

THE WEEK:

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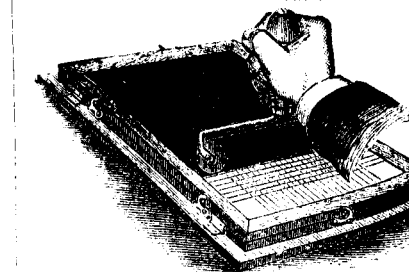
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OUR MORAL OBLIGATIONS TO THE C. P. R.

WHEN forced to abandon the contention that the Canadian people are legally bound to render further assistance to the Canadian Pacific Railway, by continuing monopoly in old Manitoba, its friends or rather its interested advocates—for all are its friends—are in the habit of urging that they are morally constrained to do so. It is only necessary to pass in review some of the facts, historical and otherwise, in order to estimate this contention at its true worth.

When the Canadian people gave \$25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acres of land to the Company in the first place, did they do so with the expectation that they would be required to contribute additional gifts in the future? On the contrary, they were assured, not only that they had done all that could fairly be asked of them, but that the \$25,000,000 and all other expenditures which the Government might have made upon the railway, would be recouped to the Dominion. In 1880, for instance, Sir John A. Macdonald said:—"For the purpose of relieving the people of Canada from the burden of taxation which the work would otherwise entail, we have offered every second lot at an upset price, so that the road may be eventually built without costing the people one single farthing which will not be recouped." The people of Canada voted the \$25,000,000 of money and 25,000,000 acres of land to the Company on the representations made by the Government that the sale of public lands would repay them every cent expended. In the same year in which the above statement was made, the First Minister estimated the cash proceeds from the sale of lands between then and 1890 at \$38,600,000. Besides this amount there would then, he said, be due but not payable, and in the shape of mortgages upon the lands, \$32,700,000, and as that would be as good as cash, the aggregate received and due would be \$71,300,000. Deducting from this his estimate of the cost of surveys and administration, the people were to have a net result of \$68,900,000 from the lands by 1890, and that amount was to recoup all public expenditure upon the railway. Such were the representations which led Canada to assist in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It is needless to say that these predictions have not been fulfilled. The total receipts on account of Dominion lands, under the various heads from 1873 to October the 31st, 1886, thirteen years, have been \$4,831,283, and the receipts for the six of those years, from 1880 up to date, have been much less. It is claimed that the accounts from 1880 to 1885 show net receipts of but three or four hundred thousand dollars over and above the cost of surveys and the administration of the lands from head and local offices, without making any allowance for the expenditure upon Indians, Mounted Police, and immigration. In the boom years the receipts do not even cover the cost of administering the lands alone. So far are the net receipts from the lands from repaying the principal, that they are not sufficient to liquidate the interest, which is already in arrears to the extent of several millions. So much for the net receipts of \$68,900,000 from the lands by 1890; so much for the promise that the road would be "eventually built without costing a single farthing which will not be recouped."

Not only have the burdens, which were declared to be placed but temporarily upon the shoulders of the people, not been removed, but others have been added. The grants for the road from Callender to Port Moody from time to time included the following: Government works and surveys, \$35,000,000; cash subsidy, \$25,000,000; cash lent the Company and abandoned last session on the return of lands, \$10,000,000; and proceeds of sales of the Company's land grant bonds and town sites, also local bonuses, \$11,000,000. Already these figures have reached a total of \$81,000,000, but there is still to the good of the Company 14,000,000 acres of land remaining from the public gift, and available for sale, which, if sold at \$1 per acre, would realize \$14,000,000 more, thus swelling the public gift to the Company to \$95,000,000. Even this is not all. If the amounts given, or promised to be given, in cash in connection with other portions of the line are capitalized, a further sum of \$17,000,000 is reached, and if that is added to the other expenditures, the public outlay mounts up to \$112,000,000. Further, if the 14,000,000 acres of land remaining in the hands of the Company were valued at \$1.50 per acre—the price allowed by the Government in taking back lands in settlement of the \$10,000,000 loan—the total public expenditure would be \$119,000,000. The above are the figures given by Mr. Blake at Listowel, and they have not, I believe, been questioned. They are, as he pointed out upon that occasion, equal to considerably more than half a million for every electoral district in Canada, "equal to a yearly charge for interest and charges, calculating the cost at 4½ per cent. of over \$5,000,000, or for each electoral district about \$24,000 a year. They are equal to over \$120 for each head of a family in Canada." Such was the contribution made by the public towards the building of the railway; how much was contributed by the Company? It claims, I believe, that the right of way, construction, and equipment cost less than \$80,000,000, and the administration of the land grant some \$300,000 more. If that is the case, the people of Canada have not only paid the whole cost of the railway and presented it as a gift to third parties, but they have overwhelmed them with a gift worth twenty, thirty, or forty millions besides. Yet it is said they must do more; they must do away with free trade in railways, take commerce by the throat, wrest the Constitution out of shape, give cause for persistent agitation, and create continual discontent in order to fulfil some mysterious moral obligation which they have incurred towards the Company.

Canada is not open to reproach because of her treatment of the Canadian Pacific Railway. She has behaved neither unkindly nor ungenerously, but, on the contrary, the magnificent subventions which she has placed at the disposal of the railway are the wonder of the world. It is possible to imagine conditions under which she would do even more. As the Canadian people have learned to regard the transcontinental road as a national undertaking, they would, no doubt, come to its assistance once more, if they really believed that it was threatened with poverty and collapse. But nothing of that kind is dreamed of. Its net earnings for years past have amounted to considerably over two millions per annum, and so far from poverty stricken has it been, that we find it from year to year launching out upon splendid enterprises and magnificent undertakings not contemplated when it was projected in the first instance. It has placed a fleet of steel steamers upon the lakes. It has bought, leased, or otherwise gained control of a dozen other railways, including the Credit Valley system, the Toronto, Grey, and Bruce, the Canada Central, the North Shore from Montreal to Quebec, the new Ontario and Quebec line, the Smith's Falls' cut off, the great bridge over the St. Lawrence at Lachine, the South Eastern, the Eastern Townships lines, and the Short Line through Maine. It is difficult to imagine how it could blossom and burgeon forth much more than it has done. Its net receipts and its tremendous accomplishments are the best possible proof of its wealth, and of its ability to go on without further aid from the Dominion.

Canada, therefore, is not the debtor of the Canadian Pacific Railway, morally or otherwise. Why, then, should she be told that she is morally bound to continue a monopoly privilege in old Manitoba which inflicts inexcusable injury upon her settlers there, and which is directly opposed to the spirit, at any rate, of her Constitution? Competition would not destroy the transcontinental railway. Even Sir George Stephen asserted in his letter to the directors that "it would be absurd to urge that the completion of sixty-six miles of railway undertaken by the Government of Mani-

toba would ruin the vast Canadian Pacific system," and the Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, in addressing the people of Winnipeg last March, said, "There will be trade enough in Manitoba and the North-west to afford profitable returns for both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Railways, if the latter should find entrance here; and it would be no small advantage to the country as a whole to have the large interests connected with those two great corporations enlisted in the work of developing the great west, instead of—as there is too much reason to fear has been the case in the past—as to one of them, devoted rather to the prevention of that development." The Government is morally bound to obey the words and spirit of the Constitution. It is not morally bound to give further aid to the Canadian Pacific Railway under any circumstances, and certainly not, if the spirit of the Constitution has to be violated to assist a railway which is not in need.

F. C. W.

Winnipeg.

OUR WASTE MATERIAL.

It is a very common thing to hear successful, industrious people say, "No man need be idle in this country who is willing to work," to add, perhaps as a provisional afterthought, "if he will take any sort of work that he can get." Yet an observant visitor to our towns and villages will see quite a number of young men without occupations who are looking for situations. Asking what they can do, he is told that they know a little bookkeeping, would like to get into an office, and that a clerkship of some sort would be accepted with pleasure. Presently he discovers that the market is over-run with applicants for what may be called gentlemanly employments, while the country is going begging for farmers.

In all business matters the wise men make careful estimates of the probable demand for articles of commerce before laying in their supplies; but it would seem as if Canadians were forgetting this essential to success in the bringing up of their families, and that in the ever-increasing struggle for intellectual improvement among our people there is growing a fatal distaste for manual labour of all sorts. Parents work and strive to keep their children at school long after they have mastered the three necessary R's, without enquiring if these children give promise of deriving special benefit from studies they have little or no aptitude for. They dream great things for them, and urge them on to further effort by telling them that the greatest positions in the country are open to competition, and that if the paths seem crowded there is always plenty of room at the top, while their parental pride blinds them to the fact that their sons are unfitted for any lofty positions. They push them to cram heads that if not dull could be taught to be useful in a more practical way than in the usual course of study, and forgetting that while they struggle at the ungrateful tasks they are neglecting to develop their best endowment—good strong minds and healthy muscles.

And what does all this effort do? It is giving the country a surplus supply of lawyers, doctors, quasi-professional men, merchants, and young men seeking situations, not to count the numbers of incapables that will be thrown upon the world, struggling and pushing for a scanty living, with pens in hands that might be holding ploughs to their own and their country's very material advantage. With such a vast and rich land in our possession it seems a positive throwing away of our birthright that so many of our young men, turning from the cultivation of the soil, seek to make their living in paths where the competition is so keen and the rewards uncertain, where so many must inevitably fail. It seems as if for so young a country we are getting too luxurious ideas of living. Necessarily we must be a largely agricultural people for many years to come. Perhaps the growing feeling that to "live softly" is a necessity of existence accounts for the dislike to a farming life. That it has many hardships is undoubtedly true; also that the hardships are doubly felt by those who have been brought up to another life. It is not likely that a man who has never worked on a farm will take to the work kindly all at once, or that a girl who has employed her energies chiefly in running scales on the piano will be likely to be much of a help-mate to him, or be physically equal to the demands on the wife of a settler, but why not, in educating our boys and girls, teach them to use their hands as well as their heads, and inculcate the idea that the combined usefulness of both will be to their greatest advantage.

In suggesting the tilling of the soil to young men as a career, one is generally met with the objection that farming requires a certain amount of capital. If there were young men who were competent and reliable, and known to be determined to follow an agricultural life, there would be probably little difficulty in getting non-resident farmers to let them work their land for them, or others found willing to have them work under them. In other employments they would not become masters and proprietors at the outset of life; they would be obliged in any calling to work their way up step by step. What valid excuse can they give for expecting to be in possession of property, and their own masters, at the outset of life if they take to farming? The work on a farm must be learned. Like anything else, the young man who starts out on his own account, without previous experience, is likely to find that he will lose both money and time in experimental efforts. But to go no further into detail of that sort the fact remains that while there is an unlimited demand for farmers, other callings are fewer and more difficult to obtain, and that no small number of those knocking for admittance to elegant employments will be elbowed out of place by the stronger ones, and that only a few can hope to have

those doors opened to them in the way the wide prairie land invites the enterprise of the young, giving a promise of plenty to the persevering men of average ability that is not chimerical. Not only in our own land is there an over-supply of men seeking clerkships; in the United States the cities are filled with eager applicants for such positions, so great is the competition, though the remuneration is very small. An American writer has said that they are the only class of employees in that land of freedom "that dare not strike."

In educating their children parents would do well to study the ulterior advantages for them in the training they are giving them, and strive as far as possible to fit them for positions that will suit their capability; that being fitted for them such positions will be ready for the taking, but after infinite pains and endeavours they become so much waste material on their hands, and then fall into the mistake of thinking that having received one sort of an education their sons can take up another mode of life at a moment's notice, and that muscles and sinews not called into use until full-grown manhood can be used to their original capability. J. M. LOES.

LYRICS OF FREEDOM, LOVE, AND DEATH.*

It is refreshing, in this verse-making age, to turn from the trivial inanities and languid affections of the "songs without sense" that abound in our modern magazines, to a volume of genuine poetry like this—a volume which we may be proud to welcome as a "noble contribution to Canadian literature." Here we find, not pretty conceits dressed in archaic phraseology, or long-drawn-out descriptions lighted up with a faint twilight of human interest, but an ardent, passionate young soul, singing out the music that was in it because it was there and he could not help singing it even if there had been none to listen. These poems were not written "for the press." Indeed, the author published but little during his life, and that little was placed, with a noble carelessness, where it could bring small reward—either in fame or gold. In the corner of a college journal, or a local newspaper, poems infinitely superior to at least half of our current magazine poetry first saw the light. But few of the poems in this volume, however, have appeared in print before. His own reason for being in no haste to court public recognition he gives in one of the shorter lyrics:

You ask me why I write, yet print not? I
Have heard there lived far back in the past ages
A mighty sage, amid the mighty sages
Of earth, and one whose name may never die,
Who thus was questioned, and did thus reply:

"I cannot practise that I preach, and so
I must not preach the thing I cannot do;
But it is meet for self to take a view
Of inner and of outward things, although
These thoughts or things be neither nice nor new."

And when these musings into verse will flow
I hold it right to keep them to myself,
Nor lumber up my neighbour's groaning shelf.

It has been happily already said of this volume by a friend-critic, who knew his subjects well, that to it are specially applicable the words of Walt Whitman:

Comrades, this is no book;
Who touches this touches a man!

This poetry is so intensely subjective that having begun to read, one can scarcely stop till one has read to the end, becoming so interested in the poet that one almost forgets the poetry, for it is the unveiling of a heart and soul. Every poem throbs with human life, love, passion, and with those earnest questionings that beset every thoughtful mind. This poet is obviously not thinking of "art for art's sake," or of any other theory of verse-making. He has something to say that will "flow into verse," and he says it without any straining after effect, and with a directness quite compatible with the most poetic imagery and musical versification. Indeed his command of the latter is wonderful when we remember that all these poems were written before his thirtieth year, in which he died, and that many of the best were written before his *twentieth*.

The larger portion of the lyrics come under the head of "Freedom and Love." Living at the most susceptible period of his life in Boston, so linked with noble associations of liberty, his boyish pulses seemed to throb with intense sympathy with every struggling nationality, fighting for its rights and liberties. This made him what he calls himself in the "proem,"

I am of that forlorn hope
That is the only hope of man—
From corner-stone to curve and cope—
I am a cosmopolitan,

in that true sense so well expressed, once for all, in the words, "*Humanum sum et nihil humani alienum a me puto.*" Gallant, bleeding Cuba is one of the first subjects of his Muse, and several of the poems on this theme were written between his fourteenth and nineteenth years. Let this serve as a specimen of the passionate enthusiasm of the boy, who feels how little words can do, yet gives them, having nothing more:

What can I give but words--no more;
Not now, to day; yet words being wed
With Truth that quickens even the dead
Have shaken thrones and things before—
Have moulded men who moulded lead.

* By the late George Frederick Cameron. Edited by his brother, Charles J. Cameron. Kingston: Lewis Shannon.

From the poems on France we must quote a few lines from two, written at nineteen, worthy of any mature poet:—

The memory of what has been,—
 Be that your warning light,
 To keep the civil scabbard clean,
 The civil sabre bright,
 And bear in mind, no mutual good,
 Can come of fostering mutual feud.
 Ye need not fear the invader's arm,—
 His strength is but a boast;
 But fear what most can work you harm,
Ay, fear yourselves the most!
 The flesh-wound may, 'tis true, annoy,
 The inward canker will destroy.

And this from another, musical as Swinburne or Poe:—

Oh! shall it be sadness or laughter,
 Oh! shall it be gladness or tears,
 Shall come to the Beautiful, after
 The lapse of the fluctuant years?
 After the flight of the flying,
 After the death of the dying,
 The swift-flying, swift-dying days?
 Say, shall it be singing or sighing?
 Say, shall it be censure or praise?

This poet has a strong individuality of his own, we need scarcely add, yet in the poems we occasionally catch lines that remind us of older voices, of the musical spontaneous sweetness of the love-lyrics of Burns or Moore, of Byron's melodious strength, of the Laureate's fine grace of expression, though, perhaps, were we to seek a prototype for him, we should be most inclined to call him our Canadian Shelley. From the love-lyrics, we have only space for the following stanzas, from *Ysolte*, a poem somewhat resembling in character Tennyson's *Maud*, though we have reason to believe that the resemblance was accidental and unconscious:—

Oh I do weep to see men creep
 Through mire and dirt and deadly shame,
 To drag the gold from its wan-sleep,
 Or to snatch a kiss from fame.
 Can place or power avail to keep
 Star-clear a tarnished name?
 Well what of this? But this no more,
 For dunces we need not rake the schools,
 For the most of men—'twas said before—
 Are arrant fools—are arrant fools.

Light, light, light!
 The morning is breaking at last;
 The darkness is dead, and the night—
 The desolate night—is past.
 Earth, earth, earth
 Swings round to a heart-prompted tune,
 The day is delivered of mirth,
 December is genial as June.

There is a stranger in the place,
 A stranger who no doubt looks down,
 Scorn on his lips and ashy face,
 Upon the God-made country clown,
 And he is stopping there in town,
 And he has seen the one I love;
 And he will love her—that I know—
 A voice within me tells me so;
 But sooth, I swear by the stars above
 By the tides at my feet that ebb and flow,
 Whatever may come, whatever may go,
 He shall not harm my harmless dove.

As an excellent example of the qualities more especially characterizing his own individual genius, we would mention the tender and charming poem, *The Defeat of Love*, which, however, should be read as a whole, and not spoiled by quotation. *Lurline* is another strong and characteristic little lyric, and *The Beacon Hill Coquette* is a dainty and witty *jeu d'esprit*. A poem to his sister Louise, written when he was about nineteen, is one of the most beautiful in the book. *The Way of the World* tells, in a semi-cynical way, the story of too many a bard, "dowered with the love of love, the hate of hate," yet without the will power to follow where he aspires to lead. We should like to quote from it—from *Quid Refert*, and from many another, but we must give the first lines of those on Shelley:

Dust unto dust? No! spirit unto spirit
 For the beloved; for thou wert all fire,
 All luminous flame, all passionate desire.

And on Milton:

A name *not casting shadow* anyways,
 But gilt and girt about with light divine.

And a CANADIAN reviewer, at any rate, cannot pass by the poem entitled *Our Boys*, in honour of those who served in the North-West Rebellion:

We thought them and called them and held them 'Our boys'—they are men;
 They have stood at the lip of the cannon and felt its hot breath:
 They have heard of the hiss of the ball, and again and again,
 They have looked in the face of death.
 We sent them away to the battle with many a sigh,
 With many a tremor of heart and with many a tear;
 And now that the day is their own, let each shadow go by,
 And welcome them home with a cheer!
 So welcome them back to their mothers and sweethearts and wives,
 And remember forever and ever, whatever befall,
 That in perilous moments they gallantly perilled their lives,
 And honour them each one and all!

Some poems of faith and hope, in the latter part of the book, pleasantly relieve an earlier tendency to pessimism—perhaps inseparable from the peculiar idiosyncrasy, and the sensitive poetic, which he calls—

A gift more perilous than the painter's—he,
 In his divinity moments, only sees
 The inhumanities of colour—we,
Feel each and all the inhumanities.

We would especially mention the beautiful Easter Hymn, and *An Answer*, containing the following noble lines:

I have a faith—that life and death are *one*,
 That each depends upon the self-same thread,
 And the seen and unseen rivers run
 To one calm sea, from one clear fountain head.

I have a faith—that man's most potent mind
 May cross the willow shaded stream nor sink,
 I have a faith—when he has left behind
 His earthly vesture on the river's brink,

When all his little fears are torn away,
 His soul may beat a pathway through the tide,
 And disencumbered of the coward clay,
 Emerge immortal on the sunnier side.

But space limits are pressing, and we must refrain from the temptation to quote any more, except only the following closing lines from a poem written in the last month of his life, addressed to the *Poets of the Future*:—

We of the morning but behold
 The dawn afar; thine eye shall see
 The full and perfect day unfold,
 The full and perfect day to be,
 When justice shall return as lovely as of old!

We only ask it as our share,
 That when your day star rises clear,
 A perfect splendour in the air,
 A glory ever far and near,
 Ye write such words—as *these of those that were*.

This book is most daintily and tastefully printed, at a remarkably low price for what is really an *édition de luxe*, containing some 300 pages. It is published and edited by the poet's only brother, who has performed his task with a loving care, which leaves little to be desired. Critical readers, however, will think that that "little" would have been the omission of a very few verses—*impromptu* or purely personal,—which are somewhat out of place among so much fine and strong poetry. We must, however, except from this suggestion, the charming little *impromptu* to *The May-flower*, of Nova Scotia.

We are told, in the preface, that there is material enough for other volumes should the sale of this be encouraging. It should be so if there is any real love of a native literature among us. For it is no disparagement to other true Canadian singers—whom we would not undervalue—to say that if Canada owns another volume of *Lyrics* to match this one in poetic fire, musical rhythm, and grace of diction, then, for so young a country, she is by no means poor in a native poetry.

FIDELIS.

NATIVE LITERATURE AND THE SCOFFING SPIRIT.

THE difficulty in some quarters seems well-nigh insurmountable of getting our people to see that Canada has a history and something more than the mere beginnings of a literature. It is not affirmed, of course, that the one is of phenomenal extent or interest, or that the other is of transcendent merit and importance. But it is claimed, at least, that both exist. It would be strange indeed if, while Canada has grown to the proportions of an empire, her material development was all she could boast of, and that the only visible culture was that of her fields and farm stock. But she has more than this to show in the way of progress. Considering the comparative youth of the country, may we not to-day point with pride to our historic and literary possessions, and, despite journalistic Philistinism and individual churlishness, take leave to deal with them as respectable entities and not as spurious myths? It may be admitted that we are as yet an immature people, and, in some respects, a dependent and far from self-sufficing community. But if the Fates and a Government that will at length be true to the best interests of the country are propitious, we mean to be more than this, and some day hope to rise to a higher national status and to achieve greater things intellectually. So far, our career as a people is not to our discredit, and though we still affect to be content with the colonial status, and continue to repress the aspirations and forego the advantages of nationhood, no one in the community has reason to blush that he is either a native Canadian or an adopted son of Canada. That the status of a dependency, however expedient for the time being, is unfavourable to the development of a national literature can hardly be questioned; nor, in our own case, will it be doubted that it has signally failed to inculcate a lofty patriotism or to evoke an ardent public sentiment. If the native intellect in literature has achieved anything creditable in Canada, it has been in spite of Colonialism and the chilling influences of a nondescript and heterogeneous people, lacking in national sentiment and the ennobling characteristics of a nation.

But Canadian literature has had more than this to contend with. Besides the indifference shown to it, it has had to make its way against those who have contemned it, and when it brought forth aught of merit it had often to meet envious detraction, and sometimes the sneers of derision. The present writer will perhaps be pardoned if he points to a recent instance of this. Though the matter may be said to be personal to himself, it is nevertheless of moment to the whole literary fraternity, as well as to every intelligent man in Canada who feels an interest in the native literature. Recently a Toronto journal, which has of late, perhaps unwittingly, tended to alienate from itself intellectual sympathy, had occasion to notice a modestly written "Sketch of Canadian Literature," and to inform its readers of at least the appearance of the work. It did so by making the astoundingly foolish statement that there was no such thing as a Canadian literature, on its English side, and derisively spoke of the work as a waste

of good paper and print! Now, were this deliverance dictated by malice towards a fellow-writer and published with the motive of personal detraction, it need hardly be said that it would not be noticed. But the literary judgment is apparently not a mere bit of spleen: it is a deliberate denial, without qualification, of the existence of a native literature, and a gratuitous reflection on every Canadian who has contributed brains and culture to the writing of a book.

Under ordinary circumstances the fit answer to such invincible folly and ignorance would be silence. But silence, unfortunately, is apt to be misunderstood; and the native literature has, in indifference, sufficient to contend with, without one's allowing a gross perversion of truth to obtain unchecked currency, to its further repression and detriment. Hence the present reference to the Toronto journal's supercilious dismissal of Canadian literature and its libel on the patriotism and intelligence of its readers. Not long ago, in these columns, we had also to combat another depreciator of native letters, whose offence was the greater in publishing his untruths where the facts were not known—in the Mother land. Authors in general may laugh at the scoffing spirit, and the individual writer who ventures to put his literary wares before the public may be as philosophical as he pleases when he has to meet sharp and pungent, though not malicious and untruthful, criticism. But the cases we have referred to have not the merit of being helpful to literature; nor have they an iota of justification for being written, either on the ground of truth, or in the interest of native authors. They are simply pieces of senseless journalistic atheism, happily rare—wicked and unscrupulous denials that any literary good has come out of the Canadian Nazareth.

We have said that we are as yet a young and immature people; and it is not asserted that the Canadian mind has come prematurely into intellectual flower, or shown, in literary paths, more than the normal tendency to manifest industry and occasionally some degree of genius. To say that these qualities are not occasionally manifested in the literary product of Canada is to impugn facts and to controvert the dictum of sound literary discernment and cultivated taste. It is true that qualities less meritorious not infrequently reveal themselves in our home literature, and that it is unwise to fail either to point them out or to call them by another and undeserved name. But this is wholly another matter. We are here not arguing against the action of competent, or even stringent, criticism in dealing with the works of native authors. We are concerned only to defend Canadian literature from the attacks of supercilious ignorance, and to enter a protest against the cheap attitude of an essentially ignoble journalism which, whether from envy or from the levelling spirit of the time, has not a single good word to say for the native author or his work. Much harm, we know, may be done by overpraise; and, as a rule, only a sickly literature can come of coddling. No less pernicious is that pursuit of weak minds known by the modern phrase, "literary log-rolling," though not a little might be said in its favour in an overstocked book-market and among a people, in the main, indifferent to literature. But may not equal harm be done by the "ferocious manner" in journalism, which esteems an author as a glorified being whom it is necessary to keep on the low diet of public disfavour, to prevent him from losing his head by success? Is the native author, however, in need of rebuffs of this kind? Is there one who has adopted literature as a profession who has not often to eat the bread of humiliation, and whose powers of mind are not largely dissipated by sordid care? Is it not true, moreover, that there are many easier paths to distinction than Canada offers to her literary men? Why then—save that they love their country and their art, not wisely but too well—should they work on in the face of almost uniform neglect and within hearing of the frequent gibe of the scoffer? Only that a day must soon dawn, if the hour is not yet, when it will be felt that something is wanting in the life of our young nation which material energy alone must fail to supply. Unless there is a greater sympathy with literary aims, it is to be feared, however, that this something will long be lacking, and that the day will remain distant when Canada intellectually shall rise to her fit place among the nations.

But happily there are already evidences of a recoil from such methods of greeting native literature as we have of late seen specimens of in some notable quarters in the press. Philistinism of this kind, it is almost trite to say, never pays; and the public are too honest in the mass to applaud, or even to tolerate, literary or other injustice. In time even journalists, who ply the trade of the mocker of anything more intellectual than the daily press aspires to, will see that it is impolitic to depreciate what may be on a higher plane than its own; for to hold in light esteem that which is above it is to encourage the application of the cheapening process in due course to itself. Besides, is not the Press but a branch of literature; and if our ideals are not wholly to perish, is it not the duty, as well as the honour, of the journalist to respect and uphold his own calling?

G. MERCER ADAM.

MONTREAL LETTER.

DAY after day exposed to the curious, not to say quizzical, gaze of some fifty visitors, under a searching electric light, I imagine the quaint old faces that have haunted an upper chamber in the Natural History Society's building for two weeks past will be glad enough to return to the bosom of their families, even though these should consider musty, mysterious attics, or dim dark cellars worthy apartments for them. Indeed there seems always something uncanny and morgue-like about portrait galleries in general, and about those in particular that can't boast many inspirations of Reynolds, or Gainsborough, or Romney. However, I must confess on the whole the vulgar crowd have spared the unfortunate victims of rising limners in a most laudable fashion. Stained-glass attitudes, facial

expression, and colouring only cisatlantic artists could imagine, and such, of the last century, have been overlooked with a delicacy of feeling one might desire for Parisians when they take a peep at their most popular gallery—the Morgue.

Judging from the neat little notice that follows each name in the Catalogue, I feel as if justice could scarcely be done these Canadians in twenty letters; but after all we must not ignore the thousand grateful sentiments that will inevitably fill the heart of a hitherto obscure individual, when he awakes to find himself famous through the possession of that most enviable of objects a great-grandfather.

The Honourable Joseph Legaré, may, I think, be ranked next to the Vicomte de Léry in point of personal charms. He was a much esteemed painter, though apart from his own portrait, which if I remember rightly he painted himself, little or nothing of his appears in the collection. However this can scarcely count against him. Zacharée Thelariolin, Chief of the Huron Indians, and what is more "an artist entirely through the force of natural talent," evidently shared Cromwell's scruples with regard to portraiture, for he has not hesitated to send down to posterity a face puckered up with as many wrinkles as the classic robes of Sir Frederick Leighton.

Fair "femininity" will certainly denounce the lack of gallantry that places a notice of the flimsier portion of humanity last. Believe me, I have reserved any word about these more or less bewitching creatures as *une bonne bouche*. With all due respect to Mr. Henry Blackburn, who lately sang to us our grandmothers' praises, we must beg to differ from him in his admiration for the hideous, not to say anything else, Directoire dress, and there are not a few dames that this gown disfigures. Fortunately when Theresa Charlotta, daughter of the Emperor of Germany, was painted in Canada in 1794, the outlandish fashion had not yet come to light. So the pretty Princess sits with her shapely figure, and mountains of powdered hair, quite charming in her way. Among the curios are two flags she gave to the Twenty-first Regiment of Militia.

There is a certain meek-faced, cherry-mouthed creature who would hardly attract our attention were it not for the fact that her dress is finished with *real lace*. A curious, a very curious "effect," doubtless imagined by that class of individuals who would fain have Apollo appear in great coat, and the Venus of Milo in a morning wrapper.

One or two reverend ladies deign to grace the walls. One in particular deserves an honourable mention for her expression of superhuman patience as she vainly strives to write in the over-exhilarating presence of two questioning, chubby-faced cherubs.

Perhaps the most interesting objects the glass cases contain are some charming miniatures, swords and firearms of '37, silver plate, and several wonderful pieces of old lace belonging to the de Lotbinières. Among the first the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hallowell certainly surpass anything of the kind in the exhibition. A silver cup destined by John Jacob Astor for one Alexander Mackay is famous through Washington Irving's "Astoria."

In an inner room we find the curious genealogical tree of the Damours family, a truly elaborate affair, and quite worthy to compare with the "tree" I came across in an old English cathedral. This one attempted to trace some distinguished individual's descent back to Adam. The Damours table is less ambitious with a result consequently more flattering.

And now rest in peace, dear old people, shall any of us be worthy to "hang" beside you in 1888?

ONE word about the Philharmonic Concert. This society's performances afford an excellent opportunity of ascertaining how much or how little musical talent exists in the city. There is still a great deal left for us to do. Prof. Couture, a clever conductor, works hard and conscientiously, but he is not orchestra, and pianist, and singer, and of these three indispensable factors in a good concert we are sorely in need. Amateurs, though they may mean well, prove utter failures on the stage. Of all abused arts music is the most so, and singing that branch of it least understood. I would speak longer about this, but space forbids.

GADE'S *Christmas Eve* was given for the first time in Montreal. It is a pleasing cantata, but not very impressive. The beauty of Barnby's *Rebekah* was much enhanced by Miss Landes' charming voice. She is, of course, an exotic flower. Mr. Jehin-Prume's delicious rendering of Mendelssohn's concerto quite entranced us. He is a bright star that has wandered by mistake into our firmament. We must beware not to lose him.

Montreal.

LOUIS LLOYD.

NATURE.

NATURE is like a sister to my eyes,
A maiden playful, petulant and shy.
Deep in her face sweet meanings I espy
Which now she fain would hide, as the far skies
Hide their blue souls by some thin cloud that flies,
Rendering concealment lovelier. I sigh
When gazing on her charms, so quietly
Expressed, and learn her soul by its fair guise.

Sometimes, with folded hands upon her breast,
Alone, apart, like some sweet nun, I hear
Her pray. Sometimes she sings to me, and fear
And joy alternate rob my mind of rest.
Her dullest ways are full of winsomeness:
Her saddest moods are rich with hopes that bless.

—Spectator.

HORACE—BOOK IV., ODE 4.

[THIS noble Ode, if composed, as some suppose, at the instance of Augustus, manifests nothing of the feebleness which so often characterizes poems written to order. Cæsar is only mentioned in it as the father of Drusus by adoption. Drusus and Tiberius were sons of Livia and Claudius Nero, and step-sons of Augustus, who educated them, and declared them heirs to the throne. When the Vindelici, a powerful German tribe, were overthrown by Drusus (B.C. 15), he was only twenty-three years of age. Hence, in the two fine similes with which this poem commences, he is compared to the young eagle and the lion cub, *jam lacte depulsum* and the Barbarian troops are described as *catervæ consiliis juvenis revictæ*. In lines full of beauty and philosophic thought, Horace traces back the high qualities of Drusus to those of his ancestors who, nearly two hundred years before, had delivered Italy from the Punic invasion by the defeat and death of Hasdrubal on the Metaurus, as he led a large army to the relief of his brother Hannibal. After describing the restoration of religion and social order subsequent to that victory, he records the despairing speech of Hannibal to his soldiers when about to retreat from Italy for the defence of Carthage. There is a stronger dramatic element in Horace than perhaps in any other lyric poet. He saw the dramatic propriety of making Hannibal extenuate his own defeat by extolling the invincible prowess of the Romans. Horace, poet and courtier, was guided by a true instinct in the composition of the great Carthaginian's speech. He preserved the dramatic unity of the poem, and gratified the Roman people by putting the eulogy of Roman valour into the mouth of the first soldier of the age and the most successful enemy of Rome. Four lines which occur in the fifth and sixth quatrains of the original are omitted from this translation. Franke and other able commentators believe them to be an interpolation. Others—as the late Lord Lytton—think that they were indeed written by Horace, but that they are a light and satirical allusion to some ephemeral absurdity the memory of which has not survived. However this may be, they are inconsistent with the stately grandeur of the Ode, and are unintelligible to the modern reader.]

QUALEM MINISTRUM.

I.

LIKE the fierce bird, with thunder-laden wing,
That bore to Jove his gold-haired Ganymed,
And from the Monarch dread
Of gods and men obtained supreme dominion
O'er all that fly;—lured by the breath of Spring.
A fledgeling first, he spreads his fluttering pinion;
Soon, fired by youth, impelled by inborn might,
Through cloudless skies he wings his daring flight;
He soars, he swoops, and on the fold descends;
Or, hungry for the fight,
With sanguine beak the writhing dragon rends:—

II.

Or, as the Lion, from his tawny dam
Late weaned, on some glad mead describes
The roe-deer, or the unsuspecting lamb
Contented grazing;—on, with flashing eyes,
And fangs new-fleshed, he bounds;—the victim dies:

III.

So Drusus swooping from the Rhetian snows
Smote the Vindelici; nor helm, nor sword,
Nor Amazonian battleaxe could ward
From Roman vengeance Rome's barbaric foes;
Victors in every field till now
Suppliant before a Roman youth they bow.
They know at last what hearts undaunted, fed
Beneath the roof of an auspicious home,
What Nero's sons, by Cæsar bred
With all a father's love, can do for Rome.

IV.

The strong and good beget the brave and true;
Deep in the cavern of the infant's breast
The father's nature lurks, and lives anew:
The steer, the generous steed, inherit
Parental beauty, strength, unconquered spirit:
The stock-dove springs not from the Eagle's nest.

V.

But inborn virtue still requires
Culture to shape what Nature's self inspires;
Leave it unformed, unaided, guilt and shame
Shall stain the noblest heart, the most illustrious name.

VI.

How deep the debt your fathers owed,
O Rome! to Nero's race, to Nero's blood!
Witness Metaurus' purple flood;
Witness that day when through the clouds of night
Refulgent burst, a living light,
That glorious Sun which smiled to see
A grateful Nation's jubilee,—
For Hasdrubal lies low, and Rome again is free!

VII.

Through the fair fields of Italy once more
The people grew: the voice of toil was heard:
And where the Punic conqueror
So long o'er smoking plains his war-horse spurred,
Fierce as the flame that wraps the forest tress,
Or storms careering o'er Sicilian seas,
Once more the Nation's heart awakened stirred,
And in the desecrated fane
Adoring Rome beheld her banished Gods again.

VIII.

Then spake perfidious Hannibal,—
"Unwarlike deer, the wolf's predestined food,
We seek a foe 'twere triumph to elude,
That race heroic which of yore
Their Gods, their babes, their aged fathers bore
From Iliion's burning wall
Through Tuscan billows to Ausonia's shore:
So the broad oak that spreads its dusky shade
On Algidus, shorn by the woodman's knife,
Wounded and lopped, bourgeois again to life,
And draws, refreshed, new vigour from the blade.

IX.

Great Nation, fierce as Hydra when she sprung
Severed yet scathless, full on Hercules!
Great Roman people strong
As Colchian monsters, Theban prodigies!
Plunge them 'neath ocean's lowest depths,—they rise
More bright, more glorious: fell them to the Earth,—
They start to life, the vanquished victor dies;
And Roman dames for aye blazon their husbands' worth.

X.

Tidings of victory
I send no more. I send a wailing cry:—
Our Punic name, our hope, our fortune, all
Have died with Hasdrubal."

XI.

Valiant and wise, 'neath Jove's benignant care,
What man can do the Claudian race shall dare;
They, too, with counsel sage shall staunch the wounds of war.

—Stephen E. de Vere, in the Spectator.

THE TIME IT TAKES TO THINK.

WE can determine the interval between the production of some external change which excites mental processes and a movement made after these processes have taken place. Thus, if people join hands in a circle, and one of them, A, presses the hand of his neighbour, B, and he as soon as possible afterward the hand of C, and so on round and round, the second pressure will be felt by each of the persons at an interval after the first, the time depending on the number of people in the circle. After the hand of one of the persons has been pressed an interval, very nearly constant in length, passes before he can press the hand of his neighbour. This interval, which we may call the reaction time, is made up of a number of factors. A period elapses before the pressure is changed into a nervous message or impulse. This time is very short in the case of touch; but light working on the retina seems to effect chemical changes in it, and these take up some little time, probably about 1-50 second. After a nervous impulse has been generated it moves along the nerve and spinal cord to the brain, not traveling with immense rapidity like light, but at the rate of an express train. In the brain it must move on to a centre having to do with sensation, where changes are brought about through which a further impulse is sent on to a centre having to do with motion, and a motor impulse having been prepared there is sent down to the hand. Another pause, 1-200 to 1-100 second, now occurs, while the muscle is being excited, after which the fingers are contracted and the reaction is complete. The entire time required is usually from 1-10 to 1-5 second. The reaction varies in length with different individuals and for the several senses, but as long as the conditions remain the same the times are very constant, only varying a few thousandths of a second from each other. One may wonder how it is possible to measure such short times and with such great accuracy. It would not be easy if we had not the aid of electricity, but when it is called to mind that a movement made in London is almost instantaneously registered in Edinburgh it will not seem inconceivable that we can record to the thousandth of a second the instant a sense stimulus is produced and the instant a movement is made. The time passing between these two events can be measured by letting a tuning fork write on a revolving drum. The tuning fork can be regulated to vibrate with great exactness, say 500 times a second; it writes a wavy line on the drum, each undulation long enough to be divided into 20 equal parts, and thus time can be measured to the ten-thousandth of a second.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

The Week.

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THE results of the recent municipal elections in the city should not be the occasion of any serious regrets. The return of Mr. Clarke as Mayor was almost inevitable from the peculiarly strong backing he had. Mr. Rogers, the shrewdest observers considered, would not carry the vote that supported Mr. Howland, and Mr. Defoe, with many strong claims for the position, had none or few of those influences operating in his interest that usually ensure success in a popular election. There was no such marked disparity between the candidates in character or policy as to make the election of any one of them a possible calamity or a very great triumph. The new council will be, perhaps, an improvement on the last one. Some new and promising members have been elected, and some who formerly had seats in the chamber have again been returned. Altogether the citizens have good cause to hope for continued improvement in the management of their civic affairs.

THE Railway Commission will have rendered one good service to the country if it pays due heed to the abuses arising out of the present system of granting railway charters and secures their removal. The facts pointed out by Mr. Hickson, in his examination before the commission the other day, are too serious to be lightly set aside. The traffic in charters has for years been glaring and disgraceful. There is no doubt whatever that, as Mr. Hickson says, the granting of charters to speculators who have no means and no intention of themselves building the road, and who merely want to forestall others and get the charters so as to have something to sell, has tended to damage and delay legitimate projects. Large sections of country have through this cause suffered for years from lack of railway accommodation. The trade in railway charters, if this system is kept up, is sure to become—many will say it has already become—in the hands of a corrupt government a potent means of purchasing supporters. That such charters should be given by favouritism, or for speculative purposes is intolerable. Whether the English practice, which Mr. Hickson commends, of having all applications for acts of incorporation for railway purposes, referred to some Government Department for examination would be the best means of remedying the evil may be doubtful. Canadian Government Departments are not, unfortunately, like British Government Departments, above suspicion. But some remedy should be found, and to devise the best one would be a work worthy of a Railway Commission.

A SIGNIFICANT feature of the times is the increasing influence which the organized clubs of merchants and other business men are exerting in public affairs. Two very important gatherings, in the guise of banquets, have been held by such bodies within the last few days. That of the Merchants' Club of Boston was important mainly by reason of the quasi-international character given to it by the presence of invited guests from the different Canadian provinces. The speeches were mainly in favour of Commercial Union. Those of some of the Canadian speakers, notably Messrs. Longley and Mitchell, were frank almost to bluntness. If our American neighbours are not impressed with the conviction that some form of commercial reciprocity is a *sine qua non* for Canada, it will not certainly be the fault of those gentlemen. The banquet in honour of Mr. Chamberlain, given by the Toronto Board of Trade, was especially noteworthy, in that it gave that distinguished plenipotentiary an opportunity to express his views on Canadian affairs, so far as that could be done with due regard to courtesy and diplomatic reticence. His speech was necessarily general in character, and was made under some difficulty, consequent upon his obligations to silence so far as matters within the purview of the International Commission are concerned. It nevertheless well sustained the high reputation which Mr. Chamberlain has earned as a clear thinker and a vigorous and incisive debater. Nor was it devoid in some parts of touches of chastened eloquence. This was especially true of those passages in which the speaker dwelt with enthusiasm upon the community of history, literature, institutions, and blood which bind in one the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. But in regard to the project of Commercial Union, with its inevitable and unfilial discrimination against the Mother Country, the undertone of the speech gave no uncertain sound. It is

clearly Mr. Chamberlain's settled conviction, as a representative of the British Government, that if the question should ever become one of practical politics in Canada a choice would be clearly presented between such union and the continuance of the connection with Great Britain.

THE London *Times* is of opinion that the progress of the Canadian North-West, as shown by statistics of immigration, is reasonably satisfactory. Very few Canadians will agree with that view. Even were we to accept the official figures without reserve, the rate of settlement exhibited falls far below the sanguine anticipations excited in the days of rapid railway construction and accompanying land "booms." Not only so but it also falls far below what dwellers in this western world are accustomed to see as demonstrated facts whenever they turn their eyes to the border territories of the American Union, which possess on the whole no natural superiority to our own. When the Government returns are still further reduced by subtracting the unknown, but undeniably considerable number of North-West immigrants who have disappeared across the border, there is still more obvious reason for dissatisfaction. Some of the causes for this comparatively slow influx of settlers into Manitoba and the North-West Territories are patent to observation. They are also, it may be hoped, transient in character. The Half-breed Rebellion, the dread, unnecessary though it may be, that a similar outbreak may not occur again, and the dissatisfaction caused by railway monopoly have been obvious deterrents to immigration. Of these two have passed and the last is passing away. Again it cannot be denied that the history, power, and prestige of the United States give them an immense advantage in the competition. The great Republic is, naturally enough, vastly better known throughout Europe, and, it is to be regretted, throughout Great Britain than Canada can hope to be for years to come. Added to this is the well-known fact that to large numbers of the emigrating classes, dissatisfied with their condition under the pressure of European Monarchism, more or less despotic, and knowing little of the nature of Canadian self-government, the name of Republic is much more attractive than that of Colony. For all these reasons Canadians must perhaps be content to see the United States, with the further advantage given by their greater variety of climate, productions, and industries, absorb the lion's share of immigration for some time to come.

NONE the less, rather by so much the more, it becomes the duty of Canadians to see to it that every legitimate inducement is held out to immigrants of the right class, and every removable obstacle speedily taken out of the way. One such obstacle, of a very formidable kind, is presented by the system of reservations which operates to withhold from settlement so large a portion of the most desirable lands in the North West. The evils resulting from this system are patent to every observer who has lived in or passed over the prairies. The *Winnipeg Call* has recently rendered good service by calling attention to this matter in a series of effective articles. It points out that "a settler on an even section is surrounded by four odd-numbered ones which are practically withheld from settlement. If he happens to be in a fairly settled district these sections will most likely be included in a grant to a railway company, and will be held for sale at a price which few people will care to give. If they remain in the hands of the Government they are probably a considerable distance from railway communication and, therefore, in a locality where close settlement is all the more desirable. These lands, in the latter case, may be either reserved from disposition entirely, in order to enable railway companies to complete the selection of their grants, or they may be for sale at \$2.50 or \$2 per acre. In any case they are locked up, for, in the first event, no one could get them even if he would, and, in the second, no one would care to pay that price for them, as any immigrant having sufficient means to buy land would sooner pay a trifle higher rate, and obtain an improved farm in a well settled locality." This state of things is a serious evil, and until it is corrected it will be useless to hope for that rapid filling up of those fertile regions with an industrious population which might confidently be expected under a more satisfactory land grant system. It was a wise foresight in Mr. Mackenzie's Pacific Railway Scheme that the control of the price and disposal of all lands was to be retained by the Government. That scheme may have been then impracticable, but some means of accomplishing substantially the same result must now be found, and that soon, if the great North-West is to become the source of wealth and strength to the Dominion that nature seems to have designed, and statesmen hoped it would become. It is too bad that in addition to all the hardships and privations of pioneer life the terrors of prairie isolation should be made fourfold greater than necessary by Government regulations.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Regina Leader* lays before the readers of that paper an interesting sketch of the history of the Indian tribes of the North-West and the dealings of the Canadian Government with them. The sketch claims to be authentic, and without political bias. It would be well if all intelligent Canadians would study Indian history, ponder over it, and ask themselves the question whether the methods that have been and still are in vogue are the wisest, best, and most befitting an enlightened and Christian people. The question is not now whether the immense outlay has been greater than necessary, whether the percentage of the money which directly benefits the Indian is unreasonably small, and the intermediate machinery needlessly expensive, or whether common honesty and faith have been observed in the transactions of the agents employed, though all these are moot and important questions. But is the system itself the right one? It is obviously adapted to hold the Indian tribes together, at public expense, in their primitive barbarism, until such time as they shall have been civilized and Christianized through the slow operation of a few agents, teachers, and missionaries—individuals against hosts—or until filth, changed habits, and the vices of civilization shall have done their work, and solved the problem by exterminating the Indian. Is there not a more excellent way? Is not the case one for the application of the maxim, "Divide and govern"? Would not the process of civilization be greatly hastened by dealing with the aborigines as individuals and families, encouraging each as soon as possible to undertake the duties and enjoy the rights of citizenship, and to reap the rewards of industry? Above all, should not a system of compulsory education of both brain and hand be devised and applied at the earliest possible moment to every Indian boy and girl? The work would be great and difficult, but is it not worth doing? The experiment of breaking up the reservations, and giving lands in severalty, which is now being tried in the United States, has much to commend it from every point of view. Canada should at least watch its operation, and be ready to adopt the plan the moment its success is assured.

MUCH, but by no means too much, has of late been said in various organs of public opinion, in regard to the necessity for more positive moral training in the schools. Those who are accustomed to listen to or read the testimony given under oath from time to time in our various courts of justice, especially in election and Scott Act cases, will have no difficulty in pointing out one very practical direction which such moral training might take. There is evidently great need on the part of many for better instruction in respect to the nature of truth and the obligations of an oath. The witness is, of course, sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." It is painful to observe the transparent efforts and subterfuges to which witnesses too often are found resorting in order to avoid fulfilling these pledges, especially that of the second clause. Extraordinary lapses of memory, petty and pitiful evasions, and too often, it is to be feared, downright perversions are resorted to, in order to incriminate, or to avoid incriminating, as the case may be, the defendant. For positive perjury the courts have a remedy which may serve to supply in a measure the lack of honour and conscience. But for evasions, omissions, and exaggerations the law has no penalty. The contradictions, too, of bystanders and even of eye-witnesses, in regard to simple matters of fact, are often startling. Witness the testimony given at a recent inquiry into the circumstances of the shooting of a bar-tender by a Scott Act detective. It is almost or quite impossible to excuse such glaring discrepancies on any principle that will save the veracity of the witnesses. It is but reasonable and charitable to suppose that much of this prevarication is the result, in some cases of downright ignorance, in others of want of moral reflection. The seeds of the evil are sown in early life. How many a lad in the family or the school, will squirm and twist, conceal and evade, in every possible way, and lay the flattering unction to his conscience that he is innocent of untruth. It ought not to be difficult to impress it upon the mind of every boy and girl, of ordinary uprightness, that the essence of falsehood is the intention to deceive, and that in giving testimony, sworn or unsworn, pretended forgetfulness or purposed omission is as truly falsehood or perjury as the plainest statement of positive untruth.

THE question raised by the discussion between Hon. William McDougall and Chief Justice Gray, of British Columbia, and others on both sides, as to whether the original resolutions passed by the Quebec Conference in 1864 provided that the constituencies of the House of Commons should be fixed and adjusted by the Provincial Legislatures, or by the Dominion Parliament, is an interesting one, politically as well as historically. It involves principles of the first importance to the character and stability of the Confederation. We cannot attempt to decide between the conflicting recollections of the two gentlemen, either of whom should be an authority on the subject. We must confess, however, that inherent probability seems to be on the side of the historian. The Quebec Confer-

ence was a gathering of representatives of the original provinces. Each of these provinces had long been substantially self-governing, and each consented with a good deal of reluctance to yield a certain portion of its autonomy, for the sake of the larger advantages held up to view. The disposition was natural and strong on the part of each to give up only so much of the rights theretofore exercised as could be shown to be absolutely necessary to the existence of the Confederation. Mr. Gray, moreover, writing shortly after the event, when memory was fresh, with the means of verification at hand, and under a due sense, we must suppose, of the responsibilities of historical authorship, would not be likely to perpetrate a gross and careless blunder on so important a point. As a Conservative of pronounced opinions, his leanings would be rather in the opposite direction, rendering a mistake of the kind still more unlikely.

THE foregoing view must, however, be offset by the fact that at the time the leaders on both sides were strongly impressed by the lessons supposed to be taught by the great Rebellion in the United States. This Rebellion they were disposed, whether rightly or wrongly does not now matter, to attribute to the weakness of the Central Authority, under the American Constitution, and the opportunity thereby afforded of pushing to a disintegrating extreme the doctrine of State Sovereignty. If we are not mistaken Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Hon. George Brown were no less emphatic than Sir John A. Macdonald himself in declaring that the Dominion Parliament and Executive must be so strengthened that no room should be left for any future conflict on a question of provincial rights. To this feeling was due, amongst other provisions of the Act of Union, that power of absolute veto, the exercise of which has since created so much dissension. In dealing with this point Mr. Gray, in his History, draws, at some length, a rather fanciful distinction, in which the Liberals of to-day will be rather slow to concur. The American Union, he tells us in substance, was the outcome of the voluntary federation of a number of free and sovereign states; hence the rights and prerogatives of the Central Government could be only such as the Confederating Sovereignities might choose to surrender and confer. The reservoir could not rise above the level of its sources. "The fountain of concession," as Mr. Gray phrases it, flowed from the individual States to the Central Government. But in the case of the Confederation, he argues, the principle of union was exactly the opposite. The confederating provinces were mere colonies. Their rights and powers were not original, but derived from the Home Government; hence in order to reorganization these rights and powers were first resumed by Great Britain and then re-conferred in the British North America Act. The "fountain of concession" in this case flowed downward from the Queen, the centre and source of power, to the Dominion, and through it to the individual provinces. The theory is perhaps rather curious than sound, but it shows pretty clearly on which side were the sympathies of the historian of Confederation.

IF anything can open the eyes of the American people to the folly of their commercial Chinese wall, that effect must follow, one would think, the spread of the new monopoly device, called the "Trust." One of the latest of these combinations reported is The Distillers' and Cattle Feeders' Trust of the United States. The plan as described by an exchange is "to put all these establishments into the hands of one Board of Trustees by actual deed of the real estate and sale of all movable property of whatever nature. The trustees receive this property at an appraisal agreed upon beforehand, and in return for it issue their certificates entitling the holders to such an interest in the vast undertaking and such dividends as the certificates may call for. Thus the trustees obtain absolute control of the whole business, so that they can shut up distilleries or carry them on as they see proper, reducing the production of some and increasing that of others, taking charge of the goods manufactured, controlling their sale, putting them upon the market or withholding them, just as they think best."—*Ex uno disce omnes*. This is but a sample of the kind of organized and all-embracing monopoly which bids fair to become, unless checked, universal among the manufacturing industries of the Republic. The invention is too clever to fail. The probability is that it will soon supersede all the clumsier devices already in vogue in highly protected countries. In the presence of such combinations old politico-economical theories vanish in thin air. Competition becomes powerless to keep down prices, which will no longer depend upon the cost of production and distribution, but upon the naturally elastic consciences of the members of the "Trust," who will when the organization is complete, have nothing else, save perhaps a wholesome fear of driving the long-suffering people into open revolt, to guide them in their periodical vote as to how rapidly they shall enrich themselves. The revolt will surely come sooner or later, whether as a gradual or a swift breaking down of tariff barriers, and a resumption of the natural and inalienable right to buy and sell in the best markets.

WINTER.

THE long days came and went ; the riotous bees
Tore the warm grapes in many a dusty vine,
And men grew faint and thin with too much ease,
And Winter gave no sign :
But all the while beyond the northmost woods
He sat and smiled and watched his spirits play
In elfish dance and eery roundelay,
Tripping in many moods
With snowy curve and fairy crystal shine.

But now the time is come : with southward speed
The elfin spirits pass : a secret sting
Hath fallen and smitten flower and fruit and weed,
And every leafy thing.
The wet woods moan : the dead leaves break and fall ;
In still night-watches wakeful men have heard
The muffled pipe of many a passing bird,
High over hut and hall,
Straining to southward with unresting wing.

And then they come with colder feet, and fret
The winds with snow, and tuck the streams to sleep
With icy sheet and gleaming coverlet,
And fill the valleys deep
With curved drifts, and a strange music raves
Among the pines sometimes in wails, and then
In whistled laughter, till affrighted men
Draw close, and into caves
And earthy holes the blind beasts curl and creep.

And so all day above the toiling heads
Of men's poor chimneys, full of impish freaks,
Tearing and twisting in tight curled shreds
The vain unnumbered reeks,
The Winter speeds his fairies forth and mocks
Poor bitten men with laughter icy cold,
Turning the brown of youth to white and old
With hoary-woven locks,
And gray men young with roses in their cheeks.

And after thaws, when liberal water swells
The bursting eaves, he biddeth drip and grow
The curly horns of ribbed icicles
In many a beard-like row.
In secret moods of mercy and soft dole,
Old warped wrecks and things of mouldering death
That summer scorns and man abandoneth
His careful hands console
With lawny robes and draperies of snow.

And when night comes, his spirits with chill feet,
Winged with white mirth and noiseless mockery,
Across men's pallid windows peer and fleet,
And smiling silvery
Draw with mute fingers on the frosted glass
Quaint fairy shapes of icèd witcheries,
Pale flowers and glinting ferns and frigid trees
And meads of mystic grass,
Graven in many an austere phantasy.

But far away the Winter dreams alone
Rustling among his snow-drifts, and resigns
Cold fondling ears to hear the cedars moan
In dusky-skirted lines
Strange answers of an ancient runic call ;
Or somewhere watches with his antique eyes,
Gray-chill with frosty-lidded reveries,
The silvery moonshine fall
In misty wedges through his girth of pines.

Poor mortals haste and hide away : creep soon
Into your icy beds : the embers die ;
And on your frosted panes the pallid moon
Is glimmering brokenly.
Mutter faint prayers that spring will come e'erwhile,
Scarring with thaws and dripping days and nights
The shining majesty of him that smites
And slays you with a smile
Upon his silvery lips of glinting mockery.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

A NEW YORK collector, says a writer in the *January Book Buyer*, recently carried off from Boston a treasure, which some art lover ought long ago to have secured, in the shape of a collection of drawings by Whistler. They have been a long time in the possession of a Boston dealer, who procured them, directly or indirectly, from a sheriff's sale in London.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

TENNYSON ON HIS OWN POEMS.

TENNYSON read "Boadicea" and "The Lincolnshire Farmer." The latter gains immensely by his giving the words their proper accent, and by the enormous sense of humour thrown into it by his voice and manner in reading it. I asked Tennyson which he preferred of the two poems, "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field." He replied "Enoch Arden," which he thought was very perfect, and a beautiful story. "Aylmer's Field" had given him more trouble than anything he ever did. At one time he had to put it aside altogether for six months ; the story was so intractable, and it was so difficult to deal with modern manners and conversation. The Indian relative was introduced solely for the sake of the dagger, which was to be the instrument of the lover's suicide.—*Remembrances of Sir Fred. Pollock, Bart.*

THE COMMERCIAL DANGERS OF THE SURPLUS.

FROM this it appears that the surplus funds of the coming year would be equal to one-twelfth of the money which the country now employs in the ordinary course of trade. . . . It is easy to appreciate the embarrassment which a moving army would suffer if one-twelfth of its waggons were burned in a night ; but this is a weak illustration of the evil which would be inflicted on commerce if one-twelfth of the units now carrying values should be locked up in the treasury vaults. In case of the army, part of the luggage would be thrown away, and the army move on ; in case of trade, likewise, part of the values would be thrown away, but the throwing away of values so that the decreased amount of money will carry the remainder means commercial disaster for many and trade depression for all. The steps in this argument are simple. Incomes from taxes over and above expenditures means a decrease in the amount of money in circulation ; decrease here means falling prices ; falling prices means, perhaps, commercial disaster, but certainly commercial depression.—*New Princeton Review.*

HOW THE BLIND "SEE."

I ALSO asked those who became blind in youth, or later, whether they were in the habit of giving imaginary faces to the persons they met after their blindness, and whether they ever saw such in their dreams. Some answered in very vague terms, but several undoubtedly make good use of this power, probably somewhat on the same basis as we imagine the appearance of eminent men of whom we have read or heard, but whose features we have never seen. When we remember how erroneous such impressions often are, we can understand how it often misleads the blind. Such imaginary faces and scenes also enter into their dreams, but to a less extent than into those of the sighted. Doctor Kitto quotes a letter from a musician who lost his sight when eighteen years old, but who retains a very strong visualizing power both in waking life and in dreams. The mention of a famous man, of a friend, or of a scene, always carries with it a visual picture, complete and vivid. Moreover, these images of his friends change as the friends grow old ; and he feels himself intellectually in no way different from the seeing.—*New Princeton Review.*

THE ERROR OF PROHIBITION.

THE fatal error of prohibition is that it is an attempt to change human nature by statute. Even if the liquor traffic were stopped it would not remove intemperance. It would merely substitute in the place of liquor some other stimulant. In China opium takes the place of liquor, and opium in China is worse than whiskey in America. The situation would be improved in China by encouraging the establishment of liquor saloons. The saloons would take the place of the opium dens, and this would be a change for the better. The occasional use of some sort of stimulant is as natural as it is for a man to become weary from too much physical exertion or faint from exhaustion. If one stimulant is not used another will be, and where there is this desire there is likely to be upon occasions in some individuals excess. Christianity teaches temperance, which may be a very different thing from total abstinence. This temperance, it says, is a fruit of the Spirit. It is a product of moral growth. To attempt to force its development by statute would be like passing laws to compel the flowers to bloom or the trees to bear fruit. The only good that the Prohibitionists accomplish is incidental. They agitate the liquor question, showing the evils of the excessive use of intoxicants. This induces men to exercise more or less self-restraint, and thus incidentally a benefit accrues to humanity. But this is not prohibition.—*Denver Republican.*

LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

THE literary activity of France for the last twelvemonth, as manifested in published works, is largely a repetition in substance of the preceding year. The dead level of cultivated mediocrity has not often been broken, and the books that have made the most sensation have been books of a day. Sensationalism, indeed, has been perhaps more pronounced than ever. The reading public of Paris, ever on the *qui vive* for novelty, demands highly-spiced mental pabulum, and this the enterprising "naturalists," led by M. Guy de Maupassant, undertake with their aspirations after "modernity" to supply. In fiction the greatest of living French novelists, Alphonse Daudet, has been silent. History has been largely an editing of memoirs and a collection of documents. In criticism a series of monographs on great French writers has called forth the most noteworthy work of the year. Scientific writers have been occupied with the phenomena of hypnotism, and with what it is now the fashion to call "physiological psycho-

logy" — the psychology of nerve cells and reflex processes. Politics and social science have received but little attention, comparatively speaking. Accounts of travel and observation have been mainly concerned with the French colonies, more particularly with Northern Africa. Of poetry there has been hardly anything worthy the name, and the best has come from versifiers of long-established fame. There has been a constantly growing interest in Russian literature, and translations and studies of Russian writers have met with an extraordinary vogue. — *London Literary World*.

AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA, instead of being a new country, is emphatically an old country. Its geology, its zoology, its flora and fauna, are not "the last result of time," but the old order which has never given place to new. . . . Europe has (in places, at least, if not altogether) been many times submerged, re-elevated, crumbled up in places with mountain chains, and all the time the greater part of the Australian continent has been undisturbed.

And so through the later geological periods, Australia has been a kind of zoological and botanical "ark," in which the animals abundant in Europe and America during the secondary epoch of geology, and the plants which were equally luxuriant there during the tertiary period (all of which, however, have been long extinct), have been preserved. This is the reason why the fauna and flora of Australia differ so essentially from those of other great regions of the earth's surface. No two planets of the solar system could present a greater botanical and zoological contrast than Australia and Europe do at the present time. And yet, in the eocene period, the conditions were so reversed that when Professor Unger had to write his celebrated essay on the tertiary fossil botany, he entitled it "New Holland in Europe." — *Our Island Continents*.

POLICE IN OLD PARIS.

SOME curious documents just found in the archives of the Paris prefecture of police throw an interesting and instructive light on the manner in which the streets of Paris were guarded during the night in the sixteenth century. To begin with, there were stringent rules to the effect that each house should only have one door and should be regularly inhabited. This being the case, it was a comparatively easy task to order that the dwellers in the different houses should in turn keep an eye on what was going on in their respective streets. They were not compelled to tramp up and down the pavement like the modern policeman; the authorities were satisfied if they looked through their windows and watched all that was going on below. If the slightest cry was raised they opened their windows and rang their bells until their neighbours followed suit. The alarm spread from street to street, and soon all the bells in Paris were ringing, the windows were lit up, and the inhabitants, armed to the teeth, sallied forth, barring the road to the malefactors, who were almost always arrested. I need hardly explain that the Paris of those days was lilliputian in comparison with what it is now; but what an uncomfortable way they had of keeping the peace in the sixteenth century! The remedy was positively worse than the disease, for it was hard that the inhabitants of one street should be awakened out of their first sleep because the dwellers in a remote avenue imagined that something wrong was going on. One would fancy that in some quarter or another some noise at least must have been made every night. The slumbers of the Parisians generally must often have been woefully curtailed, not to speak of the volunteer watchman for whom "all night sittings" were a stern reality.

AN AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

"I'm a shepherd. That's so. I've been a shepherd for nigh on twenty-four years, and I've earned good wages, too, for all I look so ragged. I remember, in the good old times, when the shepherds was the bosses. That was at the time of the big rushes to the diggings. Money was plentiful then, and we used to have some tremendous sprints. Why didn't I save my money? There was never a chance to save. First of all, when we got our wages, the cheque wasn't a right cheque: it was an order written on flimsy or soft paper, on the nearest agent of the squatter, and cashed by the nearest publican, who, of course, never handed over a cent. A man was compelled to stay there and knock his cheque down 'like a man.' Then if the order didn't happen to be drawn on a merchant close by, it was all the same. If it was drawn on somebody in Sidney, how could a poor devil get away to Sidney—perhaps a 400 or a 500 mile tramp, without a farthing in his pocket? A man was obliged to go to the publican to advance him some money, and once you took a drink (for you couldn't go away without taking a nip) it was all up with you. The liquor was hocked, and you got mad, and before you knew where you were, your cheque was spent—at least, so the landlord told you—and he bundled you out neck and crop. If he was at all a decent sort of a fellow he would give you a bottle of rum to recover from your spree, and you returned to the station in a few days penniless. I've no heart to begin to save. I was well-to-do once—had a station of my own; but what with foot-rot and scab, and not looking after my own place, I soon went to the wall, and I've been getting lower and lower till at last I became a shepherd. It is a lonely life. I never seen any one but the ration carrier once a week, and I've no books to read. I follow the sheep, and camp where they camp. I go to sleep sometimes, and lose the run of the sheep. But I've been pretty well broken into not going to sleep. I've been made to pay for lost sheep, so that for three years I hadn't a cent of wages to take. The native dogs and the blacks worry me. Many a night I watch all night to try and get a slant at the dingoes. I used to lay baits for them, but I had my best dog poisoned through taking one of the baits, so I've given it up now, and shot them when I have a chance. It used to be fine times at night when there was a hut-keeper, but nowadays a man has got to be his own

hut-keeper, and cooking, and washing and watching at night, and shepherding all day, mending hurdles and shifting them, takes up plenty of time. It's no such an idle life as people suppose. There's always something to do. The idlest part of it is following the sheep out at grass. Lambing time makes it pretty lively for every one; we see more people then, and get a bit of news. Would I recognize my sheep in a crowd? Of course I would. I know every face in the flock, and there isn't two alike. People are apt to think that a sheep is a sheep. So is a child a child, but no two children are exactly alike, and no two sheep are alike. I could swear to every one of 'em. I don't think I shall shepherd much longer. I'm getting on in years. Sixty, close on. I'm thinking of saving my wages next year if the publican will let me, and taking a bit of land. I could have a home then, and only take a job with a travelling mob sometimes, or else go to shearing at shearing time, to keep one in tucker. I'd be obliged for a bit of 'baccy. The rations ain't due till to-morrow, and I'm clean run out. Thank'ee, sir." — *Old Colonials*.

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORK.

If the aim at human improvement did not control the fiction of the day so completely as some other branches of literature, it was still the leading object of by far the greatest and most influential novelist. By no mind save Darwin's has the latter portion of the Queen's reign been so deeply impressed as by George Eliot's, and it is to the credit of the age that it should have consented to receive its choicest amusement from the same source as its best instruction. It is, indeed, George Eliot's chief defect to be overconscious of her mission. In no novelist of equal genius, perhaps, has the artistic element been so overpowered by the ethical, which must tell against her with a posterity occupied by other problems than hers. Her best monument will perhaps be not so much any particular work as that astonishing width of intellect which falsified all previous experience, and showed the folly of dogmatically prescribing bounds to the capacities of woman. One of her works, notwithstanding, must always be the guide of those who would know the provincial England of our day. "Middlemarch" is Nature herself. If merit is to be judged by perfection of execution, this depressing work sets George Eliot higher than the mingled pathos and humour of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," the dignity of "Romola," or the moral enthusiasm of "Daniel Deronda." "Silas Marner" alone, as delightful in subject as "Middlemarch" is the reverse, fully sustains comparison as a work of art. Next to "Middlemarch" the future student of Nineteenth-Century England will derive his best material from Anthony Trollope, scarcely a painter, but a matchless photographer. George Eliot exhibits the world to her reader; Trollope thrusts his reader straight into the middle of it. — *T. Humphrey Ward, in the Reign of Victoria*.

THE DEBT OF THE NEW WORLD TO THE OLD.

OUR question to-day is not what the New World owes to the old, but what the Old owes to the New. We may perhaps sum up our inquiry by saying that if the New World owes to the Old its being, the Old owes to the New the revival and expansion of its being. It owes the teaching of a whole range of new experiences, of instructive likenesses, modified by no less instructive unlikenesses. We see what is like, what is unlike, when the work done of old in one land has to be done again in another by men who come of the same stock, who find themselves in some measure under the same circumstances, but who are parted by the events and experiences of ages. No such teaching could ever have found its place within either the old civilized world of Europe or the old barbaric world of Asia. It needed the settlement of European nations in lands altogether new, if only to show what life and strength the old historic nations of Europe kept and still keep. Men said at Athens in past times that the commonwealth could be rightly guided neither by the old apart from the young, nor by the young apart from the old. The experience of the one and the energy of the other were alike needed. What is true of individual man in the particular state is true also of nations in the world at large. The old and the new alike are needed. The man of the New World must gain by looking back to the rock whence he was hewn and to the hole of the pit whence he was digged. And the man of the Old World gains no less by seeing what men of his own stock have done in new-found lands—how they have won for the common speech, the common law, the common memories a range which in physical extent the Old World could never have supplied. We of the Old World trust that the day of utter decay for the old lands of Europe is still far distant; but if it ever should come, we shall have what our forefathers in past ages had not, the wider lands of a new Europe to fall back on. — *Edward A. Freeman, in The Forum*.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent lately called on Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in his Saranac Lake cottage, and writes of him as follows: "To those curious to know what the creator of Dr. Jekyll, Alan Breck, and John Silver looks like, let me say that he is about five feet ten in height, fair and spare; he wears his light-brown hair long and loose; his broad, high forehead is illuminated by a piercing pair of eyes at a remarkable distance apart. He has the air of an artist who has been ill and is now well advanced toward recovery. In conversation he is most animated and cheery, speaking with a crisp Edinburgh accent. As we talked about one thing and another, it came out that he is a strong anti-Gladstonian. Surely, it is natural that the author of *Kidnapped* should be a sound, Scott-like Tory. Mr. Stevenson spoke of American authors. He likes Stockton's stories very much, and among Mark Twain's volumes prefers *Huckleberry Finn*. I asked him which of his own books he liked best. '*Kidnapped*,' he promptly replied."

For many of men's errors women have themselves to blame. First, their viciousness and coarseness; women being either too ignorant or too cowardly to exact from the men the same standard of virtue which men expect from them. Secondly, their tyranny; because the laws and customs of many generations have placed women far too much in the power of men, and even were it not so, their own warm affections make them slaves. Thirdly, for the selfishness which—doubtless with righteous reason—is so deeply implanted in the masculine breast that a thoroughly unselfish man is almost a *lusus nature*. And no wonder, since from his cradle his womankind have adored him. Mothers, nurses, sisters, all join the sweet flutter, the perpetual love-servitude, which makes a man think far too much of himself. Then perhaps comes a period of innocent tyranny from his sweetheart, which he soon repays by tyrannizing over his wife. . . . The relation between men and women ought to be as equal and as righteous as their love; also as clear-sighted, that by means of it each may educate and elevate the other; both looking beyond each other to that absolute right and perfect love, without which all human love must surely, soon or late, melt away in disenchantment, distaste, or even actual dislike. For love can die; there is no truth more certain and more terrible; and each human being that lives carries within himself or herself the possibility of being its murderer.—*The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," in the Forum.*

The great spread of instruction in the English language in Japan has naturally led to a growing demand for English books. Over 85,000 English books of all classes were imported last year, as against 40,000 in 1885. The import of American books, that is to say of the books printed in America, increased from 59,000 in 1885 to 119,000 in 1886. Sir E. R. Plunkett, British Consul at Tokio, remarks upon this: "An argument against a large import of educational works has hitherto existed in the fact that foreigners have no claim to the protection of the Japanese copyright, and any work that gained extensive popularity was sure to be pirated by Japanese publishers, and cheap editions of it issued that could be profitably sold at far less cost than the imported originals. This difficulty has been and can be got over by the co-operation of Japanese booksellers, and in this way not only is the benefit of copyright obtained, but the books are sold at lower prices than were formerly obtained for them by European booksellers in Japan." A large demand during the year for printing paper is traced principally to the publication of numerous translations of English works on law, political economy, history, and other educational subjects. It does not appear from the report whether there is at present any considerable demand in Japan for English literature of the lighter kinds. As, however, the next generation of educated Japanese will be almost universally able to read our language, which is now required to be taught in the public elementary schools, such a demand is sure to be forthcoming.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

EPISTLES O' AIRLIE. Toronto: Grip Publishing Company.

We are glad to see the clever Epistles of Hugh Airlie that have appeared from time to time in *Grip*, published in book form. They are illustrated by Mr. J. W. Bengough, and make a neat little volume of about one hundred pages.

THE BEST READING. Third Series. Edited by Lynds E. Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is "a priced and classified bibliography, for easy reference, of the more important English and American publications for the five years, ending December 1, 1886." The title page fully describes the book; and the slightest examination of it will show how very useful it must be to readers and book buyers.

A CHRISTMAS CHAT. A Fragmentary Dialogue on Love and Religion. By T. Arnold Haultain.

This bright dialogue between a clever, accomplished, and thoughtful young man and his parish priest, or rather the curate of the church he "ought to have attended but didn't," brought out in an inferior pamphlet form, is likely, for the present at least, to fail in attracting that attention from the press and the public that its merit warrants. Mr. Haultain is not unknown to Canadian readers. His last little work will bear perusal and re-perusal; and it is for this reason we regret he has seen fit to bring it out in so inadequate a form.

A MODERN MAGICIAN, by J. Fitzgerald Molloy. Toronto: William Bryce.

It is difficult to introduce in a modern novel a character like "Benoni," a mystic who has lived for ages, who comes and goes at the most unexpected times, who can read men's minds, materialize the ghosts of the dead and foretell the future. Such a character is sure to suggest comparisons that are not likely to be, if they can be at all, to the advantage of the later writer. Notwithstanding this obvious disadvantage under which the author of *A Modern Magician* has placed himself, the story has many elements of interest, and will doubtless find readers who, while not caring for its mysticism, will enjoy its plot and incidents. It is difficult to conceive of a woman, without previous moral taint, falling so quickly and with so little apparent struggle as Miriam Amerton.

The Christmas number of *The Theatre* came too late to be noticed last week. It comes out in a tastefully designed cover and has in addition to other illustrations, portraits of Augustine Daly, Miss Kathryn Brady, and Mr. E. F. Coward. The reading matter is seasonable and interesting.

The *Dramatic World and Sporting Record*, published by the Dramatic World Publishing Company, Toronto, has just appeared. The first number is neatly printed on pink paper, and contains some excellent matter, but it is doubtful if there is yet a future in Toronto for a journal of the kind.

The *Canadian Methodist* for January has three illustrated articles, *Scott's Marmion*, *Recent Experiences in China*, and the first in a series of *Picturesque Ireland*. Other articles make up a good number, but it is to be regretted that a larger proportion are not by Canadians or from Canadian sources.

The Century comes on time, as usual, and brings with it a real New Year feast of good things. The instalment of the Lincoln History is particularly good, and gives a very powerful impression of the perplexities and difficulties the President had to meet and surmount in the formation of his first cabinet. Mr. Kennan's Russian articles are deservedly attracting attention. In no respect is the current number of *The Century* likely to prove a disappointment to its readers.

Harper's for January has three admirably illustrated papers: Theodore Child's *Modern French Sculpture*, Dr. Van Dyke's *Adoration of the Magi*, and Archdeacon Farrar's *Share of America in Westminster Hall*. The last will be for obvious reasons, of special interest to Canadian readers. *Virginia of Virginia*, a completed story by Enélie Rives, and the opening chapters of Mr. Wm. Black's new novel, *In Far Lochaber*, afford some excellent fiction. Mr. Watterson in a thoughtful article discusses the tariff question in a way that will attract attention, and the editorial departments are as usual full, suggestive, and instructive.

The January number of the *New Princeton Review* contains, as usual, many interesting articles, among which may be mentioned *Race Theories and European Politics*, by John Rhys; *Our American Life*, by Rev. Dr. Hall; and *Men of Letters at Bourdeaux in the Sixteenth Century*, by Ruth McEnery Stuart; but perhaps *American Authors and British Pirates*, containing the lively correspondence between Mark Twain and Brander Matthews on the question of International copyright, will be read with the greatest zest. It cannot be said that either of the writers has scored a decided victory in the contest.

The *Forum* for January opens with an article by the historian A. E. Freeman on the *Debt of the Old World to the New*, which is followed by *What Shall the Public Schools Teach?* a question of as much interest to Canadians as to the people of the United States. This may be said of many other contributions such as, *Shall we call Him Master?* by Professor Lesley; *International Legal Tender*, by the Duke of Marlborough; *The Congestion of Cities*, by Edward E. Hale; *Should Churches be Free*, by Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson; and *Mr. Gladstone's Claims to Greatness*, by Dickinson S. Miller.

The *Magazine of American History* for January opens with an illustrated article on Thurlow Weed's home in New York City, which gives much curious and valuable information regarding the habits and character and home life of the great journalist and politician, of whom it is said "No other man ever occupied so unique and extraordinary a position in American affairs." An article on *Canada* by Mr. Prosper Bender, of Boston, is devoted to the discussion of Reciprocity or Commercial Union, but contains nothing new or striking on the subject. General Jackson's original report of the Battle of Tohopeka or Horseshoe, never before published, appears in this number.

MUSIC.

It must be at least twelve years since M. Massenet's *Marie Magdeleine* was last performed in Paris, and it certainly is quite fifteen since the day of its first production at the Opera Comique. The revival of the oratorio at the Châtelet Concerts on Sunday had, therefore, almost the interest of novelty, and it is a novelty to nine-tenths of the present Paris generation. There is something rather sad in the revival of a work so full of promise, and of promise so poorly kept, as this charming effort of M. Massenet.

In 1872 the future composer of *Le Roi de Lahore* was young and fresh and unaffected. He was looked upon as the hope of the modern French school, and we expected to see him take up the mantle of M. Gounod, who, even then, had ceased to be the master to whom we owed *Faust*, *Romeo*, *Mirella*, and the *Masses*, in which he was perhaps at his best. The grace and sweetness of the work charmed even those who had been shocked by its sensuous character. Besides, the mere fact that a Frenchman had given his mind to oratorio at all was highly interesting. Alas! the later efforts of the composer have marked a steady falling off. The inspiration which flows so pure and tender through *Marie Magdeleine* was less apparent in the two companion works of *Eve* and *La Vierge*; while in the ambitious operas which succeeded it, in *Le Roi de Lahore* and *Herodiade*, it has almost disappeared. In its place we had much science, much noise, much straining after effect, but very little beauty. *Marie Magdeleine*, with all its faults, was full of beauty; and, after hearing it again on Sunday, it is hard to understand why it should for many years have been neglected.

Oratorio, as M. Massenet and many of his compatriots comprehend it, is a very different thing from the severe and noble form of musical expression we find in Handel or Haydn; it is more theatrical and less religious. Nor is this strange. Modern France has not the faith of Handel. Men swear by Renan rather than St. John, and religion has been replaced by religiosity. In judging *Marie Magdeleine* an Englishman puts preconceived ideas aside, and listens with the ears of an artist, not a Christian. Having once settled into the proper frame of mind he will have a treat indeed. Nothing in this generation has been written exceeding this oratorio in sensuous, tender beauty. The qualities are morbid often, and not always deep. But they are real, and, after all, remember there is a great deal to be said for the form and style of M. Renan.

The work is divided into three acts: The Magdalen at the Fountain; Jesus at the house of the Magdalen; the Calvary and the Resurrection. M. Louis Gallet, the librettist, has studied the *Vie de Jesus* far more closely, I am afraid, than the New Testament, and his verses are often more impregnated with human passion than divine love. But we must take Frenchmen as they are, not as we might wish them.

The first part opens in a pastoral key, just as Renan's *Life* does. The Magdalen is still a sinner, and Nature, like herself, seems unconscious and calmly careless of the great Tragedy of the Redemption which is preparing. To the peaceful introduction soon succeeds the meeting of the Redeemer and the sinful Mary (or "Méryem," as the librettist prefers to call her). Love, at first too earthly, but gradually growing more pure, enters into the soul of Méryem. The sentiment of this act is exquisite, and the orchestration, while never affecting to be complex, is strangely subtle and refined. Delightful effects are obtained by the timely introduction of the wood-wind instruments in the pastoral passages.

The most remarkable numbers in the second act are a duo for Jesus and Méryem, divine and human love oddly mingled in it; and the final Prayer of Jesus and the Apostles.

The third act is divided into two tableaux. *Golgotha* is the finest. It contains one truly tragic and inspired number, the *Invocation of the Magdalen at the Cross*. From beginning to end, barring a few bits of clap-trap, this tableaux is admirable. The passages in the second tableaux (*The Sepulchre*), devoted to the resurrection, are equally fine, in a quieter and more gentle way; but nothing can be said for the noisy and commonplace *Chorus of Glorification* which ends the oratorio.

Mme. Krauss did wonders with the part of the Magdalen. M. Vergnel, the tenor, seconded her well in the rôle of the Redeemer.

M. Colonne's orchestra fairly surpassed itself. The chorus was a trifle weak.—*Musical Standard*.

INTERNATIONAL MUSIC EXHIBITION IN BOLOGNA, ITALY.

We have received from Mr. Bendelari, the Italian Consul here, a copy of the programme and regulations of the International Music Exhibition, which will be opened in Bologna in May, 1888, and "will unite the exhibition of musical history, reconstructed on documents, works, instruments, objects of antiquity of every kind, with performances of the most renowned ancient and modern compositions." Giuseppe Verdi is the honorary, and Arrigo Boito the active president of the Musical Committee. Persons possessing rare or precious instruments, documents, manuscripts, miniatures, etc., are invited to forward them to this exhibition which is expected to be very complete and important. Possibly a commission will be appointed to receive and forward such objects. Intending exhibitors may apply, in the meantime, to Mr. Bendelari for further information, or directly to the committee of the International Music Exhibition, Bologna, from whom regulations, programmes, forms of applications for admission, and whatever else may be needed can be obtained.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.—Commencing next Monday the beautiful picturesque play will be produced with Mr. Geo. Learock and a strong cast. The *Buffalo Evening News* says: "The Academy of Music was packed to the door last night to see the new romantic drama, 'Beacon Lights.' It was enthusiastically received. Mr. Chauncey G. Pulsifer, who is managing the production, has reason to feel gratified at the flattering success of the initial performance here. 'Beacon Lights' is a cleverly constructed play, even if the materials drawn upon have many times before furnished a theme for the playwright. The plot is laid in California, among the gold-diggers, and tells of love, hate, revenge, dark deeds of lawless men and virtue's ultimate triumph. Mr. George Learock was Philip Gordon, the hero; Mr. T. J. Herndon, as Col. Clay Calhoun, does some really clever work. This one character enriches the play. It is a creation. Col. Calhoun is an old Virginia gentleman, chivalric, generous—and thirsty. He introduces some profanity, but in a picturesque manner that would make a deacon laugh. Miss Gracie Emmett as the Colonel's daughter Carrie dances and capers in a captivating way. Miss Wharton sings charmingly, and Miss Hinckley is fully equal to her part of the heroine. The balance support is very strong."

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—A silver lining to every cloud! With the short dull days of early winter come the cheery holidays and Vick's beautiful annual, and lo! spring already appears not far distant. We can almost see the greening grass and the blooming flowers. In the way of Catalogue, Vick's Floral Guide is unequalled in artistic appearance, and the edition of each year that appears simply perfect, is surpassed the next. New and beautiful engravings, and three coloured plates of flowers, vegetables, and grain, are features for the issue for 1888. Its lavender tinted cover, with original designs of most pleasing effects, will ensure it a prominent place in the household and library. It is in itself a treatise on horticulture, and is adapted to the wants of all who are interested in the garden or house plants. It describes the rarest flowers and the choicest vegetables. If you want to know anything about the garden, see Vick's Floral Guide, price only 10 cents, including a Certificate good for 10 cents worth of seeds. Published by James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N.Y.

"ALL NATIONS WITNESSES."

THE WONDERFUL MISTAKES OF SCIENTISTS AND EDUCATORS.

"Prove all things" seems to be the guiding maxim of the people of this age.

This would be all right, were it not for the "know-alls" in every community, who are sure that every introducer of a new idea is a "crank," and that every new invention is "utterly impracticable."

The astonishing fact is that in this class educated men and scientists are found. In the days of George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam-power successfully without peril; but the rushing express trains all over the world show how mistaken they were. There went up a guffaw of laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world by Associated Press, put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

Rev. Dr. Talmage in one of his sermons says: "If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness and took a certain medicine, and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, 'We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine.' 'Well,' I say, 'have you tried it?' 'No, I never tried it; but I don't believe there is anything in it.' Of course you discredit their testimony. The sceptic may come and say, 'There is no power in your religion.' 'Have you ever tried it?' 'No, no.' 'Then avault!' 'Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry 'We are witnesses!'"

The proprietors of Warner's safe cure have received over 10,000 voluntary testimonials to the efficacy of that medicine. These have come from almost every civilized country, and they may fairly claim "it has made all nations witnesses."

The evidence comes from all classes. The highest medical authorities, like Dr. Robson, late surgeon in the English navy and Dr. Wilson, editor of "Health," of London, Eng.; and clergymen of the highest reputation like Rev. Dr. Rankin, ex-chaplain of the U. S. senate, and Dr. Kendrick of the Rochester University, one of the international revisers of the new testament, are among the published witnesses.

Hundreds of these testimonials have been and are being published. They can be easily verified. A standing offer of \$5,000 for proof that any one of them is not true, so far as the proprietors know, is a fair guarantee of their genuineness.

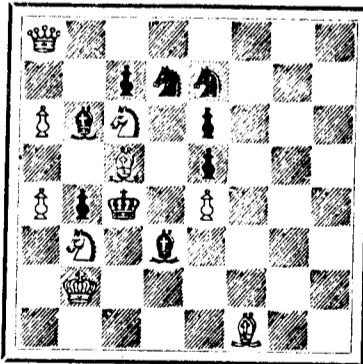
If a man is suffering from any one of the ailments, of which there are so many, growing out of kidney derangement, is it not more than foolish for him to refuse to try Warner's safe cure when thousands testify they have been cured by it?

Think of it!

The men who refuse to believe that any thing can be valuable because it is in conflict with old ideas and methods are the men who "get left" in this world and go before their time to try another.

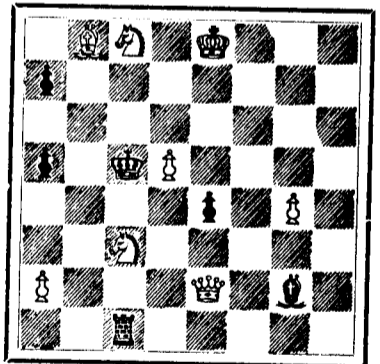
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 217.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 218.

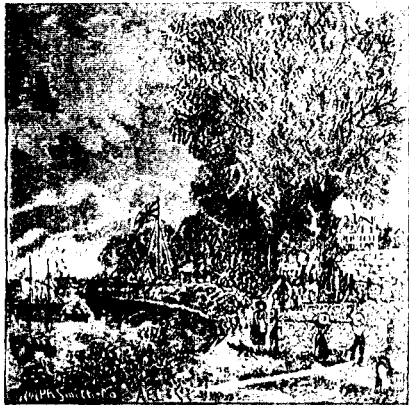


White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 213.—Key S—R 3, and Q mates accordingly.
No. 214.—Key S—S 8 (K—Q 4) R—K 1 and R—K 5 (mate), or S—K 7, mate.
The Marquis of Ripon is president of the Yorkshire Chess Club.
Mr. Charlack, the winner of \$250 prize, 1887, is still champion of Australia.
Ajeeb, the chess automaton, proceeds to New Orleans from St. Louis.
G. B. Fraser, Esq., Dundee, wins "Scotch Gambit," International Tourney, thus:

- | | | | |
|-----------------|---------------|-----------------|---------------|
| Capt. Woollett. | G. B. Fraser. | Capt. Woollett. | G. B. Fraser. |
| 1. P—K 4 | P—K 4 | 16. P—K B 4 | P x S |
| 2. S—K B 3 | S—Q B 3 | 17. P—K B 5 | S—Q 4 |
| 3. P—Q 4 | P x P | 18. P x S | Q P x P |
| 4. S x P | Q—K R 5 | 19. B—Q 2 | P—K S 5 |
| 5. S—K B 3 | Q x K P ch. | 20. P—K R 3 | P x P |
| 6. B—K 2 | S—Q 1 (new) | 21. P x P | P—K B 4 |
| 7. S—Q B 3 | B—S 5 | 22. K—R 2 | K—B 2 |
| 8. B—Q 2 | B x S | 23. R—K 2 | B—Q 2 |
| 9. B x B | S—K 3 | 24. R—S 2 | R—R 1 |
| 10. Castles | S—K 2 | 25. R (B 1) S 1 | R—R 2 |
| 11. Q—Q 2 | Q—K B 5 | 26. P—Q B 4 | S—K B 3 |
| 12. Q x Q | S x Q | 27. B—Q B 3 | Q R—R 1 |
| 13. Q R—K 1 | S—K 3 | 28. R—K S 3 | S—S 5 ch. |
| 14. B—Q 3 | Castles | 29. K—S 2 | B—B 3 ch. |
| 15. S—S 5 | P—K R 3 | 30. K—B 1 | R x R P |

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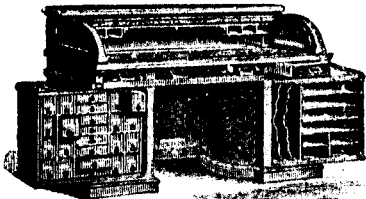
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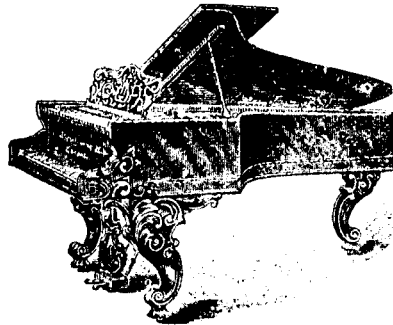
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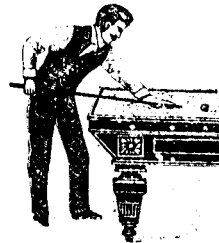
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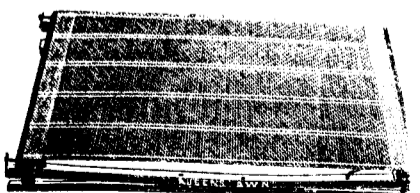
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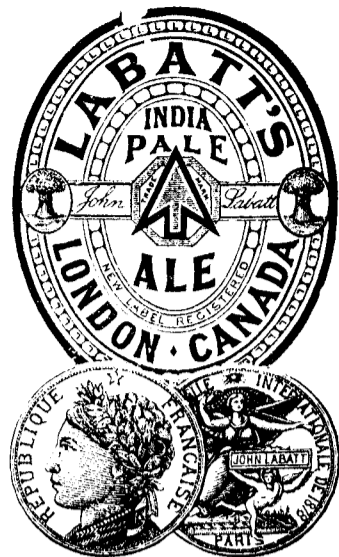
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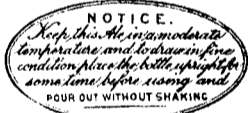
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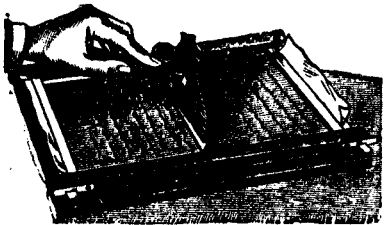
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