance in part II. The argument in part I is considerably strengthened. We noticed this work at length in our issue of last week.

THE BOOKS OF CHRONICLES. By W. H. Bennett. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: H. Revell & Co.

This latest contribution to the *Expositor's Bible* series is a brilliant piece of work. The

author's plan in writing is thus stated in the preface, "An exposition of Chronicles does not demand or warrant an attempt to write the history of Judah. To re-combine with Chronicles matter which its author deliberately omitted would only obscure the characteristic teaching he intended to convey. On the one hand, his selection of material has a religious significance which must be ascertained by careful comparison with Samuel to Kings; on the other hand, we can only do justice to the Chronicles as we ourselves adopt his own attitude towards the history of Hebrew politics, literature and religion." The writer belongs to the critical school. In his view the book was written somewhere between B.C. 300 and B.C. 250.

TORONTO AND ADJACENT SUMMER RESORTS. Edited by E. H. Adams, M.D. Toronto: Frederick Smily. 1894.

Dr. Adams begins his attractive and readable guide book in this fashion: "There are few cities in the world that are more admirably situated for an all-round summer resort than Toronto, the Queen City of the Lakes." We do not know that we can do better than go on and quote the enthusiastic editor's summary of some of the attractions rendered available to the visitor to our city. "There is endless variety to be found amidst the pleasures of the summer resorts of Toronto and neighbourhood. Here are gaiety and fashion, solitude or roughing it, modern civilization and primeval forest, cascade and river, lakes of all sizes, from the immensity of the great lakes to the placid waters of the miniature lily ponds of Muskoka. Here you can paddle your own canoe on the lagoons of Toronto Island, spread your white canvas to the breeze on Toronto Bay, or, boarding one of the majestic ironclad steamers of the Niagara Line, after a few hours' pleasant sail on the lake, and a brief trip on the electric railway, the roar of Niagara greets your ears. To the north are the Georgian Bay, with its 30,000 islands and deep woods, and the delightful Muskoka Lakes, with their stupendous rocks, their health-giving pines, the softest of water for bathing and as good fishing and hunting as can be found on the continent. To the east are Balmy Beach, Scarboro' Heights, Victoria Park, Lake Scugog, with its fine maskinonge fishing and the beautiful Peterborough chain of lakes, the delight of the canoeist and the fisherman; while further on is the enchanting region of the Thousand Islands and the rapids of the St. Lawrence. To the west are High Park, the beautiful Humber River, Mimico, Long Branch, Lorne Park, Oakville, Burlington Beach and Hamilton; while to the south is Toronto Island, and across the lake are Niagara-on-the-Lake, the Canadian Chatauqua, Queenston Heights, Port Dalhousie, Humberstone Park, St. Catharines and Grimsby Park. These and innumerable other resorts are all within a short distance of Toronto. Indeed, there is no other city in America which has a larger or better equipped fleet of palatial passenger steamers and ferries plying to resorts within easy reach and where daily trips can be had at so small a cost. . . . By rail to the north-west are Dufferin Lake, the trout streams of the Forks of the Credit, the beautiful Irvine and Grand Rivers and the Islet Rock of the Falls of Elora." Our space forbids us further quotation. The captious critic might say, why omit from this starry summary the slow gliding Don with its superb valley, and ramifying ravines; the striking tree clad Rosedale heights, which overlook city and lake at the north; picturesque York Mills nestling in the imposing curve of Hogg's Hollow and other fair scenes and favourite resorts. To this the fluent editor might well reply they are all well worthy of mention but lack of space forbid it. The following statement is also worthy of repetition: "The summer climate of Toronto is remarkably healthful and equable, and is one of the finest in the world." This pretty and readable guide book abounds with information that cannot fail to be interesting and helpful to "globe trotters" and foreigners generally, since Toronto has become a city of world-wide fame. It may not be generally known, but it is, nevertheless,

the case, that the spell of our glorious "Muskoka" is not only drawing thousands of Americans yearly to those noble lakes, rivers and islands, but visitors from Europe and even the East, have tasted its delights.

PERIODICALS.

The Countess of Aberdeen begins the September number of *Onward and Upward* with some wise and timely editorial words. "Boys of the Bible" is most instructively reviewed by Hulda Friederichs. Pleasant stories, bright articles, poetry, and other good matter will be found in this number.

"Damascus" is described by the editor of the *Methodist Magazine* in his Tent Life in Palestine Series. "Life and Adventure in the High Alps," is an excellent paper. Dr. J. G. Hodgins has an able and touching sketch of "The Reverend Doctor Ryerson." The usual quota of poem, short and serial story, etc., make up a good number.

Mr. C. R. Thurston contributes a paper to the *New England Magazine* for September, on "Newport in the Revolution." "America through the Spectacles of the Old English Potter," will interest many a reader, as will the descriptive article, "Quaint Essex." This is a readable number. A contribution that should not be passed by is that on Francis Parkman in '41.

Mr. M. J. Savage writes of "The Religion of Walt Whitman's Poems" in the September *Arena*. A strong, virile character was Whitman, his memory cannot soon fade. This number of the *Arena* has much interesting matter, such as articles on Public Schools, the Chicago Strike and social, economic and ethical papers. It is bright and fresh in tone and eminently progressive.

Outing for September presents a full array of bright and timely articles, poems, stories, etc., for its many readers. Ed. W. Sandys has something of interest to say on bears. Lenz takes us with him in his trip through the Szechuen Province. W. Thomson upholds the merits of the Severn river as a sportsman's haunt, and many another spirited writer helps to fill these lively pages.

The Idler for September is bright and amusing. The clever Mr. Anthony Hope gives a lesson in the art of flirting, and a great number of women authors tell us how to court the advanced woman. Mr. Scott Rankin jokes about people he has never met, and Mr. G. B. Burgin interviews a number of novelists on the subject of criticism. Our own Gilbert Parker contributes a thrilling short story, "The Lake of the Great Slave." There are seven other contributors of whom W. Clark Russell is one.

The little *Chap Book* is bravely holding its own. Paul Verlaine has the place of honor in the last number with some characteristic stanzas entitled "Epigrammes." Then follows a fine tribute to E. C. Stedman by William Sharp. It is a charming bit of verse. Bliss Carman follows in a review notice of William Sharp's poems. Accompanying this number is a portrait of William Sharp. A strong piece of work is the intensely dramatic "Birth of a Soul," in this number by the same author.

Alfred Austin has the premier place in *Blackwood's* for this month with his article with the strange title "That Damnable Country," which can have but one meaning to the ardent opponent of "Home Rule." "A Recent Visit to Harrar" relates to progressive Africa and is recounted by Mr. W. B. Harris. Sir Edward Braddon concludes his papers on "Thirty Years of Shikar." John Bickerdyke's paper "A New Sport" is quite entertaining. The Rev. E. H. Horne contributes an ode on the loss of the Victoria.

Mr. John W. Chadwick's paper in the *New World* for September on "Universal Religion" is pleasantly, yet none the less thoughtfully written. In treating of "The Influence of Philosophy on Greek Social Life," Mr. Alfred

W. Benn seeks to draw attention "to a neglected side of an important subject." In discussing the relation of animism to Tuetonic mythology, M. P. D. Choutepie de la Saussaye treats that important subject in the light of recent research. "The Roots of Agnosticism" is the striking caption of an article by Mr. James Seth. A number of other articles and many scholarly reviews complete this number of the *New World*.

Mr. Gladstone is devoting his pen to religious topics. He has the leader in the September *Nineteenth Century*. In it he discusses "True and False Conceptions of the Atonement," and has a word or two more on Mrs. Besant's theories. Dr. Vance Smith follows with a criticism of Mr. Gladstone's recent article on "Heresy and Schism." The question of the navy is discussed by William Laird Clowes. "Known to the Police" is a study in criminology by E. R. Spearman. "The Facts About University Extension" are considered by M. E. Sadler and Mrs. James Stuart. Prince Kropotkin, J. Theodore Bent and Rev. Dr. Jessop contribute to this number.

"Co-operation and the Agricultural Depression" is a subject which receives attention in the September *Westminster* at the hands of Mr. Edmund Mitchell. "So long as each farmer in a country continues to struggle along forlornly for his own hand, he is powerless. Union brings irresistible strength," is the conclusion Mr. Mitchell arrives at. A subject which is attracting a good deal of attention, "Aerial Navigation," is discussed by Mr. V. E. Johnson. Alice Law writes an appreciation of Henry Kirke White under the caption "A Forerunner of Keats." A frequent contributor, Mr. D. F. Hannigan, has a short but bright paper on another poet, Robert Burns. There are other good papers as well.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL

A history of *Punch* is in preparation, and it is declared that the material has accumulated to such an extent that two volumes will be required to hold it.

The life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, upon which Mr. Fraser Rae is at work, will be heartily welcomed, for no adequate biography of that brilliant being is in existence says the *New York Tribune*.

Dr. Edward Emerson, a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is to give two lectures in Mr. Moncreu D. Conway's South Place Chapel, London, on Thoreau's life and work and on Emerson's letters to Sterling.

Professor Barrett Wendell, author of "Stelligeri and other essays concerning America," has completed a new volume entitled "William Shakespeare: a study of Elizabethan Literature." It will be published shortly by the Scribners.

Mme. Couvreur, who just succeeded her late husband as the *London Times* representative in the Belgian Capital, is best known to the public as "Tasma," the novelist. Of Dutch family, she was born in Highgate, and was brought up in Tasmania—hence her *nom de plume*. She first made her name in Europe as a lecturer on emigration in the principal towns of France.

An attractive volume of essays on musical subjects from the pen of William F. Apthorp is in preparation for early publication by the Scribners. It will be entitled "Musicians and Music Lovers, and Other Essays." The subjects are varied and interesting, and handled with the freshness, vigor and originality of style that one would expect from the writer.

George Wharton Edward's delightful little "Thumb-Nail Sketches" will be followed this season by a new book by Mr.

Edwards entitled "P'tit Matinic' Monotones," sketches of life and character on the Nova Scotia coast, with illustrations by the author. The book is in size five and a half by three inches, and the full sheep cover stamped with gold is beautifully designed.

Professor Blackie seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. In July last he celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday at the lovely Perthshire village of Pitlochrie, and, save for a touch of asthma, was almost as hale and sprightly as ever. The villagers joined in congratulations to their distinguished visitor, who declared he felt very well indeed.

A Scarlet Poppy, and Other Stories (in the series "Harper's American Story-Tellers") is the title of a volume by Harriet Prescott Spofford, containing, in addition to the titular story, the following: "Best-Laid Schemes," "An Ideal," "Mrs. Claxton's Skeleton," "The Tragic Story of Bins," "The Composite Wife," and "Mr. Van Nore's Daughter-in-law."

Much interest is felt in Chicago in the visit of Countess Wachtmeister, of Scania, Sweden, to lecture before the Chicago Theosophical Society. She is a prominent Theosophist and was an intimate friend and companion of Mme. Blavatsky. Countess Wachtmeister will visit other places in the West during her sojourn in America, and in October will go to India to join Mrs. Besant.

Italian, French, German and English are all spoken fluently by the Queen of Italy, and her boudoir table is generally strewn with books and magazines in all four languages. She is especially fond of books of travel, and regrets deeply that she has never been able to gratify her taste for foreign journeyings. Her chief expeditions outside her own country have been her mountain trips through Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol.

The Swiss poet, Fogel, of Glarus, whose death was reported by some of the newspapers in the spring of the present year, has just given proof that he is very much alive. The old gentleman, who is in his 72nd year, has married his housekeeper, a young lady not much above 20. She is his third wife. The patriarchal singer already possesses a troop of children and grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

The Sultan of Turkey, so says the *Argonaut*, has little of the old Turkish reserve about him. He recently invited a party of English ladies and gentlemen to the palace in Constantinople, and entertained them with a circus performance of the trained horses in the imperial stud. He afterward asked them to dinner, which was served in Western fashion, and both the Sultan and the young princes were quite entertaining in conversation.

The oldest active professor in Germany is said to be Privy Councillor Stickel, Professor of Oriental Languages at Jena, who recently celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birth. Professor Stickel answered Prince Bismarck's question as to his age in the following manner: "I have seen Napoleon the First; Germany in its condition of deepest disgrace. I have known Goethe, and in him seen Germany at the pinnacle of its literary development; and now I see in your Highness him who brought our Fatherland to the pinnacle of political development."

The real name of Rolf Boldrewood, the popular Australian novelist, says the *Springfield Republican*, is T. A. Browne, and he is, in private life, a police magistrate. He began to write novels when he was 37—he is 68 now—finding that he could add \$750 to his yearly income, and as he never played cards or billiards he could use his leisure hours that way. He did his writing everywhere, in private houses, tents and hotels, and after riding fifty miles would sit down in a public house and write till midnight with drinking, swearing and talking going on about him. He was so absorbed in his characters that tears often rolled down his cheeks. A man of such power of concentration deserves success.

We learn from the *Springfield Republican* that the Faculty of Cornell University has been strengthened by the election of Prof. Henry Morse Stephens of Cambridge, Eng., to the chair of Modern European History. It is understood that Prof. Stephens's acceptance is due to the presence at Cornell of the President White library, which offers exceptional advantages in his specialty of French history. The most important work of Prof. Stephens is his "History of the French Revolution," the third volume of which is ready for the press. He is a graduate of Oxford, and holds high rank among the younger historians. He has resigned his position as lecturer on history at Cambridge University.

The *Philadelphia Record* has the following note on Shakespeare's name: It has often been a puzzle to students of Shakespeare why his name is spelt in so many different ways. Shakespeare himself is said to have signed his name on different occasions "Shakspeare" and "Shakespeare," and learned disquisitions have been written to prove which is the proper spelling. None, perhaps, were more amusing than the "weather" reason given in 1851 by Albert Smith, who averred that he had found it in the Harleian MSS. It was as follows:

"How dyd Shakespeare spell hys name?
Ye weatherre mayde ye change, we saye,
So write it as ye please;
When ye sonne shone he mayde hys A,
When wette he took his E's."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

POPULAR NOVELISTS IN SCOTLAND.

The librarian of the Public Library at Edinburgh, Mr. Hew Morison, has been giving statistics showing the number of times the works of different authors had been perused in the Edinburgh Public Library since the day of its opening. The most popular of Scott's novels were "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Guy Mannering," "Red Gauntlet," "The Betrothed," "The Pirate," and "Ivanhoe." Of Hardy's works, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" had been in constant demand since its publication. Meredith's works were also extensively patronized in Edinburgh; and the difference between the highest and lowest of his works in popularity was very low indeed. Rider Haggard's also stood high in point of issue. "She" was least in demand, and "King Solomon's Mines" and "Jess" most popular. Robert Louis Stevenson's writings were in perpetual request, and the same might be said of Black and George MacDonald. Of the lady writers "Ouida" and Mrs. Henry Wood took first place, followed by Annie Swan and Miss Yonge.

THE RIFLE BALLS OF THE FUTURE.

The reduction of the calibre of guns is necessarily accompanied with a diminution in the weight of the projectile. The length of the latter, in fact, cannot exceed a certain limit, beyond which it would no longer have sufficient stability in its trajectory. It would therefore be of considerable interest to have at our disposal, for the manufacture of rifle balls, a metal of reasonable price and heavier than lead. One of the metals upon which hopes may be founded, remarks the *Revue d'Armes Portatives et de Tir*, is Tungsten. This metal, which is almost as hard as steel, has a density varying from 17 to 19.3, say one and a half time that of lead. By reason of such qualities, balls of tungsten, of equal dimensions, possess a power of penetration much greater than that of lead. Thus, a tungsten ball penetrates a steel plate 3 inches in thickness at a distance of 650 yards while a similar one of lead penetrates a 2½-inch plate at 325 yards only. The present obstacle to the use of tungsten is its relatively high price, but there are indications that this will soon be lowered to reasonable figures.

LORD DUFFERIN AND DISRAELI.

Two excellent stories of Disraeli told by Lord Dufferin are not to be found in the copious preface to Lady Dufferin's poems. "One of my earliest encounters with Mr. Disraeli," writes his Lordship, "was in Brook street, the afternoon of the day he had won his Buckinghamshire election. I stopped to congratulate him on his successful campaign, when he said to me, 'Yes, I said rather a good thing on the hustings yesterday. There was a fellow in the crowd who kept calling me a man of straw, without any stake in the country, and asking what I stood upon, so I said, 'Well, it is true I do not possess the broad acres of Lord So-and-So or the vast acres of the Duke of A—, but if the gentleman wants to know upon what I stand I will tell him—I stand on my head.' Many years after I passed him again as he was strolling up hatless from the House of Commons to speak to some colleague in the House of Lords. Happening to enquire whether he had read a certain novel, he said, 'Oh, I have no time for novel reading now. Moreover, when I want to read a novel I write it.'"—*London Public Opinion*.

ON A MULE.

In riding a mule up a mountain, where the trail often runs along the edge of a precipice, the rider is told that it is safer to let the beast have its own way than to attempt to guide it. But even in mountain-riding the old adage holds—there is no rule without its exception. Miss Sanborn tells us in her book, "A Truthful Woman in Southern California," that in ascending Mount Wilson she let the reins hang from the pommel of the saddle, and humored her mule's wish to nibble the herbage.

At a narrow place, with a sharp declivity below, the beast fixed his jaws upon a small, tough bush on the upper bank. As he warmed to the work, his hind feet worked round towards the edge of the chasm. The bush began to come out by the roots, which seemed to be without end. As the weight of the mule was thrown heavily backward, I looked forward with apprehension to the time when the root should finally give way.

I dared not and could not move. The root gave way, allowing the mule to fall

backward. One foot slipped over the edge, but three stuck to the path, and the majority prevailed.

After that I saw it was safer to let my faithful beast graze on the outer edge. All went well until he became absorbed in following downward the foliage of a bush which grew up from below.

As he stretched his neck farther and farther down, I saw that he was bending his forelegs. His shoulders sank more and more. I worked myself backward, and was sliding down behind—too late. The bush broke, causing the mule to fall back forcibly against the inner bank, with myself sandwiched between the adamantine wall of the mountain and the well-shod heels of the mule.

The animal, being as much scared as myself, started up the trail on a gallop. I had saved my life, but lost my mule. I resolved to push on. At the very first turn a boy appeared hurrying back my palfrey. —*Boston Home Journal*.

GOD IS LOVE.

I say to thee,—do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish,—all are shadows vain,
That death itself should not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue forth in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, on perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last;

And, ere thou leave him,—say thou this,
But one word more, they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,—

Who will not count it true, that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move,

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,—

Despite of all which seems at strife,
With blessing,—all with curses rife,
That this is blessing, This is Life!

—*Author unknown.*

PURPOSE-NOVELS.

Though I have some optimistic remarks to end with, it does appear to myself that the British novel suffers from divers banes or curses. The first is the spread of elementary education. Too many naturally non-literary people of all ranks are now goaded into acquiring a knowledge of the invention of Cadmus. When nobody could read, except people whose own literary nature impelled them to learn, better books were written, because the public, if relatively few, was absolutely fit. Secondly, these newly educated people insist on our next curse—"actuality." They live solely in the distracted moment, whereas true literature lives in the absolute, in the past that, perhaps, never was present, and that is eternal, "lives, in fantasy." Shakespeare did not write plays about contemporary "problems." The Greek dramatists deliberately chose their topics in the

In
Diamonds
Pre-eminent

About 15,000 workmen are engaged in the cutting of Diamonds in Amsterdam. 85 per cent. of the Diamonds used throughout the world are cut in that "city built on piles." Of the remaining 15 per cent. the City of Antwerp cuts the greater portion. For the cutting of the insignificant remainder New York and London divide the honors about equally. We select our stock personally from the master cutters in Amsterdam for prompt cash, for purchased thus they are invariably a cash commodity. Combined with our expert knowledge of this gem can you conceive of more advantageous buying.

As we buy, we sell.

RYRIE BROS.,
Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

On our stock of mounted Diamonds, Rings, Pins, Stars, Pendants, Hair Pins, etc., we invite comparison with anything hitherto shown in Canada.

tales of Troy, and Thebes, and Atreus's line. The very Fijians, as Mr. Basil Thomson informs us, "will tell of gods and giants and canoes greater than mountains, and of women fairer than the women of these days, and of doings so strange that the jaws of the listeners fall apart." They don't deal with problems about the propriety of cannibalism or the casuistry of polygamy. The Athenians fined, for his *modernite*, the author of a play on the fall of Miletus, because he "reminded them of their misfortunes." Novels are becoming tracts on Parish Councils, Free Love and other inflammatory topics, and the reason of this ruin is that the vast and the naturally non-literary majority can now read, and, of course, can only read about the actual, about the noisy, wrangling moment. This is the bane of the actual. Of course, I do not maintain that contemporary life is tabooed against novelists. But if novels of contemporary life are to be literature, are to be permanent, that life must either be treated in the spirit of romance and fantasy, as by Balzac and the colossally fantastic Zola, or in the spirit of humor, as by Charles de Bernard, Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens. The thrifty plan of giving us sermons, politics, fiction, all in one stodgy sandwich, produces no permanent literature, produces but temporary "tracts for the times." Fortunately, we have among us many novelists—young ones, luckily—who are true to the primitive and eternal, the Fijian, canons of fiction. We have Oriental romance from the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills." We have the humor and tenderness—certainly not Fijian, I admit—which produced that masterpiece, "A Window in Thrums;" we have the adventurous fancy that gives us "A Gentleman of France," "The Master of Ballantrae," "Micah Clarke," "The Raiders," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the truly primeval or troglodyte imagination which, as we read of the fight between a knob-nosed Kaffir dwarf and a sacred crocodile, brings us into touch with the first hearers of Heracles's, or Beowulf's, or Grettir's deeds, "so strange that the jaws of the listeners fall apart." Thus we possess outlets for escape from ourselves and from to-day. We can still dwell, now and then, in the same air of pleasure as our

fathers have breathed since the days of Homer. Such are the rather intolerant ideas of a book-worm, who by no means grudges the pleasure which other readers receive from what does not please him to enthusiasm. And pleasure, not edification, is the end of all art. We are all pleased when we write; a public of one enthusiast every author enjoys, and the literary men who depreciate the joys of their own art, or profession, may not be consciously uncandid, but they are decidedly perverse.—*Andrew Lang, in New York Critic.*

A TALK WITH HAWTHORNE.

In the face that confronted me there was nothing of keen alertness; but only a sort of quiet, patient intelligence, for which I seek the right word in vain. It was a very regular face, with beautiful eyes; the mustache, still entirely dark, was dense over the fine mouth. Hawthorne was dressed in black, and he had a certain effect which I remember, of seeming to have on a black cravat with no visible collar. He was such a man that if I had ignorantly met him anywhere I should have instantly felt him to be a personage.

After a few moments of the demoralization which followed his hospitable attempts in me, he asked if I would not like to go up on his hill with him and sit there, where he smoked in the afternoon. He offered me a cigar, and when I said that I did not smoke he lighted it for himself, and we climbed the hill together. At the top, where there was an outlook in the pines over the Concord meadows, we found a log, and he invited me to a place on it beside him, and at intervals of a minute or so he talked while he smoked. Heaven preserve me from the folly of trying to tell him how much his books had been to me, and though we got on rapidly at no time, I think we got on better for this interposition. He asked me about Lowell, I dare say, for I told him of my joy in meeting him and Dr. Holmes, and this seemed greatly to interest him. Perhaps because he was so lately from Europe, where our great men are always seen through the wrong end of the telescope, he appeared surprised at my devotion, and asked me whether I cared as much for meeting them as I should care for meeting the famous English authors. I professed that I cared much more, though whether this was true, I now have my doubts, and I think Hawthorne doubted it at the time. But he said nothing in comment, and went on to speak generally of Europe and America. He was curious as to the West, which he seemed to fancy much more purely American, and said he would like to see some part of the country on which the shadow, or, if I must be precise, the damned shadow, of Europe had not fallen. I told him I thought the West must finally be characterized by the Germans, whom we had in great numbers, and, purely from my zeal for German poetry I tried to allege some proofs of their present influence, though I could think of none outside of politics, which I thought they affected wholesomely. I knew Hawthorne was a Democrat, and felt it well to touch politics lightly, but he had no more to say about the fateful election then pending than Holmes or Lowell had.

Hawthorne descanted a little upon the landscape, and said certain of the pleasant fields below us belonged to him; but he preferred his hill-top, and if he could have his way those arable fields should be grown up to pines too. He smoked fitfully and

slowly, and in the hour that we spent together, his whiffs were of the desultory and unfinal character of his words. When we went down he asked me into his house again, and would have me stay to tea, for which we found the table laid. But there was a silence in it all, and at times, in spite of his shadowy kindness, I felt my spirits sink. After tea, he showed me a book-case, where there were a few books toppling about on the half-filled shelves, and said, coldly, "This is my library." I knew that men were his books, and though I myself cared for books so much, I found it fit and fine that he should care so little, or seem to care so little. Some of his own romances were among the volumes on these shelves, and when I put my finger on the Blithedale Romance and said that I preferred that to the others, his face lighted up and he said that he believed the Germans liked that best too.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE RELATIONS OF JAPAN AND CHINA TO KOREA.

The relations of Japan and of China to Korea date back to very early times. Both have conquered her, and she has successively recognized each as a suzerain power. It would be idle, however, to attempt to define these claims to suzerainty, whether arising from conquest or from mutual arrangement. They were of a peculiar character and possess no practical significance under the rules by which states now govern their relations to each other. Japan's claim lapsed long ago. China has virtually abandoned hers on several occasions. To the United States and to France, respectively, when they demanded reparation for injuries sustained by their citizens in Korea, China expressly disavowed any responsibility for the actions of that country, and looked on without protest while each of those powers in succession sent military expeditions against Korea. China made no objection when in 1876 Japan concluded a treaty with Korea, which in distinct terms asserts the independence of the Korean Kingdom. Nor did she interfere when several years later first the United States, and then other Western powers in rapid succession, entered into such treaties with Korea as could only have been concluded with an autonomous state. And, finally, in 1885 China agreed to the Tientsin Convention with Japan, than which there could not have been a more complete surrender of whatever alleged suzerain privileges she might up to that time have still claimed the right to exercise. To these examples, and to others that might be cited, the only answer ever made is that China has long maintained "relations of benevolence" toward neighboring weaker states, which cannot be precisely explained by the definitions of international law, but which nevertheless give her the right to assume a certain supervision over the affairs of those countries. Whatever may have been true of the past, when the West had not come into close contact with the East, and when China claimed suzerain rights over all the world within the limits of her geographical knowledge, such a pretension to-day is a manifest absurdity. It is more; it is an offence against the laws of nations when, as in the present case, the claim is at times openly disavowed, and then surreptitiously utilized to the injury of innocent nations to which the alleged subordinate or tributary country is bound by covenants and obligations assumed as an independent state.—*North American Review for September.*

MACMILLAN & CO.'S
NEW BOOKS

Now Ready.

History, Prophecy, and the Monuments

By JAMES FREDERICK MCCURDY, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in University College, Toronto. I. To the Downfall of Samaria. 8vo. cloth, \$3.00, net.

Its aim is to help those into whose hands it may fall to apprehend in its true relations the history of that ancient people (the Semites), through whom the world has gained most of its heritage of moral and spiritual light and power. —*Author's Preface.*

Now Ready.

A History of Rome.

TO THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM. With maps and plans. By EVELYN SHURLEY SHUCKBURGH, M.A., late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo, \$1.75, net.

"Mr. Shuckburgh writes with verve and fluency, yet with steady compression of his materials." —*Daily Chronicle.*

Just Ready

New Shakespeare Concordance

By the Author of "Familiar Quotations."

A NEW AND COMPLETE CONCORDANCE or verbal Index to Words, Phrases, and Passages in the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare. With a supplementary Concordance to the Poems. By JOHN BARTLETT, A.M., Author of "Familiar Quotations." In one volume, 4to. Bound in half morocco, \$14.00, net.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co., have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. Bartlett's Concordance to Shakespeare, which has been in preparation for over twenty years, is now ready for publication. An important feature which distinguishes this volume from any of its predecessors is, that references are given, not only to Acts and Scenes, but to the *lines* numbered in the *Globe Edition* of Shakespeare, from which this Concordance was prepared.

Just Ready

A History of the English Language

By O. F. EMERSON, Assistant Professor of Rhetoric and English Philology in Cornell University. 12mo. cloth.

Just Ready

Chronological Outlines of American Literature

By SELDEN L. WHITCOMB, A.M. With a preface by BRANDER MATTHEWS. Uniform with "Chronological Outlines of English Literature." By Frederick Ryland. Crown 8vo. *Just Ready.*

Just Ready

Co-operative Production

By BENJAMIN JONES. With Prefatory Note by the Rt. Hon. A. H. DYKE ACLAND, M.P., Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education. 2 vols. 12mo. cloth.

Second and Cheaper Edition. By the late Dr. C. H. Pearson.

National Life and Character: A Forecast

By CHARLES H. PEARSON, Hon. LL.D., St. Andrews late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and sometime Minister of Education, Victoria. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, \$2.00.

"A very remarkable and striking book. Mr. Pearson's speculations on the future of national life and character are certainly a notable sign of the times." —*Times.*

"We at once confess that we have here the mature reflections of a man of superior learning and wide information. The book is thoroughly interesting and stimulating to a high degree." —*Andover Review.*

"One of the most suggestive and stimulating books that have for a long time appeared." —*New World.*

Three New Novels

Just Published. A New Book by the author of "The Raiders."

Mad Sir Uchred of the Hills

By S. R. CROCKETT, author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," etc. 16mo. buckram, gilt top, \$1.25

A New Story by "Ouida."

The Silver Christ and a Lemon Tree.

By OUIDA, author of "Under Two Flags," etc. 16mo. buckram, gilt top, \$1.25.

A New Novel.

The Wings of Icarus

Being the Life of one Emilia Fletcher, as revealed by Herself in

I. Thirty-five Letters written to Constance Norris between July 18, 1888, and March 26 of the following year.

II. A Fragmentary Journal.

III. A Postscript.

By LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA. 16mo. cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.

"It is a study of the inner workings of the human heart, and if the motives of a soul were ever laid bare, it has been done in 'The Wings of Icarus.' A good story, told in an intensely natural and interesting manner." —*Providence News.*

MACMILLAN & CO.,
66 Fifth Avenue,
NEW YORK.

AN ANECDOTE OF LESSING.

Lessing was subject to the most extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his knocking at his door one evening, the servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognizing his master in the dark, he called out: "The professor is not at home!" "Oh, very well," replied Lessing; "no matter, I'll call another time." On another occasion, having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on the table. "Of course you counted it?" said one who knew him. "Counted it?" said Lessing, rather embarrassed, "no, I forgot that."—*The Argonaut.*

THE CENTRAL FIGURES IN THE ORIENTAL WAR.

The central figures in the war are, of course, H. E. Li Hung Chang and Count Hirobumi Ito—Prime Ministers of their respective countries, and men, I do not hesitate to say, well matched in cleverness, versatility, and shrewdness, though the former is by nature and experience a thorough commander, while Count Ito is purely the veteran politician and diplomat without military record. The two noblemen are personal friends, and H. E. Li was probably influenced in his tardy war action by a hope of maintaining peace through diplomatic and personal efforts with Count Ito. They have both run serious risks owing to their suspected leaning to foreigners, and in the case of H. E. of China narrowly escaped the fate of a mighty Chinese mandarin many years ago, who was degraded to the ranks for his "knowledge of and sympathy with Barbarians," as we are contemptuously called. Yet the highest honors of these two men are in great part due to the results of their unaltering faith in the value of foreign policy, of foreign principles of progress, and of foreign arms.—*North American Review.*

THE WORK OF DUST.

Dust has a very large share in nearly all the phenomena of the earth's atmosphere. It is what makes the clear sky appear blue; and when we look up into the sky we see the dust in the atmosphere illuminated by the sun. There is nothing else before us that can permit the light to reach the eye. Light goes invisible, straight through all gases, whatever their chemical composition. The dust catches it, reflects it in every direction, and so causes the whole atmosphere to appear clear, in the same way that it makes the sunbeam visible in the darkened room. Without dust there would be no blue firmament. The sky would be as dark as or darker than we see it in the finest moonless nights. The glowing disk of the sun would stand immediately upon this dark background, and the same sharp contrast would prevail upon the illuminated surface of the earth—blinding light, where the sun's rays fall, and deep black shadows where they do not. Only the light of the moon and the stars, which would remain visible in the daytime, would be able to temper this contrast in a slight degree. The illumination of the earth's surface would be like that we see with the telescope on the lunar landscapes; for the moon has no atmospheric envelope that can hold floating dust. We then owe to dust the even moderately tempered daylight, adapted now to our eyes; and it is that which contributes much to the beauty of our landscape scenery.—*Dr. P. Lenard, in The Popular Science Monthly.*

PUBLIC OPINION.

The Hamilton Herald: We gather from esteemed contemporaries that Mr. Laurier's tour towards the setting sun has been a howling success as well as a dismal failure. Perhaps you will know more about it when the votes are counted.

The Hamilton Spectator: The chief argument of the *Buffalo Express* and other American papers against the new United States tariff is that it benefits the Canadian farmer at the expense of the American farmer. If Mr. Laurier had his way there would be a Canadian tariff which would benefit the American farmer at the expense of the Canadian farmer.

The Ottawa Citizen: Edward Atkinson, the well known American economist, denounces the construction of United States naval vessels, "commerce-destroyers," as they are called. He points out that the latest additions to the navy cost as much as the total endowment of Harvard University, and their annual maintenance costs more than the actual expenditure of Harvard for all its beneficent services.

The Montreal Gazette: The Newfoundland Government has won Burgeo and Lapoile from the Opposition in the bye-election, the turn-over, compared with the result of the general contest, being 220 in a total of 1,200 votes cast. This is the second bye-election in which Premier Goodridge has won a seat from his opponents. It looks as if Newfoundland had recognized that Mr. Goodridge has to control its affairs for the next few years at any rate.

The Manitoba Free Press: The repeated declarations by European sovereigns that they desire peace, while at the same time increasing their armament, finds a parallel in the case of certain local politicians and writers who never cease proclaiming their independence of party and adhesion to liberal trade principles, but who are always slandering Liberal leaders and at election times working and voting for Tories and protectionists. Of such was Judas.

The London Advertiser: Death is making sad inroads on the Grand Army of the Republic—the association of Union participants in the late American civil war. At the annual gathering of the body in Pittsburg this week it was reported that whereas the number of members last year was 436,884, it has now been reduced to 368,083—a loss of 67,801. In a few years the majority of the veterans will have passed away, and with them the public debt of our neighbours. Canada will have to stop piling up its debt as it has been doing in recent years, or lag far behind in the continental race.

The St. John Globe: The Siberian railway which the Russian Government is now constructing from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, on the Sea of Japan, is one of the greatest enterprises of the age. There is a belief that the political and social effects which will follow its construction will be of considerable moment. Its effect on the Russian Government itself will be likely to be revolutionary. The great industrial development that will follow must be reflected in changes in the social and political fabric of Russia, which stands sadly in need of the civilizing influences this vast enterprise will bring. In opening up vast regions for settlement and as fields for commercial and manufacturing enter-



A LIGHT HEART, strong nerves, bodily comfort—these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ills.

The "Prescription" relieves every such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic

PIERCE Guarantees a **CURE.**

can do—and, by restoring the natural functions, it brings back health and strength.

St. Matthews, Orangeburgh Co., S. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—For four months my wife tried your "Favorite Prescription," and I am able to say that it has done all that it claims to do. She can always praise this medicine for all womb troubles.

Yours truly,

Israel Matthews

prise, it seems not improbable that the world's currents of migration will be turned in new directions.

In another column will be found an open letter from a prominent physician relating the facts of a cure of consumption after the patient had reached the last stages of this hitherto unconquered disease. The statements made are really remarkable, and mark another advance in the progress of medical science. Our readers will find the article well worth a careful perusal.

STAMP COLLECTING.

It is remarkable how the stamp collecting craze is spreading. Mr. W. Roberts considers the subject in the last number of the *Fortnightly* and gives some astounding figures. He says that the "trade" in London is represented by nearly a dozen journals and its literature could only be indicated by a portly volume of biography. £15,000 to £20,000 worth of stamps were sold under the hammer in London last year by three or four auctioneers alone. One dealer accumulated a fortune of £50,000. Some private collections are of enormous value, that of Herr Philip von Ferrary of Paris, being "certainly not worth less than £100,000!" But by the side of this collection every other falls into insignificance. The second in importance is the Topling collection now in the British Museum, valued at £60,000. The Czar's collection is estimated to be worth about £30,000 and he takes a very special interest in those of Asiatic issue. The Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha have also extensive collections. The mania, if such it can be called, originated in Belgium. Canadians will be interested in knowing that the 12d. black issue of 1852 is worth \$250.—*The Province.*

I WAS CURED of lame back, after suffering 15 years, by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT ROSS.

I WAS CURED of diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Antigonish. JOHN A. FOREY.

I WAS CURED of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Dalhousie. MRS. RACHAEL SAUNDERS.

Professional.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D.
EYE and EAR SURGEON,
137 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

CHAS. LENNON & SON,
DENTISTS.
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING
COR. YONGE & RICHMOND,
TORONTO.
Telephone, 1846.

M. R. J. D. A. TRIPP,
CONCERT PIANIST and TEACHER,
Only Canadian pupil of the great composer and pianist, MOSKOWSKI. Concert engagements and pupils accepted.
TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
AND 20 SEATON ST.

M. R. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH,
(Fellow of the Royal College of Organists.)
ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER ALL
SAINTS' CHURCH, TORONTO.
Teacher of Organ and Piano Playing and Theory
Harmony and counterpoint taught by
correspondence.
Toronto College of Music, and 6 Glen Road.

M. R. W. O. FORSYTH,
Teacher of piano playing and composition. Pupil
of Prof. Martin Krause, Prof. Julius Epstein, and Dr.
S. Jadassohn. Modern Principles—Hand Cultivation
(technic) and musical intelligence developed simultane-
ously. Pupils are expected to study diligently and
with seriousness.
Toronto Conservatory of Music, and 112 College St.
Studio for private lessons, room 2, Nordheimer Build-
ing, 15 King St. E.

WALTER H. ROBINSON,
SINGING MASTER AND CONDUCTOR
GIVES INSTRUCTION IN VOICE PRODUCTION
Pupils received for study of Musical Theory.
Open to accept engagements as Tenor Soloist at
Concerts.
Concerts directed.
Studio—Care R. S. WILLIAMS & SON, 143 Yonge St.

MRS. & MISS DRECHSLER-ADAMSON,
VIOLINISTS.
Will receive a limited number of pupils at
their residence, 67 BLOOR ST. EAST.

J. LEWIS BROWNE,
(Organist and Choirmaster Bond St. Cong. Church)
CONCERT ORGANIST
Pupils received in Organ, Piano, Harmony and
Instrumentation. 130 MUTUAL STREET.
Reception hours 3 to 5 p.m. daily.

DONALD HERALD, A. T. C. M.,
TEACHER OF PIANO,
Conservatory of Music, or 271 Jarvis St.,
Toronto.

MR. A. S. VOGT,
ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER JARVIS STREET
BAPTIST CHURCH.
Instructor of Piano and Organ at the Toronto Con-
servatory of Music, Dufferin House and
Moulton College.
Residence - - 605 Church Street.

MR. V. P. HUNT
Pupil of Dr. Carl Reinecke, Herr Bruno Zwint-
scher, etc., of Leipzig, Germany. Pianoforte teacher
at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Musical Direc-
tor Oshawa Ladies' College, Organist Zion Congrega-
tional Church. Teaches Piano, Organ, Harmony.
Address Toronto Conservatory of Music
Or Residence, 104 Maitland Street.

MISS DALLAS, Mts. BAC.
Fellow of the Toronto Conservatory of
Music, Organist Central Presbyterian Church. PIANO,
ORGAN AND THEORY. Toronto Conservatory of Music
and 99 Bloor Street West.



A. McLaren, Dentist
243 Yonge Street,
First Class \$10.00, Sets teeth for \$5.00.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The proposal to construct as the great attraction of the French Exhibition of 1900 a monster telescope able to show the inhabitants, if any, of the moon, has been revived, and M. Bischoffsheim is said to be willing to advance 2,000,000 francs toward the cost.

In discussing Dr. Pupin's inventions for increasing the speed of cable telegraphy, the *London Electrical Review* asserts that the British postal-telegraph department has tried shunted condensers without success. But it does not appear that the principle of resonance was tried in that connection.

Professor Karl Gunther, of Berlin, is reported to have discovered a new bacillus, which differs from the comma bacillus in that it exists in the soil and not in water or the organs of the human body. He has named it the vibrio terrigenis, and says that so far as he knows it is perfectly harmless.

Tungsten, which is almost as hard as steel and 50 per cent. denser than lead, is being tried for bullets abroad, experimentally. The metal is more costly, of course, but it would have greater power of penetration. Possibly it would be producible more cheaply than at present if there were a demand.

Take a pail of clear, soft, lukewarm water and a nice soft piece of flannel. Wash the oilcloth and wipe very dry, so that no drop of water is left to soak into it. After washing and drying, if a cloth is wrung out of a dish of skim milk and water, and the oilcloth is rubbed over with this and then again well dried, the freshness and lustre of the cloth will well repay the extra labor.

An ingenious method was recently employed in France of ridding the country of small rodents which had become so numerous and destructive that it was impossible to produce any crop. Every acre of land furnished a home for thousands of these pests. The method adopted was to dissolve some gelatine cultures of pathogenic bacteria capable of producing an infectious disease in mice, then soaking a great number of small cubes of bread in this solution, and placing the bread near the holes every day for three days in succession. Within two weeks from the time when this treatment was begun, scarcely a live mouse was to be found in the district. When the burrows were opened, their galleries were found to be filled with dead mice.

A device by means of which a ship may be towed without a man at the wheel, merely with the guidance of the compass-card, is said to have been tried on a French steamship lately and with excellent results. It is the invention of M. Bersier. In this mechanism a current from a Ruhmkorff coil is passed from the pivot of the needle to the north pole extremity, from which sparks pass to one of two semi-circular pieces of aluminum insulated from each other, the gap between them being set to the desired sailing direction. When the spark passes to one of these the current, by means of a relay, starts a motor in one direction, which in turn operates the rudder, while, if the spark passes to the other piece, it moves the rudder in the other direction.

It appears that some of the Ceylon tea planters are making an organized attempt to obtain a sale for their tea seed in the

Educational.

**BISHOP
STRACHAN
SCHOOL**
FOR
YOUNG LADIES
Full English Course
Languages, Music
Drawing, Painting
etc. For Prospectus
etc., apply to
MISS GRIER,
LADY PRINCIPAL,
WYKEHAM HALL, TORONTO

Michaelmas Term Begins Sept. 5th.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
(FOUNDED 1829.)

The Examination for the W. H. Beatty Scholar-
ships will be held on Oct. 2nd, 3rd and 4th.
Fifth Form Scholarship, cash value \$150
" " " " " " 100

These Scholarships are open to boys from any
school. The Examinations are unconnected with the
College.

Autumn Term begins Sept. 4th. For circulars
giving full information regarding Scholarships, course
of study, etc., apply to
The PRINCIPAL, U. C. COLLEGE,
DEER PARK, TORONTO.

W. J. McNALLY,
Late of Leipzig Conservatory of Music.
Organist and Choirmaster, Beverley Street Baptist
Church, Teacher of Piano.
Toronto College of Music or 92 Sussex Avenue

M. R. H. M. FIELD,
PIANO VIRTUOSO.
Pupil of Prof. Martin Krauss, Hans von Bulow and
Reinecke, solo pianist Albert Halle concerts; Richard
Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; pianist of the Seidl
orchestral tour in Canada, 1892; by invitation of Theo-
dore Thomas, representative Canadian solo pianist at
the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and
pupils accepted. Address—405 Gloucester Street, or
Toronto College of Music.

Private Tuition in a Clergyman's
Family.

The Rev. A. J. Reid, Rector of Uxbridge, 40 miles
from Toronto, G. T. R., is desirous of undertaking the
education of two boys between the ages of nine and
twelve. The boys will have careful training with all
home comforts, in a healthy and attractive part of the
country.

Reference kindly permitted to the Lord Bishop of
Toronto.
For particulars, address The Rectory, Uxbridge,
Ont., or E. A. Meredith, Esq., LL.D., Toronto General
Trusts Co., Toronto.

London market. A parcel of seven bags of
that article was offered at the drug sales re-
cently, but no one seemed to know what to
do with it, and although the broker de-
clared his belief that the drug was a
"favorite medicine in China," the audience
remained unmoved. Nevertheless, the tea
seed might have been worth purchasing for
the sake of the bland oil which it contains,
to the extent of about 35 per cent. by
weight, and which resembles olive oil in
color and somewhat in taste. The seeds are
about the size of a cherry stone, subglobular
in shape, and of a deep brown color. The
oil would be useful for burning or lubricat-
ing.—*London Chemist and Druggist.*

The Bell Telephone Company,
Walkerton Agency, May 15th, '94.
Dear Sirs,—I sold your Acid Cure for
20 years, and during that time I never
heard of a case that was not relieved and
cured by its use. I have recommended it in
bad cases of Eczema, Ring-worm, and never
knew it to fail (when properly used) to
effect a cure.

Yours truly, W. A. GREEN.

COUTTS & SONS.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rev. Edward Allen, of Somerset, England, is said to be the oldest clergyman in the English Church. He is now 97 years old.

Count Hirobumi Ito, the Prime Minister of Japan and actual head of the empire, is a very able statesman, the equal, in the estimation of many, of Li Hung Chang. One writer compares him with Alexander Hamilton.

The town of Jena has presented Prince Bismarck with its honorary freedom. A fountain erected in the market-place, upon the spot where he delivered in 1892 his famous speech against the new regime, was dedicated the other day.

Miss Dhaubai Fardoujee Banajee, an eighteen-year-old Bombay girl, has succeeded in getting one of her pictures hung in the Paris Salon. She won some prizes in India from the Bombay Art Society, and decided that she would rather be an independent person according to western standards than marry and live in the Indian fashion. She is the first Indian woman to go to Europe to study art.—*New York Tribune*.

One of the finest bridges in Europe is now being constructed across the Danube at Cernavoda, Roumania, by French engineers. It has a length of 2,400 feet, divided into five bays. Its height is 103 feet to the roadway and its highest point is 123 feet above high water. It is of steel and is supported on 30 piers. The effect is said to be "one of elegance and lightness, the lines standing out like delicate lacework against the sky."—*Springfield Republican*.

"Pigeon English," says the *Chicago Record*, "grew out of the vast business which developed from all parts of the world after China threw open her ports to foreigners. Some means of communication, intelligible alike to the traders of every clime with whom John Chinaman came in contact, was a necessity; hence 'pidgin English.' 'Pidgin' is really a Chinaman's poor attempt to pronounce the word business, and consequently the words 'pidgin English' means business English."

Two New York men have been recently elected to the Champs de Mars. John W. Alexander, the portrait painter, whose work used to appear in the *Century* and other magazines, has been made a full-fledged member. John Humphreys Johnston, son of the late J. Boorman Johnston, of New York, who held an exhibition last spring at the Klackner Gallery, has been chosen associate, together with Welden Hawkins, The Scotch painter Guthrie was made a member. This year's exhibit at the Champs de Mars was a financial success, there being a profit of \$4,000 to \$5,000. The society gave a second annual banquet in honor of the event at the Hotel Continental.—*New York Times*.

The Normal and Industrial Institute for the colored people at Tuskegee, Ala., has just closed its thirteenth year. The institute began with just nothing, except an appropriation of \$2,000 from the State for tuition. It began in a little church and shanty, which it did not own, with one teacher and 300 scholars. It now holds property to the amount of \$200,000 free, including lands, buildings, live stock, appar-

atus, etc. It has 791 pupils and 48 teachers in the various departments. It has graduated 166 students, who are doing good work in the various departments of life as teachers, farmers, mechanics, etc., and its influence is felt among the colored people all over the South.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND CHURCH-GOING.

A nephew of the great Duke of Wellington was preaching in a Yorkshire church on Sunday, and told a tale of his illustrious relative which spoke as well for the Duke's tolerance as for his piety. It was a rule of his Grace's household that all visitors should attend worship on Sunday. One excused himself on the ground that he was a Roman Catholic, and there was no chapel near. His Grace caused inquiry to be made, found there was one thirty miles off, and the guest was informed a carriage and four were in waiting to take him there. As a matter of fact he was not a Roman Catholic, but simply had pleaded that as an excuse. However, in he had to get *nolens volens*, and arrived back to dinner after his involuntary drive of sixty miles. No guest of the Duke was ever known to attempt to cut church after that.—*London Public Opinion*.

ONE OF THOSE "EDITOR'S DRAWER" STORIES.

This is a true story, and is so good that it will bear repeating: Some years ago, Judge X—, of R—, in the State of M—, was riding from J— to S—. It was in the middle of the s—, and, as it was half past t— o'clock, the sun was burning hot. When about t— miles from S— he met Judge K—, also on the circuit. The latter was riding a h— so aged and infirm that Judge X— burst into a roar of l—, and shouted:

"Judge K— was not at a loss for a quick rejoinder. He immediately said:

"And the worthy judge who had been made bold to laugh rode on in s—. Judge K— had thoroughly beaten him by his witty remark.—*Chicago Tribune*."

AN OPEN LETTER.

FROM A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

A Remarkable Cure of Consumption in its Last Stages—Is This Once Dread Disease Conquered?—Important Facts to all Suffering from Diseased or Weak Lungs.

ELMWOOD, Ont., Aug. 21st, 1894.

DEAR SIRS:—I wish to call your attention to a remarkable cure of consumption. In March, 1893, I was called in my professional capacity to see Miss Christina Koester, of North Brant, who was then suffering from an attack of inflammation of the left lung. The attack was a severe one, the use of the lung being entirely gone from the effect of the disease. I treated her for two weeks when recovery seemed assured. I afterwards heard from her at intervals that the progress of recovery was satisfactory. The case then passed from my notice until June, when I was again called to see her, her friends thinking she had gone into consumption. On visiting her I found their suspicions too well founded. From robust health she had wasted to a mere skeleton,

scarcely able to walk across the room. She was suffering from an intense cough, and expectoration of putrid matter, in fact about a pint each night. There was a burning hectic fever with chills daily. A careful examination of the previously diseased lung showed that its function was entirely gone, and that in all probability it was entirely destroyed. Still having hopes that the trouble was due to a collection of water around the lung I asked for a consultation, and the following day with a prominent physician of a neighboring town again made a careful examination. Every symptom and physical sign indicated the onset of rapid consumption and the breaking down of the lungs. Death certainly seemed but a short time distant. A regretful experience had taught me the uselessness of the ordinary remedies used for this dread and fatal disease, and no hope was to be looked for in this direction. I had frequently read the testimonials in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in wasting diseases, but not knowing their composition hesitated to use them. Finally, however, I decided to give them a trial, and I am free to say that I only used them at a stage when I knew of absolutely nothing else that could save the patient's life. The test was a most severe one and I must also admit an unfair one, as the patient was so far gone as to make all hope of recovery seem impossible. A very short time, however, convinced me of the value of Pink Pills. Although only using an ordinary soothing cough mixture along with the pills within a week the symptoms had abated so much that it was no longer necessary for me to make daily calls. Recovery was so rapid that within a month Miss Koester was able to drive to my office, a distance of about six miles, and was feeling reasonably well, except for weakness. The expectoration had ceased, the cough was gone and the breathing in the diseased lung was being restored. The use of the Pink Pills was continued until the end of October, when she ceased to take the medicine, being in perfect health. I still watched her case with deep interest, but almost a year has now passed and not a trace of her illness remains. In fact she is as well as ever she was and no one would suspect that she had ever been ailing, to say nothing of having been in the clutches of such a deadly disease as consumption. Her recovery through the use of Pink Pills after having reached a stage when other remedies were of no avail is so remarkable that I feel myself justified in giving the facts to the public, and I regret that the composition of the pills is not known to the medical profession at large in order that their merit might be tested in many more diseases and their usefulness be thus extended. I intend giving them an extended trial in the case of consumption, believing from their action in this case (so well marked) that they will prove a curative in all cases where a cure is at all possible—I mean before the lungs are entirely destroyed. Yours truly,

J. EVANS, M.D.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The soul of man createth his own destiny of power; and as the trial is intenser here, his being hath a nobler strength in heaven.—*N. P. Willis*.

These wide-mouthed brutes that bellow thus for freedom,—oh, how they run before the hand of power, flying for shelter into every brake.—*Otway*.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

And now the housewife is putting up the peaches that her lord and master will later on put down.

He: If I should propose to you what would be the outcome? She: It would depend entirely on the income.

It is one of the worst effects of prosperity that it makes a man a vortex instead of a fountain, so that instead of throwing out he learns only to draw in.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Can it be that Ward McAllister is a "gent"? He writes home from England about buying "pants," and according to good authority the one always wears the other.

"I am told," said the caller, "that your husband is engaged in a work of profane history." "Yes," replied the author's wife; "it certainly sounded that way when I heard him correcting the proofs."

Seedy Stranger: Yes sir; I cut an' slashed an' fit all through the war. Bartender: Have a drink! What fights were you in? "Oh, I wa'n't in no fights; I was a tailor them days in Canada."

Fond Parent: Goodness, how you look, child. You are soaked. Frankie: Please, pa, I fell into the canal. Fond Parent: What, with your new trousers on? Frankie: I didn't have time to take 'e off.

It was a real student of human nature who responded, when asked what sort of people usually came to his boarding house, "Well, some few of 'em's real ladies and gentlemen, but most of 'em are about like you'n I."

Young Mrs. Sappy: Oh, Adolphus, I can hear the burglars down stairs. Young Mr. Sappy: Then now we shall know if those spoons I bought are really silver. If they're silver, they'll take them, and if they're not, they won't.

Mamma: Well, Tommy, did you give the poor dog his medicine while I was away? Tommy: Yes, ma. I read the recipe, and it said the compound could be mixed on an old broken dish. I couldn't find such a dish, so I had to break one.

Miss Lofty: But why, Count Frederigo, should you desire to marry me? Think—you can hardly speak English so that I can understand you. Count Frederigo di Francipani: Oh, my love, vat English do I need to casha da check for you?

"Is your Vienna bread fresh?" asked Mrs. McBride of the baker; but before he could reply, she added: "How stupid of me, to be sure! Of course it couldn't be very fresh, for it takes about ten days to come from Vienna. You may give me two loaves."

"It is very provoking that your wife should have read my last letter to you. I understood you to say she never opened your letters." "She doesn't usually, but you committed the folly of writing Private and Special upon the envelope. You aroused her curiosity. See?"

The Police Magistrate: You admit that you assaulted this man? Then I am afraid that I must give you a severe sentence. The Prisoner: Your Honor, he is my next door neighbour, and he starts his lawn mower going at seven o'clock every morning. Prisoner discharged.

The old song tells us that "mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families," and many times we fail to turn them off by the lack of quickness of wit. Many instances are recorded of noted men making a joke of what might otherwise have been an awkward occurrence. Lord Coleridge was noted for this and for always having the right word at command. At one time while reading lessons at the Oxford Chapel, he read the second lesson first. At its conclusion, seeing his mistake and realizing that he could not say in orthodox fashion, "here endeth the first lesson," neither could he call it the second lesson, amused his hearers by announcing: "Here endeth the wrong lesson."

Old Gravely: If you do not care to be my wife, perhaps the prospects of being a rich young widow might tempt you. Minnie (eagerly): Oh, Mr. Gravely! If I were only sure I could trust you.

Mrs. Cawker: Don't you think it is very strange that Mr. Stivett's hasn't returned my call yet? Mr. Cawker: Not at all; it is merely the result of force of habit. "How's that?" "She was a telephone girl before her marriage."

"Fact is," said the grocer, "there's no money in coffee now-a-days." "That's a comfort," replied the customer; "but there's most everything else in it. In the last pound I got there were eight beans, three peas, six shingle nails and a handful of gravel stones."

"You country people make lots of funny mistakes when you come to town," said the city young man. "Yep," replied the gentle farmer, "but when we remember what a lot of argy'n' it takes to convince some city folks that gooseberries don't necessarily come from egg plants, we sorter learn to bear up."

"I wonder what that girl is working her face around to one side all the time for?" asked the fussy man on the North Indianapolis car; "Do you reckon she's got the toothache?" "Here you have been married fifteen years and don't know any more about girls than that," replied his wife in disgust; "don't you see she's got her young man with her! She's twisting her cheek that way to make her dimple show."

IT'S A SECRET

that many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The reason—beauty of form and face, as well as grace, radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air, and exercise, coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription." In maidenhood, womanhood, and motherhood, it's a supporting tonic that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening, and curing, the derangements of the sex.

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbances, nervous prostration, and sleeplessness, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes. It's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money paid for it is refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, indigestion, biliousness, headaches and kindred ailments.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

**Always Reliable,
Purely Vegetable.**

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles,

Sick Headache,

Female Complaints,

Biliousness,

Indigestion,

Dyspepsia,

Constipation,

—AND—

All Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25c. per Box. Sold by Druggists

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 417 St. James St., Montreal, for Book of Advice.

**USED BY CLERGYMEN
ALL THE WORLD OVER**

AND THEY RECOMMEND YOU TO TRY IT.

- Rev. Canon Feigie, Ince., Lancashire, England, for Spinal Complaints.
- Rev. T. Bailey, West Brighton, England, for Paralysis.
- Rev. G. E. Yate, Madeley Vicarage, England, for Sciatica.
- Rev. J. Day, Horwich, England, for Fits.
- Rev. J. H. Skewes, Wolverhampton, England, for Sciatica.
- Rev. Benj. Swift, Ex-Vicar, Birkdale, England, for Asthma.
- Rev. Chas. Watson, D.D., Largs, Scotland, for Nervousness.

- Rev. W. L. Paddon, B.A., Incumbent of Roundstone, Ireland, for Rheumatism.
- Rev. A. Van Scheltema, D.D., Arnheim, Holland, for general use.
- Rev. Jas. Brown, Presbyterian Chaplain, Melbourne, Australia, for Spinal Complaint.
- Rev. J. Clark, Williamstown, Victoria, Australia, for Dropsy.
- Rev. Alex. Gilray, College St. Presbyterian Church Toronto, for Colds and Indigestion.
- Rev. P. C. Headley, Boston, U. S. A., for Corns and general use.

These and many others recommend the use of **COUTTS' ACETOCURA**, which is known all over the world as the best external remedy. Having stood the test of forty years and being endorsed by the medical profession as a treatment founded on sound physiological principles we need only add, try it and you will not be disappointed. Write for gratis pamphlet to our **CANADIAN HOUSE**.

COUTTS & SONS, 72 Victoria Street, Toronto.

Also at London, Glasgow and Manchester (Great Britain).

Depots and agencies in all parts of the world.

POET-LORE

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LETTERS.
196 Summer St., Boston.

JUNE—JULY, 1894.

- SAGA LITERATURE. *Johannes H. Wisby.*
THE SAGA OF THORSTEIN STAFF STROKE. From the Icelandic, by *J. H. W.*
THE IDYLL OF A NORTHERN RIVER. *Archibald MacMechan.*
A MODERN DANISH POET: Einar Christian sen. *Prof. David Kilham Dodge.*
THE TORTURE BY HOPE. *Villiers de l'Isle Adam.*
A RUSSIAN PIETIST: Feodor Dostoyevski. *Arthur L. Salmon.*
THE ASTRONOMICAL SCIENCE OF MILTON AS SHOWN IN 'PARADISE LOST.' *Prof. Maria Mitchell.*
LITERATURE AND THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT: May there be a Science of Aesthetics? *Prof. L. A. Sherman.*
A BRIEF DEFENCE OF CRITICISM. *Carolyn B. Lamonte.*
SHAKESPEARE'S OPENING SCENES AS STRIKING THE KEYNOTE OF DRAMATIC ACTION AND MOTIVE. II. *Charles W. Hodell.*
CLOUGH AND EMERSON. Papers of the Philadelphia Browning Society. *F. H. Williams.*
THE ART AND MORAL OF IBSEN'S 'GHOSTS.'
BOOKS OF LITERARY AND AESTHETIC CRITICISM. C.—Recent British Verse. P. NOTES AND NEWS. Browning's "Sagacious Swede." *Prof. Hiram Corson.*

YEARLY, \$2.50. This double number, 50 cents.

Order of your local book-seller or dealer, or of the Publishers.

POET-LORE CO.,
196 Summer Street, Boston.

Her Majesty's Table Water
By Appointment.



CODES-BERGER

A natural mineral water highly approved by Her Majesty, the Queen of England's medical advisers, also by numerous leading physicians in London and throughout the world.

Dr. C. Finkelburg, Professor and Member of the Imperial German Sanitary Office, writes:—"The Godes-berger Natural Mineral Water may, on account of its pleasant taste, and easiness of digestion, be continuously used as a Table Water, and is a refreshing and wholesome drink. It is to be HIGHLY RECOMMENDED."

For sale by all first class Wine Merchants, Hotels, Chemists and Restaurants.

RECENT WORKS BY MISS A. M. MACHAR

ROLAND GRAEME, KNIGHT. Fords, Howard & Hubert, New York; W. Drysdale, Montreal; Williamson Book Co., Toronto. Cloth \$1.00; Paper 50 cents.

MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER: STORIES OF NEW FRANCE. D. Lothrop Co., Boston; Williamson Book Co., Toronto. Cloth, \$1.50.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

INCORPORATED 1888 **TORONTO** HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

COR. YONGE ST. & WILTON AVE.

EDWARD FISHER - - - Musical Director
University Affiliation for Degrees in Music.
Artists' and Teachers' Graduating Courses.
ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC TAUGHT
From the Rudiments to Graduation.

EIGHTH SEASON RE-OPENED SEPT. 3RD, 1894.

NEW AND REVISED CALENDAR giving full information, now ready, mailed free.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION,
(H. N. Shaw, B.A., Principal.)
Elocution department re-opens Sept. 25th.

St. John
Daily Telegraph

The Leading Daily of the Maritime Provinces.

St. John
Weekly Telegraph

The only Weekly that thoroughly covers the Maritime Provinces.—16 pages illustrated.

PATENT AGENCY
Wilson, Killman & Co.,

General agents for the sale of Patents and Novelties. Head Office, 19 Yonge St., Arcade, Toronto. Patents bought, sold and protected. L. F. Hayde, Attorney at Law for the firm. W. J. Graham, Patent Solicitor for the firm

The Society of Arts
OF CANADA (Limited.)

CAPITAL STOCK, - \$100,000.

A Society established with a view to disseminate the taste for Arts, to encourage and help artists. Incorporated by letters patent of the Government of Canada the 27th February, 1893.

Gallery of Paintings,

Nos. 1,666 and 1,668 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.

The Richest Gallery of Paintings in Canada.

ADMISSION FREE

All the paintings are originals, mostly from the French school, the leading modern school. Eminent artists, such as Francois, Rochegrosse, Aublet, Barau, Pesant, Petitjean, Marius Roy, Scherrer, Sauzay, and a great many others, are members of this Society. Sixty-eight members of this Society are exhibitors in the Salon in Paris. Sale of Paintings at easy terms, and distribution by lots every week. Price of tickets 25 cents. Ask for Catalogue and Circular.

FOR THE TEETH
BREATH.

TEABERRY.

PRICE 25¢
ZOFESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

Parisian Steam Laundry
67 ADELAIDE ST. WEST
PHONE 1127.
Shirts, collars and cuffs a specialty. Mending done free.
Established 1873.
E. M. MOFFATT,
Manager

IF - -
YOUR WEDDING CAKE
ORDER IS NOT GIVEN, CALL AT ONCE AT
HARRY WEBB'S,
447 YONGE STREET.

J. YOUNG,
(ALEX. MILLARD)
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER.
Telephone 679. 347 YONGE STREET.

H. STONE & SON,
UNDERTAKERS
Corner Yonge and Ann Sts.
Telephone 931.

THE WEEK
AND
EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Universities, Colleges and Schools.)

THE WEEK
claims superiority over every other Canadian Journal as a medium for advertising

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE WEEK
—a journal for educated men and women—is without a rival in Canada.

HENCE
THE WEEK
is taken and read by all who are interested in the intellectual development of

CANADIAN YOUTH.
THEREFORE

THE WEEK
is the journal in which to advertise

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE WEEK
5 JORDAN STREET,
TORONTO, CANADA.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.