

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Fourth Year.
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Toronto, Thursday, December 16th, 1886.

\$3.00 per Annum
Single Copies, 10 cents.

A Blue Cross before this paragraph signifies that the subscription is due. We should be pleased to have a remittance. We send no receipts, so please note the change of date upon address slip, and if not made within two weeks advise us by post card.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

DIVIDEND NO. 39.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Three and one Half per cent. upon the capital stock of this institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the THIRD DAY of JANUARY NEXT. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th of December to the 31st of December, both days inclusive.

B. E. WALKER,

Toronto, Nov. 23rd, 1886. Gen. Manager.

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co'y.

INCORPORATED A.D. 1855.

Paid-up Capital, - - - \$2,200,000
Total Assets, - - - 9,000,000

OFFICE:

Companies Buildings, Toronto St., Toronto.

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.

Sums of \$4 and upwards received at current rates of interest, paid or compounded half-yearly DEBENTURES.

Money received on deposit for a fixed term of years for which debentures are issued, with half-yearly interest coupons attached. Executors and trustees are authorized by law to invest in the debentures of this Company. The Capital and Assets of the Company being pledged for money thus received, depositors are at all times assured of perfect safety.

Advances made on Real Estate at current rates, and on favourable conditions as to repayment. Mortgages and Municipal Debentures purchased.

J. HERBERT MASON, *Man. Director.*

THE

Liverpool & London & Globe INSURANCE CO.

LOSSES PAID, \$97,500,000.

ASSETS, \$33,000,000.

INVESTED IN CANADA, \$900,000.

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, Montreal.
JOS. B. REED, Agent, Toronto.

Office—20 WELLINGTON ST. EAST.

A.D. 1809.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Five Premiums (1884) \$7,000,000
Fire Assets (1884) 13,000,000
Investments in Canada 982,517
Total Invested Funds (Fire & Life)..... 33,500,000

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North British Buildings, - Montreal.

THOMAS DAVIDSON, *Man. Director.*

Toronto Branch—26 Wellington St. E.

R. N. GOOCH, *Agent and Dist. Insp.*

H. W. EVANS, *Asst. Agent.*

The Glasgow & London Insurance Co.

Head Office for Canada, - Montreal.

Government Deposit \$100,000 00
Assets in Canada 177,086 60
Canadian Income, 1885 255,325 16

MANAGER, STEWART BROWNE.

J. T. VINCENT, *Chief Inspector.*

Inspectors:

C. GELINAB. A. D. G. VAN WAST

Toronto Branch Office—34 Toronto Street.

J. T. VINCENT, Resident Secretary.

CITY AGENTS—Wm. FAHEY, W. J. B. BRYAN

Telephone No. 418

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Paid-up Capital - - - \$6,000,000
Rest - - - 1,600,000

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WM. ELLIOT, Esq., *Vice-President.*
Hon. William McMaster, George Taylor, Esq., Hon. S. C. Wood, James Crathern, Esq., T. Sutherland Stayer, Esq., W. B. Hamilton, Esq., Geo. A. Cox, Esq., John I. Davidson.

General Manager, B. E. Walker; Assistant-General Manager, J. H. Plummer; Inspector, Wm. Gray.

New York Agents.—J. H. Goadby and Alex. Laird.

BRANCHES.—Ayr, Barrie, Belleville, Berlin, Brantford, Chatham, Collingwood, Dundas, Dunnville, Galt, Goderich, Guelph, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Norwich, Orangeville, Ottawa, Paris, Parkhill, Peterboro', St. Catharines, Sarnia, Seaford, Simcoe, Stratford, Strathroy, Thorold, Toronto, Walkerton, Windsor, Woodstock, Blenheim, Jarvis.

Commercial credits issued for use in Europe, the East and West Indies, China, Japan, and South America.

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Capital Authorized, - - - \$1,000,000
Capital Subscribed, - - - 500,000
Capital Paid-up, - - - 325,000

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Board of Directors.

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SAM'L TREES, Esq., - - - *Vice President.*

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Branches.—Brampton, Durham, Guelph, Richmond Hill and North Toronto.

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THE QUEBEC BANK.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1818.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

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JAMES STEVENSON, Esq.,

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Ottawa, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; Pembroke, Ont.;

Montreal, Que.; Thorold, Ont.;

Three Rivers, Que.

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AGENTS IN LONDON.—The Bank of Scotland.

THE FEDERAL BANK OF CANADA.

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Rest - - - 125,000

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J. S. Playfair, Esq., - *Vice-President.*
Edward Gurney, Esq., Wm. Galbraith, Esq., B. Cronyn, Esq., H. E. Clarke, Esq., M.P.P., J. W. Langmuir, Esq.

G. W. Yarker, - - - *General Manager.*
A. E. Plummer, - - - *Inspector.*

BRANCHES.—Aurora, Chatham, Guelph, Kingston, London, Newmarket, Simcoe, St. Mary's, Strathroy, Tilsonburg, Toronto, Yorkville, Winnipeg.

BANKERS.—American Exchange National Bank in New York; The Maverick National Bank in Boston; The National Bank of Scotland in London.

THE CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Company

hereby give notice that they will at the next session of the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada apply for an Act for the following purposes:

1. To open books for the registration and transfer of Debenture Stock in Canada, Great Britain, and Ireland, or in any foreign country.

2. To enable the said Company to carry on business in any part of the Dominion of Canada.

3. To acquire real estate for the purposes of the business of the Company in any Province or Territory of the Dominion.

JONES BROS. & MACKENZIE, Solicitors for the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company.

Toronto, 25th day of November, 1886.

UNION LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.

DIVIDEND 44.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum has been declared by the Directors of this Company for the six months ending 31st inst., and that the same will be paid at the Company's offices 28 and 30 Toronto Street, Toronto, on and after Friday, the 7th day of January, prox.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st inst., both inclusive.

By order. W. MACLEAN, *Manager.*

ONTARIO INDUSTRIAL LOAN & INVESTMENT CO. (Limited).

DIVIDEND No. 11.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Company of THREE AND ONE-HALF per cent. for the current half year (being at the rate of seven per cent. per annum) has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Company, Toronto Arcade, 24 Victoria Street, Toronto, on and after MONDAY, the 3rd day of JANUARY, 1887.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st DECEMBER inst., both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

J. GORMLEY,

Dated at Toronto, *Managing Director.* this 8th day of December, 1886.

THE TORONTO

Land and Investment CORPORATION,

No. 34 Toronto St., - Toronto.

DIRECTORS:

GEORGE R. R. COCKBURN, Esq., *President,* Toronto.

HENRY W. DARLING, Esq., *Vice-President.*

DONALD MACKAY, Esq., Toronto.

RICHARD SACKVILLE COX, Esq., Chicago.

JOHN L. BLAIRIE, Esq., Toronto.

E. STEPHENSON, Esq., Toronto.

HORACE THORNE, Esq., Toronto.

WM. MORTIMER CLARK, *Solicitor.*

The Corporation has commenced business and is prepared to entertain offers of and for Real Estate. All correspondence will be treated as strictly confidential. Liberal arrangements for repayment of loans will be made with partial requiring advances to enable them to build on property purchased from the Corporation.

The Corporation are issuing Debentures bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, and for such terms as may be agreed upon.

The Directors have decided to offer to the public at par a part of the unallotted shares of the capital stock of the Corporation. Applications for shares may be made either at the office of the Corporation, or to Messrs. Gzowski & Buchan, No. 24 King Street East.

THOS. MCCracken, *Manager.*

DRS. HALL & EMORY.

HOMOEOPATHISTS,

33 and 35 Richmond St. East, Toronto.

Telephone No. 459.

Dr. Hall in office—9 to 11.30 a.m. daily. Monday and Thursday evenings, 7.30 to 9.
Dr. Emory in office—2 to 4 p.m. daily. Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7.30 to 9; Sundays 3 to 4 p.m.

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326 and 328 Jarvis Street. Specialties—Children's and Nervous Diseases. Hours—9 to 11 a.m., 4 to 6 p.m.; Saturday afternoons excepted.

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Barrister, Attorney, and Solicitor.

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Author of Treatise on "Land Titles Act, 1885."

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AGENTS, AND MONEY BROKERS.

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Under the patronage of the officers and members of the Commercial Travellers' Base Ball Club.

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The usual Popular Prices—15c., 25c., 35c., 50c., and 75c.

First Concert. Series Three.

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HENRIETTA BEEBE, - Solo-Soprano.

AND

MONS. BOUCHETTE, - Solo-Violinist.

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H. Y. BOULIER, Esq., Secretary-Treasurer.

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Upright, Square and Grand Pianos.
ARE THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENTS.
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TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

YOUR VOTE
AND INFLUENCE

Are Respectfully Solicited for the Election of

E. F. Clarke,

As one of Your Representatives in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario.
Election will take place on TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22th, 1886.

AND

The price is one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) for a Nickel-plated "Light King" Lamp, which gives the most powerful light of any lamp in the world. It is perfectly safe at all times, on account of the patent air chamber with which it is provided. It does not require an air-blast to extinguish it, as the Patent Extinguisher shuts off the flame at a touch of the finger. This lamp cannot be bought at wholesale any cheaper than you can buy a single one for your own use, and can be bought at this price ONLY at our salesrooms, No. 53 RICHMOND STREET EAST, TORONTO, or sent by express for 25 cents extra.

s (\$1.50) for a Nickel-plated "Light King" Lamp, which gives the most powerful light of any lamp in the world. It is perfectly safe at all times, on account of the patent air chamber with which it is provided. It does not require an air-blast to extinguish it, as the Patent Extinguisher shuts off the flame at a touch of the finger. This lamp cannot be bought at wholesale any cheaper than you can buy a single one for your own use, and can be bought at this price ONLY at our salesrooms, No. 53 RICHMOND STREET EAST, TORONTO, or sent by express for 25 cents extra.

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nts (\$2.25) you can buy from us, and brass kettle and attachment for boiling without obstructing the light in any t by express.

The Toronto Light King Lamp and Manufacturing Company,
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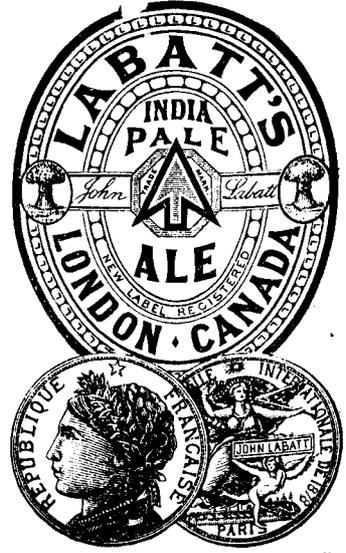
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What I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed in no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will care you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
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DRY CATAWBA—A fine, light dry Dinner Wine of fine bouquet, and closely resembling the Sauterne of France and Rhine Wine of Germany.....	\$1 50	\$1 40	\$1 30	\$1 25	\$4 50
SWEET CATAWBA—A choice, sweet, Champagne-flavoured wine, same quality of wine as sparkling wines are made from.....	1 50	1 40	1 30	1 25	4 50
ISABELLA—A delicious, golden-coloured wine, very choice, delicate in flavour, similar to the Malvoisie Wines.....	1 50	1 40	1 30	1 25	4 50
ST. EMILION—A heavy, dark wine, stout, rich and full-bodied, made from the Virginia seedling and Catawba grapes.....	1 50	1 40	1 30	1 25	4 50
ST. AUGUSTINE—A dark, sweet, red wine, produced from the Concord and Catawba grapes, containing only a small quantity of spirits, is especially suitable for church purposes.....	1 50	1 40	1 30	1 25	4 50
CLARET—A dry, heavy, red wine, produced from the Virginia seedling grape; a great favourite.....	1 50	1 40	1 30	1 25	4 50
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Cases of 24 half bottles, \$1 per case extra.
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WITH A PORTRAIT.

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MARGUERITE, OR THE ISLE OF DEMONS
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Mr. Martin is well known in Montreal as a poet of great originality and power. He has taken for his main theme the most romantic and touching story recorded in the annals of Canada, and has treated it in a style to reflect credit upon our literature. The subjects of the smaller poems are such as appeal to all Canadians. They are full of local colour and local allusion. Those who want to send away some specially *Canadian Christmas Gift* cannot do better than send this volume.

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PUBLISHED TO-DAY
SIMULTANEOUSLY IN NEW YORK,
TORONTO AND LONDON.
SCRIBNER'S
MAGAZINE,

First Number, - January, 1887.
Vol. 1. No. 1.
First Edition, 100,000.

- CONTENTS.
- Gambetta Proclaiming the Republic of France. *Frontispiece.* Drawn by Howard Pyle. Engraved by Frank French.
 - Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris. First Paper—The Downfall of the Empire. By E. B. Washburne, ex-Minister to France. With illustrations from portraits and documents in Mr. Washburne's possession, and from drawings by Thulstrup, Meeker, Reich, and others.
 - Seth's Brother's Wife. Chapters I.—V. Harold Frederic.
 - The Story of a New York House. I, H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by A. B. Frost, F. Hopkinson Smith, and G. W. Edwards.
 - Sonnets in Shadow. Arlo Bates.
 - Our Defenceless Coasts. F. V. Greene, Captain U. S. Engineers. With maps, sketches, and diagrams.
 - In a Copy of the Lyrical Poems of Robert Herrick. Austin Dobson.
 - In Mexico. A Story. Thomas A. Janvier.
 - The Babylonian Seals. William Hayes Ward. With illustrations from seals in the author's collection, and after De Clercq, Pinches, and others.
 - Glimpses at the Diaries of Gouverneur Morris. Social Life and Character in the Paris of the Revolution. First Paper. Annie Cary Morris. With portrait engraved by G. Krull, from the painting at Old Morrisania.
 - Socialism. Francis A. Walker.
 - The New Year. Maybury Fleming.
 - A Violin Obligato. A Story. Margaret Crosby.

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PERILS OF THE REPUBLIC.

"OUR COUNTRY," by the Rev. Josiah Strong, is described by Professor Austin Phelps, who writes an introduction, as "a powerful book." It is a book worth reading, especially as it compresses a great deal of important matter into a small compass. It is one of the many boding utterances of matter which come from thoughtful men in the Model Republic. It misgiving which come from thoughtful men in the Model Republic. It opens, as American books occasionally do, with a statistical demonstration of the bigness of the country, and the miraculous rate at which the American infant outgrows his small-clothes. If things go on at this pace, the writer seems to think the destiny of the human race will be settled in America within the next twenty years; though Europe might reply that, in spite of the size of the Mississippi, the leadership of thought and science is not yet on this side of the Atlantic. But after the display of the wealth and resources come the perils. They are, according to Mr. Strong, Immigration, Romanism, Mormonism, Intemperance, Socialism, Wealth, and the City. Under each of these heads we get, at all events, a striking condensation of instructive and suggestive facts. We cannot think, however, that all the seven vials are equally fraught with woe. Mormonism is not likely to devour the Republic. It is almost entirely foreign. Wales, we believe, is its greatest recruiting ground, and in the breast of the Welsh peasant it is engendered by a union of fanatical and Apocalyptic Methodism with a craving for that improvement of the material lot which Brigham Young did unquestionably succeed in bestowing on his votaries. It will probably be killed, without cannon, by the westward advance of commerce and civilisation. A great deal is made of it by vote-hunting politicians, who, however, seem to be in no great hurry to extinguish the source of their own moral declamations. The rigid virtue of the Americans is not likely to be seduced into polygamy, at least of the simultaneous kind: of polygamy of the successive kind, under cover of easy divorce laws, there is more danger, according to Mr. Roy; indeed we should have thought that in this quarter, rather than in that of Mormonism, the real peril might be deemed to lie. Intemperance again is an evil, but not one about which an American need be very seriously alarmed, if only the Prohibitionist would let the matter alone. In the country the Americans are remarkably temperate, and the frequenters of the city bars are for the most part unassimilated immigrants. At any rate, the examples of England, and other great nations show that a race may not only live, but be full of energy and power in spite of its drinking a good deal of beer. Perhaps the increased use of opium and chloral might with more reason be pointed out as indicating morbid tendencies specially charac-

teristic of an age of excessive tension and excitement. Wealth, again, can hardly be classed, without qualification, among national perils. Wealth which is pretty equally diffused, and that vast increase of production which places new comforts and enjoyments within the reach of even the humblest labourer, are not a peril, but the very reverse. Luxury is an evil to the luxurious, and the ostentation of wealth is most dangerous, in the present disturbed state of society, to those who are so ill-advised as to indulge in it. The aggregation of vast fortunes is an evil; but it is an evil arising in the most part from the sudden opening of new fields of speculation, the number of which can hardly be inexhaustible; and after all how much mischief has Vanderbilt done? Great corporations are a perpetual source of alarm, and Mr. Strong speaks of them in the usual tone: but when we come to look into these dreadful entities, of what do they consist? Of a number of small property-owners, many of them women, or infants in the hands of trustees, clubbing together their resources in a commercial enterprise, which, if it is profitable to them, is almost always useful to the rest of the community. There are few economical subjects about which greater nonsense has been talked.

Immigration is a real peril, especially as the element of the population in which the republican tradition of self-government resides is comparatively stationary, if it is not actually decreasing; while elements, untrained in self-government, and in many cases revolutionary, are pouring in. Fortunately the German is by nature a good and orderly member of the community; while the Italian, who is now becoming an important factor in immigration, though little civilised and liable to outbreaks of stabbing passion, is not, like the Celtic Irishman, naturally hostile to authority. What effect is to be produced on American civilisation by the negro, who, though not a recent immigrant, is an unassimilable alien, the next generation will begin to see. Mr. Blaine is apparently intending to illustrate the beneficent influence of Presidential contests by getting up, in the interest of his own candidature, an industrial agitation among the negroes of the South. Romanism is also a serious peril, though it may almost be regarded as a phase of Irish immigration; for it makes little progress, we imagine, among native Americans; while there is not in the German, or even in the Italian character, that aboriginal submissiveness to the priests which makes the Irishman so devout a liegeman and, in politics, so faithful a retainer of his Church. Mr. Strong gives a startling account of the increase of wealth, and of the influence which wealth commands, in the hands of the Roman Catholic priesthood; while he shows by an accumulation of evidence, both from Papal manifestoes and episcopal utterances, that the objects and the principles of the grand conspiracy against human liberty remain unchanged. An irrepressible conflict is probably in prospect, though, unless the shadow moves backward on the dial of humanity, it can end only in one way.

That the growth of cities beyond a certain point is an evil, the accumulated misery of London bears sad witness, and thoughtful men are beginning to inquire whether there is anything in our educational institutions which creates a distaste for rural and a passion for city life. But the system of municipal government, of which the boodle aldermen of New York are the natural outcome, is perhaps more pestilential in its influence than the mere increase of population in the city. "In all the great American cities there is to-day as clearly defined a ruling class as in the most aristocratic countries in the world. Its members carry arms in their pockets, make up the slates for nominating conventions, distribute offices as they bargain together, and—though they toil not, neither do they spin—wear the best of raiment and spend money lavishly. They are men of power, whose favour the ambitious must court, and whose vengeance he must avoid. Who are these men—the wise, the good, the learned,—men who have earned the confidence of their fellow-citizens by the purity of their lives, the splendour of their talents, their probity in public trusts, their deep study of the problems of Government? No, they are gamblers, saloon-keepers, pugilists, or worse, men who have made a trade of controlling votes, and of buying and selling offices and official acts." These are the words of Mr. George, quoted by Mr. Strong, and they rebuke the inconsistency of their author when he plays the demagogue himself, and appeals by general promises of public plunder to the poverty, ignorance, and passion, to which the ward politician appeals in a meaner, but not less sordid and practically a much less noxious way. After all, it is not so much great cities that are the seats of danger as the

great cities like New York and Chicago, in which the foreign element is strong. There is not much that is alarming in Philadelphia. Socialism is a peril indeed, especially since the Socialist proper has practically coalesced with the Anarchist, the Nihilist, the Fenian, the Nationaliser of Land, and the Destructives of every denomination. Mr. Strong points to what we have more than once designated as the immediate source of the convulsion when he cites passages from Socialist writers avowing disbelief in any future state, and inciting the people to grasp at once, and if necessary by rapine, the means of enjoyment in the present life, since if they do not enjoy themselves here there will be no compensation hereafter. "When the labouring men understand that the heaven which they are promised hereafter is but a mirage, they will knock at the door of the wealthy robber with a musket in hand, and demand their share of the goods of this life now." These words express, with a crudity and grossness which remind us of Marat and Hebert, a thought which, though in a less definite shape, is gradually pervading the minds, not only of the suffering class, but of classes which are better off, and in which the mainspring of Socialism is not so much poverty as envy. Just at this juncture science has put new and terrible weapons into the hands of the enemies of civilisation. As one of them gleefully says, "A little hog's grease and a little nitric acid make a terrible explosion: ten cents worth would blow a building to atoms." The writer adds in a style thoroughly Maratesque that, "dynamite can be made out of the dead bodies of capitalists as well as hogs." It is the sad fact, as Mr. Strong perceives, that the wage-earning class is being arrayed with increasing sharpness of organisation, and under leaders whose trade is industrial war, against the property-owning class, and will probably in the end attempt, either by the use of its political power, or by more violent means, to carry into effect the doctrine that "property is theft." The property-owners will resist, and as property is not theft, nor its owners robbers, whatever the dynamiter may say, they will be entirely justified in resistance. Then there will be bloodshed, as in Paris, Carthage, and Chicago there has already been. The only thing which can avert the collision apparently is the extension of an interest in property to the wage-earning class, which to a limited extent has been effected by coöperation, though rather by coöperation of the distributive than by that of the productive kind. But of this, unhappily there is less hope, the more Socialistic theories prevail, because the Socialist preachers not only do not encourage thrift, but discourage it, both by denouncing property in general, and still more effectually by teaching the workman, instead of looking for an improvement of his lot to his own thrift and self-denial, to look to the destruction of capital, and the spoliation of the rich.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

It appears that the clergy of the Episcopal Church in Canada are not to have leave, for the present at least, to read the Revised Version of the Bible. There is some doubt as to the state of the law in the English Church at home. It is said that King James's version of 1611 was never formally authorised to be read, although the title page bears that it was "appointed to be read in Churches." It would appear also that, for some time after the publication of the "Authorised Version," other translations were in use in the Church of England, and only gradually disappeared. This being so, it is held by many that the English clergy may, without illegality, read the Revised Version, and some are actually doing so without any fear of the consequences.

It is different with the Canadian clergy, who are bound by canon to read the Authorised Version and no other. Hence a desire has arisen for a relaxation of this rule, not in order to impose the Revised Version upon every congregation, but to give liberty of reading it to those who might wish to do so. It was certainly creditable to the Toronto Synod that it was the first to take action in this direction. It was gratifying that such action was initiated by laymen. Generally speaking, the laity are far more conservative on points like these than the clergy; and it is a sign of a real interest in Scripture study when they thus break with the prejudices of their class. In the Toronto Synod the motion for a petition to the Provincial Synod was carried by a very large majority.

The public got to know very little of the reasons which weighed with the Upper House in the Provincial Synod for rejecting the petition. As far as could be gathered, the Bishops were influenced by the desire to follow the Church at home—a perfectly natural feeling—so that the subject was not discussed on its merits. A correspondent of the *London Guardian* asserts that it would have been rejected in the Lower House. All that the public can know is that the correspondent was of that

opinion. The clergy and laity constituting the Synod might have judged differently.

If we venture to bring this subject forward again, it is not only because of its intrinsic importance, but because the English Church in Canada is much freer to act than the Mother Church in England. As a matter of simple fact, our machinery is much simpler and easier to put in motion. Besides, in England, all parties have a strong feeling against bringing Church matters before Parliament; and this must be done before any change can be legalised.

Every thoughtful person must sympathise with the strong dislike which people, especially elderly people, have to lay aside a volume so precious and dear to them as their Bible in its accustomed form. It is here that the strength of the opposition to the Revised Version is found. Nearly all those who condemn it most sweepingly were predetermined to dislike it. We must not be too hard upon those people—many of them most excellent and well-meaning. When we remember that S. Augustine remonstrated with S. Jerome as likely to shake the faith of many by the introduction of changes into the sacred volume, we may well be patient with ordinary Bible-readers. But then, criticism had not advanced very far in the days of Augustine; and, moreover, his protests did not prevent Jerome's Version from becoming the authorised Bible of the Latin Church.

No one denies the excellence of the Authorised English Version. It is "a well of English undefiled," and, for its time, and considering the difficulties by which its editors were surrounded, it is a creditable translation. But no one who has the most rudimentary knowledge of the state of Biblical criticism can regard it as final, or doubt that a very much better version could now be produced. As regards the New Testament, the Greek Text was in a very uncertain condition at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and, if we cannot say that no further discoveries are yet to be made, at least many precious manuscripts have been examined, and very many important emendations have been made in the text, upon which the great mass of textual critics are generally agreed.

So much, generally, for the text from which the revision was made. In addition to this, we must remember that the Greek of the New Testament—differing in various respects from classical Greek—has, since the days of King James's revisers, been studied with a scientific accuracy and care which were quite unknown at the earlier period. So far, then, we may say confidently that the conditions existed for the undertaking of a revision.

Who, then, were the men to whom the work was entrusted, and what was the nature of the work, and the rules of their procedure? The revisers were chosen by both Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury, and included men of almost every important Protestant denomination, all of whom were of distinction as Biblical scholars. Among English Churchmen we have such names as Lightfoot, Ellicott, Westcott, Scott, Scrivener, and many others. From the Presbyterians, Dr. Milligan; from the Methodists, Dr. Moulton; from the Baptists, Dr. Angus. It requires some courage and confidence to assume a hostile attitude towards a book which comes to us from such workmen. Moreover, it was a rule with the revisers to adopt no change in the Authorised Version which was not sanctioned by two-thirds of the members of the company present at the final revision, and this was practically two-thirds of the whole company.

It is asserted that the general voice has condemned the Revised Version. If the assertion means the general voice of qualified judges, it is the reverse of true. Some of those who have written the most savage notices of the revision have shown the most surprising want of acquaintance with the subject. For example, one indignant writer in the *Daily Telegraph* declared that, in spite of the revisers, the Lord's Prayer would still be said in its accustomed form, the writer being apparently unaware that this is not the form in which it appears in the Authorised Version.

Dean Burgon is the principal authority of those who oppose the new version. Undoubtedly Dean Burgon is a scholar, and he seems to have handled and examined a great many old manuscripts of the Greek New Testament. But Dean Burgon's vehement and unreasoning conservatism on every subject makes his judgment very untrustworthy. When we state that three-fourths of the alterations in the Greek Text are approved by nearly all who have, during the last century or two, made a special study of the original authorities, such a fact will counterbalance the greater part of the fierce invectives of Dr. Burgon. Moreover, his own leading authority has virtually abandoned him. It was Dr. Burgon's chief complaint, first, that the revisers had no business to meddle with the Greek Text, and further, that they had simply adopted the critical principles and results of Drs. Westcott and Hort, and had given no heed to the arguments of Dr. Scrivener. But what does Dr. Scrivener say? He declares in the latest edition of his "Introduction to the Criticism of the New

Testament" (1883), "first, that the task of scrutinising the Greek Text was one which the revisers could not have shrunk from without reducing their labour to a nullity; secondly, that the text as adopted by them, especially in passages of primary interest and importance, is far less one-sided than is commonly supposed." Dr. Scrivener is repeatedly referred to by Dean Burgon, and properly, as one of the most eminent authorities on the text of the New Testament, and on both of the important points noted above he leaves Dean Burgon and opposes his judgment. So much for the text.

When we pass to the translation, we are met by a three fold assertion: 1. That many of the new renderings are inaccurate; 2. That still more of the changes are unnecessary; 3. That the rhythm of the English Bible has been seriously injured. The first of these charges is really so absurd that one feels some difficulty in believing that it is meant. It is a simple matter of fact that a very large proportion of the alterations have been known for years to all serious students of the Greek Testament as quite necessary emendations. And this remark applies equally to the text and to the translation.

It is quite possible that some unnecessary changes may have been made; but any one who submits the volume to a consecutive and systematic examination will find these to be far fewer in number than his first impressions would have led him to suppose. Many slight alterations which, in themselves, are of no importance, are necessitated by other changes. Many are made in order that parallel passages may correspond in the translation as they do in the original, so as to bring out with greater exactness the extent of the agreement, for example between the narrative of S. Matthew and that of S. Mark. Besides, a scholar requires a minute accuracy of rendering which an ordinary reader can hardly appreciate, and yet the ordinary reader will ultimately be benefited by the scholar's care.

With respect to the injury done to the rhythm, three remarks may be made: In the first place, it is possible that passages may be found in which such a change has been made without necessity. If so, a final revision of the book might be made before its final adoption for public use. The present writer must, however, for his part, declare that he believes such instances to be very rare, and this statement is made after a review of nearly all the hostile criticisms which have been published. In the second place, there are undoubtedly passages which read less pleasantly in the Revised than in the Authorised Version; but the changes have been necessitated by the regard for accuracy of rendering. In these instances something must be sacrificed; and the question is whether we shall sacrifice beauty of expression or the meaning of the sacred original. It seems difficult to understand how there should be any hesitation on this point. Finally, there are multitudes of passages in the Revised Version in which the rhythm has been distinctly improved. The most serious obstacle in the way of the recognition of the new is the fondness (quite intelligible and reasonable) for the old. Shall we allow our prejudices to hinder the diffusion of a more accurate rendering of the sacred Scriptures? Shall we deny to the rising generation the means of gaining this blessing without the sacrifices to which their seniors must submit?

It is said that we are bringing doubt into men's minds with reference to the power and meaning of the Bible by changing its form. We affirm, on the contrary, that we are removing those doubts. What can be more unsettling to ordinary readers of the Bible than to hear from their teachers, learned and unlearned,—and they do hear it very frequently, and perhaps most frequently from the latter class—that such and such renderings are inaccurate or inexact? How many more are there? is the very natural question; and the questioner cannot always have his pastor by his side; and, if he had, it would often be of no use. How much better at once to put into his hand a version of which it can be said: There you have, as nearly as possible, the meaning of the original documents in your own tongue; and wherever there is any difference of importance, you will find that difference noted in the margin.

It is gratifying to know that the Revised Version is copiously used and in some cases habitually read in some of the churches of other denominations. By such means it may be hoped the public will gradually become familiarised with its renderings. One thing, however, is certain, that the Bible student who neglects the Revised Version is cutting himself off from a most valuable means of ascertaining the meaning of the original. This is true even of Greek scholars; but it is evidently more emphatically true of those who are unable to read the original.

C.

SAUNTERINGS.

OUR earliest migrant followed the sure instinct of his feathered company long ago, and wheeled southward out of a sky that had lost its tenderness for him and for us. From the uncurtained point of view of a back window we can see his deserted habitation, high and insecure in the forked nakedness of a leaf-stripped apple-tree. Inside we guess that it still covers, with a tiny shred of the first snow, a stray leaf-lodger the wind has made out-cast. There is snow, too, in all the little hollows by the trunks to the north, and here and there in sheltered places of the ragged ruin that was once the garden hedge. And at the foot of the orchard, in the marsh, as to the draining of which you have never yet been able to come to an understanding with your neighbour, there lie between the hummocks small and fragile-looking patches of ice, murky mirrors for the sere desolation of the flags and the cat-tails. The rinks are open, and once and again they have been filled with the blare of brass instruments in waltzing measure. The "stanes" have begun to speed merrily toward the "tee;" intelligent property-holders, whom the price of wheat does not affect, are already insanely beseeching each other to "brash it;" other intelligent property-holders have contracted severe bronchial disorders standing around looking at their afflicted fellow-voters; and the voice of the "skip" is abroad in the land. The bare toboggan-slides stand in an attitude of expectancy, and the fashioning of blanket apparel goes on apace. The insular mind has begun to receive its yearly impression of our Arctic climate and primitive ways of life from the picturesque, if somewhat Laplandish, North-west scenes and snow-shoeing photographs which its colonial cousin is fond of transmitting about the Christmas season. The first water-pipe has told what it knows of primary science, and we have been disciplined by Providence and the plumber. There have been strained relations with the landlord about the double windows, and more are likely to ensue from the tendency of the furnace to heat the attic tropically, but exclusively. Legumes are to be had in cans only, at the risk of a family bereavement attributable to the sealing matter, and the prevailing tuber is the satisfying, but otherwise unattractive, turnip. It is time to talk with enthusiasm about the invigorating and indurating effects of our magnificent climate, and to experience them indoors, in so far as may be. It is time for the annual appearance of southern excursion rates in the newspapers and on the fences, and the circulation of graphically written paper-covered books with realistic illustrations of bayous and alligators and palmetto jungles, that speak seductively of the American winter resort. The lung-stricken followed the birds in November, and arrived upon the Californian or Floridian scene of the solstice while yet the winged loiterers dallied with the frost-bitten Virginian persimmons. And certain of us who would be considered "good risks" by any insurance agent, who have no reasonable data, constitutional or otherwise, upon which to base an obligation to join the migratory train, find a strong temptation in the striking contrast between the Canadian landscape and the Louisianian lithograph.

For, owing chiefly to our unfortunate geographical position, we cannot afford to be patriotic in the matter of winter resorts, unless we go to British Columbia, which is quite an unreasonable trip unless one means to stay there. If the wintry element in the winter resort were the element of attraction, Canadian advantages in this respect would long ago have been so obvious to enterprising hotel proprietors, as to permanently displace all other struggling industries, with the exception perhaps of the various Indian manufactures, which would be germane to the hotels. But unhappily and paradoxically enough it is the reverse; and nobody who goes to a winter resort for double the amount of summer he is properly entitled to in the solar year could possibly bring himself to the point of appreciating any that may exist east of the Rockies and north of the Great Lakes. This is a fact that doubtless bears against us in the matter of immigration, and, whether owing to an unjust dispensation of Providence or the maladministration of the present Government, ought to be looked into. Its apparent injustice becomes a matter of real resentment when we discover, from the recent report of the Governor of Alaska, facts that warrant us in believing that the winter resort, if not already a feature of that territory, will soon spring up there to our everlasting detriment and disgrace. Governor Swineford remarks upon what he terms the widespread but erroneous belief that Alaska is a region of perpetual winter, and appends a meteorological report for the year, which shows that the coldest weather occurred on January 5th, when the mercury sank to 4° above zero, where it remained for half a day only. It does not require envious comment to show that the statement, if it means anything, means that the cactus chromos will soon be issued at Sitka, that the gay and festive invalid will shortly waltz to the strains of the brass band at

John Bright is said to be deeply read in Milton, and always carries with him, wherever he goes, a copy of that great poet's greatest poem.

Michaelovski, that the sanitarium will shortly lift its imposing proportions on the banks of the Yukon, and that a great yearly American exodus will sweep past our shores to enjoy the balmy and salubrious breezes that blow about the shores of Behring's Strait. There is gall and wormwood in the reflection that we are to be undone and outdone in this matter by a people little better than Esquimaux, while an apathetic Government looks on with folded hands, and issues not so much as a meteorological report with an element of attraction in it. Yet, let us stay our denunciation of a body perhaps sufficiently denounced in these days of upheaval, and reflect upon Anticosti. There is balm in the thought that Anticosti we have ever with us, and there may be compensation in the statement that in exploiting Anticosti we have done officially what we could.

THIS is a digression for which we will not apologise. To saunter is to digress—digression is pleasant and not criminal, and we shall shortly do it again. But we left ourselves in a vacillating condition, the state of the landscape and the thermometer predisposing us toward a warm appreciation of the work of art in the tints of melted butter which fate and a railway company have sent our way, native probity and the hardy spirit of our pioneer forefathers bidding us put it remorselessly behind us. The time seems opportune for a Floridian reminiscence.

It was during the winter of that magnificent failure, the New Orleans Cotton Centennial. It was in a Florida pagoda of the State's exhibit, under the drooping palmetto thatch of which sat the Professor and Mrs. Ochre, the exhibitor and exhibitress, the Poet and I—sat and ate of soda biscuit manufactured in the Main Building and oranges filched from the Floridian pyramid that towered temptingly above the stuffed alligator *couchant*, which is, or ought to be, the emblem of the Flowery State, and drank of the wine of a Californian exhibitor over the way. And it was at the erratic instance of the Poet that we all arose, and left the old city smiling at her Creole memories, and fared forth into the wilderness to find Ponce de Leon's Spring of Eternal Youth. You remember about Sir Ponce and his spring in those glamorous old days when mineral waters could do so much more and yet so much less for distressed humanity than they can to-day. We found him well located in the Floridian memory, the oldest inhabitant rejoicing, indeed, over personal recollections of him. The situation of the spring was not so authoritative; it seemed to differ in native conviction with the county of the native.

To go to the Spring of Eternal Youth one must take the railroad that connects New Orleans with Pensacola, Pensacola with Lake de Funiak, Lake de Funiak with St. Augustine. One must secure his berth in the Pullman several days ahead, or sit up all night, as we did, with a large and joyous Floridian travelling public telling war stories to its own glorification, which does not conduce to repose. It is not necessary to go all the way to St. Augustine, but that is the terminus of the road, which I am unable otherwise to specify. One leaves New Orleans in the late evening, arrives at Pensacola Junction in the early morning, and then, speeding along the shimmering waters of Pensacola Bay, with a glimpse of the ruined town in the distance, a dark sail of a fishing-boat here and there, and far out at anchor the unimpressive outlines of an American man-of-war, one arrives at Lake de Funiak at about ten. Lake de Funiak is important to this narrative as the starting-place of our actual pilgrimage to the Spring of Eternal Youth, also as the point at which we were joined by Ponce de Leon *in propria persona*, boots, spurs, and all, the place where we built a bonfire in the early Florida twilight, and watched its streaming flames reflected among the silent pines in the quiet water till the stars came out and rebuked us, the place where we partook of fried chicken and were satisfied with life. It is a town now, I believe; it was a lake then, and an hotel, and a carpenter's cottage and a grocery. Whatever they have done to the surroundings they cannot have spoiled the lake, which is just one mile round, of sweet, clear water, and sparkles up at the sky like a dropped sapphire—unless, perchance, they have put a floating pavilion in the middle of it, and a band in the pavilion. The tiny sheet was not much more than discovered then, and one picked one's way to the hotel veranda through the chips and shavings of pioneer civilisation. Now it is the centre of the "Southern Chatauqua," and has a "course" every February, concerning which this historian hath nothing to say, but would conduct you, without further loitering, to Ponce de Leon's Spring. The gallant old cavalier had heard, it appeared, of our desire, and emerged from his seclusion to see that it was gratified. The Poet had disappeared.

We made our pilgrimage on horseback, a fashion upon which Sir Ponce insisted, being certain of his inability to find his time-obliterated path upon wheels. As they have not yet block-paved a road to the Spring, and established a cab-tariff, you will doubtless have to do likewise when you go to refresh your juvenescence in this especial fountain. There are always mustangs, and riding-habits are not essential to the dignity of the

occasion. Sir Ponce's outfit, I remember, was historically complete, but the Professor wore his velvet smoking-cap; the Exhibitress, a borrowed calico wrapper, with a train; and little Mrs. Ochre, a redingote that answered the purpose. Sir Ponce, however, considered us a goodly company.

We rode mile after mile over the softly rising and falling country under the giant pines, the horses' hoofs falling almost noiselessly on the dry needles, the soft, Floridian air veritably caressing us as we rode. This was northern Florida, and the month of January. Whatever may be said of southern Florida, and other months, we found neither flowers nor fruit on our way to the Spring of Eternal Youth. Probably just Nature, in bestowing Ponce de Leon and his fountain upon the neighborhood of Lake de Funiak, reserved other Floridian products for localities that advertise them. But all the never-ending pine-tree vistas glowed with a strange green fire of new foliage, and the south wind brought us the balm of their resinous breath, and the air was full of the rhythm of their mysterious silence. We did not miss the floral illustrations of the guide-book, and it never occurred to us to resent the absence of mangoes. At long intervals, through the pines, we saw the white-washed palings of some negro squatter, and as we drew near there were wild flights of pigs and pickaninnies. In setting forth the advantages of wintering in Florida the fact is strangely lost sight of that some of the best Ethiopian families removed there after the war, and, though somewhat reduced by the force of circumstances, still impart a distinct local colour and tone to the social atmosphere.

It was nine miles, as Ponce de Leon computed it, and nobody could doubt his computation. As we neared the end, the pines grew thicker, and the underbrush matted, so that we were obliged to dismount and walk. As Sir Ponce fastened his old charger to a tree, he whinnied in protest, feeling, no doubt, that he, too, would like to leave the disabilities of old age in the pool beyond. Then a broken bridge over a stony little brook, then denser thicket, and suspense, and torn garments and scratched hands, and exclamations, and then the only original Fountain of Eternal Youth! All about it, tall, glossy-leaved magnolias, live-oaks, hung with the gray Spanish moss, prickly holly, climbing vines, and all the rank semi-tropical vegetation we had missed on the way. The pool itself was about twenty feet in diameter, perfectly translucent. One could see the beautiful mineral tints of blue and green and yellow at the bottom, and thirty feet down strange forms of vegetable life waving in the water, which is warm, and not unpalatable. We all drank of it, and to prove its efficacy it may be said that none of us have died. Our cavalier guide filled our cups for us, and as he bent with mine I looked over his shoulder, and saw that the face in the water was the face of the Poet. So it was a masquerade. But it served to confirm my conviction that upon the secrets of perpetual youth the poets are best informed. SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

VACANT LANDS IN WINNIPEG.

It has long been apparent to our people that if Winnipeg is to make substantial progress, the millions of acres lying vacant within a radius of fifty miles of the city must be settled. Many schemes have been devised for the settlement of these lands, and not a few meetings have been held, the object being to devise means to promote the settlement of the lands, but so far little or nothing has been done, and our prospects appear almost as dark as ever. No matter in what direction the traveller may go from the city, he meets the same blank stretches of uncultivated prairie, the land of which possesses more latent force than perhaps any similar area in any part of the world; but there it lies unused, a monument of mismanagement on the part of some person or persons, and a lasting drawback to the Province. In the entire area mentioned there are probably not over a thousand acres that could not be utilised in some way by the agriculturalist. True, drains are required in some portions, but these could easily be put in, as the land is easily broken and quite susceptible of drainage. But, some one will say, "Oh, these lands are too expensive to be accessible by immigrants." Not at all, there are no cheaper lands to be found on the continent than those about Winnipeg. It might almost seem incredible, but it is a fact that the very finest lands may be obtained within five or six miles from the city for seven and eight dollars an acre; while lands equally as good, and not over ten miles from Winnipeg, can be purchased for ten dollars an acre. And so it goes until you reach a forty or fifty mile radius, when you can secure it almost for paying the taxes. It certainly can be secured for from one to two dollars an acre. The question will doubtless be asked:—"But how comes this about when an average of four and five dollars an acre is asked for lands away out in the Territories?" The explanation is simple. During the boom (to which, by the way, is laid all our evils, past, present, and future) the inflation was such that speculators believed that lands in and around Winnipeg were of phenomenal value, and each one secured just as large a quantity as he could possibly carry, even by paying a margin and borrowing money for the balance. So it came about that the lands were locked up, and as each one expected the day would soon come when he could unload without a loss, the land was placed at a high figure and retained. Hence it was, that at the time when immigrants would have been glad to settle near the city, they were unable to purchase at a price within their reach. The large quantities of land that were distributed amongst the half-breeds have also proved a great drawback, for as patents for

two hundred and forty acres were issued to hundreds of half-breed children, an immense amount of land was thus locked up, there being little chance of it falling into the hands of settlers, and as a matter of fact the major portion of these lands fell into the hands of speculators, and by them are held till the present day. But there has been a revolution in the price of these lands within the past year or two. The great land corporations directed their efforts to send all immigrants into the Territories, where their lands are principally located. Settlers themselves got into the practice of going west, and the impression had become general that it was useless to try to obtain lands near the city owing to the high price. Thus time rolled on, and it became a question as to which could hold out the longer: the speculator or the municipalities, which latter had been heaping up the burden of taxation in order to keep pace with the inflated ideas of the community. Realizing that the taxes would soon absorb the land, and being unable to meet them, many of the holders were compelled to dispose of their lands even at a great sacrifice, and those who are still holding on recognise that if they sell they must do so at a nominal figure. It has been reasoned, with a great deal of sense, that owing to the high rates which prevail on grain, a farm near Winnipeg would pay for itself in one or two years by the extra price to be obtained for wheat delivered in Winnipeg by the producer. The handling of wheat, together with its shipment for even a short distance, costs at least ten cents a bushel, and this amount, reckoned on the production of twenty or thirty acres, foots up to a considerable sum.

As already mentioned, schemes for the settlement of these lands have frequently been devised, but never were carried into execution. At present the Board of Trade of Winnipeg is moving in the matter, and it is earnestly hoped that something tangible may come of their deliberations. The preliminary steps now being taken are the obtaining of a list of the lands available for settlement, a statement of the lowest price that will be taken for them, and an expression from the owners as to whether or not they will co-operate in a scheme to secure the settlement of the lands. It is proposed to form a strong company, in which as many owners as possible will be asked to take stock, which they will obtain in part payment for their lands. These lands will be grouped, cut up into small holdings, several of which will be improved in each group by the breaking of five or ten acres, erection of a comfortable little house, and the supply of implements to carry on farming. It is hoped by this means that other settlers will be induced to purchase adjoining holdings, rendered valuable by surrounding improvements and the prospect of a school, church, etc., being established in that vicinity. There is one advantage towards this end that exists in Manitoba, and which would not exist in the Territories, where alternate sections are reserved by the Dominion Government. The apportioning of the Half-breed claims in large blocks renders the scheme of establishing settlements and grouping settlers quite practicable; but it would not be so under the conditions which obtain in the Territories.

Since his return to the North-west the Hon. Dr. Shultz, who is probably the most extensive private owner of lands in the country, has been devoting his attention to the settlement of vacant lands, and has been instrumental in forming a company having for its object the settlement of these lands. In a recent interview upon that important matter the Senator, replying to a question about the company, said:

"We have reached that stage of preliminary work necessary for incorporation of a company on a large scale, with power to issue improvement debentures sufficient, at least, to make the land present those attractions, the lack of which at present, I think, is the cause of its not being sold to any of the many immigrants who daily pass through the Province. It was the intention of those interested in the company to at once make up a capital of \$1,000,000 with lands which were suitable, not only from their contiguity to the city, but by their joining upon each other, and which would stand the test not only of the surveyors' reports, but of the actual visitation of settlers wishing to purchase. Knowing, as we do, that the land near Winnipeg comprises some of the best in the whole North-west, and lying in the only place west of Lake Superior where the odd and even sections both could be bought, we have been endeavouring to find out to what extent blocks of land can be got to comply with the conditions of solid blocks, suitability, etc., within a limited range of the city. I may say that in the four or five days after the announcement in the papers that the company desired to obtain lands, we had offers of thousands of acres of excellent land, and we had ascertained that the improvements contemplated would cost at least thirty per cent. lower than any individual land holder had contemplated; for instance, a quantity of four-inch breaking was done at a cost of \$3.25 per acre. It was ascertained that a settler's house of three boards' thickness, and built so as to be sufficiently warm for winter occupation, could be delivered at Winnipeg for \$120, and the average cost of transporting it to its destination, and putting it up, about \$20 more. It was found also that in the case of parties purchasing land from the company early in the spring or through the winter the company might safely undertake to plant for the new-coming settler ten acres of oats, \$30; ten acres of rye or peas, \$30; and five acres of potatoes, \$30; and by putting these improvements where four quarter sections join, a little group of four persons would start with all the material for mixed farming, and this little group would be at no greater distance from their nearest neighbour than one mile. It would not be the policy of the company to charge high prices for the lands. They would be sold at the very lowest price to the actual settler, who would be given from six to ten years to pay, and we should in fact encourage these groups of settlements of four by low prices, adding only the actual cost, for instance, of the buildings and of putting in grain, fencing, and other matters, and we should only seek for profit on those portions of land which intervene between the settlements which I have described."

Winnipeg.

R. L. RICHARDSON.

HORACE'S PATRIOTIC LAMENT.

(EPODE 16, ALTERA JAM TERRITUR.)

I.

ANOTHER age ground down by civil strife!
Rome by her children impious and accurst
Down-trampled out of life!
Great Rome, our Rome, our mother, she that erst
Rolled back the Marsian; scattered the array
Of old Etruria's monarch, Porsena;
Humbled the pride of Capua; braved the sword
Of Spartacus; the blue-eyed German horde;
The craft and fury of the Gaul;
And him abhorred by mothers, Hannibal.

II.

Amid her streets,—her temples nigh,—
The mountain-wolf shall unmolested lie;
O'er her cold ashes the Barbarian ride;
The war-horse spurn the tomb
Of Romulus, and from earth's sacred womb
Scatter the dust that storms and suns defied.

III.

How meet this ruin? Swear as swore
That doomed Phocæan race of yore,
To leave their fields, their loved abodes,
The altars of their household gods;
To tempt new seas, and stretch their sail
Full blown before the driving gale:
Be yours, submissive still to fate,
Like them self-sentenced, yet elate,
Fearless o'er Ocean's trackless waste to fly
To lands unshamed, and Liberty.

IV.

Romans! Is this your will? Then from the shore
Launch forth your ships: the Gods approve: obey
Yon bird of Fate that points the way:—
But first make oath: swear to return no more!
Sooner shall rocks rise from their ocean grave,
And float, upheaved, upon the wave;
Sooner shall Padus lave
Matinus' summit crowned with pine;
Sooner shall cloud-clipped Apennine
Rush to the Tyrrhene sea; tigers unite
With hinds, the ringdove with the kite,—
Than we return. Such, Romans, be your oath!
Let cowards press their beds of sloth;—
Forth, manly spirits, womanish tears disdain;
Forsake the Etruscan shores and dare the boundless main.

V.

Hence, self-devoted, go,
Ye who love honour best:—
Visions of glory rush upon mine eyes;
Prophetic voices rise:—
See, see before us distant glow,
Through the thin dawn-mists of the West
Rich sunlit plains, and hill-tops gemmed with snow,
The Islands of the Blest.

VI.

There the gray olive, year by year,
Yields its unfailing fruitage; there the vine
Ripens, unpruned, its clusters into wine;
There figs, ungrafted, their russet harvest grow,
And fields, unploughed, their wealth on man bestow;
There from the caverned ilex sere
Wells the wild honey trickling slow;
There herds and flocks unbidden bring
At eve their milky offering;
There from the crag's embattled steep
The laughing waters leap.
No wolf around the sheep-fold striding
With muttered roar the sleeping lamb affrights;
No venomed snakes obscurely gliding
Sway the tall herbage; no destroying blights,
Nor storm, nor flood, nor scorching suns, despoil,
Such is the will of Jove, the teeming soil.

VII.

Blest summer shores, untrod
By Jason, or the Colchian sorceress,
By Tyrian rover, or the wearied crew
Of sage Ulysses in their dire distress!
Merciful gift of a relenting God,
Home of the homeless, pre-ordained for you!
Last vestige of the age of gold,
Last refuge of the good and bold,
From stars malign, from plague and tempest free,
Far 'mid the Western waves a secret sanctuary!

Stephen E. de Vere, in the Spectator.

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, *Publisher*.

Our worthy Mayor deplors the extent of juvenile crime. But why did not the Council protest against the destruction of the Park? What is to become of the character of boys who have no playground, and who can never get out of the streets? A great and irreparable wrong has been done to this city. Everybody cries out now, when it is too late. But when protest might have been successful, nobody could be induced to move.

MR. SAM JONES seems inclined to spice his evangelical discourses with a little scandal. How much does he know about the interior of Canadian Colleges, and what business has he to be creating a rhetorical sensation by scattering vague suspicions broadcast over the character of these institutions? The religious platform is very much like other platforms, and bears very much the same relation to justice, soberness, and truth. Mr. Jones protests that his partner, Mr. Sam Small, is a perfectly reclaimed debauchee. We take Mr. Jones's word for it; but we are disposed to think that the reclaimed debauchee had better be a hearer than a teacher in the Church. Such, we imagine, would be the practical decision of any congregation which had to choose a pastor. "I have heard some things (about the Colleges) which if told to you would make your eyes stick out so that they could be cut off with a knife." Is it not remarkable that there should be educated people who can be caught by such strokes of religious genius as this?

THE Government, frightened out of its wits by the vindictive violence of Dr. Ryerson, rushed into a sweeping change of our educational system, when it had better have considered calmly the alternative of modification. Supposing it to be better that the administrative functions, with the financial responsibility, should be vested in a political minister, there are still important functions which a body like the Council of Instruction, enjoying the confidence of all parties, seems best qualified to discharge. Especially is it best qualified to settle the text books, the squabbles about which, religious, literary and commercial, have kept the educational world in hot water ever since the political system was introduced. To the Council no suspicion of corrupt or sinister influence, any more than of partisanship, could attach. The account of the revision of Collier's history, with a view to the excision of language offensive to the Roman Catholics, which was given the other day by the Archbishop, shows how quietly the Council could settle a question which under the political system would set the Province in a flame. The curriculum also might be better settled by an impartial authority, and by one whose ordinances would be more stable than those of an ephemeral minister, while the controlling influences of men really eminent in education, and above hollow display, would be the best practical safeguard against the introduction of ambitious subjects which cannot be thoroughly taught, and can only fill the pupil with conceit. Possibly the election of the heads of training colleges might with advantage be entrusted to the same hands. For all this two meetings of the Council in each year—perhaps even one meeting—would suffice. Plenty of work would still be left for the Minister of Education.

THE advocates of a political Ministry of Education are right in pointing to France as the country in which the political and centralised system is carried to the highest perfection. But they should also tell us what are the fruits. Mr. Hamerton, than whom we believe there can hardly be a better authority, describes the French peasantry as not wanting in natural intelligence, but "inconceivably ignorant." "The French peasant," he says, "is not Philistine, he has not any contempt for culture, he simply does not know that there is such a thing; he does not know that science, and art, and literature exist." A peasant, and one quite of the higher order, fancied that Mr. Hamerton's printed books were manuscripts written by their owner, and compared them with other printed books which he thought were written by the booksellers. He had, in short, never heard of the existence of printing. "From the intellectual point of view," says Mr. Hamerton, "France is a Scythia with very small colonies of Athenians to be found in it here and there." Politically, the French peasant does not know his right hand from his left, and the constituencies are swept, as Mr.

Hamerton tells us, by the most ignorant and absurd fancies. It is difficult not to connect this failure in some measure with the tendency of a highly centralised system to kill local interest and activity. The refined taste of Mr. Matthew Arnold is pleased by the symmetry of the machine and the smoothness of its working. But a system of education must be judged by its results.

MR. MEREDITH is very likely right in saying that the Conservatives are responsible for the concession of Separate Schools. Not being connected with either of the parties, we are not concerned to deny that both of them have truckled to the Catholic vote. But we must beg leave to protest against the inference that this stone is tied round the neck of the Province for ever. The United States do not give the Roman Catholics Separate Schools, nor does any country, so far as we know, in which the Roman Catholic priesthood is not dominant. Why should Canada be compelled to do it? To pretend that the religion of Roman Catholic children is exposed to danger in the Public Schools is preposterous. Many of them have attended and are attending the Public Schools without the slightest detriment to their religion. The object of the system is to separate the Roman Catholic part of the community from the rest, and to keep them, as a State within a State, under the exclusive sway of the priesthood. But this is an object contrary to public policy and to the organic principles of modern civilisation. If our hands are legally tied upon the subject by the British North America Act, we shall have in time to get them set free. For the Amendment, which in effect compels Roman Catholics to use the Separate Schools, whether they desire it or not, and thus to isolate their children from the community, no justification can be found. It was simply a party bribe to the controllers of the Catholic vote. The leader of the Provincial Conservatives is on this, as on former occasions, playing the hand of the Dominion leader instead of his own, and the result is likely to be disastrous to him, as before.

MR. BLAKE has delivered himself with straightforwardness and courage on the subject of Prohibition. He says that the time for such a measure has not come, and will not have come till the majority of the people are thoroughly convinced that the thing to be prohibited is criminal; that in the present stage of opinion the enactment could be neither permanent nor useful; and that, therefore, he will not vote for it, be the consequences what they may. Words so frank and bold on any subject would be refreshing from the lips of a politician. This was the most effective, as well as the most honest, way of meeting the Conservative attempt to seize the Prohibition platform and capture the Temperance vote. That gun, at all events, is spiked. Mr. Blake holds the candle a little to the extreme Temperance notion about the criminality of drinking; but this may be easily forgiven, for the sake of his manly declaration on the practical point. And now what will the Prohibitionists do? Will they persist in their determination to exclude from Parliament and from every public office, even from a school trusteeship, every one who is not pledged to vote for Prohibition? It is the manifest duty of a citizen, in voting, to have respect not to one question only, but to the general interests of the State and to the general qualifications of the candidate; and a majority obtained by means of an agreement to violate this duty is criminally obtained. Nor is the practice of forcing the conscience of representatives and constraining them, by threats of opposition, to vote for that which they are known in their hearts to disapprove, a bit less reprehensible than the grossest intemperance that staggers along the street. These points are commended to Temperance preachers who may desire to give their congregations a worthy and complete view of the duty of a citizen.

MR. BLAKE has had the courage not only to avow his belief that opinion is unripe for Prohibition, but to declare for the principle of compensation. A philanthropy which is exercised at the cost of others will always be a just object of suspicion. What credit would the world have given to England for emancipating the slave had she refused compensation to the slave owner? The argument that the maker or seller of liquor is morally outlawed by the criminality of his trade, and is therefore disentitled to fair treatment, may be brandished in the frenzy of the platform but can never be soberly advanced. A trade cannot be criminal, at least in the contemplation of the State, which the State itself has licensed. The present doctrine as to the wickedness of drinking alcoholic beverages is at all events a new light, and moral responsibility can accrue only from the time of its diffusion. Nobody suspected that the trade was criminal when Mr. O'Keefe or Mr. Carling entered it. After all, of the Churches from whose pulpits these thunderbolts of denunciatory rhetoric are launched, has one evinced its strength of conviction by excommunicating a liquor-seller? Have the alms and oblations of liquor-sellers or of persons whose

fortunes were in the liquor trade been refused as unclean? Have all benefactions from that source been rejected? The unmeasured language of rhapsody at once betrays its hollowness when it is brought to a practical test. To the offering tendered by our philanthropy to Heaven the taint of uncleanness would assuredly adhere if the means for it were provided by iniquity. Plato speaks of men who were sunk so low in superstition that they committed injustice, and of the fruits thereof offered sacrifice to the gods. There is the more reason, as Mr. Blake no doubt feels, for being on our guard against unscrupulous counsels when the air is full of theories subversive of property and private right. Confiscation, if the rein is once given to it, will not stop at the property of brewers. Mr. Blake's bold manifesto will of course set some of his followers grumbling, but the grumblers will acquiesce. He will not forfeit a vote, and once more it will be seen that courage is true wisdom.

THE promotors of Labour Candidatures, if they wish for independent support, will have to show some regard for the interests and sentiments of the community at large. They will have to bring forward their candidates not merely as the champions of an "aggressive" policy, but as men who are fitted by their character and intelligence to be generally useful members of the Legislature, as well as specially useful organs of the opinions and wishes of the wage-earning class. If nothing is talked of but aggression, the community will stand on the defensive; it does not share the fears of the politicians, and it is not conscious of having done the wage-earning class wrong, or shown them any want of sympathy. That society is specially unjust to wage-earners so as to warrant them in treating it as their enemy is a figment, though they cannot, more than other classes, which in their different ways toil and suffer, be exempted from the liabilities of the common lot. It is in the progress of the community as a whole, not in war among its members, that the hope of improvement for any one of its members lies. Class domination is to be resisted from whatever quarter it may come. A nation will also reasonably object to having imposed upon it as its legislators men who, acting on the maxim that "labour has no country," present themselves not as patriotic citizens, but as liegemen of some vast labour organisation which has its headquarters and its centre of government in a foreign country. Mr. Powderly has no right to representation in the Parliament of Canada. The self-respect of all citizens is wounded, and all are aroused to the defence of public honour when in place of genuine representatives of the working classes we are called upon to elect to the legislature libellous journalists, whose "scars" are those not of honest labour, but of the libeller's trade.

AMIDST the various objects, pressed at election time on the attention of candidates, Land Law Amendment claims a place, and its claim, if less noisily preferred than of those some of its rivals, is not less weighty. Apart from the economical advantages of the Torrens system, which it is needless again to demonstrate, since experience has now abundantly confirmed the arguments adduced by reason in favour of cheap and easy transfer of land, social and political considerations of the greatest importance are involved. The social and political danger of the hour is the hostile attitude of the wage-earning class, which does not own property, towards the property-owning classes; and the way to avert that danger is to bridge the gulf between the wage-earner and the property-owner by providing, so far as legislation can avail, that as many wage-earners as possible shall own property. The mechanic who has a freehold home is not likely to be a Socialist, an Anarchist, or a dynamiter; and to facilitate the acquisition of freehold homes by mechanics should therefore be the aim, not only of the economical reformer, but of the statesman. Professional conservatism still stands in the way of the general adoption of the Torrens system; but this resistance to so manifest an improvement cannot last very long.

AFTER the local elections for Manitoba, both sides as usual sing "Te Deum." It is clear, however, that Mr. Norquay has escaped shipwreck. What interests us most is the election of three Independents. There could scarcely be a greater satire on human nature, at least in its political aspect, than the success of the wirepullers in setting up their Machines in the North-west. The partyism which is senseless enough here is there absolutely fatuous. Ontario and Quebec are at all events the native seats of the Tory and Reform parties; there is, in their case at any rate, an historical connection, and perhaps some lingering remnant or reminiscence of local issues, once of great practical importance. In Quebec there is a clerical interest which has had a continuous existence, and still furnishes, as it did fifty years ago, the basis of the Conservative party there. But the very existence of the North-western Provinces was undreamed of when the parties were formed, nor could regard possibly be had in their

formation to any interest of communities still in the womb of the future. Nay, to this hour not an issue has been made up by the wirepullers with reference to the special circumstances of the North-west, which is treated rather as a sort of appendage than as an integral portion of the political domain. The people of Manitoba might as well divide themselves into Guelfs and Ghibelines, Caravats and Shanavests, or One Year Olds and Two Year Olds, as into Grits and Tories. It is a match game of political football in which the interest of the Province is kicked from goal to goal, while the Provincial delegation, instead of acting as a genuine representation of local interests, is swept into the train of an Ottawa party. That there should be revolt against the Machines, and an effort to obtain a genuine representation, is not wonderful; the only wonder is that the revolt is not more extensive. But men are very like sheep, and it is surprisingly easy to pen them in the most irrational folds. It is also surprisingly easy to set them fighting for watchwords and names, however unmeaning, when once the instinct of pugnacity, and perhaps the Poker instinct with it, is aroused. However, the reign of the wirepuller is not likely to be eternal any more than his throne is founded in righteousness. It seems pretty clear that among the supporters of Henry George, at New York, besides Socialists and Nationalisers of land, there were not a few who were ready to vote for any independent candidates of decent character, no matter what his opinions, against the Machines. The congressional elections they knew were effectually blocked by the wirepullers against independent candidates, but in a municipal election there seemed to be more of an opening. There are symptoms in many quarters of impending insurrection against Machine domination. The wirepullers in Manitoba, or elsewhere, had better not sit upon the safety valve.

IN another column will be found an important communication from the North-west respecting the land round Winnipeg. It is strange to see this land, to the extent of millions of acres, lying uncultivated, though it is remarkably fertile and close to a great market, while settlers are wandering far down the line of the railway to land of inferior quality, and at a great distance from any market, as well as from any centre of distribution, and from the conveniences of a well-settled neighbourhood. The principal cause of the anomaly, as set forth by our correspondent, is the exorbitant price at which the lands round Winnipeg, on account of their advantages, are held. The stream of settlement was thus sent past them at the outset, and it has continued to run in the same course, active advertising by the rivals of Winnipeg, conspiring, perhaps, with the mechanical tendency, to prevent a change of direction. An organised effort is now about to be made, under what we should think are very good auspices, to get the lands round Winnipeg put on the market at reasonable rates. The matter deserves the attention of all who think of settling in the North-west.

WE suppose the President's reference in his message to the action of Canadian officials towards American fishermen, which he stated was likely to seriously threaten the beneficial and friendly relations between the two countries, was intended as a sop for the Gloucester fishermen. It was somewhat inconsistent to speak approvingly of the several treaties and agreements that have been negotiated between the two parties, in amendment of the treaty of 1818, and then to censure the Canadian Government for insisting on the observance of that treaty when these amendments had been allowed to lapse through the action of the United States. No doubt, the progress of civilisation, the growth of population in Canada, and the expansion of commercial relations with the United States, have to-day brought about a changed condition of affairs scarcely realisable at the date of the negotiation of the treaty of 1818. But this is a reason for a revision of the treaty by both parties—not for its evasion by one, to whom its provisions may have grown inconvenient. This is all Great Britain and Canada ask: that a new treaty be negotiated to relieve the American fishermen from the onerous conditions of the 1818 treaty; but, of course, in giving up rights secured by that treaty, Canada expects that, as under the Washington Treaty, compensation will be given in some form or other—which is, however, precisely what the United States are unwilling to do.

IF the American Protectionists are wise they will regard the President's deliverance on the Tariff not as a proclamation of hostility to be met with blind resistance, but as the warning of good sense to consider their situation. The principle laid down by Mr. Cleveland, that it is wrong to take from the people in taxes any more than is necessary for the economical administration of the Government, is one which cannot fail to receive the assent of the national intelligence; nor, when it has received the assent of the national intelligence, can it fail in a country under popular government

soon to influence legislation, all lobbies and combinations notwithstanding. Among other things the scene of corruption which will be opened by the necessity of annually squandering a great surplus must speedily produce its natural effect on the mind of the people. Already the waste in pension arrears and other jobbery has been scandalous beyond the worst recorded examples of monarchical prodigality. It is no longer a debate between the rival theories of economists, in which intellectual gladiators may be found to make the worse appear the better cause, and the plainest truth may be hidden beneath a cloud of misleading statistics and fallacious phrases. It is a plain and naked case of a vast annual tribute levied on the community at large, without any necessity of Government or other public exigency for the benefit of a particular interest. The end of such a system must come; and if the American manufacturers are wise, their aim will be to contrive that it shall come with the least possible shock to the protected industries. In this they will have reasonable free traders on their side. Nobody in his senses can desire a crash, nor can any man of fair mind refuse to acknowledge that the national faith is in some measure pledged to industries built on a policy which seemed to have been definitely adopted by the nation. The situation of our Canadian manufacturers differs from that of the American, inasmuch as here we have, instead of a surplus, a deficit, and one not likely to diminish. But, on the other hand, the vices of the system, which, in the case of the United States, are not only veiled but largely neutralised by the magnitude of the country and the variety of its home productions, here show themselves without disguise or mitigation, and will soon be brought home to the understanding of the people. Canadian Protectionism is a branch which has grown out of the heart of the American tree, and will not survive its parent stem. But here also those who have invested their capital in manufactures on the strength of the expectations held out by the Government may appeal to national faith, and to avoid a crash is not less desirable on this than on the other side of the line.

BOTH the President and the Secretary of the Treasury heartily condemn the compulsory coinage of silver. Although the value of the silver dollar has risen since July 1st last, when it touched its lowest point—seventy-two cents, it is still worth only seventy-eight cents, and to go on filling the vaults of the Treasury—building new vaults to accommodate it—is much like storing wheat because buyers will not pay a dollar a bushel for what they can elsewhere get at seventy-eight cents. The United States Mint mark does not, and cannot be made to, add twenty-two cents to the value of the silver contained in these dollar pieces. Except to a limited extent, in the case of the dollars, for purposes of change in the circulation, this silver coinage and wheat are precisely on the same footing as articles of merchandise, and Congress would do well to consider whether it can really reverse the laws of trade in the case of the silver any more than in the case of the wheat, by insisting that seventy-eight cents' worth is worth a dollar, merely because it bears a Government certificate to that effect.

A STORY, "illustrative of the snobbishness of English society," and, therefore, very pleasant to the tastes of those who are themselves snobs, is circulating on the authority of a London correspondent. An American dentist, it seems, was at a garden party at Marlborough House. Among the company were fifty of his patients. "They cut him to a man." Soon after he found himself face to face with the Prince and Princess, and they at once gave him the most cordial reception, and shook him by the hand. "At once every one of the fifty patients pressed up to the lucky dentist, and shook hands with equal warmth." It does not occur to the author of this veracious history that all the patients, to receive an invitation to the garden party, must themselves have been acquainted with the Prince and Princess, and if they had gone up to them would have been received in the same way. Delicacy prevents people in general on these occasions from going up to Royalty. Perhaps it did not prevent the American dentist, and he may in this way have drawn upon himself some extra notice, which he interpreted as the servile homage of English gentlemen and ladies to the social grandeur of the man who had shaken hands with the Prince and Princess of Wales. When the Prince of Wales visited New York what stories of ecstatic flunkeyism did we hear! We were told that in church, as soon as the Prince had left his pew, a number of damsels pressed into it to have the honour and happiness of sitting where he had sat. Ladies were said to have come a thousand miles to enjoy the beatific vision of Royalty at a ball. All these fables, no doubt, were coined in the same mint of fancy as the fable of the American dentist.

ONE curious part of the Georgian land theory is the extraordinary coolness of its historical assumptions. If a theorist were to assume that

the contents, say, of the warehouse of that most respected of Senators, the Hon. William McMaster, were the fruit of the Senator's daring exploits as a buccaneer, he would be thought to be running his head against a hard fact. Yet he would not be running his head against a harder fact than do the disciples of Mr. George in assuming that property in land has its origin in a series of robberies committed by primeval landgrabbers against the people. The origin of private property in land is not lost in the mists of fabling time. On this continent it is as certain and as palpable as the existence of the continent itself. Much of the land has been recently granted or sold to the proprietors by governments elected by universal or widely extended suffrage. The rest was either divided by settlers among themselves with mutual consent, or granted by authorities universally recognised at the time. The whole of it has been brought under cultivation by private owners, and manifestly owes its productiveness and value to the labour and capital which they have expended on it. Not a shadow of fraud, violence, or usurpation, rests on the process, nor is there more room for acrimonious speculation, as to its nature than there is with regard to the authorship of the British North America Act, or the foundation of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. The fact is really the same with regard to the Old World. The Anglo-Saxon division of land into bookland and folkland shows that in the Saxon settlements each freeman had his private lot, while a portion was reserved as common pasture. In no country is private property in land more immemorial or more closely entwined with the general organisation and character of the community than in Norway, where there is not, nor ever has been, a territorial aristocracy. The *Alod*, or freehold, was the very basis of ancient Scandinavian civilisation. The same thing may be said of democratic Switzerland. That the land held in private ownership has been sometimes transferred by force of arms from one set of owners to another, as in the case of the Norman Conquest of England, makes no difference as to the origin or character of the institution. Property of all descriptions has changed hands in the same manner. The fact is that settled agriculture and private ownership necessarily came together. Together they came, and together they would depart. How much inducement would there be for the husbandman to fertilize with the sweat of his brow land in which he could have no individual interest, and of which the universal landlords were a ring of politicians dignified with the mystic title of "The State?" But the fact is that not one in a hundred of Mr. George's followers either pretends to understand or cares for the arguments, historical or economical. What they do understand and care for is the plunder. Mr. George has given a philosophic character and an air of scientific respectability to the lust of confiscation. That is his grand achievement, and its importance cannot be denied.

WHEN, from Utopian generalities and vague denunciations of Capital and the rich, Socialist leaders come down to practical proposals, they soon give us the measure of their competence to reconstruct society: Mr. Hyndman demands, for all men and women out of employment, work on full wages, to be paid by the State, which is also to divide among them the profits of their labour: a minimum of wages to be paid for short hours of work; and the same wages for women as for men. This, for any one who has a glimmering of economical science, or even a particle of common sense, is enough. In the first place, what is the State, and where is it to get the funds for paying high wages to an indefinite number of persons, without receiving any profit itself? Whence can it get them but by taxing the rest of the community? What justice is there in taking money, say from a struggling tradesman, or even from a struggling professional man, in order to pay, not only full wages, but profits, to a mechanic whose lack of employment may after all be partly his own fault? It is astonishing how incurably the minds of most men are infected with the fallacious idea of the State, as a being apart from and above all the persons of whom the community is made up, and possessed not only of superior wisdom and beneficence, but of an inexhaustible stock of money of its own. If such a bonus were held out to lack of employment, whether caused by accident or demerit, what limit does Mr. Hyndman suppose there would be to the multitude of the "unemployed?" Does he not know that national workshops have proved frauds, and that even relief works, on a large scale, have generally been little better than waste. To enact that men shall not be allowed to work at any below a fixed rate of wages would be simply to enact that a good many of them should not be allowed to work at all, unless Mr. Hyndman means to compel employers to give out work at a loss to themselves; and this arrangement, as Mr. Hyndman himself can hardly fail to see, would soon come to an end. The rich cannot be plundered and still remain rich. Besides, to make his legislation work, even

for a day, this reformer must constitute himself dictator, not only of British industry, but of the industrial world; otherwise the foreigner, being left free, both as to wages and as to hours, will at once undersell the products of forced wages and restricted time. The Germans, it seems, choose to work for ten or eleven hours a day, and the English reformer has no means of preventing them. This is a rock indeed, upon which all these schemes for forcibly altering the relations of industrial classes split. In the same manner the reformer, in forbidding women to work for lower wages than men, practically forbids them to work at all, inasmuch as nobody will employ them at the male rate of wages, if their labour is worth less than that of men. Worth less than that of men in most departments, their labour unquestionably is. Woman is not made for labour, but for the home and for maternity. Her natural wages are her maintenance by the man. Her employment in other than domestic work is the sad necessity of overcrowded countries. To make her labour worth as much as that of men, and enable her to command the same wages, Mr. Hyndman must alter her organisation, which, indeed, we should not be surprised to see him undertake to do.

SOCIETY is perhaps in some danger of losing its head and allowing itself to be hurried by appeals to its heart into desperate measures, for which there are very inadequate grounds. Local distress, in London or in any other city, however deplorable, should be dealt with locally; it is not a sufficient cause for a Socialistic revolution. As well might it be proposed to tear down a whole street because a drain or a flue in one house was out of order. The distress in the bad quarters of London is heartrending; but it has its special sources in the enormous overgrowth of the city, the population of which is now approaching five millions, and the impossibility of constructing tramways, the absence of which leads to overcrowding round certain centres of employment. The evil is increased by the constant influx of vagrants, especially Jews, who come by thousands to prey upon the people. If Mr. Hyndman's proposal for the employment of the London poor by the State at high wages, in addition to all the profits of their labour, were to be adopted, pauperism would rush into London like a mill-race. The riots by which Mr. Hyndman and his confederates are always trying to regenerate society can only make matters worse. They take from work many people who have it; they disturb trade, cause the shops to be shut up, and thereby still further reduce the amount of employment; they repel or paralyse benevolence which is most actively at work in the poor quarters of the city; and they inspire the unfortunate people with the fatal notion that they can mend their condition by lawlessness, when they can mend it only by industry and thrift. Has there not been enough of street fighting and barricades in Paris, and are not the consequences of it to the working class there sufficiently manifest?

THE meeting of the Liberal Unionists in England is the decisive answer to the summons which in several forms and in different keys has been addressed to them by Mr. Gladstone. They will not return to his allegiance, or accept his Irish policy; nor, while he adheres to that policy, will they help him to overthrow the Government and reinstate himself in power. Lord Hartington's appeal to him to separate himself from the crusade of agrarian plunder which Mr. Dillon and the Nationalists have set on foot is a blow struck home; and to meet it he will have to avow that he has changed his sentiments on the subject of "rapine," as well as of "dismemberment." In a transport of disappointment he has plunged into an immoral alliance, and he is gradually sounding the depths of its perplexity and shame. The letter of John Bright is another quiet thunderbolt. Mr. Gladstone's only chance now is to drop the Irish Question for the time and bring forward other questions, such as Disestablishment, which might break up the Unionist alliance. But to baffle this policy the Government has only to insist on a vote of want of confidence, which will bring the Liberal Unionists again to its side.

LORD MONCK is quite right in saying that it is hard upon the Irish to be put to the expense and trouble of going to Westminster for all their Private Bill legislation. This is, in fact, about the only real grievance of a political kind that they have, and it extends to the Scotch also. But surely it may be redressed, and Parliament may, at the same time, be relieved of the load of local business by some expedient less costly, cumbersome, and perilous than the establishment of a separate Parliament for Ireland. The power of Private Bill legislation might be practically delegated to a Grand Committee of Irish members, and the Committee might be enabled to sit in Ireland during the recess. There might either be a Grand Committee of each house, or a joint Grand Committee of the two houses. At the opening of the ensuing session of Parliament the reports

of the Grand Committee, or Grand Committees, would be thrown into the shape of Bills, and formally passed by Parliament. It would be wiser to try this, at all events, than at once, for the sake of reducing the cost and inconvenience attendant on Private Bills, to rush into a reconstruction of the United Kingdom or the Empire. Red-tape objections would, no doubt, be raised; but in face of such peril, and when measures of change so tremendous are proposed, even in comparatively Conservative quarters, red-tape objections ought not to count for much.

THE impression in England seems to be that whatever may be the end of the Bulgarian imbroglio, the danger of war is now pretty well over. For our part, we have always felt confidence in the ability, as well as the will, of Germany to avert a war, so long as the mind of the Czar remained amenable to any rational considerations: on the acts of a maniac it is impossible to reckon. That France is, as usual, full of malice and of mischief is evident enough; but she is fortunately restrained by the condition of her finances, and by the warning which her rulers received in the Tonquin case, of the unpopularity of expensive enterprise. Peasant suffrage may not be enlightened, but it is, at all events, parsimonious. It is impossible not to see that the arm of England, as a protectress of international right against overmastering wrong, has been fatally weakened by her intestine difficulties and divisions. Mr. Gladstone evidently has undiminished faith in himself as a great moral force, and believes that the manifestoes which he issues will produce their effect, and curb Tartar aggression without the support of cannon. He will soon learn, if adverse facts can, through any unguarded avenue, find access to his mind, that while the morality of power produces a great and salutary impression, the moralising of impotence produces no impression at all. Unfortunately, should that conviction be forced upon him, he will no longer be able to restore to his country her high place in the council of nations, or to the council of nations an influence which, on the whole, was certainly exercised in the interest of right and of public law. Lord Salisbury, in whose hands the negotiations have no doubt really been, appears to have done his best for England. But his duty, like that of the later Emperors of Rome, is to smooth a descent, and to sustain as well as may be, the dignity of a declining power.

GENERAL BADEAU, in the *New York Times*, says that "John Bright is calling out for dragoons to cut down the starving peasantry of Ireland." The General's veracity has already come under our notice.

THE feeling on the Continent with respect to the chances of war in the spring would appear to be indicated by the marked depression and heavy selling of securities, especially Russian, on the Berlin Bourse. All through the alarm of the summer, the Berlin Bourse refused to be seriously affected, although it was loaded with Russian securities; but now it is apparently felt that Europe is appreciably nearer the edge of the precipice.

EXCHANGE is so low in New York that American securities have been bought largely in London against cotton, and forwarded to New York. These have taken the place of gold shipments; but the low rate of exchange, and the enhanced prices of securities, may be expected soon to cause an influx of gold. Money is lighter in New York, and a decided break in stocks has occurred there this week; but while London continues to absorb American securities, little danger is feared of a serious and permanent fall in prices: there will probably be a period of inactivity, lasting till the New Year; but this is expected to be followed by another upward movement. The lightness of money has moreover, to some extent, been offset by the weakness in foreign exchange, which has been borrowed largely by some speculative operators.

THE clearing-house returns of thirty-two cities in the States show perhaps some diminution in general business, though more likely the decline is due in great part to the check to speculative activity. The aggregate for the week is \$48,000,000 less than last week, but still \$177,000,000 more than in the second week in December, 1885. The returns of gross earnings of forty-two railways during November aggregate \$20,000,000 against \$18,880,000 in 1885, and \$17,000,000 in 1884, which seems to indicate a healthy development of trade.

THE only noteworthy feature in the local stock markets is a decline all round in Montreal. Dulness prevails generally, it being felt that prices at present are too high.

TO HARRIETT.

[The following poem by Shelley has just been published for the first time.]

THY look of love has power to calm
The stormiest passion of my soul ;
Thy gentle words are drops of balm
In life's too bitter bowl ;
No grief is mine, but that alone
These choicest blessings I have known.

Harriett ! if all who long to live
In the warm sunshine of thine eye,
That price beyond all pain must give
Beneath thy scorn to die—
Then hear thy chosen own too late
His heart most worthy of thy hate.

Be thou, then, one among mankind
Whose heart is harder not for state,
Thou only virtuous, gentle, kind,
Amid a world of hate ;
And by a slight endurance seal
A fellow-being's lasting weal.

For pale with anguish is his cheek,
His breath comes fast, his eyes are dim,
Thy name is struggling ere he speak,
Weak is each trembling limb ;
In mercy let him not endure
The misery of a fatal cure.

O trust for once no erring guide !
Bid the remorseless feeling flee ;
'Tis malice, 'tis revenge, 'tis pride,
'Tis anything but thee ;
O deign a nobler pride to prove,
And pity if thou canst not love.

May, 1814.

SOME NEW NOVELS.

IN no department of literature is the stimulus of the holiday season more keenly felt this year than that of fiction. It is only, really, from this flood-tide in book-making that sets at Christmas that one gains any accurate notion of the scope and versatility of the modern novelist—especially the modern American novelist. The art of the great masters and mistresses of fiction whom we bewail as removed to some sphere of literary activity beyond our ken is not, we must believe, utterly departed with them, but thinly distributed among their numerous prototypes of the present. The mantle of their inspiration may still be detected in fragments in the varied apparel of which literary wardrobes are constructed to-day—it may be but a patch, but it is there. Let us not abandon ourselves to that gentle, relishable pessimism which teaches that the Great Novelist is an extinct species because Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot are dead ! Let us rather believe that we are in a period which takes advantage of this popular literary form for the presentation of every new or isolated social idea ; that the form is in almost all cases a secondary consideration and suffers accordingly, and that presently, when this fever shall be overpast and fiction shall again become a serious art, they will arise who will treat the problem of human life and destiny with greater power and insight than even the much-quoted masters who brought to novel-writing a classical dignity. The form of fiction is after all but a product of the social forces of the age, and nothing in any way whatever preternatural. Therefore we may safely predict revulsion here as elsewhere, and when it comes we may reasonably expect it to be enriched with all the fresh impulse and original thought in single directions that characterises the work of to-day.

SELECTING one from the first half-dozen novels in the Christmas market, one's hand goes instinctively to the quietly-bound publications of Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, of Boston. Nowhere, we fancy, is *bizarre*, or even elaborate, drawing and colouring more utterly out of taste than on the covers of a novel. We expect our sensation from the inside, and are not pleasantly impressed when a suggestion of the contents appears before we investigate them, as is the case with the best of the highly-wrought covers. And the effect of a binding that apparently bears no relation to anything but the designer's brain, and is simply used to enhance the value of the book from an artistic standpoint, is usually repellent rather than attractive to everybody who is not looking for *éditions de luxe*. This Boston firm has mastered the art of simplicity, and in the plain, neutral-tinted, neatly lettered, cloth bindings of the volumes that bear the motto, "*Tout bien au rien*," we find a decided whet for our appreciation of the author.

It is really, when we think of it, the work of the author, and not of the publisher, that we are after.

"Roland Blake," by S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., is one of those innumerable stories that spring from the history of the Rebellion, the hero being an officer who wore the blue. The story opens very clearly and spiritedly with an incident of the war, followed by a graphic sketch of Blake's interview with one Richard Darnell, a Southern officer in Northern pay, on Confederate ground. Thus Blake becomes possessor of one of the secrets upon which the plot of the book turns, the other is the property of an old lady, the grandmother of the heroine, Olivia Wynne, and is simply the fact that Olivia's father committed suicide in his extreme youth, from causes not dishonourable. A sister of Richard Darnell, also an unpleasant character, shares this latter secret and terrorises old Mrs. Wynne by means of it into coöperation in various schemes, notably that of marrying Olivia, with whom Roland is in love, to Richard Darnell. Quite an intricate and mysterious story is constructed out of the double mystery, and its possibilities are rather more than made the most of. We cannot see the reasonableness of hiding from Olivia, who is a perfectly healthy and sensible young person, a disagreeable fact with which she must, sooner or later, become acquainted, and we resent as untrustworthy the complications that grow out of this. We get a little too much of the weakly philosophical conversation between Roland and his soldier friend, "Phil;" it interferes with the action of the story, and has not virtue enough to make it tolerable for its own sake. We feel that in the length of the history, and the prolixity of its details, rather too much of a demand is made upon our patience, it might have been abbreviated by almost one-third with advantage. The delineation of character is excellent in the main, although Dr. Mitchell has evidently taken more pains to render Richard and Octopia Darnell faithfully hideous, than to throw a glamor of attraction about the somewhat uninteresting figures of Roland and Olivia. "Roland Blake" is a novel of which the faults are much easier to specify than the virtues, however ; and while both abound it is only fair to say that the latter do much more abound.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT is more of a poet than a story-teller ; yet in the collection of her sketches that bears the title of the first, "A White Heron," she has combined the offices in a very charming fashion. "A White Heron" is only the story of a little country child's devotion to the trust of the wild thing she has watched in her well-loved woods and marshes, in resisting the temptation to reveal a white heron's nest to a naturalist ; but it thrills with pure delicate feeling from beginning to end, an exquisite, dainty bit of writing that one hates to turn from to the almost inevitably coarser touch of another hand. Among the other stories the best known and liked are probably "The Dulham Ladies," full of gentle, humorous sympathy, and "The Two Browns," the clever piquancy of which attracted much favourable comment when it appeared in the *Atlantic*. "A White Heron" is also brought out by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, and both of these publications are for sale at Williamson's.

WITHIN the immediate memory of a great many people, there died in New York a many-millionaire, who, departing, did not leave behind him works that savoured much of pity or benefaction, or any kindly spirit toward the struggling millions upon whose very necessities he had so greatly thriven. Stories of grim, hard significance floated about his comings and goings during his lifetime, and seemed to remain in the air longer, after his death and princely burial, than is common even when the subject has the perennial interest of a rich man's miserliness. Nor was his body allowed to rest in peace, as a good man's would have been ; but his tomb was rifled, and the world read aghast the next day of the most daring attempt at blackmail of modern times. These facts form the very evident basis of Barrett Wendell's new novel, "Rankell's Remains," lately issued by Ticknor and Company, of Boston. The book is really a hideous revelation of the character of Rankell, as shown by the three leading episodes, in which he plays an important part. The reflection of his cunning, his treachery, his vindictiveness, his mean greed, his tyranny, and his hard, implacable face to misery in every form, is the vital part of the book, for the wretched puppets with which he plays are poor creations beside him. His story is told with an apparent desire to do him absolute and unwavering justice, and the occasional ray of light which this admits to the charnel-house of his nature only emphasises its sickening details. It is really a picture of one of those human phenomena raised by some abnormal faculty into a certain eminence among men, who, while they lift their eyes to it, despise and contemn it. And it is drawn manifestly from life, by a passer-agreeable book, but it has the fascinating interest of what one feels to be an absolute fidelity to what was, after all, humanity. The construction of the book is most unconventional, and the author adopts a very simple,

ingenuous air with his public, which goes far to heighten the impression that his very clever art is very original as well. It is not, however; but is deeply tinged with the very obvious tendency among American novel writers of to-day—and yesterday, and probably to-morrow—to write as mere cynical spectators of huge social ironies. This attitude is growing more and more popular, especially with the younger novelists, and is better perhaps, than the tiresome self-consciousness we are apt to find among them. Cynicism may, of course, be the most offensive kind of self-consciousness, but thus far we have not seen it in this character among the brilliant young fellows who have used it as a flavour to the various phases of American social life they have portrayed.

"KLAUS BEWER'S WIFE," is a translation from the German of Paul Lindau, by Clara S. Fleishman. [New York: Henry Holt and Company.] It is an exceedingly flat story of a young German, who marries an operadancer because she is pretty, and shortly repents because she is not wise. We should sympathise with Herr Bewer somewhere toward the end of the book, but we find it impossible, with an instinctive feeling that he is much too stolid to appreciate any such mental demonstration on our part. We should be righteously indignant with his foolish, common little wife, but we are conscious only of a strong disgust for her, and resentment at being obliged to accept her as the chief personage of a story, for the existence of which, apart from its descriptions of the seamy side of German theatrical life, it is difficult to find an excuse.

"IN THE CLOUDS."*

The completion of "Charles Egbert Craddock's" latest story in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and its republication in book form, affords us opportunity to again speak of Miss Murfree's remarkable literary work—work which is, in our opinion, without doubt the best of its kind that has been produced of late.

"In the Clouds" is the most important book Miss Murfree has yet written: it is decidedly a flight above the level reached by the "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains;" it takes a larger range than that story; and if we mistake not, it gives fair promise of higher altitudes in literature yet to be reached by its gifted author.

In it Miss Murfree's genius still plays about the Tennessee Mountains, and we meet again in the chief characters some with whom we are already familiar; but we do the like in the novels of Thackeray, who only re-introduced the same personages continually, instead of re-christening them; and with respect to the objection of repetition, or parallelism, here and there, urged against our author, we may observe, that in all her books, so far, Miss Murfree has been treating mainly of one phase of life and one aspect of nature—the life of mountaineer folk in Tennessee; a type and scene which, because she is in such appreciative sympathy with both, have afforded such free scope to her splendid literary faculty that one cannot wonder that she continues to linger about what must, in the nature of things, be as dear to her as it is familiar.

We have no misgiving as to Miss Murfree's future on this account. Seeing the character of her work in the field she has traversed, we confidently expect no inferior in any other she may try: if she should transfer her observation, for instance, to a great city, and the human lives led there, her genius would illumine the subject as it does Tennessee mountain life—not sink into the vulgar commonplaces of some noted American novelists, who, on the other hand, transferred to the Tennessee Mountains, would probably be commonplace still, if they could find anything whatever to write about in the absence of the fashionable millinery and woman's gear that constitutes their chief inspiration.

Turning now to the book under notice, we remark in the first place on the extraordinary vividness of the impression the author manages to convey by the use of apt terms—the best word put in the best place. Her literary style is so good that the scene she designs to picture is outlined clearly as we go on and then filled in complete at the proper moment with one deft touch. Her poetic imagery, too, is of the best:

Pensive intimations there were in its reduced splendours; in the deep purple of Chilhowee, in the brown tints of the nearer ranges. Something was gone from the earth—a day—and the earth was sad, though it had known so many. And the night impended, and the unimagined morrow. And thus the averted future turns by slow degrees the face that all flesh dreads to see. The voice of lowing cattle came up from the cove. The fires in the solitudes burned apace.

And, again, of the massive peak of Thunderhead:

Kindred thunderheads of the air lift above the horizon, lure, loiter,

lean on its shoulder with similitudes and contrasts. Then with all the buoyant liberties of cloudage they rise—rise!

Alas! the earth clasps its knees; the mountains twine their arms about it; hoarded ores of specious values weigh it down. It cannot soar! Only the cumbrous image of an ethereal thing! Only the ineffective wish vainly fashioned like the winged aspiration. . . . Sometimes it was purple against the azure heavens; or gray and sharp of outline on faint green spaces of the sky; or misty, immaterial, beset with clouds, as if the clans had gathered to claim the changeling.

The mountain dialect, too, though, or perhaps because, it has a melancholy sound, is instinct also with pathos' twin sister, humour—cropping out in terse witticisms that serve admirably to set off these rough sons of Adam and daughters of Eve against the gloom and solemnity of their mountain solitudes. The author's humour, indeed, is of a fine sort, as witness this:

His head was frankly red. His freckles stood out plainly for all they were worth; and, regarded as freckles, they were of striking value. . . . A half-grown Shanghai pullet was pecking about the big, flat stones of the hearth in a premature and unprecipient proximity to the pot.

Miss Murfree has a very effective yet pleasant method of moralising through the mouths of her characters—a habit which, in other hands, might easily become tiresome, but which is used by her so skilfully that without the moral or reflection the passage would often be felt to be incomplete, or the picture at all events not so vivid.

If the author excels in anything, where all is excellent, it is in the description of natural scenery, especially of the mountains. Thus, in the opening chapter:

The nearest [mountains] were all tinged with a dusky purple, except for the occasional bare, garnet-coloured stretches of the "fire-scalds," relics of the desolation when the woods were burned; the varying tints were sublimated to a blue in the distance; then through every charmed gradation of ethereal azure the ranges faded into the invisible spaces that we wot not of. There was something strangely overwhelming in the stupendous expanse of the landscape. It abashed the wildest liberties of fancy. Somehow it disconcerted all past experience, all previous prejudice, all credence in other conditions of life. The fact was visibly presented to the eye that the world is made of mountains. . . . He glanced over her shoulder at the rugged horizontal line of Chilhowee, rising high above the intervening mountains, and sharply imposed upon the mosaic of delicate tints known as the Valley of the Tennessee. . . . Once a sudden elusive silver glinting, imperceptible to eyes less trained to the minutiae of these long distances, told him the secret source of some stream, unexplored to its head waters, in a dark and braky ravine. Sometime he distinguished a stump, which he had never seen before, or a collection of dead trees, girdled long ago, and standing among the corn upon so high and steep a slope that the slant justified the descriptive jibe of the region, "fields hung up to dry."

In her determination to fit the word to the thought, Miss Murfree has sometimes the appearance of being a little pedantic; but this, we think, may be excused, for we would not have such thoughts diluted in commonplace. She has a wondrously beautiful, strong, and noble vocabulary: a "Craddock Anthology," selected from this volume alone, would be of no mean dimensions.

"This apostate cloud" [the mountain before referred to], "a hardy flower will turn a smiling face responsive to the measured patronage of the chilly sunshine in this rare air," "a freshened realisation of despair," "a slatternly ill-adjusted look," "her sedulous conscience," "the anxiety of forecast blunting the actual pain of experience," "he rubbed his corrugated brow as vigorously as if he could thus smooth out the pucker in his brain." "In these solemn spaces Silence herself walked unshod," "Alethea, whose voice was the slogan of duty," "a fox, a swift-scudding tawny streak, sped across it as she looked."

These are culled from the first three chapters only; every page throughout the thirty the book contains is gemmed with felicitous phrases and expressions, the scenes are painted with epithets. And what could be richer in fancy than this:

Fine sport they [the winds] had often had, those riotous mountain spirits, shrieking down the chimney to affright the loneliness; then falling to sobs and sighs to mock the voices of those who had known sorrow here, and perhaps shed tears; sometimes wrapping themselves in snow as in a garment, and reeling in fantastic whirls through the forlorn and empty place, sometimes twitting the quaint timbers with their infirmities, and one wild night wrenching off half a dozen clapboards from the roof and scattering them about the door. Thus the moon might look in, seeing no more those whose eyes had once met her beam, and even the sunlight had melancholy intimations when it shone on the deserted hearth-stone.

The story ends tragically, but agreeably to the rules of art. It is the story of a noble woman and a worthless feather-headed man, who simply had not capacity of soul enough to reciprocate the love lavished on him. This unrequited love of Alethea's is very beautiful: one cannot help wishing it had fallen otherwise and been more fruitful of nobleness in the object. But—

* "In the Clouds," by Charles Egbert Craddock: Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Love he comes, and Love he carries,
Just as fate or fancy carries—

And perhaps in the sum of things she, loving his memory faithfully for what he might have been—forgetting what he was—had more happiness in this spiritual marriage than would have been hers otherwise, for it was not as earthly marriages; and it was never broken.

A LAST WISH.

[From the French of Théophile Gautier.]

SEE now, how long I've loved you! Why,
It mounts, I think, to eighteen years!—
For you Spring rears a rosy sky;
For me, alas—pale Winter steers.

The churchyard lilacs, faint and white,
About my withered temples blow;
The tree that soon from too much light,
May shade me where I straight must go.

The pallid sun, which shortly will
From the horizon disappear,
Reveals upon the gloomy hill
The spot where they shall set my bier.

Oh, on my lips before I die,
From thine may one long kiss be pressed;
That then forever may I lie,
Within my tomb, in peace—at rest!

SERANUS.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

IN "Ancient Cities," [HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, AND COMPANY, Boston; Williamson and Company, Toronto] the Rev. William Burnett Wright gives an account of certain cities connected with sacred history, in such a way as to illustrate in each case some portion of the Bible. The information is, however, drawn largely from secular sources: all that is known of each city from archaeological and historical evidence is used to fill up or illumine the sacred record. In result we have an entertaining and instructive narrative of the history and a view of the several cities treated of. In each sketch the author has indicated the character of the personage for whose influence the city stands; and thus we have Ur, the City of Saints; Nineveh, the City of Soldiers; Babylon, of Sensualists; Memphis, of the Dead; Alexandria, of the Creed Makers; Petra, of Shams, etc.,—titles which sufficiently indicate the plan of the book. This does not assume to be a learned work; but, none the less, it contains much curious lore, of interest especially to students of the Bible.

THE second volume of Dr. Geikie's "Hours with the Bible," just issued by JOHN B. ALDEN, New York, covers the period of Moses and the Judges. We have before drawn attention to the high character of this work, which, indeed, as a commentary on the Bible is, we think, for most respects to be preferred to any commentary extant. The learning and ability brought to bear on it by Dr. Geikie is what one might expect from the author of the best "Life of Christ" yet written; and the present edition, now issuing in an extremely cheap yet elegant form, ought to be assured a place beside every Bible in use.

OF Guizot's History of France it has been said, "There is nothing like it in the whole range of historic writing. The story of French history is one of the most romantic and dramatic, and M. Guizot is one of the most brilliant writers whose pen has ever pictured the events of history. It is more marvellous than any fiction ever written." Mr. JOHN B. ALDEN has just sent us the first volume of a new edition of this history, which he is issuing in eight volumes, illustrated, well printed in a flowing page on superior paper, and bound in morocco,—in a style, indeed, and at a price that has come to be associated in our minds with the Alden series of library books as with no other. The edition is a marvel of cheapness and elegance; and any one desirous to make a seasonable present of a substantial character to another or himself, could hardly do better in the way of literary ware than subscribe for a copy of Mr. Alden's "Guizot," which in the style we have described, may be procured at \$6, with a reduction to early purchasers.

WE have received from the *Canadian Gleaner* office, Huntingdon, P. Q., the first volume of a selection of "Gleaner Tales," by Robert Sellar, the conductor of the newspaper. The stories, with two exceptions, have already appeared in the columns of the *Gleaner*; and the author accounts satisfactorily for the somewhat rough typographical appearance of the book, by the information that it has been printed in the newspaper office,

which was destitute of the appliances for such work. The stories are seven in number, and mostly have a local interest, relating to incidents in the early backwoods life of that part of the English, or rather Scotch, peopled districts of Quebec Province. They are extremely well told, and display quite a fresh phase of Canadian pioneer life in an interesting and entertaining manner.

THE third volume of "Critical Miscellanies," by John Morley [MACMILLAN AND COMPANY, New York; Williamson and Company, Toronto], completes Messrs. Macmillan's new edition, in nine volumes, of Mr. Morley's collected writings. We have already dealt with the contents of the other several volumes as they have appeared; and the whole being now before us, we need only add that this edition is a tastefully printed specimen of the publishers' work, of a convenient size, and of a price to place it within the reach of students and others of moderate means. Although we cannot agree with Mr. Morley's Jacobinism in politics and religion, we must concede that a study of his works, by clearing away some of the mists that still float about both, may conduce to the true interest of both; and when this has been done fully it will be found, we think, that such as he have contributed very powerfully to this desirable result. At any rate, Mr. Morley's writings are worthy of earnest study: dressed in pure English, they are a clear expression, at all events, of a system of thought now much in vogue. The contents of the present volume are rather more varied in topic than were the contents of the previous volumes of miscellanies, and include Mr. Morley's essays on Popular Culture, the Death of Mr. Mill and his Autobiography, the Life of George Eliot, Pattison's Memoirs, the Expansion of England, Comte, Harriet Martineau, W. R. Greg, and France in the Eighteenth Century—a subject which in various relations occupies, it will be remembered, five out of the present nine volumes.

THE holiday number of *Wide Awake* will be an extra Christmas feast to the little folk. It is filled with story in prose, verse, and picture; and being the first number of the new volume, it offers a tempting opportunity to subscribe to what is unquestionably the best magazine published for the behoof of the elder children.

PANSY is of equal excellence for the younger ones: it is a treasure-book of pictures and the simplest sort of stories, by means of which the guardians of young children may while away hours, while administering both entertainment and instruction. Both are published by D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY, Boston.

THE completion of the twenty-fourth volume of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* with the December number affords us a welcome opportunity to refer once more to the high literary character and tone that continues to be maintained uniformly in its varied contents. Among all our exchanges there is not one, however good and wheresoever from, that we value more highly; and it appears to us that Canada has abundant reason to be proud of the one monthly magazine of general literature it possesses. It is conducted with singular ability, and ought to be read in every Canadian household—whether Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or what not. For no one, however far distant from Methodism, would find anything in it obnoxious to true religion, or literature and social progress—to which three things, as we believe, the Magazine is, as its title imports, most conscientiously devoted.

SOME ten years ago the Lowell Hebrew Club began to meet weekly in order to read together the Old Testament Scriptures in the original tongue. The study was pursued for a time, the results being for a time published in the form of a weekly exposition of the International Sunday-school Lessons, in a local newspaper, until seven years ago, when the work of the club was concentrated upon the Book of Esther, and this has given us a volume bearing that name, edited by the Rev. John W. Haley, M.A., and published by WARREN F. DRAPER, Andover. The present text of the "Book of Esther" is a rendering *de novo* from the Hebrew, with critical notes and excursuses. An introduction deals satisfactorily with the historical place of the book and its validity; the translation is very well done, the text being copiously illustrated by notes, explanatory and critical; and the whole is fortified and completed by a series of excursuses, which, occupying one-half the volume, leave nothing to be desired on the score of fulness, piety, and scholarship. The work is further illustrated by maps, plans, and illustrations; and we recommend it as an exhaustive and able treatment of one of the most beautiful of the sacred books—one that the Jews held in such high repute as to rank it next the Pentateuch.

IN "Ham-Mishkan, the Wonderful Tent," published by ROBERT CLARK AND COMPANY, Cincinnati, the late Rev. D. A. Randall, D.D., has given a succinct account of the construction of the Tabernacle—as far as we know, the first building on earth dedicated to the worship of Jehovah,—and, interwoven with this account, he has endeavoured to present the spiritual les-

DECEMBER 16th, 1886.]

sons the different parts of the building and its furniture suggested, or, as he believes, was designed to teach. The book is addressed, not to the learned, but to the great mass of general readers. A narrative and conversational form, founded upon an extensive tour made by the writer in Egypt, the Wilderness, and Palestine, has been adopted, and very skilfully, so as to give frequent change and diversity to the subject, avoiding the monotony of a long-continued didactic discourse. This plan has been fairly successful: the party of travellers is made to include, besides the Christian relator, a Jewish Rabbi, and other biblical scholars; the teaching of the Targums is put into the mouth of the Rabbi; biblical knowledge, Hebrew learning, history, and theology, are interwoven; and all the light that can be thrown on the subject of the book by the Christian and Jewish teaching at the command of the writer is brought out by the interlocutors while travelling on historic ground, talking as human beings, and so effectually avoiding the tedium that might accompany simple didactic teaching. It might be expected, from the choice of such a subject, that the author probably belonged to that school of interpretation which persists in finding in everything in the Old Testament a type of something in the New; but, no:—

All that stands connected with the Mosaic Dispensation—the Tabernacle, the temple, the offerings, the worship—may be used to illustrate, explain, and teach more clearly the doctrines, the privileges, the observances and verities of the more glorious Christian scheme of redemption; but not every corner, stitch, loop, and pin can be made a type. The whole scheme of the Tabernacle building, its furniture, appointments, and worship were types: while the immediate design of the scheme was to teach the people, by symbolic lessons, higher and clearer conceptions of the Jehovah; of the infinity, purity, and holiness of His attributes; of the equity and excellence of His laws; the reverence and veneration due to His name; to preserve and perpetuate His revelations and worship,—the whole seems to have a far-reaching significance, pointing to richer and more glorious things to come.

This gives the purport of the book: it is exhaustive, and leaves nothing untold or unconsidered; and clergymen, theological, and biblical students, and Sunday-school teachers may find it of very great value.

THE publishers of "Young America" (ALDINE BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston), evidently intended to do their best towards the unity of Anglo-Saxondom. In this Christmas book of "Stories and Pictures for Young People," bearing the name of the cisatlantic branch of the race we have a publication which from internal evidence we should judge to be an elder brother of the English "Chatterbox" mentioned in this department the other day. The topics are British, the writers and artists are British, only the title is American, which seems to be a little unfair to "Young America," who surely has individuality enough to entitle him to a greater share in a Christmas book than this. But in fact, we stringly suspect our young friend to be a rechristened Briton, which indeed does not diminish its merit as a story book for Christmas, but might cause disappointment to unwary purchasers already familiar with it under its original name.

REMARKING on the great increase that has been made in the world's wealth during the past quarter of a century, Washington Gladden directs attention, in "Applied Christianity," just published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston (Williamson and Company, Toronto), to the evident fact that this increase is visible mainly in Christian lands. It is very great in England, and still greater in America; and is, Mr. Gladden thinks, a proof of the favour of God. No doubt, "Christianity creates in man many of those wants which it is the office of wealth to supply. . . . The savage has few wants; the Christian has many. . . . The progress of the savage from barbarism up to Christian civilisation consists largely in the multiplication of his wants; . . . Christianity has always the effect to develop faculties that require for their exercise the possession of property, and to waken desires that can be gratified only by the use of those material goods whose aggregate we call wealth. . . . The Christian moralist must say, then, that the increase of wealth is not of itself an evil; that it is, instead, a blessing to mankind." Certainly: as indicating the enlargement of man's nature, the growth of his wants must be regarded as good, and so, also, the accumulation of wealth which enables him to supply those wants. "Christianity cannot be hostile to the production of wealth without making war upon itself; for it is the one grand cause of the production of wealth in modern times. . . . But now comes a harder question: How is this growing wealth divided? Is it rightly or wrongly divided? If it is wrongly divided, has the Christian moralist anything to say about a better way? Christianity, as we have seen, has much to do with the production of wealth; has it anything to do with its distribution?" To answer these questions, and many similar, is the task Mr. Gladden has undertaken, and to all interested in a great topic of the day—the portentous growth of Socialism—his discussion of the relations of the Church to the world will be deeply interesting. In answer to the question, Is labour a commo-

dity? he says the labour of the nation is its life; and he asks whether that is a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest. The strength and weakness of Socialism are discussed; the relation of the wage-workers and of the Churches; and of Christianity and popular amusements. The author, of course, insists on the necessity of the aid to be given by the rich to others being entirely voluntary; and as to amusements, his attitude may be sufficiently indicated by a story he relates of a Highlander who reported that he saw, on the Sabbath, men and women walking along the streets of Edinburgh, and "smiling as if they were perfectly happy—it was an awfu' sight!" It is impossible to give in a short notice an adequate idea of the many interesting topics discussed directly and incidentally on every page of this book; we cannot do better than refer inquirers to the book itself, which will be found to contain many a thought that may help to solve the awful problem that lies before society in the growth of Socialistic ideas among the working classes, and the alienation of these classes from the Churches and all direct Christian influences.

WE have received a copy of Mrs. Moore's Christmas carols, "Come, Children," and "Good News on Christmas Morning." The former, published in *Harper's Young People*, November 23rd, has been received with so much favour that twenty-five thousand copies have been circulated, and more had to be printed; the latter, one of Mrs. Moore's contributions to the "St. Nicholas Song Book," is also in such favour that it has been printed separately by the *Century Company*, the only one in the book so treated. Both carols, we learn, will be sung at the principal churches and Sunday-schools in London and other places on Christmas Day.

AMONG Canadian writers there is at present great activity and a laudable ambition to supply the native market with the varied products of their thought. In addition to the forthcoming volumes by "Seranus," we are soon to have a drama, entitled "Roberval, the companion of Jacques Cartier," from the pen of Mr. J. Hunter Duval, the Prince Edward Island poet [Halifax: Mackinlay and Son], and a volume of poems by Mr. George Martin [Montreal: Dawson Brothers]. Another Canadian, Mr. Arthur W. Gundry, of Ottawa, is also in the field with a new and, we learn, carefully prepared translation of the Abbé Prevost's masterpiece, "Manon Lescaut." The work is announced for the Christmas trade by Messrs. Belford, Clarke, and Co., of New York and Chicago, with over three hundred illustrations by Maurice Leloir. Mr. Gundry is well-known to readers of the old *Canadian Monthly*, and his work, we doubt not, will be looked for with interest by many appreciative Canadians. We also learn that the new native novel, "An Algonquin Maiden," by Mr. Adam and Miss Wetherald, is to appear presently in an American edition, under the title of "Which Love—Huguenot or Huron"?

MUSIC.

TORONTO.

THE sale of reserved seats for the Vocal Society's concert on the 20th inst. is now open at the store of Messrs. A. and S. Nordheimer. This concert promises to be one of the most brilliant musical events of the season. It is expected that M. François Boucher, the solo violinist, who will make his Toronto *début* on this occasion, will score a decided success, as his playing is distinguished by much expression and sentiment, while he has great executive ability. Miss Henrietta Beebe, the soprano soloist, has too great a reputation as an artistic singer to need commendation. One of the popular numbers to be performed by the society will be "The Chimes of Oberwesel." The members, as well as the executive who have been privileged to hear it, are delighted with the piece. It was composed by Henry Baumer, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and was first introduced to a London audience by Henry Leslie's choir in 1876, and has ever since remained a favourite number in their list of pieces. It is written for a choir in four parts, occasionally accompanied by another choir subdivided into seven parts.

HAMILTON.

MUSICAL events are crowding each other at present. Thanksgiving evening the Imperial Quartette, a new male-voice organisation, of which Mr. George Clarke is First Tenor; E. Alexander, Second Tenor; F. W. Wodell, First Bass and Director; and J. H. Stuart, Second Bass; made a first appearance in a concert at Grassman's Hall. They were assisted by Mrs. Martin-Murphy, soprano, and other talent, and gave a most enjoyable concert. The quartette is composed of very good voices, well balanced, and should do very good work ere this season closes.

Thursday, December 9, a concert was given at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, at which Miss Maude Hare, a young soprano, with a bird-like voice, a native of the village of Grimsby, near here, Mrs. Frank MacKellan (contralto), Mrs. McCulloch (mezzo-soprano), Mr. Beddoe (tenor), and Messrs. Warrington (baritone) and Arlidge (flautist), of Toronto, and others assisted. The programme was a very good one, and the inspiration which always comes from a large audience helped the performers to do well.

Mr. Torrington has again taken up the baton as conductor of the Hamilton Philharmonic Society. They are studying Stanford's oratorio, "Three Holy Children." C. MAJOR.

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This Association, composed chiefly of land owners, was formed to introduce the Torrens System of Land Transfer into Canada. Its members have no interests other than those of all owners of real estate. Mainly through its efforts that system has been introduced into, and is now the recognised system of transferring land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, in fact in all that immense Territory extending from Rat Portage to the Rocky Mountains, and it is also in operation in the County of York and City of Toronto in Ontario. It is in operation in other important Colonies. It has very largely reduced the cost of land transfer in these Colonies. Ownership of land is absolutely certain. Suits about titles are unknown.

The present system of Land Transfer entails a needless cost of at least a half a million of dollars annually on the land owners of Ontario for which they receive no benefit whatever.

This Association advocates the sweeping away of the last vestige of the Feudal System. Why should the laws relating to entails, springing and shifting uses, contingent remainders and other relics of a barbarous age, be still in force in Ontario?

Why should the Province continue any longer to be burdened with a system of land transfer which costs the owners of land so large an annual outlay?

Why should the virgin soil of the Algoma, Thunder Bay, Rainy River, Nipissing and Temiscaming Districts, be saddled with an effete system which in a few years it will take thousands of dollars to be relieved from?

Electors will you insist on your representative supporting the introduction of a better system? It is a matter of real vital importance to everyone who now holds or expects to hold real estate, because the present system entails such an unnecessary expense and delay as well as risk on all transactions in which land is concerned.

This Association strongly urges upon you to press upon the attention of all candidates the importance of giving their support to the extension of the Torrens System of Land Transfer to the whole of the Province.

(1) Because that system has been found to be of great advantage to the land owners of Australia, where it has been in operation over twenty years; and the advantage it has conferred on them it will also confer on you.

(2) Because it will give to you and to your heirs after you certainty of title.

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Do not be led away by the following and other side-issues raised by interested parties:

(1) That the agitation has been got up for the benefit of money-lending institutions, which is false. It is the borrowers' and not the Companies' interests which will be benefited. The adoption of the system advocated by this Association, by the unanimous vote of the Parliament of Canada and of the Legislature of Manitoba, should be a sufficient answer to this charge.

(2) The cry of centralization is also baseless, as the transfers and sales of land will continue to be carried on in the localities in which the property is situated, as it is now.

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Cor. Secretary.

J. HERBERT MASON,
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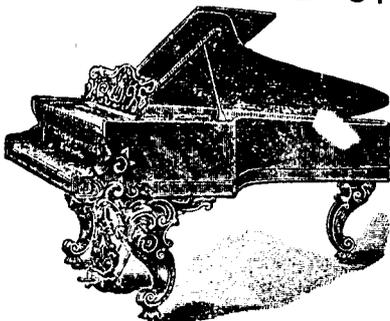
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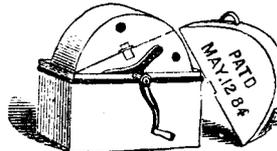
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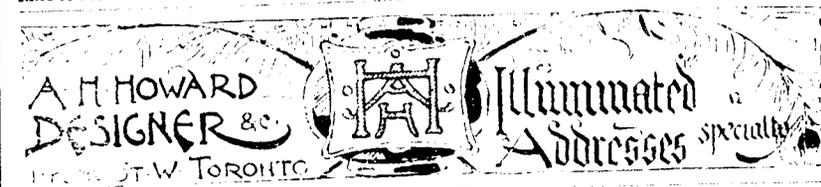
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