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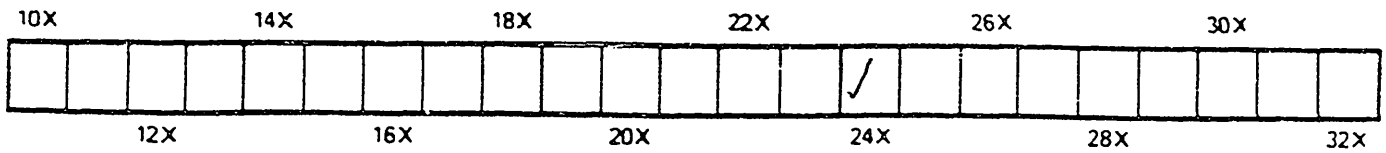

THE

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AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK I.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NOBLE POOR."

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER THE SHOCK.

MABEL'S life was a restless dream to her for three days following the death of Adam Halfday. She saw nothing real or tangible; she remembered nothing; she believed that she was in America, that her grandfather was living, that she was a child at school, and fifty other vain beliefs born of the fever from which she suffered.

When she came back somewhat to herself, and to the fact that she was Mabel Westbrook, lying ill and weak in a capacious bed, and in a room that she had never seen before, it was early morning, and the birds were singing outside the window in their gladness at the dawn. Mabel lay still and tried to marshal her thinking forces into order, but the effort was far from successful, and the real world to which she had returned remained exceedingly confused. Still she was Mabel Westbrook, she was certain; she had been ill, she was sure; her brain had been in a bad way, and something terrible had happened to reduce her to this pitiable extremity, but she was hardly certain what it was, and she did not wish to recollect too suddenly lest the knowledge should collapse her. She remembered dreaming of a long ride over a rough country to a white cottage, nestling in the shadow of the hills, and of an old man dying while she looked at him and assured him of the better times. That was an awful dream—if it were a dream; and if the grim and terrible reality, who was the old man to whom Fate had grudged prosperity so cruelly? Not Adam Halfday! not the man with the black gown and silver cross hanging on his heart! No, that was at the Hospital of Lazarus, and the Brotherhood of the Noble Poor, where she had found him in the twilight, and spoken to him, and——, and then all was confusion and a greater density, and she drifted into

an unknown world wherein there was nothing like unto life, save the martial music with which that world seemed full.

Presently she came back again to clearer thoughts. There was a stout lady at the window blind yonder, and she had drawn it aside to peep into the garden, or the street, or whatever lay beyond that white strip of calico with the ivy-leaf pattern, which had worried her to death's door, it had had so many faces grinning from the leaves at her.

"What is the time?" asked Mabel, in so clear and loud a voice, that the lady gave a little jump, dropped the blind, and came rapidly towards the bedside, radiant with smiles.

"My poor girl, I am so glad to hear you speak again in this way."

"What is the time?" asked Mabel, pertinaciously.

"It is half-past eight, my child. Do you know me?"

And the broad, good-tempered face of the lady was lowered very close to the coverlet.

"Yes," said Mabel, confidently.

"Who am I, then? What is my name?"

The grotesque approaches closely to the grim, and there are the elements of the ridiculous even in brain-fever.

"Mrs. Codfish," answered Mabel confidently.

"Oh! good gracious, no," exclaimed the lady; "not Codfish, dear, but Salmon."

"Oh, yes, Salmon," said Mabel, dreamily regarding her, "that is the name—I know now. Where am I, did you say?"

"At the Inn at Datchet Bridge, at the foot of the Downs."

"The Downs—ah, yes."

"And you are so much better to-day. The doctor said you would be if you had a quiet night," said Mrs. Salmon.

"Where is——"

Here Mabel paused and looked ahead of her, and tried to recollect another name.

"Angelo?" suggested Mrs. Salmon.

"No. The man with the pale face and long black hair."

"Mr. Brian Halfday?"

"Yes, yes; that is the one. Where is he?"

"He was here last night inquiring about you; he will be here to-night again, I dare say," was the reply.

"Please don't let me see him," said Mabel, shuddering.

"Certainly not, my dear—it is the last thing I should think of allowing."

"I am very much afraid of him, you know."

"You should not be, Mabel," replied Mrs. Salmon; "there is nothing to be afraid of. He has been very constant in his inquiries, and has done everything that——"

"Where's Dorcas?"

"His sister?"

"Yes."

"In the next room."

"I should like to see *her*," said Mabel. "I have been thinking a great deal of that child, left alone in the world as she is. Left completely alone! Call her for me please."

"Ahem!" said Mrs. Salmon, "she has been sitting up with you all night, and yesterday and the night before, and would not let anybody come near you, and I have only just persuaded her to let me take her place."

"Poor Dorcas," said Mabel; "why did she want to nurse me?"

"I can't tell. She has been almost insolent when anybody—but there, there, I will say nothing against her," cried Mrs. Salmon; "a better nurse you could not have had, Miss Westbrook."

"Don't wake her," murmured Mabel; "let her sleep."

"And now if you will sleep a little, or rest a little without talking any more, you will get strong more quickly," was the good advice proffered at this juncture.

"I will try," said Mabel; "but I do not think I shall ever be strong again. I am so weak, so like a little child."

"Patience, Mabel; you are young, and these are early days."

"How long have I been ill?"

"Three days."

"So long as that," said Mabel, dreamily; "what was it that——"

"Here, my child, take this," said Mrs. Salmon, adroitly distracting attention with something in a tea-cup; "you want to eat and drink now as often as you can, and the roses will soon be back upon your cheeks. Here, take this, and then rest a little while again."

"Till Dorcas comes?"

"Why, yes—till Dorcas comes."

"I seem to miss her," Mabel murmured. "I feel now that she has been my nurse,

and that you are strange, and—a little clumsy, perhaps. You don't mind my saying this?"

"Not at all."

"It is very rude, I know," continued Mabel, thoughtfully; "but you must forgive me till I know exactly what I am saying."

"Certainly I will."

"Thank you," said Mabel; "what band is that playing outside the house now?"

"I'll see in a minute. Try and rest."

"Yes, I shall be glad to rest," answered Mabel, wearily.

She closed her eyes and drifted into dreamland, and thence to a deep refreshing sleep which added one more item to the strength she had been near losing for ever. She woke up clear and inquisitive, if a little sharp in her method of asking questions, and when Dorcas entered noiselessly in the evening and approached her bedside, she smiled, and tried to reach her hand towards her.

"I am glad to see you, Dorcas," said Mabel.

Dorcas turned to Mrs. Salmon with a face full of light and pleasure.

"She is much better—she is getting well."

"Yes," was the reply, "I think she is."

The next day Mabel was stronger, but sadder. The truth had come back; she remembered the whole story now, and how it had ended with the death of Adam Halfday, the man whose good luck had come to him with the last breath in his body. The world became very grey and dim to her, and her heart sank with her coming strength. She had failed in her mission—she had killed Adam Halfday instead of raising him from the poverty of his life to independence. She had completely failed in all that she had undertaken to perform. Adam had died rich without touching a penny of his money, which was lying in his name in Penton Bank. What had become of his bank-book, she wondered; she had taken it from her pocket, and then had fallen with it to the ground. It was of no great consequence: the Halfdays that were left in the world would come into their rights, and there would be no one to dispute them.

The day that followed this saw Mabel on a couch, by permission of the doctor, who had allowed leave of absence from bed for two hours; on the next day she could walk across the room, leaning on Dorcas Halfday's arm. From that time there set in convalescence steadily, and Mabel Westbrook was soon looking something like her old bright self.

The invalid was enabled to make use of a small sitting-room, adjoining the bed-room to which she had been taken after Adam Halfday's death, and here she made arrangements for the future, and received, by cautious degrees, those friends who had been anxious concerning her safety. The Reverend Gregory Salmon congratulated her very profusely on her recovery. Mrs. Salmon shed tears of joy over it, being a feeling woman, but watery; and Angelo gesticulated in dumb show for a while, and expressed all his rejoicings by pantomime, until a lump in his throat melted by degrees.

Mabel was grateful for their interest in her; they seemed to have become her friends, these Salmons, in spite of herself, and she did not feel so entirely alone in the world to which she had returned as she did before her Sunday morning's ride. She was well enough to decline, very kindly, the further friendly services of the chaplain's wife, whom she was keeping from her husband's home and sundry small duties connected with the Hospital of St. Lazarus; she parted with many thanks and kisses, and promises to make the Master's house her home again for a few days, and she insisted upon Angelo's returning with his parents. She asked that as a favour, when Angelo announced, somewhat timidly, his intention of remaining at Datchet Bridge and escorting her to Penton when she was strong enough for the journey.

"I am coming back with Dorcas Halfday," said Mabel, "and your parents have scarcely seen you since your return from America."

"But——"

"I would greatly prefer your not remaining, Mr. Angelo," she said, interrupting him very kindly and firmly; "people will inquire for what reason you wait for me, and I should dislike that exceedingly. Therefore," she added, still more kindly, "you will go to oblige me, I am sure."

"To oblige you, Miss Westbrook, I am willing to do anything;" and then Angelo arose with a sigh, shook hands with her very heartily, and went home with his father and mother.

"I hope I am not ungrateful to him for his interest, but I did not want him here," said Mabel.

She had uttered these thoughts aloud, but was unaware of the fact, until Dorcas's voice in reply startled her.

"It's a good job he is gone with the rest of them. There was no peace with that lot," said Dorcas, bluntly.

Mabel looked at her companion, who was sitting by the window in her black dress, and had been so still there, that Mabel had forgotten her.

"I did not know you were here, Dorcas," said Mabel, "or I should not have commented on my friends."

"Is Mr. Angelo Salmon a very great friend of yours?" asked Dorcas, in her old abrupt way.

"Not a great friend; but he has been very kind."

"You did not want him to stay?"

"No, Dorcas. Why do you ask?"

"I hardly know," was the evasive answer; "but I have been thinking lately a great deal—I have had so much to think about, you see."

"And I have been thinking—of you," said Mabel.

"Of me? I am sorry you have not had something better to think about," she replied, looking intently out of the window.

"Of all those who have been kind to me, you are the kindest," Mabel said.

"I make a good nurse, they say; that is all I am fit for," was the answer.

"No, something better and higher than a nurse presently, and with me to take care of you in my turn," said Mabel.

"With you," exclaimed Dorcas, "to take care of me!"

"Yes—why not?"

"Ah! you don't know what a dreadful, hard-tempered, ill-grown girl I am. Ask Brian!"

"No, I shall not ask your brother anything about you," replied Mabel, "save to ask his permission to let me see whether I can make a friend of you, as I hope and think I can."

The girl's head shook in dissent, but it was turned more closely to the glass, and away from Mabel Westbrook.

"A rash act of mine took from you a protector and a home," Mabel continued, "and constituted you in my illness a dear nurse and friend. Without your care and gentleness, the doctor tells me that I might have died, without showing you my gratitude, or keeping my old promise."

"What promise?"

"To see to you as long as I lived."

Dorcas regarded her with amazement.

"You promised Brian that!" she exclaimed.

"I promised an old friend in America; but I will tell you the whole story presently, when I am stronger. You must not ask me now."

"When then?" said Dorcas, looking from the window again.

"After the inquest; it has been remanded for my evidence, I hear."

"Yes."

"But I may say," Mabel added, "that it is not for the sake of the promise I wish to take you to my home—ah! Dorcas, and to my heart if you will come there."

The head of Dorcas Halfday pressed heavily against the glass now, and her hands trembled as they clutched the window-frame.

"Oh! you don't know—you can't guess!" she cried, and then a torrent of passionate tears escaped her, and alarmed the delicate woman listening to her.

"Dorcas, Dorcas, what is it?" she exclaimed, springing to her feet; "tell me what it is—trust in me always from to-day!"

She was advancing to her, when Dorcas sprang up, and led her back to the easy chair she had quitted.

"Keep your seat, Miss Westbrook," said Dorcas, speaking very hurriedly, and don't think of me. I trust in you—there—and God bless you for your loving words and kindly thoughts; but let me be, please, for a while. You have yourself to study, not me, and you are not strong yet."

"Oh! I am quite strong now!" said Mabel.

"And see, I am calm," answered Dorcas, returning to the window; "I give you my word not to be foolish and childish any more. I should have known better, with you so weak; but you took me off my guard."

"Still——"

"And here is Brian coming over the hills towards us," said Dorcas; "he will be very glad to learn you are better."

"I shall be glad to see him this time," said Mabel.

"Are you strong enough for *his* company?" asked Dorcas; "he may be in one of his hard moods."

"He will not be hard with me, I think."

"Perhaps not," replied Dorcas; "I know he is very anxious to see you about some book or other."

"About a book?"

"Yes; he picked it up in the cottage where you lost it, he told me. Have you not missed it?"

"It was not mine," said Mabel Westbrook, in reply.

CHAPTER XV.

BRIAN EXPLAINS.

A FEW minutes afterwards, the curator of Fenton Museum was announced as the last arrival at the inn at Datchet Bridge.

"Show Mr. Halfday upstairs," said Mabel. As the servant withdrew, she added—

"I hope he will not be too hard with me, Dorcas."

"Not now," was the confident answer.

"And that he will let me have my own way," added Mabel naively.

"Ah! that's another matter," replied Dorcas, shaking her head. "He was in a nice temper, certainly, when that book was found, and it does not belong to you, you say."

"It was your grandfather's bank-book," answered Mabel.

"My grandfather's?" exclaimed Dorcas.

"Yes."

"I didn't know he had one, and why it should have put Brian out so much I don't quite see. And—Oh! here he is."

The door opened, and Brian Halfday came with his old, brisk step into the room, and walked across to Mabel, to whom he held his hand in friendly greeting.

"I am glad to find you better and stronger, Miss Westbrook," he said. "I am very glad."

"Thank you," answered Mabel, placing her hand timidly in his, and being surprised, as on the evening of their first meeting, by his quick clutch at it, and his warm clasp before he let it go.

"Ah! Dorcas," he said, turning to his sister, and stooping down to kiss her lightly on the cheek; "and you are well, too?"

"Yes, thank you," answered Dorcas. It was a cold and passive answer enough, but there was lacking all evidence of anger and of opposition, which Mabel had noticed at the Museum some weeks since. Here, at least, was a truce between brother and sister, and the death of Adam Halfday had bridged over for a while the difference between them.

"You will not take offence, Dorcas, at my asking you to leave me for a quarter of an hour with Miss Westbrook; that is," he added, turning to Mabel, "if Miss Westbrook considers herself strong enough for a few business details this evening."

"I am not aware of any business——" began Mabel, when he stopped her by holding up a vellum-covered pass-book. "And—and I would prefer that Dorcas remained with us."

"You are afraid of me still?" said Brian curiously. "You distrust me?"

"No, but there is no mystery, and Dorcas should share in the explanation which I wish to make," said Mabel.

"Yes, when the time for explanation comes," he said, with his customary and even aggravating quickness of reply. "Till then, my sister will leave us, for your sake and my own."

Neither Mabel nor Dorcas understood him, but the latter rose, and said to our heroine—

"I would rather go."

"Very well," said Mabel, not caring to fight the question, and distrustful of herself and her own wisdom altogether now. She had made a great mistake and a cruel failure in acting on her own judgment in this matter; let her see for once what giving Brian Halfday his own way would do.

When Dorcas had retired, he drew his chair close to Mabel, and looked earnestly and searchingly into her face, with an expression on his own which was difficult to define, and which might mean doubt, admiration, anxiety, or all three together, for what Mabel could make of it.

"You are a good young woman," he began; "quixotic and generous, but very much in the wrong."

"It is possible I am in the wrong," Mabel murmured submissively; "but before you reproach me——"

"I have no intention of reproaching you."

"I was too rash. In my eagerness to make atonement for the past, I killed Adam Halfday," said Mabel, shuddering. "I did not think of his age, his weakness, anything. I knew he had been wronged, and I strove to set things right in my own feeble way."

"God took him out of this life, not you, Miss Westbrook," was Brian's answer. "For years we have been prepared for his passing away thus suddenly and sharply."

"That is why you and Dorcas warned me not to interfere. But why were you not explicit? You would have saved me many an after hour of tribulation," said Mabel sadly.

"I had more reasons than one for keeping you apart from my grandfather," said Brian. "Your coming was a terrible surprise to me."

"Terrible?"

"Ay," he assented; "or I should not have acted as I did, and taken the old man from St. Lazarus, for fear of you. Sometimes," he added very thoughtfully, "I wish you had never come to England; that you had lived and died away from it."

"Will you tell me what you mean?" Mabel entreated; "or will you ever speak in riddles?"

"I am bound in honour to tell you everything," he answered; "and a few words, fortunately, can do that. They will not distress you in the telling, and they will give some joy to you at a late hour."

"How is that possible?"

"In the first place," he said, "you brought to Adam Halfday the sum of twenty thousand pounds—restitution money?"

"Yes."

"Believing he was wronged to that extent in past business transactions between him and your grandfather?" he went on at his usual quick rate of speech.

"Yes."

"Wronged by whom?"

"My father, Caspar Westbrook, who confessed to his crime before he died."

"Then he died mad," was Brian's emphatic answer, as he slapped the pass-book on his knee.

Mabel looked at him now in real earnest.

"What do you mean?—what can you mean?" she cried.

"That your father never robbed the firm of a penny," he replied; "that to him and my father passed the shame and horror of a crime which they never committed. It is a pitiable story, which I would have kept to myself for my pride's sake, for a short while longer, but you would not let it rest. You came to Penton and balked me. Your presence demanded the truth. Adam Halfday was the robber!"

"Old Adam Halfday," said Mabel, still trembling beneath the shock of the revelation which had been made to her.

"Bit by bit, Miss Westbrook, have I traced the history of the fraud. Bit by bit, and link by link, until that miserable mortal now lying dead in his cottage on the Downs found that I had tracked his sin out. He knelt to me for pardon for the blight he had made of my father's life, but I could not forgive him my share."

"So hard as that!" replied Mabel, as he rose and walked up and down the room in his excitement.

"He was never repentant; his regrets were only for the money wasted. He had sacrificed his own son to his greed; he was without one pitiful thought for the misery he had created," said Brian; "and he died without a single virtue, or a single thought for another in the world. There is the fitting epitaph for Adam Halfday's tombstone, if any one care to set it over his grave," he cried indignantly.

"But the news which reached my grandfather—my own father's confession——"

"We will not inquire concerning it," said Brian; "that is a miserable trick which can probably be traced to an old man's cunning. Let the dead Adam rest! He was not a man for you to seek out with money in your hands, and faith towards him in your woman's heart. I would have saved you from meeting him if it had been in my power, but I was a poor man whom you could not trust."

"You would not trust me with this story before," said Mabel; "you forget."

"I should have broken my word to one whom I would have spared in his old age. Until his death I was helpless. Afterwards——"

"Afterwards?" repeated Mabel interrogatively, as he paused.

"I should have come to the great country across the sea in search of the Westbrooks, and told them all the truth," he concluded.

"What a strange truth it is," said Mabel thoughtfully; "it influences and alters my whole life."

"From darkness to light—as it should do," he muttered.

"The fact of the missing bonds was never known to the world?" said Mabel.

"The secret was kept for reasons not difficult to guess at. For credit's sake, rather than for honour's," Brian answered scornfully.

"Let it remain a secret," said Mabel; "there is no one's heart to make light beside my own by the truth. They are all gone."

Mabel was weak still, for her voice faltered, and the tears rose to her eyes. Brian paused in his perambulations, and came and stood before her.

"I have been as brief as possible," he said apologetically; "but I fear I have distressed you, and overtaxed your strength"

"No, no," she replied. "You have been very kind to tell me this."

"I have been simply honest," answered Brian; "and in waking you from a delusion I have done my duty. And that brings me round to business, which I will postpone till to-morrow, if you wish."

"I would prefer hearing all you have to say to-night."

"You are quite strong then?" he asked.

"Quite."

"And quite certain that you are not my enemy for life—bitter and unrelenting—and that I am a coward, and so forth?" he asked, with a smile that changed his whole aspect at once.

Mabel blushed. She remembered her angry attack upon him in his grandfather's house at St. Lazarus.

"I am your enemy no longer, Mr. Halfday," was her reply.

"Some long day hence, Miss Westbrook," he said in a deep voice, "it may be my happy privilege to call you friend. When I have deserved your friendship, of course," he added quickly; "and that will take time."

"I shall understand you without much difficulty now," answered Mabel.

"Not you," was the flat denial proffered here; "nobody understands me without difficulty. I am a hard man, exacting, irritable, proud, discontented, and suspicious, and with all those faults uppermost, it is not easy to get at my motives, if I have any. But this is not business, and we are keeping Dorcas out in the cold."

"But what business?"

"The business of the money—a great and awful business in this life, Miss Westbrook," he replied.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

MABEL did not like the tone with which Brian Halfday addressed himself to business. She glanced furtively at him. The smile had left his face, and he was looking stern and thoughtful.

"Is there anything very serious to follow?" she asked nervously.

"No. But the fact is," he said, opening the pass-book, "you have made a nice mess of this, and no mistake."

It was an inelegant phrase, but to the purpose. Mabel Westbrook was already conscious of the fact, though unwilling to concede as much to begin with.

"Had you been a man—somebody I could rave and swear at—I should have been more quickly relieved," he muttered, staring at the first page of the open book meanwhile; "for oh! the trouble and annoyance in store for us through this stupid mistake."

"I am very sorry," was the humble response.

"Do you know what you *have* done?"

"Paid twenty thousand pounds, as my father wished, to the credit of Adam Halfday," said Mabel.

"And deposited it in his name in Penton Bank?" added Brian

"Yes."

"Said it was a debt?"

"Yes."

"And being a fair balance, knowing the name of Halfday, and keeping an account with you, there were not many questions asked by the bankers?"

"Not many," replied Mabel.

"How do you think that money is to be got back to your hands, for take it back you must," said Brian. "It is not for the Westbrooks to talk of restitution to the Halfdays; but rather for us to work for the money of which old Adam robbed your family."

"Oh pray do not think of it," cried Mabel in alarm. "Let us have no further complications. It is all over for good!"

"It strikes me that it is only just beginning," said Brian drily.

"There is no atonement to be made to me, and I am the only one left," replied Mabel. "Your grandfather's crime drove James Westbrook to America, where he made his fortune. What harm did Adam Halfday do to him, after all? I will have no further talk of this," she cried passionately.

Brian regarded her with evident interest.

"You are irritable at times, I fancy," he remarked.

"Oh, I am a dreadful temper," Mabel confessed.

"That is all right," said Brian coolly; "it will enable you to make a little allowance for me, should I say something in a rude or careless fashion presently."

"Have you much more to say?" asked Mabel quietly.

He looked hard at her again.

"You are getting impatient, and yet you will not let me begin," he said.

"You talked of restitution to me. Why, it would drive me mad," replied Mabel.

"Very well. As it is probable that a quarter or half a century will elapse before the chance of restitution presents itself, it is a supererogatory proceeding to discuss the question further this evening," said Brian. "Now, let me explain the present position. I have been to Penton Bank, and there is only one way of getting this money into your hands again."

"I have too much money already. I promised my grandfather——"

"Who was an idiot, and believed anything," said Brian unceremoniously.

"What!" cried Mabel.

"And who would have been the last to send Adam Halfday a halfpenny, had he known the truth," Brian continued. "Hence Adam obtained his money under false pretences. All this we could not explain to the banker; neither would the banker listen to us. Therefore, I am compelled to take out letters of administration as joint heir with Dorcas to the estate, and the money shall be paid back to you when the law allows me, as trustee, to receive it. I say shall be paid back, every atom's worth of it," he added fiercely and firmly.

Mabel gave way before this stronger nature. It was impossible that she could argue with Brian Halfday, and it was evident that there was no atonement to be made to the man who had died on Penton Downs. He had been no sufferer. From the beginning to the end he had worked all the mischief in that selfishness which had only died out with himself. James Westbook had been the victim of a mistake, and this man before her was more honest than his grandfather. She must accept the position, marvelling at it all, but rebelling not against it, and biding her time to be of service in a different way. The promise which she had made a dying man did not seem to grow fainter because it was based on error, and she would be very watchful still, she thought.

All she said at present, however, was "Very well."

"That ends the business between us," said Brian, closing the pass-book, "and we arrive at an amicable settlement for the first time in our lives. There will be much delay, and the funds will not be readily forthcoming; but you will have patience with me."

"I shall not be in a hurry," answered Mabel calmly. "Pray take your time."

"My own time would be to-morrow," cried Brian. "To get rid at once of this money incubus which hangs round my neck and chokes me, I would give a year of my life willingly."

"Because——"

"Because my mind is distracted from its natural work," said Brian; "because at a time when I would be clear, there is this miserable complication to distress me."

"It need not distress you. Don't think of it."

"But you don't know that——there, there, we will say no more about it," he cried, stamping his foot upon the carpet; "only, it is all your fault—you will allow that?"

"Yes."

"You have played a noble, but a thankless part," he continued; "and in striving to do good, you have approached harm very closely. That is the way with us all, at times, and a weak woman is no exception to the rule."

"Yes, I did harm. That old man's death will shadow all my life," said Mabel.

"I did not mean that," cried Brian quickly. "For heaven's sake, do not take any blame

on that account. You stood before him as a ministering angel—but he died. That was God's will, I say again; not yours."

"What harm then——"

"I think it was arranged that all business was at an end," said Brian rising.

"You have no more to tell me?"

"No."

"You imply I have done harm to you," said Mabel, still persistently.

"You have given me much extra trouble," answered Brian; "but I am not quite certain I was altogether in the right as regards my mode of action."

"Indeed!"

"And I shall not mind the trouble," he added. "On second thoughts, it is even probable I shall like it."

"You are speaking in riddles again, Mr. Halfday."

"Am I?"

He looked intently at her once more, and then broke into a hearty little laugh that was pleasant to hear. Mabel regarded him with astonishment.

"These are scarcely laughing days yet," he said by way of half apology; "but I am lighter of heart than I have been for weeks. True, there is an old man to bury; but I cannot say I mourn for him, despite the closeness of my kinship. My respect for him died out on the day the truth showed me what he was, and there was only duty left me. And duty without love is hard work."

He took one more turn the full length of the room before he came back to his place on the hearth-rug. It was very odd that he could not stand still for a few minutes, thought Mabel.

"The inquest is to-morrow, Miss Westbrook," he said suddenly; "and you will not be asked many questions. It is a mere formality, for the doctor has already explained the cause of death."

"I shall be ready to-morrow. But you will remain in Penton?"

"Till after the funeral.

Mabel felt relieved in mind. She seemed to want this strong man's support and presence; and yet it was only a day or two ago that she had been afraid of him, and almost hated him.

"And now concerning Dorcas?" she said.

"No, no," he replied very gently; "concerning no one else to-night, if you please, Miss Westbrook. You are paler than when I entered this room, and the business of the day is ended."

"Still I wish you to consider one thing before you go," she urged; "to reflect upon it, and let me know the result."

"I would prefer not reflecting upon anything more at present," said Brian; "but if you wish it, I am at your service."

"Concerning Dorcas, then. It is my wish to take care of one who has been a faithful nurse to me; to constitute her my friend and companion from this time," said Mabel.

"To adopt her?" he asked.

"If you like the phrase."

"To take her from me, her natural guardian?"

"You and Dorcas are scarcely happy together—at all times."

"Neither will you and she be—or Dorcas and any living man or woman," was his uncomfortable answer.

"Will you let me try what I can do with her?"

"I am to think of this," he replied cautiously; "not answer at once, if you remember."

"Yes, but it would please me very much if you would answer now."

"If I were to answer to-night, I should say No," he said very sternly again. "No, to a heart-weary, profitless task which you would take upon yourself. No, to all the bitterness of disappointment which you accept with Dorcas Halfday. No, to the spasmodic affection you might gain, and the ingratitude which would follow, unless a miracle change her."

"You are uncharitable," said Mabel.

"I am a hard man. I have owned it already," he replied sorrowfully.

"We will speak of this again."

"If you please," he said, bowing over the hand extended to him. "Good night."

"Good night," said Mabel. "Do you remain at the inn this evening?"

"No; it is a mile to my home."

"To—to the cottage on the Downs?" she said, turning pale at all that it suggested.

"It is my own place, and I must get all out of it that I can," he said lightly. "I rent it for three months."

"But——"

"But Adam Halfday lies there in his coffin," he added, "and I am not afraid of him. Good night."

Brian made another bow, and walked briskly from the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAN ON THE DOWNS.

BRIAN HALFDAY lingered under the ivy-covered porch of the inn at Datchet Bridge, as though loth to exchange its friendly shelter for that of his own cottage on the Downs. It was a fine summer evening in June, and there was every temptation to a man city born and city bred, for a ramble under the bright stars, but Brian hesitated on the threshold. It was striking nine by the clock in the old church as he stood there. The scanty life of the village had died out, and the lights were few behind the window blinds. Even the inn was destitute of customers, and the waiter was reading the "Penton Guardian" in the best seat of the bar-parlour without a dream of business.

"Poor woman," was Brian's sudden comment upon something that was oppressing his mind, as he stepped at last with evident reluctance into the roadway, but whether his sister, or the lady whom he had recently quitted, was the object of this sympathic outburst, was not clearly apparent.

Having once started, Brian seemed disposed to make up for lost time by his rapid strides in the direction of home. A short cut across a meadow, and the churchyard, taken anglewise, would lead at once to the Downs, and then the flinty, broken road, or the close, green turf would become a matter of choice to the pedestrian. At the churchyard gate, with her arms folded across in such a manner that her figure swayed with it as it swung backwards and forwards with her weight, was Dorcas Halfday, uncloaked and unbonneted as we have seen her last in Mabel's room. She had been waiting for her brother, and he was not surprised in any great degree to find her there. She stood erect as he advanced.

"I thought you would come this way," Dorcas said.

"I was told you were not in the house," answered Brian.

"I have been waiting here lest you should think I had been listening," said Dorcas. "It struck me that I had better get out into the air away from you both. We can speak in this place, too, without much chance of being overheard ourselves, although there are queer customers abroad to-night."

"Queer customers?" repeated Brian.

"A man asked me five minutes since where the path over the Downs would take him to if he kept to the right. I said it would lead him to my dead grandfather," Dorcas remarked.

"Not a wise answer," said Brian.

"Ah, but I am not wise, Brian, and you know that as well as anybody," was the reply.

"You have not been waiting here, Dorcas, to talk like this to me?" asked her brother.

"No."

"I thought you and I were learning to become better friends at last," he said, more gently.

"Oh! the less we see of each other, the better friends we shall be," replied Dorcas recklessly.

"I am sorry to hear that."

"I can't forget, and I can't forgive!" she added passionately.

"There is nothing to forgive, nothing for me to ask forgiveness for. You know that as well as I do," said Brian.

"I know how you have stood between me and the one hope of my life," she cried. "How you had no mercy, how you might have saved him, and would not move."

"He was a scamp."

"He was the man I loved."

"Yes, unfortunately," said Brian; "that is the whole misery of it, and we need not discuss the question again."

"I have been waiting to ask if you have told Miss Westbrook anything about me," said Dorcas; "that is why I speak of it to-night."

"I have not told Miss Westbrook."

"Have you heard that she has offered me a home?"

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"That she had better reconsider the idea; that you were not fit for her friendship or

her patronage, and would pay her back with affection for a while, but most probably with ingratitude in the long run," said Brian.

"What did she say to that?" asked Dorcas eagerly.

"That I was uncharitable."

"She reads you well, Brian," said Dorcas; "that is the right word, 'uncharitable.' She is a clear-headed woman; she sees everything; she's as sharp as a needle, and yet as good as gold. I say, God bless her!"

"It is because Mabel Westbrook is as good as gold, that I would spare her trouble, Dorcas," said Brian; "and there must follow trouble with you, unless you have the strength to keep down all that is unjust in your nature. You will love this lady doubtless, but you will distress her very much."

"Yes, yes, that is true," Dorcas confessed slowly; "though I don't care for you to tell me."

"At all events do not let her take you to her heart without knowing the truth. Conceal nothing from her."

"I have nothing to be ashamed of, but I will not tell her everything."

"Then keep away from her," said Brian.

"It is best," said Dorcas mournfully; "but it is losing the one chance in my life—the last chance left. Where am I to go? What am I to do for the next three months?"

"Why do you mention three months in particular?" asked Brian sharply.

"After that time I see my way," was the reply. "What am I to do till then?"

"Come to the Museum and take care of my home."

"Brian," said Dorcas, between her set white teeth, "you know I would rather starve in the streets than do it—rather die. Did I not take an oath, long ago, that I would never share your home again?"

"It was a foolish oath," answered her brother; "and now the grandfather is dead, it is you who are uncharitable. We will talk of this to-morrow."

"Yes, but ——"

"Miss Westbrook will wonder what has become of you."

"Let her wonder!" was the abrupt reply to this.

"And you have her good opinion to consider," added Brian.

"Ah! that's true. But she will not think any harm of me for talking to my brother for a while. There's nothing strange or wrong in that, I suppose?" she asked satirically.

"No, but we shall have time to-morrow, and I want to get home."

"You will find pleasant company waiting for you there," said Dorcas. "I am not a coward, but I would not go up to that cottage."

"The dead are harmless, Dorcas," said Brian; "it is the living that make one's heart ache."

"Do you mean that for me?" cried Dorcas, resentfully again.

"I was not thinking of your troubles just then, or of my own."

"Of Miss Westbrook's, perhaps?" said the sister.

"She has sailed by them into the open, I trust," answered Brian enthusiastically, "and a bright young life spreads out before her. Neither you nor I must help to mar it, Dorcas."

"We can agree about that at least," said Dorcas; "but why did she come to England in search of grandfather?"

"I will tell you to-morrow; it is too long and complicated a story to relate at this hour. Still, Dorcas," he said, "it may be as well to know that she came in error, and of that I have assured her. It was the Halfdays who had done harm to the Westbrooks, and not the Westbrooks to us."

"Yes, that is more likely," answered Dorcas readily.

"It was a cruel wrong, which you and I may help to right some day. You will be glad of the opportunity."

"Yes," said Dorcas, "I should be glad."

"Frankly spoken," said Brian, laying his hand upon her shoulder, "in so good a work what a good woman may be made of you yet."

"Oh! I'm good enough," she answered in her old, sullen way. "What is there to say against me?"

"Nothing," replied her brother, "so keep good—and keep strong. Good-night."

"Good-night," she echoed moodily.

He passed through the gate, and she stood aside to allow of his egress from the churchyard, looking away from him as he regarded her steadily and sorrowfully. He glanced back when he was a few yards on

the higher ground, which rose at once from the churchyard wall, but she was walking slowly in the direction of the inn, and did not turn again in his direction.

"Poor woman!" he muttered, as he had done before that night, under the ivied porch; and then he set his face homewards, and went at a fair steady pace up the big sweep of grass land, where a man less observant than he might have been easily lost till daybreak.

One man was lost on the Downs that night it was shortly evident. He had left the track, and was wandering towards a steep series of hillocks, which were said by the wise men of this world to be the graves of dead Romans, when a cough of Brian Halfday's assured him of human life in his vicinity. He called out at once, and Brian, coming to a full stop, called back in answer. Here was a man lost on Penton Downs, and Brian might be of service in putting him in the right path again. Every turn of the country was known to Brian, and this was probably a stranger wandering helplessly along in the night. The man called again, and once more Brian answered, and the echoes of their voices reverberated amongst the dark and solemn hills around them. Thus these two approached each other, and Brian became aware at last of a tall, thin individual standing before him with his hands in his pockets. The stranger was smoking a short clay pipe, and the sparks from the bowl were caught by the wind, and drifted past his face. It was a thin and haggard face, Brian could perceive, and there were two sharp eyes glaring towards him, as if doubtful whether friend or foe had been encountered on the Downs that night. This was not a man well-to-do in the world, Brian thought, and therefore a suspicious character to be lurking on the hills. The outline of his hat was evidently crooked and bent, as though rough hands had "bashed" it at an earlier period of its career, and there was the fluttering of much ragged fringe in the breeze that had met him on the higher ground.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger politely, and in a wiry tone of voice, "but will you oblige me by some information as to my whereabouts? I am new to these parts."

"You are on Penton Downs, and within half a mile or three-quarters of the village of Datchet Bridge, which lies yonder, and as straight as you can go."

"Thank you very much—but I have just come from Datchet Bridge."

"Where do you wish to go?"

"I am anxious to find the cottage of Mr. Brian Halfday, which is somewhere on the Downs, I think."

"I will take you to it. I am going in that direction," said Brian, looking hard through the shadows at the inquirer.

"Thank you very much indeed," said the man again, as he turned and kept step with his companion, until Brian's rate of progression fairly "winded" him.

"One moment, if you please," he said, coming to a full stop, "you are a younger man than I, and more accustomed to hill work."

"Probably," said Brian, pausing also.

"Well acquainted with this part of the world also?"

"Thoroughly acquainted with it," was the reply. "Most of my leisure has been spent in exploring the country."

"A native of Penton?"

"Yes."

"A man should study his own land before he ventures to another," remarked the seedy stranger. "Do you know Mr. Halfday?"

"Very well indeed."

The man took his pipe from his mouth to cough feebly behind his hand, and then said—

"He bears an excellent character in Penton, I hear."

"Have you come from Penton?" asked Brian, as they went on again.

"I have walked every step of the way—being too poor a man, I must humbly confess, sir, to afford to ride."

"You have important business with Mr. Halfday to take you to him at this hour of the night?"

"It is important business to me. How it will be received by him, it is impossible to say. But," he said again, "I hear he is an excellent young man."

"Who told you Mr. Halfday was at the cottage to-night?"

"A flippant youth at the Museum, in Market-street, said he would be there this evening. I am glad to hear of Mr. Brian Halfday's prosperity. I rejoice in it, with all my heart."

"What prosperity?" said Brian, very sharply now.

"There is a country house of his, up here," said the stranger, "and a man must be well-to-do to keep his villa on Penton Downs. Mr. Halfday is clever, and has made his way in the world. I am glad to hear it. I rejoice to hear of men with brains making their way, so many gaping idiots get the advantage of them, for wise reasons, known only to the gods. A friend of Mr. Halfday's, sir?" he inquired, stepping more closely to our hero's side to ask the question.

"Yes, I may say his friend."

"It is a proud privilege to be the friend of a clever man. I envy you the honour."

"Have you kept company with fools all your life?" asked Brian bluntly, as the man's manner irritated him more.

"Upon my soul, I think I have," said the other heartily.

"I don't think you have quite a fool at your side now," Brian continued, "or one who believes that you are unacquainted with him. Why do you talk this nonsense to me? You know I am Brian Halfday well enough. What is your business?"

"Brian Halfday!" cried the other, in well-affected surprise. "Now, upon my word—upon the honour of a gentleman who has seen better days, I—"

"That will do," said Brian interrupting him. "I am Brian Halfday at all events, and this is my country villa."

The man turned, looked at the cottage shut in by the trees, and flung up both hands in his surprise.

"This hovel!" he cried.

"Yes. Will you step in?"

"Thank you. With great pleasure. I shall be glad to rest awhile," he replied with a change of tone again.

"It is not a cheerful house to ask a visitor into, at the present time."

"Why not?"

"The dead waits burial within it," said Brian.

"What do you say—what's that?" cried the man recoiling. "Who is lying dead there, then?"

"My grandfather, Adam Halfday—late of Saint Lazarus," was the answer.

"God bless me! Then that girl in the churchyard was not laughing at me—and she was Dorcas. And you," turning to his companion, "are really Brian?"

"Yes—who are you?" was the abrupt rejoinder.

"A broken-down man, who hopes he is not wholly friendless," was the reply. "A man who has come back poor and penniless, but may find a welcome yet. One William Halfday!"

"My father!" Brian exclaimed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FATHER AND SON.

IT was a strange meeting between father and son. Superstitious people might have seen much that was ominous in it as well as singular. The time and place were both against it.

William Halfday had emerged from the darkness of some sixteen years, from the silence and mystery of his lost life, to the foreground, and at a period when his son could have spared him away a little longer. Brian was a dark-eyed boy when the father had seen him last, and had talked of seeking his fortune, of settling abroad and sending for wife and children presently; and, until the meeting on the Downs, William Halfday had been neither seen nor heard of by those who had had a claim upon him.

"You are my father, then?" repeated Brian half-incredulously.

"Yes," said the other, in a voice that quivered a great deal, "your own father. You will not cast me off because I have come back poor and helpless after all these years?"

"Years of a cruel silence, and a crueller neglect," said Brian, sternly.

"Ah, but you don't know what I have suffered! You can't imagine, my dear boy," he added, with a gush of affection at which Brian recoiled, "what I have gone through."

"No, I can't."

"You have no idea—" he began again, when Brian cut him short in his address.

"Wait a minute," said his son.

Brian went to the door of the cottage, unlocked it, opened it, and passed in. Presently a match was struck, a small oil-lamp was lighted within the room, and then the son's voice called out for the wayfarer to enter. William Halfday knocked the ashes from his pipe, which he put in his waistcoat pocket, before he sidled, in a cat-like fashion, into

his son's house. In the light both men looked hard at each other, as if to read what was passing in the mind, what was expected, and what each was like. And each was disappointed, possibly disheartened, and saw opposition and discomfiture to follow very speedily. It was not a happy meeting between father and son.

The father did not admire the white, stern face of Brian, and its determinate expression was hardly what he expected to confront. The keen dark eyes were embarrassing already, and devoid of sympathy and love; there was curiosity, even suspicion in them, but no pleasure at the sight of him, he was sure of that! And Brian, steadily regarding his sire, saw before him what was clearly the wreck of a man—an attenuated, poverty-stricken being, with hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and hands that shook as with a palsy, or with fear of him, or drink, he could not tell which, at that early date of their reunion.

There was no mistaking him, however—he was a close copy of the man who had died a week ago, in height and figure, even in the droop of his shoulders and the contraction of his chest. The eyebrows were shaggy, if not white, and hung in the same way over the eyes, which were small and set close together, and as dark as Brian's. He was feeble for his fifty years, but hard times and hard travelling had helped towards his debility, and there was wholly lacking in him one atom's worth of that stern, strong self-reliance which Adam Halfday had shown, and which Adam's grandson assuredly possessed. Yes, it was the wreck of a man, Brian thought, with a hundred other incomprehensible unnatural thoughts, born of their first meeting, not the least of which was the uncharitable and unfilial one, that if this man had kept away for all time it would have been better for those who bore his name.

"Sit down," said Brian.

"Thank you; I had better shut the door first, as the draught is keen," replied William Halfday. "Shall I shut the door, Brian?"

"Yes, do," answered the son moodily.

His thoughts were too many for him; they were troubling him too much, and too soon, but he had no power to control them. What was to follow his father's return to life? What was to be the end of it? How would his coming affect the futures of the two women whom he had left at Datchet Bridge? Mr. William Halfday closed the door, shuffled to a chair by the side of the empty firegrate, rubbed his hands together, and began a small shivering fit on his own account.

"It was horribly cold upon the Downs, Brian," he said, between his chattering teeth.

"I did not notice it."

"It cut at one like death—it—" he was reminded of something which he had almost forgotten, and there was a shade more of pallor in his face at once.

"Where is the—the body, Brian?"

"Upstairs," was the moody reply. "You shall see it presently."

"God bless me," exclaimed William Halfday, "not for worlds! I haven't the nerve, Brian. I have not a scrap of nerve in my whole constitution, which is completely shattered. Oh, no!" he added, as he shivered with a greater violence, "I am much obliged to you, but I would rather not look at *him*!"

"As you please."

"I thought poor father had been dead years ago," said William; "a fortnight since, and I should have seen him alive then."

"Yes," replied Brian.

"Did he ever—wish to see me, now?"

"Never," was the response.

"Yet father and son are close ties. And he died—"

"In a fit. There is an inquiry to be completed to-morrow."

"Indeed. I arrive at a sad time, but in the midst of a sorrow in which I can participate. How dreadfully cold this hole—this establishment is. Are there any more doors open?"

"No."

Mr. Halfday, senior, was daunted at last by the short replies of his ungracious offspring; he glanced at Brian furtively, clasped his hands more closely together, licked his dry lips in a nervous fashion, and finally relapsed into silence. He was not welcome. There was no love for him in the son's heart—he had outlived affection everywhere. As his shaking hand went up to his eyes, Brian's quick voice startled him by its change of tone.

"I should be a liar to say that I am glad to see you," he said; "but if you had come a month later, you might have had a warmer welcome. Always supposing," he added, "that you are back again in good faith, of which I am not certain."

"You don't trust me," responded the father plaintively.

"Not yet. Why should I?"

"You are my only boy," said William Halfday.

"You have kept away for sixteen years—my mother flung herself into the river in despair of human kindness; your son and daughter have grown up without a thought from you; your father has died without seeing you. There has been much misery amongst the Halfdays, and you have kept away from it."

"Yes, yes, don't torture me, please," replied the father; "all this is very true, but what good could I have done? I have been unlucky all my life—I have not had one gleam of sunshine on my path from the beginning to the end."

"You did not deserve it," was the sharp reply.

"Oh! Brian," exclaimed the other, bursting suddenly into tears, and rocking himself to and fro upon the chair, with his hands before his face, "this *is* cruel of you. Your own father, too! My God, what will become of me, now you turn against me?"

Brian Halfday was not prepared for this outburst of emotion; he sat back in his chair, with one clenched hand on the table, surprised in his turn. He was a suspicious man, as he had owned that evening to Mabel Westbrook, but he was naturally observant, and he read no affectation of grief in the emotion of this castaway before him. Here at least was no sham; the man was weak and childish, but there was real life in his despair.

"I have come back," William Halfday continued, "to the workhouse or the gaol. I have come back without a penny in my pocket. I have not tasted food or drink since it was given me in charity this morning. I have been a careless, useless wretch, with as little thought for others as myself, but I did not look for this reception from my child. Let me go back to the inn at Datchet Bridge, and ask where Dorcas Halfday lives—there may be some grain of feeling in that girl's heart for me, when I tell her who I am."

He rose to go; he tottered slowly towards the door, until Brian stood by his side and led him back to his seat.

"There is no hurry, father," he said in a deeper voice; "sit down again, and let us understand each other clearly, if we can. A man cannot disappear for long years from his kindred, and expect to find them full of love for him on his return—cannot neglect them utterly, and yet hope that they will hold him in affectionate remembrance."

"Quite right," whispered the father, "but don't reproach me any more. I deserve all you say of me."

"I will give you some bread and cheese and beer," said Brian. "You are hungry?"

"By Heaven, Brian, I am starving."

"I am sorry to hear it."

It was starvation that had brought him to Pentonshire, and not his natural affections, but Brian did not say so. He opened a cupboard, spread a white napkin on the table, set bread and cheese and a bottle of ale before his father, pushed the table to his side, and then sat and watched him consume his food with a ravenous eagerness, that was as devoid of acting as his grief had been. William Halfday did not speak again for several minutes; he seemed to forget his position and his sorrow in his appetite, and it was Brian who broke silence at last.

"Why did you not write to us?" he asked curiously; "if you were poor, and wanted money, it might have been worth the experiment of a letter."

"I did not know where to write."

"The address of 'Halfday, Penton,' would have found your father or your son."

"I thought of it," he said without looking at Brian, and pinching the corner of the napkin with his fingers nervously; "I thought of it, and put it off, time after time, till I was ashamed of letting any one know anything about me. I thought it better to die on the quiet somewhere!"

"And you altered your mind—for what reason?"

"I couldn't die," was the response; "I tried, Brian, and failed!"

"Do you feel better now?" was the next inquiry.

"Thank you—much better. I must compliment you, Brian, on a very excellent cheese," he said, with his old airiness of manner suddenly predominant.

"You are stronger now?"

"Yes. Altogether stronger."

"Then I have a few more words to say," Brian remarked. "Don't look alarmed, sir, there are no more reproaches for you tonight."

"Thank Heaven—I mean, thank you, very much, my son."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. HALFDAY HEARS THE NEWS.

BRIAN drew his chair so close to his father's that their knees touched, and William Halfday leaned back, as if away from him and afraid of him. The son was a mystery, a something that he had not expected to find, a being who had thrown him out in his calculations for the future. He was weak himself—he had been always weak and fretful and irresolute—where did this pale-faced, beetle-browed young man get his iron will from? For this son was of iron, and therefore merciless. Still let him hope on to the last, and put up with his son's reproaches and exordiums; he was wholly helpless and must bear the burden, and if Brian would not stare so fiercely at him, he should get on better in good time.

"I don't know what you are, or what your life has been, or what it is likely to be," Brian began, more sadly than sternly now. "You sit before me a riddle hard to guess at, and the past sheds no light upon you."

"We have the present to consider, Brian," William Halfday delicately hinted, and without returning his son's gaze. He could not look at him, he could not do anything but evade that uncomfortable stare which seemed endeavouring to read his life in spite of him—to read through him, and get at all the history of his unprofitable existence—as if that would do any good—as if it mattered—as if the days ahead of them both were not the most important!

"I will tell you my share of the past," Brian continued; "and we will leave to times more fitting, the explanations which I have a right to demand from you. I will say now, that years ago, when I began too early in life to act and think for myself, it was you who troubled me. Your character was at stake, and your own fatl attributed to you and one James Westbrook the ruin of his career. After you had left England, it was supposed by one or two in the secret—for it was always kept a secret—that you and Westbrook had decamped with various securities that were negotiable abroad, and which the firm—always a weak one—was unable to replace. It seemed a fair and noble story as regarded the partners, the history of two men preferring ruin to the acknowledgment of their sons' dishonesty, but as I grew up I doubted it, for your sake."

"Thank you, Brian," said the father, extending his shaking hand towards his son, but with the same averted gaze; "you did me justice. I never saw the securities."

"Neither had Caspar Westbrook stolen them," said Brian, lightly touching his father's hand, and then setting it aside, "or James Westbrook, or any one save that poor warped mind above there."

"My father!" exclaimed Mr. Halfday; "was it the old man then?"

"Yes—God forgive him!"

"I say that too, with all my heart, Brian," said the father. "And let me add, it is a comfort to me to see a pious vein running through your discourse. It speaks well for your character."

"I am not a pious man," cried Brian. "Don't interrupt me."

"I beg your pardon. Excuse the liberty I have taken, Brian; but I thought you possibly might be," replied his father. "Pray, proceed."

"I grew up with a suspicion of foul play, and I planned and schemed for years to solve the mystery. I succeeded. I proved at least your honesty in the matter, and I was very glad."

"Thank you," murmured William Halfday again.

"If I could have done it before the mother's death, I should have been happier," said Brian. "But that was not to be. I proved, at least, that you left England an honest man. What you have come back, Heaven only knows. But I believe you honest still, and will do the best for you that my means allow."

"You will not send me to the union; you will take care of me; you *will* do something for me, after all?" the father cried with excitement.

"Did you doubt my helping you, then?"

"You did not meet me kindly," was the answer. "I could not make out what you thought of my return to England."

"I suppose not."

"And I am honest, Brian," he said, speaking with great volubility now. "I have been an unlucky fool all my life; but I have never done an action of which I am ashamed. I have been horribly honest; I have resisted no end of temptations to be-

come rich; and here I am, a man broken down before his time—a ruin—a catastrophe!"

"Do you drink?" asked Brian, suddenly.

William Halfday started at the question, and shrank back still more in his chair. It was a leading question, which unnerved him, and set him shaking again.

"What makes you ask such a question as that?" he murmured, and with a faint effort at dignity.

"Your hands tremble, your eyes are blood-shot, and I have seen so many men like you reeling in the streets. *You do drink*," he added sharply.

"Never to excess. Don't misjudge me, my son, too quickly," cried Mr. Halfday, "or pain me with unnecessary questions. It is hardly fair."

"This is not an unnecessay question at the present time. It is a most important fact to elicit or disprove; because," said Brian thoughtfully, "I must keep the drink away from you."

"Oh, you need not fear me, or keep anything away from me. You may trust me implicitly," the father replied.

"I hope so."

"I know so."

"That is well," said Brian, still deep in reverie.

"And I don't want to be idle," added Mr. Halfday; "but to be of service to my country. I am not an old man. I have life and vigour in me, or soon shall have again, if I could find any one to set me up in business—in a little shop, for instance, where I could turn a penny or two, and be less of an incumbrance to you, Brian. I should be independent and happy and grateful."

"I am a poor man, but I will do something for you in the way you wish."

"God bless you, Brian—God bless you," and Mr. Halfday began to cry again.

Brian watched him closely still, but he made no attempt to console him in this second hysterical outburst of tears. He waited till he had recovered from his emotion, with his broad forehead knit in grave perplexity. Beyond the hour he did not see his way yet; and the mists were thick about him. There was much to be done—much to explain yet to this weak being, cowering and shaking before him in the chair; and Brian feared the effect of a revelation which it was not possible to delay for a single night with safety.

"I will help you in every way in my power," said Brian; "but you must let me trust you in return."

"You may trust me with untold gold."

"You must prove yourself a just and unselfish man."

"Of course I will."

"You will let me be your counsellor and guide from this day?" said Brian.

"I will not have a thought of my own, or a wish of my own, if you will only take care of me," said the father, abject and servile in his protestations.

"Your first and greatest task begins to-morrow."

"The sooner the better."

"And I require all your faith now," added Brian.

"It's yours; I have said so."

"Then I have something more to tell you."

William Halfday looked scared at this announcement, and the hands upon his knees began to increase in that tremulous movement which had already attracted his son's notice.

"James Westbrook, your father's partner, left England a poor man, but he made a fortune in America, and died rich," began Brian. "On his death-bed he was, for some reason or other which is hard to understand, the victim of the old mistake, that you and his son had robbed the firm, and ruined Adam Halfday. He had heard of my grandfather's poverty, and with a mad idea of restitution, he bade his granddaughter discover him and all belonging to him, and enrich those whom his son had helped, as he thought, to ruin. If Adam were living when Miss Westbrook reached England, the money was to be given to him immediately——"

"Good gracious! Did the girl get here in time?" inquired the father.

"Yes. She gave him the message five minutes before he died."

"But the money, Brian?" said Mr. Halfday, "why didn't she give him the money first, and the message afterwards?"

Brian's face darkened, and the hand which was suddenly placed on William Halfday's arm gripped the listener like a vice.

"Cannot you see that this conscience-

money was offered to the robber, and not the victim?" hissed Brian; "are you so dull of comprehension as all that?"

"James Westbrook might have wished to help his old partner at any cost," murmured the father.

"No. It was offered in atonement—in expiation for a son's imaginary crime—under the impression that my grandfather was an injured man. You see?"

"Oh yes, I see! Would you have any particular objection to let go my arm, Brian, before you proceed any further with the narrative?"

"I beg pardon," said Brian; "I have hurt you?"

"Well, you have, a little," replied his father, rubbing vigorously at the part which Brian had released; "but go on, please. What did the girl think? Does she know——"

"Everything. I told her the few facts of the case this evening, and she will take back the money offered in error to our family."

"Take it back! Then it was given to my father?"

"A certain sum of money——"

"How much?"

"No matter the amount," Brian continued; "a certain sum of money was unfortunately paid into Penton Bank to the account of Adam Halfday—and it is our duty, the great business of our lives, to restore it to its rightful owner."

"Meaning Miss Westbrook?" said the father.

"Whom else could I mean?" was the sharp rejoinder.

"Exactly, you could not mean any one else," replied the father; "it's particularly clear to me that—that you could not mean any one else."

"This is a task in which you will help us to the uttermost," Brian continued; "it becomes easy with you at our side, a man sent by Heaven at the right moment to do justice to a friendless woman.—What are you looking over my head at?"

"Was I?" said the father, with a little jump at the abruptness of the question; "I was not aware of it."

"You understand that you *must* help us?" Brian said again, persistently.

"Yes," replied the father.

"You will be heir-at-law to this money—nominally heir-at-law—and letters of administration will be granted readily to you; to you and me, I hope," said Brian, thoughtfully.

"Ahem! yes."

"There will be a heavy loss upon the money held in trust for Mabel Westbrook: deductions for stamp duty, probate duty; all the ugly exactions devised by the Government for the wholesale robbery of widows and orphans will be put in force," said Brian savagely, "and we have not the money to make it good at present. Some day, perhaps," he added, with a brighter look upon his face, "I may be able to say she has not lost a penny by us."

"All this is beyond me," said William Halfday, planting his elbows on his knees, and taking his head between his palsied hands; "my head aches terribly, and I feel confused and ill."

"Will you have some weak brandy and water?"

"I don't mind a little cold brandy and water—not too weak," he added.

Whilst his son was getting the brandy from the cupboard, he remained in the same prostrate condition, and when Brian stood by him with a glass he did not perceive him till the son asked if he would drink.

"Thank you very much, Brian," he said with his old politeness, as he took the glass from his son's hand; "it is kind of you to think of me like this."

He drank the brandy and water at one gulp, and sat back in his chair.

"Is there any news in Penton?" he asked.

"Not any of importance to you or me."

"Are they all dead whom I used to know?" he said musingly; "who were friends, after a fashion—who respected me and believed in me?"

"I don't know who were your friends."

"Is Eversham, the lawyer, still in Cloister Street? I liked young Eversham; he was just beginning practice for himself when I left the city."

"He is grey-haired now; why do you ask?"

"I don't know; he came into my head," was the reply.

"You have another reason, I think?" said Brian suspiciously.

"I should like to give him a turn, and we must have a lawyer in this case," said the father; "we can't do without one."

"I am not sure of that."

"I should think he would remember me," he went on, "for——Is Peter Scone alive?"

"Peter Scone—what of him?"

"He was cashier in my father's firm; he would remember me at once," replied William Halfday; "and I must prove my identity very clearly to get the money."

"For Miss Westbrook?" added Brian.

"For Miss Westbrook, yes. I wonder," he added, "what the amount is."

He glanced at his son, who did not answer him, who was staring intently at the empty firegrate as at a new problem which had arisen there to vex him. Brian had taken his father into his confidence, but he was not satisfied with the result, despite his sire's promises. All looked dark and ominous ahead, and there were vague doubts on every side of him. After all, he did not trust his father, whose manner had been against him from the first. There was no power to prevent William Halfday's action in the matter; the law would side with the father despite the feeble opposition that might be offered by the son, and Brian was almost helpless now.

"Twenty people might be found in Penton to swear to me," said William, "if any one were inclined to oppose me, which is not likely, Brian—eh?"

"Probably not."

"That Peter Scone must be dead, now I come to think of it; he was an old man when I left the city."

Again Brian Halfday did not anwer him. He turned more completely towards the grate, and in an absent fashion, and as though a fire were burning, spread out his hands as if for warmth.

"I am afraid I am keeping you up," said William Halfday suddenly; you look tired and weary, as with a hard day's work."

"I have worked hard to-day."

"I must apologize for taking up so much of your time—robbing you, as it were, of what the poet calls 'balmy sleep;' but we had not met for many years, and I was anxious about you."

William Halfday picked up his hat from the floor, and rose to take his leave.

"Where are you going?" asked Brian, still deeply interested in the back of his stove.

"Down to Datchet Bridge again, of course."

"You had better remain here, I think."

"I don't see any accommodation, Brian; the house is small, and I should be very much in the way, and—and the room upstairs is occupied, you know," he added, as his shivering fit seized him again, and robbed him of composure.

Brian rose and stood with his back to the fireplace.

"You can go," he said.

"Thank you, thank you, Brian, and to-morrow, or the next day——"

"To-morrow completes the inquest," said Brian; "you will be there to listen to the evidence, and attend the funeral in the afternoon?"

"I suppose so—just so—very well," said William in some confusion.

"No one will believe you are the son very readily if you are not at your father's funeral, and I shall doubt it, and dispute it for one," said Brian meaningly.

"I am sure to be there, Brian," said his father; "though I shall present a very disreputable appearance as chief mourner."

"I will see to that."

"A long black cloak is out of the fashion, I believe, but it will come in handy for me. It will cover a multitude of sins—of omission."

To Brian's surprise, which, however, he did not betray, his father laughed spasmodically as he held forth his hand to his son.

"Do you think you know your way to the village?" asked Brian.

"Very well indeed. It is straight down the hill."

"Yes, but you might miss Datchet Bridge by five miles or so. And you will want refreshment when you get there, and board and lodging."

"Ay! God bless me, yes—and Brian, I really have not one penny in the world at present."

"I will give you money before you go."

"I—I am going now," answered his father.

"Not yet!"

"Not yet, do you say? Why?

"Not till you have looked upon your father for the last time in this world," said Brian solemnly; "not till you have sworn to me across his coffin, that you will, as you hope for salvation, be true to all you have promised me."

William Halfday clasped his hands together and shrieked forth a wild falsetto—

"Oh! great Heaven, Brian, I couldn't do it! I couldn't look at him—don't ask me again—I couldn't—I couldn't—I couldn't!"

"Your own father, who can do you no harm, who has been waiting for you all this while," said Brian.

"Anything else, but don't ask me to do that," gasped forth William. "I know I am a coward, but I haven't the strength of nerve to go up stairs into that dreadful room. Don't ask me again, there's a dear good son, but let me go away!"

The man's terror was so abject and so earnest that Brian did not importune him further, unless his next remark may stand for a change in his manner of entreaty.

"There is money of yours up there?"

"I don't see—I don't know what you mean, but you may have it all if you'll let me go away," he exclaimed, shaking so violently that he dropped once more into his chair to save himself from falling, and held on tightly by the table.

Brian regarded him pitifully as he stood by his side, and rested his crossed hands upon his shoulder.

"You are very weak of nerve, and body, and soul," Brian said mournfully, "and will require gentle treatment, kindly sympathy, and your children's love to render you content for the remainder of your days. Riches will do no good, and you are best without them."

"Don't talk to me now. I—I want to get to Datchet Bridge," he murmured, slowly recovering his composure; "if I don't have fresh air I shall die."

"You are coming round," said Brian; "and I will not ask you to stay a moment longer than is necessary; I will point out the way to Datchet Bridge, when you are able to walk."

"I can walk now."

He put on his hat and stood up again. He walked even with a forced degree of briskness to the door, to which Brian followed him.

"I would rather not drag you out at this time of night, Brian," he said; "I can get on very well by myself."

"I will set you in the right road," said Brian in reply.

He went out into the summer air, bareheaded with him, and drawing his father's arm through his. The night was dark, but the stars were very thick and bright above them.

"You have forgotten your hat," said Mr. Halfday to his son.

"I don't want it, the night is warm."

"Is it? I haven't noticed it myself," was the reply. "Oh, here's the road that leads to the village, I think."

"Yes, that is the way."

"Then, I'll wish you a good night."

"I am going further with you."

"Oh! good Lord, are you though?" muttered the father, "are you not afraid of your place being robbed?"

"No."

"You have left the door wide open."

"I know it. It is a habit of mine on these peaceful hills."

"Then it is a very bad one. There is no telling who is about."

"There is no telling anybody, I have heard sceptical people say," was Brian's answer.

"Ahem! exactly so," said the other, glancing askance at his companion as if to read by the expression of his countenance, if he, William Halfday, were included in the axiom.

"Here is money for you," said Brian; "hold out your hand."

William Halfday obeyed the request with alacrity, and ten sovereigns were placed within his palm.

"Bless me," said the father, holding the money closely to his eyes, "this is gold! You are generous, Brian. You are doing well in the world, then?"

"You may be able to obtain a decent suit of clothes at the tailor's in the village," said Brian. "I am not doing well in the world—I am not generous."

"Well, well," replied the father, putting the money in his pocket, "you have done no more than I would do for you in a similar case."

"That money is your own," said the son, "my grandfather did not die wholly a pauper. He was of a saving turn—the heart of a miser is hereditary with the Halfdays possibly—and in his old age and indigence, he scraped together from his fees at St. Lazarus some seventy pounds, which I found in a bag locked up within his desk."

"There may be a lot more somewhere," said William Halfday.

"There is no more. He told me the amount, and sent me to St. Lazarus to fetch it, when he discovered that I did not wish him to return to the charity—you shall have the rest presently. It is yours by right of inheritance."

"Certainly it is, Brian. There can be no doubt about that."

"The money will be of service to you at a time of need."

"That's true."

"With a little of my own to it I may contrive to do something for you—and Dorcas. Why, this may be the beginning of a better, brighter life for us all," said Brian.

"It may," was the reply.

"And now," said Brian, suddenly arresting his father's progress, "before I leave you, swear here, under heaven, that you will keep your word in everything that you have said to-night."

"My dear Brian," exclaimed the father, "I—I have pledged my word to you already. I don't like to be continually swearing in this fashion. It looks as if you doubted me."

"You are poor; a great error makes you rich in name—a great injustice would make you rich in deed. I know little of you," said Brian; "you come to me as a surprise—a ruin. Swear to what I say!"

The man cowered at the sternness and the peremptory manner of his son, whose eyes he could see blazing at him in the darkness.

"I'll swear to what you like—I'll swear to anything, Brian," he said, "but there is no occasion for this treatment of me."

Brian remained silent. The passion in him died away, and he stood thinking very deeply.

Suddenly he looked up.

"No, don't say a word," he exclaimed, "don't call God as a witness here. Good night."

"Good night, good night," replied William Halfday with alacrity, "I shall see you in the morning. This way to Datchet Bridge, I think you told me?"

"You cannot miss the village now. It lies straight before you, where the lights are shining."

"Thank you, Brian. Bless you—good night once more."

Father and son parted. The son watched him from the hill till darkness on the lower ground submerged him—the father went along the path which had been indicated, looking back more than once whilst Brian remained in sight against the background of a starlit sky.

The sense of being watched was irksome to William Halfday He was not easy in his mind until he had lost sight of his son as completely as Brian had lost sight of him. Then he swerved suddenly, and even swiftly to the right, and went away—steadily away—from the lights in the village that had been pointed out to him.

There was more to be done that night than had been bargained for when toiling up the hill to his son's house, and, like Duncan's murder, "'twere well it were done quickly."

(To be continued.)

"SING US A SONG OF OUR OWN LAND."

BY F. R., BARRIE.

LO! the scene of trappers' stories,
Lo! where beaver-dams were built,
Lo! where autumn forest-glories
On the ground their crimson spilt!
Take the land with all its beauty,
And subdue it to thy hand,
Linking with the chain of duty
Wold and weald and rocky strand.

Thou, O Time! hast many a harvest
Whitening to the reaper's sight;
And, O Fame! great names thou carvest
On thy temple portals bright!
This broad land, with all its beauty,
Doth demand it of thy hand,
Plain to point her path of duty
Over wold and weald and strand.

In the roll of names unreckoned,
Bright stars in the coming skies,
May our countrymen be second
To none others that may rise!
May their glory and their beauty
Fill the heavens on either hand,
As they trace the track of duty,
Leaving footprints on the strand.

See! the furrow of the future!
Seedfield of the times to be,
Big with nourishment and nurture
Which our sons shall draw from thee!
Usefulness, surpassing beauty,
Bind thee round from strand to strand;
May thy children do the duty
Thou demandest at their hand!

Peace be ours 'mid peaceful neighbours!
Yet the share that turns the sward
Hath been known to change its labours,
Fashioned rudely to a sword!
We will guard thy breadth and beauty
Heart with heart, hand linked with hand;
Fare we forth to do our duty
Ere a foe shall spurn thy strand!

LIBERTY AND ITS SYMBOLS ON COINS AND MEDALS.

BY REV. HENRY SCADDING, D. D., TORONTO.

A COMMITTEE at Paris, which claims to represent the French people, is proposing to erect on Bedlow's Island, in the harbour of New York, a gigantic statue of Liberty, in commemoration of the part taken by France in 1783 in helping to bring about the independence of the United States. The figure, which is to be more than a hundred feet high, is to stand on a pedestal likewise a hundred feet high. The head is to bear a circle of spiked rays like those seen in antique representations of the sun-god Apollo; and from these rays light is to issue at night. In the elevated right hand there is to be a torch, which is also at night to be a blaze of light. In the other hand there is to be a tablet bearing the simple inscription, JUL. 4, 1776. The sculptor, Auguste Bartoldi, is the designer. He is to bring with him to Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition one of the arms of this Liberty. From that, on the *ex pede Herculem* principle, the public are to judge of the whole. One hundred and forty thousand francs have been already subscribed to the project in France. It is expected that the people of the United States will erect the pedestal; and it is hoped that the foundation of the structure will be laid on the fourth of next July. This colossus, should it be really set up, will be one more wonder of the world, outvieing the Memnons and Amunophs which still sit so calmly gazing out every year over the swollen waters of the Nile, or the gilded monster that overlooked of old the plain of Dura. It will salute the sailor's eye out on the ocean at a farther distance than did the glittering spear-point of Minerva Promachos on the Acropolis at Athens, which was seen from Cape Sunium, thirty miles off. So Pausanias reports. Minerva Promachos, seen there, symbolized, I suppose, the supreme wit and art of the Hellenic race. The huge Liberty lifting up on high its torch of light, will be regarded by the voyagers of the great Atlantic as representing the tutelary genius of "America," as people will continue to speak, meaning by America the United States of North America, the sole home, as it is alleged, of human freedom in this last age of the world. It will, of course, also recall the giant image at Rhodes, which, irrespective of pedestal, was likewise one hundred feet high and more, and answered the purpose of a lighthouse; appropriately, too, for it was an image of the sun-god spanning with distended legs the entrance to the inner harbour of the island. That figure was, as Bartoldi's Liberty is expected to be, also of bronze. What the weight of the French structure may prove to be cannot yet be known; but that of the colossus of Rhodes has been calculated to have been 720,000 pounds; that is to say if 800 pounds be taken as the load borne by each one of the Jew's camels who purchased as old metal, from the Municipality of Rhodes, the broken fragments of the colossus when thrown down by an earthquake, fifty-six years after its erection. Nor, again, can the cost of the French structure be as yet stated with precision; but that of the sun-god set up by Chares at Rhodes is said to have been about 317,000 dollars (300 talents). The colossal figure which crowns the dome of the capitol at Washington is usually spoken of as Liberty. In reality it is COLUMBIA, an impersonation of the United States. She rests her right hand on a sheathed sword; her left holds a wreath. The head is helmed; encircling it is a ring of large stars. From the apex of this figure to the ground is three hundred feet.

The proposal on the part of the committee in Paris to project upon the imagination of the Western World a gigantic conception of Liberty is my excuse for undertaking to trace the symbols and representations of Liberty on coins and medals; a practice with which we in Canada are familiar from our proximity to the United States; and many fresh exemplifications of which, I

doubt not, we shall have brought under our notice during the celebration of the Centennial at Philadelphia.

The practice of embodying in visible form that which is invisible and abstract, is one to which the modern mind has become somewhat disaccustomed. It originated, as I suppose, in the picturesque, metaphorical character of early language. Men were quickly led to give outward form to what in speech they were wont to invest with the attributes of life and action; and accordingly such abstractions as Prudence, for example, and Temperance, Justice, and Fortitude, became concrete to the mind's eye as human figures, distinguished from each other by proper attributes or adjuncts or dress. Virtues and qualities inspiring reverence became sometimes, when thus embodied, objects of a sort of worship. Thus, among the Latins, Liberty came to be regarded as a goddess. Her image was set up in temples, and her effigy was stamped on coins and medals. She had, moreover, like other divinities, her emblems and signs, which, seen alone, suggested the condition or feeling of which she was supposed to be the embodiment. Events regarded as of importance to the community at large were commemorated by the erection of additional temples to Liberty. Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, father of the two famous agitators of the same surname, successful as Consul in Gaul and Spain, erected on the Aventine Mount a temple to Liberty. And after victories won by Cæsar in Spain, another was decreed by the Senate. When Cicero's house was pulled down on the Palatine, its site was occupied, at the suggestion of his personal enemy, Clodius, by a temple to Liberty; "a temple to License, rather," Cicero contemptuously observed. The destruction of Sejanus, the audacious *locumtenens* of Tiberius, was signalized by the setting up of a statue of Liberty in the Forum. And besides temples proper, there was at Rome a famous public building styled the Hall of Liberty, repaired and enlarged, and beautified from time to time. It was a kind of court-house for the Censors and an office of Archives; and after the time of the illustrious Asinius Pollio it became a public library also, the first ever established in Rome. Pollio, who combined fine literary tastes with military talent, furnished it largely with Greek and Latin manuscripts. The poet Ovid, an antiquarian and lover of books, had heard in his banishment in far Mœsia of this new collection of treasures freely thrown open to the public at Rome, and he makes it one of the laments of his *Tristia* that his exile debars him from the enjoyment of so congenial a luxury.

In temples, Liberty was represented as a matron, either wearing on her head or holding on a rod the *pileus*, or cap of liberty. At her feet was sometimes, it is said, placed the figure of a cat, an animal that has a particular antipathy to restraint; and with her were sometimes seen representations of mysterious beings styled Adeone and Abeone, denoting the power to come and go at pleasure. The *pileus*, or cap of liberty, is the white felt cap placed on the head of the slave when manumitted. The rod on which it is often sustained is the *festuca* or *vindicta* with which the prætor or magistrate ceremoniously struck or touched the head of the slave when declared free. A slave might be enfranchised by the last will and testament of his master; and also by the master's taking the slave to the censor or taxer, and having him enrolled free. But the ceremony referred to by the *pileus* and rod was as follows:—The master brought his slave before the proper magistrate and stated his reasons for the intended manumission. The magistrate's lictor, or beadle, laid a rod upon the head of the slave, while the master still held the slave's hand. "I will this man to be free," the master then said, and at the words slightly whirled him round and let him go. Hence the expression *manumission*. The freedman passed out of his former owner's hand, as a stone out of a sling. The *pileus* or cap of undyed felt was at once assumed by the freedman, and worn, as I suppose, until his hitherto cropped head became more richly clothed with its natural adornment. The ceremony of manumission took place, not in a temple of Liberty, as we might have expected, but in the temple of Juno Feronia, the patroness of enfranchised slaves. The cultus of Liberty by the Latins was probably borrowed by them from the Greeks, who observed annually, at Athens and elsewhere, a celebrated festival called the Eleutheria, from the name, not of an independent divinity, Eleutheria, Freedom, but of Zeus, Jove himself, under the invocation of Eleutherius, the Liberator. The shape of the cap as an emblem of liberty,

on the Greek and Latin and later coins and medals, is not always the same. Sometimes it is the Phrygian cap, as seen on the statues of Paris, son of Priam, with the top or loose part pointed forwards. Sometimes it is exactly egg-shaped, as on the heads of the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux. And sometimes it is a little flattened at the top, and slightly curved out below into a kind of incipient brim. Thus it appears on medals struck in commemoration of the assassination of Cæsar by M. J. Brutus and the other conspirators. This last-mentioned form is the Latin type of the liberty cap. The modern Turkish fez, with the tassel removed, reproduces this cap in some sort. The French képi seems to be the Phrygian cap with the top slantingly sliced off, and a shade for the eyes added.

On several of the early coins and medals struck by historical Roman families to preserve the memory of distinguished members of their respective "houses," Liberty appears unaccompanied by her cap. Her head is given as that of a female of comely, regular features, with a circlet of gems surrounding neatly-arranged hair. She is thus seen, without the cap, on coins or medals commemorative of Quintus Cassius, Lentulus Spinther, Cæpio Brutus, and others. On one of Caius Cassius the head is veiled. That Liberty is intended by these heads is shown by the circumscribed legend LIBERTAS, or LIBERTATIS. On medals of M. J. Brutus, the conspirator Cinna, Roscius, and others, the cap is seen alone, or accompanied by two naked poniards, with the legend EID. MART., meaning the Ides of March, the day of Cæsar's assassination. It is curious to recall what was mentioned just now, that after certain successes by Cæsar in Spain, the Senate decreed a new temple to Liberty, the ambitious designs of the great imperator being as yet probably not apparent. On coins of Nero, the head of Liberty appears with the superscription LIBERTAS. Though this emperor has come down to us with a detestable reputation, his government up to a certain period was, like that of Henry VIII., far from being unpopular. He professed an anxiety to relieve the people from oppressive taxes, and to protect the Provinces from the rapacity of governors. After his death there were persons who, every spring and autumn, for many years decked his tomb with flowers; and in consequence of prevalent rumours that he was really not dead, several impostors at subsequent times assumed the name of Nero, and gave no small trouble to the reigning emperors. Immediately after Nero, on coins of Galba and often subsequently, LIBERTAS is qualified by the addition of the word PUBLICA or RESTITUTA or AUGUSTI; expressions which seem to imply that now a true liberty for the whole community was established; was restored; was guaranteed by the pledged word of a genuinely chosen emperor. Nero was the last of the Julian line, and Tacitus reports that at his death the patricians rejoiced because liberty was thereby regained. So after Commodus, on a medal of Pertinax is read, "The citizens set free;" as though liberty had been recovered by the death of Commodus. On coins or medals of Hadrian, Nerva, Heliogabalus, Gallus, Caracalla, Claudius, Trajan, Vitellius, and several other imperial personages, Liberty appears. On coins and medals struck by the emperors, the seated or standing figure representing Liberty is sometimes accompanied by other than the customary attributes: she wears the pallium; she holds in her hand a cornucopia, a branch of olive, a trumpet, a rod without the cap.

I find no materials for my present purpose from the period of Constantine downwards, for several centuries. Throughout Christendom at least, men bowed their necks to heavy yokes of several kinds. Lords many, temporal and spiritual, domineered over them mercilessly. Liberty, for the mass, having disappeared, its symbols disappeared. Coins and medals continued to show emblematic imagery, executed in barbaric fashion; but there was nothing to indicate the appreciation of mental and bodily freedom by the citizens or constituents of the several nations. Lions, leopards, bears, eagles, wyverns, dragons, spear-heads, swords, croziers, crooks, heavy cross-keys, were the insignia of the passing times, requiring the aid of a new science, that of the herald, to assort and interpret them.

At the era of the Renascence, the word LIBERTY began to be spelt out again from the recovered documents; and probably, here and there, in the free cities of Europe, its symbols began to be seen. But, to the praise of human prudence, even where locally a degree of independence was secured, there seems to have been no hasty desire to

break wholly with the past. The old heraldic shields of arms were for the most part retained, even when social ameliorations began. To this day, nearly all the Cantons of Switzerland bear on their respective flags the mediæval cognisances. One of them, the Pays de Vaud, has inscribed on its banner a motto of modern sound, *Liberté et Patrie.* In like manner, the United Provinces, out of which the Netherlands and Belgium have sprung, did not renounce their several heraldic shields when they conquered their independence from Austria and Spain. The British Islands, too, with all their peoples' irrepressible love and assertion of freedom, from the days of John downwards, have not thought fit to admit into their national escutcheons any of the classic symbols of Liberty.

It was in France, in 1783, that the practice revived of displaying on coins and medals, as authorized emblems, the ancient Latin insignia of Liberty, accompanied at the same time with a fatal divorce from the past of the nation. The excesses perpetrated under the sanction and seal of the revived insignia quickly brought them into bad repute. The feeling begotten far and wide by these enormities was well expressed in the ever-memorable cry of Madame Roland as she passed a statue of Liberty on her way to the guillotine: "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" The people of the British Islands, however, are not averse to the conventional symbols of Liberty in their place and on proper occasions. In the allegorical groups of her sculptors and painters, especially in the reigns of Anne and the Georges, they figure abundantly. It is not improbable that Liberty, with all the orthodox attributes, might be discovered at this moment standing among the Fames, the Bellonas, the scythe-armed Times, and other incongruities which crowd many of the monuments in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. On the copper-plate frontispiece of the *London Magazine* for 1760, Liberty, with the legitimate rod and cap, presents the young king, George III., to Britannia, who is weeping over the urn of George II. In like manner, in a popular picture of nearly the same era, Pitt is seen carrying the cap of Liberty, and treading on Faction, while he is presenting to Britannia Justice and Victory. In British caricature Liberty is constantly introduced, but still seriously, as meaning the true freedom of the nation. Thus in a picture, probably by Gilray, entitled "Britannia Aroused," issued at the time of a famous but unnatural Ministerial coalition, we have Britannia in the character of a Fury, hurling Fox and North, the two chiefs of the coalition, from her, as enemies to Liberty. At her side, resting on her shield, is the rod with the liberty-cap. In another popular picture, produced while the war with the revolted colonies was going on, we see Britannia and a feathered Indian figure bearing a drawn sword, standing together, each engaged in upholding a lofty staff on which the cap of Liberty is placed. The armed Indian figure was to represent what is still incongruously called "America," meaning the United States of North America; and the group betokened the hope of reconciliation between the mother country and her daughter, entertained to the last by large numbers in the British Islands. Sometimes, in the English caricatures, the emblems of Liberty are to be understood in a burlesque sense, to indicate the pseudo patriotism of the demagogue. Hogarth's grotesque Mephistophelian figure of John Wilkes holding the rod and cap of Liberty will be remembered. But we must revert to coins and medals.

In a volume of numismatic illustrations of the life and reign of William the Third, published at Amsterdam in 1692, I observe the cap of Liberty often occurring. For example, on the reverse of a medal bearing the heads of William and Mary, we have the genius of Britain seated, holding in her left hand the horn of plenty, and a rod surmounted by the cap of Liberty; in her right hand are seen a cross and the scales of justice; under her feet are broken fetters, chains, and other symbols of tyranny; behind, and held together by a crown, rise an orange tree and a tree-rose intertwined. Around is the legend (*in Latin*): "Apples of gold grow commingled with the bloom of roses;" and below: "The safety of Britain re-established, 1689;" while further out, near the rim of the medal, is a distich of which the following is the English: "Britain, long oppressed by a yoke sustained from without, now free, breathes again the air of her ancient laws." Again, in another medal in the same work, William is seen holding the cap of Liberty over the head of

Ireland, who kneels before him leaning on her shield; the king at the same time points towards a body of soldiers who are fleeing; below is the legend (in Latin): "After expelling the French and the rebels, he entered Dublin in triumph;" and around the figures are the words, also in Latin: "He saved your altars and homes." The date of this medal is 1690. As a companion to this may be mentioned an Irish medal struck in 1754, showing on the obverse, amidst a group of other figures, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons supporting the cap of Liberty upon the head of Hibernia. The object of the medal was, as its epigraph in Latin shows, to honour "the CXXIV senators who firmly vindicated the rights of their country, Dec. 17, 1753," the reference being to some specially independent action of the Earl of Kildare and others in the preceding year. (The medal is described in the *London Magazine* of the year 1755.) Once more: in the numismatic history of William III., on a medal commemorative of William's accession to the English throne, Liberty is again to be seen, with her proper insignia. As Britannia presents the right hand of welcome to William, behind them stand Religion and Liberty; the former holds a cross and a book; the latter has in her right hand the rod and cap, and in her left a scroll inscribed TEST; round the group is the legend, in Latin: "Delivered by thee, we are no longer slaves." The word "Test" alludes to the advice given by the statesmen of Holland to William, before the deposition of James, not to abolish the Test Act, which James for his own purposes was desirous of doing. Next after this memento of William, and the policy recommended to him by the Netherlandish authorities in regard to the Test, I describe, for the sake of comparison, a fine bronze medal in my own collection, commemorative of the abolition of the same Test in 1828. On that also Liberty and Religion are seen, the former again bearing the rod and cap, and the latter the cross. Britannia presents to Liberty a sealed scroll or charter. Around is the legend, in English: "The abolition of the Sacramental Test, 1828." On the reverse of this medal, surrounded by oak-leaves and acorns, is the inscription, "Truth, Freedom, Peace, Charity;" where, we may observe, the word "Freedom" is preferred to "Liberty." [So that in the medal of 1689 and in that of 1828, we have Liberty, with her rod and cap, exulting over two exactly opposite policies: the policy of religious repression, which, probably, under the circumstances, was wise in 1689; and the policy of religious freedom, which doubtless was wise in 1828. I describe also here another fine English bronze medal from my own collection, showing Liberty with her usual accompaniments. It is one commemorative of the enactment of the Reform Bill of 1832. It is by one of the Wyons. Britannia presents a sealed scroll or charter, inscribed "Reform," to Liberty, who holds the rod and cap, and is already in possession of two sealed scrolls or charters lying at her feet, marked respectively "Bill of Rights" and "Magna Charta." Behind is a massive cube bearing on its front the names "Grey, Brougham, Althorp, Russell," and upholding a medallion of William IV. Although, as I have said, it was at the period of the first French Revolution that the symbols of Liberty began largely to appear, to the exclusion almost of all other insignia on coins and medals in France, the *pileus* or liberty-cap, nevertheless, occasionally crops up in the metallic memorials of earlier times in that country. In Jacques de Bie's *France Metallique*, I observe a medal showing Clodion, the supposed second king of the Franks, placing a cap of Liberty on the head of one kneeling before him, who has, like Clodion himself, flowing hair. This was to commemorate the bestowal of some special enfranchisement on subject chiefs or vassals. Around the group are the words, in Latin: "Let this, like the unshorn locks of the free, be the adornment of thy head." And again, in De Bie is to be seen the reverse of a medal of the time of Henry II. of France, bearing the cap of Liberty, with the poniard on either side, as on the Brutus medals; above is the word LIBERTAS, and below, "The Vindicator of the liberty of Germany, 1552." This medal, strangely enough, was to keep in memory the alliance of Henry II. of France with Maurice of Saxony and other German princes, against the Emperor Charles V., who was supposed to be aiming at the enslavement of Germany by making it an hereditary possession of his family, like Spain. Among the medals struck in France during the reign of Louis XIV., as figured in a volume issued from the Imprimerie Royale in 1702, there is

one which, like this of Henry II., commemorates the armed intervention of France in behalf of the independence of Germany. It bears the legend, LIBERTAS GERMANIÆ; but the customary symbols of Liberty seem to have been eschewed. France treads under foot a yoke, while she holds in her right hand a pair of scales equally balanced, in one of which is seen the crown of the emperor, and in the other those of the electors and princes of Germany. Below is *Pax Monasteriensis, i. e.* the Peace of Munster (1648).

During the first Revolution in France, and up to the time of the first Empire, the head of Liberty appeared on coins and medals wearing the cap of the Phrygian shape. The colour of this cap was no longer to be supposed white, or that of undyed felt, as of old: but blood-red. In the Tricolor flag, however, it is said that the White symbolizes Liberty, while the Red and Blue represent respectively Equality and Justice. The red cap, and the flag wholly red, came at last to be the symbols of the extreme Republicans, the Communists, to whom are due the atrocities which brought the Republican movement into disrepute. During the first Empire, the word "Liberty" and its customary insignia all but disappeared from coins and medals. The favourite emblems are now Eagles and the cypher N., and for the fleurs-de-lis of the Capetians the Napoleonic bees were substituted. In Edwards's *Napoleon Medals*, published in London in 1837, the reverse of one representing the Cross of the Legion of Honour exhibits the word LIBERTAS, encircling an eagle with expanded wings, which holds in one talon a laurel, and in the other a palm-branch. And there is, in the same collection, one struck in Germany, with the word LIBERTAS below a horse going at full speed, on one side, and on the other the head of Napoleon.

To represent the period when Charles X. was dethroned, I produce a bronze medal then struck at Paris, bearing the symbol of Liberty. Its intention was to commemorate sympathy shown in England. The genius of Peace is seen standing on a globe, around are scattered emblems of commerce, industry, and law; the cap of Liberty rests, not on a rod, but on the point of a sword, across which two hands are clasped. Several inscriptions appear on this medal in the English language: "Peace and Liberty," "All mankind are brothers," "The French people to the English Nation, Paris, 27th, 28th, 29th July, 1830." During the short-lived Republic which preceded the emperorship of Napoleon III., the liberty-cap and the watch-words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," reappeared. But under Napoleon they were rigidly suppressed. In Italy also the ancient symbols of Liberty made their appearance in 1848. In my collection are one or two of this period, showing the fasces surmounted by the cap, surrounded by the words *Repubblica Romana.* One of these was cast from the metal of church bells melted down, and its possessor is, I am assured, *ipso facto*, excommunicate.

I describe from specimens before me several medals struck by the Communists in Paris in 1870, bearing on them the insignia of Liberty. One of bronze, struck in September 1870, shows Liberty seated, having in her right hand the rod and cap, while on her extended left hand stands a small winged Victory. It has, as surrounding legends, *Republique Francaise*, and *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.* Another has on its obverse the head of the Republic wearing the cap of Phrygian form, and on the reverse is Liberty seated, wearing the ordinary cap: her left hand holds a sphere, and her right rests on the fasces; a tablet inscribed *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, leans against the cubic block on which she sits. On another, the cap is seen where on French imperial flags an eagle is usually perched, at the top of the staff. On the obverse of the medal is the head of France, or the Republic, as Pomona; while on the reverse Lutetia or Paris is standing, wearing her turreted crown, and resting her right hand on the fasces; the left hand holds the flag, above which the cap appears, and the red colour of the flag is heraldically denoted by vertical lines; around is the inscription, "Le Drapeau de la Commune de Paris, 1871." In several places on this medal are minute representations of the symbolic plumb-level, cap, and clasped hands. On one small medalet, the Republic stands wearing the cap: in her right hand is the Tricolor; her left hand places wreaths on a cippus inscribed "*4 7bre, 1870.*" On another, of the same small size, the Republic stands by a cannon, wearing the cap; in the left hand is the Tricolor; in

the right a drawn sword; the inscription on the obverse is "130 days of siege, 30 days of bombardment;" outside this, "Republique Francaise: 4 7bre, 1870." Finally, one, having on the obverse the head of Léon Gambetta, shows on the reverse, within a wreath, minutely depicted, the cap, the fasces, the clasped hands, the plumb-level, and the words "Gouvernement de la Defense Nationale: Deputation du Bordeaux;" to commemorate the visit of a deputation from Bordeaux. (This is one of a number of popular medalets bearing the heads of generals and civilians distinguished during the siege.)

It has remained for the young Republics of North and South America to adopt nationally the emblems of Liberty, which nationally, in Europe, have been for the most part rejected, as having evil associations connected with them—rejected even in countries where civil and religious liberty is held sacred. But with communities which from various causes had been unhappily led to regard as a tyranny the rule of the nations which in the first instance planted them where they are, the cap of the Latin freedman may be a not inappropriate national cognisance, symbolizing the position which they believe themselves to have secured by breaking away from their respective parent-states. On the coinage of most of the States of North and South America the effigy of Liberty appears, or else the cap of which I have so often had occasion to speak. I shall not enter into any detailed account of the symbolism employed on the South American and Mexican coins. One specimen alone, which chances to be at hand, I describe. It is a silver coin of Peru. It shows a seated Liberty, artistically conceived and finely executed; her right hand rests on a shield which is charged with the sun in its splendour; her left holds the rod and cap; on a fillet winding round a cippus at her side LIBERTAD is inscribed. (This figure of Liberty reminds the observer of the beautiful seated HELVETIA on Swiss coins.)

It is probable that the founders of the North American Republic derived from French art, in the first instance, their ideal of the head of Liberty which was adopted on their early coinage. A grand medal was struck by the French Government to commemorate the share which it claimed to have in the establishment of the independence of the United States of North America. The obverse bears a head of Liberty, the hair thrown back, as if by a powerful opposing gale. On her right shoulder appears the rod and cap, the latter conventionally small, as symbolic figures are sometimes made on the ancient coins; around are the words LIBERTAS AMERICANA, and below is the date, in French, "4 Juil. 1776." On the reverse of this medal is a group intended to show the "aid and comfort" given to the infant Republic by the armies of France. France, or Pallas, is seen holding in her left hand a shield on which are three fleurs-de-lis; opposed to her is a leopard (England), in the act of springing, into whose breast she is about to plunge a barbed javelin. Beneath the shield is an infant strangling with one hand a serpent which he is holding up, whilst he stoops and chokes another, found at his feet. The surrounding legend reads "Non sine dis animosus infans"—an infant full of mettle, not without inspiration from on high. With a happy aptness, which the clever designer of a medal is ever quick to observe, these words are taken from Horace, Od. iv. lib. 3, I. 20. The infant is of course, the young Republic; the two serpents which he is engaged in strangling denote the two armies of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, successively compelled to surrender. The dates of these two disasters are placed below the group on the medal: 17 Oct. 1777.—19 Oct. 1781. It is from the very fine head on the obverse of this French medal that the Liberty on the first silver coinage of the United States appears to have been borrowed. As to the leopard representing England: this was, or came to be, a favourite piece of symbolism with French medalists. The heraldic animals on the British shield of arms, usually styled the "Lions of Normandy," are, strictly speaking, it is said, leopards. In 1804, when Napoleon expected to invade England and to "drive," as he expressed himself, "the leopards into the sea," a medal was struck under his auspices, showing "Hercules holding between his legs the English leopard, which he is preparing to chain." This medal is figured in Edwards's Collection.

The word "Liberty" began to figure on coins circulating on this continent so early as 1766. In that year half-penny tokens were struck in England for the American colonies; they bore on one side the head of Pitt, with

the legend, "The Restorer of Commerce, 1766: No stamps;" and on the other, a ship with "America" below, and "Thanks to the friends of Liberty and Trade," as a legend.

On what is called the Nova Constellatio cent or half-penny in 1783, we have the word LIBERTAS. On this coin the words *Nova Constellatio* surround a large rayed star with an open eye at its centre, and thirteen asterisks at the extremities of the rays: on the other side are the letters "U. S." in a wreath, with LIBERTAS, JUSTITIA, and the date 1783 round the outside of the wreath. (It will be of interest to mention that it was a legend to accompany a representation of this *Nova Constellatio* on another coin, that the now renowned *E pluribus unum* was first used: "out of many stars one constellation is made:" and that the words themselves were borrowed from the title-page of Sylvanus Urban's Gentleman's Magazine, where every year this motto was to be seen over a nosegay of flowers, a device intended to symbolize the contents of the annual volume.) Bearing the date also of 1783, is a cent having on one side a figure of Liberty standing behind a kind of fence consisting of thirteen upright bars. On the other side is a head of Washington laureated: round this is a Latin inscription, which is continued on the reverse, the whole being *Georgius triumpho Voce Populi.* "I, George, triumph by the vote of the people." In 1787 we have on a copper coin or cent, a figure of Liberty seated, with the legend above, "*Indc. et Lib.* 1787:" on the other side is a head of Washington, and the words *Auctori. Connect.*, "by the authority of the State of Connecticut." This is perhaps the first appearance of a Liberty seated, on a United States coin. It is in reality the old Britannia of the English copper coinage of the time of the Georges slightly modified. Instead of the trident, she bears the rod and cap, and her shield rests on what seems to be the upper hemisphere of a terrestrial globe. The old Britannia itself of the English copper coinage, thus transformed into a Liberty, is a reproduction of a Britannia on bronze coins of Antoninus Pius, Claudius, and other Roman emperors. On another cent of the same date, a seated Liberty appears, but in another attitude. She holds the rod and cap in the right hand, while with the left she sustains the scales of Justice, and her head is looking back instead of forward: around are the words *Immunis Columbia*, and the date 1787. This probably is the figure which suggested, at the United States Mint, the seated Liberty with reverted head, which since 1839 has become familiar on United States silver. On two New York cents—one of 1786, the other of 1787—the Britannia-like seated Liberty is seen, one with the epigraph *Virt. et Lib.*, and the other, which holds out the scales instead of an olive-branch, with the inscription *Neo Eboracensis, i. e.* State of New York. A small medal of 1792 shows the rayed star like that which is seen on the Nova Constellatio coin, but with the cap of Liberty at the centre, instead of the open eye: the other side has the head of Washington. The inscription on this piece is "Success to the United States." On a one cent token issued by a commercial house at New York in 1794, Messrs. Talbort, Allum, and Lee, is a very graceful figure of Liberty standing, and holding the rod and cap, with the circumscribed legend, *Liberty and Commerce*, 1794. The first silver United States dollar appeared in 1794. The obverse bears the head of Liberty, with the hair flowing back. This head, as I have said, is evidently after that of the French medal commemorative of 1776. Over the head, not on it, is inscribed the word LIBERTY. Cents of the preceding year bear the same head. On the dollar of 1795, Liberty's hair still flows back, but a riband is supposed to surround it, which appears in the form of a knot at the back of the head. Neither on this coin nor on that of the preceding year is the Liberty cap seen. On the half-eagle of 1795, Liberty wears the cap, but it is of a high hat-like shape, which gives to the goddess the air of a modern lady-rider. On the gold coins of 1846, the head of Liberty has departed altogether from the fine type introduced from France in 1794; she is now a female with commonplace features: on the head is a tiara with the word LIBERTY at full length on the side towards the spectator, suggesting the existence of another word of equal length on the other side of the head. In 1854 the head has assumed an Indian type; it wears a crown of feathers; on the circlet from which they rise is the one-sided inscription just described. On the half-dollar and quarter-dollar of 1846, reappears a seated Liberty, artistically conceived, but still without much apparent significance. The left hand holds the rod and cap; the right falls lightly on the shield at the side of the figure.

LIBERTY is no longer inscribed on the side of the head, but appears on a riband which crosses the shield; the dress is uncinctured: the hair is unconfined, and the head is turned back as if regarding the distance or the past.

On the shields of arms with which the Provinces of the Canadian Dominion have been provided, none of the emblems on which I have been discoursing are emblazoned. The French-speaking portions of our people are familiar, indeed, with caps; with *bonnets*, as they style them. As a matter of fact, a few years since, a stout *pileus* of wool, of the ancient egg-shape pattern, formed a part of the ordinary dress of the *habitan*, found to be especially convenient, when in a driving snow-storm, the capote was to be raised and drawn over the head; and, verbally at least, our compatriots know of the *bonnet rouge* and the *bonnet bleu* as badges of faction; but they do not unitedly take kindly to either of them: the former indicating principles too broad, the latter, principles too narrow, for men who live under a civil constitution derived from England. Other portions of our people, too, are exercised in a somewhat similar way over colours, and train themselves at considerable expense, and their families, to mutual aversions and predilections, on grounds succinctly indicated to the popular eye by yellow and green. But disintegrating symbols, such as are these, have no place on the escutcheon of our Confederation. We see there the Cross of St. George, the Thistle of Scotland, the Lion of England, the Fleur-de-lis of France, perhaps the Leopard of Normandy. We are thus reminded of our common blood-connection with nations beyond the ocean-stream, and are taught not to break with the illustrious past of our ancestors. We see there, also, allegorically set forth, some of the sources of the public wealth. We have on the shield of Nova Scotia, the cod, to denote the fisheries of our many coasts; we have on that of New Brunswick a ship, to denote our interest in navigation and commerce. We see the maple-branch depicted more than once, to indicate the treasures and splendours of our forests. (The pine should, perhaps, also have been somewhere there, to represent the interests of our laborious lumbermen.) The beaver, which is seen there, and which sometimes surmounts the whole shield, was originally introduced among the insignia of Canada on account of the value of that animal's fur, which was long regarded as Canada's chief attraction in the eye of France. (It is seen on Louis XIV.'s fine *Kebeca Liberata* medal, struck to celebrate Sir W. Phipps's repulse in 1690.) But as the years have glided by, the beaver has acquired claims to our regard from a point of view other than that of the trader in peltries. The beaver is not a bad cognisance for a young country which is shaping itself out of the rough; for he is an enterprising pioneer of the wilderness; a clearer and improver of the ground; a clever feller of trees; an ingenious constructor of dams and utiliser of waters; and his aims are all laudably domestic; he is a comfortable, prudent, family animal, and must have a lodge and home of his own: he therefore builds for himself a spacious house and provides it with convenient surroundings; and at frequent intervals he sends from his abode an able-bodied detachment, to go and do elsewhere in the land as he himself has done. The one only decoration of the escutcheon of our neighbours to the south, which I should be inclined to borrow, would be old Sylvanus Urban's *E pluribus unum*, if that would spur us on to work with earnestness on the principle which the words suggest. We have need in our Canadian Dominion, and shall have need for many years, of an amalgam of some kind to bind us together, and make us, of many, to be ONE. As to the cap of Liberty, we want not to see it on our money or surmounting our flags. Having the reality of a reasonable, temperate, guaranteed freedom, we can dispense with all symbols which, "paltering in a double sense," too often

> "Keep the word of promise to our 'eye'
> And break it to our hope."

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY REV W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONT.

HE sat upon a mossy stone
Beside the river's brim,
And wondered why the rapturous scene
No rapture had for him;
The creeping willows lined the banks,
The flowers stood tall and fair,
And o'er his head the poplar leaves
Were beck'ning to the air.

He summoned up his vanished youth
To breathe once more the bliss,
For never had his eyes beheld
A brighter scene than this!
Where was the spirit that of yore
Kindled at such a theme,
And wove poetic fancies
In the texture of his dream?

The river babbled in its glee,
A babe that ne'er grew old;
And the tall nodding August weed
Played with its plumes of gold:—
'Twas not in these—'twas in himself
That fire and fancy slept,—
And there beside Yamaska's wave
The old man sat and wept.

"Come back, come back, my youth!" he cried,
"And live one glowing hour;
And let my heart once more dilate
At Nature's sweetest power!
Come, clothe these banks with greener trees,
Each flower with fairer hue,
And tint the overarching skies
With deeper dyes of blue;

"Give to the song of every bird
The 'added line' of bliss,
And let the world of Fancy teem
Its stores to add to this:
Let Autumn never sweep these fields—
These skies ne'er tempest-crossed—
Nor let this Summer greenery
Be ever kissed by frost!"

Ah! pilgrim to the sunny banks
Of bright Yamaska's stream,
For all the decadence of age
Thou still canst sweetly dream!
'Tis Heaven, not Earth, thou'st pictured so,
For thus it comes to be
That glory from the coming day
Breaks on the day we see.

We leave behind the best of Earth
Adown the darkened past,
And upward with the brightening day
We press to peace at last;
And often find that glory mix
With scenes we earthly deem—
As with the Bard who musing sate
Beside Yamaska's stream.

But come it shall, that sweeter day,
Thy flowers shall fade no more,
And thou shalt list a Summer's song
Upon a brighter shore:—
Thy vanished youth be thine for aye
On hills thou ne'er hast trode,—
The land of light and liberty—
The bosom of thy GOD!

VOICES FROM THE CANADIAN WOODS.

THE WHITE CEDAR.

(*Thuja Occidentalis:* American *Arbor Vitæ.*)

BY MRS. C. P. TRAILL.

Author of "The Backwoods of Canada."

"Than a tree a grander child Earth bears not."

THOSE frequently occurring and often extensive tracts of land called Cedar Swamps form one of the remarkable features of the low-lying lands of the Canadian wilderness: deep tangled thickets, through which the foot of man cannot penetrate without the aid of the axe, or his eye pierce beyond the limits of a few yards, so dense is the mass of vegetation that obstructs his view of the interior. A secure hiding-place for the wild denizens of the forest is the Cedar Swamp. Within its tangled recesses lurk the bear, the racoon, the fox, and when these are absent, the timid doe and her fawn rest secure from the gun of the wary hunter. The wily Indian cannot molest them within these impenetrable solitudes; and here wild birds of such species as do not migrate to warmer latitudes retire during the frosts and snows of the winter season.

It is from the edges of the Cedar Swamp that the first hollow drumming of the partridge is heard in early spring. The rapid hammering sound of the woodpecker greets the ear of the axe-man, or the whispering notes of the little tree creeper, and the pleasant cry of the little chickadees, as they tumble and twirl and flit among the evergreens, chattering to one another as if rejoicing in the return of sunshine and bright skies once more, and the bestirring of the insect tribes that lurk beneath the sheltering bark of the old white cedars.

A mass of fallen trees, deep bedding mosses, rank swamp grasses and sedges, ferns, and low bushes, and seedling evergreens occupy the spongy, porous soil, and conceal the stagnant water that lies fermenting at their roots in those dismal swamps.

Silent as the grave, and damp and lonely as they appear, life, insect life, swarms here. Let us pause for a few minutes to examine that huge trunk that lies athwart its fellows, bleaching in the snows and rains of many seasons. It looks sound, but strike it with your axe, and you find it is a hollow cylinder; beneath the white and grey shreddy bark the woody substance is perforated into countless cells and intricate labyrinthine galleries, the mysteries of which we strive in vain to trace out. The plan to our eyes seems all confusion. Doubtless if we could view the architecture with ants' eyes, we should perceive—

"Disorder, order unperceived by thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see."

These long galleries and cells are the work of a large black ant. These ants are somewhat formidable-looking insects, of a reddish-black colour, about half an inch in length. The male, or winged insect, is the largest; then the female; the workers are of smaller size. There are myriads of these last in that old cedar, and in those prostrate trunks that lean in every direction above it. These black ants are among the most active of our forest scavengers; ever busy, boring, sawing, pounding, and tearing; manufacturing a walled city out of the fragments of those fallen trees: silently and secretly do they carry on their labours, like the sappers and miners of a besieged city.

A troublesome colony of black ants is sometimes introduced into the log-house of the backwoods settler in the foundation logs, which are very frequently made of cedar, being more durable than any of the hardwood timbers. These creatures soon find out the housewives' stores of maple sugar, and molasses, and preserves, and

carry off quantities, to say nothing of what they devour individually; and very difficult it is to dislodge and destroy these depredators. They seem to be omnivorous, nothing eatable coming amiss to them. I have seen them stop their homeward march to devour crumbs, dead flies, and even make a meal off the body of their comrades. I remember being greatly molested by a colony of black ants, when living in a log-house, our first residence in the backwoods. They formed two regular bands, one going, the other coming, to my store closet. I killed them by hundreds, but the black brigands never seemed to diminish, till at last I found out their stronghold, which was a large cedar post to which my garden gate was hung. This was perforated all through by the labours of these insects, and being close to the walls of the house, they made their entry between the logs; boiling water, applied in sufficient quantities, at last ridded the house of the nuisance.

The timber of the white cedar is very light and durable, and is valued above all other for the sills of log buildings, for rafters, and posts and rails. The cedar swamp, which in the early days of the colony was looked upon by the settler as a useless waste of land and a loss, has now become a valuable possession—in many situations a most profitable one. In some places a thousand cedar rails will realize from twenty to thirty dollars, and even more than that sum in parts of the country where rail or fencing timber is scarce; and owing to the improvidence of many of the older class of settlers, this is now a common case. I have known cedar rails cost thirty dollars per thousand; and the buyer had not only to pay this high price, but to cut down and draw home the logs a distance of seven and even ten miles.

When cleared, these cedar swamps make good meadow land; the stumps and roots are easily burned or pulled out; and after a series of years, if well drained, will produce root and grain crops, and good pasturage for cattle.

At one time it was a common practice with farmers, when making fences about the homesteads, to reverse the cedar posts, inserting the upper end in the ground and the butt end uppermost, under the impression that by so doing the wood was preserved from decaying. I think the practice was objectionable, as from the spiral growth of this tree the heaviest end of the post was uppermost, forming a lever, which had the effect of heaving the fence out of the ground when the soil was softened by the action of frost and thawing rains in the spring of the year; besides, the fences so constructed had an unsightly appearance. If the preservation of the wood was the object in view, charring the end of the post before inserting it in the post-holes would have been a far more certain method of ensuring them from decay.

Gray gives the average height of the white cedar as from 20 to 50 feet, but it sometimes exceeds that height. The stem is tall, straight, and tapering upwards almost to a narrow point. Instead of forming a branching or bushy head, the branches curve downward, being wider and more sweeping towards the lower part of the trunk; very often they are re-curved toward the extremities. The leaves are closely appressed, or imbricated, lapping over each other in four rows on the sharply two-edged branchlets, which are flat and horizontally placed. The scales of the cones are soft and blunt; the seeds winged all round; the flowers are of two kinds, borne on different branchlets. The Greek name for the cedar is derived from some resinous tree—possibly from the cypress, to which it bears a near affinity. In its early growth, within the shelter of the forest or by the banks of lakes and creeks, the bark of the young cedar is smooth, and of a dark shining green; but where it grows in open, exposed ground, it is hard, rough, and scaly, and of a greyish colour; the foliage is also of a lighter, more yellowish tint of green than the saplings of the forest. When the tree attains to maturity, the bark splits into long lozenge-like divisions, and peels off in ragged strips. The long sweeping branches become rough and hoary in age, in the crevices of which the grey tree-moss fixes its long pendulous tufts, and, parasite as it is, preys upon the life-giving juice, bringing on the tree poverty and premature decay, and giving to it that venerable aspect that has obtained for it the name of WHITE CEDAR, in conjunction with the whiteness of the wood and outer bark.

When dry, the wood of the white cedar is highly inflammable, burning with great rapidity, and leaving only a residue of fine

white ashes, which is said to be deficient in the fertilizing salts of the deciduous or hard-wood trees.

The gum of the cedar is clear and colourless, and possesses a fine aromatic scent, which is given out after showers and during sunshine. The Indians regard the gum of this tree as possessing very healing and medicinal qualities. They chew it as a pleasant luxury; it excites the flow of saliva, and no doubt is far less injurious to the system than tobacco, or the kinnikinic of which they are so fond. The Indians use the root of the cedar as well as that of the tamerack (or *wah-tap*) in making their birch-bark canoes, and of the inner bark the squaws weave mats and baskets. The bass fibre is soft, pliable, and tough, and is better adapted for the manufacturing of mats than that of the basswood. The thwarts of the birch canoes are also made of split cedar. The tough silvery-grey paper which forms the outer covering of the wasps' nests is chiefly derived from the fibrous portions of the white cedar. While watching these industrious insects tearing off fragments of the silky-thready bark from some old fallen tree, I have thought that a manufacture of paper, or felt, might be produced from this abundant material, for which it seems particularly adapted. The fibre is white, shining, and tough; it can be beaten to any degree of fineness; and, moreover, seems to be of a more enduring substance than hemp or flax, as I have known portions of cedar bark to lie on the ground for a very long time, trodden down by the foot, and exposed to every vicissitude of weather, and yet retain their qualities unchanged. It would not be the first time that man has profited by the example of the lower animals in his manufactures, or borrowed from them materials for his work. Who will try to improve upon the paper made by the despised wasp?

Among its many uses, the cedar has of late years been adopted for garden fences. It is easily obtained; takes root readily; is extremely neat and ornamental when trimmed with the garden shears; is evergreen, and does not intrude upon the borders, as it sends up no shoots from the roots; is close, warm, and sheltering. Whether it would be proof against the weight of cattle pushing through it I cannot say, unless planted within rails or pickets, as is usually done in gardens. The hemlock also makes a very pretty garden fence, and possibly the white spruce, if headed in, might be rendered equally if not more serviceable for enclosures. A very handsome evergreen fence of mixed trees of the above-named species would be very ornamental and more serviceable than the hawthorn, which, in our native species, is hard to cultivate, having a tendency to grow too high and straggling to make a close, compact fence.

On dry soil the White Cedar (or *Arbor Vitæ*) forms pyramid groups growing close and compact from the ground upwards, the horizontal branches being so closely interwoven as to appear like one dense bush, and presenting a fine mass of rich evergreen foliage during the greater part of the year, though the severe frosts of winter change the bright verdant hue to a sickly yellowish tint; but, like the pines, the rising of the sap early in April renews all its bright colour and reclothes it with fresh beauty. The fall of the old leaves takes place in the latter end of summer, soon after the new shoots and fruit have been perfected.

Purth, our oldest Canadian botanist, writing of the American White Cedar (or *Arbor Vitæ*), says: "Its geographical range is from the northern parts of Canada to the mountains of Virginia and Carolina;" but adds, that "in the Southern States it is becoming rare, and is now only found native on the steep rocky banks of mountain torrents."

The White Cedar takes a more northerly range than the Cypress (*Cupressus thyoides*), also called "*White Cedar.*" This latter species prefers a warmer climate, extending southward, whilst our native cedar is seldom found south of the Alleghanies. Thus each species maintains its own especial boundary, retreating by almost imperceptible degrees, and giving place to its advancing rival.

It is not often that the cedar is found growing promiscuously in the forest among hard-wood trees, and rarely, if there, does it attain to any considerable size. When a group of these trees are so found, they indicate the presence of springs; often the head waters or source of forest streams are thus made known to the exploring woodsman and hunter. The Pagan worshippers of ancient times would have deified the moisture-loving cedars, making them the sylvan home of

Naiads who had their haunts by cool stream and shady grot, or by the rushy margin of lonely springs and bubbling founts.

But though the cedar is mostly found growing on the low-lying margins of lakes and rivers, yet it is a singular fact that it is frequently found forming dense masses, in detached groups, on high, dry, gravelly ground, and grassy wastes that have long lain unoccupied save by weeds and poverty-grass. In such unlikely spots these cedar bushes take root, never growing up into tall trees as in the moister lands, yet spreading continually till they effectually cover the ground, and, by excluding the sun and wind, convert, in process of time, the soil into a damp one, no evaporation taking place from the surface through the dense mass of branches that cover the earth even to the very roots of the bushes. The snow that falls in winter, and the rains in autumn and spring, saturate the ground with a superabundance of moisture, which ascends not again in mist or dew. Rank sedges and other moisture-loving herbs, and mosses, and fungi, take the place of a more healthy vegetation. A change is effected, both in the soil and its products, which might lead us to the conclusion that many of our cedar swamps have thus been originated where once a very different order of things existed. Such facts are suggestive of the changes that are continually taking place in the country, and are not without interest to students of causes and effects as regards the physical geography of our land.

A YEAR AGO.

'TIS just about a year, *ma chère*,
Since first you said you loved me so;
And now I scarcely seem to care
Whether your heart has changed or no.

Your eyes, I think, were grey—or blue;
(Those with such orbs must needs be moral!)
Your hair, inclined to brown in hue;
Your mouth, two rows of pearls in coral;

Complexion pale, expression sad;
Nose, though not Greek, yet scarcely Roman;
Your profile, dear, by no means bad;
Hands, soft and white—in short a woman
A man *must* love; at least I know
I lov'd you well, a year ago.

But hearts must change like other things;
The warmest love can't live for ever,
Although the constant Laureate sings
That love is love for aye and ever.

My sky is not less clear a blue,
Though time, with his relentless sickle,
Has cut our Gordian knot in two—
Has made *you* false, and proved *me* fickle.

HAMILTON. NEMO.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.*

BY FIDELIS.

O Life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

IF any one thing is more characteristic of this age than another, it is the restless mental activity which questions all things formerly received; a general "shaking" and revising of opinions, which, however much temporary pain and disorganization it may produce, must at least end in the result "that the things which cannot be shaken should remain." Could we imagine the present conflict of opinion to be witnessed afar by some spiritual spectator able to see mental as we see physical phenomena, we might conceive it as appearing somewhat like one of those temporarily destructive, yet permanently beneficial periods of storm which, while they cause much suffering and break up much that is venerable, do yet eventually purify the atmosphere and disperse much dead, inert, or injurious matter.

Of all the conflicts now being waged between the traditions of the past and the convictions of the present, none certainly is more intensely interesting to every thoughtful mind, whatever may be its predilections, than that between the claims of science and those of faith, or rather, between differing human conceptions of these claims; for if, as we firmly believe, these are but phases of the same eternal Truth, there *can* be no real conflict between them. But, as was natural, man's faith has at all times been coloured by his theology, and this in its turn has been coloured by the extent and correctness of his beliefs as to other truth; so that when these beliefs have been discovered to be incorrect to any great extent, the faith which has in a measure been bound up with different conceptions of general truth, becomes almost inevitably unsettled, until it accommodates itself to the altered state of things. We say *almost* inevitably,—for there is a faith so strong, from constant realization, that it *cannot* be shaken by any alteration of its mental conceptions, while at the same time it is quite ready, with all intellectual humility, to admit any extent of theoretical correction as to what may have been misconceived. This strong and candid faith is, however, unhappily too rare, and its rarity is probably the main cause of the bitterness both of theologians and of scientific men—the first determined, and with reason, not to give up their faith for science, and the latter as determined to give no consideration to a faith which, to their minds, is so much identified with the refusal to acknowledge scientific truth. Yet there is a feeling now strongly growing on both sides that both have been too hasty and intolerant; that it might be better for each party to seek better to appreciate the position of the other, and to see whether the differences are not ultimately reconcilable. Scientific men frequently betray an uneasy feeling that the faith which they have too lightly rejected, may, when purified from erroneous human conceptions, be fully reconcilable with the highest degree of knowledge of the mysteries of the Universe. What is it that gives, for instance, such a fascination and importance to Professor Tyndall's discoveries and speculations in Molecular Physics—that inspires what otherwise would be comparatively dry facts with pregnant and vital interest, and that makes an undercurrent of poetry and pathos glow through his statements of scientific truth, like the rosy fire through the seemingly colourless opal,—but the irresistibly pressing consciousness, latent though it may be,—that under all this grand, orderly, stately march of natural forces, there lies, not dead fact, but the knowledge of the mind and will of Him who *is* "THE TRUTH?" On the other hand, Christian philosophers

* [The present paper was in our hands before the publication of the article by Mr. Goldwin Smith, on "The Immortality of the Soul," which appeared in our last number, and is consequently an independent contribution.—ED. C. M.]

are showing themselves not less ready candidly to receive and consider *truth*, of whatever nature, and are using the very discoveries of science herself to meet and neutralize the objections which her votaries have rashly opposed to the reception of revealed religion.

The issue which has, for some time past, provoked the keenest conflict between, not Christians alone, but most theists, and a certain school of materialistic philosophers, is the one which is of the most momentous importance to us as intelligent existences—that of immortality, or a future life. Recent psychological and physiological researches have so strongly tended to show the intimate connection of mental phenomena, as we know them, with the action of the nerves and molecular movements in the brain, that certain materialists, such as Clifford and Büchner, carrying scientific reasoning to an unjustifiable extreme, refuse to admit the possible existence of consciousness under any other conditions than those which they have found necessary to mental life *as they know it*. As the inevitable consequence, they deny the continued existence of the soul or consciousness of man after the destruction or disorganization of the material structure which is its close associate, and, in their view, its producer. In other words, they deny any immortality or future life to man. That this is the conclusion arrived at by those who refuse to accept any light save that of an empirical science, need not surprise us when we find Christian Ministers and Doctors of Divinity denying the inalienable or unconditional immortality of man, apart from the spiritual life which he is to receive from Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life."

The most notable of the arguments which have lately appeared to vindicate the reasonableness of our belief in immortality are contained in a book that has excited much attention among both scientific and unscientific readers—"The Unseen Universe," generally ascribed to the joint authorship of Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart. It is more thoroughly "A Physical Theory of Another Life" than was Isaac Taylor's celebrated treatise of that name. Apparently concluding that arguments from a more spiritual point of view would be thrown away on scientific materialists, the authors meet them on their own ground, and by an ingenious and at least possible hypothesis, provide a fresh material basis for consciousness to endure when the one of which we are now cognizant, and indeed the whole visible universe, shall no longer exist. What ever may be thought of the hypothesis by those who believe at least as much in the existence of an immaterial something we call *mind* as in that of a material something we call *matter*, it is unquestionably a bold attempt to meet Sadducean materialists with their own weapons.

The object of the authors is, as announced in the preface, "to endeavour to show that the presumed incompatibility of Science and Religion does not exist" in regard to this important question. After regretfully admitting the recent increase in the numbers of those who either doubt or disbelieve in immortality, they state it as their aim "to show that the conclusion at which these men have arrived is not only not justified by what we know of the physical universe, but that, on the other hand, there are many lines of thought which point very strongly towards an opposite conclusion."

The first portion of the book is occupied by an interesting sketch of the various beliefs held by man regarding immortality, as afforded by the mythologies of the world, ending with an outline of the curious speculations of Swedenborg. The authors then proceed to their main argument, which is, "to show that immortality is strictly in accordance with the principle of continuity (rightly viewed)—that principle which has been the guide of all modern scientific advance;" and they maintain that, even from the materialist point of view, their "scheme will be found to give a more complete and continuous explanation of the visible order of things than one which proceeds upon the assumption that there is nothing else." In this respect they compare it with the atomic theory and the other hypotheses which, without any direct sensory evidence, have been adopted as "affording the best explanations of the phenomena of the visible universe."

The "Principle of Continuity," on which the argument is based, is more familiar to most readers under the names of the "Uniformity of Nature,"—our trust in the constancy of its processes,—or the "Persistence of Force." Our authors define it strikingly as the "expression in words of a trust that the Supreme Governor of the

Universe will not put us to permanent intellectual confusion," and it is expressed by a very ancient writer in the words: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun."* It is the same principle—a blending of experience and faith—which leads us to expect that the shades of night will be dispersed by to-morrow's sunrise, and that winter will give place to spring, and which, transferred to the domain of science, enables astronomers to calculate the times of eclipses centuries distant, and to decipher, from the processes now going on in the solar system, its past and future history for millions of years. Indeed, as a result of the principle that the forces now acting in the physical universe will go on acting in the future with the uniformity of which we know in the past, our authors maintain the certainty of an eventual extinction of life and energy in the "visible universe," and the possible disappearance of its inert masses from the visible condition. The foundation of this conclusion is, of course, the now universally admitted "Nebular hypothesis," which, as an American scientific writer says, is "the first great cosmological speculation which has been raised quite above the plane of guesswork, by making no other assumption than that of the uniformity of nature."

When, more than a generation ago, Taylor wrote his interesting speculations on the "Physical Theory of Another Life," he placed the imaginary abode of those who had put on the glorious vesture of the immortal body, in the sun itself. Science has made great strides since then, and we know now that our great luminary, with its incandescent but slowly cooling surface, could never be a permanent abiding place for an immortal existence. The nebular hypothesis informs us that our solar system was once a gaseous rotating nebula of inconceivable magnitude, which, contracting as it solidified, in accordance with laws that can be traced almost with certainty, gradually separated itself into the various members of our system as they now exist, with all their satellites and rings, the central sun still continuing to contract, and in so doing to generate heat. Yet, enormous as is the temperature of the sun, it is gradually cooling by radiation, and losing power to generate heat as it decreases in size. And though numberless ages must pass away before it will suffer any appreciable diminution of its present life-giving power, it must eventually become a dark and solid mass like its attendant planets, and life in the solar system be utterly extinct. This catastrophe, however, will be retarded by what we might almost call a scientific incarnation of the old Greek myth of Saturn devouring his children. We give it in the forcible words of our authors: "Besides the cooling of the sun, we must also suppose that, owing to something analogous to ethereal friction, the earth and the other planets of our system will be drawn spirally nearer and nearer to the sun, and will at length be engulfed in its mass. In each such case there will be, as the result of the collision, the conversion of visible energy into heat, and a partial and temporary restoration of the power of the sun. At length, however, this process will have come to an end, and he will be extinguished, until, after long but not immeasurable ages, by means of the same ethereal friction, his black mass is brought into contact with that of his nearest neighbour." The end is not yet, however. Although, so far as the solar system is concerned, all possibilities of physical life, heat, or motion, depending as they do entirely on the transformability of energy, will be at an end when its matter is all condensed into one aggregate mass of a uniform temperature, alike destitute of potential and of kinetic (or acting) energy, there are still sources from which a fresh supply of energy may be temporarily produced. In the words of our authors: "The fall together, from the distance of Sirius, let us say of the sun and an equal star, would at once supply the sun with at least thirty times as much energy for future radiation to possible planets, as could possibly have been acquired by his own materials in falling together from practically infinite diffusion, as a cloud of stones or dust, or a nebula; so that it is certain that if the present physical laws remain long enough in operation, there will be (at immense intervals of time) mighty catastrophes, due to

* Since this was written, the writer has seen a passage in an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, on the same subject, in which this quotation and one or two illustrations are similarly used. The coincidence is purely accidental, however, as the present writer had not met with the article in *Fraser* until this paper had been completed.

the crashing together of defunct suns—the smashing of the greater part of each into nebulous dust surrounding the remainder, which will form an intensely heated nucleus —then, possibly, the formation of a new and larger set of planets, with a proportionately larger and hotter sun—a solar system on a far grander scale than the present. And so on, growing in grandeur, but diminishing in number, till the exhaustion of energy is complete, and after that, eternal rest, so far at least as visible motion is concerned."*

From such conclusions as to the future, certain other conclusions follow as to the far remote past. It has been conjectured as probable that the nebula from which our own solar system has been formed was produced by a previous collision of two great sidereal bodies, the violent crashing together of which, generating heat faster than it could be dispersed by radiation, converted it into motion of expansion, and so generated a nebula of magnificent dimensions from which our solar system was gradually formed as already described. And as all matter appears to be in a condition of gradual coalescence, so not only our solar system, but all the conceivable material universe, must once, so far as we can judge from known laws of nature, have been in an almost infinitely rarefied condition. As the authors of "The Unseen Universe" say: "Our modern knowledge enables us to look back with almost certitude to the time when there was nothing but gravitating matter and its potential energy through the expanse of space, ready, as slight local differences of distribution predisposed it, to break up into portions, each converging to one or more nuclei of its own, and thus forming in time separate solar or stellar systems. We have thus reached the beginning as well as the end of the present visible universe, and have come to the conclusion that it began in time, and will in time come to an end. Immortality is therefore impossible in such a universe."

Our authors, however, do not leave us to the contemplation of so dismal a spectacle as this dead, dark, frozen corpse of a material universe, destitute of all energy, life, or movement, actual or potential. By a most ingenious hypothesis they dispose of this huge wreck, standing like a burnt-out volcano—a reminder of activities which shall be no more. The hypothesis by which they transfer the lifeless relics of the "visible universe" back to the region of the invisible, is founded upon the curious and profound speculations of Helmholtz and Clifford as to the ultimate composition of what we call "matter," and the hypothesis called the "vortex-atom" theory. What this thing is which we call "matter," which appears under such an infinite variety of aspects, has long been a puzzle to physicists. It is believed that the smallest divisible portions of any particular kind of matter, which we call molecules, ultimately consist of indivisible and indestructible atoms. But, atoms of what? What is this universal homogeneous substratum underlying so many different forms and textures? In Sir William Thomson's hypothesis, matter as well as heat is simply motion, and the atom is nothing but a ring of vortex-motion existing in a perfect fluid. "Vortex-motion" might be defined as the motion of a ring of liquid, every portion of which ring is in a state of rotary motion round its own axis. Professor Clifford illustrates it by describing a ring of india-rubber receiving a rotatory motion from having the stick on which it was stretched pulled through it while it was kept in its place on the stick. Another illustration is the smoke-ring that comes from a smoker's lips. In Professor Clifford's words, "The outside of the ring is kept back by the friction of his lips, while the inside is going forwards; thus a rotation is set up all round the smoke-ring as it travels out into the air. Helmholtz found by a wonderfully beautiful calculation that in a perfect liquid, where there is no friction, it is impossible for vortex-motion to be generated or destroyed; in any part of the liquid where there is no vortex-motion, no mechanical action can possibly start it; but where it once exists, there it is for ever, and no mechanical action can possibly stop it. A vortex-ring may move from place to place, but it carries with it the liquid of which it is composed, never leaving any particle behind, and never taking up any particle from the surrounding liquid. If we tried to cut it through with a knife, it would thin out like a stream of

* Such a prediction irresistibly suggests the wonderful words of the Hebrew poet, long ages before any of these physical speculations were thought of: "Yea, all of them [the heavens] shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed."

treacle, and the thinner it got the faster it would go round; so that if we multiplied together the number of revolutions in a second, and the number of square millimetres in the cross-section of the vortex-ring, we should always get the same product, not only in all parts of the ring, but through all time. . . . . Thus far Helmholtz, examining into the consequences of supposing that a fiction, serving to represent the actual properties of liquids at rest, holds good also in the case of motion. Here steps in Sir William Thomson with a brilliant conjecture. The ultimate atom of matter is required to be indestructible, to have a definite mass and definite rates of vibration. A vortex-ring in a perfect liquid is indestructible, has a definite mass and definite rates of vibration. Why should not the atom be a vortex-ring in a perfect liquid? If the whole of space were filled with an incompressible frictionless liquid in which vortex-rings once existed, at least some of the known phenomena of matter would be produced. Why should it not be possible in this way to explain them all?" Clifford himself, however, suggests the theory that, since it is probable that an electric current exists wherever an atom is found, an atom may be an electric current.

The authors of "The Unseen Universe" object to the supposition that atoms are vortex-rings generated out of a perfect fluid filling all space, on the ground that the origination of an atom out of a perfect fluid must have involved a breach of continuity; in other words, a direct act of creation, not of development. To meet this *scientific* objection, they suggest that the universal fluid out of which the atom has been developed is an imperfect one and not absolutely frictionless. The consequence, however, of even an infinitesimal amount of friction would be that the vortex-motion would not go on for ever; in other words, that the material atom itself is not indestructible, but may have been evolved by a natural process out of the unseen, and may eventually so return again into the invisible. "In fine," say these authors, "if we suppose the material universe to be composed of a series of vortex-rings developed from an invisible universe which is not a perfect fluid, it will be ephemeral, just as the smoke-ring which we develop from air, or that which we develop from water, is ephemeral, the only difference being in duration, these lasting only for a few seconds, and the others it may be for billions of years. Thus we come to the conclusion that the available energy of the visible universe will ultimately be appropriated by the invisible; and we may now perhaps inquire, at least as a possibility, whether the separate existence of the visible universe will share the same fate, so that we shall have no huge, useless, inert mass existing in after ages, to remind the passer-by of a form of energy and a species of matter that is long since out of date and functionally effete. Why should not the universe bury its dead out of sight?"

A beautiful poem by J. T. Trowbridge, in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has evidently been inspired by such speculations, thus powerfully refers to this tremendous process of dissolution:—

"And I pondered—'Change is written
Over all the blue, star-litten
Universe;—the moon on high there, once a palpitating sphere,
Now is seamed with ghastly scissures,
Chilled and shrunken, cloven with fissures,
Sepulchres of frozen oceans and a perished atmosphere.

"Doubtless, 'mid yon burning clusters
Ancient suns have paled their lustres,
Worlds are lost with all their wonders, glorious forms of life and thought,
Arts and altars, lore of sages,
Monuments of mighty ages,
All that joyous nature lavished, all that toil and genius wrought.

"So this dear, warm earth, and yonder
Sister worlds that with her wander
Round the parent light, shall perish; on through darkening cycles run,
Whirling through their vast ellipses
Evermore in cold eclipses,
Orphaned planets roaming blindly round a cold and darkened sun!

"This bright haze and exhalation,
Starry cloud we call creation,
Glittering mist of orbs and systems, shall like mist dissolve and fall,
Seek the sea whence all ascendeth,
Meet the ocean where all endeth:
Thou alone art everlasting, O thou inmost soul of all!"

This return of the visible universe into the invisible is the substratum of the special theory of future existence advanced by the authors, in order to meet the materialistic objection that consciousness cannot be supposed to survive the disorganization of the

material frame with which, in our experience, it is always associated. Their theory is that the invisible universe is united by bonds of energy to the visible one, and that the energy which goes out from the visible body during the present life, is preparing an invisible body to be the home and vehicle of consciousness when the present house of our tabernacle is dissolved. In the early part of the book the authors lay down two general conditions of organized life, as follows: "There must, in the first place, be an organ connecting the individual with the past (in other words, a material reservoir of past impressions); and, in the next place, there must be such a frame and such a universe that he has the power of varied action in the present." These conditions they propose to meet by a new use of the principle of the conservation of energy.

There is no more curious problem to natural philosophers than the question—what becomes of all the energy that is continually being lost, to all appearance, from the visible universe? So long as energy remains within the bounds of the visible or material, it seems to be incapable of destruction or diminution. Not only will a pebble thrown into a lake affect every particle of the water which it contains, but it has been ingeniously shown that "if we had power to follow and detect the minutest effects of any disturbance, each particle of existing matter must be a register of all that has happened. The track of every canoe, of every vessel that has yet disturbed the surface of the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power, remains for ever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place. What, then, becomes of all the energy that is constantly going out from the solar system, not only directly from the sun, but in the course of all ordinary action of all natural forces?" For, as our authors say, "if the only real things in the physical universe are matter and energy, and of these matter is simply passive, it is obvious that all the physical changes which take place, including those which are inseparably associated with the thoughts as well as the actions of living beings, are merely transformations of energy." And "if there be any one form of energy less readily or completely transformable than the others, and if transformations constantly go on, more and more of the energy of the universe will inevitably sink into this lower grade as time advances. Hence the whole possibility of transformation must steadily grow less and less; in scientific language, though the *quantity* of energy remains for ever unchanged, its *availability* steadily decreases." This decrease of transformability, or of *active power* of energy, is constantly being effected through the agency of radiant heat. For "at each transformation of heat-energy into work, a large portion is degraded, while only a small portion is transformed into work. So that while it is very easy to change all of our mechanical or useful energy into heat, it is only possible to transform a portion of this heat-energy back again into work. After each change, too, the heat becomes more and more dissipated or degraded, and less and less available for any future transformation. In other words, the tendency of heat is towards equalization; heat is *par excellence* the communist of our universe, and it will, no doubt, ultimately bring the system to an end. So far as we yet know, the final state of the present universe must be an aggregation (into one mass) of all the matter it contains, *i. e.*, the potential energy gone, and a practically useless state of kinetic energy, *i. e.* uniform temperature throughout that mass." Considering, then, that not only every fire we light, but every expenditure of energy, nay, every breath we draw, is helping to bring about this dismal cessation of life, work, and activity from the material universe, we might well feel like the prisoner shut up in an air-tight cell, who knows that every respiration is helping to exhaust his little stock of possible life, or like him who saw the chamber in which he was imprisoned contracting day by day—were it not that the sum of all the energy we can expend in our short span of life is practically as nothing in proportion to the inconceivable quantity contained in the universe.

And, moreover, the energy which is available for work in our system is as nothing compared with the quantity which our sun is sending out, moment by moment, into what we think of as "empty space." When we consider the proportion of the earth's diameter to the extent of its orbit—8,000 miles to nearly 600,000,000—and the fact that the heat radiated from the sun extends not only to every point of that circular or-

bit, but also in every direction *spherically* from every point of the sun's immense circumference, we can comprehend how small a proportion of it is intercepted by our little terrestrial ball. Indeed it has been calculated by Professor Tyndall that our proportion of solar heat and light is less than a two-billionth part of what appears to be as much wasted in apparently empty space as is a shower falling on the ocean; for all that is intercepted and utilized by other planets forms a most insignificant item compared with the sum of the whole. And when we reflect what a wonderful mass of life and energy is sustained by this small fraction of its light and heat, we can faintly conceive how immense is the quantity of power which appears to be thus wasted. As the authors of "The Unseen Universe" observe, "we are at first sight forcibly struck with the apparently wasteful character of the arrangements of the visible universe. All but a very small portion of the sun's heat goes day by day into what we call empty space, and it is only this very small remainder that is made use of by the various planets for purposes of their own. Can anything be more perplexing than this seemingly frightful expenditure of the very life and essence of the system? That this vast store of high-class energy should be doing nothing but travelling outwards in space at the rate of 188,000 miles per second is hardly conceivable, especially when the result of it is the inevitable destruction of the visible universe."

But here it cannot but occur to us that, since we really *know* nothing at all as to the fate of this seemingly lost energy, we cannot tell but that it may be utilized for adequate purposes, after it has left our ken and power to follow it. We know nothing as to the nature of that "beyond" which we call "empty space." The undulatory theory of light and the phenomena of electricity and magnetism compel us to believe in the luminiferous ether which must at all events extend beyond the remotest light-giving star, and may indeed, for aught we know, fill infinite space, as it is believed to interpenetrate every particle of the hardest and most solid bodies. Now, as Mr. Fiske justly remarks in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "whether there are any bounds at all to this ethereal ocean, or whether it is as infinite as space itself, we cannot surmise. If it be limited, the possible dispersion of radiant energy is limited by its extent. Heat and light cannot travel through emptiness. If the ether is bounded by surrounding emptiness, then a ray of heat, on arriving at this limiting emptiness, would be reflected back as surely as a ball is sent back when thrown against a solid wa. * * * The radiance thrown away by the sun is indeed lost, so far as the future of our system is concerned, but not a single unit of it is lost from the universe. Sooner or later, reflected back in all directions, it must do work in one quarter or another, *so that ultimate stagnation becomes impossible.*" This is a more cheerful view than that of the sinking of all energy into a dead level of utter quiescence, and it seems reasonable and in accordance with our limited experience. It would have appeared as if the solar energy which was expended in the building up of the immense mass of vegetation which became our coal formation, had been lost as energy for ever. And now, all over the globe, this same energy, once more set free, is operating as a source of work and motion, only second to the sun itself. Supposing that the whole visible universe, with its countless wonderful forms of organization and life, were to disappear absolutely into the invisible, can we not imagine infinite reservoirs of energy ready to restore it once more into still more wonderful and perfect forms of material life? Or—which is much the same thing to those who hold all matter or force to be simply the revelation to our senses of the will and the thoughts of the Eternal Source of all life and energy—why may we not suppose this seemingly lost energy to return to its Source, to be used at His will in ever new and varying combinations of what it has pleased Him to make the visible universe?

Why may we not imagine it possible that as the material universe seems to be founded on the principle of cycles, the annually recurring phenomena of the seasons may not be a miniature type of similar phenomena on a scale as much grander as the æons of planetary evolution, maturity, and dissolution exceed in extent our brief solar year? May we not imagine that, somewhat akin to the feeling with which the lover of nature watches the fresh budding life, the ever new and wonderful miracle of the spring,—only infinitely more ecstatic and elevated,—might be the delight and interest with which intelligent beings like ourselves, who have put on the

garment of immortality, may be privileged to watch the dawning life of new solar systems —their preparation for rational inhabitants, the gradual progress of these in adaptation for a higher state of being, and the final autumnal decay of their temporary habitation? And may we not suppose that regret for the extinction of these worlds, with all that was wonderful and beautiful in their organization, might be counteracted—just as is our regret when the rich verdure of the forest is dispersed by autumnal winds, and the glowing blaze of colour of September flower-beds is turned into blackness and decay by a night's frost—by the assurance that the seeming destruction we lament is only preparing the way for a fresher life, when spring shall come again? And as we might suppose the same phenomena going on simultaneously in different stages through a limitless universe — as indeed science teaches that they are *now* going on in the visible heavens —we may easily conceive that this grand sort of spring might be perennial—that in *some* portion of the universe there would at all times be room for the delight in a new and fresh creation, described in the most sublime of all poems—"when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." We may believe that they who would then be "heirs of all the ages" in a sense we cannot even conceive now, might, far from existing inactive amid absolutely changeless beatitude,— which seems to be the popular idea of heaven,—be ever finding from æon to æon new lessons to learn, new fields of knowledge to explore new cause to adore, in inexpressible veneration, "the wondrous works of Him who is perfect in knowledge."

These are, of course, only speculations, but they seem to be legitimate speculations, in accordance with the principle of continuity, and with our strong instinctive feeling that He who has called into existence so many and so beautiful forms of organized life, or the visible universe, is more likely to continue to evoke ever-varying beauty in that outward garment by which He reveals Himself to our physical senses, than to annihilate altogether this magnificent embodiment of His thought. As the forms of life even in our own planet seem almost infinite, may we not believe that an eternity would unfold to us ever new combinations, to excite our wonder and admiration? And as higher intelligences than ourselves may, in this our narrow and bounded life, be ministering spirits to those who often sorely need ministration, so *our* interest in the formation and the life of new worlds may not be wholly a spectacular one; but it may even be the divine privilege of a higher state of being to have a never-ending mission of love to discharge to the younger brothers and sisters of the universal family.

Even Professor Clifford, in his "First and Last Catastrophe," admits that we cannot calculate back for ever the past history of the universe—that we *must* come to a point where all known laws of evolution fail—when, consequently, so far as our present knowledge goes, we come to what we must regard as an act of origination—what we should call a creative act; what *he* calls the "first catastrophe." Consequently, even he appears to admit that the "last catastrophe" by no means precludes the repetition of the originating act called the "first catastrophe." But a repetition of such "catastrophes" would be just the recurrence of evolution and dissolution, spring and autumn, on the grand scale we have suggested; and this as no "senseless bubble-play of Titan forces," but as the noble plan of an intelligent Designer, ever working out higher and higher types of life.

But we return to the argument of the authors of "The Unseen Universe," that the energy constantly going out from the visible universe into the invisible ether may afford a means of "investiture of present resources in order to keep a hold upon the past," and provide that material organ of memory which their hypothesis declares necessary to any conception of future intelligent existence. For if "each particle of existing matter must be a register of all that has happened," and as "every thought that we think is accompanied by a displacement and motion of the particles of the brain, then somehow—in all probability by means of the medium—we may imagine that these motions are propagated throughout the universe." A sweet poetess once sang regretfully that

> "Earth and air no record keep
> Of parted strains."

But we know now that a record—of a kind —*is* kept of every occurrence, great and small. The author of a little *brochure* en-

titled "The Stars and The Earth," published about thirty years ago, suggested that, as a consequence of the vibration of light, "the pictures of every occurrence propagate themselves into the distant ether upon the wings of the ray of light," and that, in consequence of the definite motion of the luminous undulations, these records are spreading themselves out further and further into the universe, presenting, at different points of view, a complete history of all that has ever been visible in it. Thus, as he says, "the pictures of all secret deeds which have ever been transacted remain indissolubly and indelibly for ever, reaching from one sun beyond another." This idea has been expanded by modern researches in the domain of molecular physics, till it embraces not merely the optically visible, but all molecular changes whatsoever, including those which take place in the brain itself. According to Mr. Babbage, as quoted in "The Unseen Universe," "the air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand for ever recorded, vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle the testimony of man's changeful will." Thus, while, on the one hand, we should have a glorious universal picture gallery, with every noble deed, however humble, registered in an indestructible medium to all eternity; on the other hand, what could so fully realize the penalty of "shame and everlasting contempt,"—what could offer so awful a pillory,—as the idea that every wicked deed, word, or thought was similarly indelibly registered for all succeeding ages?

On the basis of this theory, which has its foundation in actual fact, the authors of "The Unseen Universe" found their hypothesis that as the invisible ether must receive all the energy which goes out from the visible universe, so the action of our consciousness, being associated with molecular displacements in the brain, is building up for us a second invisible organ of consciousness and memory to which our vital energy may be transferred when it leaves our present physical frame. Their conclusion is, that "*thought, conceived to affect the matter of another universe simultaneously with this, may explain a future state.*" As the molecular displacements in the brain are supposed to be "in some way stored up in that organ, so as to produce what may be termed our material and physical memory," so others may be "communicated to the spiritual or invisible body, forming a memory which may be made use of when that body is free to exercise its functions." Thus do our authors offer a "physical theory of another life," and meet the scientific objection to immortality which they feel "logically constrained to admit," namely, the necessity for supposing "the existence of some frame or organ not of this earth which survives dissolution—if we regard the principle of continuity and the doctrine of immortality as both true." If this be true, it follows that at every moment, by every act, movement, word, and look, every human creature is moulding the constitution of that unseen body to which his consciousness is to be transferred at death, and in which he is to appear *as he is*, without possibility of disguise, before the superior intelligences who take cognizance of the invisible universe. The forcible language in which our authors suggest how foul a thing that may be which thus goes forth from the protecting veil of the present body, and stands in naked deformity as "a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men," recalls the solemn words: "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." To the reckless sensualist, who lives only for self-gratification in forms grosser or more refined, and to him who sacrifices his convictions of truth and right to a present success, such a thought might have its awful warning; while they who, in solitude and silence, unknown and unappreciated on earth, are, "by patient continuance in well-doing," "pressing towards the mark" set before them, may find a fresh stimulus to "work out their own salvation with fear and trembling."

The authors of "The Unseen Universe" leave it somewhat uncertain whether they regard the invisible counterpart of our present body as its permanent immortal garment, or merely as the temporary conserver of our consciousness, until we shall be clothed with the resurrection body—the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." From their references to the resurrection of Christ, and to Scriptural statements, it would

appear that the latter was contemplated, though not distinctly stated. Indeed there can be no difficulty in supposing that the nucleus of consciousness abiding in an invisible tabernacle, might at any time be endowed with a body fitted for its new relations with matter, or even with the power of "evolving" from the invisible ether a body as gloriously gifted with all physical and mental capabilities as the imagination of Taylor himself conceived. But such theories did not come within the province of our authors, who were concerned only with the capabilities of the unseen universe to provide what they and others conceive to be a necessary link between our conscious existence and its past. Thus, in the words of the poem before quoted—

> "Veiled in manifold illusion,
> Seeming discord and confusion,
> Life's harmonious scheme is builded: earth is but the outer stair,
> Is but scaffold, beam, and stanchion
> In the rearing of the mansion.
> Dust enfolds a finer substance, and the air, diviner air."

The suggestions contained in "The Unseen Universe" as to the possible agency of invisible higher intelligences in directing some of the less calculable forces of our universe, and those concerning the tripartite mystery of Being, Energy, and Life with the differing relations of the Christian Trinity to the visible universe, are interesting and suggestive, but they do not belong to the main argument with which we are specially concerned. The argument as to the connection of the unseen universe with the visible one affording an explanation of miracles without a breach of continuity, is also interesting, but is hardly likely to influence materialists.

The guess at truth which is contained in the volume is certainly a bold one, and the speculations—though but speculations—afford much material for profitable reflection. But the hypothesis as to the mode of future existence will to most seem only an ingenious conjecture; and by what we might almost call a law of contrariety, the most ingenious conjectures in matters which entirely transcend experience and comprehension are most generally at fault. As our authors say, we perpetually find ourselves, as finite intelligences, attempting infinite problems, and the wonder would be did we succeed in our attempts. Our spiritual existence, when we come to experience it, will probably appear simpler and more natural than even this interesting theory. There is no reason why the supposition might not be true, and on the other hand there is none why it should. It may be that the ether preserves an impression of every molecular displacement caused by each thought and act of an intelligent being, but this is by no means equivalent to saying that it is so organized that, like a sensitized photographic plate, it preserves a complete invisible counterpart of the individual in all his individuality, ready to be endued with his consciousness at death. Of course, the supposition was made to meet materialistic objections to the continuance of existence after the disorganization of the material brain. But Professor Clifford, at least, is calmly contemptuous over the whole hypothesis, and points out that though the impression of every brain movement may be preserved intact, there is no ground from this to conclude the preservation also of that complex stream of feeling which we call consciousness. To use his own simile, a river may carry to the sea every drop of water intact, and yet *as a river* it exists no longer.

We cannot but agree with Mr. John Fiske, therefore, that "the essential weakness of such a theory as this lies in the fact, that *it is thoroughly materialistic in character.*" This "spiritual body," constructed out of ether, is just as really *material* as the apparently grosser bodies which we inhabit now. An invisible gas is as truly matter as a block of granite, and the subtlest ether conceivable is matter still. The unseen universe, then, of our authors, is, though invisible, as much a part of the *material* universe as is the most solid body we can see and touch, and it does not decrease the mystery of the survival of consciousness to imagine it transferred from one set of material particles to another. The authors, surely, concede far too much to materialists when they "maintain that we are logically constrained to admit the existence of some frame or organ, not of this earth, which survives dissolution." To say that thought cannot exist without a material substratum or vehicle, is almost equivalent to saying that consciousness is a product of matter, for which there is not the slightest warrant, scientific or philosophical. To quote again Mr. Fiske, who is an accomplished

physicist: "The progress of modern discovery has in no respect weakened the force of Descartes' remark, that between that of which the differential attribute is Thought, and that of which the differential attribute is Extension, there can be no similarity, no community of nature whatever. Modern discovery, so far from bridging over the chasm between mind and matter, tends rather to exhibit the distinction between them as absolute. It has, indeed, been rendered highly probable that every act of consciousness is accompanied by a molecular motion in the cells and fibres of the brain; and materialists have found great comfort in this fact, while theologians and persons of little faith have been very much frightened by it. But since no one ever pretended that thought can go on, *under the conditions of the present life*, without a brain, one finds it rather hard to sympathize either with the self-congratulations of Dr. Büchner's disciples, or with the terrors of their opponents. But what has been less commonly remarked is the fact that when the thought and the molecular movement thus occur simultaneously, in no scientific sense is the thought the product of the molecular movement. The sun-derived energy of motion latent in the food we eat is variously transformed within the organism, until some of it appears as the motion of the molecules of a little globule of nerve matter in the brain. But does this motion of nerve molecules now produce a thought or state of consciousness? By no means. It simply produces some other motion of nerve molecules, and this in turn produces motion of contraction or expansion in some muscle, or becomes transformed into the chemical energy of some secreting gland. At no point in the whole circle does a unit of motion disappear as motion, to reappear as a unit of consciousness. The physical process is complete in itself, and the thought does not enter into it. All that we can say is, that the occurrence of the thought is simultaneous with that part of the physical process which consists of a molecular movement in the brain." And even Professor Tyndall says that "the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why."

Moreover, philosophy teaches us that our present knowledge of matter is but a knowledge of phenomena; or, in other words, of *qualities* which we ascribe to matter, but which really cannot be shown to have any existence apart from the mind which conceived them. Even Clifford, one of the most materialistic of materialists, admits, in his latest article, that "this doctrine of Berkeley's has now been so far confirmed by the physiology of the senses, that it is no longer a metaphysical speculation, but a scientifically established fact." To many of the most thoughtful philosophers of the present day, that mysterious something which we call matter is but the manifestation to our senses and minds of the action of an invisible Will—"the manifestation of infinite Deity to our finite minds." *Mind*, then, not matter, has the most real existence to us—is indeed the only indestructible existence; and can we admit that, in ourselves, any more than in the external mind in which we believe, it is dependent for its existence in being associated with certain transitory material combinations?

If, then, the spiritual and material worlds are utterly incommensurate and radically differentiated, it is both unreasonable and unphilosophical to maintain, as does Professor Clifford, that a universe full of atoms and ether affords no room for the existence of purely spiritual beings, and that because in our experience we have not known consciousness to exist apart from matter, therefore it is impossible it should do so. Inasmuch as we believe that our own consciousness, which is more real to us than anything else whatever, co-exists with our material organism without in the least interfering with its extension in space, why may not other intelligences similarly co-exist with a material universe ever so full of atoms? And as the world of mind is absolutely inaccessible to the minutest physical investigation, the fact that such investigation discovers no trace of it is no proof whatever of its non-existence. To speak of physical proof or disproof of a spiritual world is as incongruous as it would be to speak of the colour of a cube root or the fragrance of a triangle. The two ideas are simply out of all relation. It is quite reasonable to believe that spirit-

ual existences may affect our thoughts, but unless they assumed material properties and relations they could not possibly affect our senses. And to say that we have no experience of consciousness apart from matter is no proof that it may not so exist. It is inconceivable to our minds *how* it should so exist, simply because we have no experience of it; but to say that it is therefore impossible, is to make our limited experience the test of truth, and is not far removed from the error of the Eastern Prince who declared that the story of water becoming solid in some countries was a fabrication. We are but slowly learning a little of the great book of knowledge, and we are acting like grown-up children when we maintain that no future page can contain anything different from those which we have laboriously learned to decipher. And while physical investigation can afford no disproof whatever of spiritual existence, there are, deeply rooted in the noblest part of our nature, indications of its existence which the most finely constituted minds find it impossible to distrust.

"All about the world and near it
Lies the luminous realm of spirit,
Sometimes touching upturned foreheads with a strange unearthly sheen;
Through the deep ethereal regions
Throng invisible bright legions,
And unspeakable great glory flows around our lives unseen;

"Round our ignorance and anguish,
Round the darkness where we languish,
As the sunlight round the dim earth's midnight tower of shadow pours,
Streaming past the dim, wide portals,
Viewless to the eyes of mortals
Till it flood the moon's pale islet or the morning's golden shores.

"O'er the world of sense for ever
Rolls the bright, celestial river;
Of its presence, of its passing, streaks of faint prophetic light
Give the mind mysterious warning,
Gild its clouds with gleams of morning,
Or some shining soul reflects it to our feeble inner sight."

It is in the inner sight, which is far more sensitive to spiritual influences than the most delicate test of the physicist, that we find, not a "physical theory of a future life," but its surest evidence. Like other sensibilities, it is capable of being deadened, and it would seem as if, in some great thinkers, it were deadened through the one-sided development which results from too great absorption in the study of external phenomena. But that part of man which is satisfied with the contemplation of material phenomena, however wonderful, is not the noblest part of him. There is a whole world of feeling which the conditions of outward life can neither explain nor satisfy, as real, nay, often more real than our physical existence, and we are often made to feel intensely that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." The whole range of moral feeling; our perceptions of the beauty which lies not in matter, but in its presentation to our minds; the appreciation of justice, goodness, truth; the ecstacy or the suffering bound up with gratified or wounded affection; a thousand vague yearnings and aspirations which we cannot explain even to ourselves; all imply an existence which is not of this world, and which, in our best moments, we feel is in no sense dependent on it for its preservation. Not to speak at present of Christian faith, poetry, which is often the handmaid of faith,—not seldom indeed a secondary kind of faith, and so "the evidence of things not seen,"—has in all times pointed to spiritual existence and the immortality which, we feel, belongs to it. Most readers will remember how Wordsworth has referred to

"Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things;
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized;
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

And Mrs. Hemans has touched the same chord in some of her sweetest strains:

"The power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the shore,
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more;
Is not this all a mystery? Who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way?

"Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not;
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom death has parted from our lot!
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed!

"Humbly,—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
Her way amidst these marvels of the mind;

Yet undismayed, for do they not reveal
Th' immortal being with our dust entwined?
So let us deem! and e'en the tears they wake
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake."

Putting aside the belief in immortality, we could not possibly explain the utter disproportion of man's powers and desires and aspirations to the short span and limited sphere of his earthly life. The very feeling of limitation which we often feel, and over which we often inwardly fret, seems to show that we have some dim realization of the higher and wider life towards which, amid many a check and struggle, our being is steadily tending. "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not;" but it can at least catch a faint gleam, though it does not yet comprehend it. Many of man's endowments seem not only superfluous to his present life, but are often really a hindrance as regards his success in his present arena. How often do strength of emotion, sensitiveness of conscience, and finely organized spiritual nature, seem really dead weights in the "struggle for existence" of this life! Without immortality we could find no *raison d'être* for a hundred rudimentary powers which find no development, no fostering atmosphere on earth. Without this we can find no logical justification for placing the hero's or the martyr's death above the prosperous life of selfish ease; for if death be the end of being, we should have to admit that "a living dog is better than a dead lion." They who would take away man's belief in immortality would take away the strongest check from evil-doing, the strongest stay from the helpless and—so far as earth is concerned—the hopeless sufferer. Nothing but the immortality of man could adequately explain his religious cravings, or throw any light upon the countless mysteries that oppress him—the frequent seeming triumph of wrong over right, falsehood over truth, injustice over justice; the prosperous tyrannies, the apparently blighted lives, noble careers cut short, thwarted aspirations and half developed powers; the sense of failure and incompleteness that besets perhaps even the most successful lives; the load of acute suffering under which some of earth's noblest benefactors have done their work; while the selfish and self-absorbed have, on the other hand, appeared to live tranquilly on in as great happiness as their natures were capable of feeling. On any adequate supposition of a Source of Life, who is also the origin of our moral nature, we feel that there *must* be another sphere in which the crooked shall be made straight, and frustrated powers and incompleted lives shall receive at last their due development.

"Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts;
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limits but its own pure will."

Looking at life as it is, even at its best, and comparing it with the ideal written by the finger of God upon our hearts, we feel convinced that, in the words of the authors of "The Unseen Universe," "there is no impenetrable barrier to the intellectual development of the individual. Death is not such a barrier, whether we contemplate it in others or whether we experience it ourselves. And the same continuity which has been insisted on with reference to our intellectual conceptions of the universe, applies, we have little doubt, to the other faculties of man, and to other regions of thought."

But there are influences which bring the sense of a spiritual and future life far closer than does any exercise of our reasoning powers,—influences which, "striking the electric chain with which we are darkly bound," seem to bring us into the very presence of the unseen and eternal. To certain organizations especially,—the ecstasy of a spring morning, sweet with the balmy odours of a thousand opening blossoms; the inexplicable sensations produced by the evanescent beauty of a sunset; or the strains of noble or pathetic music, entering as it seems into recesses of our being of which we were previously unconscious; or the silent rapture of a summer wood, when the play of light and shade and the soft rustling of the branches seem but the garment of the Invisible;—each and all seem to bring the spirit into direct communion with the Unseen—

"A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

And the same poet beautifully says, that as the murmur of the sea-shell expresses

"Mysterious union with its native sea,
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the eye of faith: and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

Or, as a modern poet expresses "the touch of the unseen,"—

"In low estate, I, as the flower,
Have nerves to feel, not eyes to see;
The subtlest in the conscience is
Thyself, and that which toucheth Thee.

"For ever it may be that I
More yet shall feel, but shall not see,
Above my soul, Thy wholeness roll,
Not visibly, but tangibly."

We have quoted poetry so freely because, while science concerns itself chiefly with the seen and material, we believe that all true poetry is to some extent an insight into the unseen and spiritual, dealing first, it is true, with the harmonies of nature, and then with that up to which those harmonies lead. If "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him," then it is far more the spiritual side of man's nature than his merely intellectual powers which can in any degree realize these spiritual mysteries, and the fullest realization of them by far is the happy privilege of Christian faith. They who, by spiritual union with Christ, have already become partakers of the Divine nature, and attained that communion with the Father of their spirits which can only be so attained, "*have* everlasting life," and do not need to consider it a doubtful problem whether they *shall* have it or not. In the daily grace and strength they receive from "the God of all power," in the victory which in that strength they achieve over the evil of the world, in "the peace that passeth understanding" which fills their hearts, they are already delivered from the bondage of mortality, and feel themselves partakers of a life which shall know no check or end—which is

"No poor cisterned store
The lavish years are draining low,
But living streams that, welling o'er,
Fresh from the Living Fountain flow
For ever!"

How many a Christian life has closed amid an unclouded peace and joy that has seemed the fulfilment of Bunyan's beautiful vision of the land of Beulah—when the very radiance of the immortal hills seemed to glow before the vision of him who was passing away from earth in "sure and certain hope" of everlasting life. And though no message has ever come back from the silent land, even from the dearest companion of our life, still it often seems at such times as if the door through which the lost one has passed has been left "ajar" to let a little of the radiance stream through—as if the light of peace that still rests on the dead face, and the deep, incomprehensible peace that broods over the stricken hearts of the mourners, were an earnest of immortality that no future experiences could ever totally take away, even though

"The radiant hour is rare,
When the soul, from heights of vision,
Views the shining plains Elysian,
And in after-times of trouble we forget what peace is there!"

"The Unseen Universe" is, as has been said, a noble contribution to scientific speculation, and a pleasant illustration, in these days of scientific scepticism, of the fact that men can be at once profound and accomplished physicists, and sincere believers in the Christian Revelation. But it is not scientific speculation, but the golden key of faith, which can alone unlock those pearly gates of visible life, which are so bright and, as it almost seems, translucent, and yet so opaque to the light of the spiritual and immortal life beyond them. Our authors themselves seem to feel this, for they close their volume with some quoted words which will always be as true as when they were first written: "*This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*"

LOST IN THE WOODS:

A STORY OF THE CANADIAN LUMBER FOREST.

BY W. H. WILLIAMS, TORONTO.

IT was the last of Indian summer, and Sunday night, in a little lumber shanty, on the bank of "Myers's Creek," as it was known to the shanty-men, who would hardly recognise that unpretending stream by its more pretentious name, "River Moira," which appears on the map of Canada, designated by a narrow and very crooked black line commencing near the valley of the Upper Ottawa, and ending at the Town of Belleville, on the beautiful Bay of Quinté.

In the morning the sun had shone out brightly through the thin purple haze that hovered over hill and valley, painting an edge of rainbow hues along the outline of the far off granite hills that reared their rugged forms against the eastern sky, and lending a gleam of purple and gold to the wavelets that fluttered out from the current into the quiet little bay just in front of our shanty.

But this was the last smile that flitted across the hectic face of the dying summer, for before noon a thunder-storm suddenly burst upon us; and this, in turn, degenerated into a cold drenching rain as the afternoon wore on. Glad enough we were to have even the leaky roof of the old shanty over our heads that night, as we spread our blankets on the floor around the caboose or fire-place in the centre, and prepared to spend the evening in genuine shanty style.

To one unaccustomed to it, roughing it in the lumber woods has its drawbacks, but, at the same time, it is not without its good points. True, a diet of bread, pork, beans, and "black strap" is not just the thing for one accustomed to fare sumptuously every day; yet I have never known any man to spend a week in a well-kept lumber shanty without getting up a magnificent appetite. And then there is something in the careless *abandon*, the entire absence of anything like constraint or conventionality, that affords a delightful change after one has been enduring the restraints of what, for want of a better name, may be termed civilized life.

Picture our little group lounging on the shanty floor, stretched on our blankets in just such attitudes as pleased our fancies, around a great, roaring, crackling fire, that sent its broad, ruddy sheets of flame half-way to the smoke-browned rafters, and shot its whirling sparks out into the great cold pall of damp and darkness that enwrapped the outer world. Close beside us we could hear the steady measured champing of the horses as they took their supper of ground oats in the stable which adjoined the shanty, and outside we could hear the storm roaring and whistling among the giant pines, that thrashed each other with their long, bare arms just above our heads.

We were only commencing the season, having just returned from the "tail of the drive," which had been all summer in reaching Belleville. Our gang was nearly the same that had begun the season in that shanty for two or three years successively. There was the same cook, the same "boss," and the same time-keeper; while there had been but few changes among the teamsters and axe-men. We had lost two men on the drive of the preceding spring, the poor fellows having been carried over High Falls while breaking a jam of logs; and, owing to his eccentricities, another of our number had been left in a remarkably substantial stone building in Belleville when we returned up the river. I believe the difficulty arose out of a misunderstanding as to the ownership of a pair of buckskin gloves that had been hanging at the door of a hat store. Those two Lower Canadian Frenchmen playing "old sledge" in the corner have taken the place of the men who were drowned; and the St. Regis Indian sleeping on the bags of grain yonder has taken the place of the young man we left in Belle-

ville. Old Bill, our big Irish cook, has finished the dish washing, and has laid the table for breakfast.

"Now, give us a song, Dick Green," says Old Bill to the son of an Irish settler, who has walked two miles through the mud and rain to spend Sunday evening in the shanty.

Dick had been waiting for the last half-hour for an invitation to sing, and for fear some one would commence to tell a story, and the proposal be forgotten, he cleared his throat at once, and in a hoarse voice, with a strong nasal twang, began to recount the adventures and peculiarities of "Bryan O'Linn."

"By the piper that played before Moses on the big bridge at Belfast, you were born for the stage, Mr. Green," said Old Bill, when the song was finished. "If ould Welch, in Detroit, had ye, he'd be making his fortin out o' ye."

"Give us another song," said Pat Sullivan, who had been a sailor on the lakes before he turned lumberman.

Mr. Green declined to sing any more till some one else favoured the company; and accordingly Mr. Sullivan gave a stirring picture of nautical life, with the inspiriting refrain—

"You ought to see us howlin' when the wind was blowin' free,
On the passage down to Buffalo from Milwau-kee-e-e-e."

Other songs followed, by different members of the gang, most of them commencing with the inevitable couplet—

"As I went out walking one morning in spring,
For to hear the birds whistle and the nightingales sing."

After these, in turn, came stories of hair-breadth escapes on the drive in days gone by, and incredible accounts of the endurance of wonderful horses long since departed; till the fire burnt low and its flickering flames sent hosts of little shadows dancing about the edges of the blackened rafters, and one long story was sleepily drawn out to an accompaniment of snores that almost drowned the monotonous voice of the narrator.

Suddenly, however, there was a splushing of horses' feet as they scrambled up the muddy hill behind the shanty, and a loud "whoa" brought the sleepers back to consciousness. A "cadge" team had come in, and in a few minutes the newly arrived teamster was taking off his dripping clothes before the fire.

"What's the news, Jim?" sang out the foreman, Black Ben, from his nest in a corner next the stable.

"Nothin'," replies Jim.

"How's the road through the bush?"

"Beastly! got stuck twice gittin' up Tom White's hill. The ole mare's awful baulky to-night. Had to knock her down twice with a handspike to larn her sense."

"Did you fetch all yer load with you?"

"I left a bar'l of pork at White's."

"Was Tom to hum?"

"No; you see one o' Chester Bronson's youngsters has bin lost since 'bout three o'clock, and the hull settlement's out lookin' fer him, an' Tom's along of 'em.

"How old is the kid?"

"It's little Dan; I've seed him; jess 'bout the size o' your Jack; five or six, p'rhaps."

Black Ben gets up, swears viciously at the projecting edge of a rough slab in the floor on which he stubs his toe in making his way to the fire, and having reached the caboose, rakes out a live coal and lights his pipe. After one or two puffs he takes his pipe out of his mouth and remarks—

"That's pooty rough."

"What's rough?" asks Jim, with his mouth full of cold pork and molasses, and who, in the enjoyment of his "snack," had forgotten all about his former conversation.

"'Bout that young un bein' lost sich a night as this, an' in these cussed woods, whar bars and wolves is thicker'n hair on a dog."

"Chester's in an awful way 'bout the little feller. They've been draggin all the deep holes in the creek, but can't get no signs of him; guess he's chawed up afore this." And with this cheerful assurance Jim proceeds to "chaw up" his "snack" once more.

Black Ben again put his pipe in his mouth and puffed away for a few seconds in silence. At last he remarked—

"I b'lieve we orter help Chester find his youngster."

This proposal was thrown out in a sort of deprecatory suggestive tone, as if he was asking his men to keep some other foreman's drive from jamming.

"Guess we've got enough'n our own work

to tend to without runnin' arter settlers' kids as is lost," remarked Jed Thompson, as he grunted and turned over on his blankets.

No one else ventured any remark, and there was silence for a few minutes. Black Ben got up, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went back to his corner to "turn in;" but having got there he decided to shake out and re-spread his blankets. This operation progressed slowly, and when it was done Ben did not seem inclined to lie down. At last he made a resolute move to get his boots, and having got one in each hand, he walked straight to the fire and prepared to put them on.

"Whar you goin', Ben?" asked the teamster, as he filled his pipe, having finished his not very dainty repast.

"I'm goin' down to Bronson's to look fer that kid."

This roused Jed Thompson once more, and raising himself on his elbow, he remarked—

"Wal! you must be a jumped-up lunatic to turn out on sich a night to hunt fer a youngster that's either drownded or et up afore this."

"Never you mind, Jed; my Jack is jess 'bout the size o' this yer one as is lost, an' I know how I'd feel if *he* was out in these yer cussed woods. That's wot's the matter with me."

Black Ben had struck the right note at last, and in a few seconds there was a general turning out of their blankets among the hitherto passive listeners to the conversation. He had, quite unconsciously, made a powerful appeal to the hearts of his gang; to hearts that were scarred with sin and crusted with selfishness; to intellects that were clouded with drunkenness and pinched by ignorance, that were susceptible to the most absurd prejudices, but callous to enlightened reasoning. But sinful, selfish, stupid, ignorant, and callous though these men might be, away somewhere in the inmost recesses of their hearts was a chord that would vibrate to the sound of those simple words that fell long, long ago from the lips of the Great Teacher, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

After all his opposition, the captious Jed Thompson was the first man who had his boots on, though, if asked, he could hardly have told why his sentiments regarding Ben's proposition had been so suddenly reversed. Old Bill Johnson, the cook, was also soon ready for the tramp, and in a few minutes the shanty was left with the Frenchmen and the Indians as its sole occupants.

If our gang had been students of Fenimore Cooper, the sleepy son of the forest would doubtless have been roused to display superhuman sagacity in tracking the little wanderer; but as their education in this respect had been sadly neglected, they only knew the Indian as an animal that was always hungry and sleepy, who was seldom warm enough, and who was as averse to facing bad weather as a consumptive kitten.

Equipped with a lantern, an axe, several revolvers, and two or three shot guns, the party filed out of the shanty into the pitchy darkness. The rain had ceased, and there was little or no wind; but the heavy clouds still hung, like the folds of a great black curtain, just above the tree tops, and, shut in as we were by thick woods on every side, it was so dark that but for the lantern we might as well have travelled with our eyes shut. The door had hardly closed behind us ere the woods re-echoed to two or three hideous whoops with which some of the boys sought to give vent to their enthusiasm; but as soon as we were all in the muddy trail a familiar strain broke the stillness, and presently every member of the gang was singing at the top of his voice—

"John Brown's whiskey bottle lies upon the shelf,
And he goes marching on."

Not a very nice song for Sunday night, it is true; but we were not very keenly alive to proprieties that night, and this was an excellent tune to march to.

It is not necessary to give a detailed account of our four miles' tramp that night. The language Mr. Sullivan indulged in when he caught his toe under an uncovered root, and the next instant reclined not very gracefully in a foot and a half of black loam and swamp water, was not edifying.

While we were yet a mile and a half from our destination we saw half a dozen torches flaring in the trail just ahead of us, and in a few minutes we met a detachment of Bronson's neighbours marching to their homes in the front of the concession. As we came up, Black Ben stopped and addressed the leader of the party, who happened to be the Tom White already alluded to.

"Hev you found the boy?"

"No; 'taint no use. We've been lookin' since four o'clock. He's either drownded er et up. Anyhow we can't find him in the dark, an' 'taint no use lookin'."

"Hez all of 'em give up lookin'?

"Yes."

"Wal, if he was my boy, I wouldn't give it up that way, no how."

"O, Chester's runnin' through the bush yet, an' I spose he'll stay out all night. He's kinder crazy like."

"'Nough to set any body crazy," chimes in Jed Thompson, "to lose a youngster in the woods sich a night as this. He'll never live till ter-morrer, even if the bars and wolves don't find him."

"Come 'long back with us, Tom," says Ben. "You wouldn't like to hev one o' yer boys lost, an' then hev yer neighbours go back on ye like this."

"Thet's so."

Tom White refers the matter to the rest of his party, and they decide to go back again.

As soon as this decision is arrived at, White gives two or three shrill whistles, and a long-bodied, short-legged deer-hound bitch comes crouching at his feet.

"I b'lieve ole Fan 'ill be ez good ez enny on us to look fer him," he remarks, as we resume our march toward Bronson's.

Another mile and a half through the mud and darkness, and we climb over a snake fence, pass through a little marshy pastu sinking ankle-deep into the loam and wat.r, and finally come to another fence wh.ch separates the pasture-field from as tan.led a swamp as any human being ever set foo. in. Some years before, during a very dry time, a fire had run through it, not only burning the foliage of the cedars, but consuming the moss and peat about their roots, leaving the whole a seared and withered mass. Then came an equinoctial gale that uprooted or broke off the dead trees as fast as it came to them, and the whole were converted into a windfall of the very worst description. In a few years a thick undergrowth of young cedars and brambles sprang up together, so that at the time of our visit the place was an almost impenetrable mass of upturned roots, half-fallen trunks, and dead limbs, while the intervening spaces were filled with live undergrowth and brambles of the stiffest and most uncompromising character. The surface of this tangled ruin of what had once been a fine bit of cedar swamp, or at least that portion of it where alone anything like locomotion was possible, was at an altitude ranging from ten to fifteen feet from the ground, which at this season of the year was for the most part covered with a few inches of water.

We had been toiling over the windfall for a few minutes only, when the stillness was broken by a long, wild, wailing call, Dan—a—a—a.

"Thet's Chester," said Tom White. 'Look! thar he is, 'way down by the river."

We stopped and looked in the direction indicated, and fully half a mile off we could see a light gliding swiftly along over the farther edge of the windfall. We watched in silence for a minute or two, then the light stood still, and once more that wild, long-drawn, plaintive call rang out through the gloom, and the woods on the farther side of the river repeated it, again and again, faintly and more faintly, till it died away in the distance.

Our little party now started in the direction of a high knoll, which White said was near the eastern extremity of the windfall. It was evident poor Bronson was going to the same spot, and we hurried on to intercept him. We kept his light in sight as he rushed wildly along, stopping about every two minutes to repeat his call. In spite of his delays, Chester Bronson reached the mound before us, but our lights caught his eye, and he stood still, watching us as we came on. Never can I forget the picture he presented as I first saw him that night waiting for our approach. High above us, from the crest of the knoll, loomed his tall, gaunt figure, the light of his smoking torch, as he held it above his head, throwing a ruddy glare over his dark, bearded face, and the tangled mass of black hair that hung down to his shoulders, while but a long dark shadow distinguished the rest of his form from the surrounding gloom. His face showed only the stupor of the deepest anguish, but from their red and swollen sockets his eyes gleamed wildly as those of a maniac. Those eyes were tearless now, though earlier in the evening, ere hope had given place to despair, he had wept like a child.

We were soon around him, and in a few

words Black Ben had learned from him when and how the child had been lost, and what had been done towards finding him.

Chester Bronson, like most of the few settlers in that part of Canada, had a small clearing on his farm that demanded some share of his attention; but he was much more of a hunter and trapper than farmer. In the early part of the day, his children, of whom Dan was the youngest, had been playing down by the river, near the edge of the windfall, when the thunder-storm suddenly sent them scampering to the house. In their hurry they had forgotten little Dan, who, when last seen, was trying to get through the fence which separated the river bank from the field of which the windfall formed a part. The little fellow had not been missed till nearly three o'clock, when all the neighbours had been called out to look for him. The search had been carried on without anything like system, and could hardly have resulted otherwise than as it did. The afternoon—or what had then been left of the afternoon—had been wasted in searching the river for his body, and it was not until dark that they had commenced to look for him in the swamp. When this portion of the search was begun, each settler had supplied himself with a torch, and then they had gone scurrying about through the windfall in all directions, but without anything like concerted action. Thus it happened that while some parts of the swamp had been searched again and again, the greater part of it was still wholly unexplored.

This feature of the case instantly impressed itself on Black Ben, and he was not long in fixing upon a plan to secure something like concerted action and a systematic search. He announced his policy in a little speech that was brief and to the point:

"Now, boys, we've got to go to work an' find this 'ere child, if it takes a week to do it, an' 'taint no use foolin' round the creek, fur ef he's thar he'll stay thar, and we can't help him. My 'pinion is, we'll find him all right an' alive afore mornin' if we set to work the right way. We'll fust build a big fire on this here knoll, so we kin see whar we're goin' in the swamp, an' take our bearins like, an' then each man 'll take a torch and we'll all form in line an' go side an' side right through to tother end o' the windfall. Then each man 'll be searchin' his own swath, an' we won't be runnin' over one another's tracks; an' when we've gone over one place we kin say he aint thar, an' go on to another, and so on till we find him."

This sensible proposition met with very general approval, and directly all were busily employed, some in chopping up cedars for the fire, and others in peeling bark from the under side of the fallen trees, doubling it into the proper shape, and pounding one end till it became a mass of fibre. The bark, thus prepared, made excellent torches. A little fire of dry bark was soon burning on the crest of the knoll. On this fire we first piled light brushwood, and, as it gained strength, heavy limbs and logs, till the flames shot up ten or fifteen feet into the air, and threw a red, flickering, weird-like light out over the wild waste of fallen trees, splintered trunks, and upturned roots that surrounded us.

Three men were left to keep the fire burning brightly, and the remainder supplied themselves with torches, formed in line, and, at a word from Black Ben, commenced their march through the windfall.

"Keep in line as near as ye kin, boys," were Ben's final instructions, and away we went, halting every two minutes to repeat poor Bronson's call, as he would pause, holding his torch high in the air, and utter that wailing cry, "Dan—a—a—a."

Bruises and scratches were nothing to us that night, as we were continually slipping from the trunks of the fallen trees, and then kicking and struggling to regain our footing; but nearly always gradually sinking through the brushwood and inhospitable brambles, till, finding our feet in the mud and water, we knew that we had no further to go in that direction. If the descent was slow, the ascent was still slower, and we were not surprised to find, after toiling to the west end of the windfall and back to the fire again, that two hours had been consumed.

A strange, wild sight the old windfall presented that night. On the summit of the mound the great beacon fire was flaring redly through the mist, while the men around it looked like denizens of the infernal regions, now painted a lurid red, and now a sombre, shadowy black, as they passed from side to side—now feeding the flames, and now looking out to watch the progress of their comrades, whose lights were glimmering here and there through the thick darkness,

as they slowly worked their way back to the fire.

One by one they made their way up the steep side of the little mound, drenched and shivering, glad to find one spot at least where there was warm, dry ground to stand upon, but sad and dispirited with the result of the search. It was not long before all had come in; but Black Ben was not disposed to allow much time for resting, and he was soon subdividing his men into smaller parties to search other sections.

At this juncture one of Bronson's neighbours suggested that they should drag a certain deep hole in the creek which had not yet been examined.

"'Taint no use," said Bronson; "if he's in the creek he'll stay thar, an' I wish to God I knowed it was no worse. But I'm afeard—Oh God! Oh God! I can't say it," and he turned away from the light with an agonizing shudder.

Our men were now separated into small detachments to carry on the search in various quarters in the manner already described, and in a few moments lights were gleaming through the darkness in all directions, and little Dan's name startled the echoes on every side. Three men crossed to the south side of the river, and followed its course some two miles eastward, but nothing answered their oft-repeated calls save the whirring of the startled partridge, the hoarse, hideous cry of the lynx, and the dismal, long-drawn howl of the wolf, as he answered from the distant hills far away to the southward.

Once more we were gathered around the great fire on the knoll, chilly and silent, each afraid to name the horrid conviction that was every moment becoming stronger in his mind.

When one reads from a newspaper the announcement, in a brief paragraph clipped from a country exchange, that some weeks previously a child had been carried off by a bear in one of the back settlements, it is distressing enough to contemplate; but he can form no idea of the horror such an event inspires among those who learn of it while the little heart may be still quivering with fright and anguish. Printers' types, though dipped in blood, could not tell the story as do those tiny footprints in the soft black mould, here and there obliterated by the horrible, half human tracks of the savage pursuer. Here the little feet stood still, and the little heart fluttered at the first sound of approaching footsteps; then those baby footprints cut deep in the mould tell of a short, despairing flight; and only a few steps farther on the soft earth shows signs of a feeble struggle for life, and a few blood-stained shreds of a too well-known little jacket bring more sorrow and despair to those who read these scanty traces than could all the black type and inverted column rules that ever startled the reader of a morning paper.

But we found no such traces that night; the rain had washed out all prints of children's feet, and the only bear tracks we had found were on the south side of the river.

At four o'clock in the morning only one small section within a radius of a mile from the fire had not been searched by our party. This was a small spot of high ground, a little over half a mile eastward of the mound which we made our head-quarters. Black Ben, who had sprained his ankle slightly by slipping from a log, proposed that this place should be searched without further delay; but one of Bronson's neighbours was quite sure he had carefully examined every part of it early in the evening, before our party had come down. While they were still discussing the question, faintly, and at intervals, up through the thick gloom, came the long, ringing sound of a hound baying in the distance. Tom White leant forward, listening intently for a few seconds; then springing suddenly to his feet, exclaimed:

"Thet's ole Fan, an' she aint givin' tongue that way for nuthin."

There was a general stampede from the fire at these words, and very soon torch lights were flashing through the brushwood to the eastward, the direction whence the sound came. Black Ben started to his feet, but his lame ankle made him wince with pain, and he yielded to the persuasions of two or three of his men, and waited by the fire to learn the result of this last sortie.

Chester Bronson had been the first to light his torch and get away; but he was closely followed by nearly the whole party, every man of whom was now full of hope and enthusiasm. On we dash, plunging through water-holes and scrambling over logs straight in the direction whence the sound comes, which at every repetition is becoming louder and more distinct.

Now we have reached the foot of the hill,

and right above our heads rings out old Fan's deep hoarse voice. Bronson darts up the hill like lightning,and old Fan comes bounding down to meet him.

"Hunt him, Fan," cries Tom White, catching sight of the dog; but Fan stands still, with one paw raised, and her head cocked on one side as though she did not quite comprehend the request.

"Dan-a-a-a," shouts Bronson once more, and every heart bounds as a small voice just ahead of us answers:

"Yes, pa!"

We all make a rush in the direction indicated by the baby voice, and the next instant Chester Bronson stands in our midst sobbing and laughing by turns, with little Dan clasped tight in his arms.

Pat Sullivan pitches his torch as far as he can throw it, and after finding the ground too rough for jig dancing, gives vent to his feelings in a prolonged whoop, that puts to shame a wolf that has been howling on the hills south of the river all night. Old Bill Johnson pulls off his wet coat, and wraps little Dan in his warm, dry, fulled cloth vest; while Tom White is hugging old Fan as though he too had found a lost child.

We quickly tramp back to the fire to the music of—

"Glory, glory, hallelujah,
As we go marching on."

Black Ben hobbles down the hill to meet us, takes little Dan in his arms without a word, and kisses his cheek, then hands him back to Chester Bronson, and turning away, sits down on a log with his back to the joyous party, and, covering his face with his big brown hands, sobs like a child. But Black Ben was not the only one who wept for joy that morning.

The boys saw little Dan safely deposited in his mother's arms, and each one felt, in Chester Bronson's sturdy grasp of the hand as they bade him goodbye, the heartfelt thanks his faltering voice refused to utter.

SONNET.

BY A. W. GUNDRY, TORONTO.

THE poetry of earth, and of the sky,
The lazy, sighing rhythm of the sea,
The heavenward roll of verse that ne'er can die,
The lover's ballad sung beneath a tree,—
I love them all!—I love the feathered throats
That warble joyous treble in the choir
Of universal melody, and notes
That music-loving Nature did inspire
Give back to her, in praises for the gift.
Nor less the humbler voices do I love
That lowlier creatures of her making lift
With jealousy of none that are above
In giving thanks; for even that poor skill
They make sufficing by sufficient will.

THE DAY OF REST

BY WILLIAM McDONNELL, LINDSAY, ONT.

SWEET day of rest! be it Sabbath, or Sunday, or Lord's day, of heathen or Jewish origin, it is the same to me—a day of rest. Come in what guise it will, its hours are sacred, and I am prepared to accept it as being a special blessing to the human family. Oh! what a dreary world this would be without such a benign period for rest and relaxation; and the man who would attempt to abolish such a day would give evidence neither of his wisdom, nor of the possession of a feeling heart that could urge him to a humane consideration for others. He who has wealth can retire when he chooses from the turmoil of busy life, and select his own time and place for recreation; but to the poor struggling toiler, a seventh day of rest should, at least, be ever secured as an undoubted and inalienable right.

Much has been said, and sung, and written, as to the dignity of labour. Proper industry is most commendable, for it promotes morality and independence; and reasonable exertion may be actual recreation. But who can say that there is any dignity in that almost enforced and involuntary labour which falls to the lot of the poor; or in that excessive, continuous, and prostrating drudgery to which the vast majority of the human family are subjected in order to earn even a precarious livelihood? Such labour is but a heritage of woe. If it was indeed a punishment which followed the fall of our great progenitor, Adam, it is apparent that his posterity have not been equally afflicted. There is far too much overwork imposed on some; there is far too much of it in the world. Even voluntary labour has been run to excess by many; it has become one of the vices of selfishness, and has shortened the lives of thousands. That man will therefore be a true philanthropist who will endeavour to lessen such toil, and make the day of rest a day acceptable to rich and to poor alike, and one which can be truly cheering and beneficial to all.

As there has been a great deal of discussion with regard to the establishment of the Christian Sabbath, much doubt as to its required observance, and much intolerance as to its enforcement, something of the history of that day may be acceptable to many whose impressions concerning it have been almost entirely formed from what they have read of it in the Scriptures, or from what they may have derived from only that source.

Authorities are greatly divided as to where, and when, and how a septenary observance was originated. Some assert that a seventh-day festival had its origin in India, a land which many of the learned consider as the most primitive of all nations; and a writer says that the "hebdomadal period had clearly an *astronomical*, and not, as is generally supposed, a *theological* derivation," and that "as the result of the most diligent investigation no trace of the 'week' is to be found among the Greeks, the Romans, the Chinese, or any of the northern races of Europe and Asia." Furthermore, "everywhere has been found a calendar of months commencing with the first visible 'new moon,' but *nowhere* the Hindoo and modern European week of seven days," and that "when we pass the Himalayan range, or in proportion as we recede in any direction from India and Egypt, and the countries lying between them, we lose all traces of Sabbaths."* Dion Cassius, the ancient Roman historian, states that in his time the custom of designating every recurring seven days by the names of planets was practised everywhere; and attributes its origin, not to the Jews, but to the Egyptians.† When he wrote, neither the Greeks nor the Romans

* See *Westminster Review* for October, 1850.

† Roman History, B. xxxvii.

used the week; the latter adopted it only at the time of Theodosius, near the end of the fourth century.

A recent writer says: "The observance [of a Sabbath] was derived from an Egyptian, and primarily from a Chaldean source; rest being enjoined by Egyptian priests on the seventh day, simply because they regarded that day as a *dies infaustus*, when it was unlucky to undertake any work." "We have also historical evidence as to the non-Jewish origin of the observance of the seventh day, as decisive as the arguments I have been considering. For Philo Judæus, Josephus, Clement of Alexandria, and others, speak plainly of the week as not of Jewish origin, but common to all the Oriental nations." *

The learned Spencer states that, "from many evidences, the nations of the earth observed the new moon as a sacred festival long before the time of Moses."

It is known that while the "month" itself was an almost universal measure of time, nations of different origins, it is said, have made different subdivisions of the "new moon." Thus, oriental nations generally into quarterings (or weeks of seven days); the ancient Greeks into thirds (*dechemera* of ten days), which was modified by the Romans; the Chinese into sixths, of five days; and the aborigines of America into the same; and it is further said that "the Oriental week (of seven days) is *unknown* and *untraced* where the division of the crescent and waning moon (each into two parts) has not formed the basis of computation."

Professor Fiske says: "The ancient Greeks and Romans had no division properly answering to our weeks; although the former had their decade of days, and the latter their *nundinæ*, or market days, occurring every ninth day. But the Egyptians and Orientals had a week of seven days.† Proctor, the astronomer, writes: "Beyond all doubt, the week is an astronomical period, and that in a two-fold sense; it is first a rough subdivision of the lunar month, and, in the second place, it is a period derived directly from the number of celestial bodies known to ancient astronomers as *moving* upon the sphere of the fixed stars." Tacitus suggested that the observance of the seventh day by the Jews was in honour of Saturn, by whose name that day was generally known, as it is at present. And Proctor also states: "That the Egyptians dedicated the seventh day of the week to the outermost or highest planet, Saturn, is certain; and it is presumable that this was a day of rest in Egypt."‡

We have, however, *two* distinct reasons given in the Old Testament why the Jews were commanded to keep the seventh day—reasons which, it seems, are satisfactory to both Jews and Christians. The first command is found in the 20th chapter of Exodus, the 8th verse of which says: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and the reason for this is given in the 11th verse: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it." The next command is recorded in the 5th chapter of Deuteronomy, commencing at the 12th verse, and is almost a reiteration of the previous one, being the same, word for word, except the change of place in the sentence of the pronoun "thou." The reason for the command is found in the 15th verse: "And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm; *therefore* the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." According to this latter command then, the day was to be kept holy as a memorial of their national emancipation.

On this point Proctor remarks: "It is indeed somewhat singular that the observance of the Sabbath should be derived from far remoter times by those who insist on the literal exactness of the Bible record, seeing that the Bible distinctly assigns the exodus from Egypt as the epoch when the observance had its origin." . . "It needs no very elaborate reasoning to prove that the Jewish observance of the Sabbath began during the sojourn in Egypt." . . "Assigning the origin of the first Jewish observance of the Sabbath to the time of the exodus, we are forced to the conclusion that the custom of keeping each seventh day as a day of rest was derived from the people amongst

* Proctor on "Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews."

† Eschenburg's Manual of Classical Literature. Ed. by Prof. Fiske.

‡ "Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews."

whom the Jews had been sojourning more than two hundred years." *

Though a violation of the commands concerning the Sabbath involved, as we are told in the 31st chapter of Exodus, the penalty of death: "Whosoever doeth *any* work in the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death;" this dreadful forfeiture, according to the 15th chapter of Numbers, having been exacted from a man who was stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day, still we have undoubted authority for asserting that while many of the Jews kept the seventh day with austerity, even considering that it would be a violation of the Sabbath to resist an attack made on their city during that day, yet there were many others who regarded the Sabbath as a "feast of the Lord." The Jews as a nation, even Judaism itself, encouraged the seventh day to be held as a high festival as well as a day of joy and delight. A writer says: "It was to be honoured by the wearing of finer garments, by three special meals of the best cheer the house could afford. . Wine, if the means of the individual would anyhow allow it, was to crown the repast. . . Fasting, mourning, mortification of all and every kind, even special supplicatory prayers, are strictly prohibited; but, on the contrary, the number of a 'hundred benedictions,' said at all varieties of enjoyments of the senses, are to be completed on the Sabbath, were it even by eating different kinds of fruit, smelling different spices, &c." And again: "The same character of cheerfulness; of happy rest from the toil and turmoil of this world's business; of quiet and peaceful return into one's self; of joyous communication with friends and kindred over good cheer; in short, of mental and bodily relaxation and recreation that strengthens, braces, pacifies, and maketh the heart glad, while the sublime ideas which it symbolizes are recalled to the memory at every step and turn, seems to have prevailed in all times down to our own among the Jews." . . . "Suffice it to reiterate, that in every class, every age, and every variety of Jews, from first to last, the Sabbath has been absolutely a day of joy and happiness, nay, of dancing, of singing, of eating and drinking, and of luxury." . . "A dark, fanatical, self-torturing spirit is as foreign to the Jewish Sabbath (which is prolonged as far as possible) as it is foreign to the Mosaic and post-Mosaic legislation, its written and oral laws in general." †

Though the Jews still keep Saturday as their day of rest and enjoyment, the Christian Church has changed the septenary period, and for many centuries the Lord's day, or the Sabbath, has been observed on Sunday. No definite information, it seems, can be given either in the New Testament or in the writings of the Fathers of the Church as to the date of this change. It is asserted that "by none of the Fathers before the fourth century is it (Sunday) identified with the Sabbath, nor is the duty of observing it grounded by them either on the fourth commandment or on the precept or example of Jesus or His Apostles." And the question is asked, "On what grounds, then, did the Christians observe the first day of the week as a time for religious assemblies, and how and when did the custom of so distinguishing it begin?" ‡ To this question different answers have been given. Some assert that it was because the resurrection of Christ took place on Sunday; others say that it was according to apostolic precept and example. Justin, in his "Apology," gives several reasons for the Sunday observance. He says: "We all of us assemble together on Sunday because it is the first day in which God changed darkness and matter, and made the world. On the same day, also, Jesus Christ, our Saviour, rose from the dead, for He was crucified on the day before that of Saturn, and on the day after that of Saturn, which is that of the Sun, He appeared to His apostles and disciples, and taught them what we now submit to your consideration." And Origen adds another reason: "that manna was first given to the Israelites on a Sunday."

With regard to the manner of keeping the Sunday, Justin, in his "Apology to the Emperor Antonius," gives no intimation that rest from labour was followed except during Divine service, for "the Christians in this Father's age thought it lawful to follow, and actually did follow, their worldly pursuits on the Sunday." But no matter what the practice of the early Christians might have been in this respect, the first law, either ecclesias-

* "Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews."

† Chambers's Encyclopædia, Art. "Sabbath."
‡ Chambers's Encyclopædia, Art. "Sabbath."

tical or civil, relative to a cessation from labour on the Sunday, is that contained in the edict of Constantine, A.D. 321, which says: "Let all judges and people of the towns (or cities) rest, and all the various trades be suspended on the venerable day of the Sun *(venerabile die Solis)*. Those who live in the country, however, may freely and without fault attend to the cultivation of their fields (since it often happens that no other day may be so suitable for sowing grain and planting the vine), lest, with the loss of favourable opportunity, the commodities offered by Divine Providence should be destroyed."

It was not, however, until long after the promulgation of this edict that "tendencies towards Sabbatarianism, or a confusion of the Christian with the Jewish institution, began to manifest themselves," and it was not until the year 538 A.D. that ecclesiastical authority (the third Council of Orleans) recommended, rather than enjoined, abstinence from agricultural labour on Sunday, in order, it is said, "that the people might have more leisure to go to church and say their prayers." The theory of the holiness of the Sabbath, and of its binding force, had its advocates and opponents down to the period of the Reformation. Luther and many of the Reformers, followed by numbers of the most eminent prelates and preachers even to the present time, have strongly objected to a Mosaic, or an austere, or which might be called a puritanic observance of the Christian Sabbath. Luther says: "As regards the Sabbath, or Sunday, there is no necessity for keeping it; but if we do, it ought not to be on account of Moses' commandment, but because nature teaches us from time to time to take a day of rest."* And again: "If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, if anywhere any one sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to do anything that will reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty." †

Melancthon says: "They who think that, by the authority of the Church, the observance of the Lord's day was appointed instead of the Sabbath, as if necessary, are greatly deceived." *

Erasmus, Tyndale, Calvin, Grotius, Neander, Milton, Baxter, and Bunyan also express themselves against the enforcement of any Sabbath obligation. And a writer on the views of the celebrated John Knox regarding the Sabbath, says: "It is a mistake to suppose that either Sabbatarianism or asceticism was recommended by Knox. Agreeing with the other Reformers, Knox, in setting forth in his Confession of Faith, 1560, 'The works of the First Table,' says not a word about the Sabbath." †

Erasmus says: "He that ordained the Sabbath ordained it for man's sake, and not contrariwise—man because of the Sabbath day. It is meet, therefore, that the keeping of the Sabbath day give place to the commodity and profit of man." ‡

"As for the Saboth," says Tyndale, the martyr, "we be lordes over the Saboth, and may yet change it into the Monday or any other day as we see neede; or we may make two every weeke, if it were expedient, and one not enough to teach the people. Neither needed we any holy day at all, if the people myght be taught without it."§

With regard to the "Lord's Day," Calvin observes that it was used "*only* as a remedy necessary to the preservation of order in the Church, neither do I so regard the septenary number that I would bind the Church to its observance." And referring to those who held a "Judaic opinion" respecting the fourth commandment, he continues: "And truly we see what such a doctrine has profited; for those who adopt it far exceed the Jews in a gross, carnal, and superstitious observance of the Sabbath; so that the reproofs which we read in Isaiah are no less applicable to them at the present day than to those whom the prophet rebuked in his time."‖

Grotius, in his comment on the fourth commandment, after alluding to the sentiments of the Fathers, and the enactments of Constantine, concludes: "These things refute those who suppose that the first day of the week (that is, the Lord's day) was substituted in place of the Sabbath, for no

* Michelet's Life, B. iv. chap. 2.
† Coleridge's Table Talk, Vol. ii.

* Augsburg Confession of Faith.
† Chambers's Encyclopædia.
‡ Paraphrase on Mark, ii.
§ Tyndale's Works, B. i., cap. 25.
‖ Institutes, B. ii., cap 8.

mention is ever made of such a thing by Christ or the Apostles. . . The day of the Lord's resurrection was not observed by Christians from any precept of God, or of the Apostles, but by voluntary agreement of the liberty which had been given them." *

Neander says: "The festival of Sunday was always only a human ordinance, and it was far from the intention of the Apostles to establish a Divine command in this respect." †

Milton argues: "The law of the Sabbath being thus repealed, that no particular day of worship has been appointed in its place is evident." ‡

Baxter writes: "The Decalogue was but part of the Jewish law, and the Jewish law was given to no other people but to them. So that in Moses' days it bound no other nation in the world. Therefore it needed not any abrogation of the Gentiles, but a declaration that it did not bind them." §

And Bunyan, in his essay on the Sabbath day, says: "This caution, in conclusion, I would give to put a stop to the Jewish ceremony, to wit, that a seventh-day Sabbath, pursued according to its imposition by law (and I know not that it is imposed by the Apostles), leads to blood and stoning to death those who do but gather sticks thereon, a thing which no way becomes the Gospel." He declares that "the old seventh-day Sabbath is abolished and done away with, and that it has nothing to do with the Churches of the Gentiles." And again: "As for the seventh day, that is gone to its grave with the signs and shadows of the Old Testament."

Following these, down to the present day, there are other testimonies against an enforced observance of the Sabbath, from distinguished churchmen and divines such as Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Barrow, Bishop Warburton, Dr. McNight, Dr. Paley, Bishop Horsley, and Archbishop Whately.

Bishop Taylor says: "That we are free from the observance of the Sabbath, St. Paul expressly affirms in Colossians." ||

Bishop Warburton states that "the observance of the Sabbath is no more a natural duty than circumcision." ¶

Dr. McNight says: "The whole law of Moses being abrogated by Christ, Christians are under no obligation to observe any of the Jewish holidays—not even the Sabbath." *

Dr. Paley asserts that "St. Paul evidently appears to have considered the Sabbath as part of the Jewish ritual, and not obligatory upon Christians." †

And Archbishop Whately, in his essay on Paul, says: "It cannot be denied that he [Paul] does speak frequently and strongly of the termination of the Mosaic law, and of the exemptions of Christians from its obligations without ever limiting or qualifying the assertion." And he further adds: "The fourth commandment is evidently not a 'moral' but a 'positive' precept. . . The dogma of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, that the observance of the Sabbath is a part of the moral law, is to me utterly unintelligible." ‡

A list of the names of many other eminent bishops and clergymen could be added who are in agreement with the sentiments of the prominent authorities already given, and it is truly a wonder that where so much doubt and denial exists as to the subjection of the Christian Church to a Jewish enactment regarding the keeping of the Sabbath, there should be found so many of the clergy clamorous for the rigorous enforcement of a law which, to say the least, is so questionable an authority.

It seems that for a long period after the Reformation there was much indifference among Christian people in England, as well as among those in other parts of Europe, as to the manner of keeping the Sabbath. The English reformers having abolished many of the festivals or ordinary holidays which had been kept previous to the English Reformation, the observance of Sunday and of the few holidays still retained was placed "much on the same footing." "No work except for good cause was to be performed, the service of the church was to be attended," and afterwards, "any lawful amusement might be indulged in." About this time, therefore, as a general rule, after the hours of Divine service, or after a man had been to church, he might enjoy himself with sports,

* Annotations on Exodus.
† History the of Christian Church, sec. iii.
‡ Christian Doctrine, B. ii., cap. 7.
§ Baxter on the Lord's Day, Vol. iii., cap. 7.
|| Ductor Dubitantium, B. ii. cap. 2.
¶ Divine Legation, B. iv. sec. 6.
* Com. on Epistles, Col.
† Moral Philosophy, B. v. c. 7.
‡ Essay v. Note A.

games, and other lawful amusements as he thought proper.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a party known as the Sabbatarians insisted that, according to the fourth commandment, the seventh day, Saturday, and not the first day, Sunday, should be kept as the proper Sabbath period, and that it was obligatory on the Christian Church to observe that day and a strict bodily rest thereon as a "service then due to God;" while another party, the Puritans, much more numerous, "though convinced that the day had been altered by Divine authority, took up the same opinion as to the Scriptural obligation to refrain from work." Gradually, however, the stronger and "more scrupulous" party, while they slighted holidays and church festivals—which they considered as only of "human appointment"—advocated a stricter observance of the Lord's day, and about the year 1595 "they began to place it nearly on the footing of the Jewish Sabbath, interdicting not only the slightest action of worldly business, but even every sort of pastime and recreation," and, as long as their influence continued, they gave to Sunday-keeping for many years an "austerity by which neither it nor the Sabbath-keeping of the Jews had ever before been marked."

The Puritans, when predominant for a time in the reign of Charles I., and taking advantage of the necessities of the King, succeeded in obliging him, much against his will, to comply with their desires, and about 1621 they introduced a bill in the House of Commons "for the better observance of the Sabbath, usually called Sunday." This met with scarcely any opposition in the Lower House, "yet when the Upper House sent down the bill with the 'Lord's Day' substituted for the 'Sabbath,' observing 'that people do now much incline to words of Judaism,' the Commons took no exception. The use of the word Sabbath instead of Sunday became in that age a distinctive mark of the Puritan party."* Strange to say, though the Act was passed to satisfy the "atrabilious humour" of the strict Sabbatarian party, "this statute permits the people lawful sports and pastimes on Sunday within their own parishes."†

In 1633, however, King Charles I., either actuated by the Episcopal party, which was always bitterly opposed to the Puritans, or believing that the puritanic observance of the Sabbath made Sunday but a day of gloom and depression, revived the declaration of his father, James I., which had not been enforced, as to the lawful sports which might be used on Sundays, and the clergy were required by Archbishop Laud to publish the same from their pulpits. In this declaration the King signified it to be his pleasure that on Sundays, after Divine service, "no lawful recreation should be barred to his good people, which should not tend to a breach of the laws of his kingdom and the canons of his church."* The sports allowed were "dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May-games, Whitsunales, Morrice-dances, and the setting up of May-poles;"† bear-baiting and other unlawful games being prohibited; but as respects the sports which might be indulged in, "No recusant, or one who had not attended the church service, was entitled to this privilege, which might consequently be regarded as a bounty on devotion."‡ This declaration gave great offence at the time to the Puritans, and in 1644 the Long Parliament ordered all copies of it to be burned. Subsequently, notwithstanding this, the Lord's day fell into comparative neglect in England, and in the early part of the reign of George III. efforts were made to make the people better disposed towards it, and less inclined to "viscious unseemly amusements," and a new "Evangelical party" endeavoured to promote the "strict observance of Sunday according to the Puritan model." Afterwards, in 1831, societies were formed for "promoting the due observance of the Lord's day," and the subject of strict Sabbath-keeping was agitated in Parliament. Attempts were subsequently made to close the Post Office, to prevent the transmission of mails, and the conveyance of passengers by rail or otherwise. Excursions to the country, and Sunday trips by water, were to be prohibited; the London parks and public gardens were to be closed to prevent persons from walking therein and listening to music; music itself was to be saddened or solemnized and banished to the churches; desirable and health-

* Hallam, Constitutional History.
† Note in ibid.

* Chambers's Encyclopædia.
† Ibid.
‡ Hallam.

ful recreation was to be denied the people; and no opportunity was to be afforded them to view the works of nature and art in the national collections.

When fanatical or subservient legislators, who, no doubt, had ample time and opportunities for self-enjoyment, would shut thousands of poor, overworked people from public parks and gardens, would close museums, and art galleries, and libraries, and similar places for rest or intellectual elevation, giving a large majority of the population but the choice of a resort either to the streets or to churches, or to retreats which it would be better to avoid—when men, women, and children were to be thus restrained in order to be brought to show a proper respect for Sunday, it was full time that the unreasonable zeal of Sabbath advocates, either clerical or official, either in or out of Parliament, should be effectually curbed to prevent threatened popular uprisings and indignation meetings throughout the kingdom. To this end the "National Sunday League" was formed in 1855, and, while advocating a due regard for Sunday, its great object appears to be to secure for the people the recreation and enjoyment, and the chance of moral and intellectual improvement, of which unwise and over-zealous Sabbath defenders would deprive them.

From the evidence presented, we therefore find that at a very early period—some assert "long before the time of Moses"—there was a septenary observance in India and in Egypt, and among other Oriental nations, and that this was generally for rest and recreation; that the Jews had a seventh-day Sabbath which among that people was almost generally kept as a high festival, a day of joy and delight, "a day of dancing, of singing, of eating and drinking, and of luxury;" that other nations kept similar observances at longer or shorter periods, and that in course of time the septenary festival became almost universal; that by none of the Christian Fathers before the fourth century was Sunday identified with the Sabbath, nor was the duty of keeping it grounded on the fourth commandment; that no definite information can be given as to when Sunday was adopted as the Christian Sabbath, various reasons being given for the change; that the early Christians enjoyed themselves on the Sunday much after the manner of the Jews; that there was no law of any kind relating to a cessation from labour on that day before the edict of Constantine, and that for a long period abstinence from labour on the Sunday was recommended only during Divine service; that Luther and many of the reformers, and a large number of the most prominent Christian ministers, did not consider, and that many do not yet consider, the Jewish Sabbath binding on the Christian Church.

As to how the "Evangelical party" have clung to certain Judaical teachings, and as to the manner in which they have persisted, until Sunday has almost been legislated into a "hideous tyranny," Herbert Spencer, in his "Study of Sociology," considers what might be said "by an independent observer living in the far future:"—

"'In some respects,' says the future observer, 'their code of conduct seems not to have advanced beyond, but to have gone back from the code of a still more ancient people, from whom their creed was derived. The relations of their creed to the creed of this ancient people are indeed difficult to understand. . . . Not only did they, in the law of retaliation, outdo the Jews, instead of obeying the quite opposite principle of the teacher they worship as divine, but they obeyed the Jewish law, and disobeyed their divine teacher in other ways—as in the rigid observance of every seventh day, which he had deliberately discountenanced. . . . Their substantial adhesion to the creed they had professedly repudiated was clearly demonstrated by this, that in each of their temples they fixed up in some conspicuous place the Ten Commandments of the Jewish religion, while they rarely, if ever, fixed up the two Christian Commandments given instead of them. And yet,' says the reporter, after dilating on these strange facts, 'though the English were greatly given to missionary enterprises of all kinds, and though I sought diligently among the records of these, I could find no trace of a society for converting the English people from Judaism to Christianity.'"

There is a gleam of hope for the future, for the subject of Sabbath-keeping has been widely discussed, not by wantons who, it is said, would have the day one for the indulgence of licentiousness, but by many who have been forced to admit that Sunday has been so manipulated by our over-zealous or

fanatical councils and assemblies as to leave it socially and intellectually the most wearisome day of the week. And though such discussions are rather avoided by religious teachers, and, as a general rule, unnoticed by writers fearful of innovations or of the least interference with the dogmatic claims of a beloved orthodoxy, still the conviction is becoming more wide-spread that "our Sunday is in fact, if not in origin, the Sabbath of the Jews, not the Lord's day of the Apostles; it is regarded, not as a day set apart to refresh those who toil, but as though man were made for its observance, while the soul-wearying gloom of the day is so ordered as to affect chiefly the poorer classes, who want rest from work and anxiety, not rest from the routine of social amusements, which are unknown to them."*

While efforts are almost continually renewed to demand the interference of the law in order to make the seventh day as rigid and as austere as it was in the time of the Covenanters, one fact is evident, that a puritanic Sabbath will never more be tolerated in Christendom. It has come to this for a certainty. People must not be forced to consider Sunday an infliction—a day for religious or clerical despotism—a day of sternness and gloom—one as it were outside the reach of nature, when the sun should scarcely shine, or the birds sing, or the flowers bloom. No; let no man be forced to feel that Sunday is such a day, or one that must interfere with his personal freedom in the indulgence of rational enjoyment. And it may yet be, that, by the exercise of discretion and common sense, the seventh day, or Sunday, or Sabbath, or Lord's day, may be made a period which will be welcomed by all, and recognised both by priest and by people, by young and by old, and by all creeds and classes without distinction, as being, in its truest and most proper sense, a day of liberty and a day of rest.

* Proctor, "Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews."

THE ADVANTAGES OF PROTECTIVE TARIFFS.

BY R. W. PHIPPS, TORONTO.

THE article by Mr. Fisher, in the May number of this magazine, in reply to one contributed by the present writer, seems to render some continuation of the subject desirable. Mr. Fisher's statements appear, in great measure, declarations of inability to comprehend. Lest my own lack of lucidity be chargeable with this grave result, a few words of explanation will now be given on each stated point of difficulty. Elucidation, however, is not necessarily transmission, as a case possibly parallel to that of Mr. Fisher may suggest. His complaint that "Alas! after reading the article many times over, I feel as I was wont to feel after listening to the explanations of the conjuror of how he did his tricks—just as wise as I was before," is sufficiently pathetic to secure the proper consideration of all pitying minds, and, in conjunction with his following statements, will make the case referred to peculiarly applicable. It is that of the gentleman who, introducing another to his library, remarked, "Here I sit and read all day long, and nobody's a bit the wiser for it."

The present writer having laid down the proposition that protective measures here, (producing as they necessarily would large inflow of population and capital, thereby rapidly settling our waste lands, and in effect making our small colony a large nation,) would greatly increase our wealth, our trade, and our national power and honour—our ability, also, in case of need, to raise armies and support them—Mr. Fisher properly looks to the States for a parallel, and, remarking that "here is a list of benefits to take away the breath even of a Greeley," asks, "Is it possible that all these good things are enjoyed by the countrymen and women of that eminent economist, and we not know of it? What a bad joke those inveterate hu-

mourists, the American editors, must be palming off on the world, when they represent all kinds of business and manufactures at a standstill in that much-protected country."

The tariffs of the United States, increased and increasing for many years on manufactures, have undoubtedly caused the expenditure of much capital in that country. Mr. Fisher cannot well be unaware that much British capital has gone thither, in many cases accompanied by its owners, their machinery and their men, thus retaining the interest as well as the principal in the States. Since the epoch of modern gold discovery, 1848, four thousand million dollars' worth of bullion have been added to the stock in circulation. On this security a vast mass of bank-notes has been issued.

During all these years capital has pressed on the market, ever in advance of the equalizing law of rising prices. This capital was offered its best investment in England and the States, because the industries of the first were protected by her then existing ability to undersell; those of the second by her high tariff. Britain mistakenly thought the markets of the world open to her in perpetuity. America, knowing her own the best of those markets, determined to secure it to herself. In the States, the result of this investment has been to increase their railroads from 6,000 miles, costing $420,000,000, to 72,000 miles, costing $4,200,000,000; the product of their pig iron, from 563,000 tons yearly to 5,439,000; and many other industries in like manner; so that in no previous twenty-five years of known history did any country increase in population, productiveness, and wealth, as did then the States. This pressure of capital in production has produced great competition, has lowered prices extremely (the standing and convincing reply to the Free Trade false statement that Protection enhances prices), has filled every market in Canada with American goods, underselling the Free Trade productions in very many cases, and has overstocked the States till the turning point is reached, and some manufactories must close. For instance, they have 703 blast furnaces; 367 have been put out of blast. But notice that this is not expected to continue. Forty-eight more are even now building. The American demand alone increases with a rapidity which will soon require full production again. As for military power and national *prestige*, when Mr. Fisher gives us to understand that the States do not possess them, he manifests a lack of information simply unaccountable.

Mr. Fisher tells us that the "great cause of successful foreign competition to English manufactures is the 'protective' action of the English Trades Unions." Let me point out how extremely, on this point also, he is mistaken. Free Trade is cosmopolitan, not national. Free Trade would make the world one country, having "the world's workshops," as Cobden loved to call them, in one place. In this place will congregate artizans, who will care more for increased wages than for the interests of their masters or of their country. If these break, there are others. Trades Unionism is the confusion of our modern Free Trade Babels.

Let me say a word which is needed on the Corn and Navigation Laws. The repeal of these is called a Free Trade measure. Now, the free introduction of food, which is raw material, was simply so much protection to British manufacturers. With it they could produce much more cheaply than before. They made more money. So with the Navigation Laws. The allowance of the use of foreign sailors gave the raw material of cheap labour to the British carrying trade, and was so much protection to that. They made more money. But nations should ever be watchful as to the description of industry they encourage. These same anti-Corn Laws have rendered British agriculture too weak in proportion to her manufactures; anti-Navigation Laws have rendered her sailors far too few for her ships. Ireland no longer affords a rich recruiting ground; the Highlands yield sheep and grouse instead of clansmen; the factory-bred soldiers ill replace the stout countrymen once obtainable. Lascars and Kanakas are not the sailors of Nelson. There are more men in Britain than before; but if the men of the factory serve as did the men of the field, history will fail to repeat itself. The next war must prove whether the policy of Peel safely replaced that of Cromwell. All would have been well had the Colonies been strengthened and conciliated. But they have been, by the same policy, and not unintentionally, alienated and weakened.

The writer having quoted Adam Smith to

the effect that capital employed in a home trade benefits a country more, and yields quicker, returns than that employed in a foreign one, Mr. Fisher asks:—"Is it argued that Adam Smith would have asserted that, of equal capitals, the one employed in a foreign trade carried on between St. Catharines and Buffalo, would make much slower returns than would the other in home trade between Halifax and Vancouver's Island?"

This extreme case opens up a broader question, namely, whether the inclusion of so distant a colony in the Confederation was politic; for that which is far from our trade is far from our means of defence. Protective tariffs draw population and wealth to countries situated like Canada, but the amount of territory properly tributary to one Government for the purpose of thoroughly utilizing the principle, is not known. Two points many hundred miles apart, separated by wildernesses, lakes, and vast mountains, cannot justly be regarded as one "home." It might well be that different tariffs would be required in such cases. For instance, Britain might own half China. It would be politic there to exclude tea, because it could be grown. Not so in Britain, where it could not be grown. The answer is this: Adam Smith would not have so asserted. He would have regarded it, in point of distance, as a foreign trade. The question, though useless as determining the value of Protection, yet induced me to devote to it these words, as showing our anomalous and dangerous position.

Mr. Fisher next remarks that if a trade carried on between Edinburgh and London be more profitable to Britain than one between London and Portugal, then one between the streets of London will be better still; one between the inmates of the same house, better still; one between the right and left hand, best of all; therefore, every man his own universal producer is the true principle. Mr. Fisher will at once see the fallacy of his method of reasoning when he observes that, according to it, if 30 drops of laudanum be better for a patient than 60, then 15 are better still, 8 better yet, 4 better than 8, 2 than 4, and 1 than 2. The fallacy of his result he will notice by remarking, that though a shoemaker and a tailor, living in the same house, might well exchange products rather than send to a distance, yet it does not therefore follow that the same man could profitably make coats and shoes, far less that he could make a coat with the right and a shoe with the left hand and exchange them.

Mr. Fisher is puzzled to know why Canada loses by money going out of the country, when its equivalent is returned in goods? Simply thus, that she loses her own custom. Does not Mr. Fisher know the advantage of a good customer to a person in business?

The next objection taken is to the statement by the writer, that reversing the adverse balance of Canadian imports and exports, so that other nations should yearly pay us a cash balance instead of receiving one from us, would be beneficial to Canada. Mr. Fisher goes on:—

"Well, what are we to do with the cash when we have it? keep it, like the misers of old, in strong boxes and gloat over it? What other need can we have for it, on Mr. Phipps's own showing? for in the next paragraph he seemingly dispenses with gold as a reserve, informing us that a country can issue *money* on the security of its real and personal estate. This, he says, is the real security for bank notes. . . . . I would, however, modestly ask Mr. Phipps how the nation would issue money on its real and personal estate? Would the form of the issue run as follows—'The Dominion of Canada promises to pay on demand 10 acres,' or 5 barrels of flour; or some equally simple form of note?"

If Canada had money to spare, she might pay her debts, or at least she might use it on those works for which she is now increasing those debts.

The gold reserve held by a bank is not the real security on which bank-notes are issued. That security consists in the amount of real and personal estate held by the stockholders or shareholders of the bank. The security for Government obligations to pay lies in the power and will of the Government or its successors to tax the real and personal estate of the people for the liquidation of those obligations. As for the concluding question, the only value of a note or of money is that it will purchase such commodities. Money is of no value except as a representative of valuable articles.

Mr. Fisher says:—"If I wish to get a

certain article, and I can do so in one of two ways, either by spending $100 to make it in the country, or by spending $99 by buying it abroad; then, if I buy it abroad, I and the country are both one dollar richer than if I had it made in the country at the cost of $100."

Mr. Fisher will be one dollar richer. So will the country, as he is one of its citizens. But the country is also $100 poorer, for if he had bought the article in the country he would have paid $100 for it, which he has not done. He has kept one dollar himself and carried $99 away to the other country. The only benefit the country has received is the article Mr. Fisher has bought. Having bought it elsewhere, the person who would have made it for him here has stood idle, and is minus $100, which he would have got if employed in making it. This is the whole question.

"If, on the other hand," continues Mr. Fisher, "the article is already made in the country at the cost of $100, and I buy a similar article abroad for $99, then I am richer by one dollar: the country is poorer either by an unsaleable article to the good or $100 to the bad." If the latter part of this sentence be English, it is incomprehensible to me.

The writer having stated that one result of Protection, so far as the farmer was concerned, would necessarily be the building of many manufacturing towns wherever facilities existed, thereby enabling farmers to grow and sell other articles than such as bear export and long carriage, Mr. Fisher says:—"Cultivating roots and market gardens, and raising fat cattle, are, I am told—at least in Lower Canada—quite as great drudgery as raising cereals or lean cattle."

The writer has not been told; but as he has himself had much experience in Canadian farming, perhaps he can tell Mr. Fisher a little more. Cultivating roots and cattle gives the best method of raising wheat If the latter be persisted in on Canadian soil without the former, the deficiency of manure will exhaust the land, and will render either the cultivation of roots, wheat, or grass, or the raising of cattle, drudgery indeed. Lower Canada was once an excellent wheat-growing country, and, but for the wheat-demanding system of Free Trade, would yet have been. Now, in consequence of this, all farming there is comparative drudgery, and will be so unless Protection changes matters. Moreover, wheat-raising affords little but summer work; mixed farming gives employment the year round. Men can be hired much more cheaply by the year than by the summer.

One more specimen of Mr. Fisher's reasoning will complete the case against him:—"Mr. Phipps thinks that trade returns—exports and imports—are a most fallacious test of prosperity, and illustrates his contention as follows:—'Suppose you sell a million dollars' worth of wheat to Europe for a million dollars' worth of iron-work. Ah!—that sounds well. Imports and exports two millions.' But 'suppose you had Canadians who could make the iron stuff, and had sold it to Canadian farmers for the million of wheat,' then we should have had both millions left in the country. Our author here seems to fall into a confusion. If we export a million's worth in exchange for a million's worth, though Exports and Imports show a trade of two millions, we have only created the one million's worth of something, which we exchange for the same value of some other commodity which we want more. To say that, if we did not exchange that million out of the country, we could have had both the millions' worth, is as much as to say that if I have an orange which I want to exchange for an apple, I had better not, for then I shall have both the orange and the apple. This conjuring is more extraordinary even than making cities by Act of Parliament." The reader may safely be left to judge which writer has fallen into "confusion." Cannot Mr. Fisher master the idea that if we had made both millions' worth in the country, and did not send either out of the country, we should have had both left in the country?

Let me here point out how Protection is turning the balance of trade between England and the States in favour of the latter:

	Imports from Britain.	Exports to Britain.
1872.....	$248,000,000	$261,000,000
1873.....	237,000,000	312,000,000
1874.....	180,000,000	341,000,000
1875.....	155,000,000	313,000,000

This yearly inflow of money enables the States yearly to decrease their national debt, an operation otherwise scarcely possible.

The writer is one who would willingly observe the advance of Britain. He is of

those who believe that to the student of progress but a blank page is presented from the fall of Rome till the rise of England. But as firmly does he believe that when the abolition of differential duties on colonial and foreign produce told the colonies that to Britain they were but as foreigners henceforward, it told the nations that the leaders of British opinion, preferring wealth to honour, had bartered the power, the glory, and the strength of the nation for present monetary advancement. The men who did this were called Free Traders, and their successors, to the same sordid spirit born, at this day, in every colony of England, undermine the foundations of the empire in their insatiable thirst for gold, and cry over their shoulders to every passer-by, "Help us, or you are disloyal!"

The only possibility of continuous British pre-eminence lay in the advancement of her colonial possessions. To them should, to them could, have been directed that vast mass of Anglo-Saxon strength, capital, and knowledge which, bursting from the confining bonds of the little islands, bearing its absorbed races in its train, has filled the vast American States with a people ever rival, ever jealous, ever threatening hostility, and has permeated every foreign nation with a power and vitality never previously known, and only too surely impregnated with the unpatriotic spirit of its selfish misdirectors.

Had those statesmen who, thirty years ago, held the mightiest power for good or evil ever committed to man, the direction of the British Empire at that great turning point of its destiny—had they then applied themselves by protective duties to foster what manufacturing abilities each British colony possessed—they had formed each into a lesser Britain, closing indeed a market for many home productions, but opening wide that infinitely more desirable field—a field wherein British and Colonial energy might have found full scope, abundant range, in the consolidation, extension, and increase of the Empire. Had this been done, the mother country might have been poorer in money, but she would have been richer in men—much richer in national spirit. The United States would have been infinitely weaker; every foreign, European, Asiatic and South American potentate would have been weaker; but Colonial Britain—Asiatic, Australian, and American—would by this time have become self-providing, self-protecting Powers, bound to their great progenitor by those ties of interest, gratitude, and respect which form the only true basis of loyalty; sources still of profit—yet a profit then more mutual—in peace; powerful allies in time of war.

How different is the position of Great Britain and her colonies to-day, those well know who have studied the question. If she now no longer occupies that position of pre-eminence in Europe and America which half a century back she had won and could use, it is that she has sent her strength elsewhere, and that much of that strength which might have been still her own—the mighty increase of which might have been still her own—is now, as her statesmen at length perceive, only too ready to be turned against her. There is even yet time to retrace some steps—yet time to reverse the fatal policy of Free Trade—but there is no time to spare.

FLOWERS.

I LOVE the flowers,
And happy hours
I've spent among their green retreats;
And memory o'er and o'er repeats
The days of youth,
Of hope and truth,
Now passed away for ever.

Returning Spring
Will ever bring
To me sweet thoughts of golden childhood,
When, gathered in the mossy wildwood,
In dresses white,
With faces bright,
We crowned our young May Queen.

And Summer too,
The time to woo,
Brings sweeter memories far than these,
Of whispered love 'neath shadowy trees;
The moon so bright,
Our hearts so light,
The balmy air so full of roses.

Childhood is gone,
And youth has flown,
But flowers have still the gentle power
To picture o'er that blissful hour
When love was mine,
And he did twine
Among my curls a sweet June rose.

HAMILTON. LOUIE.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION AND ITS OBJECTS.

BY J. KING, M.A., BERLIN.

LAST midsummer's monotony, like that of many preceding midsummers, was broken for a time amongst Canadian pressmen by a pleasant little excursion, some graphic and sprightly descriptions of which appeared, from time to time, in the newspapers. This happy holiday party was composed of gentlemen belonging to the "Canadian Press Association," accompanied by a number of ladies. The gentlemen were, or had formerly been, active members of the "Fourth Estate," in good standing, as the phrase is, in the journalistic profession; the ladies who went with them were either relatives or friends, and lent, as ladies' society always does, zest and refinement to the pleasure of those seeking relaxation from the treadmill of daily duty. The expedition on which all had set out, and the purpose which all had in view, were in a way time-honoured. Both were keeping alive the memories of old professional or personal friendships, or forming new connections of a similar kind that would themselves be agreeable memories after a time. It has been the custom of this associated body of journalists, for at least twelve years, to meet annually at some central or convenient point, transact such business as concerns them, and thence proceed on their annual excursion, the arrangements for which have generally been settled beforehand. On this last occasion the general rendezvous was the hospitable city of Hamilton, which entertained its visitors with rare kindness, fairly lionized them and their honourable calling for the time being, and sent them away to old Niagara, and the historic associations of the Niagara peninsula, to note the scenes and incidents of their holiday jaunt.

The Press Association is rapidly nearing the close of the second decade of its existence. The design of forming it had previously engaged the attention of a few leading newspaper men, but no attempt was made to carry out the design until the autumn of 1859. The idea originated, we believe, with Mr. William Gillespy, at that time editor and publisher of the Hamilton *Daily Spectator*, the reputed "Father of the Association," and whose energetic and unselfish exertions in tiding it over many early difficulties were subsequently recognised in a graceful manner by those belonging to it. Like many undertakings of a similar kind, its beginning was feeble and discouraging. In September, 1859, the Provincial Fair was being held in the city of Kingston. The occasion, which had, as usual, brought together a number of members of the metropolitan and local Press of the country, was considered a timely one for a frank discussion of the project. A preliminary meeting was called on the afternoon of the 27th, but it was so slimly attended that an adjournment was found necessary till the following evening. Some sixteen gentlemen connected with the Press of Upper and Lower Canada assembled at the adjourned meeting, and it was then that the first steps were taken towards the establishment of the Association. The scheme was fairly launched in the early part of the following year, when a constitution, unpretentious in form and simple in detail, was adopted, and the first officers of the Association were elected. The first anniversary was held in September of the same year at Hamilton, but met with indifferent success—the movements of the Prince of Wales, who was then on a visit to the Province, and a guest of the city, absorbing general attention. The experiment of a public breakfast was tried, and, with Mr. C. J. Brydges, an old and valued friend of the Press, as one of their guests, the members of the Association spent a few hours of good fellowship together, and thus inaugurated those annual social reunions which have done so much to promote mutual forbearance and kindly feeling amongst them. The year following, the annual meeting was held at London, where, at a public supper, the Hon. T. D. McGee, Hon. M. H. Foley, and Mr. J G. Bowes, then Mayor of Toronto—the two first named, we believe, old *attachés* of the Press—were present as guests. D'Arcy McGee was in one of his most genial moods, and those present will remember his manly, cheering words

of encouragement, when, glancing with a prescient eye at the "future confederated Provinces of British North America," he spoke of "the Confederated Press of Canada," and of the noble, national mission which, with the dawn of the new era that he then predicted, it would be both its privilege and its duty to undertake. Annual meetings have since been held at all of the principal cities, and at several of the large towns of Ontario and Quebec. These meetings have been largely attended, and have been productive of the happiest results. They have strengthened the *esprit de corps* which has always more or less existed amongst members of the Newspaper Press; they have brought together, under most favourable circumstances, men of very opposite and pronounced opinions, and, by the attraction of personal acquaintanceship, and a free, unrestrained interchange of individual views on subjects of mutual interest, have softened the asperities, if they have not altogether eradicated the rancour and bitterness, of bygone journalism. This social element has been a strong one in conserving the Association; and whatever its future may be—whether it shall be, as it has been, a thoroughly social fraternity, promoting professional courtesy and kindliness, and improving, as it certainly has improved, the general tone of newspaper controversy, or whether it shall seek to maintain itself on a broader and more practical basis, extend the sphere of its operations and the scope of its usefulness—its vitality is assured, and its permanency, in some form or other, established beyond question.

The Association may fairly claim to be a representative body: so far as this Province is concerned, it certainly is. It has none of the instincts of a "close corporation," and every member of the Press, of talent and respectability, has been welcomed to its ranks, with the right to share its corporate privileges. These privileges have at times been abused, and a few years ago the abuse of the courtesies of the free pass system made it necessary to define more strictly the limits of *bonâ fide* membership. The Association now includes "publishers, proprietors, editors, and reporters of newspapers, and ex-members of the Press throughout the Dominion of Canada," as well as "such honorary members as the Association may from time to time elect." There are on the present roll the names of some two hundred gentlemen, of various nationalities, of every political and religious creed, and from every section of Ontario, including a number also from the sister Provinces. Many of these are amongst our oldest and most experienced journalists; a few are men of distinguished ability and acknowledged literary reputation; while several represent constituencies in Parliament, or are the leaders of powerful party organizations in the country. Although at first composed exclusively of followers of the "art preservative"—of those engaged in the various departments of newspaper work proper—time and its rapid changes have greatly altered the constituent elements of the Association. Many have abandoned the field of active publication, and become engrossed in other pursuits. Several have laid down the pen to retire into snug Government offices, where they may enjoy their ease with dignity. Others have recruited the learned professions; but few who have at any time belonged to it have not kept up their connection with the Association, in which may now be found representatives of almost every trade or business interest; of every calling, mercantile, professional, or otherwise; and of every university or school of learning in the country. It certainly may claim to have a fair share of "all the talents," and contains within itself the germs, at least, of much that is full of promise to Canada. The birthday of the Canadian Press can scarcely be recalled by any one now living, but there are still a few in this Association who can date back their editorial labours to a time when it was in its feeble infancy; when journalism—and especially independent, fearless journalism—was beset with trials and vicissitudes, and the Canadian newspaper was leading an uncertain, wearisome existence. The Press forms an indissoluble link between the present and the historical past of a nation's life, and, with its energies concentrated in the right direction, there are few bodies of men who can give to that life sturdier form or more enduring vitality; few who can more successfully gather together the strings of that national destiny which centre in to-day, and those which must centre at some point in the impenetrable future. "Experience has proved," a writer in the *Nation* remarks, "that those who are men of action as well as men of thought can give a new bent to modern civilization. If, in this

country, they are only true to themselves and their great mission as national educators; if, having lofty and patriotic aims, they pursue them with unselfishness, fidelity, and courage, they can achieve grand results for their common country. They can break down, and —what has not yet been done—effectually clear away the old lines of demarcation between our people. They can kill off wooden-headed Provincialism, and, by the removal of shams and cant from the old arena of public life, erect and establish, on a broader ground and firmer basis, an infinitely higher standard than we have been wont to see in the newspaper literature and politics of the country." How this can best be done is a question of moment for every one; for our public men especially; for those who lead public opinion, as well as for those who are led by it. The journalist does both, and it is worth his serious thought how far a journalistic guild can be made to subserve the aims of a mission so meritorious.

This project of an Associated Press had its origin in motives very different from those which usually combine members of a particular class or calling. The idea of setf-protection, of conserving and promoting their trade or labour interests, has been the ruling one in all such combinations. The Trades' Unions of this and other countries have sprung from this idea, and have maintained themselves just in so far as it has been successfully carried out. The founders of the Press Association were actuated by no such motives. There was no necessity, in their case, for union on such a basis. Newspaper publishers, as a class, had no grievances, real or fancied, to complain of; they had no oppressive exactions—no tribute to pay to Cæsar; and the postage impost, which has since excited their apprehensions, had not then become the creature of legislative enactment. Mere political differences of opinion, however, have never, in a general emergency, disturbed the loyal relations of pressmen with each other. Experience has proved that the presence of a common danger is quite sufficient to unite them, against any formidable encroachment, in defence of the common cause.

We have already indicated some of the prime causes to which the Association owes its existence. Acquaintance with an editor or publisher through his newspaper is a very different thing from acquaintance with himself; and if the founders of the Association sought only that the members of the Press should know each other better, that the acrimony of newspaper discussion should be moderated, and its general tone elevated and improved, their efforts in that direction deserve at least grateful recognition. They can justly claim to have achieved much in that way since the day, some seventeen years ago, when the prospects of achieving anything seemed very far off. In the local Press of the country especially a great advance has been made. If it has still a few sins to answer for, they are more venial and far less flagrant than they once were; its tone has lost nothing in force and vigour by greater courtesy and fairness; if the personalities which were wont to disfigure controversy have not entirely ceased, they are much less freely indulged in; and, as a rule, those professional amenities, which never fail to lighten the faithful discharge of any public duty, have been far more generally observed. Much has been gained, but much that, we believe, is capable of being done remains unaccomplished. For some reason or other, a portion of the metropolitan Press has, of late years, held aloof from the Association. The attitude of these journals is by no means unfriendly; it has not been assumed, we are satisfied, from any want of sympathy with every good object of their fellow-workers in the same profession; but, in the general interest, it is none the less to be deplored. It is true, the favour and support of any particular section of the Press, however desirable, are not essential to the existence of the Association. It has lived so far without these, and it can live on to the end. But such a state of things is, to say the least, anomalous; it has the appearance of a mutual estrangement that should not, and that, we are persuaded, really does not exist; and it will be a fortunate thing, not only for the interests of journalism itself, but for those higher interests with which it is charged, if relations more unmistakably cordial and less open to misapprehension can be established between all sections of the Canadian Press.

The history of every country proves how much may be achieved by what has been called a "passion for ideas." Can it be doubted that the idea of an Associated Press is worth cherishing? Can it be doubted that it is worth individual unself-

ishness, and united harmonious effort? Does any one suppose that no good can come of a large number of talented and influential men of the same calling uniting together on a common platform, without any sacrifice of political independence and personal self-respect, and seeking to promote, either the practical employments of their craft, or some good and philanthropic objects in connection with their own profession? Uncompromising as is party warfare in this country—bitter and hateful as it, unfortunately, too often is—it can surely interpose no insuperable barrier to the successful working out of this idea. The main difficulties in the formation of a Canadian Press Association have been long since overcome; the feasibility and real value of the project, within a limited field and by limited means, have been clearly demonstrated. It remains to be seen whether, with the material already at hand and a proper spirit animating them, this body of Associated pressmen cannot add appreciably to the sum total of their yearly achievements.

The annual excursion of the Association has been already referred to. This has formed a prominent and attractive feature of each year's gathering. It has been the means of adding largely to the membership; of providing many and varied sources of innocent pleasure for those who have their fair share of the fretting cares and worries of life; of extending the acquaintance of members with each other and with their great constituency, the newspaper public; of informing and enlightening both, and giving them juster notions of their mutual duties and obligations. The first experiment of uniting in this way the widely scattered members of the Press fraternity was made in the summer of 1864, when, after a pleasant run from Toronto over the Northern Railway, the party enjoyed a delightful day's sail amidst the picturesque scenery of Lake Simcoe. Since then their holiday wanderings have been ubiquitous. The great lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the mysterious Saguenay, have all been "done" over and over again, while, at times, they have crossed the southerly frontier, and accepted the generous hospitality of our American cousins. The first trip on Lake Superior to Fort William was a memorable one. A miniature printing office was established on the old *Algoma*, and a miniature daily paper, *The Canadian Press*, was issued every lawful evening to those on board the steamer. "Print and prosper on land and water," was the appropriate motto of this first herald of the Press in those regions, the poet laureate of the year adding the following simple lines of his fancy:—

Go forth, precursor of a better time;
Go, like the dove from Noah's ark of old;
Stay not, rest not, till o'er this rugged clime,
Thou leav'st a power more precious far than gold.
Tell of this land of rocky isles and plains;
Keen messengers are now upon its track,
To scan its mines, its varied fruits and grains,
And take the winnow'd jewels with them back.

Periodical trips like these, by a number of gentlemen more or less talented, as well as reflecting and observant, and accustomed to think and speak for themselves, have been of immense service to journalists and their readers everywhere. They have enlarged and added to the practical knowledge and mental outfit of the writer, and have been the means of disseminating much valuable information with respect to the condition and resources of all parts of the country. The descriptions given of their journeys, if not exhaustive, have bristled with facts full of interest and value to the average newspaper reader. Pungency and raciness of style and matter have not been wanting, while the fulness and accuracy of the various narratives have enhanced the benefits directly traceable to these pen-and-ink sketches of the itinerant editor. Whatever quickens the sympathy between the journalist and his constituents, and strengthens the comity and *entente cordiale* between journalists themselves, is deserving of encouragement, and these holiday excursions have certainly done this in a greater or less degree. As each annual *gaudeamus* of the Association comes round, a truce is proclaimed in newspaperdom; the asperities of the pen and sanctum are forgotten, and, inspired by the genial, kindly spirit of free, unaffected personal intercourse, each member goes hopefully forward to the duties of another year.

During the first few years of the Association's existence, these holiday trips were of brief duration, and much less pretentious than they have since become. A day and a-half or two days completed the annual meeting and subsequent trip. The whole affair partook more of the character of a

large private pleasure party than anything else. But as the Association increased in numbers, strength, and importance—which it very soon did—the business meeting became more like a miniature congress, and a prolonged holiday more of a felt necessity. The annual excursion has now assumed proportions which make it an event of uncommon public importance. Civic entertainments and *fêtes*, and boundless private hospitalities, attend the Association wherever it goes. The popular notion as to the power and influence of newspapers, as organs of public opinion, has found expression on these occasions in a manner at once complimentary and gratifying. Few cities or towns of any importance where the Association has held its annual gatherings, or which it has visited for any length of time, have not sought to pay it some tribute of public respect, or, in its person, to honour the great and important mission which the Press as a whole is constantly discharging. The hospitality of our American neighbours is proverbial, and, whenever it has been the good fortune of the Association to pass through their territory, it has been the recipient of kindnesses innumerable. Few who accompanied the party will forget their short sojourn in New York State a few years ago, the ovations at Syracuse and elsewhere, and the magnificent banquet at which the Canadians were entertained at Oswego by the corporation of that prosperous city. As mere civic demonstrations these were gratifying successes; but as expressions of national good-will towards a representative body of the Canadian people by the people of a foreign country, their importance and significance were far greater. These manifold past courtesies on the part of leading men in the Republic are well worth reciprocating. The mere personal contact of a number of the journalists of the two nations —of those whose special duty it is to reflect faithfully the public opinion of both countries—must in itself be productive of many beneficial consequences. It helps to remove erroneous impressions, and disseminate correct notions of popular feeling and sentiment on both sides of the line. And it is well worth cultivating, if only that it may assist in dissipating doubts and misunderstandings as to the respective polities of two great neighbours; of effectively disturbing the insular patriotism, so to speak, of each; and of cementing international friendship by the united exertions of those who can do much to perpetuate it.

But although the Association has much to be grateful for in this respect, it has never as a body sought after anything of the kind. It has asked and received business courtesies like any other body, and has secured from the different railway and steamboat companies the privileges of the pass system, which, in the case of newspaper *attachés*, was long the custom of the country. Whenever and wherever these courtesies have been extended, they have been freely and gratefully acknowledged. They were never, that we are aware, bestowed upon the Press as benevolences to condone sins of omission or commission on the part of the donors, and we think better of the independence of the Press as a whole than to believe that they would be accepted as such in any case. The expediency or policy of the practice is another matter, but it will be quite time enough to discuss that when any real evil or mischief is found arising from it. The late Sandfield Macdonald used to boast that he never accepted, or would accept, a free pass from any railway corporation, believing, as he did, that it placed him under a personal obligation to them, and so more or less compromised his independence as a public man. There is some force in the reasoning of Mr. Macdonald, who was for several years a Minister of the Crown, and his scruples in this respect may apply to those who help to make and unmake Crown Ministers, and whose influence great corporations are by no means averse to secure.

The next meeting of the Associated Press will be held in Toronto on the 30th inst., and thereafter there will be an excursion to the Centennial Exhibition. In the meantime, is it not worth considering how far a "new departure" may be made with advantage, as regards the constitution and general objects of the Association? Heretofore, it must be admitted, its aims have been much narrower than they should be. The meetings have been hurried; a few topics of no very special interest have been discussed; the general business transacted has been purely routine, broken only, and sometimes unbroken altogether, by an essay and poem. Is it not possible to improve on this? After all, is it necessary to have an

excursion *every* year? Might not one year be devoted to a few days of intellectual, and the next to holiday, diversion? Or, as in the case of the Archæological and other societies in England, might not the two be advantageously combined? In other countries we find similar associated bodies assembling year after year, their members reading papers on subjects of real interest to themselves, eagerly criticising and discussing them, suggesting new inquiries, following these out with industry and avidity, and arriving at conclusions and discoveries of immense value to literature, science, and art. Cannot the fraternity of the Canadian Press do the same thing; or, at all events, cannot they attempt to do it? Are there no benevolent or charitable objects for such an Association? Can it devise no eleemosynary scheme for the relief at times of unfortunate but worthy followers of the "art preservative"—of those victims of the harsh world's misfortune who occasionally cross our path, who are sorely in need of help and pity, and to whom timely assistance would often sweeten the bitterness of a lonely lot? In the motherland there are several such schemes in active operation—several benevolent societies or institutions connected with the printing art, or the profession of literature, in some shape or other. There is the Newsvendors' Provident Institution, which was originated by some members of the publishing trade, and which affords assistance to that ill-paid class of persons in times of sickness and indigence. There is the Newspaper Press Fund, which grants relief to members in want or distress, and to the widows, families, or other near relatives of those deceased, in right of a moderate annual subscription. Its members comprise the whole paid class of literary contributors to the Press of the United Kingdom, and every class of reporters. But the whole circle of the arts in Britain is pervaded by institutions of this kind. The devotees of painting, music, and the drama have all got their charitable Associations, which are managed and sustained in such a way that no member of them can consider it a degradation to accept their support. In this Province there are several societies of a similar kind, with objects more or less akin to those we have described. Two or three years ago the Benchers at Osgoode Hall discussed the subject of a Provident Society in connection with the members of the Law Society of the Province. It is, therefore, not idle to suggest such a thing to the members of the Press Association, and it will not be useless for them to discuss it fairly and frankly. Under present circumstances, of course, little, if anything, can be done by them in furthering such a scheme. The revenue derived by the Association from the trifling annual subscriptions of its members would afford a very inadequate fund for the solace and comfort of the poor itinerant printer who forms so important, if subordinate, a part in the great intellectual machinery of the Press. There are, too, obvious reasons against public contributions to any such fund of an Association so powerful as that of the Newspaper Press, the favour of which so many persons desire to conciliate. Still, a wide field is open, and the way is clear, for the exercise of a brotherly love, and help, and goodness, that may compass many and great benefits for those with the care and protection of whose interests this Association may be said to be specially charged.

In addition to the Press Association proper, there is at present in existence the Dominion Editors' and Reporters' Association, which is composed of some of the ablest and most experienced members of the Press in Canada. The amalgamation of these two distinctive bodies is well worth considering, and, if successfully effected, would be a fortunate thing for journalism in this country. In the Provinces by the sea, too, there is an influential section of the Press, whose co-operation with these other Associations is most desirable. The seeking of a closer union with the newspaper publishers and journalists of all the confederated Provinces cannot be kept too steadily in view by every one of the members of that body which will assemble in Toronto at the close of the present month. If it should be, the time cannot be far distant when there will exist a National Newspaper Guild as wide as the Dominion in its bonds and sympathies, when Provincial will be subordinated to National interests, and when the Press of Canada will breathe a spirit of mutual forbearance and patriotism that must be productive of consequences fortunate alike to the intellectual and to the political life of the Canadian people.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JR., QUEBEC.

ANOTHER World's Fair has been opened, and one of special importance to ourselves, inasmuch as our great neighbour is the showman, and has done his utmost to exhibit his wares and display his skill to the best advantage. As a matter of course, those who are the hosts on such occasions have the advantage of their guests, and so make the largest and most pretentious display. Many articles cannot with safety or economy be transported great distances; hence Germany and Austria exhibited in Vienna what they have not sent across the Atlantic; and the United States this year displays in Philadelphia articles whose bulk and weight interfered with their transport to Europe. Moreover, quantities of inferior manufactures and of unimportant natural products swell the exhibits of the host, inasmuch as the cost of carriage and installation is light. It must not be supposed, however, that because the United States occupies the major part of the buildings, she occupies the same space in the field of the World's industries, any more than it follows that Canada's manufacturing importance is commensurate with the floor room assigned to her.

The utility of these Great Exhibitions is unquestionable; the frequency with which they ought to be held is open to discussion; but the present time is peculiarly applicable for a comparison between the state of European and American manufactures. Before the war, American manufacturing was in its infancy. Since its close, the exceptionally high prices borne by every manufactured article, assisted by a high protective tariff, have fostered manufactures into early manhood. Now, when all the benefit that could accrue from protection has been attained, prices have suddenly fallen, and to such an extent that the great staples can be bought of home manufacture at almost as low a figure as in England: while the prices of such raw material as coal and iron ores in favourable localities is lower, and labour but little if at all higher. England and the States, therefore, now start on a fair race shoulder to shoulder, each with a developed manufacturing interest, and with the raw material of manufacture at much the same price. The element of difference lies in the quality of the labour each employs. Will the thew and sinew of the English ironworker, and the stern resolution of the Manchester operator (which carried him and his country safely through the cotton famine), be more than a match for the better education and readier invention, but weaker physique and more fluctuating will of his American competitor? In the Exhibition the present position of these two great rivals can be studied, and a starting point obtained whence to judge of their future progress. It would be impertinent in us to think of taking a part in a contest for the trade of the world, but our exhibits show that it is not presumptuous to hope to compete at home with imported goods; and perhaps even, with some articles, to win our way into foreign markets, If, however, we are to do this successfully, our manufacturers must study æsthetics; and nowhere can this be better done than here, where articles in bad taste look worst when compared with others of the same class, beautiful in design as well as execution. And this is really the great value of such competitive fairs as the present. No nation values them more than Great Britain, judging from the cost she incurs at each successive Exhibition, because no nation has profited by them more than has she, and pre-eminently in this very respect. Before 1851 she made good cloth, good china, good carpets, and good furniture; but the designs and patterns were clumsy and inharmonious. Comparison with French and Austrian goods awakened her manufacturers to these defects; and with British determination they commenced to study art, and, as a result, to-day stand incomparably ahead of the world in those very branches where they were most deficient.

Our department displays sad lack of taste,

the very fault in an exaggerated degree that used to attach to English goods. It would be difficult, it is true, for the most beautiful object to look well in the heavy black walnut cases in which our exhibits are immured, and which stand in gaunt, gloomy rows, like coffins on end in an undertaker's shop. Not only do they cast a shadow over the goods they contain, and even over the spirit of the visitor, but they necessitate in many instances the crowding of so much in so little space, that the character of the articles cannot be judged of, as is notably the case in regard to the display of furs made by the Hudson Bay Company and Messrs. Renfrew & Co., of Quebec. It would be to the interest of exhibitors even yet to repair the error. Our space is close to that allotted to Great Britain, so that a ready comparison can be made of our household furniture (for instance) with hers, or of the designs of our delf with hers, and thus we shall see how far we have fallen behind the manufacturers of the mother country, who originally furnished us with models and supplied us with skilled hands. Our Government has devoted $100,000 to Exhibition purposes. It will be well spent if we are wise enough to study our defects.

The cost of successive Exhibitions has gone on increasing, and the pecuniary loss attending them correspondingly augmenting. Only in 1851 did the receipts cover the outlay. The following summary will give an idea of the vast scale on which they have been carried out, and the great loss some Governments have thought it worth incurring.

The first International Exhibition was that held in Hyde Park, in 1851, under the auspices of the Society of Arts, and the Presidency of Prince Albert. In 1846 he had been elected President of the Society, and at once, by means of national competitive exhibitions, endeavoured "to encourage the application of Fine Arts to our manufactures." The Society's exhibitions grew in favour and in size, and suggested to the large-minded Prince the advantage of bringing into friendly contest the manufacturers and artists of the world.

"Ours is an era of Exhibitions," says the Preface to the British Catalogue of the present Exhibition, "and its Hegira dates from that 30th of June, 1849, when the Prince Consort, at a meeting of the Society of Arts, held in Buckingham Palace, explained the outlines of that great scheme which owed so much of its subsequent success to the rare administrative ability of its author. At this meeting Prince Albert suggested not only the grouping of the exhibits into four main heads—raw material, machinery and mechanical inventions, manufactures, and sculpture and plastic art—but also the world-known site, on the wisdom of which it would seem unnecessary to enlarge, were it not for the fact that even so good a judge of men and cities as the late Lord Carlisle, in his capacity of First Lord of the Woods and Forests, had dreamt of no better a location than the square of Somerset House. The question of prizes, of a Royal Commission, and of the organization of a popular subscription, having been decided on, the Exhibition of 1851 started forth from that meeting, ready armed, like Minerva, on her mission of peaceful contest. From that day no time was lost by distracting counsels or futile delays. The 3rd of January of the following year saw a Royal Commission appointed; on the 13th of March architects of all nations were invited to compete; the 8th of April witnessed 233 plans submitted; on the 10th of June they were on exhibition at the Institute of Civil Engineers, in Great George Street, Westminster, only to be rejected, as no single plan was so accordant with the peculiar objects in view, either in the principle or detail of its arrangement, as to warrant the Building Committee in recommending it for adoption. On the 14th of June, Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Paxton submitted to Mr. Robert Stephenson a rough sketch on a blotting pad of what was to be the Faërie Palace by the Serpentine; in ten days the elevations, sections, working details, and specifications were carried out; on the 6th July they appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, and the suffrages of the masses were secured; on the 16th they were accepted; on the 26th the tender of Messrs. Fox and Henderson was ratified; on the 30th the contractors took possession of the ground; on the 15th August the charter of incorporation was issued; and on the 26th September the first column was in its place."

In ignorance of these facts, people who should be better informed and more cautious in their statements are flattering themselves that the Philadelphia Exhibition is the first which has not depended for its sup-

port and organization on Government aid. It is a great pity that our neighbours, with so much that they may be justly proud of, cannot allow any one else credit for the possession of even the most common-place faculties.

The Exhibition thus inaugurated by popular effort was brought to a successful issue by the hearty concurrence of all classes, so that no subsequent Exhibition has been opened and closed amidst such profound enthusiasm. The total cost was £292,795 sterling, the receipts reached £506,100 sterling, so that there remained in the hands of the Commission a balance of £213,305, which has been devoted to the establishment of the South Kensington Museum and kindred objects. The number of visitors was 6,139,195, and of exhibitors 13,937.

The success of this attempt instigated France to imitate England's example, and the 1st of May, 1855, was fixed for the opening of an International Exhibition in Paris. But on the 1st nothing was ready, so the opening was postponed till the 15th, when it was with difficulty that enough objects could be collected to grace the inauguration ceremonies. The number of exhibitors reached 23,954, and could not be accommodated under one roof. The number of visitors was 5,162,330. The cost was above $4,000,000, and the receipts only about $640,495, so that the French Government was a heavy loser.

London followed suit with the Exhibition of 1862, in the organization of which Prince Albert was again the all-presiding genius, and in which he hoped to see fulfilled his maturer ideas; but death cut him off on the eve of their realization, and his loss cast a gloom over the enterprise. Nevertheless, it was a brilliant monument to his memory. It was visited by 6,211,103 people; and the number of exhibitors shows an increase over Paris, being 28,653. It was attended with no loss to its promoters, though there remained no balance to the credit of the account. The expenses were £459,637; the receipts, £438,631; but the deficit of £21,000 was, under agreement, made up by the contractors. The memorable feature in this Exhibition was the unique loan collection of paintings by eminent British artists.

Five years then passed without the excitement of another show; but they were years which belied all the hopes of peace and good-will that the chief originators of International Exhibitions so fondly believed would flow from such congresses of the nations, for both Europe and America were convulsed with war. Napoleon's influence was beginning to wane, and the French Government planned an Exhibition which should, through its extent and the novelty of its arrangements, throw all previous attempts into the shade, and thus by gratifying popular vanity distract popular attention from politics; and certainly Napoleon succeeded. The Champ de Mars was chosen as the site, and for the first time exhibitors and nations erected independent structures within the grounds, to contain goods or illustrate national habits; while, within a huge circular building, not only were the arts of the present day classified, but an attempt was made to realize the life of by-gone ages. The Exhibition was full of brilliant innovations, and was visited by many of the great of the earth. It marked the zenith of Napoleon's fame. The total number of visitors did not, however, much exceed those who flocked to London in 1862, while the amount received fell slightly below, and the loss to the Government was not less than £350,000 sterling.

Austria was contemplating an Exhibition when her war with Prussia gave her other subjects for reflection; but her first care on her recovery was to invite the nations to a Great Fair on the Prater of Vienna. But the events of this superb Exhibition are too fresh to need recalling; suffice it to record the fact that despite the 70,000 exhibitors, the completeness of the display of the whole world's treasure, and the wonderful beauties of the Park—studded with four hundred buildings, to illustrate the architecture of almost every nation under heaven—not more than 6,740,500 visitors were attracted, and the receipts only reached £206,477, to meet an outlay by Government of nearly £2,000,000.

If, therefore, Europe, with its thickly settled and wealthy population, contributes so few visitors, comparatively, to such alluring sights, it is unreasonable to suppose that the scattered population of America can or will flock in such crowds to Philadelphia as to make what will prove the most costly of all the World's Fairs anything else than a source of great direct pecuniary loss. The

visitors from across the Atlantic cannot notably swell the number.

But the loss incurred by the Governments or public associations by no means represents the total outlay, not directly remunerative, which these huge undertakings involve. Professor Blake, in his Report to the Centennial Commission on the Vienna Exhibition, calculates that foreign Governments expended $5,000,000 in assisting exhibitors, and that exhibitors themselves spent not less than $5,000,000 more on cases and attendance. Thus the total cost of the Vienna Exhibition, after deducting all receipts, would reach the enormous figure of $19,850,000. Great commercial advantages must have accrued, unsuccessful in some respects as that Exhibition was, to tempt Governments and individuals to repeat the experiment, for in Philadelphia the same firms are prominent who were most lavish in expenditure at Vienna. Messrs. Elkington, the silversmiths, are supposed to have expended $6,000 at Vienna, and here their outlay must have been very large; but as they exhibit about £100,000 sterling of plate, and already a great deal of it is ticketed as sold, the immediate profit must fully cover the expense, and leave them with the advantage of the celebrity which such a magnificent display of exquisite workmanship must bring.

It is evident that only first-class wares in all departments can now find a market in the United States. Manufacturers there have reached the stage of general excellence; and goods, therefore, of average quality are made and sold at lower prices than the imported articles of the same quality can pass the Customs at; but, as the preface to Part Two of the British Catalogue remarks: "Manufactures, throughout the world, are localized by the skill of the population in each particular production, as well as by district peculiarities. This is probably the reason why manufactories can seldom be removed with success, or be established in foreign countries, since various details in skill and labour, *in combination* with natural local advantages, are necessary to mature the peculiar excellences of any particular fabric. For instance, a West of England broadcloth (unsurpassed in the world), when imitated in Yorkshire, from a precisely similar class of wool, with the same care and attention, and made at the same expense, does not hold its own in the markets against the produce of the west country mill." Consequently, only goods of supreme excellence will now bear the cost of importation. As an example, the same preface instances the case of the carpets supplied to the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. There was required 34 square miles of carpeting, which was all furnished by the Bigelow Carpet Company, except two carpets for the principal reception room, and for these the contractor had to look to Scotland, where he obtained two Axminsters, which the *United States Economist* had to confess "surpassed everything of the kind ever produced, both in beauty of design and excellence of manufacture."

What holds true of the United States should be equally applicable to our own country. We cannot expect at a leap to attain perfection in the manufacture of articles of luxury, nor should we attempt to compete in manufactures which depend for economy of production or for excellence on local advantages which we do not possess, but there seems no reason why, unoppressed by such taxation as weighs down American enterprise, we should not produce the staples of good quality, if not of highest finish, more cheaply than they can be imported. The Canadian manufacturer would do well, therefore, to compare in Philadelphia the class of goods which the American manufacturers can produce to the exclusion of foreign, with those which as yet the American consumers must look for abroad. The study may assist him in determining what should for the present be the limit of his own aspirations.

The exclusion of all foreign goods but those of highest excellence and artistic finish, and great cost, from the American market, by reason of heavy duty, accounts probably for the comparatively small foreign exhibit. Manufacturers of course incur the cost of exhibiting only in the hope of gain, and refrain from exposing their wares to those who cannot purchase. Hence the number of exhibitors at Philadelphia is far under what was anticipated. There are not 14,000 entries in the official catalogues, which, however, are very incomplete. But most of the exhibitors occupy so much space, that the vast expanse of 75 acres under roof is fully occupied.

Though all the buildings but the Agricultural Hall were ready to receive their contents long before the opening day, no

department was quite ready for inspection. The English and Canadian sections were amongst the most advanced, and the United States among the most backward. Even yet some courts are closed to the public. But upon the whole, the Exhibition was in a more complete state than any of its predecessors except those of London; and now it is certainly full enough to allow of an opinion being formed as to the position which will be assigned it among the six great friendly trade competitions held within the past quarter of a century.

The verdict of those capable of judging is, that as an Exhibition of the manufactures and products of the world it is inferior to those of Paris and Vienna. The East is but inadequately represented. There is nothing at all from Persia; and Russia and Portugal, though they accepted the invitation to contribute, have not as yet sent much. No European Power but Great Britain has made as grand a display of their riches as at the last great European shows: and therefore the distinctive feature of this one must be considered to be its exhaustive exhibit of American products and industries. Not that the contributions from abroad are by any means paltry: what has been sent is of the best, and therefore as valuable for comparison as if the exhibits were more numerous; nevertheless, the display, as a whole, is not as imposing as if it had been more varied.

The synopsis from the official catalogues on the two following pages, 540 and 541, will best illustrate the position held by each country, and the number and variety of our own offerings.

The objects in departments I. II, and III. are exhibited in the main building, which is in the form of a parallelogram, 1,880 feet in length, and 464 feet in width, rising in three steps to a total height of 70 feet, and flanked with towers. At the centre of each side is an entrance, with a lofty façade. The roof of the transept rises above the roof of the nave, and here four towers, 48 feet square and 120 feet high, relieve the long, low structure from the appearance of squatness. It cannot claim beauty, nor the possession of any such distinctive feature as the great dome of the Vienna Palace; but the avenues are long and wide, the light is admirably distributed, and the structure throughout is well suited to the purpose for which it was built. The nations are assigned spaces so that all courts may open on the central avenue; the four principal contributors—England, France, Germany, and the United States—likewise facing on the transept. Some of the minor Powers have enclosed their contributions within screens, gaudy in colour and of unassignable architectural style; but those which, like England and France, have studied most carefully the economics of Exhibitions, have come to learn that the less there is to distract attention from the objects under exhibition, the better. Hence not only are all enclosing partitions abolished by them, but the show cases are of the plainest description. Those in the English department are almost uniformly of ebony relieved by gold; but they are low and sufficiently extended to allow of each article being viewed apart from its neighbour. Many exhibits occupy as much space as a good-sized shop. As a consequence of the absence of flags and upholstery, and likewise through the works of Art being confined to the Memorial Hall, and Horticulture to its own quarters, the avenues are bare of such groups of statuary and clusters of tropical foliage as made up such beautiful vistas in the Hyde Park Palace of 1851, and in some subsequent Exhibitions.

As the objects are distributed geographically (so to speak), and not according to subjects, it is not without much fatigue that those of any one class can be compared. For instance, the beautiful display of Sweden in ceramic wares is near the western entrance; the strange collections from China and Japan are at a hundred yards distance on the opposite side of the central aisle; the magnificent and extensive exhibits from England, admittedly the greatest attraction of the main building, are under the transept; while the United States Associations of Pottery have arranged their goods near the eastern portal, 600 yards from the Swedish wares. The labour of making a comparative study is consequently very great, and the difficulty of retaining clear conceptions of points of difference in objects so scattered, equally so. In Paris, in 1867, where the Exhibition Building was circular, it was possible to combine, though with imperfect results, the geographical and comparative systems of distribution, but in a

(Continued on page 542.)

NATIONS EXHIBITING.	IN DEPARTMENTS I., II. AND III.														
	Mineral ores, stones, mining products.	Metallurgical products.	Mining engineering.	Chemical manufactures.	Ceramics, pottery, glass, porcelain, &c.	Furniture, &c.	Yarns and woven goods of vegetable or mineral matters.	Woven or felted goods of wool, &c.	Silk and silk fabrics.	Clothing, jewellery, &c.	Paper, blank books, and stationery.	Weapons, &c.	Medicine, surgery, &c.	Hardware, edge tools, cutlery, metallic products.	Fabrics of vegetable, animal, or mineral materials.
United States	300	182	4	215	76	316	172	81	38	237	128	48	82	67	5
Great Britain	24	17	.....	65	44	48	73	16	51	52	17	23	17	13	5
New Zealand	17	7	.....	5	2	.....	8	2	.....	7	.....	1	.....	.....	11
New South Wales	19	5	2	10	1	2	2	4	.....	3	1	.....	1	.....	3
Victoria	18	4	1	16	10	13	4	6	3	6	2	1	1	2	.....
South Australia	24	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	7	.....	1	.....	1	.....
Cape of Good Hope	6	1	.....	1	.....	2	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	3	2	.....	1
Jamaica	.....	.....	.....	5	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	2	1	.....	1	1	1
Canada	245	15	.....	62	43	76	29	.....	1	63	26	7	10	62	22
France	26	9	3	82	32	69	11	42	51	132	27	3	11	51	17
Germany	27	15	3	80	19	27	73	.....	5	128	20	1	3	15	10
Austria	11	1	.....	30	38	18	7	19	7	204	11	2	8	7	4
Switzerland	2	1	.....	10	2	1	11	4	19	40	2	1	6	3	1
Belgium	3	12	.....	20	30	26	19	28	3	31	6	6	5	8	1
Netherlands	5	.....	.....	13	8	8	14	8	1	3	9	2	8	4	1
Denmark	.....	.....	.....	7	5	4	1	1	.....	5	2	.....	.....	.....	.....
Sweden	44	28	.....	37	11	34	8	5	2	21	27	8	5	29	4
Norway	17	.....	.....	17	3	10	4	2	.....	16	4	1	1	3	4
Italy	21	2	.....	115	12	20	10	12	12	49	12	3	17	11	6
Egypt	1	1	.....	1	2	2	1	2	2	1	1	3	2	1	.....
Tunis	.....	.....	.....	1	1	2	.....	3	2	3	.....	3	.....	.....	.....
Orange Free States	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	28	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Luxemburg	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	.....	.....	4
China	2	1	.....	1	16	6	2	1	9	9	2	.....	1	5	3
Japan	.....	.....	.....	4	22	7	8	1	29	11	4	.....	2	.....	7
Hawaii	4	.....	.....	1	.....	6	1	.....	.....	10	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
Brazil	23	5	.....	33	7	21	10	1	.....	25	1	.....	4	.....	5
Argentine Republic	109	12	.....	42	17	13	23	36	6	81	1	6	44	.....	3
Spain	Is represented, but her contribution is not entered.														
Portugal	Accepted the invitation to exhibit, but has not yet appeared.														

NATIONS EXHIBITING.	IN DEPARTMENT IV.								
	Sculpture.	Oil paintings.	Water colours.	Engraving and lithography.	Art applied.	Photography.	Industrial and agricultural designs.	Ceramic decorations, mosaics, &c.	Loan collection.
United States	37	360	111	.....	.....	194	.....	.....	.....
Great Britain	The British collection is the finest in the Exhibition, not included in catalogue.								
Canada	4	12	8	43	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
France	42	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Germany	1	.....	.....	16	.....	29	2	.....	.....
Austria	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Switzerland	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Belgium	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Netherlands	.....	110	.....	7	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Denmark	2	11	.....	1	.....	.....	1	.....	.....
Sweden	30	.....	49	6	.....	9	.....	.....	.....
Norway	.....	32	1	.....	.....	8	4	.....	.....
Italy	36	.....	4	5	.....	4	6	24	.....
Brazil	3	5	.....	3	.....	7	.....	.....	.....
Argentine Republic	5	18	.....	1	.....	11	3	6	.....
Mexico	10	54	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

Carriages, vehicles, and accessories.	Educational systems, methods, and libraries.	Institutions and organizations.	Scientific and philosophical instruments and methods.	Engineering, architecture, maps, &c.	Physical, social, and moral condition of man.	IN DEPARTMENT V. Machines, tools, &c., of mining, chemistry, &c.	Machines and tools for working metal, wood, and stone.	Machines and implements for spinning, weaving, &c.	Machines, &c., used in sewing, making clothing, &c.	Machines for printing, making books, paper making, &c.	Motors, power generators, &c.	Hydraulic and pneumatic apparatus.	Railway plant, rolling stock, &c.	Machinery used in preparing agricultural products, &c.	Aërial, pneumatic, and water transportation.	Special buildings.	Women's work.
108	90	3	205	37	32	57	232	61	77	71	199	162	85	43	48		
18	31	.....	32	.....	.....	13	9	16	7	4	14	9	5	4	11		
.....	.....	.....	.....	4	3												
3	2	2	2	.....	1												
4	6	.....	2	2	5												
.....	2	.....	.....	1	.....												
.....	7	.....	.....	2	.....												
1	45	3	34	8	4												
53	76	8	71	17	7	6	31	3	16	5	33	29	24	7	44		
8	150	.....	47	.....	2	11	9	7	2	5	18	34	3	6	1		
2	9	2	30	54	2	2	3	5	14	3	9	5	2	.....	3		
5	52	15	59	29	65	2	.....	2	.....	.....	2	.....	1	1			
.....	27	9	9	6	16	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	1				
2	12	11	11	10	9	6	3	6	2	1	5	1	4				
.....	3	3	2	2	.....	.....	1	.....	1	.....	2	6					
.....	38	2	25	10	.....												
2	6	.....	9	6	2	6	9	.....	3	1	10	4	13	.....	6		
4	26	2	11	1	2	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	3	1	.....	.....	8		
3	26	2	11	1	2	2	.....	1	.....	1	1	1	.....	1	4		
1	5	1	1	1	1												
1																	
.....	.....	.....	1	.....	1												
.....	2	.....	5														
1	5	1	.....	2	3												
11	7	.....	7	2	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5	2					
23	19	4	4	8	6	.....	.....	1	.....	2	.....	.....	1	.....	3		

IN DEPARTMENT VI. Animal and vegetable products.	Arboriculture and forest products.	Pomology.	Agricultural products.	Land animals.	Water animals, fish culture, and apparatus.	Textile substances of vegetable or animal origin.	Machines, implements, and processes of manufacture.	Agricultural engineering and administration.	Tillage and general management.	IN DEPARTMENT VII. Ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers.	Hot-houses, conservatories, and graperies.	Garden tools, accessories, and gardening.	Garden designing, construction, and management.
153	18	3	76	10	17	14	306	75	18	53	27	9	9
49	2	.....	.....	1	1	4	8	6	.....	2	.....	.....	.....
117	20	2	24	7	14	18	90	11	.....	.....	.....	7	
166	2	1	5	.....	11	5	26	6	.....	6	3	5	4
142	1	.....	9	.....	.....	3	4	2					
34	3	3	10	1	1								
21	3												
23	7	.....	.....	.....	.....	5	2						
54	3	.....	9	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	6			
31	2	.....	23	.....	11	1	10	8	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
32	6	.....	5	1	26	.....	2	4					
117	14	4	7	.....	2	1	9	2					
95	34	.....	100	.....	1	26	3	2					
253	74	.....	183	33	5	118	.....	4	.....	5	.....	.....	1

rectangular building like the present this is impossible. In the promised Exhibition of Paris it is to be hoped that the great manufacturing Powers will consent to merge the national into the comparative arrangement, leaving those nations which contribute only specialties to retain their individuality. The main building covers twenty acres, and is therefore about the same size as the Crystal Palace of 1851.

The Machinery Department fills a building 1,402 feet long, by 360 wide, which covers 14 acres, and is the most complete and wonderful section of the Exhibition. The building itself was designed with a view to efficiency and cheapness, and not to beauty, and the design has succeeded. In the centre rises a Corliss engine 40 feet high, with a 44 inch cylinder and 10 feet stroke, its flywheel weighing 56 tons and having a diameter of 30 feet. The speed of the engine is so perfectly controlled by the governor and cut-off that it does not vary, though hundreds of machines are being thrown off and on. This huge motor works almost as noiselessly as a watch, and communicates its motion to about 10,000 feet of shafting and 14 acres of machines of all kinds, from great carpet looms which weave you at your bidding carpets of the pattern of your choice, to the delicate little sewing machine. Even to the general public the Machinery Hall will probably appear to be more attractive than the Main Building, for it seems like the unveiling of the mystery of life to see growing under your eyes wonderful fabrics, whose production, to the uninitiated, is a kind of creation. Canada here again occupies a prominent place, ranking next France and Germany with Belgium and Sweden.

The Fine Art Exhibition is the most unsatisfactory department of the whole, and would be utterly contemptible were it not for a few good American pictures and the generous loan collection from Great Britain. The French contribution is not yet exposed, and but little of value comes from any other European country. Not a single masterpiece of the Dusseldorf or Munich schools helps to raise the German display above mediocrity, and a few examples of the old masters in the Spanish section only makes the poverty of modern Spanish art more conspicuous. There is scarcely a single piece of good statuary, the most obtrusive display being a crowd of little marble monstrosities from Italy. Of the products of Canadian art this much may be said, that they equal many of the examples sent from countries that lay claim to some artistic fame, and as a whole are superior to the collections from others which make a more pretentious display of coloured canvas.

The British collection really redeems the Art Department from failure. The standard of the American pictures is good, though one fails to find any of Bierstadt's splendid pictorial romances of American scenery, and some other American pictures of celebrity which their owners should have been proud to exhibit. From England come as loans by the Queen and the Royal Academy, specimens of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Wilkie, and other worthies of classic British art; while Frith, Faed, Holman Hunt, and other prominent masters of the modern school, are represented by good specimens of their work. The collection, of course, is poor in comparison with such an exhibition of art as that gathered from palaces and academies, and exposed to view at Manchester in 1857; nevertheless, there has never been such an opportunity offered to the art student on this Continent of studying the styles of some of the old masters and the distinguishing characteristics of the modern schools. The Art collection is contained in a stone building, and temporary wooden *annexe*. The gallery was erected by the State of Pennsylvania as a memorial of the event, and is intended to be a permanent ornament of Fairmount Park. It is certainly massive enough to be permanent, but cannot by any interpretation be accounted an ornament.

Two other large buildings contain the Agricultural and Horticultural exhibits respectively. The former is a Gothic structure, in wood; the latter a conservatory of iron and glass, in the Moorish style, 230 feet long by 80 wide, built by the city of Philadelphia, to remain as the property of the Park Commissioners.

The conservatory is as yet by no means full, and the extensive collection of the products of the field and forest from all parts of the world not yet arranged; but when complete, it will probably present the most perfect exhibition of the raw material of food and clothing which has ever been gathered under one roof. In connection with this department there will be held on

Sept. 1st to Sept. 15th—an exhibition of horses, mules, and asses;

Sept. 20th to Oct. 5th — an exhibition of horned cattle;

Oct. 25th to Nov. 10th—an exhibition of poultry of all kinds; in all of which it is expected Canada will take a prominent part.

These five buildings comprise the Exhibition as organized by the Centennial Commission, but the United States Government has erected a large building in which to exhibit the machinery of all its departments in times of peace and war. Here also the Smithsonian Institute has arranged a very complete selection of objects of American Natural History and Archæology. Then the Women's Committee has a Women's Department building, which as yet contains very little worth looking at; and almost every State and foreign Government has erected a house for the accommodation of Commissioners or the exhibition of local productions. These with the many small buildings for the exhibits of special firms, flimsy but bright with paint, and with the restaurants innumerable, which may differ in their mode of cooking, but agree in charging exorbitant prices, fill the 270 acres of the enclosure with a little town which is certainly not open to the fault of uniformity, for no two houses are alike, and few can be assigned to any of the recognised architectural styles.

To sum up:—The present Exhibition exceeds all its predecessors in the amount of space under cover, and in the size though not in the number of exhibits. In the Departments of Machinery and Agriculture it is more complete and interesting by far than any; but in the Departments of Manufactures and Art it falls behind the European. In no previous Exhibition has Canada played so conspicuous a part, and in none has it been to her interest to do so. The extent and variety of her display of manufactured articles has occasioned much comment. The *Tribune*, whose criticisms on the Exhibition have been most candid and just, says: "The extent and variety of Canadian industries, as represented here, will surprise English and American visitors, who have thought that they were well informed about the manufactures of the Dominion."

As yet Philadelphia is not crowded, and the visitors are treated leniently by the hotel and restaurant keepers of the city. With the advance of the season it is to be hoped that the daily admission will increase, though, as during June and July and part of August great heat often prevails for days together, many will wisely defer their visit till September. In all probability, also, as the season advances and the calculations of the Transportation Companies as to travel are not realized, the fares by rail and boat will be reduced. Heretofore the receipts can hardly have covered the mere cost of administration.

A MADRIGAL.

LOVE, like a June rose,
Buds, and sweetly blows;
Yet tears its leaves disclose,
And amid briars it grows.

Take it to thy breast;
Though thorns the stem invest,
Gather them with the rest!

Then, amid pricks and pain,
Confess that thorns remain
When Beauty, proven vain,
And Love—come not again.

ALICE HORTON.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE foretaste of summer—alternating, however, with chill and storm—has come upon us as an agreeable surprise. Relying on the prescience of Mr. Vennor, the weather prophet of Montreal, people had begun to reconcile themselves to the prospect of a cheerless May and perhaps a damp and dreary June. The general forecast of the winter and spring had been so nearly accurate, that it seemed idle to expect that it would fail, in any respect, at the last. Yet so it was; for the middle of May marked the clear boundary between the seasons, and the transition was abrupt instead of gradual —pleasant rather than disagreeable. Storms and floods there have been, no doubt, and intersandwiched bouts of raw weather; but the old-fashioned summer has undoubtedly come upon us. It has brought with it a revival in business, a more vigorous activity, a generous promise of renewed prosperity. There is a cheering prospect that "the kindly fruits of the earth" will be given and preserved "to our use, so as in due time we may enjoy them." Commercial pessimists are croaking *sotto voce*, as trade revives, and the dark and stagnant season seems to pass away. Considering the period of trial and stagnation through which the Dominion has struggled, the outlook at present is marvellously bright and clear. Now, therefore, before the national spirits grow too exuberant to be controlled by advice, is the time for moralizing. It is too late to cry when the milk is spilt and useless, when there is an unusual yield; but now, when the milch-cow is no longer dry, and yet not too prodigal in her offerings, the economical mentors or Cassandras may possibly command attention. Homilies concerning over-trading, over-importation, excessive manufacturing, and an undue expansion of credits are now in order, and will perhaps have a chance of being heeded, if they ever have the chance at all. People are not at present in a speculative mood; the wounds still gall and the scars are yet unhealed, and now or never is the doctrinaire's opportunity for admonition. Unfortunately, he never prescribes except when the patient is either too self-satisfied, or *in articulo mortis*; in both cases his skill is applied when it is too late.

The renewed elasticity of trade is closely connected with an elasticity of another sort, partly the cause and partly the effect of it. The same gracious ministry of Nature which unlocks the icy bolts of lake and stream, expands and fertilizes the ample bosom of the earth, and gives to every living thing his portion of meat in due season, renews also the energies of humanity, exalts its hopes and aspirations, and enlarges its capacity for enjoyment. The spiritual re-acts upon the material universe, and there is a common bond of sympathy between them. When Nature revels in all the glory of her summer prime, and the voice from within the holiest of all pronounces the work very good, man's spirit gropes outward to the inarticulate mystery of the world and seeks communion with it. It is only the Epicurean who seeks his ease, and would fain eat, drink, and be merry; the ordinary man, even as the world goes, though he cannot measure the bars of that eloquent music which Nature discourses all around him, feels its power and is thrilled by its sympathetic chords.

Most men, it may be, know not what delights them in wood or valley, by river or seashore; but the delight is none the less real. The change of air or scene, as it is called, has a deeper significance than is unfolded to them, but it is none the less healthful and recuperating. Nature's interpreters, the poets, have unfolded the true secret of our annual flitting from the care and turmoil of life to rural scenes or ocean-side retreats. The Roman poet, however far astray he was beguiled by the "mad philosophy" of Epicurus, sighed for the country and forgetfulness of urban noise and worry—*O rus, quando ego te adspiciam? quandoque licebit . . . ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?* And it may be broadly stated of all ages and countries, that there never yet was poet true to his vocation, whose

fancy and affections were not set to music by the great heart of Nature.

Most of us have not been made poetical by the gods, and perhaps, like Audrey, are thankful that we have not; but we are none the less susceptible to the secret charm because we cannot give to it an articulate expression. The mischief lies here, that too many who have money and leisure make a fashion of a natural instinct as they do of their morality and religion. What was intended to be a recreation becomes a fashion, and the delight turns out to be a bore, indulged in because it is the *mode*. The moment any noble and worthy desire is transformed into a duty to Mrs. Grundy, it ceases to be pleasurable, no matter how ostentatiously and expensively indulged. To be in London after the season has closed, or to omit the *grand tour*, aristocratically with couriers and valets of one's own, or to make it in a plebeian way with Mr. Cook, is to be out of the fashion. The real utility of the country trip, to Chamounix or to Florence, is lost sight of in the desire to do as other people in our own station of life are in the habit of doing. There are perhaps thousands of Canadians who will wear out their shoes and their tempers wandering about the courts of the Philadelphia Exhibition, to return home thoroughly *ennuyeux ou ennuyeuses*, as the case may be, who might have laid in a stock of good health and good temper for a year by a trip to Fort William, or a week or two on the Lower St. Lawrence. Within the limits of our own Dominion there are routes of travel and salubrious summer retreats suited to the length of one's time and the length of one's purse, and we fail to see any rational purpose in submitting to worry and extortion merely for fashion's sake. To do so is to abuse a man's leisure and to waste his means—both of which are bestowed for better purposes. People whose ordinary life is rural are in a different case, perhaps; but to exchange one city for another, and to burden oneself with new anxieties when we ought to be seeking rest and nepenthe from the old ones, is surely fatuous in the extreme. Whatever sights may be seen, in any American city at any rate, the result cannot be satisfactory. There may be novelty in the panorama, but it is unedifying and tiresome—*animum picturâ pascit inani.*

In speaking of excursions for health or pleasure, there is reasonable ground of complaint against our railway and steamboat companies. In no country on the face of the earth that boasts itself to be civilized, are those who have the means of locomotion at their disposal, so illiberal, churlish, and regardless of the public interests. Return tickets are grudgingly issued, and hampered with vexatious restrictions of every kind. In England and on the Continent you may go from one end of Europe to the other at a reasonable rate, break your journey at intervals, and resume it when and where you please. On the Rhine, you may get off at every landing-place if you choose, so that you complete the entire trip within your month or six weeks. But in Canada there is nothing but a one-and-a-third fare, and then only two days for coming home again. Linger in some quiet nook so as to miss the evening train, and you must pay over again or be thrust off the train. The Grand Trunk, in a sudden fit of generosity, announced a seven days' trip to Montreal, but there are no facilities afforded for any intermediate sight-seeing. Our steamboat companies are utterly dead to the public requirements, and even where excursions are provided, as on the upper lakes, the trip is becoming shorter and dearer every year. As for the St. Lawrence, why should not the railways and steamboats arrange all round excursions, by which the tourist could enjoy the water scenery going down and the railway facilities coming up? When it is considered that Canadians are not, generally speaking, overburdened with means, and that vast sums of money have been taken out of their pockets for public works on land and water, is it too much to ask that their interests shall be considered by those corporations which reap the bulk of the advantage?

There is one class of the community to which this pleasant quarter of the year brings great perplexity and little comfort. If any man be entitled, more than his fellows, to general commiseration, it is the political journalist during the "dead season." When all the world beside is full of movement and vivacity, he is the victim of torpid dulness. His *sanctum* seems an intramural cemetery, in which he sits among the tombs, not possessed, like the man in the Gospel, because there are no

spirits, good or bad, left to take possession. If the editor's occupation be not gone, it is because he must cling to it with desperation, lest it should never return to him. Not only must he make bricks without straw, but after that he must construct with them air-castles—*châteaux en Espagne.* Few people have any idea of the perverse ingenuity wasted in the summer-time by the political journalist, because scarcely any one thinks of reading a political article during the long vacation.

During the past few weeks the efforts of both parties in the Press have been desperate; we wish it could be said that there is any fertility or originality in their matter or method. Two seats in the House of Commons are vacant just now, and, under pretence of enlightening the ignorant constituencies, the organs have ransacked their files, and swept out the chambers of their imagination, for some political crumbs to be devoured by the Canaanites of North Middlesex and South Wellington. Nothing appears to come amiss, from the Pacific Scandal to the Sombra murder. In the first place, the *Mail* published a speech delivered in the Senate last session by the Hon. Mr. Macpherson. Treating of the novel subject of Finance, the *Globe* agreed with its rival in considering it eminently seasonable, and launched out into a two-column article in reply. Whether any one has waded through it except the proof-reader, may be doubted, unless some errant members of the party have been compelled to do so by way of penance. The refreshing *naiveté* of the writer who could put himself to this thankless trouble is admirable. Of course, the reply evoked a rejoinder, and so on *de part et d'autre*, until the lode was exhausted. Of the other "revivals," to speak histrionically, we have had the Wallace accounts, the Gatineau boom contract, the Ottawa examining warehouse, the Ontario Bank deposits, the Lachine Canal job, and finally the Steel Rails, which are indestructible in political hands. The bill of fare is, no doubt, imposing, but the dishes have unfortunately been on the table too often under different guises. At this season of the year the *menu* must be tempting to the eye and palate, since the public appetite is capricious, and demands something better than the fag ends of the winter's repast.

The members of the Dominion Government are, for the most part, enjoying their summer leisure with or without dignity, as the case may be. The names of two Ministers only have come prominently before the public during the month. Although it appears strange that they should be coupled, like leash-hounds, by the bond of a common reference, still they must be paired —Messrs. Blake and Cauchon. During the last Session of Parliament the Premier wisely separated his two colleagues, by seating one on his right hand and the other on his left; but we believe he made the egregious mistake of putting the goat on the former side and the sheep on the latter. Perhaps the idea never struck him of consulting the *convenances*, or his notions of zoological classification may have led him to assign a place to the President with another group of quadrupedals. Adversity, we are told, makes strange bedfellows, but it certainly never made a less congenial pair of sleeping partners than good luck, or whatever else it may be called, has proved, and is likely to prove, Messrs. Blake and Cauchon to be.

The President of the Council has lately visited his constituency, only to receive a shock which must have tried acutely his sanguine and self-confident nature. Regarded superficially and from a worldly point of view, he has been an eminently successful man, as politicians without principle usually are. No leader ever trusted him without repenting it; and, although he has served every party in turn without being faithful to any, he finds himself now, after the lapse of years, the standard-bearer of those whom he detests, if for nothing else, for the mere profession of purity and integrity. Cauchon's idol is Cauchon, his politics, his party, his all, and it would not surprise us if, after his decease, some waxen image of himself, worshipped in life and consecrated to Beauport in death, should afford a theme to the future moralist more telling than the Duchess Sarah's effigy of Congreve. After the Charlevoix Committee and the noble Ultramontane sentiments he uttered in the House, Quebec should have received the President with open arms; but she did not. The hero found himself no hero in his own household, as often happens. Instead of bidding him welcome, the ancient city, as intent upon the loaves and fishes as he, demanded the price of their suffrages. Where

was the graving-dock? Where were the city embellishments and a host of other things which had been solemnly promised? The man had offered wholesale bribes to the electorate, and, like the Washington Government, had received his share; but where was the stipulated return? Nowadays the purchase of individual electors is difficult and hazardous, and, therefore, it is the fashion to debauch entire communities by lavish promises of vast public works at the general expense. "We must support our supporters," is the politician's cardinal maxim, to whichever party he belongs, and Quebec will receive her price in good time. Toronto returns two Conservatives and one Independent Liberal to Parliament, and is well served in the matter of harbour and drill-shed by a Government which owns over a million of untaxed property within the city limits. Quebec presents to a grateful country M. Cauchon, that illustrious exemplar of every public virtue, and is impatient, like Asmodeus, that the reward is not at once put into her hands. The discontent is natural, but, on the whole, unreasonable. M. Cauchon may not continue in office long enough to keep his word, it is true; but, on the other hand, how can he be expected to do everything in a day? The task of being a Canadian Hausmann would alone occupy any active schemer for years. Mr. Cartwright is economical; he is not going to England this year to negotiate a fresh loan, and the purse-strings are tightly drawn. It is hardly fair, therefore, to drive the President too hard; he has got all that he cares about, place and pelf; and *au reste*, he will fulfil his pledges—if he can, how he can, and when he can. Meanwhile, reproaches and exposure seem to have no effect upon this unworthy Minister. Why he is permitted to remain in a Cabinet to which he is a constant source of weakness and danger is one of those mysteries which are apparently insoluble. He is despised both by the party he has joined and the party he has deserted. The press of the country manifests unanimously its dislike of him, either by ominous silence or unceasing attack. He is too old a stager to reform; to affect the character of an honourable politician would be deemed hypocrisy; and he will not abandon office until he is expelled from it. On the wall of Winchester school-room, the motto runs—*Aut disce, aut discede; manet sors tertia, cædi.* In M. Cauchon's case, the lash of public indignation is the only resource; it may be that, at last, he will act on the maxim of the mock Duke in the *Honeymoon*, and, "like a well-bred dog, step quietly down stairs, when he sees preparations on foot for kicking him into the street."

If the City of Quebec cherishes the desire of plunging deep into the public treasury, there are public men who think the entire Province may well follow its example. It being a necessity with both parties to coquette with Quebec and its hierarchy, why should these not profit by the situation? "Better terms," as a political platform, is not of the most elevated character, yet, *faute de mieux*, it may serve its turn. In the absence of principle, one must take refuge in pelf; if you cannot attain to moral dignity, the next best thing is pecuniary advantage. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the disciples of M. Cauchon have discovered that "the Province of Quebec has not its fair share in the distribution of public works." The people of the other Provinces have long laboured under the hallucination that Quebec has abstracted rather more than her due proportion of the public revenue. Ontario was so troubled with this delusion—for such it appears to have been—that Confederation was the consequence; and as Confederation does not appear to have satisfied the daughter of the horse-leech, it is quite possible that old sores may be reopened. Under the old *régime*, Upper Canadians grew accustomed to the thing. It is not pleasant to be robbed before your face, and then to be expected to smile at the adroitness of the deed; but at that time there was no help for it. The equality of the Provinces was the charter—the palladium, so to speak—of our Union, and of the liberties enjoyed under it. These privileges apparently consisted in the right of the minority in population to receive, dollar for dollar, exactly the same sum as the majority. Nor was that the worst, because, *per capita*, the minority did not, at any time, contribute an equal amount to the common fund. At this moment we believe it will be found, on strict investigation, that, after subtracting the amount of revenue nominally collected at Montreal and Quebec, but actually paid by the Ontario consumer, the Western Province has been as grossly defrauded since 1867 as

it was before. There is still another element entering into the question as between the two Provinces. The working bees of the Quebec hive, those by whom the treasury profits most, are not the champions of this new effort at public robbery. The agitation set on foot by Senator Fabre and his brother Rouges is an attempt on the part of the drones to pilfer *ad libitum* the wealth stored in the hive. A conspiracy like this is so barefaced in its impudent assurance that we are surprised to see it published in all its nakedness.

There are only two planks in this grabbers' platform, and the second discloses the secret of both. It informs the people that in order "to obtain full and entire justice," "a political union of Lower Canadian representatives is necessary." There is, then, as we shall endeavour to show immediately, a *rapprochement* between the hierarchy and the Rouge party—implying, of course, the virtual submission of the latter. This bargain involves the entire supremacy of the Church in Lower Canada, and the solidarity of the French representation, asserted and secured at the expense of the Dominion. In short, the ostracised Rouge party is to be received again into favour and maintained in power, on condition that the hierarchy be permitted to rule Quebec, and through it the Dominion. Having been flattered and bargained with by both political parties, the Church believes—so blind is ecclesiastical man—that it can unite and manipulate them both.

Those who have amused themselves by ridiculing Sir Alexander Galt's letter and pamphlet on this subject, had better consider one or two obvious facts. Since the defeat of Sir George Cartier in Montreal, both parties have been dragged at the episcopal chariot-wheels, willing and even sycophantic captives. The Grit alliance with the Rouges secured the blessing of the hierarchy upon the allies. They came into power, not so much on account of the Pacific Scandal, as because the Ontario majority had at length obtained the support of the Ultramontanes. This league might have endured until now, had it not been for the eruption of badly concealed fires burning at the heart of the so-called *Parti National*. The attitude of M. Joly, and, more than all, the Guibord case, drove the hierarchy back upon its old supports. MM. Masson and Mousseau were declared, in the most explicit language, to be the leaders *par excellence* of the Church militant. So early as 1871, the note was sounded by the Bishop of Three Rivers, and the celebrated Programme of M. Masson was, politically speaking, an ecclesiastical deliverance. It was because of it that Mgr. Bourget specially named the member for Terrebonne as the leader of the Church party, and therefore it embodies essentially the political views of the Church. The Quebec local elections fully revealed the bias of the hierarchy, and Bishop Bourget's pastoral is fresh in the public memory.

The Rouge party, alarmed at the prospect before them, began to hark back, and this, we believe, was the secret of their degrading submission to M. Cauchon as a leader. The patron saint of the Beauport Asylum was, in fact, the mediator between the Grits and the Bishops. Almost simultaneously an announcement of Fabre's platform, and an extraordinary message from Mgr. Bourget, appeared in the French papers. It would seem that even a Bishop, endowed though he is with plenary Apostolic powers, is not capable of expressing himself clearly, or of explaining his meaning when he is misunderstood. His Lordship felt himself bound to appeal to Rome for the purpose of ascertaining what he had intended to say in his own pastoral. Dr. De Angelis, Professor of Canon Law, and one of the Pope's theological advisers, had little or no difficulty in telling his Lordship what he meant, or might, could, or should have meant. From this authority we presume there is no appeal, and therefore, in spite of the baldly plain language of his Lordship, he must be construed to have meant by Liberals, merely Gallicans, not Rouges. It is true that there are two obstacles in the way of any such construction. In the first place, the Liberals in religion and the Liberals in politics are the same persons; and, in the next, they were denounced not as churchmen, but as politicians—in fact, in a party appeal for popular suffrage at the polls. Every one, in fact, knows this *arrière pensée* to be a mere subterfuge employed to cover a new league; yet listen to the *Globe:* "If the good Bishop of Montreal had said this himself some months ago, he would have saved a good deal of anxiety, and prevented a good deal of strong and, as it now appears, unnecessary criticism." Perhaps the organ, which hopes to profit by the interpretation

from Rome, will inform us how the "good" Bishop could have said anything of the kind, when he did not mean it, or at least knew not that he meant it, until Dr. Angelis informed him that he did? Indeed the *Globe* transcends Mgr. Bourget in this matter. No Infallibilist could say more than this: "Unless we had been assured on authority to which we are inclined to attach great weight that such was and is Bishop Bourget's meaning, we should have adhered to what seemed *and seems* to us the natural rendering of the words in question." Could unctuous hypocrisy go farther? Because the Montreal Bishop, in order to make a Quebec compact at the expense of the Dominion, chooses to procure an untenable interpretation of his language from Rome, the *Globe* submits its common sense and understanding, such as they are, to the dictation of a Roman theologian. It virtually declares to its readers that although the Bishop's words plainly and indisputably mean one thing, it is "well satisfied to discover" that they mean something else, on the authority of Dr. De Angelis. Is it any wonder that there are millions of superstitious men and women in the world, when a high-flying creed-worshipper can make so disgraceful a confession? The liberties of the people are safe in the hands of neither of these *soi-disant* parties; both would consent to be bound hand and foot to the Quebec hierarchy to-morrow, if they could aggrandize themselves by doing so. The dangerous hour is approaching, when those who love their country must shake themselves aloof from both, or submit to the yoke. The threatened alliance between Rouge and Bleu in Quebec is pregnant with mischief, and the sooner the substantial reality of the peril is vividly realized, the better for the future of Canada.

The Minister of Justice has been the object of attack by the Opposition press latterly, for what reason we cannot explain. The chief point urged against him appears to be his exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy. It is certainly something objectionable in Mr. Blake that he is not a good hanging Minister; but it is rather a novel political offence. Taking a leaf from the book of Junius, they have discovered how an act of mercy may "be received with universal disapprobation and disgust." The words quoted are those of the anonymous correspondent of the *Public Advertiser*, in his first letter to the Duke of Grafton; and it will be remembered that then, as in the Sombra case now, the pretence was made that the prerogative of mercy was abused for party purposes Into McQuirk's case we need not enter, and Smith's may be disposed of in a few words. In the murder of McKinlay he may or may not have been an accessory before the fact, or, although the probabilities are strongly against the theory, he may have been the actual murderer. In either case the only evidence of weight against him was that of the wretched woman, who made several contradictory statements, and even, at the best, stands confessed as a conspirator against her husband's life. In point of fact, when hard pressed, she attempted to swear away Smith's life to save her own. Mr. Blake, rightly as we believe, deemed it dangerous and unjust to hang any man upon the testimony of such a woman, and commuted his sentence to life imprisonment. The pretence for a hue and cry lately raised against him has for its basis a party misrepresentation. Mr. David Glass was of counsel for Smith, and it is alleged, for no tangible or discoverable reason, that party friendship prompted the commutation. Moreover, the Judicial Committee has overruled some legal objections urged by Mr. Glass; therefore, it is said, the Minister has been adjudged in the wrong by the highest Court in the Empire. The first count of the indictment has confessedly no basis but the imagination of him who framed it. Mr. Blake's course in all similar cases has been marked with extreme wariness. In the Davis case, as well as in this, he leaned to the side of mercy, solely because, as it appeared to every one not swayed by passion and prejudice, it was unsafe to execute the last, irrevocable sentence where there was legitimate cause for doubt. So far as the Privy Council judgment is concerned, the objection is irrelevant, because it was based upon legal questions determinable only by a judicial tribunal. The commutation, on the other hand, taking for granted the legality of the verdict and sentence, finds its justification on entirely different grounds, and might as well have been granted after the English judgment as before it; therefore it would be as absurd to declare any commutation to be a reflection upon the judge and jury who tried a case,

as to allege that the Privy Council censured the action of Mr. Blake by its decree. The executive and judicial action in the case do not come into contact, much less conflict, but there is a sort of uneasy popular feeling of a bloodthirsty kind in the Western peninsula which partisans hope to gain over by attacking the Minister. The Middlesex and Wellington elections are pending, and drowning factions must grasp at a straw even as feeble as this.

The organ-in-chief announced a few weeks ago that Mr. Blake would shortly take his departure for England on public business. In our last issue we strongly impressed upon the reader the desirability of an early conference with the Colonial Office. The delay in Mr. Blake's departure has, no doubt, substantial excuse. He has probably not forgotten a passage on Colonial affairs, in the Greville Memoirs. Lord Belmore, who had been appointed Governor of Jamaica, intended to delay his departure until certain bills then passing through the Assembly had arrived. "But," says the diarist, "he received for answer that he had better go now, for that when these bills came over here, Parliament would be sitting, and Government would not have leisure to attend to the affairs of Jamaica. And this is the way our Colonies are governed!" To this it may be added as a pendent, that Mr. Greville's own notions of Colonial government did not appear inconsistent with his tenure, as a sinecurist, of the secretaryship of this very colony. Downing Street has learned wisdom during the last half century, and there is an increasing danger now of too much attention being paid to the Colonies, and that of an ill-informed and vexatious character. Mr. Disraeli has steered clear of "meddling and muddling" in home affairs, it is true. No one will accuse him of sensational legislation within the bounds of the British Isles. But, on the other hand, the Colonial and Indian policy of his Government is provokingly meddlesome, and may be summed up in a word—centralization. Lord Carnarvon is an indefatigable and painstaking Minister, but there is no one possessed of adequate information near enough at hand to inform him. His confederation schemes appear, for the most part, to be generated from an inspection of the map, rather than from acquaintance with the wants to be supplied or the diverse interests he should consult. In the case of Canada, the desire for union came from within, and his Lordship merely gave Imperial sanction to the voice of a free and self-governed people. Even here, however, the blundering about Nova Scotia well-nigh made shipwreck of the scheme at its inception. In South Africa and Barbadoes he will, no doubt, succeed by dint of pressure, but with no permanent or substantial benefit to the diverse races and nationalities with which he has to do. It is too early to pronounce upon the conduct of Mr. Pope Hennessy, the Governor of the Windward Islands. Apparently his zeal outran his discretion and even his instructions. There is no need now to inquire into the eligibility of the negro for the franchise, and therefore we shall not debate the matter with those pseudo-philanthropists who measure political capacity by the depth of colour in a man's skin. It may be that the coal-black African possesses social and political virtues denied the red man or "the heathen Chinee," but until proof of it is adduced the sentimentalists may be left to their hysterics. A race which expects as a first-fruit of confederation a partition of the land is many degrees below Mr. Bright's residuum in the scale of intelligence. The solid objection which appears on the surface is of another character, and has nothing to do with colour. It is simply whether a rich and prosperous island shall be saddled with the burden of supporting a number of bankrupt islands; and on that point there has not hitherto been anything new said on the Downing Street side of the question. The grievance of which all the Colonies have the right to complain is precipitate action on meagre information, or no information at all. Both in South Africa and the Windward Islands, Lord Carnarvon, as a preliminary step, should have conferred with delegates representing all the various interests, before he ventured to stir in the matter at all. Australia has been set by the ears through the inconsistent action of the Colonial Office, or the Home Office, or both, in conjunction with the law officers of the Crown. In Canada we had a revival of the old irresponsible system in the New Brunswick matter; and our complaints against the United States, although not unheeded, are neglected, simply because they are imperfectly understood.

Mr. Blake's visit to England, therefore, is most opportune, and the people of the Dominion, irrespective of party, anticipate that substantial results will follow. The Colonies, especially those which are avowedly autonomous, require a new Magna Charta to themselves. They require the assurance that no Imperial legislation, no diplomatic bargaining, no arbitrary fiat from Downing Street, shall have any force or effect without previous consultation of a direct and personal nature with the representatives of a free dependency. We object to have our rights bartered away, our territory filched, our dishonest debtors freed from their obligations, or our self-governing constitution tampered with, not from guilty connivance at home, but through heedlessness and ignorance there. Imperial federation might do something to remedy the evil, if any one could devise a feasible scheme by which it might be reduced to practice. Mr. Disraeli no longer rounds his after-dinner speeches with the grand dream of a consolidated empire, which flashed upon him like an inspiration from Queen Scheherezade. The Semitic glamour is dispelled, and his Aryan coadjutors are also mute—

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving."

The Asian mystery stands revealed in the "Royal Style and Titles Act," and in place of a united Empire, we must rest content with an empty name.

It is not likely that the Minister of Justice will be troubled to consider any proposal for Colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament. One Ireland there is enough, without the addition of a dozen little Irelands far away, more clamorous, if possible, because more impotent. Besides, though there be justice in the maxim, now a hundred years old, that "taxation without representation is tyranny," colonists are not yet prepared for the converse proposition, that representation without taxation is impossible. A Colonial Council might be of use, if its advice were heeded; but with the warning of the Indian Council before us, we should hesitate to give another Lord Salisbury an excuse for lording it over us. The representative character of the former advisory mechanism, instead of being a guarantee of Colonial rights, might serve, in the end, merely to swell the pride and stiffen the obstinacy of the Minister. An English journal suggests a representation of the Dominion under the British Ambassador at Washington; but we have had one there before, to our sorrow. At any rate, it is not the United States we desire to arouse or inform, but England. Our neighbours are wide awake, and would cheat Sir Edward Thornton quite as readily if he had a Canadian at his elbow, as now when he has not. The slumberer is at our own headquarters, and we can only hope that Mr. Blake may succeed in awaking him out of his sleep.

The graduates of the Toronto University meet in Convocation on the 18th inst. For some years an agitation was carried on for a restoration of the rights of that body, presumably for some practical purpose; and when Mr. Crooks gave statutory effect to that demand, it is to be supposed that he imagined he was conferring a substantial boon. The Act gave to Convocation an absolute veto power over the action of the Senate, so far as regards affiliation, and also constituted the graduates an advisory assembly to the ruling body. It was apparently contemplated that the benefit of their actual experience in the curriculum and in the general economy of their *alma mater* should be at the service of the Senate. The design was a rational, and might have been a useful one, if it had been executed. How then has Convocation fulfilled its functions? What single discussion or resolution has occupied its attention? Or rather, to put the question otherwise, what could that body be expected to do, when it meets *pro formâ* once a year, an hour or two before commencement? It seems incredible that this abortive consummation of their hopes can have been that for which the old University Association was in labour for so many years, or that Mr. Crooks put himself to so much trouble, as accoucheur, to bring into the world so contemptible a mouse. The *Globe*, which appears to know more about University affairs than any of the outside graduates, has been inspired to inform

the public that important changes are soon to be made in the curriculum. The only one indicated is one certainly necessary—an elevation of the English standard of matriculation so as to place it at least on a level with the senior classes of High Schools. It appears to us, however, that if that is all the Senate purposes doing, it would seem to require some assistance from its legal and natural advisers, the graduates in Convocation assembled. Nobody would think of demanding from that mysterious Venetian conclave the submission of its unmatured plans even to Convocation, but it certainly might have solicited suggestions from that body, or submitted interrogatories to it. It is no violent supposition that the framers of the University Act had some object in view, more or less clear or hazy, in constituting Convocation and solemnly providing for its organization and periodical meeting. Is it to be a mockery or a reality, is the pressing question.

The curriculum is only one of many pressing questions of interest both to the graduates and the public at large. On a future occasion we may perhaps enter upon these at some length; for the present we must be content to indicate them briefly. England, with her teeming population, boundless wealth, and broadly diffused culture, has four Universities—or only three, we are informed, as Durham is affiliated to London. Scotland has four, but of these St. Andrews and Aberdeen remain because of their ancient foundation, and are not therefore to be compared with new institutions. Ireland has three; but here again there are special reasons for the number, which will be understood when their names are mentioned—Dublin, the Queen's, and the Catholic Universities. In the Province of Ontario there are no less than six institutions endowed with University powers. The reckless way in which, by Royal Charter or Provincial Statute, these privileges have been granted, has done more injury to the cause of collegiate education than anything else, and is destined to work further mischief in the future. The other day some one complained that the students of medical schools attached to other Universities were not permitted to compete for honours and degrees in the Provincial University on an equal footing with students in affiliated schools. The answer to this factitious grievance is obvious. If the degrees of the University of Toronto are held in so high and deserved esteem that students at other shops are ashamed to proceed to a degree but to her, there may be a reason why the outside Universities should surrender their powers and "suffer" affiliation, but there is none whatever for the wrong which would be inflicted on affiliated schools by depriving them of the advantage they legally possess. If graduation at the Provincial University is of so much greater value, what is the *raison d'être*, we do not say of all the other five, but of the majority of them? Of the many questions which might profitably engage the attention of Convocation are the following amongst others. In the first place, can the University of Toronto be broadened at the base, so as to stand forth prominently as distinctively the People's University? Is it desirable that *our* University—for, after all, there is only one which belongs to the Province—should undertake the work now performed in England by the Universities, especially by Cambridge? Is it practicable to do something on a nobly national scale for the higher culture of women, or must it always be that the son shall enjoy advantages denied to the daughter? Can anything be devised to draw all collegiate institutions beneath the wing, though not the shadow, of the Provincial University, without degrading its status and depreciating the value of its degrees? These and other questions deserve the serious consideration of Convocation, and the duty is imposed upon it by statute to bestow it. Whether that consideration be given or not, the press and the public will be heard upon these subjects, and may possibly decide them, with little knowledge and still less delicacy, on the floor of Parliament.

The Philadelphia Exhibition was opened on the tenth of May—the date originally fixed for the inaugural ceremonies—although, as usual in such undertakings, everything was in a marvellous chaos of unreadiness. Considering the small musical force at command, it would seem that the Centennial Commissioners committed an error in judgment in choosing the open air instead of the transept for the opening performance. On the other hand it must not be forgotten that Brother Jonathan's idea was to display himself and his historical and contemporaneous

glories to an assembled universe, and where else could the American eagle comfortably expand his pinions save beneath the broad canopy of heaven? The spectacle was not an imposing one, for the American has little or no material for pomp and pageantry, although it is not distasteful to him. An outside barbarian, still cherishing some lingering faith in the fiction of "republican simplicity," may have attached to it the slovenly appearance of a crowd who had come to the "show" attired in their worst. Despite the lack of the uniforms, if the many hundreds of ladies who composed the Ladies' Committee and filled so large a space upon the stage, the gentlemen jurors, the legislators, and others present, had dressed in their best, the sight would have been pleasing, if not imposing.

Of the performances little need be said, because very little was heard. The orchestra was only designed to accommodate one hundred and twenty instrumental performers and eight hundred vocalists, and, therefore, the feeble result might have been anticipated. Wagner's Grand March, composed for the occasion, was performed by Thomas's band —one of the best in the world—but as stringed instruments were chiefly used, "the music of the future" scarcely made the faintest impression upon those on the stand opposite. The fortissimo passages of the choruses and the fine old-fashioned strains of Paine's setting to Whittier's hymn were alone heard satisfactorily and with distinctness.

The President of the Board of Finance's address to General Grant and the latter's reply were brief and to the point; but Bishop Simpson's prayer was long and in execrable taste. We believe it was Lord Chesterfield—no great authority certainly in such matters—who said of some extemporaneous prayers he had heard, that although they were ostensibly addressed to the Deity, they were actually homilies preached *at* the congregation. Bishop Simpson's prayer was of this kind; it was, in fact, a spread-eagle doxology flung at a benighted universe. He thanked God, with unctuous self-righteousness, that they were not as other nations, and, above all, that they were not encumbered with a State Church. Many who heard this strange freak of devotion were disposed to favour State or any other control, endowed with common sense or common propriety, by which such men might be restrained from airing their country's vainglory or their own tinsel rhetoric. Imagine a devout soul pouring itself forth in such stilted phrases as these: "We praise Thee for the closing century, for the founders of the Republic, for the "immortal Washington" [Grant, Tweed, Babcock, Delane and Belknap?] "and their grand associates," &c. "We thank Thee for social and national progress, for valuable discoveries [Emma Mine?] and multiplied inventions [such as the 'Whisky Ring'] for labour-saving machinery, relieving the toiling masses, for schools free as the morning light, for books and periodicals scattered *like autumn leaves* over the land . . . and for a Church untrammelled by the State." The last clause of this marvellous supplication was perhaps not in the best taste considering that most of the nationalities invited and then supposed to be enjoying the hospitalities of the Union boast of State Churches; but the poetic justice done to most of the garbage called literature in the United States was exceedingly happy—as a bit of irony; lifeless it certainly is as "autumn leaves," littering the ground and fit only for cremation or decay. Most people will say amen to the petition—"We pray especially Thy benediction on the women of America," but it is not correct to append to it the false information that, "for the first time in the history of our race they take so conspicuous a place in a national celebration." The reverend gentleman had forgotten or perhaps did not know that there was a Women's Department and a Women's Committee at Vienna. One extract more will suffice: "As Thou didst give to one of its illustrious sons first to draw experimentally the electric spark from heaven, which has since girded the globe in its celestial whispers of 'glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will towards men,' so to the latest time may the mission of America, under Divine inspiration (!) be one of affection, brotherhood, and love for all our race. And thus the coming centuries will be filled with the glory of our Christian civilization." Perhaps this is the strongest application of the *Gloria in Excelsis* upon record, and it may very well be that the generations to come may well desire a Christian civilization which, if not divinely inspired, is of a more apostolic type. Unless the ruling classes and the pseudo-aristocracy mend their ways, America

may providentially afford to posterity, as Junius proposed the Duke of Grafton, "not a pattern to imitate, but an example to deter." As we publish elsewhere a paper upon the Centennial Exhibition, written by a contributor at present in Philadelphia, further reference to the subject at present may be confined to an expression of pleasure at the honourably conspicuous part the Dominion, and indeed the Empire altogether, has taken in the international display.

There is little use in speculating further upon the Presidential chances. In the ranks of both parties the favourite changes week after week, and the betting fluctuates with a capricious irregularity unknown at Tattersall's. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who ought to be President if the Americans were wise—*sua si bona norint*—advocates Bristow in the first place, with Tilden as a second choice. It is thus apparent that Mr. Adams is no party man, and is willing to accept an honest and capable Democrat, if the Republican party fail to nominate an unexceptionable man. The third party—William Cullen Bryant, Carl Schurz, and their friends—have wisely resolved to make no nomination until after the adjournment of the Cincinnati and St. Louis Conventions, to be held this month. It is possible that the mere organization of this party, apparently, like the conies, a feeble folk, may influence morally the action of both the leading parties. Congress appears to be playing with public affairs, and the only item of interest is the report of Committee, which will probably pass the House, condemning Gen. Schenck for his connection with the Emma Mine. It acquits him of fraud, but strongly censures him for accepting a place on the Board of Directors, and for speculating in its stock. Strange that the Democratic majority fail to see that, if they will cut down the salaries of their diplomatic agents to the starvation point, ambassadors and consuls, unless they have already made their fortunes by gold stocks, bribes, or shoddy at home, must eke out their respectability by speculation, and it may be peculation, abroad. Mr. Moran, at present representing the United States in England, by the action of the House, must either be, in repute, a shabby man, or, in fact, a dishonest one. He is certainly neither, but no thanks to his country. What is true of the diplomatic service, holds good for other reasons, of the home officials. They are underpaid, and therefore easily corrupted. When day after day new revelations are unfolded—the latest is an admission by a wary contractor that he paid a bribe to the Department of thirty or fifty thousand dollars, he forgets which—people wonder at the degeneracy of the Republic. Yet the causes lie on the surface. The war left an upper stratum of society, suddenly enriched; wealth engendered extravagance and a taste for ostentatious display. Society became at once vulgar and corrupt, flaunting its *parvenu* glories to the world. To be in society one must be wealthy by whatever means, and thus the poison percolated downwards through the seething mass. There is little cause for boasting on the part of our neighbours in this Centennial, but much to sadden and humiliate; and the prospect is only not hopeless, because the nation is not tainted to the core. The vital functions are unimpaired, although the patient is passing through the delirium of fever.

Affairs in England do not present anything specially deserving of notice. The Prince of Wales has returned from India in safety, after an absence of six months, and his reception has been cordial and flattering, if not enthusiastic. The net results of the excursion can hardly be estimated safely as yet. The journals appear to be puzzled in their efforts to set down in black and white the tangible and permanent benefits accruing to India and to England. It would be curious to know whether Mr. Bright, who saw prospectively the advantages of the trip, is as sanguine as ever. The prophets of ill are, of course, ready with alarming stories of the heritage of woe in store as its chief consequence. It is said that the rich gifts presented to the Prince were bestowed as investments, or, in other words, bribes, with a view to the success of suits pending at the Indian department, and that Rajahs and Maharajahs will soon be seen plodding their weary way between Marlborough House and Downing Street. Descending to particulars, the *quidnuncs* have it that Sir Salar Jung, the Nizam's Minister, is already on the seas to secure the restoration to Berar of the districts ceded to the Crown. Such rumours must pass for what they are worth,

and, on the other hand, it must be remembered the substantial advantages of the Prince's tour cannot be perceptible at once. Whilst in contact with the native princes, His Royal Highness and his advisers had ample opportunities of learning something of the Indian character, Hindoo and Mahommedan, and the fruit of this knowledge can only be expected to appear after many days. The London *World*, no friend to Royalty, affirms that, meeting Lord Lytton *en route*, His Royal Highness "spoke very strongly as to the future government of India, more especially as to the treatment of the native princes by European officials." It is also asserted with confidence that although originally a keen advocate of the new Royal Title, he has changed his mind upon the subject. After all, it is possible that travel may have materially altered his Royal Highness's views, enlarged his conception of things, and opened a new future to his mind's eye. If this should prove to be the case the English people will willingly forgive the pig-sticking or any other sporting peccadiloes of the tour.

The genius of dulness seems to preside over the Imperial Parliament. Perhaps the only living incident since the Easter recess has been the humiliating discomforture of Mr. Lowe. The Retford speech was, in every way, unfortunate; for, even had it been true that Her Majesty had importuned two Premiers in succession to bestow the Imperial dignity upon her and been refused, it was most ungracious, and, for that matter, unconstitutional, in a Privy Councillor to gloat over the fact in public. In Mr. Disraeli's ashes still live their ancient fires, and he certainly scorched his opponent to brownness. The Royal denial of the charge —coupled with an ungrateful disclaimer from Mr. Gladstone—left Mr. Lowe no choice but to retract and apologize. There is much to admire about the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he has a terrible knack of blundering, and is perhaps, notwithstanding his abilities, the most unpopular man of his party. The proclamation of the new style and title of the Queen has not pleased the Opposition, and was opposed by Lord Selborne in the Lords, and Mr. Fawcett and Sir Henry James in the Commons. The member for Hackney, although he submitted a motion directly implying censure, failed to drive Mr. Disraeli into granting an evening, and before the motion could come on in due course the Proclamation was issued. Mr. Gladstone's Attorney-General based his motion upon the Proclamation, his contention being that it did not, in terms, fulfil the pledge that the title of Empress should only be used in Indian concerns. The Government on this occasion, in a House of five hundred and sixty, had a majority of one hundred and eight. The fact appears to be that the parliamentary indignation against the measure has no substantial out-door support. Such agitation as they have succeeded in arousing is purely factitious. The bulk of the people do not care a straw about the matter, one way or another, and the Imperial title pleases flunkeydom generally. Probably if a *plébiscite* had gathered the view of the nation, the popular majority in its favour would have been overwhelming.

The Merchant Shipping Bill, which appears to have, at length, reached the Upper House, is one that intimately concerns the Dominion. There is no need to state anew the case of Canada and the attitude of the Imperial Government upon it, because, both in and out of the Dominion Parliament, our position has been clearly stated, explained, and vindicated. Both Sir Charles Adderley and Mr. Plimsoll approve of Canadian Shipping Legislation, and have engrafted its provisions touching deck-loads on their own Bill. Strangely enough, however, they confine its operation to the Atlantic, where it is not required, because already enforced, and exempt the Baltic, where it is badly wanted. The objections to the Bill, as far as it affects Canadian vessels, are powerful enough. The Dominion is, in fact, ignored in many ways. Our surveys and our certificates, both to ships and officers, are perfectly worthless when one of our vessels proposes to leave England for a foreign port. A Quebec ship bound on a three years' trip, it may be, reaches Liverpool, of course without trouble; but let it then propose to clear with a cargo for Lisbon, Rio Janeiro, or Callao, and the survey, certificates, and all are valueless. In short we are neither treated as a self-governing community nor as a foreign power.

It is clear that we have a substantial grievance, and good grounds on which to demand redress; but, on the other hand, we see no reason for basing our rights upon

a false foundation. The *Globe's* London correspondent transmitted by cable last week the substance of an article from the *Times*, which strikes us as not only "new light," but delusive light of the *ignis fatuus* sort. The writer claims, and so do we, that Canada has full power to legislate with respect to shipping, but if, as our Toronto contemporary appears to think, the *Times* imagines that these powers were conferred by the Confederation Act, we believe that it is entirely mistaken. Of the real attitude of the English journal it is impossible as yet to pronounce, until the article reaches us in its entirety, therefore we confine ourselves to the *Globe's* view of the case. Quoting a clause from the 91st section of the Imperial Act of 1867, our contemporary italicizes the word "exclusive," when applied to jurisdiction, as operating as an ouster of Imperial jurisdiction. The interpretation is utterly groundless and untenable, as a careful perusal of the entire section will at once establish. The Confederation Act conceded no powers of self-government to the Dominion which were not previously in the possession of the various Provincial Legislatures severally and separately. We defy any one to show that the Imperial Parliament contemplated conferring, or actually did confer, any new privileges upon the British North American Provinces. The powers they possessed before are inherited by the Dominion, and the only difference is that the distribution of them has been made *de novo*. Our rights regarding "navigation and shipping," are, we believe, irrefragable and indefeasible, but those rights were ours before 1867, otherwise we do not possess them at all.

A brief glance at the 91st clause of the Act, should make this clear in a moment. The *Globe's* view is no doubt honestly cherished, and as we both come to the same conclusion, it may, perhaps, appear hypercritical to dispute even an illusory construction of the section. The late and present Governments, however, avoiding treacherous ground, were scrupulously mute upon the point. The section in dispute is very properly captioned "Distribution of Legislative Power," for that is its real and only significance. It does not create or confer, but merely apportions. The earlier part of it is not quoted by the *Globe*, but it is extremely pertinent. The laws are to be made for "the peace, order, and good government of Canada," and therefore, have no new external reference, as is contended. In the next place, the Dominion Parliament is to have jurisdiction in "all matters not by this Act assigned *exclusively* to the Legislatures of the Provinces." Then follows, what is really an expository clause inserted "for greater certainty," that the "*exclusive* Legislative authority" of the Dominion shall extend to the subjects thereinafter enumerated, among which is, "10. Navigation and Shipping." Finally, at the end of the section, as if to afford an additional safeguard against misconception, it is enacted that no matter coming within any of the twenty-nine classes of subjects, shall be deemed to come within the classes "assigned *exclusively*" to the Provincial Legislatures.

Now what is the real significance of this word "exclusive," repeated more than once in the Act? Has it any reference whatever to Imperial jurisdiction? Amongst the subjects "exclusively" federal is "27, Criminal Law, except the Constitution of the Courts." In whose favour was this exception made? Is there any indication in the Act, from the preamble to the end of the fifth schedule, that the Imperial Parliament ever dreamed of enlarging Canadian powers of self-government? Not the slightest; the aim was to remodel the old legislative constitutions on a federal basis, and to make a fresh distribution of powers already possessed by the separate Provincial Governments. No new right was conferred, and it is idle, as well as dangerous, to assert the contrary.

The everlasting question of the Orient appears as far from settlement as ever. The Berlin Conference of the Chancellors has framed a scheme of pacification which is rejected by Great Britain, by the Porte, and by the insurgents. Count Andrassy and Count Rodich have both failed, and the question is, what next? The Salonica massacre has been followed by a formidable uprising in Bulgaria; Servia and Montenegro are with difficulty kept in check; and Turkey continues as defiant as she is penniless and impotent. Perhaps another month may throw some light upon the subject, and it seems probable that a conference of all the powers will try its hand at endeavouring to compass the impossible achievement of shoring up the tottering edifice of Islam.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MEMOIR OF NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D. By his brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, B.A. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

Whether we consider the deep interest attaching to the central figure in this work, or the skilful manner of its execution, its success, as a biography, is unquestionable. The subject is worthy of commemoration, and the writer eminently fitted for the task. Religious biography is not, generally speaking, either interesting or edifying, because, even when the life is useful for instruction or warning, the author's treatment of it is too often insipid and jejune. But a man who had filled so large a space in his country's ecclesiastical annals, that he could be styled without extravagant eulogy, in the Queen's memorial windows at Crathie, as "a man eminent in the church, honoured in the State, and in many lands greatly beloved," deserved some permanent record of his career. When Mr. Macleod speaks of the "profound impression" produced by the news of his brother's death, even upon those who had never exchanged a word with him, the secret of his influence is unfolded clearly, and with distinctness. It was the generous humanity of the man which, reinforced by intense spiritual feeling, made him a power, not in Scotland only, but throughout the Empire, even to its utmost limits.

What was the spring of this wide-spread regard, and why should his death have been so generally felt, "as if a personal friend had been taken away?" How much of Norman Macleod's broad and sympathetic nature may be assigned to hereditary influence, how much to the physical features of his environment, and how much to what is more strictly termed education, it may be difficult to decide. Born on the sea-shore, on a rugged coast, with a breezy atmosphere from mountain loch and ocean expanding his lungs, and enlarging his views of nature, he could hardly be narrow or petty in his mental or spiritual tendencies. His chosen delights—sailing and fishing—are of themselves widening and liberalizing, when they have full play in a healthy heart and soul. Moreover, the parental influence had a powerful effect upon the mind of the youth. "I never," said he, on the occasion of his father's death, "heard my father speak of Calvinism, Arminianism, Presbyterianism, or Episcopacy, or exaggerate doctrinal differences in my life. . . . I thank God for his free, loving, sympathizing, and honest heart. He might have made me a slave to any 'isms.' He left me free to love Christ and Christians." The mother, who still survives, at the age of ninety-one, exerted perhaps a more potent influence on the son, and her wise counsels, interspersed through this volume, manifest not merely the deep solicitude of maternal affection, but the wise intelligence of a thoroughly good woman. "Forty-three years since," he wrote her in 1854, "I lay on your knee, the object of a love that, I have often said, is liker the love of God than any other, and which, in your case, dearest, has been as deep, constant, and unwearied as ever existed in any human bosom." Or again, to go back to 1834, we may quote the concluding lines of a sonnet written at Weimar:—

"Still oft within
This darken'd heart a sudden gleam, a share
Of former joy was mine; and I have wept
And thought 'twas from a distant mother's prayer!"

There appears to have been only one habit which his father, and his mother also, in her gentle way, could not approve—his *penchant* for joking. It was, in fact, the outcome of an exuberant nature, full of life, and irrepressible even to the last. Norman Macleod had every respect for physical science and its professors; but the theory of Sir William Thomson, in his Inaugural Address, in 1871, that organic life may possibly have found its way to earth on a moss-covered fragment from another planet, provoked his keen appreciation of the ludicrous. He suggests that men of science "should rewrite the first chapter of Genesis in this way:—1. The earth was without form and void. 2. A meteor fell upon the earth. 3. The result was fish, flesh, and fowl. 4. From these proceeded the British Association. 5. And the British Association pronounced it all tolerably good!"

The lively animal spirits of the man no doubt opened the hearts of men to him, but they had a substantial base in a warm and enthusiastic love of his species. If what Comtists call the "enthusiasm of humanity" was ever the dominant passion of any one, it was so with Dr. Macleod. Whether the fishermen of Argyllshire, the toilers at the loom in Ayr, the artizans of Glasgow, or the teeming millions of India, all were men and brethren to him, capable of elevation morally and spiritually, and heirs of immortality. The sermon in which he speculates upon the eternal destiny of the heathen at home and abroad (pp. 413-17) is full of the tenderest charity towards the entire race of man; and so also are the four perplexing questions (p. 92) where the justice of God and His benevolence are placed in juxtaposition.

The visit to Weimar, as tutor to Mr. Preston, had no slight influence on his theology, although he left it before the seeds had fructified. His taste for poetry was stimulated by the Baroness Melanie at a time when, as Mr. Macleod tells us, Goethe, Herder, Schiller, and Wieland were fresh in the hearts and memories of the German people. His favourite English poets were Coleridge and Wordsworth amongst contemporaries, and he has a good word even for Shelley. The sonnet on the death of Coleridge is too long for quotation, but its last lines are warmly appreciative :—

"The glory ceased as if it ne'er had been,
But in the heart it cannot pass away—
There it is immortal! Coleridge, friend of truth,
Thus do I think of thee, with feelings keen
And passions strong, thou sunbeam of my youth!"

Principal Shairp is of opinion that Norman Macleod "had imagination enough to have furnished forth half-a-dozen poets;" but if the poet be the maker, the originator of ideas and images, we hardly think Dr. Macleod ever had the true vein of poetical eminence in his composition. He was imitative rather than original, and possessed fancy rather than imagination.

Into the details of the biography, we have no space to enter at length. The zest which he threw into his pastoral labours, whether at Dalkeith, London, or Glasgow, was passionate in its strength and fervour. He had emphatically the poor always with him, and laboured untiringly for their elevation, morally and religiously. The various journeys made upon the Continent, in North America, in Syria and Egypt, and finally in India, all affected him powerfully, and helped to make him the liberal theologian of his latter years. The Indian Mission was very near to his heart, and there can be no doubt that his journey eastward, and the labours he undertook upon his return, shortened his days, perhaps by years. It was the enlarged views of humanity gathered in the Orient which caused him to doubt as to the future destiny of the many millions of the race, and induced him to reject the prevailing Calvinistic creed of his country. He was a thoroughly patriotic Scot, loving Caledonia above any land beneath the sun, but he had no sympathy with its dogmatic and disciplinary narrowness.

His chief exemplar in theology was John Macleod Campbell, who had been violently extruded from the Church, and his other friends were such men as Principal Tulloch, Dr. Caird, Dr. Arnold, Dean Stanley, and Mr. Maurice. His course at the Non-intrusion crisis of 1843 was in a large measure shaped by his dread of intolerant violence and bigotry. The Establishment he regarded as essential to free and unshackled enquiry. So early as 1836, he exclaimed in one of his letters :—"I hate cant, and despise it. There is a manliness about true Christianity, a consciousness of strength, which enables it to make everything its own." And about the last entry in his journal expresses his hope of a freer Church in time to come. "Neither Calvinism, nor Presbyterianism, nor Thirty-nine Articles, nor High Churchism, nor Low Churchism, nor any existing organization can be the Church of the future! May God give us patience to wait! It may be a thousand or three thousand years yet, ere it comes, but come it will!"

Throughout Norman Macleod's life there was a progressive development in his views. The base gradually widened and the edifice grew broader and more imposing. In 1839, he refused, in warm language, to take part in a Burns commemoration; at the Centennial, he was the only clergyman on the platform at Glasgow, and boldly vindicated his right to be there. His earliest utterances on the Confession of Faith are wary and respectful; his later views impelled him to denounce many of the dogmas contained in it, and to "doubt" about others. The doctrines of an exclusive atonement, of the damnation of non-elect infants and of the heathen, and Sabbatarianism, all went by the board. His quarrel with the *Record* Evangelicals, about *Good Words*, was conducted with unusual heat, on his part. He was indignant at the imputations cast upon him, and he did not affect any concealment of his anger. "The weak-headed Evangelical pastors," as he calls them, had assailed him for inserting a story by Anthony Trollope, and papers by Tulloch, Caird, and Stanley. They had even gone so far as to fling a text of Scripture at him:—"And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" &c. (2 Cor. vi. 15-16.) One or two sentences we quote from Dr. Macleod's journal:—"The 'world' is that which is 'not of the Father.' The so-called Evangelical party—for, thank God, they are but a small clique—are become the worshippers of mere shibboleths—phrases. The shortest road to be considered religious, is to adhere to the creed in words, and to keep up a cant vocabulary. . . . . Though a man believes, as I do, with his soul the doctrines of Scripture, yet woe to him unless he believes the precise philosophy, or the systematic form of those doctrines held by the clique." During the Sabbath controversy in 1865, upon which it is unnecessary to enter, Dr. Macleod boldly avowed that his view of the question was contrary to the Confession, and he had to meet a furious storm in consequence. There can be no doubt that, in Scotland as elsewhere, a momentous revolution is going on in the sphere of dogmatic theology, and the minds of the orthodox, as well as the rationalist, are undergoing a serious change.

And now we close this interesting memoir,

simply recommending it to the careful perusal of the reader. He may possibly meet with some opinions in which he cannot concur; that we find more or less in all books. But it is an essentially healthy book, the biographical record of an earnest and vigorous nature, willing to spend and be spent in its Master's service, for the love of humanity, and the promotion of its best and noblest because its highest interests.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. SPEDDING, the biographer and editor of Bacon, concludes his examination of the theory he attributes to Dr. Abbott, "that a sense of the grandeur of his mission as prophet of Science, high-priest of Nature, worshipper of Truth, born servant of Mankind, and so forth, had destroyed his sense of morality." Dr. Abbott has disowned this theory, and Mr. Spedding accepts the disclaimer after a fashion, though scarcely *ex animo*. The early part of the present paper is occupied with an examination of the charges of subservience to Buckingham, and his alleged attempts to fetter the independence of the judges, including the "disgracing of Coke." Finally, we have a brief view of the charges on which Bacon was impeached, and on which he is pronounced unquestionably guilty, for he admitted it himself, pleading that it was "an abuse of the time." Professor Lewis Campbell contributes the first instalment "On the Revision of the English New Testament," in which he considers the difficulties in the way of translation peculiar to the subject, the language, and the text. It is an interesting addition to the literature of the subject, but can hardly be summarized. Mr. Frederick Harrison contributes, in dialogue form, a reply to Mr. Mark Pattison's attack upon Positivism. The conversation is brisk, yet the effect is a failure. The critic is, as usual in such controversies, a man of straw set up to be knocked down, although perhaps of stiffer straw than usual. The "religion of Humanity," with a big H, is at once too subtle and too monstrous to make any way amongst men, and the Comtists, clever as they are, are beating the air with a phantom wand.

The Rev. J. B. Mayor, author of a paper on "The Restitution of all Things," published a year ago, returns to the subject in reply to the Rev. H. N. Oxenham. In the present essay, Mr. Mayor confines himself chiefly to the argument from reason, dealing some trenchant blows, *en passant*, at the paganism and materialism of the Roman Catholic Church. As against the doctrine of restitution, he repudiates the accusation of paganism or infidelity. On the argument from authority, the writer utters a protest against the Fathers, as being children in theology:—"A man," he urges, "is a traitor to his age, he is traitor to the cause of human progress—I will say more, he is practically a disbeliever in the abiding influence of the Spirit of God, if, looking either to the right hand or to the left, to the fourth century or to the sixteenth, he hides his light under a bushel, and stifles within himself convictions which were given for the benefit of all." As for the general arguments advanced by Mr. Mayor, although not novel, for the most part, they are put in a fresh light, and will repay careful attention.

Mr. Peter Bayne, who is well known as an Essayist, gives the first part of a paper on "Clarendon," extending to his first exile, after the fatal battle of Naseby. The life of Edward Hyde is traced in a graphic manner from his birth. In his early manhood he could boast the friendship of Ben Jonson, Selden, Cotton, Waller, Hales, and Chillingworth. At the hospitable board of the ill-fated Falkland he met the choice liberal spirits of England, and he was then, as when he entered Parliament, liberal in politics and in theology. The struggles between Charles I. and his people are narrated here, as they have often been before, with vigour and effect. The chief counts in the indictment against Clarendon are his intrigues with Charles, under the sinister auspices of the Queen and Digby, and his failure to save the King, with or without his consent, when he alone could have done so. Mr. Francis Peek offers a strong plea in favour of "Religious Teaching in Schools," in the course of which he contends that there is nothing impracticable in a common scheme of moral and religious education for all classes.

The Rev. Mr. Fairbairn's paper on "Strauss," of which the first instalment is here given, may be read profitably and with interest. It is a chapter, not merely in German, but in "Modern Religious" thought. It is not merely a biography of the man, but a succient history of the philosophies and theologies that influenced him. Of these the chief were the philosophy of Hegel and the theology of Schleiermacher. The Tubingen school is carefully sketched as

it existed under Baur. With regard to the *Leben Jesu*, Mr. Fairbairn remarks that "the work was fundamentally vitiated, falsified in character and method, by its starting-point and end. It professed to be critical, but was throughout dogmatic. Its critical theories had been created, its exegetical method was applied, to work out a foregone conclusion. Certain narratives, which were regarded as historical, were incompatible with a given speculative doctrine, and blocked the way to a speculative end. So a critical historical theory was invented to pulverize the narratives and dissolve the facts." Mr. James Fergusson attacks vigorously the theory of Dr. Currey, in the Speaker's Commentary, on the plan and dimensions of the Temple at Jerusalem. As an architect, he has no mercy upon the theologian.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with an article by Mr. Chamberlain on a very important subject—"The Right Method with the Publicans." The standpoint of the writer may be judged by a sentence: "Is it altogether impossible to find some means of preventing the abuse of strong drink without arbitrary interference with individual liberty, and without palpable injustice to those who have embarked their fortunes in the trade?" In Mr. Chamberlain's opinion all past legislation has been ineffectual, and "restriction, in the forms which it has hitherto assumed, of shorter hours, more stringent regulations of licensed houses, and magisterial control of licenses, has been a conspicuous failure." It appears that, in England, the license, though nominally granted year by year, becomes, when once granted, "a lease, with perpetual renewal, subject only to the payment of the license duty, and moderately good conduct." To the Permissive Bill, which is substantially our Dunkin Act, the writer objects, first because it is an intolerable interference with individual liberty, and secondly because it makes no provision for compensating those whose existing means of livelihood it proposes to destroy. The proposed "Free Trade in Drink" is equally distasteful to Mr. Chamberlain, and in lieu of any of these remedies and others, which he examines in detail, he proposes the Swedish or Gottenburg system of buying up the business *en bloc*, and conducting it in the interests of sobriety and general morality. He certainly appears to demonstrate that in Gottenburg it has diminished drunkenness by nearly one-half, and he calls the objection that all the ratepayers would thus become parties "a sentimental one," because they are already responsible for it.

Sir Rutherford Alcock's paper on "China and its Foreign Relations" describes the traditionary and actual policy of that Empire, and points out that it is drawing near to Russia, and conceding to that Power trade and diplomatic privileges it denies to others. Professor Stanley Jevons treats of "Cruelty to Animals" as a study in Sociology. He is opposed entirely to the movement against vivisection, and thinks he controverts the reasoning of its friends by showing that the English people are inconsistent in their view of various kinds of cruelty—making fanciful distinctions where there is actually no difference. A reasoner who can see no distinction between the extermination of wild dogs by poison, in a pastoral country like Queensland, and the torture of an unoffending dog by strychnine, before a gaping theatre of students in London, is a dealer in fallacies. Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth's review of the results of the English Education Act is instructive. He is, of course, in favour of voluntary, in opposition to Board schools, and takes every pains to show that the shutting up of the former means an immense increase in the local rates.

Mr. G. H. Lewes completes his essay on "Spiritualism and Materialism" by an examination of the latter. His objection to it is simply that it is "unphysiological," not because it contradicts our aspirations, nor because it is instinctively repudiated. He is, in short, a materialist who does not pin his faith to molecular motion in the brain, but in the human organization as a whole. On the other hand, he considers the spiritual interpretation as illusory. Mr. Walter Bagehot's second paper on "The Postulates of English Political Economy" is valuable in more respects than one, but his arguments and illustrations cannot be condensed here. It must suffice to say that, as in the first paper he dealt of the migration of labour from employment to employment, so here he treats of the conditions under which capital is transferred, including the whole subject of values, exchangeable and international. Mr. Morley's review of recent books of travel contains much food for reflection. Of course, he does not lose the opportunity of having a fling at missions, or at "the narrow and ignorant Protestantism" of the middle classes, or that "certain holy contempt" they have for the heathen. Mr. Morison's "Madame de Maintenon" is finished. It throws new light upon the life of the wife of Louis XIV. The account of St. Cyr and the King's childish interest in it is admirable, and Madame's real character may be summed up in a brief extract from a letter to her brother:—"We shall meet again, if it please God. Think of Him, in order to be always ready to die, and for the rest, let us keep ourselves jolly." As Mr. Morison adds—"Security as regards income, and security as regards salvation, are the two points she never leaves out." Mr. Bryce devotes a few pages to Lord Salisbury's Oxford University Bill, which, on the whole, he is disposed to favour.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE dramatic season in Toronto was brought to a brilliant close by the appearance of the finest actor of America. The name of Edwin Booth is a household word among all lovers of the drama on this continent, and his first visit to Toronto and Canada was an event of more than common artistic significance. Mr. Booth is something more than the mere actor; in him have been combined also the enterprise of the theatrical manager, and the enthusiasm of the educator in dramatic taste. He has laboured more assiduously, and with greater singleness of purpose, to foster a love for the healthy and legitimate drama, than any other man in America; and to him principally is due the high place which that branch of his art now holds on this continent. In a generation given over, in its theatrical amusements, to tawdry sensationalism, burlesque, opera-bouffe, negro minstrels, variety performances, female gymnasts, Black-Crook business, lime light, and legs, he kept alive some sparks of love for the highest department of the dramatic art. But he fell upon evil days; his efforts were vain, and he paid the inevitable penalty in financial ruin. Still, "the whirligig of time brings about its revenges." The day comes when even the display of the female form palls upon the jaded appetite, and a public satiated with novelties turns, clothed and in its right mind, to the pure and wholesome food which affords the only true sustenance to a healthy intellectual and moral life. Within the last three or four years a re-awakening of this kind has taken place in the dramatic world, and Shakespeare and the legitimate drama are again in the ascendant.

Bearing in mind, then, the part taken by Mr. Booth in bringing about this result, it must have been with great satisfaction that all true lovers of the drama witnessed the right royal welcome accorded to him in Toronto—a testimony due as much to the worth of the man and the conscientious labours of the manager, as to the celebrity of the artist. Great, however, as Mr. Booth's services have been in the cause of the higher drama, and deserving as they are of the amplest recognition, they must not be allowed to blind us to the faults of the actor. Mr. Booth appeared in seven characters: *Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, Richelieu, Richard II., Shylock. Benedick,* and *Iago*; and though but one representation of each was given, yet, the range being an extensive one, a tolerably accurate judgment can be formed of his general powers. We shall express our own opinion most comprehensively by saying that Mr. Booth, though undoubtedly a very fine actor, is not a great one. The true fire is wanting. He never fully possesses himself of the character he is representing, is unmistakably artificial, and, by consequence, the spectator can seldom or never divest himself of the impression that he is witnessing *acting*. His physical gifts are not of the highest: his figure, though graceful, is short, and consequently almost incapable of embodying the majestic repose so essential at times to the tragic actor; his face is limited in its range of expression; and his voice (which frequently recalls that of his brother Junius) is poor in quality, and deficient in power and in variety of intonation. His elocutionary method—at least in tragic passages, where he has to speak *ore rotundo*—is vicious, his utterance, though remarkably distinct, being painfully slow and laboured. His walk is stagey, except, of course, in characters such as Richelieu and Shylock, where he assumes the gait of an old man; and he uses far too much gesture, especially with his arms, hands, and fingers. Besides these mannerisms, he has an unpleasant and frequent trick of turning up his eyes, so as to show the white underneath the iris. It is strange indeed to see the pains which some actors take to be unnatural. Mr. Booth's method of dealing with his "points" is also objectionable, the intention to make them being very obvious. A really great actor never *makes* points; he simply acts right on, up to the level of the various situations, and lets the points make themselves. Another complaint we have to urge against Mr. Booth is that he makes frequent slips in the author's language, and occasionally takes unwarrantable liberties with his text; thus, in "Hamlet" he omitted the greater portion of the most telling soliloquy in the play—"Oh! what a rogue and peasant slave am I;" and in "Richelieu," for the purpose, apparently, of making a sensational ending to the fourth act, he placed the threatened "curse of Rome" after the defiance of Baradas, instead of before it, as Bulwer wrote it.

It is obvious that an actor in whom are combined so many and such glaring defects cannot claim to belong to the first rank. In fact, Mr. Booth is not to be compared, in general power, with Mr. T. C. King, who, whatever may be his faults, is emphatically a great actor—in our opinion the greatest that has ever visited Toronto; nor in any one of his performances here did he rise to the level attained by Mr. Barry Sullivan in his matchless delineation of *Richard III.*

Of the various characters assumed by Mr. Booth, his *Iago* was the most satisfactory. His conception was natural and good, and his elocution, except in a very few passages,

unforced and colloquial. Most actors make the egregious mistake of showing the real nature of the man so openly, as to make it a matter of wonder to the audience that any one possessed of common sense should be pulled by so shallow a trickster. Mr. Booth carefully avoids this pitfull, and in his hands *Iago* really appears to be the plausible friend, the "fellow of exceeding honesty," that Shakespeare designed. Indeed, if there be a fault in the interpretation, it is that the baseness of the man is too much veiled from the audience as well as from Othello, so that it is not till the very last scene that the human fiend stands fully revealed in all the hideous deformity of his nature. Next to Mr. Booth's *Iago*, we should rank his *Richelieu*. In the fourth act of Bulwer's fine drama, the actor more nearly rose to the level of greatness than at any other moment during the week. In the other portions of the play, however, he was comparatively tame. His *Hamlet* was a very unequal performance, and on the whole inferior to Fechter's, T. C. King's, and Barry Sullivan's. There were several fine passages, however, notably the scene with Ophelia, and the earlier portion of that with his mother. In the latter portion of this scene he was too loving, and committed the egregious mistake of kissing the guilty woman, at the words "I must be cruel only to be kind." The cruelty of the act was not easily detected by the audience. One of the principal features of the week's performances was the production, for the first time in Canada, of Shakespeare's "Richard II." The play, though containing many fine thoughts, and much magnificent language, is not a good acting one; the tone is one of gloom and depression, absolutely unrelieved by any enlivening episodes, or even by a single spark of humour—a very rare thing with Shakespeare. Nor was Mr. Booth's effort to represent the principal character a successful one, his vicious style of elocution being here exemplified at its worst. Of the other characters played by Mr. Booth, his *Shylock* was fairly good; but his *Claude Melnotte*, though at times striking, was too sentimental and melodramatic, even for the sentimental and melodramatic hero of Bulwer's somewhat lackadaisical play. As *Benedick* he was natural and spirited, but, with the assistance of Miss Cummins, he spoilt the great scene where *Beatrice* tells him to kill *Claudio*, by converting it into the merest farce.

Mr. Booth was assisted by Mr. Warde, a young English actor who has been travelling with him during the past winter, and by the stock company from Mr. McVicker's theatre in Chicago, but the support was not as good as might have been expected. We may add that Mr. Booth's engagement was so eminently successful in a pecuniary sense, that he may probably be induced to pay Toronto another visit next season.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

WE have observed, with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, that some members of the Press of the Dominion appear to look upon the contents of the CANADIAN MONTHLY much in the same light as Lord Dundreary's valet regarded his master's wardrobe, and, acting upon principles similar to those which actuated that eccentric individual, transfer, without scruple, from our columns to their own, whatever strikes their fancy. Among those of our contemporaries that have exhibited their enterprise in this way may be mentioned a Hamilton paper, which, without even an acknowledgment to us, transferred to their columns the whole of Mr. F. W. Robinson's novelette, "The Romance of a Back Street," which had been copyrighted at Ottawa, and for which we had paid the English author; a Peterborough paper, which a couple of months ago copied the whole of Mr. Phipps's article on "The Advantages of Protective Tariffs;" and a new Toronto daily, from which better things might have been expected, and which should rather set an example of good behaviour to its erring Provincial brethren, but which last month appropriated bodily, from the first word to the last, Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on "The Immortality of the Soul." Now, while we are quite alive to the appreciation of the Magazine which such things indicate, and while we do not object to fair, reasonable, and acknowledged *quotation* from our columns, we must emphatically protest, in the name of journalistic decency,—to say nothing of common honesty,—against any such wholesale appropriation of our property as we have referred to; and would suggest that whatever appreciation of our efforts any of our contemporaries may desire to show, should be testified in a different way—for instance, by a monthly critical review of the contents of each number. Should this caution not prove efficacious to put a stop to the practice complained of, we shall be reluctantly compelled to resort to a legal enforcement of our rights.