

This Number Contains: "A Public Injustice," by C. Mair; "Ruskin and His Message," by William H. Murray; and "In and About the Foundations of Faith," by Professor Walter M. Patton.

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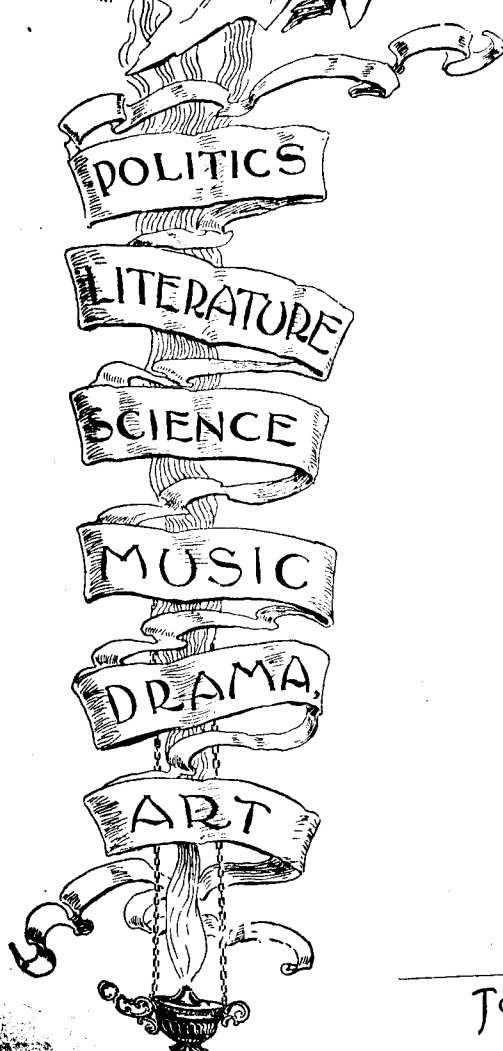
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, August 30th, 1895.

No. 40.

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## Current Topics.

**Westmoreland Bye-Election.**

The recent bye-election in Westmoreland was watched with considerable interest by adherents of both political parties, as likely to afford some indication of the prospects of the Government at the approaching general election. The result—the return of the Government candidate, Mr. Powell, by a majority of about 800—cannot, however, be considered as having much significance in relation to that question. The Liberals, contrasting it with the majority of 2,148 obtained by the Conservatives in that constituency at the previous election, and recalling the fact that Moncton, the centre of the Intercolonial Railway system, is in that constituency, claim that the Government has received a severe check—a “moral” defeat, as it is termed. The Government supporters, on the other hand, remembering the peculiar conditions under which the previous battle was fought, the Liberal candidate being one whom hundreds of Liberals refused to support, claim, with equal plausibility, that the majority is larger than could have reasonably been expected, and that they have reason to be well satisfied with the outcome. We have had an opportunity of conversing with late residents of Westmoreland, representing both political parties, and their analyses of the situation agree substantially in saying that nothing can safely be inferred from the present election, with regard to the results in the general election. The constituency is considered uncertain. In certain contingencies which are explained, touching candidate and other matters, our informants agree in saying that the Liberal chances would be sure to win. Much also depends, our informants freely admit, upon the impressions which may at that time be abroad with regard to the political probabilities, many of the Westmoreland voters, like those of other constituencies, we suppose, having strong objections to being found on the losing side.

**The French in Newfoundland.**

We are told on the highest authority that the righteous man is one who “swearth to his own hurt, and changeth not.” The criterion applies equally, we suppose, to the righteous nation. If

the successive Governments of Great Britain, Liberal and Conservative alike, really believe that France is fairly within her treaty rights in the extraordinary claims she so boldly puts forth and so steadfastly maintains, not only on the coast but within the very territory of Newfoundland, those Governments are doing only what is honest in submitting, with all meekness, to the rather humiliating situation, however exasperating and damaging to the British citizens who have been accustomed to suppose that they were living on British soil. But if the British statesmen do so believe and admit it would be a kindness to their faithful subjects in that Island if they would plainly say so, and would give their reasons for so interpreting the terms of treaties which seem to the ordinary colonial mind to mean something quite different. Nor is it to the colonial mind alone that the claims made and maintained by France seem to extend egregiously—might we not say outrageously—beyond the plain terms of the treaty. The following words of a British statesman, no less prominent than the late Lord Palmerston, pertinently recalled by the *Mail and Empire*, in a recent editorial, are a noteworthy example. They occur in His Lordship’s despatch to Count Sebastiani, of July 10, 1838, in which he denies that the rights of the French are exclusive, and says:—“French fishermen have the periodical use of a part of the shore of Newfoundland for the purpose of drying fish during the fishing season; but the British Government has never understood the declaration to have had for its object to deprive British subjects of the right to participate with the French in taking fish at sea off that shore, provided they did so without interrupting the French cod fishery. If the right conceded to the French was intended to be exclusive the treaty would have said so.”

**The Latest Aggression.**

The latest instance of French domination in the Island itself is given in the despatch which informs us that the French warships have forbidden the completion of the railway which is being constructed. They will not permit, we are told, that it shall have a terminus on the coast, over which they claim territorial rights. Now, we suppose that every citizen of Newfoundland, of British origin, and, we may safely add, with the same limitation, every Canadian citizen, denies utterly that France has any territorial right, or any semblance of a just claim to any territorial right on any shore of Newfoundland, save so far as such right may be involved in the concession which secures to her fisherman whatever privilege is necessary to enable them to land and dry their fish on certain specified portions of the coast. Under these circumstances, if the statements of the despatch above mentioned are true, it is, perhaps, as well for all concerned that this last claim has been made. It will probably bring the matter to an issue. If the Colonial Office tacitly admits this claim, the people of Newfoundland will know where they stand. They will be forced to comprehend that but a part of the Island is theirs, or is exclusively British territory at all. It is French soil. They occupy it, if at all, on sufferance. This will be the last nail in the coffin of the Islanders, as British

colonists, and of the Island as a British Colony. Perhaps the occasion has arisen to put the new Colonial Secretary to the test. It certainly is time the question was finally settled in one way or another. But it is also time that it was clearly seen—and Mr. Chamberlain is, one would hope, the man to see clearly—that if the British Governments do not in the least concur in France's interpretation of her claim, and have been yielding point by point for the sake of peace, such a policy can be pursued no longer. The motive may be noble and generous, but the effect is evidently lost on France, as at present constituted. Every fresh concession but increases the difficulty of the final settlement, which cannot be much longer delayed. The case may be a proper one for arbitration, but if arbitration is refused, it is surely one in which England's plain course is to stand on a reasonable interpretation of the treaties, and quietly but firmly uphold that interpretation by protecting the Colonists in the enjoyment of their undoubted rights.

Manitoba and the  
North-West.

The bountiful wheat crop which has been matured in Manitoba and the North-West may now be regarded, it is hoped, as safe. It has, it is believed, now practically escaped danger from frost and is being cut and garnered as rapidly as many thousands of willing and skilful hands can accomplish the great task. It is computed, and the computation is, we presume, based upon the most reliable statistics available, that the wheat crop of Manitoba and the Territories will this year amount to about thirty millions of bushels, or nearly double the product of the large and renowned wheat-growing Province of Ontario. Reckoning this crop at the low price of fifty cents per bushel, it means the distribution of fifteen millions of dollars among the farmers and those with whom they deal, in that part of the Dominion. What this will bring to thousands, in the way of relief from debt and the realization of hope, only those who know something of the life of pioneer farmers in such a land can adequately conceive. Many, who have in previous years surmounted the initial difficulties, it will place in positions of independence and comparative affluence. Its effect upon the future of the Province and the Territories can hardly fail to be most salutary. The one need of that great land of promise is population. Many are crying out for a vigorous immigration policy, but no expenditure of money in the way of extraneous inducements can be compared with the effect of the announcement of this grand crop, spread abroad by the letters and other communications of those who have taken part in the results and can speak from happy experience of the rich reward of their toil. So far as we are able to see, it is safe to predict that from the present year will date a new era of prosperity and growth to our great Western inheritance. So mote it be.

The Copyright  
Act.

“Some of our own authors think that by the proposed Act [The Canadian Copyright Act] the pledge would be repudiated by which American authors have copyrights throughout the British Empire, and that our Government would have a just right to warn the British Foreign Office that the sanction of the Canadian Act must lead to the abrogation of our present international arrangements. We must not forget, however, that in the manufacturing clause of the American Copyright Act there was a distinct departure from the Berne agreement, not unlike the proposed departure of Canada.”

The above sentence, which is the closing one of an editorial in the current number of *The N. Y. Outlook*, sustains the reputation which that paper has so well earned for being able to look on both sides of even an international question. The fact noted in that sentence, viz., that the

provisions of the Canadian Act to which so much exception is taken, are not unlike, are in fact very much like, the corresponding provisions of the American Copyright Act, which has been accepted with so much satisfaction by the English Government and by English authors, is one which makes it very much harder for Canadians to bow with equanimity to the wishes of that Government and those authors in the matter. If the British author or publisher finds it to his advantage to publish in Canada, he cannot, we think, find much to object to in the terms of the Canadian Act. True, he might make more money out of the Canadian market, if he could have the right to treat it simply as a part of the American market, but the same principle would hold good in regard to the American market itself. It would be greatly to the British author's pecuniary advantage if he could sell his English editions under copyright protection direct in the United States without any troublesome conditions as to time and mode of publication. Why should Canada, because she is a colony, be placed in a worse position in regard to a matter coming directly within her own jurisdiction, than a foreign country? The fact that every independent community has a right to legislate with a view to its own interests rather than to those of producers of any class in another country, may be constructively a source of loss to such producers, but it can hardly be a cause of complaint. The first and main point in this discussion is the right of Canada to legislate for herself in regard to matters belonging to her jurisdiction under the Confederation Act. Once let the precedent be established of interference by the Colonial Office within these bounds and the way will be paved for endless friction in the future. It is hard to get the British author to pay any attention to the peculiar position of Canada by reason of her proximity to the great nation on her border. A good deal has been made of the supposed smallness of the number of Canadian publishers and printers whose interests are involved, but it is probable that these bear as large a proportion to the whole number of citizens of Canada, as does the number of British authors affected to the whole population of the United Kingdom.

The  
Exhibition.

Toronto's annual exhibition of the products of Canadian industry and enterprise is at the door. We, as citizens, are naturally proud of the dimensions and the excellence in other respects which this affair has attained. We shall, we believe, be well within the mark, the people of all Canada being judges, in saying that the Exhibition is increasingly a benefit, as well as an occasion of interest, to the Dominion, as all parts of the Dominion are being more and more fully represented in it from year to year. Toronto has the great advantage of being more centrally situated, geographically, for such a purpose than any other city. It has the further advantage of being situated in one of the richest portions of the Dominion, agriculturally, and as a consequence richest in every other respect. We know not what a score or two of years may do in shifting the centre, in all these respects, to some point much further West. For the present Toronto's duty to the whole country, both East and West, seems clearly pointed out by nature and by her present position. And may we not be permitted to say, without boasting, the history of the annual Exhibition thus far shows that her people have recognized their duty, and have done it, at least, fairly well. On the many points of excellence in the management of this great event in previous years we need not dwell. They are generally and generously recognized. To acknowledge that there have been defects, and not only defects but faults, in the management, is but to admit that

the managers are human. There seems every reason to expect that owing to the growing wisdom which experience brings, as well as to a conjunction of favouring circumstances, the Exhibition for 1895 will not only equal the best of its predecessors but excel them all. We do not know, but it is to be hoped that certain side "attractions" (?), which have seemed to many in past years to be rather beneath the dignity of the institution, and to be really unnecessary, to say the least, to its success, may be wanting this year. In short, we have every reason to hope and expect that, as a test of progress, as a stimulus to enterprise, industry, and invention, and as a great and highly educative collection of object-lessons, the coming event will leave little to be desired. May numerous representatives from all parts of Canada, and of the United States as well, and the Mother Country be here to see.

*Toronto's Water Supply.*

If perseverance and persistence alone deserved success, we should be bound to admit at once that the Georgian Bay Ship Canal and Power Aqueduct Company, of which Mr. E. A. Macdonald is the very visible and audible representative, should have without further delay a contract for supplying the City of Toronto with water. Proposal after proposal by that enterprising gentleman is disposed of, only that we may see him coming again serenely to the front with some new modification of the rejected scheme. There is really some reason to fear that he may yet foist upon the corporation, almost in spite of itself, some variation of the project which has been so many times rejected. If there is any one thing upon which the majority of citizens might be supposed to have their minds definitely made up, it would have seemed a week or two ago to be that the cool, unfailing depths of Lake Ontario should be relied on for our water supply, in preference to any and every scheme which the ingenuity of contract-seekers might devise, and that the water should continue to be drawn from those depths directly by the City Council, in preference to any and every other mode of supply which might be suggested. And yet we now find the irrepressible Secretary again to the fore with a fresh proposition. Not only so, but he has even prevailed upon the Council to appoint a committee to confer with the representatives of the Company in regard to it. It is quite true that the last scheme seems to be free from some of the objectionable features of previous ones, inasmuch as it contemplates merely filling the reservoirs for the corporation, and leaving the matter of distribution still entirely in the hands of the city. The conditions offered for trial, too, do not want in liberality. Still, it is to be hoped that there can be no danger of the Council seriously contemplating the fatal mistake of letting go a certainty for an uncertainty. Every citizen knows by the most unquestionable evidence that the present source of supply is inexhaustible, that the water supplied is pure and cool, and that, by means of an expenditure well within the means of the city, the abundance, the purity, and the effective distribution through the city's own agencies can be secured in perpetuity.

*The Limits of Taxation.*

The refusal of Mr. Bowler, the Comptroller of the United States Treasury, to sanction the payment of the sugar bounty appropriations of last session of Congress, on the ground that it is unconstitutional to levy taxes upon one class of citizens for the benefit of another, opens up a wide and interesting field of inquiry. It appears that the Comptroller is given by statute a semi-judicial, as well as a strictly administrative function, so that, providing his objection is well taken, he is acting within his authority in the matter. Touching the

Constitutional question, it is said that his position has the approval of one or more of the leading authorities upon Constitutional limitations. It also appears that in taking the ground which he has taken, the Comptroller is but acting in accordance with one or more well-known decisions of the highest courts. The large sum of money—about five millions—involved gives this case a special interest, while the great influence which the sugar lords are able to command will no doubt prove a most important factor in the final decision. But the wide-reaching sweep of the principle enunciated—a principle which certainly will commend itself to the minds of most citizens who have no special interests at stake—gives it an extraordinary importance. Admit that taxation can properly be levied only for public purposes, and that taxation of one class of citizens for the benefit of another "is none the less robbery for being under the form of law," according to the dictum of the highest judicial authority in one of the precedents quoted, and where is the line limiting the power of taxation to be drawn, unless at the point of taxation for revenue pure and simple? Not only would everything in the shape of a bounty or bonus for the benefit of a particular class, or company, or industry, come clearly within the circle of the prohibited outlays, but a very plausible argument, to say the least, could easily be constructed to show that every form of taxation for protectionist as distinct from revenue purposes comes easily within the prohibited category. What, then, is the relation of the Comptroller's decision to the whole protective system of the United States?

\* \* \*

### Democracy and Liberalism.

THE impression seems to be widespread that the crushing defeat of the Liberal party in the Mother Country is a serious check to Democracy and a long stride backwards in the direction of old-fashioned notions of government. A greater mistake could hardly be made. The impression arises, evidently, from confusing things that differ. Democracy, properly understood, is not a mode of administration. It is not necessarily identified with any particular policy in legislation. In the primary and proper meaning of the word it denotes simply a state in which the citizens, the people, are the source and fountain of all political authority. The Government may be Conservative or Liberal; Tory or Radical; but so long as both Government and nation recognize that the people, the majority of the true citizens of the country, are responsible for the Administration and the Administration responsible to the people, the Government is clearly democratic. The true antitheses to "democracy" are, therefore, not "Conservatism," or "Liberalism," but "autocracy" or "absolutism," and "aristocracy" or "oligarchy."

Viewed in this light, it is clear that the change of Ministry in Great Britain affords no indication, whatever, of any recession, or tendency to recession, from democratic principles. On the contrary, it may be doubted whether in any previous election the appeal was more unreservedly made to the people. Certainly the defeated Liberals appealed to them no more deferentially than did the triumphant Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists. To take a single instance as illustrative of the whole contest, the main defence of the House of Lords from beginning to end was based on the contention—whether correct or otherwise is not now to the point—that in rejecting the Home Rule and other bills, they (the Lords) represented more truly the voice of the people than did those who framed and advocated those measures. What more strictly democratic ground could be taken than this? This fact seems to us to be of some impor-

tance at the present juncture in British politics. The recent struggle was in no sense a struggle between either the throne or the "classes," as against the "masses," for the right to rule. The sovereignty of the people was taken for granted by all parties. The principle of Democracy is thus accepted as settled in the British Empire, and we may believe settled for all time, by which rather misty expression we mean, of course, for a time extending as far into the future as it is worth while for us to attempt to foresee the operation of similar causes under similar conditions. The idea of a voluntary surrender by the people of the power for which they have so long struggled and which they have at last so completely—we will not say in their hands, but within their reach—is hardly conceivable. Such a surrender would simply mean that a growingly intelligent people had either grown tired of the task of self-government, for which in the nature of things they must be becoming better fitted year by year, or that they had finally become convinced of their own incapacity for self-rule, and had agreed by a sufficient majority to surrender the reins of government—not simply of administration or executive authority—into the hands of a few or of one. The political revolution which some foresee, by which some "man on horseback," some strong-minded soldier, shall effect a *coup d'état* and make himself dictator, is equally inconceivable. The conditions are radically different from those which obtained in any country under which a revolution by means of the army was ever effected. British soldiers are British citizens and volunteers at that, not mercenaries, conscripts, or slaves. To enslave the nation would be to enslave themselves.

That is but a shallow conception of the true meaning of democracy which would make it inconsistent, as some of our Republican neighbours seem to do, with any but a republican form of government. No people could be said to be truly self-governing if they were not at liberty to choose and use any form of administration which they deemed simplest and best, or which they might have found by experience to be reasonably effective. As a matter of fact, it has been repeatedly shown that the people of the United Kingdom, under their limited monarchy, are more directly self-ruling, and so more completely democratic, than the people of the United States, with their much belauded written Constitution. We do not say that the theory of a Ruler of the State appointed directly by the voice of the people may not be more ideally democratic than that of an hereditary monarch. But a truly autonomous people must, *ex hypothesi*, have just as good a right to choose the one method as the other, and a truly wise one will select that which works most smoothly at a given time and under given circumstances. Should the people of Great Britain have cause given them at any time to be dissatisfied with their reigning Monarch, there is no power within or without their unwritten Constitution which could prevent them from making any desired change. There are certain usages which have come down from earlier times, which may sometimes grate upon the feeling of extremists, such as the use of the first personal pronoun somewhat freely in Queen's speeches at the opening and closing of Parliamentary sessions, but everyone knows that those expressions are put into Her Majesty's mouth by Ministers who are responsible to the people, through their representatives, for every word of even that speech.

The United Kingdom is, then, essentially and effectively a democracy, just so far, at least—and that is now very far—as every one who is justly entitled to citizenship has the power of the franchise. But the questions of methods of administration, of the fair adjustment of the burdens and the just distribution of the privileges and the property of the

nation, as distinct from the individual—on a hundred such questions as these there are yet wide differences. On this arena the struggle between Home-Rule and Unionism, Individualism and Socialism, Capital and Labour, will no doubt go on vigorously, with fluctuating results, it may be perpetually, though with a constant approach toward certain central ideas and principles. But again let it be noted that these are not conflicts between democracy and some other claimant for supreme authority, but between the different sections of the democracy itself. It is doubtful whether the time to "rest and be thankful" will ever come to earnest patriots, any more than to ambitious politicians. Perhaps it is well, for anything is better than stagnation, and stagnation would probably be the fate of a people who no longer had anything worth striving for by way of improvement of their political and social condition.

### \* \* \* Ruskin and His Message.

IT is no light matter in these last years of the nineteenth century to confess Ruskin before men. To the irreverent and facetious multitude he is a "crank," endowed with great genius, to be sure, and now and then showing extraordinary shrewdness, wisdom, and spiritual insight, but first of all he is a crank. The more thoughtful find in him a most puzzling combination of sense and nonsense, of extraordinary insight and extraordinary folly; and in their bewilderment they put him aside altogether, or read him only for the grace of his style, the truth and beauty of his description, or the elevation of his thought. For, after the critic has exhausted his powers of satire and burlesque over the "absurdities of Ruskin," he, in general, graciously admits, as a concession to your simple hero-worship, that the literary quality of him is unequalled. He is a "word-painter" (abominable phrase), these critics say, a great virtuoso, but not a thinker nor a leader of men.

But there is another view possible, a view of Ruskin that has been and is entertained by many of the best minds of the century, and especially by men of moral and spiritual power. The more unfavourable view prevails largely because the man and his writings are not known as a whole; people read bits of him—and it is often the more eccentric utterances that are put before the public—and they go away offended, not knowing the man nor his manner. Dr. Sanday has said that it requires special powers of discernment to separate the wheat from the chaff in Ruskin's works. This is, perhaps, true; the reader certainly requires to have special sympathy. If he takes up a book to enjoy the pleasure of hearing his own views well expressed or of measuring it by his own superior opinions, if the reader is thrilling with his own opinions and theories, let him keep away from Ruskin—or any other original writer—for no good can possibly come to him. But if he is prepared to go out of himself, and to sit at the feet of another greater than he, and for the time to see with his eyes and feel with his heart, then he can read Ruskin, and fairly criticise him. For after he has thus listened, it is the reader's part to stand aside, resume his own individuality, and test the theories and conclusions of the author by his own knowledge and insight. Ruskin himself demands only an earnest hearing, and requires every man to obey the dictates of his own enlightened mind.

The most devout admirer will admit in Ruskin exaggeration, eccentricity, a marvellous dogmatism, and much else that is reprehensible. His best friends have often been in despair over some of his extreme or whimsical views, and his frequent violence and extravagance of language. And these faults undoubtedly have seriously impaired his influence, especially among unimaginative people, to whom the poet and prophet is ever a complete enigma. But it must be remembered that Ruskin is a humorist, that he rather likes to shock people, and is overfond of paradox. Then, he is strangely careless in his utterances, taking no thought for his reputation. No man has so fully opened his life to the public. For half a century he has lived in a light as fierce as any that beats upon the throne; we know Ruskin thoroughly; there are no "disclosures" to come. Yet the verdict of to-day among the best minds is that the exaggeration,

eccentricity, and wilfulness are on the surface, and though an element in our estimation of him, they are not to be the criterion of our judgment. Beneath we find the clear, profound thinker, the shrewd man of affairs, the stern and fervid seer, and one of the purest and most loveable characters of the age. There is the froth and the foam—for the storms have been boisterous—but there is also the great deep.

It is difficult to estimate John Ruskin's influence either in art or economics, or, in general, over the mind and conscience of the age. Undoubtedly his character and teaching have been among the most powerful agencies for good in Great Britain. He has not lacked a certain popularity; he has, indeed, been the object of extreme hero-worship. During his lifetime his works have become classics, and his words, are quoted as sacred texts. Critical books on his philosophy have been written, all his odd letters have been hunted up and published in fine editions, the most elaborate bibliographies have been compiled, clubs have been formed for the study of his works, several "books of selections" have been edited, and for those who want a daily text there is a Ruskin Birth-day book, while for disciples there is a Ruskin magazine. At the same time, Ruskin has failed in what he has definitely attempted; he has failed in his great aims (and no wonder, for he aimed at the complete regeneration of society!), and he himself speaks only of defeat. The modern Gothic buildings, which are mainly the product of his enthusiasm are to him "Frankenstein monsters," and after all his preaching on economics and ethics, after all his vehement opposition to the mechanical and scientific spirit of the age, and after all his sermons against greed and selfishness, and the "worship of Mammon," he sees only deeper degeneration, and his later writings sometimes read like an Apocalypse. He has founded no school in art, he is hardly seriously considered among orthodox political economists, and all the world smiles at his Quixotic tilting against "Mechanism," and his doctrine of Obedience and Inequality. The truth is, that Ruskin has set himself against the dominant spirit and tendencies of his age, and his figure to many is almost grotesque, as of a man striving to stem Niagara. He has received the measure of success and the usual reward of the prophet. His voice, though mighty and influential, has ever been "a voice crying in the wilderness."

There is no compromise in him, no cold calculation of opposing forces; he did not consider what was immediately practicable, but what was ultimately right and good. "I have nothing to do with the possibility or the impossibility of it," he was accustomed to say, "I simply know and assert the necessity of it." Can I state the matter more clearly than to assert that Ruskin has only proclaimed again in the old uncompromising way the Sermon on the Mount? The trouble is, that he has brought it out from the cloister and read it in the market-place, and in the studio. But, while it is true that Ruskin is outside of modern life and thought, his influence has been, as I have said, deep and far-reaching. He has materially changed the practice of architecture and painting, and the more beautiful and natural decoration, which in all departments prevails to-day, is largely owing to him. Even in economics and ethics his teaching has been indirectly a great power. It may be said that he has been one of the greatest inspiring and uplifting forces of the century; he has, perhaps, more than any other man "made for righteousness," and fragments of his writings are, throughout the length and breadth of English-speaking lands, laid up in the hearts of men and women as sacred treasure words.

I look upon Ruskin as essentially a preacher of righteousness. He comes not so much to inform as to guide and inspire us; he is a man with a Message. His writings on art are mainly directed to show the intimate connection between the ethical and the æsthetic, and his writings on political economy are simply an application of the principles of Christianity to industrial life. As his works on art deal largely with morality and religion, so his political economy and directly moral and religious writings embrace nature and the arts.

The thought of the essential unity of man and his labours, and the moral root of all things is ever present with him; even his titles suggest this truth, as witness, "Ethics of the Dust," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Our Fathers have told us," etc. It is a general fallacy that Ruskin makes everything subservient to beauty. The fact is that the distinguishing feature of even his art philosophy is that beauty must be subordinated to truth. Truth first,

beauty second, says Ruskin; beauty first, truth second, says the modern artist.

The better mind of to-day is recognizing that his gospel of Obedience to the Wiser man, and his preaching of the inequality of men, are nearer the truth, and more necessary for the times, than the popular politician's watchword, "Liberty and Equality," while employers are finding it necessary to assume a more sympathetic attitude towards their workmen, and undertake a somewhat paternal responsibility. No one has proclaimed more eloquently than Ruskin what might be called the Fatherhood of Masters. We are far from his ideals, but there are signs of progress, and there is evidence even in political life of his principles gaining ground. We have recently in Ontario had some truly paternal legislation, notably the "Children's Protection Act."

Many in these enlightened times will smile, and many will be offended, at Ruskin's dogmatism and tone of authority. He certainly lays claim to special discernment; all through his writings there is the emphatic "I know." We seem often to be listening to a Hebrew prophet; and many have virtually regarded him as specially inspired. This view of him is seriously dealt with by Dr. Sunday in a note to his Brampton lectures on "Inspiration." Certainly we have come to a sad state of belief, if it is possible for us to hold that men are no longer sent into the world with a message for mankind, that there is no "circumambient ether of spiritual influence in which all alike live and move and have their being," but which here and there is concentrated, "according to the purpose of God, working by selection." When we consider how the beautiful and the wonderful in the world has been by him revealed, and sanctified to us; when we consider that prophet zeal for truth and justice, that lofty utterance, and that unwearied and selfless devotion in the service of humanity, can we doubt that the spiritual influence which surrounds us all rests in large measure on John Ruskin. Our part is to understand his special message; for outside that the prophet speaks "after the manner of men." There is no one more fallible than the prophet. He is a man of passion rather than a man of thought; he is here to rouse men to action rather than to speculation. His message is all-important, the one thing in his life. He is therefore intolerant of opposition, and is prone to be uncharitable. He despises half-measures, and half-following; he thinks moderate men are cowards and time-servers, and is slow to make allowances for the common-place and the dull. Clear logic, impartial judgment, and duly-proportioned views, we cannot expect from the prophet. Nevertheless, these are the men who have "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions."

There is something intensely pathetic in the lonely figure of the Grand Old Man of Coniston, almost the last survivor of the mighty race of men who have been the master-minds of the century; and now that his strong voice is silenced and the smoke of controversy lifted, it would be well for us to consider his message, and not, like the husbandmen in the parable, send the messenger away empty. Let us take our teaching from his own lips: "The lessons which men receive as individuals they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland their tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honour to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lightened to charm and guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay."

WM. H. MURRAY.

### The Venice of To-day.

THE last stage of the long railway journey from Milan to Venice was being rapidly covered when the thought grew ever more pronounced: would we find the sea-encircled city as fair, as illusionary, as full of surprises as when first visited? Would the eye see the city as from behind the scenes rather than as on a spectacular stage? Would—the worst fear of all—the gondoliers have become Americanized as a result of the World's Fair?

Not one of these haunting fears were realized; it only

needed the first glorious glimpse of tower and dome and campanile rising from the water as the long bridge is neared, or the transition from the hot and dusty train to the cool and clean gondola to banish them and to hypnotize the travel-stained occupants of the sable craft. The crooked waterways diverging from the Grand Canal again alluringly invited exploration; the marketers surrounding the Rialto were as noisy as of yore, and the pigeons were as worldly wise in flocking to the right corner of the Grand Square for their dinner the very instant old Pietro Lombardo's clock tower struck two of the afternoon.

St. Mark's Cathedral—Italy's illustrated Bible—again welcomed the stranger through its pillared portals to its undulating pavement, to its gloom of shadow, to its atmosphere of prayer and worship. The heart of man worships God as naturally under San Marco's golden domes as it does on the summit of Pilatus or in Norway's Naerodal.

Some of the curious ante-rooms connected with the cathedral were filled with workers in mosaics, who are replacing some inartistic and crude mosaics made a century ago. A new school of mosaics has been started in connection therewith and the new Stones of Venice are among the results. Ruskin was recently told of these restorations and improvements. "Improvements?" he replied. "No, no; I tell you it is all for the worse. They've spoiled my Venice!"

It is when the shades of evening are lowered from the brilliant afternoon sky that the spell of Venice completes its work; when the base and facade of St. Mark's are toned in shadow but when the domes and minarets are gilded by the gold of the sunset; when the lower stories of the campanile turn prison, and the top is alight like a torch; when the yellow-ochre sails of the quaint sea craft are as motionless as the mirroring waters; when the dome of Della Salute is a dome of gold, and the great ball of the Dogana is a ball of gold—then the spell works mightily. And as the day thus slips into the night, and the darkness covers all that is dilapidated or soiled, a metamorphosis takes place, and a strange, enchanted night-city replaces the day-city that is itself a wonder.

The enchantment begins as one emerges from the twisting and bewildering street that runs from the Rialto to the Square. What striking contrasts! What anomalies! What "bits" await the painter! Ear-ringed Venetians, of the baser sort, sound asleep on the marble ledges of campanile and cathedral; gendarmes wearing Napoleon hats and a dangling sword; smart officers of the new Italian army; insinuating flower-girls and sweetened-water vendors; coal-black Nubians and half-black Egyptians from the Khedive's man-of-war in the harbour; men of many lands and of many tongues making Venice cosmopolitan—all of the night-life of the night-city crowded into its Square and Piazzetta drinking in music—and wine. Then the search-lights from the ocean steamers in the canal play wonderful pranks, making the carved windows of the Doge's palace to blink with sudden life, and to be re-peopled with the romantic occupants of past centuries, or whitening the bewilderment of domes and spires on St. Mark's with a mysterious, beautiful gleam.

Venice has its day-awakening at five when it would seem to sleepy ears as if all the bells that were ever cast in in all the foundries of the world since bells were invented, had entered into a great clanging contest. Verily, Venice is a city of bells, and from this fact one can as readily realize that it is a city of churches. Thus quiet has but a short reign, for every night we heard snatches of grand opera floating to our windows from the Grand Canal till two in the morning. Then at five—three hours after—the bells and canal-cries.

But the light-hearted Venetian, whose sky and air seems ever to keep a song in his heart, has a midday siesta to prepare him for his midnight carnival. How utterly happy the lazy dogs seemed as they slept in their boats beneath the shade of a bridge arch when the sun was fiercest and the water a-shimmer with heat! And how happy were the lads who, too active in their youth for indolent sleep, turned the canals for a time into so many public swimming baths. You remember the winding waterway that leads to the Church of the Frari? Never before had we the strange experience of being navigated through a wriggling, spouting, bobbing mass of human beings who played porpoise in front of, behind, and under our craft to the intense indignation of our head navigator.

I have not sufficient space left to tell of how we went a-swimming too in the Adriatic, such is the power of example; of the exhilarating buoyancy of the blue water as the tide came in; of the happy family parties of Venetians who disported in the sea. Even the babies are taught to swim in this water city, and many a doorstep we passed where mother or nurse sat at the water's edge, holding one end of a rope that was safely attached to the waist of the little scion in the sea.

But the going-away comes in Venice, and quicker than in any other city. We set sail for the station by a circuitous route that took us to the white-capped open water between the city and Murano Island. Near the Church of the Jesuits we passed a Venetian funeral—the hearse-boat, the funeral gondolas, the dead being carried to the cemetery island. Thus Death levies its tolls even in beautiful Venice.

Near the Canareggio we caught a glimpse of the Ghetto—a glimpse of high-walled buildings lining narrow, dark and ill-smelling streets; a glimpse of forbidding and sinister-featured sons of Abraham emerging suddenly from low doorways and dark stairs to stare at us as we passed. It was a far cry from the music, the illuminations, the heterogeneous family party on the Grand Square, to the squalor, the unkemptness, of the modern Jew of Venice.

FRANK YEIGH.

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### In and About the Foundations of Faith.

WE were two who called at a professor's residence not many days ago and spent there a short time in cheery, profitable chat. The gentleman had never been in Canada, though his worthy wife had spent at least the time of a transient visit there. He, too, was not without connection with the Dominion; for, some few years ago, a gentleman engaged in the politics of Canada had written to him for evidence to be used in the Parliamentary debate on the Opposition side to the famous "Jesuits' Bill." The Professor remembered well selecting a number of books on the question, and indicating passages therein which were transcribed by his students under his direction. These excerpts were then sent on to the correspondent in Canada whose name, my informant thought, strongly resembled that of a very prominent Independent in Canadian politics.

Our host informed us that he was pleased to see that Canada was conservative on the subjects of religion and morals. But our feelings were somewhat resentful when we learned that our national character was conceived according to the picture of a German poem, now only a little more than a century old. This poem, which our entertainer recited, sees these colonists of the West as a simple, sincere folk, living far from the glamour and clamour known as European civilization. We ventured gently to revise the conception pointing our criticism with the remark of an Irish servant girl, who thought a prominent Canadian mercantile character "a very nice looking gentleman to have come from Canada."

Coming to the subject of our respective languages the tendency existing in certain circles in England and the United States to clip the ends off words was severely reprehended, and indistinctness in the conducting of religious exercises came in for a share of the censure. We spoke, incidentally, of graces before meals, but were astounded on being informed that the gentleman addressed had formerly observed this, and also the institution of family prayer; but now regarded such formalities as without meaning in a higher and better apprehension of religious duty. This gentleman, who is a Professor and Doctor of Theology—to say nothing of his Doctorate in Philosophy and of his British Doctorate in Letters—was at one time being entertained in an English home where family prayer was regularly held. On the particular morning when our friend was present a portion of the Pentateuch containing commands to the Israelites regarding false gods and uncleanness of apparel was read, and the guest of the occasion took opportunity to tell the master of the home, as he told us, that he regarded the selection of such a passage for the religious edification of those who were far removed from the sins therein condemned to be an insult to modern conviction and practice in the matter of religious obligation.

The talk drifted away from this to religious knowledge in general; and, by the way, we were led to mention an



incident which occurred some nine years ago within fifty miles of the city of Toronto. The incident in substance was that, in a round of pastoral visitation, we came to a house in which we found none but the servant at home. As we were seeking "every creature" we enquired as to whether the individual in question attended church, and were informed that she did not, for the reason that she was told people had to give "coppers" when they went there; and "coppers" she had none. We then asked her if she ever read the Bible; if she ever prayed; and if she knew anything about God. Her replies were that she had never read the Bible, but that a man who came one day to the house had read such a book; she never prayed, but the same man, after reading from the Bible, had engaged in prayer; she did not know there was a God, but people told her there was one. Such a state of ignorance presupposes extreme simplicity; but it did not, in this case, involve any material defect of reason. As a rejoinder to this incident from our companion of the present occasion, there came a statement, which, coming from so intelligent a source, could hardly be regarded as anything else than an ignoring of supernatural revelation. This Professor's remark was that we, too, know very little of God; and, indeed, we may go the length of saying that we know nothing of God. This does not mean agnosticism. The data at hand will not allow us to come to such a conclusion. But we take it that it favours pure naturalism, which, in truth, gives us very little definitely ascertained knowledge concerning God—witness, from the beginning, "the peoples which sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

The other day, an eminent gentleman gave me a piece of curious advice. We were speaking of the relation existing between Rabbinism and the Synoptic Gospels—a relation, by the way, which was very profitably ventilated by a discussion in recent numbers of the *London Academy*. This gentleman said to me, "Ah! if you wish a good Gospel, study that according to St. John. It is late, and quite free from the Judaic prejudices and predilections, so plentifully appearing in the earlier Evangelia." On my replying, without any very grave purpose, that John and the Alexandrian influences had been regarded as being on good terms, he said, "Oh! yes, but what we get from the Greeks in the Gospel of John is an element which is harmless and is, at the same time, attractive."

It is rather interesting to know, that the one who gave this advice is the grandson of a man who was the "Famulus" (class monitor) in the classes of the great Halle Professor, J. S. Semler, now spoken of the world over as the father of Higher Criticism in Germany. To this pupil of Semler's, too, came the sad privilege of delivering the funeral oration over the coffin of his dead master.

All this looks like a very close relationship to German rationalism, does it not? and I may say that the relation, to anyone privileged to enjoy it, is one of promise, and one, in time, of large result. "But the experiment is dangerous," someone says. And we answer, "It is not without a risk to faith"; nor was the stay of Paul in Athens, nor that of the Bishop-Apostle James in Jerusalem, among the adherents of the Temple and Sanhedrim. It is not saying a great deal, when one contends that the victor of Mars' Hill picked up some weapons in the city where Mars' Hill stood; nor, is it too much to say, that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, who ever he may be, found many jewels in Jewish rubbish-heaps, which aided him to a more splendid setting forth of the "truth as it is in Jesus."

I am strongly of the conviction that so-called rationalistic researches themselves should be carefully followed out under competent living guidance in the works which set them forth. They are researches gigantic in the industry involved, and, with few exceptions, apologetic in aim and spirit, even if their results are destructive of older tenets. These systems, studied under proper direction on the part of teachers, will disclose many of the difficulties in the interpretation of Scripture, and they will suggest explanations of these difficulties; the phenomena of revelation will be brought to the notice of the student in a very striking manner, and theories will be offered to account for these. That the student accept these hypotheses as established, is not necessary; it is hardly possible, in very many instances, if his guide in the study be an efficient one. But that he will see, as he can see nowhere else, the facts and difficulties of revelation stated, is my firm persuasion. The orthodox apologetic

works, which I am very thankful to have read to some extent, discloses the weakness, and not the strength of German criticism; and are too often inclined to analogical argument and abstract considerations, aside from which there is in the works with which they occupy themselves a mass of material of priceless value to the students of the sacred record.

It is necessary to lay stress on the aid of a competent teacher in the study of the literature of Higher Criticism. A tiro may conceive himself competent to acquire, unaided, a knowledge of any science, but there are very few into which he may enter unaided, without soon falling into misconceptions and practical blundering. And, assuredly, the study of Biblical Introduction, Theology, History, or Exegesis is no exception to this rule.

The personnel of rationalism, apart from a somewhat too vigorous character, such as that of Welhausen, is an attractive one. It is composed of men who were and are intellectually earnest, though they are, in common with many other scholars, even in sacred subjects, of very indifferent missionary or evangelical inclinations. They are not men of acrimonious or bitter spirit, and their ruling desire has been, and is, to understand the facts in and about the foundations of our faith. To be sure one feels sometimes like uttering a complaint, as when Professor Cornill, of Königsberg, criticises Professor Driver, who, in his investigations in the Old Testament, has sought "to make clear the degrees of probability in his conclusions, and nowhere to represent conclusions as more certain than is authorized by the facts on which they depend." Cornill's criticism is to the effect, that, in this way, it is always a question of what is most probable and not of what is most certain; and he would have Driver draw conclusions such as, in his opinion, were certain from the known facts. This censure displays somewhat too great haste to reach a generalization of the facts, and to construct a scientific system. The thought suggested to most minds would be that, if a conclusion appears to a critic as only probable, he had better represent it as only probable.

We cannot endorse fully the characters which appear before us in the field of German Biblical Criticism, nor do we find ourselves in complete harmony with the spirit and results in the theological sciences of this land whose illumination is so strong. We are not disposed to close, however, without the remark that the world has grown very old since there was a purely human character which we could endorse fully; and that the light of the millennium alone will bring the dissolution of the clouds which prevent complete unanimity with the judgment of our fellows. The difference in the relation which we occupy to men and their thoughts is a difference measured by relative approval and condemnation.

WALTER M. PATTON.

Heidelberg, Germany.

### Innate Ideas: A Thesis.

**I**NNATUS, born in us, is especially said of many propensities that manifest themselves from the tenderest infancy, as natural instinct which is neither learned nor acquired by habit.

Locke rejected the existence of innate ideas, although admitted by the ancient philosophy from Plato to Descartes. To-day the doctrine of Kant, Reid and other metaphysicians appears to claim, as against Locke, Condillac, and their school, the existence of these innate ideas, or, to use another expression, of natural inclinations.

If it were merely a dispute of the schools upon an obscure point of metaphysics that concerned us, assuredly there would be no interest in discussing the question; but the subject essentially belongs to the autocracy of life, and physiology will assist us in unravelling the secret of these questions if we take the trouble to consult it.

Who can deny that each species of plant does not develop spontaneously, according to the forms originally assigned to it? Nature having ascribed a particular structure to each animal, and an inward principle of movement, it follows that each one of these beings will act according to its conformation. The serpent can only crawl, the fish swims, the bird takes flight. These acts being relative to the organization of each, the ability that each displays from its birth belongs, not to its will, nor to its intelligence, but to the workman who constructed such perfect machines; for, the

better an automaton is put together, the more its movements are stamped with the intellect of its maker. The same operations may be observed in the human species, since, over all the earth, men manifest the same groundwork of passions, appetites, feelings, and wants; and if the human heart is everywhere alike it is because our organism and the power that sways it are, in general, everywhere uniform. Nevertheless, we yet observe particular dispositions equally innate. One child is not born with the same complexion, the same strength, the same organic development, as another. These primitive modifications of structure necessarily bring along with them more or less active inclinations. Each organ, for example, having its activity more or less developed naturally would excite the individual in its own way.

If we could, of ourselves alone, adorn our being at will with new faculties, we would be the possessors of more than we had received at birth; a dictum which the framers of the Declaration of Independence appear to have overlooked or disregarded. *All men are not born equal.* There are men possessed of a primordial germ, or inclination, whom no environment can prevent foreseeing and grasping their vocation.

There are even innate dispositions that are hereditary. *Bon chien chasse de race. Cat after kind, they say;* is it not because the organs of these animals have acquired such ample development that they become susceptible of transmitting this happy acquisition to their descendants? The child of a savage, brought up among civilized people, returns to an independent life as to a primitive nature; whilst the child of a civilized man, if nourished in a savage life, returns involuntarily to a polished, fictitious, and constrained existence.

All these observations prove the incontestable existence of innate directions in our inclinations and primitive leanings. Many people even resist education from long contrary habits. It is like the dogma of predestination; for this, unhappily, brings cross-grained souls into the world, disposed to vice, as some individuals, from causes that might be avoided, are born deformed in their members.

The question of innate ideas loses much of its importance when we consult our organization. If we do not bring knowledge ready made in our minds at birth, it exists nevertheless in germ, susceptible of spontaneous growth, according to the direction which our temperament and particular organization assume. Let people tell us why mathematical ideas developed of themselves alone in the infant Pascal with such perfection, when they cannot germinate in the brain of an imbecile? Metaphysicians, reasoning without recourse to experience, have taught us nothing in two thousand years of squabble and scholastic argumentation. Let them study nature or physiology; they will soon agree, and teach us more of the marvellous phenomena of our existence; they will see that our brain, at birth, is not a *tabula rasa* as they unreasonably repeat.

A. KIRKWOOD.

### Was it a Mistake?

IN the columns of a recent issue of THE WEEK there appeared an article entitled "Their Mistake," the effect of which appeared to be that, when an author had gained the ear and favour of a portion of the reading public in a certain line of thought, he is committing an offence,—so to speak,—against his constituency of readers, if he diverge from the particular line in which he has won their favour. To illustrate this, his apparent meaning, he has grouped together in the same condemnation, writers so widely differing in opinions, aim, and spirit as Professor Henry Drummond, Grant Allen, and Dr. Lyman Abbott, as having in their recent writings greatly disappointed many of their warm admirers and alienated their regard. The late Henry Ward Beecher is also dragged in, somewhat inappropriately, since the cause of disappointment specified in that case was not a divergence of opinion, as in the others, but a supposed lapse of personal conduct, as to the actual fact of which there is great difference of opinion, many well acquainted with the circumstances still holding the belief that the great American preacher was guilty of nothing worse than an imprudence, magnified by scandal mongers into the scandal which, at any rate, he lived down, as the best refutation, leaving behind him a memory revered by most of those who can appreciate a truly noble and high-minded man. It is, however, worthy of note that, in the article in question, the supposed moral offence

seems to be placed on the same footing with such divergences of opinion as may exist even between earnest Christian men.

Before discussing the morality of the position of the writer of the article it may well be questioned whether, after all, any one of the authors mentioned has really committed any breach of intellectual continuity, or altered his intellectual and moral bearings; and whether the later developments of opinion to which such exception is taken have not really grown, naturally enough, out of the well-known principles and lines of thought which, all along, have been characteristic of them as writers. As for Grant Allen, for instance, while I have no intention of discussing his aberrations of thought, yet the germs of opinions which have recently so startled his readers may easily be found in much earlier books, and need not, therefore, have caused so much surprise. Nay, more, they are not peculiar to himself, but are the natural outcome of a certain school of materialistic philosophy which has many prophets and an extensive following. In carrying out its root principles to their logical results, he has perhaps done good service in sounding a note of warning to which it would be well if a thoughtless, pleasure-loving society should take heed in time,—indeed if it will heed any warning.

Leaving Mr. Grant Allen, we turn to a very different man, Dr. Lyman Abbott. Here, again, there is no ground for the charge of intellectual inconsistency. His principles of exposition and interpretation have long been so clearly intelligible to any thoughtful reader, that it is a surprise to find him referred to as having in any real sense broken with his past record. Very probably many of his readers will disagree with some of his later conclusions. But if they have studied him with much attention, they will feel that they are all in the same line of thought which, for many years, he has steadily pursued and clearly expressed.

As for Professor Drummond—the third of the curiously selected trio of record-breakers—he has indeed somewhat changed his subject-matter. But the spirit and tone in which he has treated it is by no means diverse from that in which his earliest noted book was conceived. The difference is that, in the one case, his conclusions happened not to be at variance with those of his conservative readers, as they seem to be in the latter. That is not his fault, but theirs, so far at least as the great and widely accepted principle of evolution is concerned. As to his mode of treating the subject I offer no opinion; but if the esteemed Professor, who has already so beautifully shown us that love is "the greatest thing in the world," felt that by pointing out that love, not selfish struggle, is the real culminating point in the long process of evolution, he could suggest a point of reconciliation between Christianity and modern science, why should it disappoint anybody that he has done so?

The main point, however, to which it seems worth while to direct attention, is not as to the continuity of thought of any particular writer, or as to the personal agreement or disagreement of readers with his conclusions. The real question involved may be put briefly, thus: Is it, from the highest point of view, "a mistake" for a writer to give to his readers the best which, in his judgment, he can give them—the mature fruits of his deepest thought, and most earnest convictions, even at the risk of offending many of his former friends and even of losing many of his former readers? Is he, instead, to study the taste and temper of his *clientèle*, and, like the partisan newspaper, to follow rather than to lead, to pander to what he holds to be prejudices and timidly suppress what he holds for truth? If, for instance, a thinker believes that he finds in the great principle of evolution a ground of reconciliation between science and our Christian faith, is he to keep back thoughts which may be helpful and fruitful for many readers, lest perchance he may alienate a certain proportion of the readers he had already secured? Would any manly writer—any writer worth reading—condescend to so cowardly and selfish a policy? Yet if the strictures in the article in question have any meaning, it implies that a writer should at all hazards try to please his early friends, even if in so doing he sacrifices his literary conscience. This is dangerous teaching in an age when young writers are in any case too much tempted to think first of popularity, and to "play to the gallery." It is a rule, too, that would work two ways. For the agnostic writer, if he should change his views to a theistic standpoint, would equally be expected "not to disappoint his

friends." We have had, not long since, an instance in which an able man of science, who had written for years in support of agnostics, changed his views completely towards the close of his life. According to the principle implied in "Their Mistake," he should have kept his change of views to himself, and not have disappointed, as he doubtless did, his agnostic public! But it is scarcely necessary to do more than call attention to what is self-evident. Even a utilitarian prophet has said that it is the duty of each man to speak out what he believes to be truth. If others hear him, well—if not, well also, though not so well. And a greater writer has said in words familiar to us all.

"To thine own self be true.  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

They who so believe and so act, though they may miss a facile popularity and forfeit the praise of a certain class of admirers, will keep what is better, the approval of their own consciences, and shall in no wise lose the inevitable reward of honesty and sincerity of purpose.

\* \* \*  
Envoy.

FOR AN IMPOSSIBLE BOOK.

Tho' none regard these shadows of bright things  
I saw at sunrise, these imaginings  
Of one dear woman's fairness, but the few  
Whose hearts have taught them how their dreams come true,  
And She who gave me more than gems of price,  
Herself, and sweet thoughts of Her,—'twill suffice.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

\* \* \*  
Parisian Affairs.

AN EPIDEMIC OF SUICIDES RAGING IN FRANCE—AN INCREASE OF OVER 400 PER CENT. IN 60 YEARS—NO MORE STICKING OF PINS IN JOHN BULL SINCE SALISBURY'S RETURN TO OFFICE—HIS ACTION IN CHINA CLOSELY WATCHED—DEPUTY DELONCLE UNABLE TO FORCE THE ENGLISH OUT OF EGYPT TURNS HIS ATTENTION AGAIN TO THE MOON—HIS BIG TELESCOPE FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1900—THE STATE OF FRENCH TRADE AND COMMERCE—THE PARISIAN OBJECT TO WOMEN ON BICYCLES—INHARMONIOUS AND UNLOVELY—THE "DUALIST" GARMENT OR PANTALOONS ATTRACT ATTENTION—ADOPTED BY OTHER THAN CYCLISTS IN CONSEQUENCE.

A VERITABLE epidemic of suicides rages at present in France. The journals have now their daily column about the madness, which beyond doubt is imitative and, in that sense, contagious. Summer is popularly concluded to be more favourable to suicide than winter; this is not quite accurate, as the present wet summer has not been remarkably warm, and yet suicides have never been more frequent. The mean number of cases of self-destruction, in all France, during June, July, and August, oscillates between 800 and 1,000, while for the months of November, December, and January, the total ranges from 450 to 600. The peculiarity about the out-break of suicides at present is, that they are due to what the French call *passionnel* motives—young people crossed in love who, for a passing grief or from a simple vexation, throw away their life. This is the case where the doctors and chemists of Berne appeal to the press, not to publish accounts of lovers' suicides as the recital acts like infection. Perhaps it would be better to suggest to the journals not to surround the crime with a luxury of details, and that affect weak minds. There is no poetry in suicides. Note how suicides have augmented in France. Between 1827 and 1830 the total of suicides for all France was but 5 per 10,000 inhabitants; in 1890 the number exceeded 22—an increase of more than 400 per cent. in 60 years. Placing lovers aside, no general cause can alone explain the march of self-destruction more strongly than alcohol—and all medical authorities, especially alienists, attribute the spread of insanity to drink. The lunatic does not only kill himself but transmits the drink craze and its consequences to his offspring. We can only count the suicide drinkists by their corpses, but how many are intellectually destroyed—co-operative suicides—by years of drinking, and the poisons in the intoxicating beverages? Noah was the first drunkard.

It is next to a phenomenon the calm that reigns in the attitude of the Boulevard statesmen, and the anglophobic press, since Lord Salisbury has arrived in office, with his

formidable majority in the Commons, and a veritable galaxy of able men in his Cabinet. No more sticking of pins in John Bull, no more pulling at the lion's tail. Even in Egypt such little games are viewed as very dangerous. There is another salutary change to register; the anglophobic selections from a certain section of the Russian press cease to be telegraphed as copy for reproduction here. The French, who thoroughly understand number one, and the side of the bread on which is the butter, have recognized the imprudence of those tactics. Better late than never. Lord Salisbury is recognized as a power on the continent, a man with a will, and of fearless resolution, who discounts diplomatic shiftings and shilly-shallying, and presents the naked result to an adversary to decide. But a decision must be taken. England's move to avenge the massacre of her citizens in China is narrowly watched to estimate if the old Roman hand of the Premier has lost its cunning. So far, Lord Salisbury does well to first exact the heads of the Mandarins, the offending instigators of the massacres; then the Imperial apologies, and next, the immediate payment of an indemnity. Russia can lend the money, perhaps, if not, "she knows a friend who may." The great point is for England to occupy a few strategic positions, with Italy and Germany doing the same as surety for the good behaviour of the Mandarins, and to be ready against the burst up of the Empire. The central authority has no influence, and what is the same, can exercise none. The local authorities are the central power, and local rebellions their means of action. Energetic and immediate reprisals, if protests be unheeded, are what Lord Salisbury must adopt; patrol the treaty ports and open rivers by gunboats, display the "Jack" to punish as well as to protect; in a word, bring home to the Celestials that the "foreign devils" mean to protect themselves and to hang Mandarins from yard arms when necessary.

Deputy Deloncle is the "Boss" of the French-in-a-hurry party, that want the English to evacuate the Nile, so as to allow his countrymen to replace them. He is the man "of" the moon for the 1900 exhibition, that of allowing spectators to view the reflection of our Satellite at an optical distance of 40 inches, or one metre. Owing to the changes effected and to be effected by England and her allies and the new British cabinet, M. Deloncle views the game to be up, of giving the English marching orders, so he returns to his lunar telescope—his first love—another form of lunacy, since the astronomers and physicists ridicule the idea. But M. Deloncle states that the glass for his 66 feet telescope tube has been ordered; will be 55 inches in diameter, and that machinery can be devised by which a crank will work the tube as if it were but a straw. There will be no peeping through the tube; the latter will catch the living manners of the moon as they rise, and imprison them upon a solid glass table, from which they will be again reflected on a screen, like a magic lantern slide; the screen will be in a theatre accommodating 600 spectators, who can thus view the "phases" of the moon every second.

Since British astronomers discovered the value of photographing the moon, a map of the moon is not difficult to make. Laplace held, that the moon was but a morsel, chipped, or melted off, our planet when in its fluid stage; the summits of the mountains of the moon are all round; they are veritable tun-dishes; through the mountains, straight as a bee line, and parallel, are rectilinear valleys, at the time called "Panama Canals"; there are huge banks of scorie or slag also, that indicate the moon has been a little worn out—perhaps the ashes of the old moons. At present our best glimpses of the moon are to be had during the cold, clear nights of winter, because the atmosphere, when heated, produces vibrations or tremblings of light. The astronomer Peters, an American, was found some years ago, frozen to death, near the peep hole of his telescope—another martyr to science. Some days ago a priest celebrated mass near the summit of Mont Blanc; the altar was composed of blocks of ice. This was to celebrate the inauguration of the Mont Blanc Observatory, erected under the superintendence of Professor Jansen, of the French Academy of Science, with funds presented by a French banker. But Mr. Jansen, like others, suffered so much from mountain sickness that the moment when he arrives at the summit he cannot stand, but falls flat, face-wards on the ground.

The naval demonstrations of Spain, Germany, Italy, and England, will compel the Sultan of Morocco to concede no diplomatic privilege to France—they demand recognition

for their consuls also to reside at Fez ; if not, they will block Tangiers and other ports. That is the right way to go to work—action, action. Lord Salisbury gets the credit of that energetic step. It smacks of Cromwellism, or every day Germanism.

Ex-minister Yves Guyot has drawn a conclusive picture of the state of French trade and commerce. He has shown, by periods of five years, that French commerce, etc., ever augmented, from 1860 to 1881, being the reign of the Cobden tariffs ; then came the system of tariffs by special treaties when business remained stagnant, till 1892, the commencement of the reigning protective system, followed by a retrograde trade and a dying-out commerce. M. Guyot asserts that the proper economic situation of France ought to be : import raw materials at the lowest rates, and work them up to be sold at the lowest prices possible.

Parisians have never viewed the bicyclette with a friendly eye, and are positively hostile to it when employed by women. The Government, which boasts of having the cult for beauty, has, by a quiet decree, not exactly promulgated, drafted by the Prefect of Police, applied morality to lady bicyclists. The latter, as a consequence of wheeling necessities, have to wear what is called a "dualist" garment, more commonly known as a pair of pantaloons ; they thus claim the right to promenade on the boulevards in that fatigue costume ; they attracted attention which was not disagreeable to them. Now, as in a famous operette where the *artistes* call themselves Spaniards and are not Spaniards, so there are female bicyclists who are not cyclists at all. They made up as such, promenaded the boulevards "attracted attention"—the main chance—and do not decline sitting in front of a café and swiping beer. In a word the soiled doves became bicyclists, and so attracted the "attention" of the special plain clothes police, charged to look after the demimondian denizens and to request permission to examine the very special and peculiar passport they ought always to carry about with them when they take their walks abroad. Hence, if unprovided with their *carte de circulation*, the secret police marches them off to the central police office where they will be photographed, measured, and registered in some very painful archive. That danger the most virtuous lady, if unaccompanied with a gentleman, now risks, if she appears in wheeling dress, without her bicycle. Paris is the most dangerous city in the world for a female to wander or make any mistakes in the streets. Hence why a Parisian mother will never let her daughter go out alone, and why work girls always go in groups of three or four. That said, as a Lochiel warning, the French view a lady on a bicycle as the opposite of a thing of beauty. They are the enemies of the harmonious ; and some ladies have such a terrible circumference around the hips. The Prefect agrees with the Greek canon of aesthetics, "that the highest form of gracefulness is the exhibition of purity of form." One lover of the beautiful writes that the bicycle makes a pretty female figure less pretty, and an ugly shape more hideous, "the latter recalling the dogs of a turn spit, or the toy of a climbing monkey." That's hard ; but sigh no more ladies, the Prefect of Police promises to purify Paris of the wheeling mania with ladies by compelling only those of manifest and *éclatante* ugliness to roll.

Z.

### Montreal Affairs.

A CURIOUS DOCUMENT UNEARTHED—THE PROCLAMATION OF THE CANADIAN REPUBLIC AND THE DECLARATION OF RIGHTS—THE MONUMENT TO CHENIER, THE REBEL LEADER OF 1837—MR. J. D. EDGAR, M.P., THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKER AT THE UNVEILING—THE CITY COUNCIL REAPING WHAT IT HAS SOWN—A GREAT REVENUE BUT GREATER EXPENDITURE—PROPOSAL TO TAX CORPORATIONS AND CHURCH PROPERTY—THE CHAMBRE DE COMMERCE MAKES AN EFFORT TO IMPROVE COMMERCIAL EDUCATION BUT ARCHBISHOP FABRE OBJECTS.

A VERY curious document has been unearthed and made public by *Le Reveil*, a French weekly of this city. It is the proclamation of the Canadian Republic and the Declaration of Rights which was drawn up and signed in 1837, but never made public. Owing to the rapid movement of the British forces on St. Charles, the plans of the young Republicans, whose headquarters, were there were spoilt ; and all incriminating documents were destroyed, including copies of this

proclamation which had been printed for distribution at the proper time throughout the parishes. One or two copies escaped the general destruction, and are now in the possession of families that were identified with the rebellion. The preamble sets forth that "the solemn covenant," made by the British Government with the people of Canada by the legislation of 1791, "hath been continually violated ;" that the British Government, in addition to numerous other misdeeds duly set forth, "hath disposed of our revenue without the constitutional consent of the Local Legislature, pillaged our Treasury, arrested great numbers of our citizens, and committed them to prison ; distributed through the country a mercenary army, whose presence is accompanied by consternation and alarm, whose track is red with the blood of our people, who have laid our villages in ashes, profaned our Temples, and spread terror and waste through the land ;" and leads up to a series of eighteen declarations. The first dissolves the political connection between Great Britain and Lower Canada ; the second declares the country a republic. The resolutions go on to proclaim equality of rights between all classes of the population including Indians ; the severance of all relations between Church and State ; the abolition of seigniorial tenure and the setting free from all obligations to pay seigniorial rates already due of those who assist by bearing arms in the establishment of the republic ; the abolition of imprisonment for debt except in cases of fraud ; the abolition of the death sentence except for murder ; the freedom of the press ; the guarantee of trial by jury in all criminal and in important civil cases ; State education, elections by ballot ; the legalization of titles to property already held, and the perpetuation of the dual language. A constitutional convention is called, and in the election of delegates to it all male persons over 21 years of age are allowed to vote. The document closes : "And for the fulfilment of this declaration, and for the support of the patriotic cause in which we are engaged, with a firm reliance on the protection of the Almighty, and the justice of our conduct, We, by these presents, solemnly pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honour ;" and it is signed "By Order of the Provisional Government, Robert Nelson, President." Robert Nelson was a younger brother of Dr. Wolfred Nelson. This paper is of the greatest interest and should be secured for the national archives.

It has been made public simultaneously with the unveiling in Viger Square, on Saturday last, of a monument to Chenier, the rebel leader, who was killed at St. Eustache, which has revived memories of the struggle of 1837. Four survivors of the battle were at the unveiling. One of them, Melchoir Prevost was Chenier's brother-in-law. He was at his side when he fell, and he saw him die. He is now seventy-seven years of age. The statue, though simple, is pleasing and artistic in appearance. It is a life-size figure of Chenier, clad in the habitant garb of the period, holding his musket with one hand and pointing forward with the other to the advancing foe. One of the speakers at the meeting was Alfred Perry, a notable figure of our streets, who was a volunteer in the Loyalist forces in 1837, and twelve years later was the ringleader of the mob, which expressed its dissatisfaction with the passage of the Rebellion Losses Bill by burning the Parliament Buildings in this city. The principal speaker of the day was Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P., of Toronto.

The city council is deep in the woe that follows the out-running of revenue by expenditure. For two years past there have occurred periods of great scarcity at the city hall ; but the matter has now come to a head. The trouble is the direct result of reckless extravagance. The income of the city has grown, of late years, by leaps and bounds, but the expenditure has run ahead of it, until now, with further borrowing prohibited and the yearly expenditure far exceeding the revenue, the council is face to face with a problem capable of but two solutions—retrenchment or increased taxation. The former is exceedingly distasteful to the aldermen ; and the latter plan they would find dangerous. A certain amount of additional taxation to meet liabilities already incurred is inevitable ; but it need not be permanent if the citizens can compel their civic representatives to check an expenditure already far in excess of requirements. It was proposed to raise \$150,000 additional revenue by increasing the water tax from 7½ per cent. on the rental value of houses to 10 per cent. ; but when the bills were sent out there went up from all over the city such a chorus of condemnation that the aldermen, bearing in mind that general

elections are to be held next February, hastened to veto the increase and put the water-tax back to its old rate which was, in itself, much higher than the rate in other cities in Canada and the United States. At a meeting of the Finance Committee, held a day or so ago, an hour was given up to a search for victims of further taxation, and among the propositions made was one to tax corporations and religious property. The usefulness of the former, as good milch cows, has long since been established by the Provincial Government, but no public man has ever hitherto had the courage to put a tax on religious property. As this could not be done without the consent of the Legislature there is no probability of it being adopted even were the council to approve the suggestion. A strong case can be made out against ecclesiastical exemptions from taxation in this Province, but no one expects, during the present generation at any rate, to see them amended.

The Chambre de Commerce of this city is trying to improve the education imparted to young men in the Roman Catholic commercial educational institutions throughout the Province, and has indicated a number of the weak points in the present teaching. One of these is the failure to teach English thoroughly. The methods of teaching geography are also condemned. It seems, says the report, to be so much neglected that many young men upon entering some commercial house are ignorant of the lay of their own country, of its products, of its ways of transportation and also of its relations with foreign countries. The Chambre de Commerce had arranged to have a congress of the superiors of these institutions to discuss this question, but Archbishop Fabre thought the present an inopportune time for holding it. In view of the agitation now going on over Roman Catholic schools in Manitoba, he did not consider it wise to hold a public congress, during which the discussion might drift into unforseen channels. And in deference to his wishes nothing of this nature will be done at present. Archbishop Fabre is a very shrewd man.

\* \* \*  
At Street Corners.

A MOIST and clammy heat pervades the air at the street corners; the sun shines through a steamy haze, and one's clothing sticks to one's back. There is nothing bracing about this moist, hot breeze. It stops repartee, takes the snap out of journalism, and prevents even young Mr. Coburn from getting up properly spiced denunciatory perorations. Ah well, the proverb about the ill wind blowing nobody any good was, perhaps, true.

There seems some chance that a branch of the Navy League may be started in Toronto to give us an interest in maritime defence, and to make us feel that we are of the family of Britons who rule the waves. Those seasoned old salts, Mr. H. J. Wickham and Commander Law, are naturally looked to by their fellow-Torontonians to take the lead in such a matter, and to show how a successful branch of the League can be not only begun but continued here. The Navy League is, in the Old Country, an important association, and it is to be hoped that the matter will be well taken up. My friends and I at the street corners are developing a sea roll, and Commander Postlethwaite is teaching us to give the proper nautical hitch-up to our trousers.

Mr. Daniel Hull, B.A., of Upper Canada College, did a graceful thing the other night at the meeting of the Technical School Board called for the purpose of electing a new principal in place of Mr. E. B. Merrill, resigned. Mr. Hull and Dr. McMaster had been chosen from the list of applicants by the School Management Committee, and their testimonials were read to the board at full length, the documents relating to both candidates, who were present, being extraordinarily creditable to their character and attainments. Dr. McMaster had, however, taught in the Technical School for four years, and a strong point was made of this by his proposer. It evidently made an impression on Mr. Hull, who, though his chances were good, at once rose and signified his intention of dropping out of the running.

I am pleased to see Alderman Thos. Davies riding about the city on a bicycle. To the wisdom of age "Tom" Davies unites the alert optimism of youth. He has a fund of common sense that is usefully employed in the City Council,

and while not in the least overbearing, he is able to hold his own. I hope he will occasionally ride his bicycle over those streets the pavement of which needs attending to, and we wheelists will ever pray for him if he will look after our interests at the governing board of this city.

A prospective Mayor of Toronto is Alderman Burns. Of course no man ought to be elected to the Council who is not capable of filling at some time or other the place of the Chief Magistrate. But imagine some of the aldermen as Mayor! The only way would be to elect three or four of them to sit in the chair as a sort of human conglomerate. Alderman Burns, on the contrary, has enough solidity of character and ability to qualify him for the post, and I sincerely hope he will one day get there.

Mr. Carl Ahrens, A.R.C.A., has returned to the city from Doon, where he has been studying landscape. I understand that he is engaged on a series of articles on Canadian rustic life which he will illustrate. Mr. Ahrens has a craftsmanlike touch with the pen as well as with the pencil.

I am glad to hear that Mr. T. Arnold Haultain has another article coming out in *Blackwood's Magazine*. His subject this time is "How to Read," and he is sure to deal with this subject in an interesting and suggestive way. I have long wanted to know how to read, myself, as I hope, some day, to find time for that occupation.

An article might be written on the subject, "How to Read Aloud," and all the teachers in our public schools should peruse it. A good many of their scholars mispronounce the English language to a serious extent. They mispronounce it themselves. Now Inspector Hughes doesn't—I know for a fact that he appreciates good English reading, I call upon the Grand Worthy, etc., James L., to look to the matter.

He has, I understand, recently returned from a trip to Jamaica, where he was *persona grata* with everybody, including the negro population. I hear he was holding forth to an audience down there on the beauties and advantages of Toronto and especially its Public schools, when one of his black auditors, grinning from ear to ear, called out the negro proverb, "Jim Crow tink him pickney white"—referring to the tendency of parents to think their "pickney"—kid, cub, or child—beats all creation. This, however, did not disconcert our ever youthful Inspector, and now the Jamaica people—some of them—think Toronto is like heaven. It is people like Mr. Hughes that make this a convention town.

DIOGENES.

\* \* \*  
In the Good Old Time.

Many and many a year ago  
(Oh me, but the years are long!)  
His hair was brown that is now like snow,  
His cheeks had not lost their sunny glow,  
His body so bent was hale and strong.  
(But the king, the king can do no wrong!)

They dragged this man to a place of woe;  
(Misery makes the years seem long!)  
They buried him in a dungeon low;  
And the world went trampling to and fro,  
While he laid forgotten by the throng.  
(But the king, the king can do no wrong!)

His crime? We never shall rightly know.  
And idle jest—or a song:  
No matter. The king was vexed; and so  
This creature must learn how men can grow  
To pray each hour for the headsman's blow.  
Oh, the axe falls lighter than the thong!  
(But the king? Oh, the king can do no wrong!)

HENRY BEECH.

\* \* \*  
Travels in the North-West.\*

MR. FIELD is a veteran and a veteran traveller and writer of travels. He has travelled in Ireland, in Egypt, in Greece, in Spain, in the Holy Land, and elsewhere, and he has put his impressions on record. And now, he says, "Europe is an old story, why not turn to the west

\* "Our Western Archipelago." By Henry M. Field. Price \$2.00. New York: Scribner, 1895.

and see a little of our own continent?" And he did, taking with him a bright young niece, so that age and youth might travel together. And we are glad that he did and that so large a portion of his tour fell in our own country—a country so large that many of us can never hope to see the whole of it, and they will see some parts of it by reflection and those who have seen these parts will be glad to see them again with Mr. Field's eyes, which are certainly a great deal better than those of many much younger men.

Mr. Field begins with the "longest railway in the world," the C.P.R., on which a considerable part of his journey took place, and he speaks cordially, almost enthusiastically of the road, of its makers, their enterprise and other high qualities. Throughout the book, we should remark, there is a constant exhibition of generous feeling towards Canada, in no way savouring of patronage or adulation but eminently creditable to its author. It would be useless to follow in this long journey further than by noting that the travellers passed on the north shore of Lake Superior, and that Mr. Field tells us in a pleasant way of the beginnings of Rupert's Land, and tells of the glories of Banff and the Rocky Mountain Park. He also tells us almost thrillingly of riding on the cow-catcher, bringing back to remembrance Lady Macdonald's experience in that way. And so the travellers pass on to Vancouver and Victoria, and then turn north to Alaska. The account of this frozen region is not only interesting, but communicates many facts which will be new to most readers. Coming back the author tells us of the Yellowstone Park, the Geysers, and many other wonderful things; and in all this he gives us one of the pleasantest books of travel that we have come across for many a day.

We cannot, however, despatch this notice without referring to some very interesting statements of Mr. Field—a genuine American—respecting our own country and people. He has some pleasant words about Sir John Macdonald, "who may be called the Father of the Canadian Pacific." Then he has some touching memorials of a more recent loss, Sir John Thompson, and we would gladly quote the words of respect and admiration which he connects with his memories of that distinguished man, and we doubt not that those who read this notice will look out for these words. But we must here content ourselves with extracting some remarks on a topic which, indeed, is of no great interest here, but on which it may be interesting to hear an American gentleman give his thoughts—the subject of annexation.

Mr. Field says that in Canada he cannot feel that he is in a foreign country. "After all we are but one people, and these natural affinities will draw us together without a political union. Indeed any suggestion of the latter, it seems to me, is rather to be discouraged in the interests of a real and genuine harmony." He goes on to mention Lord Dufferin's asking him if there were any party in the States trying to bring about the annexation of Canada. He said, "No, adding that if in the course of time there should be a natural gravitation towards each other, which should end in a union that was not forced, but spontaneous, no doubt our country would be very proud of this accession to its greatness, but that it was not a question in American politics and that such a thing as an accession party did not exist; that on the contrary we were perfectly content to let things remain as they are, living in the best relations with those on our northern frontier." He then goes on to speak of the constitution of England and of Canada as being now more democratic, in reality, than that of the United States. However, there seems some chance of that defect being remedied, or some effort being made to remedy it, in the old country. We thank Mr. Field for a very delightful volume.

### \* \* \* Rational Building.\*

THIS work is one of a series of practical architectural works published in uniform style at \$3.00 a volume. The present volume is a translation of the article "Construction" in Viollet le Duc's "Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture Française," done by Mr. George Martin Huss, one of the New York architects engaged in the recent competition of designs for the Episcopal cathedral to be built in New

York. While he was preparing plans for the cathedral the extensive use that was made of the article "Construction" in the "Dictionnaire" suggested to him the desirability of translating it for the use of others.

It is pity if this example is not followed by other translators. That amazing work, the "Dictionnaire" would make many useful volumes, and Violette le Duc's wonderful drawings, for the sake of which so many people who cannot read French use the dictionary, are in clear lines easy to reproduce by process. In Mr. Huss's volume there are 156 drawings by number, but the actual quantity must be a good deal more than this as many numbers are repeated with letters added when the drawings refer to one point.

The book has been well called "Rational Building." This quite expresses Violette le Duc's view of the methods used by the old builders. Though an enthusiast about Gothic architecture, Le Duc has nothing in common with the manner of treating it which makes most works on the subject so unpractical for a Canadian or American student, to whom the idea of repeating mediæval forms exactly is, if he has any sense, a foreign one. There is no restoration of ancient buildings to be done in this country, and the profession cannot take a real interest in an account of the style which devotes itself entirely to its forms and to the variations, often minute, which distinguish the different periods. What caused these variations in form, what constructive reason or motive of convenience is at the bottom of it, we are seldom told; and the lesson of Gothic architecture, the only lesson for modern students—how the most exacting constructional requirements have been met with ordinary materials and the highest beauty, the beauty of character, evolved at the same time—is quite left out of the teaching. If the professional man or the general reader wants to understand Gothic architecture he must read Viollet le Duc. Le Duc may be compared to Ruskin in the originality and magnitude of his work for art, but whereas the reader needs to be on his guard with Ruskin, and constantly to compare him with himself in order to avoid being led away by a half truth energetically uttered, one may yield one's self freely to Le Duc for he deals, at any rate in the "Dictionnaire," with facts rather, than, as Ruskin did, with ideas. There is no controverting the facts, and to follow them point by point is to learn, as it seems to us, the whole lesson of Gothic architecture. The great problem of the period was, of course, the vaulted roof and the process of its evolution from the continuous barrel vault of the Romans to the comparatively light stone framework of ribs, filled in between with flat surfaces, and bearing but on few points in the wall, is the history of Gothic architecture. All the peculiar forms of the style sprang from this, and its essential distinction as a manner of building is that the pressure from the walls is not downwards, but outwards. For this reason the roof is supported not by thick walls all along the sides of the church, but by buttresses at certain points to resist the outward thrust and the space between the buttresses needs only to be filled in as a screen from the weather and may be, as it was, filled in chiefly with glass. The whole system was then one of equilibrium. Not as in classical buildings the repose of weight upon support, but the repose of an equalization of opposite thrusts. How this was managed without using anything but stones, and these of small dimensions, and how in the lofty cathedrals to which the French builders finally devoted themselves, the enormously increased chances of settlement were provided for is the main subject matter of "Rational Building." It is not an assemblage of mathematical problems, but a plain statement in a manner of thinking that must have been that of the Gothic builders themselves appealing to ordinary perception and requiring no more elucidation than the numerous sketches of the author. In these days when our own high buildings are in process of evolution there are practical hints to be obtained from such a volume, but the greatest benefit to be obtained from a study in this spirit of the mediæval builder's work is the bent which comes of often following the process by which use has been converted to beauty and which makes the essential principle of architecture, that use should suggest beauty, not so much a principle to be kept painfully in view as a natural habit of mind. There are also chapters which deal with mediæval, civic, and military buildings. The chapter on domestic work is suggestive in many ways; among others of the possibility of building a fire-proof mansion without too great expense.

\* "Rational Building." By George Martin Huss, Architect. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Rowell & Hutchison.

Recent Fiction.\*

WE have seldom come across so charming a book as "The Golden Age" by Kenneth Grahame. The golden age is the time of childhood and the thoughts and ideas of that age the author depicts in a delightful and masterly manner. Of the eighteen little sketches which compose the book, it is hard to single out any for special mention, they are all so excellent, but, perhaps, those which pleased us best were: "The Roman Road," and "The Finding of the Princess." It is not a children's book, though dealing with the incidents and imaginations of child-life, it is essentially a book for grown up people. Our readers should obtain it, and if they do not enjoy its delicate humour, exquisite pathos and tender fancy, we shall be disappointed in them. It is difficult to quote from the book, since each sketch is a finished whole and should be read as such, but the following may serve as a specimen. It is taken from "A White-washed Uncle":

When at last the atmosphere was clear of this depressing influence, we met despondently in the potato-cellar, all of us, that is, but Harold, who had been told off to accompany his relative to the station; and the feeling was unanimous, that, as an uncle, William could not be allowed to pass. Selina roundly declared him a beast, pointing out that he had not even got us a half-holiday; and, indeed, there seemed but little to do, but to pass sentence. We were about to put it, when Harold appeared on the scene; his red face, round eyes and mysterious demeanour hinting at awful portents. Speechless he stood a space, then, slowly drawing his hand from the pocket of his knickerbockers, he displayed on a dirty palm—one, two, three, four half crowns! We could but gaze, tranced, breathless, mute; never had any of us seen, in the aggregate, so much bullion before. Then Harold told his tale:

"I took the old fellow to the station," he said, "and as we went along I told him all about the station-master's family, and how I had seen the porter kissing our housemaid, and what a nice fellow he was, with no airs or affectation about him, and anything I thought would be of interest; but he didn't seem to pay much attention, but walked along puffing his cigar, and once I thought—I'm not certain, but I thought—I heard him say, 'Well, thank God, that's over!' When we got to the station he stopped suddenly, and said, 'Hold on a minute!' Then he shoved these into my hand in a frightened sort of way, and said, 'Look here, youngster! These are for you and the other kids. Buy what you like—make little beasts of yourselves—only don't tell the old people, mind! Now, cut away home.' So I cut."

A solemn hush fell on the assembly, broken first by small Charlotte. "I didn't know," she observed dreamily, "that there were such good men anywhere in the world. I hope he'll die to-night, for then he'll go straight to heaven!" But the repentant Selina bewailed herself with tears and sobs, refusing to be comforted; for that in her haste she had called this whit-souled relative a beast.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Edward, the master-mind, rising, as he always did, to the situation: "We'll christen the pie-bald pig after him—the one that hasn't got a name yet—and that'll show we're sorry for our mistake."

"I—I christened that pig this morning," Harold guiltily confessed, "I christened it after the curate. I'm very sorry—but he came and bowed to me last night, after you others has all been sent to bed early—and somehow I felt I had to do it!"

"Oh, but that doesn't count," said Edward hastily, "because we weren't all there. We'll take that christening off and call it Uncle William. And you can save up the curate for the next litter."

And the motion being agreed to without a division, the House went into Committee of Supply.

Undeniably powerful, but intensely disagreeable is "Celibates," by George Moore. It consists of three stories, the second of which should never have been written. All three deal with unpleasant subjects and persons, and though

we fully recognize their ability and also we regret to say their truthfulness as possible sketches of real life, we confess to have obtained little pleasure from their perusal.

"An Errant Wooing," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, is brightly and pleasantly written. There is only sufficient love story on which to hang the descriptive positions of the book. The descriptions, chiefly of scenes in North Africa and Spain are interesting enough and don't savour too much of the guide book, whilst the illustrations, which are numerous, are satisfactory.

New ground is broken by "Kafir Stories," by William Charles Scully, whose name as a writer is new to us. If this is his first book he has to be congratulated on a success—for these stories of Kafir life are of great strength and interest. "The Quest of the Copper" is worthy of Rider Haggard at his best, and anyone who wishes for horrors ought to be satisfied with "Khamba."

In the Pseudonym Library we have two new volumes. The first "Under the Chilterns" is a story of English peasant life. It is a sad little story, of poverty on the one hand and grasping meanness on the other. The writer is evidently well acquainted with the class of characters he describes—the ordinary inhabitants of an English country village. "Every Day's News," by C. E. Francis, is just as sad, though it is a story of a very different condition of life. Here we have the unhappy results of a marriage between a highly cultured gentleman and a new woman of the worst type. Both take to authorship and they are mutually disgusted with each other's productions. "Two Strangers," by Mrs. Oliphant, is a fragment rather than a story, and an unsatisfactory fragment, too, as it leaves off just at the point where it begins to be interesting. It turns on the meeting of husband and wife, who have been separated through unfortunate circumstances. We are left in doubt as to the outcome of their meeting. "A Question of Colour," by F. C. Philips, is another of these gloomy productions. Here the heartless heroine sells her true lover in order to marry a rich negro. Then she breaks her husband's heart and drives him to suicide. A rich widow, she tries to recover her former lover, but he has learned her real character and escapes.

"The Story of Christine Rochefort," by Helen Choate Prince, is well worth reading, and it is a delightful change after those we have just mentioned. The scene is laid in France in a district once historic, but now a modern industrial centre. It is a love story of the old fashioned type, though in a modern setting. Christine Rochefort is a girl of a noble family, who, to retrieve the fallen fortunes of her people, names a rich young manufacturer of the district. It is only by degrees that true affection for her husband grows in her heart, and at first she goes out of her way to show-sympathy with the Anarchistic movement among the working men, which is largely directed against him. Gradually her eyes are opened and she realizes her husband's true worth. The book is worth reading, not only as a well-told love story, but also as a picture, not unfriendly, of the unwise and misguided aspirations of the working classes. The characters are excellently drawn, especially those of the old Marquise, Christine's grandmother, the Abbé Lemaire, whose answer to the Anarchist leader at the public debate is one of the best things in the book, and the young enthusiastic Anarchist de Martel, who falls a victim to the movement he has helped to arouse.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are now publishing the works of Charles Kingsley monthly from the 1st July last, at 1s 6d per volume. They are issued in "Pott" 8 vo., bound in buckram, and printed from new type. "Hypatia" is the first volume of this beautiful Pocket Edition, which in printing and binding is of admirable taste and most pleasant use. As for the book itself it is too well known to need any notice. We read "Hypatia" long ago and are now tempted to read it again, so inviting-looking is this little volume. The first edition appeared in 1853 in two volumes. It was followed three years later by a single volume edition. Macmillan's first edition was published in 1863 and their second edition in 1869, of which reprints were issued nearly every year from 1872 to 1889. Their third edition (1888) has been reprinted five times. There have been other editions besides these, notably, the Eversley and Globe and the Six penny. It is not every author that has such continuous demand as this.

- \* "The Golden Age." By Kenneth Grahame. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.
- "Celibates." By George Moore. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.
- "An Errant Wooing." By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Company.
- "Kafir Stories." By William Charles Scully. New York: Henry Holt & Company. The Buckram Series.
- "Under the Chilterns." By Rosemary. A story of English village life. Pseudonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- "Every Day's News." By C. E. Francis. Pseudonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.
- "Two Strangers." By Mrs. Oliphant. Anonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
- "A Question of Colour." By F. C. Philips. The Bijou Series. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.
- "The Story of Christine Rochefort." By Helen Choate Prince. Longman's Colonial Library. London: Longman, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
- "Hypatia." By Charles Kingsley. Pocket Edition. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

## BRIEFER NOTICES.

*Suppressed Chapters, and other Bookishness.* By Robert Bridges. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.)—This is a very clever and most entertaining book. The author is widely known as "Droch" of New York *Life*, and is the author of "Overheard in Arcady," a book eminently original in conception and vivacious in execution. In it the characters created by the novelist discuss his works with knowledge, sympathetic appreciation, wit, and humour, as somebody truthfully remarks. In the present volume we have half a dozen divisions with such attractive headings as "Suppressed Chapters," "Arcadian Letters," "Novels that Everybody Read," "The Literary Partition of Scotland," "Friends in Arcady," and "Arcadian Opinions." One of the most amusing pieces in the first division is "A New Dolly Dialogue" in which Dolly and Mr. Brute discuss Anthony Hope. The imitation of the style and manner of this epigrammatic author is exceedingly clever. "Trilby's Christmas" and "Little Wayoff," are equally good. The author of "Little Eyolf" should read this satire and profit by it. If Ibsen had a small share only of Mr. Bridges' sense of humour we should be spared his soul-torturing productions. Amongst the "Arcadian Letters" is one to "Terence Mulvaney" which Kipling will no doubt appreciate. We did. "To Diana of the Crossways, Surry," is a fine bit of work which shows the sympathetic qualities of Mr. Bridges' literary criticism. His appreciation of George Meredith's "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," is altogether admirable. "Overheard in Arcady" has shown that he knows and understands the great novelist as very few critics do. "The Manxman," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "The Jungle Book," "David Balfour," "Trilby," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Katharine Lauderdale" are amongst the "Novels that Everybody Read," and very shrewd and good humoured are the criticisms. Mr. Bridges can say a great deal in very few words. In the fifth division is a most interesting chat with Marion Crawford, and a delightful notice of Charles Dana Gibson's "Drawings" with which the readers of *Life* are all familiar. "The Literary Partition of Scotland"—Forfarshire to Barrie, Inverness and Ross to William Black, Fife to Annie Swan, Perthshire to Ian Maclaren, and old Galloway to S. R. Crockett—includes brief and bright papers on Barrie, Crockett, and Maclaren, which no one can afford to skip. "A Cure for the Malady of Cleverness" is one of the pieces headed "Arcadian Opinions" and contains some very sound sentiments. We intend to make it the text for a little sermon to Canadians in an early issue of THE WEEK.

*The Lions' Gate and Other Verses.* By Lily Alice Lefavre. (Victoria, B.C.: Province Publishing Co., 1895.)—"The Lions' Gate" is the name given to an opening between two mountains which overlook the harbour of Vancouver. These mountains are supposed to bear a resemblance to lions (designed by Sir Edwin Landseer) in Trafalgar Square, at the base of the Nelson monument. It is a pretty fancy, and Mrs. Lefavre has worked out in a charming way the thought of these two lions lying "on guard by the western seas," looking over all the life and movement of the broad ocean.

"And far below where the waters flow  
The stately ships sail through,  
For the fair surprise of a city lies  
Where the forest giants grew.  
She holds the key of an Empire free  
Whose glory has but begun,  
The nations meet at Vancouver's feet,  
The East and the West are one."

A very spirited poem, melodious and energetic and stimulating. We give the last stanza:—

"We sentry stand by heaven's command  
At the portal of her sway,  
No threatening foe dare pass below  
While her Lions guard the way!  
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim  
We crouch in our cloudy lair,  
Behind the veil of the snow mist pale  
We are waiting and watching there."

These are good specimens of the contents of the book and will probably convey a better notion of the author's genius, than a laboured criticism would do. The writer is no novice.

She is, perhaps, better known under her *nom de guerre* of "Fleurange" than under her own. Among the other poems in the little volume, we would mention the "Song of the St. Lawrence," written in a metre specially appropriate to the great and fascinating subject.

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## Letters to the Editor.

## A PUBLIC INJUSTICE.

SIR,—The recent placing on the retired list—at the age of eighty-three, on an allowance of \$308 a year—of Mr. William L. Baby, for many years landing-waiter at the Windsor ferry, is a matter of such grave importance to him and so severe a shock to one's idea of public generosity that I ask leave to bring the facts of his case briefly before your readers. It may surprise some people to learn that a gentleman could actually be retained to such an age in such an employment; for, to one familiar with the throng and traffic at the Windsor ferry, it is easy to imagine that the position of landing-waiter there is no sinecure, and would be voluntarily resigned by most men at an age far short of eighty-three. To those who know Mr. Baby, however, who are familiar with that massive yet elastic frame, with the cheerful and unrepining spirit which inhabits it—a spirit so unselfish and unworldly that "opportunity" has ever passed him unheeded—there is little room for surprise. But, though Mr. Baby has failed to catch time's forelock, he cannot be charged with neglect of duty, for his life, though in a material sense unprofitable to himself, has been one of unremitting, and, at times, of exceptional service to his country. By right of this Mr. Baby was entitled to the usual promotion, instead of which his claims have been constantly overreached or ignored, and he has been left to plod on in a situation unsuited to him, and on a salary which the average office-seeker would reject with scorn. Hence he has been unable to make that provision for his old age which a better place would have permitted. No doubt, in accordance with the regulations, his retiring allowance is in proportion to his pay. But there is manifestly an injustice in retaining an official to an advanced age, and then cutting him off with a pittance. To a man in receipt of a considerable salary retirement on an annuity at a comparatively early age is not altogether undesirable. He has contributed to the Superannuation Fund and hence is enabled to retire on a comfortable income, and is still young enough to add to it otherwise. But to the man of small salary, who has saved nothing and who is retained in his place to an extreme old age, retirement is simply ruinous; and this is precisely Mr. Baby's plight. To be let alone, to be retained at his post was all that he desired. His iron constitution was still adequate, he believed, to the demands upon it. There was no public complaint as to the performance of his duties; on the contrary the public was pleased to see this fine relic of a bygone generation constantly at hand, and performing his humble and certainly uncongenial task with the unfailing courtesy of a gentleman. Instead of being retained, however, he has been suddenly removed from office, and his name has been placed on the retired list with an allowance insufficient for his own maintenance, not to speak of his aged and estimable wife. Surely this is not what Canada, in such case, intends. Is it not reasonable to ask that so very old a public servant should be placed on the retired list on full pay—an allowance in itself barely sufficient to support life? Canadians brought to a knowledge of the facts cannot but feel the injustice which has been done, the cruelty of it, the shame of retaining a man in the public service until he is over eighty-three years of age, and then suddenly plunging him and his invalid wife into want.

In addition to these considerations Mr. Baby has claims upon us which cannot be overlooked by a nation proud of its connection with the British Empire. To ignore them is to ignore our own traditions and dignity as a people, to adopt "the vice of republics," and to trample under foot one of the noblest of British instincts. For Old Canada owes much to the Baby family. Mr. Baby, whose right to humane, if not generous, treatment this letter urges, is a grandson of one of the two prominent French-Canadians, who, almost alone on the Detroit frontier, in the transitional and trying times of 1763, recognized the import of the conquest, and



honourably accepted and fulfilled its terms. This gentleman and his brother, rising above the bitter prejudices around them, were directly instrumental in succouring the British garrison at Detroit, then invested by France's terrific friend, Pontiac; and, in short, but for their timely assistance, as Parkman expressly states, Detroit "must have been abandoned or destroyed." Surrounded by such perils, and amidst the extremely disaffected French population of that remote frontier the British Commandant, Major Gladwyn, fully recognized the value of their services, and in his letter to General Amherst, of the 8th July, 1763, acknowledges his "infinite" obligation to these two exceptionally high-minded men. The grandfather's good faith and fealty dropped like a mantle on his son—the Baby of 1812—the Honourable James Baby. This excellent man, carrying out the principles of his father, adopted fully and frankly the new order of things, and was largely instrumental in making British rule intelligible and acceptable to his people. He was appointed to Governor Simcoe's Executive Council in the first government formed in Upper Canada. In 1809 he became Lieutenant of the Western District, with authority to organize the militia, nominate officials, and recommend those most fit for the Commission of the Peace. To these duties were added that of suggesting where Protestant churches should be built, the Government never doubting his good faith because he was a Roman Catholic. Afterwards, in the War of 1812, every reader of Canadian History knows of his services to the Empire, on the Detroit frontier; services which involved the neglect and injury of his private affairs, and a long confinement in Ohio as a prisoner of war.

In his turn, this loyal and efficient administrator's son, William L. Baby, followed a like rule of action, and applied and maintained it in the Rebellion of '37. In that civil outbreak—a particularly trying time on our western frontier—Mr. Baby's share in its transactions was worthy of his descent, and forms an interesting episode in its history. In conjunction with his friends he gave effective aid in dispersing the horde of scoundrels who, under the name of "patriots," swarmed over the river from Michigan for the sole purpose of robbery and murder. With his own hands he seized the pirate leader, Theller, on the schooner *Ann*, and bore him through the breaking ice, on his herculean shoulders, to the shore. Having performed throughout a brave man's part in restoring order to his distracted district, he laid by his musket and retired into obscurity—one of the true men who had done their duty to their country without thought of favour or reward.

Nearly sixty years have passed since then—years of hard work and upright life—and now his services and his traditional claims seem to be forgotten. Departments, like corporations, possibly have no souls; but one cannot help thinking that official ignorance is accountable for the injustice done to Mr. Baby; that his great age and his other claims for generous treatment are unknown to the administrators of the Customs Department. Let us hope that it is so; that "the evil is wrought by want of thought," and not by "want of heart." Canadians are now everywhere rejoicing in the vigorous growth of a national sentiment. They are proud of Canada and of the brave men and women who sacrificed themselves for her independence. But whilst they are erecting monuments to the dead, let them also remember the living. Let them insist upon justice being done to a venerable Canadian of historic name who is still alive; whose singularly disinterested nature has allowed others, nay, has assisted others, to pass him in life, but who, in his career, has faithfully carried out the traditions of his family, and deserved well of his country.

C. MAIR.

Kelowna, B.C., August, 1895.

THE CANADIAN FLAG AGAIN.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the letters on our national emblem, and think Mr. E. M. Chadwick's suggestion of the triple leaf would be not only "the most graceful," but also the most suggestive. The band uniting those should represent the Imperial Crown, or federation of these three great constituent nationalities, while its form, the Prince's feather or *fleur-de-lis* would be most pleasing to our Lower Canadian people. The leaves might be of different colour, the crimson and gold of autumn with the delicate green

would give a very handsome bit of colouring to any design. As I wrote some time ago in *The Empire*, this should be on a white disk—on the fly of the British ensign.

C. FESSENDEN.

The Rectory, Ancaster, Ont.

SOCIALISM AND INDIVIDUALISM.

SIR,—The industrial question interests me exceedingly, and as I always expect to get some light and learning out of *THE WEEK*, or, at least, some clearness of statement, I was much disappointed by last week's article on this subject, principally because of its given definition of Individualism. I have no wish whatever to enter into any controversy on this subject, so I write this simply to show what are the commonly accepted definitions, if thereby it may help us to a clearer understanding of the world-wide subject now so much debated. The writer's argument is, that Socialists make a false attack when they claim that Individualism is purely selfishness, and then he goes on to show that this is not so, finishing up with the usual defence of Individualism, and disapproval of Socialism. Now there is one thing that must be first recognized before discussion is possible, and that is any form of industry in any age is but the resultant of the character of the age that contains it. In other words, the lower the general character is, the lower is the industrial stage, the greater is the field for selfishness, and the predominance of class interests, and conversely the higher the character is, so does that age apprehend the true economic principles which ought to govern social life. The world is governed by its heart, that is, its sentiments, or its passions, and the logical process only endorse or condemn them, they never lead. Individualism can only be fully approved if, by its own action, it is the speediest way to reach the highest social principles; if the evolution of society receives under it its strongest progressive impulses. The attack of Socialism is simply this: Individualism has now done its best and we have this industrial pandemonium,—evolution of society is impossible; hence a radical change is needed. Their arguments do not convince me; only this, if it lies in the plane of our civilization to improve our general character up to the altruistic stage, then Socialistic life would be its necessary form.

But what I wish to say is mainly this. That there are three emotions of our mind which dominates our industrial life—and these three emotions are at eternal war with one another—namely, our selfishness, our sense of fair play (that is, the equitable emotion), and our altruism. Spencer's names for these emotions are: egoism, semi-egoism, and altruism. The phrenological is: selfishness, conscientiousness, and benevolence. Bain's classification is this: the self-regarding emotion, the social regarding, and the self-sacrificing emotion. The beauty of these definitions is that we see what man is, or may be. There is no doubt or mystery as to what the aim of society is, as it is evident our purpose ought to be to dethrone selfishness, establish justice, introduce a reign of justice and equal opportunity to all of us, under which it is confidently hoped the highest and greatest happiness-giving emotion of the mind, namely, benevolence and love, would easily become a common possession and endowment. The only further explanation is this, as egoism and semi-egoism as distinct definitions may appear a little clouded: Egoism, as understood, is always self-regarding, aggressive, predatory, the emotion impels to nothing but personal and individual interests; the semi-egoism regards self to this extent that it seeks its own, a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, wants to be paid for its physiological expenditure, but while it is solicitous for self to that extent it is equally willing to allow similar claims. The emotion is the very essence of fair play. Individualism untempered was the only thing possible, when each life had to do its level best to sustain itself, and society only became possible as some conception of the rights of others obtained. And now to-day our society yet remains particularly imperfect and unprogressive because many of our institutions, laws, customs, and habits are still swayed by a very large measure of selfishness. But our hope resides in this, that every law and all our spheres of conduct, will be more fully, judicially investigated, so that the hidden microbe of selfishness may be detected and speedily eliminated, for, as one of our sacred prophets says: *Iniquity is enthroned when injustice is established by law.*

WM. BOWES.

Pinkerton, 13th August, 1895.

## Art Notes.

I remember being attracted by a powerful and at the same time tender picture in the Salon, some eight or ten years ago. I think its title was "Farewell." It represented a chubby little boy seated upon the straw of a manger, and beside him was a doomed calf, bound hand and foot, so to speak. A great deal of pathos dwelt in the picture, and it was hard to decide which felt the parting most, the calf or the urchin. But the extreme tenderness with which the little tale was told had not lessened its force, for few of its neighbours on the walls possessed half the vigour of this picture. After the close of the Salon I encountered the canvas again in the little shop of my colour merchant, and from him I learned that it was the work of Mari- anne Stokes. Three years later, while painting in Cornwall, I met the lady, who is no other than the wife of the well-known landscape painter Adrian Stokes. She is Austrian by birth, and her English is coloured with foreign idioms, and her accent, which is bewitching, has a foreign tincture, too. With totally different temperaments, she and her husband, in spite of the fact that they work in the same art, are living examples of the fact that such a union may be a happy one. His work exhibits, for the most part, that full measure of enjoyment which he, like most robust men, extracts from the mere contemplation of the kindlier aspects of nature—a sunny sky, and contented, ruminating herds, the fisherman's life from the standpoint of August, the shady recesses of a forest stream. These cheering themes, with but few exceptions (like the "Wet West Wind"), are what employ the brush of Adrian Stokes. But with his wife the mere portrayal of the beautiful in Nature is rare. Her mind is always preoccupied with the contemplation of some spiritual thought of which her picture is the embodiment. A tone of sadness pervades nearly all her work; and very often it is the tragedies of child-life which move her. As in the calf picture, so in nearly all her compositions forcible workmanship goes to the telling of the tender story. Without a trace of that brutality which is so often the blemish of the feminine effort at force, she paints her tear-begetting incident with a masculine, vigorous realization of form, and with decisive statement of colour.

The general tendency of her work lately has been towards a conventional or decorative treatment of her subject. This is especially noticeable in her pictures of the "Annunciation"; and "The Princess and the Frog." In the first the traditional lilies play a prominent part; and they, with the figures of the Virgin and the angel, make a series of vertical lines, giving the composition a stiffness—an archaism—which is very much akin to what is found in a great deal of church decoration, and which lends its peculiar distinction to this section of pictorial art. In the second picture a quaint little maiden, quaintly dressed, is watching with interest the initial stages of transformation in a frog which is to be the future prince—her husband. Amongst her earlier and more realistic works "The Dead Sister" (if I remember the title rightly) ranks as one of the most pathetic. The scene is the interior of a fisherman's hovel where a little curly headed boy, clad in his fishing guernsey, watches by the flower-strewn coffin of his lost playmate. This picture, as well as the "Annunciation," "Light of Light," "The Princess," and a dozen more, were painted in St. Ives, Cornwall, where Mrs. Stokes is a leading spirit. An indefatigable worker, she may be seen at early morning walking briskly to her sail-loft studio; and at evening returning with a sheaf of well-used brushes. Without any talent as a musician, she has a great love for the sister art; and nothing pleases her more than to surround herself with the musical people of her neighbourhood to whom she dispenses hospitality in the form of daintily

foreign suppers where the edibles have about them that element of mystery which is delightful in the culinary no less than in the pictorial art  
E. WYLY GRIER.

## Periodicals.

The New York *Social Economist* for this month contains an array of articles which appeal to statesmen and men of affairs generally. It is edited by Mr. George Gunton, and is a handsome-looking review—a credit to its publishers. There are one or two articles which we reserve for future notice.

The contents of *Temple Bar* for August comprise many interesting contributions. These are the titles: Scylla or Charybdis? Chap. VII. IX.; Le Roi est Mort; The Passing of Philip II.; Mexican Hospitality; Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble, 1871-1883; The King of Foula; Slight Recollections of Three Great Men; A Russian Writer; Rose Aylmer's Grave; Cranford Souvenirs; Cab's Father.

The current number of *Blackwood* is an exceptionally good one. The articles on the Paris Opera and some German novels are both of great interest. Major-General Montague's paper on "Moral Tactics" is of much significance. "Britain in the Box" is the name of the usual concluding political article and is a masterly review of the recent elections. The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, is to be congratulated on the excellent style in which they reproduce the chief reviews and magazines of Great Britain.

*The Nineteenth Century* for this month opens with "The General Election," by Rev. Dr. Rogers and Mr. Edward Dicey. The former thinks the decision is against the Home Rule Bill, that "the Liberal Unionists hold the key to the situation," and that the life of Liberalism lies in the size of the majority—not, we infer, because of the probability of splits, but because the majority is large enough to settle the Irish question on broad philosophic lines. "The House of Lords" forms the subject of a paper by the Right Hon. Lord Ribblesdale. He speaks of the Upper Chamber as "a pleasant lounge" for from fifty to seventy peers in the height of the London season for a couple of hours in the afternoon, but yet possessing some good qualities, such as a legal element, a technical knowledge of agriculture, an intelligent interest in the army and navy, etc., etc. "Theological Pessimism," by Frederic Harrison; "Spencer versus Balfour," by Prof. Mivart, and "A Defence of Prayer" (in reply to Mr. Norman Pearson), by Rev. D. Barry, are articles which will interest many Canadians.

The current *Fortnightly* is opened by Professor Beesley with an article entitled "A Strong Second Chamber." He maintains that the House of Lords is stronger now than ever before, because working-class enfranchisement has been followed by middle-class defection from Liberalism; and he denounces both uncontrolled democracy and its control by a written Constitution—"the joint offspring of pedantry and passion," towards which the limitations by statute of the Lords' veto might be the first step. As a faithful Positivist, he does not hold that democracy is the last word of political science, but he thinks the progress towards it irresistible, and so proposes a second Chamber elected by large districts and certain categories. There are three other articles on English politics and two interesting articles on the difficulty between Norway and Sweden, one by Professor Saes, the other by Herr Carl Siewers. There are notable studies of Professor Huxley in some of his leading aspects by Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Prof. E. B. Tylor, and others. "Beauty and Sanity," by Vernon Lee, is worth reading.

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ANDREW KING.

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Sussex.

LT.-COL. C. CREWE READ.

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Markham, Ont.

C. S. BLANG.

## The Pastor's Wife.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH MRS. (REV.) F. B. STRATTON.

Threatened With Paralysis—Weak, Emaciated and Unable to Stand Fatigue—Pink Pills Restore Her Health.

From the Napanee Beaver.

The Rev. F. B. Stratton, of Selby, is one of the best known ministers in Bay of Quinte conference, of which body he is the President. During the two years Mr. Stratton has been stationed at Selby, both he and Mrs. Stratton have won hosts of friends among all classes for their unassuming and sincere Christian work. Some time ago Mrs. Stratton was attacked with partial paralysis, and her restoration having been attributed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Beaver was sent to interview her. In reply to the reporter's question Mrs. Stratton said that she had been greatly benefitted by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was perfectly willing to give her experience that those similarly afflicted might be benefitted. Mrs. Stratton said that before moving to Selby she had been greatly troubled by a numbness coming over her sides and arms (partial paralysis) which, when she moved, felt as though hundreds of needles were sticking in the flesh. For over a year she had been troubled in this way, with occasionally a dizzy spell. She was becoming emaciated and easily fatigued and was unable to get sleep from this cause. The trouble seemed to be worse at night time. Mr. Stratton had become greatly alarmed at her bad state of health, and it was feared that complete paralysis would ensue as Mrs. Stratton's mother, the late Mrs. Weaver, of Ingersoll, had been similarly stricken, at about the same age. Knowing a young lady in Trenton, where Mr. Stratton had been previously stationed, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, it was determined to give them a fair trial. When Mrs. Stratton began using the Pink Pills she was very thin and her system badly run down, but after taking the pills for a time, all symptoms of paralysis disappeared, and she found her health and strength renewed and her weight increased. Mrs. Stratton is about fifty years of age, and a more healthy, robust, and younger looking lady is seldom seen at that age.

In reply to the reporter's inquiry as to what Pink Pills had done for his wife, Mr. Stratton said, "Look at her, look at her, doesn't she show it," and the reporter could not but admit the truth of the statement.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the public is cautioned.

Of the brilliant group of Canadian writers who have won international fame, one of the brightest and most widely known is Edward William Thomson, from whose pen the collection of stories, "Old Man Savarin and Other Stories," was recently issued by the Toronto publisher, William Briggs, and reviewed in *THE WEEK* by Mr. Archibald Lampman. Mr. Thomson is, as he himself declares, "a Canadian of the Canadians." His great-grandfather was a United Empire Loyalist, and the first settler in Scarborough. His grandfather, Colonel E. W. Thomson, was first Warden of the united counties of York and Peel, and was the only man who ever beat William Lyon Mackenzie in an election for the old Legislative Assembly. At the age of sixteen Mr. Thomson enlisted in a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment, and served with the army of the Potomac during the closing scenes of the Civil War. When he returned home he served in the field with the Queen's Own Rifles, became a civil engineer, and at thirty years of age turned to political journalism. For some time he was one of the chief editorial writers of the *Toronto Globe*. In 1891 he was offered, and accepted, a lucrative post on *The Youth's Companion*, Boston, which position he still retains.

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## Literary Notes.

Among the books announced by Harper & Brothers for publication in September is "A Study of Death," by Henry M. Alden, author of "God in His World." The extraordinary success of Mr. Alden's previous book, which was pronounced "the most successful work of religious thought of the season," and "the most noteworthy book of a religious kind (in style as well as in substance) published in England or in America for many years," insures a suitable reception for "A Study of Death"—a book wholly uncommon, spiritual, hopeful, and important.

Dr. Albert Shaw will follow his "Municipal Government in Great Britain" with a new work entitled "Municipal Government in Continental Europe," which will be a volume of about four hundred pages, uniform in size and style with the first-named book. It will be found an invaluable aid to all who are interested in the matter of municipal government, treating of the city governments of Paris, Berlin, Budapesth, Vienna, and a great number of other continental cities. A few chapters of this book were published in *The Century*, but most of it is entirely new, and the rest has been re-written and revised. The study of Paris is especially full and complete.

Frederick A. Stokes Company announce the following new novels in September:—*Twentieth Century Series*: "Dead Man's Court," a detective story of to-day, by Maurice J. Hervey, and "The Sale of a Soul," by F. Frankfort Moore, the author of "I Forbid the Bans," etc. These will be followed early in October by "Toxin," by Ouida. *Bijou Series*: "A Bubble," a delightful little love story, by Mrs. L. B. Walford, and "Private Tinker," a series of short stories by John Strange Winter, author of "Bootle's Baby." "Bohemia Invaded," by James L. Ford, author of "The Literary Shop," will be issued early in October. *West End Series*: "A Comedy in Spasms," a story of English life of to-day, by "Iota," (Mrs. Bernard Caffin) the author of "A Yellow Aster." They will also put on the market in September, "Zoraida," a novel by William Le Queux, a story of the Harem and the Great Sahara.

## Chess Corner.

NOTES FOR WALLACE ESLING GAME 2 (OUR 700):

- 6 Perhaps better than Kt K3, etc.
- 7 ... PxP is better, else 8B Q3, etc.
- 10 Capture detracting from grandeur.
- 12 Well-timed and effective play.
- 13 ... Inexcusable blunder.
- 17 White has best position here.
- 19 ... Kt Qsq looks better.
- 20 Simple but every move tells.
- 23 ... Not good.
- 24 Very attractive finish if 24... xP, then
- 25 Qch and
- 26 Racts.

### BATTLING AT HASTINGS.

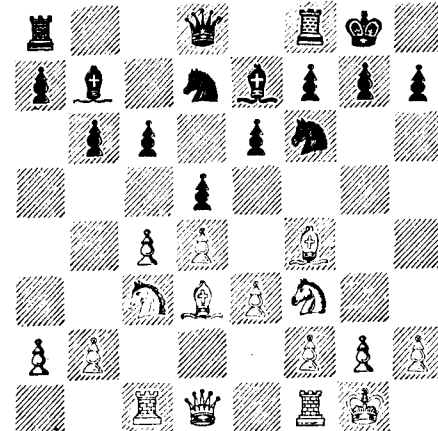
The neck and neck race, that the leaders are making, is creating much excitement all over the world, even draws for them being serious.

In the third round, Herr Marco declined Mr. Pillsbury's favorite Queen's Gambit, and should have lost, viz.:

#### OUR GAME No. 704.

PILLSBURY.	MARCO.	White.	Black.
1 P Q4	P Q4	VD	dv,
2 P QB4	P K3	UC	eo,
3 Kt QB3	Kt KB3	22M	7p,
4 Kt B3	B K2	77P	6e,
5 B B4	Castled	33F	5f,
6 R Bsq	P QB3	1133	cm,
7 P K3	P QKt3	WO	bk,
8 B Q3	B Kt2	66N	3b,
9 Castled	QKt Q2	5577	2d,

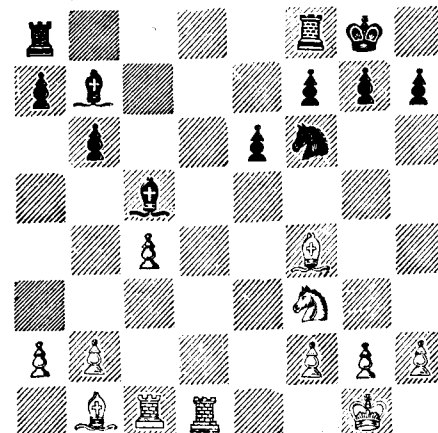
BLACK, = 16 (r2q1rk1, pb1nbppp, lpp1p5p4.



2PP1B4NBPN2, PP3PPP, 2RQ1RK1) WHITE.

10 P K4	P xKP	OE	vE,
11 Kt xP	Kt xKt	ME	pE,
12 B xKt	Kt B3	NE	dp,
13 B Ktsq	P B4	E22	mu,
14 P xP	Q xQ	Du	4 44,
15 KR xQ	B xP	6644	eu,

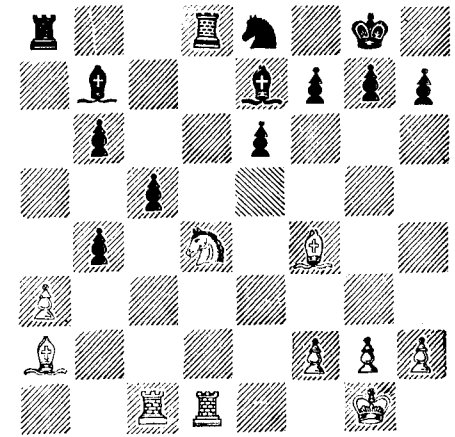
BLACK, = 12 (r4rk1, pb3ppp, lp2pu4b5.



2P2B7N2, PP3PPP, 1BRR2K1) WHITE.

16 P QR3	KR Qsq	SJ	64,
17 P QKt4	B K2	TB	ue,
18 Kt Q4	Kt Ksq	PD	p5,
19 B R2	P QR4	22S	as,
20 P B5	RP xP	Cu	sB,

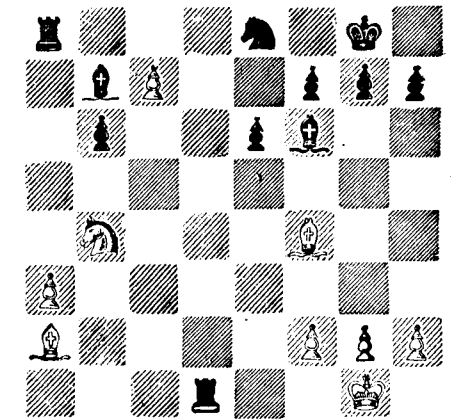
BLACK + P (r2rn1k2b2bppp, lp2p5P5.



lp1N1B2, P7, B4PPP, 2RR2K1) WHITE - P

21 P B6	QB Bsq	um	b3,
22 P B7	R Q2	mc	4d,
23 Kt B6	B B3	Dm	ep,
24RxR, BxR, 25 KtKt8, BBsq, 26RQsq would almost have forced win for Pillsbury			
24 Kt xP	R xRch	mB	d44,†
25 R xR	B Kt2	3344	3b,

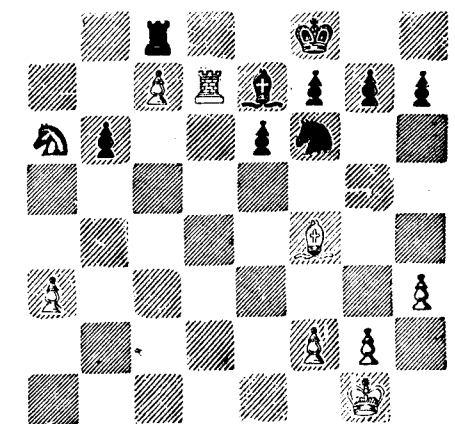
BLACK, = 10 (r3n1k2bP2ppp, lp2pb2, 8.



1N3B2, P7, B4PPP, 3R2K1) WHITE, =.

26 R Q7	K Bsq	44d	76,
27 B B4	B K2	SC	pe,
Why not, 28, B R6 at once.			
28 P R3	R Bsq	ZR	13,
29 B R6	B xB	Cj	bj,
30 Kt xB	Kt B3	Bj	5p,

BLACK, = 9 (2r2k4PRbppp, Np2pn2, 8.



5B2, P6P, 5PP7K1) 9 WHITE, =.

31 R Q3	Kt Q4	dN	pv,
32 B K3	K Ksq	FO	65,
Draw,	Draw.	=,	=,

(2r1k5P1bppp, Np2p6n12P2RB2P, 5PP7K1).

Should any reader desire to play a few games by correspondence, we hope to find opponents for him.

Regret our Problem has to be held.

N.B.—Problem 702, very difficult.

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Personal.

Mr. J. J. Kingsmill, of Toronto, ex-County Judge of Bruce County, has been appointed a Queen's Counsel.

Archbishop Walsh returned on Friday last from his trip to Ireland. He has benefited much in health by his trip.

Bishop Perrin, of British Columbia, was in Montreal last Sunday, on his way home from England, where he went for the benefit of his health.

A cable despatch says that it seems to be settled that the 1897 meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Toronto.

Mr. Edward Blake arrived from England on the 24 inst. by the *Parisian*. He will sail from San Francisco on October 15th for New Zealand, where he goes to act as arbitrator in a railway case.

The result of the bye-election in Westmoreland, N.B., for the House of Commons, on Saturday, was that Mr. Powell, Conservative, was elected by a large majority over Mr. Killam, the Liberal candidate.

Mr. J. W. Dafoe, managing-editor of *The Herald* for some years, has resigned to accept a position on *The Star*. Mr. Dafoe is one of the ablest journalists in the Dominion, and *The Star* is to be congratulated on securing his services.

Lieut.-Gov. Chapleau left Montreal on Monday night last in the Canadian Pacific private car "Earncliffe" for the Pacific coast. This will be Governor Chapleau's first visit to the coast for some years, and he expects to be away about six weeks. He is accompanied by Mrs Chapleau and several friends.

On Saturday afternoon last in Montreal a bronze statue of Chenier, the patriot French-Canadian leader of 1837, who lost his life at the battle of St. Eustache, was unveiled on Viger Square by Dr. Marcell, in the presence of about three hundred people. Afterwards the spectators assembled in the Monument National Hall, where speeches were delivered by Dr. Marcell, Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P., and others.

The Honourable Senator Gowan passed through Toronto on Monday last en route for Detroit to attend the meeting of the Bar Association of the United States. The Senator's presence has been especially requested at this great function at which important matters of interest on both sides the line will be discussed. The President of the Association is Mr. Carter, who was Counsel for the United States in the Behring Sea Arbitration.

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If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbance, 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, falling of the womb, ulceration, irregularities and kindred maladies.

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The PRINCIPAL U. C. COLLEGE,  
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Personal.

Governor Robinson, of West Australia, has resigned.

Mr. Forsyth, the musical critic of THE WEEK, has returned from Nova Scotia, where he has been spending part of the summer.

Mr. J. M. Gibson, Provincial Secretary, has decided to hold an open investigation into the management of the Central Prison at Toronto.

Viscount and Lady Hill are expected to arrive in Toronto from England next week. The Viscount was formerly editor and proprietor of the *Star-Transcript* of Paris, Ont.

Professor John Fletcher, M.A., of Queen's College Kingston, has been appointed to the professorship of Latin in University College, Toronto, and Mr. F. T. Swale, M.A., Ph.D., has been appointed lecturer in chemistry.

The Reverend Canon Scott-Holland, of London, England, arrived in Montreal this week. *The Star* "interviewed" him, and found the distinguished divine a strong champion of Separate Schools for Manitoba. He should visit that Province.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. T. M. Dal, Mr. Hayter Reed, Indian Commissioner, Mr. Frederick White and Colonel Herchmer were in Edmonton, N.W.T., on Tuesday last, and left the next day for a drive across the prairie, of nearly 500 miles, to Prince Albert.

The late Honore Mercier's friends have got the monument fever, and a meeting has been called for the third of next month to devise ways and means for the erection of a statue to the deceased leader. It is to be hoped that this absurd project will not be carried out.

Mr. John F. Stairs, M.P., of Halifax, N.S., has been in the Adirondacks recently. Whilst in New York en route for home this week, he was "interviewed" on the Manitoba School Question. He expressed the opinion that the Federal Government may be ultimately overthrown by the matter.

Lieut. W. B. Lesslie, R.E., a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont., has been appointed instructor of fortifications, military engineering, geometrical drawing, and descriptive geometry in the Royal Military College, in succession to Capt. Twining, advanced to the professoriate. Lieut. Lesslie is at present in England.


The closing session of St. George's Union of North America was held last Saturday, at Kingston, Ontario. Mr. O. A. Howland, M.P.P., made a few remarks to the delegates upon the coming 400th anniversary of the discovery of the mainland of America, to take place in Toronto in June, 1897, asking the co-operation of the St. George's Societies in furnishing statistics and relics for that occasion.

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Dr. J. McMaster, B.A., of Toronto, has been appointed principal of the Toronto Technical school.

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## The Week's Toronto Business Directory.

- Accountants** { Clarkson & Cross, Ontario Bank Chambers, Scott Street, Toronto.  
D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.
- Architects** { Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, *The Mail* Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Methodist Book and Publishing House, 29 Richmond Street West.  
Rowsell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.  
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Bookbinders and Stationers** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, 64-68 King Street East.
- Brewers** { Cosgrave Brewing Company, 293 Niagara Street.  
Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { J. R. Lee, Dispensing Chemist, Corner Queen and Seaton Streets, and 407 King Street East.  
Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Avenue. Dispensing under direct supervision of Principals.
- Clothing** { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.  
"Flags Of All Nations." Cheapest Clothing Store on Earth. Corner King and Market Sts.
- Coal and Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.  
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.  
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.  
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. Lines as complete as usual.
- Financial** { The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.  
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.  
London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company, Limited. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay Street.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.  
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
- Insurance** { North American Life Assurance Company. Wm. McCabe, F.I.A., Managing Director.  
For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries** { Parisian Steam. E. M. Moffatt, Manager. 67 Adelaide Street West.  
Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 106 York Street. Open front and collar attached shirts done by hand.
- Money to Loan** { H. H. Williams, 24 King East. Private funds on productive Toronto property at 5 per cent.
- Music Publishers** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.  
Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent free.
- Piano Manufacturers** { The Gerhard Heintzman. Warerooms 69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, and 188 Yonge Street.  
A. & S. Nordheimer. Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.  
Standard Piano Co. Warerooms, 158 Yonge Street.  
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge Street. Pianos and Organs hired and sold.
- Real Estate** { Parker & Co. Properties to suit all classes. Private funds to loan.  
Pearson Bros. Trustees, Investors, Valuators, Arbitrators, etc. 17 Adelaide Street East.
- Stock and Bond Brokers** { Æmilius Jarvis & Co., 23 King Street West.
- Teas** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
- Type Writing** { George Bengough, 45 Adelaide Street East.

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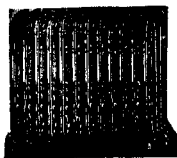
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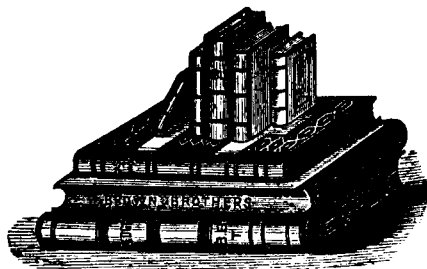
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