

THE WEEK:

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The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.
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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE political cyclone in England is over, though the air is still full of the angry wailings which arise from the disappointed spirits of the storm. To the astonishment of both the parties and of the world, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury are seen concocting a Redistribution scheme together, while Bradlaugh howls. A way of retreat has been opened to the Lords, and for the present their doom is averted, though their institution has received a shock from which it is not likely to recover. But the practical victory remains with the Liberals, since the Franchise Bill is to pass. It was to the Franchise Bill that the Lords really objected, and had good reason to object. When the labourer learns to use his power, which it will probably take him some time to do, the electoral balance in the counties will be changed and the influence of the landlords will be greatly diminished. Redistribution, though not unimportant, is a secondary question, and the absence of that part of the measure, though it formed a very plausible ground for the resistance of the Peers, was not the moving cause of it. Lord Salisbury's policy evidently was to force a Dissolution, by which he would almost certainly have gained some seats in the present state of the Irish and Egyptian questions. In this he has been baffled by the prudence or timidity of his followers and by the influences brought to bear in favour of compromise. There is bitterness, as might be expected, between the Radical and the Liberal sections of Mr. Gladstone's party; but, it is very unlikely that the Radicals will proceed to extremities. It is most improbable, let secessionists say what they may, that Mr. Chamberlain will resign. He must be too well aware of the advantage of his position in the Cabinet and of the hold which, when Mr. Gladstone departs, it will give him on the future. That crisis seems to be at hand; for it appears that Mr. Gladstone is worn out at last. It is not unlikely that when his controlling hand and his immense personal ascendancy are withdrawn the incipient breach between the two sections of his party may widen into a complete separation.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet was made the most of by the reporter for the Associated Press. In the English papers the report is very short, and has a less formidable look. A wish for some form of Imperial Federation is expressed, but the speaker did not conceal his preference for a federation in which the element of dependence would be subordinated to the conditions of an alliance. When the confederation which we now possess was under discussion Sir John said something of the same kind. The "auxiliary kingdoms" are found in the original report as well as the cablegram; they are reduced to two, Canada and Australia, and they appear more as allies than dependents. From this description, it is difficult to realize their precise form, but they could hardly be other than new kingdoms under an English protectorate. But though this seems to be the natural interpretation, the obvious

meaning of the words may probably be explained away, and we may be told that something quite different was intended, or that nothing at all was meant. The only fact of any positive significance in this utterance is that Sir John Macdonald, fresh from interviews with the British Government, revives the tentative style of remark, common when Canadian Confederation was under way, about actual or qualified independence. But that this revival, at this particular time, is a pregnant fact which presages a change in the country's destiny few would be bold enough to guarantee. The speech is an enigma, and until explained by events an enigma it must remain.

ANYONE who fondly fancied that in reading "Longfellow's Evangeline" he was perusing history must now, if he be honest, part with the illusion, however cherished it may have been. Parkman, by marshalling the hitherto hidden facts, has broken the spell which imparted a supposed historic character to a narrative which sins with more than the ordinary poetic license against the truth of history. The *New York Nation* recommends to its readers to prefer the fiction to the fact, "to read Longfellow and let Parkman be forgotten for the time"; and Mr. Philip H. Smith, writing in the same journal, asks the American people to reject Mr. Parkman's story as unfounded. People who prefer fiction to fact will probably take the advice; but by all who have any regard for the truth of history the advice will be rejected. Longfellow founded his poem on the Abbé Raynal's "Histoire Philosophique et Historique de deux Indes," a work full of errors on the events which led up to the deportation of the Acadians. A conquered people, the Acadians refused to take the oath of allegiance without conditions which it was impossible for the conquerors to make; they intrigued with the French authorities, and pretended to be afraid of the Indians, whom they were egging on to assume a menacing attitude, and, if opportunity offered, to join them in rising against the British Government. All, or nearly all, of this was known before Parkman wrote; but it was probably not known to Longfellow at the time "Evangeline" was written. Haliburton, in his "History of Nova Scotia," faithfully copied Raynal, appropriating, by the serviceable aid of Justamond's translation, whole passages without acknowledgment and with the alteration of only a few words. When he wrote, the "Archives of Nova Scotia," published a few years ago were probably not accessible; and as the representative of a constituency in which there were many Acadian voters to be conciliated, he was under a strong temptation to perpetuate the disguise which Raynal had thrown over the facts. Parkman, with the industry which he usually exerts in the collection of materials for his historic works, added to a free expenditure of money, obtained possession of five hundred pages of MS. relating the Acadian story, from the Archives of the Marine and Colonies at Paris. Mr. Philip H. Smith, not knowing that these documents existed, and alleging that they had been destroyed by the English, undertook to confound Parkman by an appeal to the "Archives of Nova Scotia." The attempt, it need scarcely be said, failed. Deportation, however harsh it may sound, and harsh it really must have been, was a necessity. It was the only means by which England, after exhausting every other expedient, could find safety in Nova Scotia, or the adjoining colonies of New England be assured of peace. The measure was in the interest of the progenitors of the present generation of New England, and was ardently desired by them. The concomitants of deportation could not by any rose-water process be made pleasant; but that they were not heightened by wanton acts of cruelty is a conviction which future readers of the history will owe to the industry and the impartiality of Francis Parkman, the American historian.

NEVER at any former period were the French Canadians so intent upon carrying out systematic plans of colonization as at present. They are pushing far northward in the direction of Hudson's Bay, and are half inclined to look westward for new fields to conquer. With them colonization is a national movement on a predetermined plan, in which the village and the church never fail to find a place. When left to move into the depths of the wilderness as individuals, they become hunters and fraternize

with the Indians; when they find their way to lumber shanties they go under direction and in gangs. The habit of roaming the French Canadians have indulged in from an early period; but roaming seldom caused them to form new colonies, and it tended to weaken the infant settlements on the banks of the St. Lawrence; the French Government tried, but in vain, to confine them within a short range and in compact settlements where they would the better be able to defend themselves against the Indians. They explored the country as far west as the Rocky Mountains, when Canada was under the French Dominion, but the chief memorials which they left behind them, except at a few widely separated points, were the French names which they gave to the prominent spots at which they touched. The Roman Catholic Church in Quebec has seized hold of colonization as a means of arresting the outflow of the young population to the adjoining States, and with the hope of bringing back a portion of those who have gone. But, while colonization is proceeding with vigour, repatriation has no present strength and scarcely any future promise. There cannot be a doubt that a much better field is presented by the North-West than by any region into which the French Canadians are now extending new colonies. The North-West they are almost entirely neglecting. This error, for such it certainly is economically, M. Miquelon, the Federal agent at Q'Appelle Lake, is anxious to see corrected. He knows his own countrymen well, and when he says that they prefer starvation to isolation his statement need not be questioned. The consciousness of being left alone deprives them both of courage and energy. They are above every thing gregarious, and they are willing to make great sacrifices to be where they can enjoy the society of their fellows. The practical suggestion which M. Miquelon makes is not in a shape in which, without modification, it can be accepted. The Federal Government could provide sites for the settlers along the Pacific Railway, as it is in fact doing for all comers, but State intervention cannot go to the extent of providing religious instruction. The Pacific Railway Company might perhaps see its way to aid the enterprise in some form, if only by way of experiment. There is no reason why French Canadians, now that the colonizing spirit is upon them, should by their own act and choice exclude themselves from the rich territory and milder climate than they are now seeking of the North-West.

IN one form or another, the municipal question is making itself felt in different Provinces of Canada. In the city of Halifax real estate, unless it was occupied by the owner, was till recently exempt from taxation. As one extreme begets another, Mr. Fysche, without ever having heard of the French Physiocrats, and being oblivious of the existence of Henry George and his book, wrote a pamphlet exactly in the vein of Henry George. Exemption and practical confiscation must in the end be rejected and a middle course taken. But, if Mr. Fysche overshot the mark, his pamphlet had the effect of calling attention to a much needed reform, and a measure of reform was obtained. To follow in the footsteps of Henry George would endanger the security of all forms of property; for no form is so much more sacred than another that if one may be confiscated others could be insured immunity from a like fate.

COMPLAINT is made that Italians, Hungarians and Chinese have found employment on the Pacific Railway, on the ground that Canadians ought to have been preferred. This is protection of a very pronounced kind, and the pen of a professed Free Trader is the vehicle by which it reaches the public. The doctrine is one which strikes directly at the freedom of labour; for if the Canadian employer is to-day under a duty to reject the labour which comes from three countries, he may to-morrow be required to reject labour from half-a-dozen countries, and the next day to exclude all but Canadian labour. If the employer were under any obligation not to buy, the labourer could not sell his labour. Labour has benefited more by the facility of circulation than by any other cause. A congested labour market at one point can be relieved by supplying a demand at another. A change of place is often the only means of relief within the reach of labourers who are suffering for want of employment, and the facility of migration which steam, on rail or ocean, has afforded has given the modern labourer an advantage which was lacking to his predecessor fifty years ago. The United States directed the point of the wedge against the Chinese, and already Italians and Hungarians are prospectively added to the list of proscription. And the demand is scarcely made in a feeble halting voice, below the line, when it is parroted, in the name of Protection, in Canada. But in this demand there is neither Free Trade nor patriotism, nor, it is greatly to be feared, even good faith.

THE third Plenary Council of Baltimore is held at a time when the Roman Catholic Church has become the largest religious body in the United States; and the Republic has, in the words of Bishop Ireland, who

preached before the assembled bishops, become "the choicest field which Providence offers in the world to-day to the occupancy of the Church" of Rome. The gain which has for the first time enabled the Roman Catholics to outnumber the Methodists is due to immigration. By strenuous efforts on the part of the clergy a large portion of the imported communicants have been retained within the fold. But the time has come when the attempt is to be made to find new adherents in the native-born population. Before the third Council of Baltimore, which will probably not separate without adopting the Canon law of Rome, and declaring war upon the Common School System, Bishop Ireland feeling that his words will reach the ears of fifty millions of Americans, undertakes to prove that the principles of the Church of Rome are in thorough harmony with the interests of the Republic. "Rulers," says the bishop, "govern by the will of the people, and derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, in the sense that the consent, the choice of the governed, is the condition upon which Heaven conveys authority." The Church has not waited for this consent when it has given its support to despotic governments. But the doctrine of the consent of the governed being necessary to the legitimacy of the governed suits the latitude of Baltimore, and Bishop Ireland was not likely to say anything to displease that larger audience which he was addressing over the heads of the Council. The harmony of the civil and the spiritual powers he was emphatic in proclaiming: "The temporal administration of the practical methods of government," he said, "are matters for the State exclusively;" adding, as "a Catholic doctrine, that in America loyalty to the Republic is a Divine virtue." This loyalty has sometimes shown itself through the Church in strange disguises; as in instigating the "removal" of President Blanco of Peru. For the Church nothing was claimed but the indisputable right of "proclaiming the principles of justice and morality." This right the Church undoubtedly possesses, and that it is her duty to exercise it is not less clear. But what in the Republic is merely "proclaiming the principles of justice and morality" in some countries means the absolute right to control the civil authority, and it would have the same meaning in the United States if the Church of Rome were relatively as strong there as it is in the Province of Quebec. In the Province of Quebec the united episcopate asserts the subordination of the civil to the spiritual authority, and for the priests claims immunity from the ordinary tribunals. There the bishops are not afraid to say that in their respective diocese they have "the power to teach, to command, to judge," subject only to the Pope. Not the less do they claim that the priests may direct electors how to vote under pain of spiritual censures. This is the way they leave the civil authority free to act in the civil sphere; and bishop Ireland's sermon, innocent as it is made to look, contains the foundation of a no less extensive claim for the Church in the United States. But there is this difference: Bishop Ireland is addressing a republic where his Church is in a numerical minority, and he guards his language and suits it to his audience; while the bishops of Quebec, having no such restraint put upon them, can speak freely.

THE Board of Trade at St. John, N. B., is greatly alarmed at the treaty between the Spanish West Indies and the United States, which is supposed to threaten New Brunswick interests. The intervention of the British Government is invoked and Annexation appears to have been freely spoken of as the alternative. The report of the meeting, however, is a mere summary, and we must await details. There can be no doubt that both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are greatly disappointed with the results of Confederation.

THE despondency of Commerce over the temporary stagnation in trade in England is probably deeper than the facts justify. The complaint is of decreased business and diminished profits, of production outrunning demand. At each recurring season of dullness, the complaint is true. But in spite of periodical drawbacks, the general increase in foreign commerce has been very great. In 1840 the exports per head of the population amounted to only £1 8s.; last year they had risen to £6 14s. 8d. If profits have been reduced, thrift is greater; for capital continues to accumulate. The deposits in the joint stock banks rose from £421,000,000 in 1874, to £475,000,000 in 1884. This accumulation of capital is the combined result of production and saving; and, while these processes continue to go on the nation cannot economically be in a very bad way. It may be that in the future the supremacy of England's manufacturing industry may cease to be what it has been in the past; but she still has an enormous advantage over many other countries in the command of practically unlimited capital and in the trained skill of her workmen: in the immediate prospect of her commerce there is nothing to cause despondency, though there may be cause for anxiety.

"BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

IT was a matter of course that after the line taken by the Independent Republicans in the Presidential election, the thorough-going partisans should be for reading them out of the party. Nor does it seem possible that they should ever find shelter beneath that roof again. Having voted Mr. Cleveland into the Presidency they cannot oppose his Administration, and to oppose the Administration is, under the system of party government, the regular duty of the party out of power. This will remain a bar to re-union for the next four years at least. But it is difficult to think of any great question at all likely to present itself which would restore community of sentiment between the divided sections and open to the exiles a door for their return. The Republican Party was the party of opposition to slavery, and when secession sprang from slavery, of the Union. The Democratic Party was, under colour of allegiance to State Rights, the party of slavery, having the centre of its power in the Slave States. Slavery being long since dead and the Union out of all possible danger, the Republican Party has degenerated into a machine subsisting partly by habit and tradition, which to a great extent are hereditary, partly by the recollection, studiously kept alive, of the great conflict, partly and principally by the corrupt use of an enormous mass of patronage. Against the corrupt use of patronage the Independents have decisively revolted; and of course they can never consent to a renewal of the system, while it is the one thing for which the Stalwarts really care. It is possible that the Republicans may take up Negro education, both as a means of reviving some spark of war feeling and on Protectionist grounds, as a device for disposing of the surplus without a reduction of the Tariff. No other issue, or semblance of an issue, in any way cognate to those of the Civil War appears to exist or to be capable of creation. Not another shred of the Bloody Shirt is left to flutter on the Republican flag-staff. Both the parties have lost that which gave them life and on both sides decomposition has set in. Besides the great Republican secession there was a good deal of minor bolting in the election; bolting to Prohibition, bolting to Butlerism, bolting, happily for the Republic and all who have to deal with it, of Tammany and the Irish from the Democratic Party to Blaine. The Tariff question, which the growing surplus must inevitably bring to the front, will give the party organizations another shock. It divides each of them into two, though not into equal moieties, most of the Republicans being Protectionists and most of the Democrats Tariff Reformers. The mental independence which spurns the yoke of party discipline is meantime increasing with the advance of intellect in the United States as elsewhere. American statesmen and publicists are confronted by the question, What is to be the basis of government for the future?

THE commemoration in St. Paul's of the hundredth anniversary of the American Episcopate seems to have been an impressive ceremony. English journals moralizing upon the event observe that the vitality of the Anglican Church in the United States proves its ability to hold its ground in England even should it be disestablished. Perhaps it might be said that Anglicanism in the United States and in the colonies owes its vitality in some degree to the charm of ecclesiastical aristocracy shed over it by its connection with the magnificent Establishment and the Spiritual Peerage of the Mother Country. Still Anglicanism has independent sources of strength. The Prayer Book has proved itself a powerful bond of union among worshippers cultivated enough to feel its general beauty and not critical enough to be troubled about the doctrinal contradictions which lurk in its composite structure. In Christendom, as in Heaven, there are many mansions; and denizens are assigned to each in some degree by social influence, as well as by theological convictions. When it was proposed to drop the first word in the title of the Dutch Reformed Church in order that, as became a spiritual community, it might be not national but universal, an old lady at Albany protested against the change, saying that she did not want the Church to be universal, but to remain as it was, the Church of the old Dutch families of that State. The Anglican Church is the religious home of the opulent and the cultivated, who like the presence of reverence in its services, the absence of enthusiasm, and a form of government which, whether Apostolic or not, is ancient, tranquil and not democratic. The same class of persons is attracted, especially in times of theological trouble, when people do not wish to have their convictions too much probed, by that happy freedom from the spirit of interference mentioned among the graces of the Anglican Church by a *Saturday Reviewer*, whose words were quoted the other day by a Canadian bishop and thus entirely divested of any cynical significance. There is no church, said a social convert to Anglicanism in the United States, that meddles so little with your politics or your religion. Other churches have

found in like manner the social strata to which their mode of worship and their form of government are adapted. It is stated that at St. Paul's the representatives of different dissenting bodies were present. This seems to indicate a tendency to the amicable recognition among the churches of separate spheres, and to a partition by mutual consent of the vineyard, which no one church, and certainly not the Church of England, has in this country economical resources enough to till alone.

A LIVELY discussion has been going on among the party journals as to the value and significance of the Grand Cross of the Bath, which has been bestowed upon Sir John Macdonald. The "Bystander" does not pretend to be an authority on such subjects, but he has always supposed the Grand Cross of the Bath to be the highest honour not of an hereditary character that can be conferred upon a commoner. The Garter, once borne by simple soldiers, such as Hugh Loring, who had fought well at Sluys or Crecy, is now reserved for grandees of the first order, and its blue ribbon is displayed upon the breast of a Marquis of Steyne. An old Peer once said that the reason why he valued the Garter was that it was the only thing in these days which was not given to merit. Conservatives who expected that Sir John Macdonald would be made a Peer, and that hereditary aristocracy would be introduced into Canada in his person, must have forgotten that the British Government is Liberal, not reactionary, and that it has the result of the Lorne-Louise experiment before its eyes. Moreover, as Canada has no entailed estates there would be reason to fear that at some future day a Lord Macdonald of Ottawa might be found keeping a tavern or cleaning boots. Of Life Peerages the number is limited, and they are strictly appropriated to Law Lords. Conservatives therefore may give vent to their exultation without misgiving as to the quality of the decoration bestowed upon their chief. The event will add zest and brilliancy to the ovation which they are preparing for him on his return. But their applause will make it manifest that this act of the Home Government, though it may be intended as a general compliment to Canada, involves a virtual interference in a party conflict. Draw what metaphysical distinctions you will between the man and the party leader, it is impossible not to feel that a meed of honour conferred upon the politician is a mark of approbation bestowed upon his policy, and is intended, as it is certainly calculated, to strengthen his hand. Peerages and decorations are never given in England to politicians unless their principles are those of the party in power. The British Premier no doubt is totally uninformed of many things in Sir John Macdonald's method of government which awaken opposition here; but the inevitable ignorance which excuses the individual condemns the system of blind intervention by a distant authority in the politics of Canada, and makes us desire to see the day when Canadian statesmen will look for the meed of those services only to the community which they serve.

It is notable, too, that the Grand Cross seems to have produced an immediate and magical effect upon the opinion of the wearer. Mr. Blake has always, at least till lately, fondled the idea of Imperial Federation. Sir John Macdonald has always been understood to scout it as an impracticable chimera. He it was who asserted the fiscal independence of Canada by imposing duties, now declared to be protective, on British goods, and who, on that occasion, loudly defied English criticism and remonstrance, declaring himself to be for "Home Rule to the hilt." Yet we now find him figuring among the Imperial Federationists and, if he has been rightly reported, declaring himself in favour of the movement. How has he contrived to satisfy his associates on the subject of the Tariff? The *Spectator*, an Imperialist journal and friendly to everything Pan-Britannic, in a review of Mr. Fleming's book, says, "Mr. Fleming mentions with pride that the Dominion has one Tariff, and, he might have added, a Tariff which does not bespeak a very ardent desire on the part of the Canadians to maintain that Union with the Mother Country which they profess to have so much at heart. Power is passing more and more into the hands of classes with whom material interests outweigh sentimental impulse and to whom outlets for the products of their industry are of greater importance than a sense of Imperial greatness. They will doubtless be glad to keep up the connection and draw closer the bonds which bind us to the Dominion and our other great colonies, and accept the responsibilities which the connection entails; but it must be on condition that the colonies accord to us that freedom of trade which we willingly extend to them. Political union without commercial reciprocity is no more likely to turn out happily than marriage without affection." Apart from the difficulties of constructing the Federal Legislature and defining its authority, Federationists will find themselves at the outset confronted by two thorny problems, that of armaments and that of the Tariff. There will, of course, in the case of

this as of every other league, be common armaments, to which each member of the league will be required to furnish its contingent; and the question will at once arise what these contingents are to be. It is pretty easy to fortell the response of the Canadian people to any requisition of the kind, as Sir John Macdonald must know, though he and other Canadian politicians or financiers have often fed the British imagination with flaming pictures of our military zeal and of the legions which we have ready for the field. It is not less necessary that there should be a common Tariff, without which this world-wide Empire would rest upon foundations not of solid interest but of air. Yet Australian Federation, though embracing only a group of colonies identical in commercial circumstances, as well as contiguous in position, has just miscarried through disagreement about Tariffs. The Committee to which the Association has delegated the task of clearing away the haze from its ideas and of framing a scheme for it includes, it may be taken for granted, the best heads of the Federationist Party. If the Committee fails, the failure will be decisive. There will be an end of the controversy and of the dream. Everybody will then acknowledge that the political re-absorption of adult colonies into the Imperial country, even if it were desirable, is impracticable; the necessity as well as the value of self-development will be seen; and the multiplication of Englands will be recognized as an object not less generous and far more attainable than the Expansion of England.

THIS does not happen to be the moment of Sir John Macdonald's career at which the bestowal of honours on him will be most salutary; for he has just been marring the best part of his record, and doing the greatest possible injury to the country by a reprehensible appointment to the judiciary. It was a matter of course that the "Bystander's" independent remarks upon that subject should call forth angry replies from representatives of the political interest in which the appointment was made. The "Bystander" can have no opinion of his own, or none worth publishing, upon a question of professional qualifications; he merely gave utterance to what he had reason to believe was the general opinion of the legal profession, without distinction of party. Indeed, the strongest expressions of regret which he heard were from the lips of Conservative lawyers jealous for the reputation of Sir John Macdonald. To say that dislike of Roman Catholics or of self-made men had anything to do with the general feeling of condemnation is preposterous. Defenders of the appointment who find themselves constrained to begin with an admission that it was "not the most fitting" can hardly be said to controvert the "Bystander's" position; and the allegation that no fitter person could be induced to take it is in the last degree improbable in itself and is unsupported by anything that appeared. The real motive for the selection is doubted by no human being, and it is one the influence of which threatens the integrity of the most vital and hitherto the most uncorrupted part of our institutions. Appointments which it was impossible to justify have sometimes turned out better than was expected; if that should be the case in the present instance, all will rejoice. But a lucky result which could not have been foreseen will not absolve the wrong-doer; nor will it condemn the journalist who, satisfied that he was speaking in perfect accordance with the sentiment of the legal profession, has tried to repel the rapacious hands of faction from the Bench of Canadian Justice.

PROHIBITIONISTS, if they really care to assure themselves of the soundness of their position, should read the article on "Moderation and Total Abstinence" by Mr. Sutton Sharpe in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. They will find in it some reason for doubting whether the authority of medical science is really on their side, and whether it is not rather in favour of those who believe that a moderate use of alcoholic drinks is good for the majority of mankind, especially for those who have to undergo severe labour either of body or of brain. They will at least see that the point is still debatable. The assumption upon which their action is based, and which forms their sole justification for coercing their fellow-citizens on a question of private health and taste, is that moderate use must lead to abuse; and this is contradicted by the experience of hundreds of millions. They will be glad at all events to find that the truth of the hideous charges of intemperance against Englishwomen is challenged, as it certainly may be with good reason if the charges rest on no more trustworthy foundation than the work of the American, Mr. Gustafson, with its claptrap title, "The Foundation of Death." While they are on the path of research, they may be induced to look back to the account of Prohibition in Vermont, given by Mr. Edward Johnson in the *Popular Science Monthly* of last May. They will there find that the law having been passed at first by a small majority, and having failed in operation, as under those circumstances it was sure to do, enactment has been heaped

upon enactment and penalty upon penalty, till at last the exasperation of the baffled Prohibitionists has trampled on that which all freemen hold most dear by empowering the police, if they suspect the existence of liquor, to break without a warrant into any citizen's home. The infamous trade of the informer is of course encouraged by abundant bribes. And what is the result? According to Mr. Johnson, the free and open sale of liquor, notwithstanding spasmodic and futile efforts to enforce the law. The number of places in which liquor is sold seems even to be on the increase. Legislation is forced through by moral violence and by the fears of politicians who stand in awe of the Temperance vote; but public opinion does not support coercion; and, as Mr. Johnson says, of enforcing the laws as the laws against burglary and larceny are enforced no one dreams for a moment. Unfortunately the attempt, though abortive, is not without consequences. The people learn disregard of law; the taverns being unlicensed are no longer regulated; ardent spirits being most easily smuggled are substituted for more wholesome beverages; and the moral agencies by which intemperance has been greatly diminished, are weakened by the fallacious confidence reposed in legislative coercion. But when people are careening on the wings of a supposed principle they think as little of practical consequences as they do of inconvenient rights.

A WRITER in *Macmillan*, apparently of some mark, tries to vindicate the House of Commons from the imputation of decadence. That it is hopelessly overloaded with work he admits, and he pronounces a large measure of devolution indispensable accordingly. But he denies that it has been growing of late more disorderly, unmannerly, or unbusiness-like in its habits. Here, however, he encounters the practical testimony of its leader, who declared its state chaotic and introduced the *clôture* in the hope, vain as it has proved, of restoring order to the chaos. It is true that in former days there were occasionally scenes of violent excitement, such as those which marked the debates on the first Reform Bill; but social law prevailed and could not be violated with impunity as it is constantly violated now. Suspension of members is a new necessity. The waste of time both in asking questions and in purely personal debates such as the Churchill-Chamberlain fracas has certainly increased. Obstruction till lately was unknown; Peel or Russell, as leader of the Opposition, would have repudiated it with disgust; but it is now practised openly and avowedly by a section of the Tory Party as well as by the Irish and their allies. The writer in *Macmillan* does not see, or fails to notice, the vital point. Party has been hitherto the organization of the House, and the authority of the party leaders over their followers has been its security for order and for the progress of business. But the great parties are crumbling to pieces, though the spirit of faction is unhappily more intense than ever. On one side the Whigs and Radicals are barely held together by the personal ascendancy of Mr. Gladstone; on the other the Tory Democrats have broken away from all control and the nominal leadership is a farce. What then is to be the organization, what the controlling authority of the future? Can an assembly of six hundred and fifty men without organization or controlling authority govern a country? That the state of the French Chamber is worse than that of the House of Commons, as the writer in *Macmillan* says, may be the fact; but the state of the French Chamber, and of France as the country governed by it, is dangerous in the extreme. Irish disorder the writer sets aside as entirely exceptional. "Civil war," he says, "operates as a necessary suspicion of all the countries of peace;" and "though we may condemn rebels as foolish, we do not waste words in complaining of their want of courtesy towards the government of society they are seeking to subvert." True enough; but what confidence can be placed in the character of a governing assembly which helplessly permits such "civil war" and such "rebellion" to be carried on within its halls, nay encourages and fosters them by its factiousness and has actually brought the nation into serious danger of dismemberment? Besides, when will Irish disorder cease, and this exceptional state of things come to an end?

SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN'S pasquinade on the Great Republic amuses everybody by the liveliness of the style, and must be particularly pleasant reading to all those who cultivate gentility by parading their antipathy to Yankees. As sober criticism the work is worthless. Not only is it written with utterly insufficient knowledge, the writer having evidently confined his observations to the cities, and seen the farms and villages, which are the core of the Republic, from the window of a drawing-room car; but it is instinct with a prejudice which may be said almost to have been proclaimed in the title "Visit to Philistia," under which the substance of the book first appeared. Sir Lepel protests that he has no ill-feeling against the Americans. Very likely he speaks the truth: he no more hates the

"pork-packers" than he hates the swine; he only regards them as being on a level with the swine, and immeasurably beneath a man of his social rank and culture. His fastidiousness and exclusiveness are supreme. Nothing is good enough for him. A Duke would probably be content, in travelling, with the table at the Fifth Avenue Hotel or the Palmer House; but to the exquisite Sir Lepel, it is no better than the fare of a menagerie. Only one cook in the United States has been found worthy to serve him up a dinner. Once and once only has he met with politeness. What he means by politeness is obsequiousness; and of this he can hardly fail to have betrayed his expectation. The Americans are not social Jacobins: they are as ready as the people of any other country to recognize all real distinctions; and if a man does not seem to claim anything he will generally get from them all that he desires. A thorough conviction, not that all men are equal, which every sensible American knows very well that they are not and cannot be, but that outward differences are accidental, and that worth is the same in every human breast, will form a character and demeanour democratic enough to make a man feel at home, and ensure to him all due civility, in such a community as the United States. As a political observer the author of "The Great Republic" hardly calls for notice. It is strange that a man of talent, as he clearly is, should be able to look upon a great and momentous experiment like American Democracy without feeling any desire to study it in the spirit of De Tocqueville, and with intelligence if not with sympathy. He must have sense enough to know that for America nothing but Democracy was possible; and had he extended his travels, he might perhaps have discovered that things are pretty much the same in commercial colonies which have remained under monarchical institutions. His glance of superficial antipathy does not even detect the real blots; and he embraces in his sweeping anathemas North, East, West, and South, New York, Boston, Charleston, and San Francisco, with an absence of discrimination at which he would himself laugh if it were exhibited by a cockney discoursing about India. The proofs of his prejudice are thickly strewn over his pages; even Englishmen, such as Lord Coleridge and Matthew Arnold, who have been well received in the United States become the objects of his ill-concealed aversion; nor does he abstain from levelling against American liberty the old taunt of Slavery, as though the Conservative classes in England had not to a man espoused the cause of the slave-owner. He may say with truth, that the pile of the American millionaire is sometimes made by gambling; but so are other piles; and the English aristocrat who invests, as some of them are now doing, in American or Canadian land, is not less a speculator than the men who invest in stocks. Let the censor of Republican covetousness think of the days of Hudson and of the crowd of aristocratic courtiers that thronged the palace of the Railway King so long as he bore the Aladdin's Lamp which could make men suddenly rich. With a somewhat suicidal frankness Sir Lepel avows his motive for writing to have been the afflicting fact that the Republic exerts an attraction which is felt in England, and there extends to a large and increasing number of politicians and publicists, many of whom, he might safely add, know a great deal more about the United States than he does. If British statesmen were to take the American Republic as a perfect model for the reorganization of British institutions they would make a grand mistake, as this Presidential election is enough to prove. Yet a study of American institutions is fruitful in guidance as well as in warning. Democracy has come; it has come in Europe as well as in America, as Sir Lepel Griffin will hardly be able to deny; the task of statesmen is to organize it; and England herself would be fortunate if at this moment her political reformers were taking as clear a view of the situation and exercising as much forecast as did the founders of the American constitution.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER winds up his great controversy with Mr. Harrison on the Subject of Religion. The conflict has been fierce, and at the close little is left of either combatant's theory. The Comtean religion of Humanity has been reduced to an enthusiastic philanthropy; the Spencerian religion of the Unknowable has been reduced to a metaphysical blank. Mr. Spencer however maintains his assertion that "the religious consciousness begins among primitive men with the belief in a double belonging to each individual, which, capable of wandering away from him during life, becomes his ghost or spirit after death; and that, from the idea of a being eventually distinguished as supernatural, there developed in course of time the ideas of supernatural beings of all orders up to the highest." A polytheistic pantheon, he contends, is a hierarchy of ghosts, the ghosts of chiefs being superior to the others; and his account of Monotheism is that with the growth of civilization and knowledge the minor supernatural agents become merged in the single, great supernatural agent, which again loses by degrees its anthropomorphic attributes, and will at last merge into a

consciousness of an omnipresent power to which no attributes can be ascribed. Seldom has a theory so improbable in itself and so totally unsupported by evidence been advanced as indisputable truth. In Max Müller's account of the Vedic religion, as in Réville's account of the religion of Mexico and Peru, and in Rénouf's account of the religion of Egypt, we find the luminaries and powers of nature, especially the Sun under various names, clearly indicated as the objects by which the religious sentiment of awe, reverence, and dependence was at first awakened. Fetichism Max Müller considers, and gives good reasons for considering, not to be primæval, while of doubles or ghosts as the origin of religion he makes no mention whatever. How are goddesses such as Here, Athene, Demeter and Aphrodite to be identified with the ghosts of chiefs? Manifestly each of them was the female impersonation of a power or aspect of nature, invested by the plastic and playful fancy of the Greek with the attributes of humanity. The names of the principal Greek deities are derived from the Sanscrit: how then can the deities have been Greek chiefs? Let Christianity be true or false, by what conceivable process can it have been evolved out of the belief in a double or in the ghost of a chief? Max Müller seems even to have discovered an incipient identification of righteousness with the religion of nature in the *Rita*, or semi-moral notion of the regular courses of the heavenly bodies. Whether Mr. Spencer is indebted to Comte or not for his philosophy of the sciences, it is certain that he is indebted to Dr. Tylor for his theory of Animism, and a very strange use he has made of the loan, as, when he explores the real records of primæval religion, he will find. Savage tribes, to which Dr. Tylor's observations apply, are, as was said before, castaways of humanity, whose belief and practises there is no good reason for identifying with those of primæval men; though most even of these tribes seem besides their Animism to have some conception, however vague and faint, of a Superior Power, which is apparently not traceable to an Animistic source.

ENGLISH reviews and magazines still come to us full of Carlyle. Some criticize, others defend, but none of them will much alter the obvious conclusion at which, after reading the *Life*, readers in general have arrived. The man was one of the greatest of poets in prose, and among the first of sardonic humourists; but he was neither a practical philosopher nor a hero. By one of the reviewers he is called a Norse Rousseau, and, though the phrase is somewhat fantastic, Rousseau himself was hardly more perverse in his judgments or in his conduct less consistent with the lofty sentiments which flowed from his pen. Panizzi refused Carlyle some special privilege in connection with the Reading Room of the British Museum. "Intrinsically," writes Carlyle, "the blame is not in him but in the prurient darkness and confused pedantry and ostentatious inanity of the world which put him there and which I must own he very fairly represents and symbolizes." If there was anything about which all men were agreed it was that Panizzi was the prince of librarians and an organizing mind of first-rate power. When a man could so utterly misjudge his contemporaries, how can we trust his judgment of characters in history? And what was the practical value of a philosophy which could not make the philosopher a better husband and friend, or enable him to bear with more fortitude and dignity the petty ills of life? Compare with Carlyle Johnson! Yet Johnson lived by a creed which according to Carlyle's biographer can no longer be held by any man of sound heart and mind. Carlyle's pictures and satires will delight for ever: but the Chelsea clique, with its Eternities and Veracities, with what Mazzini happily called its platonic love of Science, and with its self-assumed superiority to social decencies, is likely to find in time a lower level than the worshippers at that shrine suppose. A BYSTANDEE.

HERE AND THERE.

MORAL curiosity in England has lately been fed with two scandals the enjoyment of which the cable extends to our hemisphere. One of them is comic. Mr. Arthur Pendennis, as readers of Thackeray know, fell desperately in love with an actress in the person of the fair Miss Costigan, whose stage *alias* was Fotheringay; but his passion, though violent, soon cooled. The same familiar incident has occurred in the case of the young and green Lord Garmoyle and Miss Finney, whose stage name is Fortescue. Had Arthur Pendennis been heir to a peerage and a great estate, he would not have got off so easily as he did. Lord Garmoyle has had to pay his charmer fifty thousand dollars, besides the costs of a lawsuit. It is difficult to believe that the clever actress loved anything in the brainless young lord but his title and his estate, or to doubt that this is another case of a wounded heart needing to be healed with bank bills. Unfortunately affection is polluted and dishonoured in the eyes of the scoffing world almost as much by these disclosures as it is by the dis-

closures of the Divorce Court. The other scandal is of a very different cast. One of the most eminent of English judges and of Englishmen, one whose private character stands not less high than his professional reputation, finds himself in the evening of his days dragged with his family into a revolting publicity, and made the subject of prurient and malicious gossip through the strange and deplorable conduct of his daughter, whose temper, it seems, has been publicly displayed since her departure from her father's house in other acts than those which form the matter of this wretched lawsuit. The warning letter of the lady's brother, which was the subject of the libel suit, having been pronounced by the judge confidential, and the case having been decided on that point, the facts on the side of the defence were not brought before the public. There is now an appeal, and until the case has been concluded, comment would be premature. But in the meantime the numerous friends and the late hosts of Lord Coleridge in America may rest assured that his domestic character is stainless; that he was the best of sons and of husbands; that he is the kindest and most affectionate of fathers, and that he never would have opposed the inclinations of a daughter whom it was evident that he tenderly loved had he not felt absolutely convinced that they were leading her to unhappiness.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS, the eminent playwright and journalist, writes as follows of the degradation of party politics in the Imperial Parliament: "It seems a very dreadful thing to say, but it ought to be said, that the more disastrous the news from abroad the greater is the jubilation of the Tory leaders and their supporters. Shocking as it seems, only those who are wilfully blind can close their eyes to the fact that we have come to evil days when each is for his party and none is for the State. Who that has pluck enough to speak the truth will deny that the Tories were bitterly disappointed when the news of the fall of Khartoum and the capture of Gordon turned out to be miserable inventions of the dastardly gang who manufacture false news for political purposes? It is a very terrible state of affairs this. Patriotism has given way to personal malice. Love of country has yielded to hatred of Chamberlain. 'God save the Queen' is no longer the national anthem of the 'constitutional' party, but rather 'God something else old Gladstone.' The rage of the Conservatives is increased by every fresh defeat they sustain, and their malignity against the members of the Cabinet has now reached such a pitch that they expect all sorts of dreadful things."

MADAME PATTI is no longer a marquise. She has gained her cause against the Marquis de Caux, and is now free to marry with Signor Nicolini. So the match made by the Empress of the French to give a title to a great singer and a fortune to an impoverished Marquis comes to an end. For Patti it has been a disastrous marriage. No one held a higher social position than she when she became Marquise de Caux. Since the famous public quarrel with her husband at St. Petersburg, however, she has not been able to maintain her standing. For a time she did not appear at State Concerts. Perhaps—such is the tone now—when she has married her tenor she will be received back with open arms into the circles which have for some years looked askance on her. More probably, however, she will not go back. She is happier at Craig-y-nos than in the chambers of the great and wealthy.

A SCANDALOUS pamphlet against Miss Terry, it is said, has been printed in America, professing to tell the story of her life, and dealing with it as the life of "Peg Woffington" is treated by the romancers of our own land. The pamphlet is sold everywhere she goes; and the Americans, instead of discouraging it, are buying it. There is some talk of her friends stepping in to have it laid legally under an interdict.

HOWEVER much we may be inclined to sneer, in this unghostly age, at "Spiritualism," it is undeniable that it has an extensive following amongst the "best people," and promises to become quite the fashion with society, ever seeking some new thing to beguile the weary hours. That earnest desire to peep into the future—the longing to know what is to happen next—the wish to guide our own destinies—all form the most powerful incentive in causing weak human nature to eagerly grasp at any means of obtaining the desired end. Without going into the scientific portion of the question, and gravely following the arguments for or against the existence of a "psychic force," or discussing the possibilities or impossibilities of departed spirits revisiting the scenes of their former triumphs, the phenomena produced by the present exponent of psychography are in themselves sufficiently extraordinary to merit the best attention of the scientific world. It is an undoubted fact that men of the highest attain-

ments have investigated the subject under conditions that, apparently, preclude all possibility of fraud, and yet the writing has been obtained. Probably one of the strictest tests was applied by Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell, the well-known author, pigeon-shot, and fisherman. This gentleman purchased a couple of slates on his way to the medium's house, took them from their wrappers on his arrival there, placed them one above the other on a small table in broad daylight, with a minute piece of pencil between them, and then, in full view of the sitters at the *séance*, the pencil was heard scribbling over the surface, and, when the upper slate was removed, a written message was displayed. Under the conditions accepted by this medium, there is, it is said, no scientific way of accounting for the writing that appears. Mr. Gladstone's recent experiences will, perhaps, induce men of "light and leading" to attempt the solution of the problem.

PROBABLY there is not even a Scott Act advocate so foolish as to suppose that Prohibition would be tolerated in the Old Country, persistently as it is advocated by Sir Wilfred Lawson, and other intemperate hydropots. The much easier justified Sunday Closing of liquor-shops is a failure in the districts where it has been tried, especially in parts of Scotland and Wales. News from Flint tells us how, on a Sunday recently, "three officers, after counting twenty-five men enter the house of a labourer during the space of three hours, made a dash on the premises, capturing no less than eight men indulging in illicit drinking." These festive Welshmen were found to be busily engaged in emptying sundry gallon jars of beer, locally known as "John Robertses," in honour, we are told, of the member for Flintboroughs, who was a pronounced supporter of the Welsh Sunday-Closing Bill! The unfortunate "labourer named Bradley" was mulcted by the virtuous magistrate to the tune of \$50 and costs, while the eight drinkers were also made aware that to partake of "John Robertses" on the Sabbath is an expensive luxury.

"Down Fleet-street," George Augusta Sala is lovingly known as "the prince of journalists"—and by not a few sworn by as the "king of modern after-dinner speakers." At any rate he has travelled far and wide and is a true citizen of the world, cosmopolite in feeling as well as in tongue, and "G. A. S." has enlightened the readers of both hemispheres. It is, then, satisfactory to know that what Sir William Harcourt would term a "scion" of the house of Sala is one of our very excellent allies in a place where we need as many as possible—the Soudan—for we read that Sheik Sala, son of Husseim Pasha Khalifa, has written a letter to the Robatat tribe, offering them peace if they will come in. One thing is assured—if Sheik Sala only writes half as persuasively as George Augustus Sala, the Robatat tribe are certain to yield to the Sheik's eloquence and power of language. May the shadow of the Sheik never grow less.

THE *Athenaeum* speaks of Mr. Hall Caine's story, appearing in the *Liverpool Weekly Mercury*, as founded on that piece of old English jurisprudence "peine forte et dure." One wonders how many readers have heard of this curious punishment. Yet it is, as the literary journal says, quite one of the most remarkable in English criminal law. Old Blackstone is very eloquent upon it, and constitutional lawyers are yet to be found who speak of it as a beautiful thing—*i.e.*, beautiful in the sense in which the merry old gentleman in Dickens' story found the Dodger's love of his "profession" beautiful. It is certainly terrible, if it fails of beauty. It is this: According to old English law, a felon's goods and chattels were confiscated on conviction for a capital offence. But if a murderer or traitor, not a regicide, delivered himself up to justice and stood mute on indictment, he saved his estates to his heirs. But the penalty was a dreadful death without trial. It is easy to see that this is a tremendous situation for a novelist. But of course everything depends on how it is worked up.

"SURELY," says a contemporary, "it shows that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark when offences against property are punished with ruthless severity, whilst those against the person are passed with a lenity that would be absurd were it not indecent." A perusal of the daily press shows the justice of this protest. A wife-beater, a brute who kicks a woman, beats her with a hot poker, dances on her prostrate body, defaces her features out of recognition, so long as he stops outside the line, and leaves some life in the tortured body, is safe with a short spell of prison. Let him steal the value of five dollars, and he runs a good chance, if he uses violence, of penal servitude. The cat cured garotting in England; let it, wielded by stalwart prison warders, be tried on the "tough" and the wife-beater

THE London *Times* calls Sir John Macdonald "ex-Premier of Canada"! When John Sandfield Macdonald died, English journals took him for Sir John. So much do people at home know about the characters and history of colonists on whom titles are conferred.

THE University Scientific and Literary Society are entitled to the gratitude of Torontonians for their enterprise in arranging the course of lectures announced to be given in Convocation Hall during the present week. It is not often that such a series of intellectual banquets is spread for all comers, and it may be hoped that Professor Proctor's discourses on Astronomy and the Pyramids will serve to whet the public appetite for the succeeding dramatic entertainments to be given by the prince of reciters, Mr. Samuel Brandram.

THE Conference on University Education held a meeting on Friday last and discussed at length the main principle of the scheme. It is understood that the discussion was satisfactory both in itself and as indicative of good feeling on all sides. The Conference meets again on December 20th.

THE FEDERAL BANK.

OUT of the wreck of the Federal Bank the policy of the new manager will probably save whatever is not irretrievably lost. The extent of the disaster is best seen in the fact that out of a nominal capital of three millions and a rest of a million and a-half, there remain only a million and a-quarter. We are obliged to use the expression "nominal capital," because it is evident that the stock which was reverted to the bank was advanced upon by the bank itself through an intermediary. But the amount was put in the returns to the Government as having been paid up. This implies a blot on the management for which errors of judgment cannot account. Next to this, the worst feature in the ruinous catastrophe is the failure of the Commercial Loan and Stock Company, which was called into existence to enable the bank to do indirectly what the law expressly forbids it to do directly. That the object of this scheme for enabling the bank to loan on its own stock was to give a solid appearance to the unpaid shares, and by this illusion unduly to inflate the stock, there can be no reasonable doubt. It is not sufficient to say that the bank did too much business, for though true it is only part of the truth. From the quality of the business done the chief damage came. Almost every mistake which it is possible to make in the management of a bank was made. In taking the heavy Michigan lumber account a risk was assumed which no bank with whatever amount of capital would have been justified in taking; for if it went wrong—and these over-grown accounts are specially liable to go wrong—its mere magnitude was sufficient to place the bank in peril. A cool-headed banker ought to have been able to foresee that the Manitoba inflation must end in disaster. The world, and especially the world of America, has had so many warnings in this line that any one with the knowledge that the manager of a bank ought to possess should have been able to predict with certainty what was from the first inevitable. Jobbing by the bank in its own stocks, besides being illegal, was morally certain to end in the loss which the new manager has the candour to confess. And in any case the stock-jobbing could only have succeeded by producing in the minds of investors an illusion under which they would have parted with their money. Mr. Strathy, there can be little doubt, was the evil genius of the bank, and his own directors were more than half disposed to regard him as a heaven-born financier. But surely when there is so much frank speaking, and so much patient endurance under the heavy burden of losses, it is time to say that Mr. Strathy was reared in a bad school, and that the instincts of the broker deflected the banker from the line which prudence and fair-dealing with the public required him to take. Eulogy of the author or authors of the financial calamity from which so many are suffering is as untimely as it is undeserved. If we dwell upon a part of the subject which it would be much more agreeable to pass over in silence, it is because there is a strong tendency in inferior bank management to reproduce the errors, the follies, and the vices of the past; and it is impossible to hope that even the warning which this catastrophe affords will really prevent similar misadventures in the future. Mr. Yarker's plans and action for resuscitating the Federal Bank have produced a favourable impression, and they seem to be well suited to the occasion. The payment of so large an amount as \$5,000,000, in the short time since the new manager took charge, is an achievement that deserves recognition, and is not without promise for the future. The permanent reestablishment, to which Mr. Yarker looks forward, can only be on the greatly reduced scale which the present reductions imply. The perturbation which would have followed a sudden and absolute collapse, without hope of revival, has been

avoided; though it is not at all certain that the stoppage of the Federal, when the heavy run was made upon it, would have created a general panic: people might have begun to make inconvenient enquiries whether there were similar weak spots in any other bank, and if any such were supposed to exist trouble might have occurred at a particular spot, but it is probable that a general panic would not have occurred. Success in the difficult task he has undertaken would well entitle Mr. Yarker to the remuneration which his services have commanded; but the continued addition of a second salary to his unsuccessful predecessor would make the whole amount under this head exceptionally heavy for the surviving capital to bear.

A LIFE-SAVING SERVICE FOR THE LAKES.

NOR less strange than the mysterious ocean, and not less worthy of interest and study, are the great lakes that roll unheeded at the doors of the millions who dwell by their shores. These unsalted seas that stretch from the Thousand Islands to the far north, where Superior's mighty surges roll about that silver isle in whose bosom the miners work far below the deep, deep lake, present such a wealth and variety of Nature's grandeur as exist nowhere else in the world. The study of Nature's forms, and the nobler study of the men whose lives are spent on the lakes, make a great but neglected field. In what this study reveals, nothing is more striking than this same neglect. It is a curious anomaly, this utter indifference of the Government and the great public to the control of the marine interests of the lakes in so far as they affect the condition and the needs of the sailor. They care not, because they know not. In no other way can we understand the negligence which leaves the sailor to the greed of the vessel-owner—which sends him out of port in a leaky, over-filled, undermanned tub, unseaworthy in the best of weather, and yet daring the storms of early spring and late fall, under a captain who knows nothing of his business, but who is a relation or friend of the owner, or perhaps of some influential shipper whose patronage the owner thinks worth retaining—who says to him, "You're encompassed by dangers far beyond the ordinary perils of navigation, but that's no concern of ours. You're afloat in a coffin-ship on waters dangerous even for the staunchest vessel. The best we can do is to advise you, if your vessel is wrecked, to have her cast away on the American shore. If you are wrecked on Canadian shores you must save yourself; we have no life-boats on this side. The politicians have never asked for them, and the vessel owner is more concerned about putting as many bushels into his boat as she will hold without sinking at the dock than he is about your life."

It is an astounding thing that Canada, which owes its high place among the maritime nations of the world in great part to the lake marine, should have no life-saving service on the lakes. Not only must the sailor be subjected to the added dangers which come from a partial inspection of his vessel, or an entire lack of it; but he knows that when the poor old hulk goes ashore, which must happen ere long, there is no hope that a friendly hand will be stretched forth to save. Caught in a gale, his vessel is hurried to the forbidding shore and strikes with that sound which few sailors hear twice in a lifetime. In the frozen rigging, his last shelter in the hope that the gale will abate, the forsaken mariner sees the sun go down for the last time. The icy seas tear at the trembling hull and reach their foaming arms aloft to the rigging. The spoon-drift scuds towards the shore which he will never reach; he sees the lights of the neighbouring town and the evil eye of the mocking beacon almost within reach of the cast of a line. The snow and sleet feel like arrows, and the white horses with crests of foam march in horrid procession to the beach so near. There are brave men there, strong-armed and stout-hearted fellows who would gladly risk their lives for the sake of the despairing sailors in the rigging of that vessel which snorts and plunges as each wave sends her nearer to the lee-shore that is singing for her bones. But life-boat or apparatus have they none, and before their eyes the sailor's numbed fingers release their hold on the iron rigging and he sinks for ever into the ravening sea. Next morning the timbers of that vessel lie scattered for miles along the shore, and the stark and rigid body of the storm's victim comes in to the beach. Over and over again all this has happened at the doors of a Christian people. What have you done that it shall not happen again? You have time, and eloquence and money for the Dyaks of Borneo and the Sandwich Islanders. You have sympathy in word and deed for the unfortunate—be they only far enough away. But the "crash of the loud-resounding sea" shuts out from your ears the cry of the drowning sailorman, and the wail of his wife and little ones. How long will this shameful neglect of public duty continue? Is it that we have no need of a life-saving service on the lakes? No one will answer that, in the face of the fact that on Lake Ontario, the

smallest, the least dangerous, and the best protected of the whole chain, there have been within a stretch of a dozen miles about Salmon Point, on the south shore of Prince Edward County, over twenty wrecks and over forty lives lost in less than twenty years. We cannot tell the horrible total on all the lakes in these years. On the shores to the south of us are thirty-seven life-saving stations in three districts. These stations have all the appliances and apparatus for saving life and property. On Lake Michigan alone they have saved in one year three hundred and nine lives out of three hundred and eleven imperilled. Our traffic is not less important to us, our sailor's lives are not less valuable, but our policy has not shown that we think so. Millions of dollars would not cover the value of the property that the surfmen of the United States' life-saving service save to the vessel owners in a single year; but it is not on that plea that a similar service is demanded for the Canadian shores of the lakes.

The prize that the life-boat brings
Isn't silver or gold—that's paid the debt of the enemy sea;
But the flesh and blood of a shipwrecked crew,
A richer reward, you'll all agree.

There is at present a pitiful apology for a life-saving service in the shape of a boat or two at or near Weller's Beach, one at Toronto, and another at Long Point, Lake Erie. They are bold and brave-hearted men who volunteer to make up the crews of these boats—bolder, indeed, than life-savers elsewhere, for they have not life-jackets, nor any of the apparatus so necessary for the achievement of that which they attempt. They have but boats, which in two cases are not fit for the purposes to which they are applied, and no one who knows what an onshore gale is needs to be told that the chances are against the safe launch of the boat. A great wrong exists so long as the Canadian shores are not as well manned with surfmen as the American shores. We want life-saving stations at the dangerous points, supplied with all the apparatus and appliances for saving life, with mortars, rockets, life-lines, and the Ottarson life-car, the inventor of which refused to have it patented, but made a free gift of it to all the maritime nations of the world whose Governments chose to use it. He was a sailor himself, and he knew the sailor's needs. We want regularly organized, paid and drilled crews whose business it shall be to save life, and who shall be provided with all that will assist them in their dangerous duty.

FRANK NELSON.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN SCHOOLS.

THE outbursts of feeling that occasionally occur on the part of a section of the clergy against what they are pleased to call the godless character of our school system are not without benefit, for they serve the useful purpose of keeping before the public the distinctive aims of that system in training the young for citizenship. It is somewhat remarkable that while England has made a decided step towards the separation of Church and State in matters of education by the introduction of a secular School Board system of the pattern of our own, reactionary clamours should be heard amongst ourselves for the return to a condition of things which she is doing her best to cut adrift and steer away from. We might be induced to attach considerable importance to this fact, did we not know that the agitation is confined to a small portion of a body whose duties render them particularly prone to magnify their own aspect of the question. The latest utterance of the character we speak of was heard at the recent Convocation of the Church of England in Toronto. One gentleman, who read a paper on the subject, went so far as to urge the establishment of Separate Schools in which religious instruction should be a recognized feature. Now, for a considerable time Separate Schools have existed in connection with the Roman Catholic Church, in which a portion of the scholars' time is taken up with receiving religious instruction. These schools have been long enough in operation to enable us to estimate their influence upon the character of those trained in them, and we venture to assert that their most ardent admirer, be he priest or layman, will hesitate to claim for them higher results, in the way of preparing for citizenship, than those that follow from an education in our Public Schools. The various Protestant denominations in England have similar institutions under the name of Voluntary Schools; and we have never yet seen it proved that these schools turn out scholars who make better men and women than those educated at the Board Schools. The explanation of what is here implied is not far to seek. Training in morality is as much every teacher's duty as intellectual training, and any serious neglect of it is more likely to meet with the disapproval of both the parents and the general public than failure to instil the elements of secular knowledge.

While we deny that the existence of Separate Schools has had the effect of leavening our population with a better social and moral element, other results not so beneficial may be stated that have followed their establishment. The social barrier between the Protestant and Roman Catholic portions of our population has been strengthened and perpetuated. The Common School is the chief means we have to rely upon for giving to our mixed population common sympathies and common aspirations as members of the same community. Children educated at the same school, sitting at the same desks, playing together in the same play-grounds, under the

supervisions of the same teachers, have a fair opportunity for growing up with those feelings towards each other that are becoming and desirable in people of the same country. So long as Separate Schools last we cannot look for this community of feeling. Another result is the less thorough training in those subjects that are intended to fit the boy or girl for practical life, owing to the time and attention devoted to so-called religious instruction. If the men who are responsible for permitting the establishment of these schools foresaw these results, they were guilty of a serious political crime; if they were blind to them, then they committed a gigantic blunder.

When the godless character of our schools is held up to reprobation it may fairly be asked: Is the religious education of our children neglected at home, and does the Sunday School count for nothing? If the Bible were introduced into our schools as a means of imparting religious instruction, who is to use it? Will the already over-worked clergyman undertake the task, or shall that be thrown upon the teacher, who already has a tolerably heavy burden to bear? If the latter is to teach from it, what guarantee will there be that the work will be rightly done unless his opinions are as much circumscribed by a creed as the clergyman's? Further, if the Bible be put into the hands of scholars as a text-book, what precaution shall be taken to prevent those parts being read which contain language that should never be heard in a school-room, or those parts brought under their notice in which incidents are described that it is desirable that our boys and girls should be kept ignorant of.

It may be asked: "Would you exclude the Bible altogether from the schools?" We answer: No. On the contrary, it is most desirable in the training of the young to have the authority and sanction of the Sacred Book for the regulation of their conduct. If, for example, the teacher is inciting his scholars, as he should incite them, to aim high in life, and

To rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things,

how can he enforce his words better than by quoting those of our Saviour, "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment?" St. Paul comes to his aid in urging to industry by the precept, "Be not weary in well doing;" and no better way can be adopted to show the evil effects of idleness than by quoting Solomon's rebuke to the sluggard, ending with words that cannot be too often quoted—"So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want like an armed man." The duty of Temperance receives its sanction in the Proverbs and elsewhere, and both Solomon and St. Paul come to the teacher's guidance and aid in the infliction of necessary punishment, which may benefit a whole class by exemplifying the truth of the former's words—"The way of transgressors is hard."

We know of no better plan of thus turning the Bible to account than that recommended by a committee of the Church of England Synod at its last meeting, of which Mr. Edward Blake was a member. Let certain portions of the Bible be selected that bear directly on conduct, such as the latter part of the Sermon on the Mount, the parables of most practical application, the twelfth chapter of Romans, which contains a compact summary of Christian duties, the chapter in First Corinthians treating of charity, extracts from the Proverbs, the Psalms, Job and Ecclesiastes, together with such historical portions as might serve for beacon lights to warn or to guide. Let these be bound together and prescribed by the Minister of Education as an authorized text-book. In this form the Bible would be invaluable in the hands of a conscientious teacher, and it would have a fair opportunity of accomplishing all that can be reasonably expected from it as a text-book in our schools.

CENSOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MINING IN CANADA.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In *THE WEEK* of the 6th instant an article headed "Science in Canada" said: "Not only, however, is Canada negligent in the cultivation of pure science; in the encouragement of investigations having direct practical results in view much remains to be done. Certain branches are fairly represented; thus, much encouragement is given to our mining interests through the maintaining of the Geographical Survey." The writer goes on to say he considers botanical survey, chemistry, and meteorology have received attention, but that agriculture, forestry, biology, and the fisheries should be the subject of more thorough scientific investigation.

This statement appears opposed to existing facts. We have Departments of Agriculture and Fisheries which are supposed to give these subjects their undivided attention, while mining receives practically no attention, and meteorology struggles along in face of great difficulties. If the writer of "Science in Canada" had lately read the *Montreal Gazette* he would have seen a number of editorials and communications bitterly complaining of the lack of statistics and information on mining. Mr. Thomas Devine, F.R.G.S., Mr. Robert N. Hall, M.P., Mr. W. Hamilton Merritt, F.G.S., Mr. Thomas McFarlane, and others wrote strongly on the subject. The *Globe* has recently urged "What is now wanted is a Mining Bureau. We have a Dominion Geological Survey, but their work has been principally in the direction of geography and geology." The *Mail* stated: "At the meeting of the British Association, in the course of a review of our numerous rich mineral indications, a serious defect was brought to light by one of the leading geologists and mining authorities in England—namely, that Canada, of all the colonies, is the most destitute of information concerning mineral reports and statistics available for reference." The *Canadian Mining Review* urges "Much is done for agriculture and forestry, and it is evident that in our country, so full of valuable mineral indications from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, more attention should be given to mining."

The above point indisputably to the fact that public opinion is in favour of some steps being taken to encourage mining industry. From the figures given by Mr.

Stephen Bourne, F.S.S., before the British Association, we are rather humiliated to see that in a new country like ours, which, however, should have had ample time to develop the products of the mine, the balance of trade in products of the mine is immensely against us, instead of being a source of revenue as we should expect. We find:

For Canada in 1883.

Average Product of the Mine Imported.....	\$7,850,000
" " " " Exported.....	3,100,000
Excess of Import over Export	\$4,750,000

In the discussion which followed a paper read by Mr. Merritt before the Geological Section of the British Association, after some strong remarks by Mr. Blandford, F.R.S., the President of the Section, advocating some action in the matter, Mr. LeNeve Foster, F.G.S., stated:

"That the system in vogue in England for the collection of mineral statistics was the result of a meeting of this Association, and he considered that the visit of the British Association to Canada would not be thrown away if the only outcome of it was the establishment of a system for the collection of statistics of the mining interests in Canada. He would suggest that a similar system to that in England might be adopted by the Canadian Government. He stated that, at the last meeting of inspectors of mines in England, a table of the mineral statistics of the British Colonies was compiled for the Home Office, and great difficulty was experienced in collecting any statistics of the Canadian minerals; they had to resort to all kinds of resources, and the result was very unsatisfactory."

If our minerals so far discovered were inferior it would be a different matter, but at the last two Great World's Fairs the economic minerals exhibited by Canada, both in variety and quality, held their own against those exhibited by any other country, and obtained as high awards.

It is, therefore, of urgent necessity to the prosperity of the country that the Dominion Government should collect, *publish promptly*, and preserve reliable statistics, reports, maps, and information bearing on mining, as a first step to paying the needed attention to one of the most important of our undeveloped resources. N.

"FIDELIS" ON THE SALVATION ARMY.

To the Editor of the Week:

Sir,—I am sure you will give place to a brief correction of a misleading reference to "Red Cross Knights of the Salvation Army" which appeared in your journal. That reference is as follows: "In which the means and work of that organization are defended with more zeal than discretion, and its continuance prayed for." The first part of this statement is a matter of individual opinion; as regards my own estimate of the Army's work, which was not meant as a "defence," I shall only say that it was formed honestly and conscientiously, after long-continued personal observation of its methods and results, in a place where these seemed to have full and fair development, and where many a once miserable home, now happy—many a changed and purified life—testify to its power for good. And, further, I may say that the "abuses which have brought contempt upon Christianity among the thoughtless" were fully admitted and strongly deprecated. But the "continuance" of the Army is neither predicted nor "prayed for" in a sketch which is limited entirely to its past and present work. I would rather pray that, through a fuller life and stronger love in the Christian Church, as a whole, there might soon cease to be any need for its continuance.—Yours, etc.,
Kingston, November 17, 1884. FIDELIS.

"THE END OF THE TRACK."

Settlers and those who go farther west than the end of the Pacific Railway simply tell their friends to address them at "The End of the Track."

SLOWLY she writes the unsteady lines,
Pauses, then stops to wonder if Jack
Lies by the camp-fire beneath the pines
Miles beyond "The End of the Track."

Too sad a face for the bright, warm room,
Too faint a heart—"he'll never come back"—
Someone's thoughts slip out through the gloom
Further west than "The End of the Track."

* * * * *
"The wolves have us, pard; on if you can;
We've struck our bad luck—here come the pack—
Quick!" "No, I'll stay here. Good-bye, old man;
Wait, post this at 'The End of the Track.'"

* * * * *
A cold, bright morning, two letters at last;
But what is this with an edge of black?
Killed—wolves! Everyone taken aghast—
Poor Jack has reached "The End of the Track."

NATHANIEL NIX.

THE "Lounger" of the *Critic* has caught Mr. Froude in a careless misquotation of Shakespeare in his life of Carlyle.

HENRY JAMES, the novelist, is reported to greatly resemble the Prince of Wales, and a London letter says he tells this story of himself: He was passing St. James' Palace one day when he noticed that the sentry saluted him; it struck him as rather curious, and so he stopped and entered into conversation with the man, who replied, very much to Mr. James' amazement: "Yes, Your Royal Highness." "No, Your Royal Highness." This amused the author of "Confidence" so much that he continued to converse with the soldier for some moments.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

YATESIANA.

In this year, too, I met Lord Cardigan at dinner, and had much talk with him. The dinner at which we met was given only a few days after an action had been tried, upon the decision of which Lord Cardigan vindicated his character against some slur cast upon his bravery at Balaclava, in a book called "Letters by a Staff Officer." The subject was, of course, carefully avoided at the dinner; but I had a talk subsequently about the famous Balaclava charge with Sir George Wombwell, who, as a cornet in the 17th Lancers, took part therein. Though it was so many years ago, he, of course, remembered every detail of it. He had two horses killed under him, was very nearly taken prisoner by the Russians. He was close by Lord Cardigan when Captain Nolan, the aide-de-camp, came with instructions to Lord Lucan to charge upon the guns. Sir George Wombwell was of opinion that there was a doubt as to which guns were mentioned—those on the heights or those in the valley about a mile and a half away. The latter was supposed to be those indicated, and the brilliant charge commenced. Sir George spoke of Lord Cardigan as the incarnation of bravery. He cantered along at first about forty yards in front of his regiment, as though he were riding in the Row; he did not draw his sword until he had made some progress, and then principally with the idea of waving the men back, who were pressing upon him. It is always difficult, even in Yeomanry field-days, to prevent a cavalry charge becoming a race, and, of course, when the men saw the guns in front of them and firing at them, their anxiety to get forward and cut down the gunners was too great, so that the charge finally became a pell-mell race. Sir George Wombwell saw Captain Nolan hit by the shot which killed him. Though killed, the body for some little time maintained its balance on the horse, and was carried past my informant with its arm extended, the horse going at full gallop. A minute after it fell to the ground.

Life at Gadshill for visitors—I speak from experience—was delightful. You breakfasted at nine, smoked your cigar, read the papers, and pottered about the garden until luncheon at one. All the morning Dickens was at work, either in the study—a room on the left hand of the porch as you entered: a large room, entirely lined with books, and with a fine bay-window, in which the desk was placed—or in the Châlet, a Swiss house of four rooms, presented to him by Fechter, which took to pieces, and was erected in a shrubbery on the side of the road opposite to the house, where he had a fine view extending to the river. In the Châlet he did his last work, on the fatal 8th June, using a writing-slope which, by the kindness of Miss Hogarth, is now mine, and on which I write these words. After luncheon (a substantial meal, though Dickens generally took little but bread and cheese and a glass of ale) the party would assemble in the hall, which was hung round with a capital set of Hogarth prints, now in my possession, and settle on their plans. Some walked, some drove, some pottered; there was Rochester Cathedral to be visited, the ruins of the Castle to be explored, Cobham Park (keys for which had been granted by Lord Darnley) in all its sylvan beauty within easy distance. I, of course, elected to walk with Dickens.

The first number of *The World* appeared on the 8th July, 1874, and was not received with any strongly emphasized welcome. Its sale, indeed, was very limited, and its advertisements were practically nil. At the same time all judges of journalism allowed the new aspirant to be bright, clever, and entirely original. Mr. Grenville Murray's large knowledge of men and cities found scope in his "Portraits in Oil," and in his articles commenting on current events abroad and at home; Mr. Escott's political articles were acknowledged to be pointed and incisive; while Mr. Labouchere was dealing with city matters in a way in which they had never been dealt before, and ruthlessly attacking and denouncing Mr. Sampson, the city editor of the *Times*, whose position and virtue had hitherto been considered impregnable. All these features, with the excellence of the paper and printing and general appearance of the journal, received due appreciation from our provincial *contrères* and the "trade"; but as yet they seemed to have made no impression on the public. We were in the desperate position of having a good article to sell without the power of making that fact known; nine-tenths of the newspaper-buying public had absolutely no knowledge of our existence; and although my partner and I had each subscribed another hundred pounds to the capital fund, a couple of thousand pounds would not have been too much to have expended in judicious advertising. At last, and just in the nick of time, we obtained the requisite public notice, and without paying anything for it. A stock-broker, and a member of the Stock Exchange, who conceived himself likely to be attacked for certain practices by Mr. Labouchere in the city article, threatened to horsewhip that gentleman should such observations appear, and Mr. Labouchere had the would-be assailant brought before the Lord Mayor for threatening to commit a breach of the peace. The case was really a trivial one, and it was settled by the defendant being bound over in sureties for his good behaviour. But it had been argued at full length, each side being represented by eminent lawyers. Mr. Thesiger, Q.C., afterwards a Lord Justice of Appeal, appeared for the defendant, and Mr. George Lewis for Mr. Labouchere. A great deal was said about *The World*, and its determination to purge Capel Court of all engaged in iniquitous dealings, and all that was said was reported at length in the daily papers, and *verbatim* in our next issue. The effect was instantaneous; the circulation rose at once, and the next week showed a very large increase of advertisements.—*Memoirs of a Man of the World, by Edmund Yates.*

MY CIGAR.

In spite of my physician, who is, *entre nous*, a foggy,
And for every little pleasure has some pathologic boggy,
Who will bear with no small vices, and, if I obeyed his fiat,
Would make my life a burden with a milk-and-mealy diet ;

In spite of dire forewarnings that my brains will all be scattered,
My memory extinguished, and my nervous system shattered,
That my hand will take to trembling and my heart begin to flutter,
My digestion turn a rebel to my very bread and butter ;

As I puff this mild Havana, and its ashes slowly lengthen,
I feel my courage gather and my resolution strengthen :
I will smoke, and I will praise you, my cigar, in calm defiance
Of the libellous aspersions of tobacco-phobic science !

Let him who has a mistress to her eyebrow write a sonnet,
Let the lover of the lily pen a languid ode upon it ;
In such sentimental subjects I'm a Philistine and cynic,
And prefer the inspiration drawn from sources nicotinic.

So I sing of you, dear product of (I trust you are) Havana,
And if my verses laud you in a sadly halting manner,
It is that I am shy about the muses' aid invoking,
As, like other ancient maidens, they perchance object to smoking.

I have learnt with you the wisdom of contemplative quiescence,
While the world is in a ferment of unmeaning effervescence,
That its jar and rush and riot bring no good one-half so sterling
As your fleecy clouds of fragrance that are now about me curling.

So, let stocks go up or downward, and let politicians wrangle,
Let the parsons and philosophers grope in a wordy tangle,
Let those who want them scramble for their dignities or dollars,
Be millionaires or magnates, or aldermen or scholars.

I will puff my mild Havana, and I quietly will query,
Whether, when the strife is over, and the combatants are weary,
Their gains will be more brilliant than its faint expiring flashes,
Or more solid than this painful of its dead and sober ashes ?

ARTHUR W. GUNDRY.

THE PALACE OF THE PRINCE BISHOPS OF WÜRZBURG.

BEFORE leaving Würzburg I visited the Palace, formerly the residence of the Prince-Bishops, and also several churches. The Palace, *die Residenz*, is immense, and seems the more so when one reflects that it was destined to ornament the chief town of a small bishopric. Built between the years 1720 and 1744, after the plan of the palace of Versailles, it is very nearly as large. There is not such another staircase to be found anywhere. This, and the hall which precedes it, occupy the entire width of the building and a third of its length, and the effect is really of imperial magnificence. The trains of crowds of cassocked prelates and fine ladies could sweep here with ease. The cut stone balustrades are ornamented with statues. There is a suit of 350 reception-rooms—all for show, none for use. A certain number of these were decorated at the time of the French Empire. How mean the paintings on the ceilings, the pseudo-classic walls, and the mahogany furniture with brass ornaments, appear when compared to the apartments completed at the beginning of the eighteenth century, where the "chicorée" ornamentation exhibits all its seductions. I have never seen, all over Europe, anything in this style so perfect or better preserved. The curtains are in material of the period, and the chairs, sofas, and arm-chairs are covered to match. Each room is of a dominant colour. There is a green one with metallic shades, like the wings of a Brazilian beetle. The *broché* silk on the furniture is to correspond. The effect is magical. In another, splendid Gobelin tapestry, after Lebrun, represents the triumph and clemency of Alexander. Another, again, is all mirrors, even to the door-panels, but groups of flowers in oil painting on the glass temper the excessive brilliancy. The stoves are really marvels of inventive genius and good taste, all in white and gold Saxony china. The blacksmith's art never produced anything finer than the immense wrought-iron gates which enclose the pleasure-grounds, with their terraces, lawns, grass-plots, fountains, and rustic retreats. This princely residence, which has been almost invariably vacant since the suppression of episcopal sovereignty, has remained perfectly intact. It has been deteriorated neither by popular insurrections nor by changes in taste. What finished models of the style of the Regency architects and furniture makers could find here to copy from! The contemplation of all these grandeurs suggests two questions to my mind. Where did these Sovereigns of tiny states find the money to furnish themselves with splendours and luxuries which Louis XIV. might have envied? My colleague, George Schanz, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Würzburg, informs me that those bishops had scarcely any troops to maintain. "Make," he says, "builders, joiners, upholsterers, and carpenters of all our soldiers all over the land at the present day, and Germany might soon be covered with such palaces." Second question: How could these bishops, disciples of Him "who had not where to lay His head," spend the money raised by taxation of the poor on pomps and luxury worthy of a Darius or a Heliogabalus? Had they not read the Gospel condemnation of Dives, and the commentaries of the Church's Fathers? Was the Christian doctrine of humility and of charity, even voluntary poverty, only understood in monasteries and convents? Those grandeurs of

the Church must have been completely blinded by the mistaken sophism which leads to the belief that extravagance and waste benefits the working man, the real producer. This unfortunate error is only too harmful at the present day.—*Contemporary Review*.

A NEW GAME FOR CHILDREN.

WE mention this game, says *Little Folks*—which we believe has never appeared in print—because not only many may take part, but like really good games, amusement and perhaps some instruction are derived in playing it; and any number may play at the same time. Let us suppose that ten children decide to play this game of "Names." Each player is provided with a long slip of paper and a pencil, and if one of the players has a watch so much the better: if not, a clock must be used. One commences by calling out: "Girls' names commencing with A; two minutes allowed." Each player then writes down all the girls' names that he (or she) can recollect, and at the expiration of the two minutes "time" is called. Then the oldest player reads from his (or her) slip all the names he or she has written down—say, Amy, Amabel, Alice, Ann, Annie, Amanda, Aileen, etc. All the other players, as the names are read out, cancel any name read out. If for instance, all have written Amy, all cancel Amy, and count one mark. Say six players have Amabel and four have not, each of the six count one mark; those who have not thought and written down Amabel get nothing for Amabel, and so on through the list. The object of the game is to teach the children all girls' and boys' names. When the marks have been allotted for all the names, the total of marks are read out and noted on each slip. The players then proceed in a similar manner for all boys' names commencing with A, such as Alfred, Abel, Adam, Andrew, Arthur, etc. The game can be continued till all the letters of the alphabet are exhausted, but practically young players rarely care to "do" more than thirty sets, or fifteen letters consecutively. Various names crop up, and the memory is well exercised, and children generally vote it great fun. Anyone introducing pet or fancy names, such as Pussy, Kit, Teddy, etc., forfeits two marks, unless it be arranged that they be allowed.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

It will probably surprise those not already aware of the fact to learn that the first person to whom the opprobrious epithet at the head of this paper was applied was a man. He earned the title, not by a studious life, nor by the stores of knowledge he professed, but simply by his partiality for hose of this celestial hue. The story, as usually told, is thus: In the year 1774 this gentleman was a constant attendant at the receptions given by Mrs. Montague, and invariably wore blue stockings, which the quaint dress of the time displayed to advantage, and which won for him in time the soubriquet of "Blue Stockings." By degrees the other frequenters of Mrs. Montague's receptions began to be associated with him in the title, and the "Blue-Stocking Club," as it was called, became widely known as the haunt of all the wit and learning of the day. Had Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet known that by his fatal fondness for blue stockings he was founding a term of reproach for inoffensive students in ages to come, and that accomplished women—the very race whose society he so much appreciated—would be the objects of the nick-name, he would undoubtedly have stifled his craving after that ill-fated colour, and worn hose of pink, green, or yellow; he would have encased his nether limbs in parti-coloured garments; nay, his generous nature would no doubt have cheerfully have consented to go without any hose at all, rather than work the fell deed of which he was unconsciously guilty.—*The Queen*.

NO DOUBT a confederated British Empire would be a very imposing political fabric. But how is this enormous mass to be welded together into one body? Will the Empire not be a Nebuchadnezzar's statue, with head of gold and feet of clay? Will it not be a mere dispersion of authority rather than an aggregation of strength?—*Hamilton Spectator*.

To get rid of the uncomfortable sensations which an extravagant government has produced, as well as an unnatural political alliance, Bluenose should cast about for some new government. The Maritime Provinces could form a league of their own, and let the original Kanuk get out with his wheat through Hudson's Bay or turn to trapping.—*Halifax, N. S., Chronicle*.

If there be any one thing more needed than another in American politics at this moment, it is the demonstration by actual experiment that there are two parties in the country, each capable of administering the Government, without help, in a safe, dignified, and orderly manner. If Mr. Cleveland wishes to make this demonstration, he will do it by and with Democrats.—*Nation*.

MANY people are forward enough in their desire to put down the sale of beer and other time-honoured beverages, but are strangely indifferent to the proper dealing with preventible diseases; the pollution of the wells; the foetid school-house; the defective drain; the ill-cooked food; the neglect of isolation in cases of infectious diseases; in towns and cities the want of healthy exercise; injudicious pressure as respects education—these are among the most potent causes of premature death.—*London Free Press*.

WITH Sir John Macdonald, fresh from the reception of additional honours, at the head of a powerful majority, there will be no fear of imperial interests being imperilled. Sir John will be depended on to represent England rather than Canada. As a G. C. B. he could do nothing else. It is therefore quite on the cards that Canada may be called upon, before many months go by, to pay pretty dearly for the distinguished title which has just been conferred on her favourite son.—*Toronto Telegram*.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE *Century* long ago attained such excellence as to make the maintenance of its attractions a task of no ordinary difficulty, whilst to improve it would seem almost impossible. The current issue is, like most of its predecessors, plethoric of good reading and splendid illustration, the former judiciously varied in character to suit all literary palates, the latter a veritable "joy for ever." The *Century* is doing a good work; and it is satisfactory to know that the proprietors' efforts to raise the artistic standard of popular magazine literature are being crowned with a most gratifying commercial success.

THE December *Atlantic* concludes Vol. liv. The list of contents of the current issue is a strong one, and one paper at least will probably provoke discussion in this country: "Canada and the British Connection," the opinions expressed being valuable in these days of Imperial federation and other chimeras as showing the trend of opinion amongst our neighbours as to Canada's political future. The articles on "Poe's Legendary Years" and "Combination Novels" are of considerable interest, the former giving for the first time a satisfactory account of the more obscure passages in Poe's life. A pleasant little paper in the "Contributors' Club" department takes the form of "a private fling at the editors."

WITH its December number *Lippincott's Magazine* also completes an annual volume. In flowing language E. C. Reynolds tells us why he thinks an American *Punch* is not, at any rate for some time, practicable. "The American humorist is deficient," it is said, "in *chiaroscuro*"—*voilà tout*. Under the caption "A Western Industry"—and a growing one, apparently—a graphic description is given of sugar-making at a spot where "twelve years ago the prairie wolf howled at night and the rattle-snake sung his song of warning in the day-time." Fiction, poetry, travel, each have their departments, whilst the illustrations which accompany the text are of high quality. *Lippincott's* is, in a word, a very cheap and a very excellent magazine.

THE young sportsman, whatever particular branch of sport he may affect, can, thanks to *Outing*, so to speak, fight his battles o'er again in front of the friendly stove, whilst King Frost has locked up yachting waters and covered favourite bicycle "runs" with an inconvenient if beautiful carpet. But would it not be advisable for the publishers of this bright "monthly magazine of recreation" to give papers, songs, and stories on the exhilarating glories of "the outside edge," the fascinating excitement of sleighing, and other winter sports?

THE Christmas *St. Nicholas* contains a fund of delight for youthful hearts. No trouble or expense seems to have been spared in the effort to produce a model magazine for the young folk. Its tone is high, as befits a popular instructor, whilst the papers and stories—not forgetting the beautiful illustrations—are well within the comprehension of any intelligent boy or girl. "Please send us a bound copy of *St. Nicholas*" will doubtless be the burden of many a petition to Santa Claus. At any rate, it might well be so.

THE fourth number—the October issue—of *Descriptive America*, is to hand, and is devoted to the State of Wisconsin. It is difficult to give even a faint idea of the magnitude of the task undertaken by Messrs. Adams and Sons, the publishers. Each part of their invaluable work comprises some forty-eight large pages containing every conceivable manner of information regarding the State treated of, and is preceded by a map—24 by 18 in.—corrected to date. The text is illustrated by geological maps, cuts of prominent places and personages, and interesting landscapes. The editorial work bears traces of great care, and altogether it is no matter for surprise that this mammoth gazetteer has been received with a chorus of praise from the whole continent.

HEADED "La Littérature Murale" *Le Livre* has a most interesting paper in the current number, accompanied by valuable *fac similies* of play-bills, window-bills and posters announcing the appearance of some of the most prominent literary and dramatic events of the past half century. The next most important article is entitled "L'Influences Françaises en Russie."

BOOK NOTICES.

LYRA ELEGANTIORUM. Edited by Frederick Locker. New York: White, Stokes and Allen.

LONDON RHYMES. By Frederick Locker. The same.

In a felicitous preface Mr. Locker expresses the opinion that "genuine *vers de société* and *vers d'occasion* should be short, elegant, refined and fanciful. . . . The tone should be pitched high. . . . The rhythm should be crisp and sparkling, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness." With this as his gauge Mr. Locker has naturally succeeded in collating some of the best specimens of that class of work in the English language, and his publishers have reproduced them in so chaste and elegant a form as to make the book one of the most attractive of the holiday season. In "London Rhymes" we get specimens of Mr. Locker's own work. These also are *vers de société*, and though somewhat local in themes, their poetic beauties must ensure popularity even on this side the Atlantic. A *bijou* little book, and the "author's edition."

VOICES FROM THE ORIENT. By the Rev. George Burnfield, M.A., B.D. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

This volume is the outcome of a journey through Egypt and the Holy Land, and is unquestionably an acquisition to Biblical literature. The

descriptions are not second-hand, but the result of personal and evidently careful examination. Mr. Burnfield has been several times appointed examiner in Oriental literature. The knowledge of these Oriental languages the author turned to good account in his work; his illustrations of many passages of Scripture the reader will not only find highly interesting but likewise very instructive. With travels in the Bible Lands, the field of research is so extensive that every new explorer is sure to find new beauties. Hence it is that travels in the East never lose their charms and freshness, but are always extensively read. Mr. Burnfield commences with a full description of Rome. From Rome he takes his readers to the hardly less renowned city of Athens. He next conducts his readers into the land of the Pharaohs, and tells them all about Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, Bene-Hassan, and Thebes, and the ancient tombs and hieroglyphic inscriptions that are found in the two last mentioned places. From Egypt he conducts the reader by stages into the Holy Land, giving an account of some of the places that were passed on the route, interspersed with some amusing occurrences. As might be expected, his description of Jerusalem and neighbourhood is precise. Mr. Burnfield was evidently determined to see everything that was worthy of notice. The book is written in a very pleasing style, is illustrated with many plates, and is got up in a style which reflects great credit upon both editor and publisher.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH CORNWALL. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With illustrations by C. Napier Nemy. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

A reprint, got up in very handsome shape, of a story which ran through the earlier number of *Macmillan's Illustrated Magazine*. It goes without saying that, even to those who are not familiar with the localities touched, the descriptive text is full of interest, whilst the wealth of illustration which accompanies it makes the book one of the most charming of the holiday season, with special attractions for those who have a loving remembrance of the Mother Land.

CHRISTMAS-TREE LAND. By Mrs. Molesworth. London and New York: Macmillan and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

There is such an amount of trash shot into the market at holiday season that it behoves donors of youths' books to have a care in the selection of their gifts. In the above, which is beautifully printed, illustrated and bound, the publishers' name, not to mention that of the authoress, is sufficient guarantee for its tone and excellence.

SOME HERETICS OF YESTERDAY. By S. E. Herrick, D.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

A collection of lectures delivered last winter by the author to his congregation in Mount Vernon Church, Boston, and forming a valuable biography of the twelve Protestants who carried on the work of Reformation—from the time of Tauler in Germany to the ministry of Wesley in England.

SHAW'S NEW HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Truman J. Backus, LL.D. New York and Chicago: Sheldon and Company.

A handsomely printed revision of the well-known "Manual of English Literature." Mr. Backus has improved the logical arrangement, corrected the lack of unity in several chapters, simplified the style, developed the discussions of Old and Middle-English literature, added short quotations from English and American critics, and enlarged the book by including the discussion of the lives and work of eminent English men of letters who have died since the former edition was published.

FICHTE'S SCIENCE OF KNOWLEDGE. A Critical Exposition. By Charles Everett, D.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Company.

An addition to "Griggs' Philosophical Classics," devoted to a study of "Fichte's Principles of the Complete Science of Knowledge," and containing references to his other writings sufficient to show the relation which the results reached in this work bear to his system as a whole.

STUDIES IN HISTORY. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

A number of essays written at various times bearing, with one exception, directly upon the history of the United States. The eleven chapters include papers on The Puritans and the Restoration, A Puritan Pepys, The Early Days of Fox, William Cobbett, Alexander Hamilton, Timothy Pickering, Caleb Strong, Albert Gallatin, Daniel Webster, Colonization in the United States, and French Opinions of the United States, 1840-81.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ANNUAL. Philadelphia: N. W. Ayer and Son.

Containing a list of all newspapers in the United States and Canada, with a quantity of information regarding their circulation, issue and political features.

THOMAS CARLYLE. A History of his Life in London. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Two Vols. in One. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Noticed at length by "Bystander" in THE WEEK of Nov. 6th and 13th. A handsome edition.

MAPLE UNDERWOOD. By James McGowan. Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Company.

A collection of youthful poems "rudely cut by a youthful beaver."

BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS. By F. Max Müller, K.M. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. Published by arrangement with the author.

Sketches of Rām Mohun Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, Dayānanda Larasvati, Bunyin Nanjio and Kenjiu Kasawara, Mohl and Kingsley.

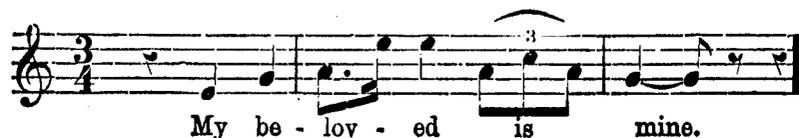
MUSIC.

CLAUDE FRANCOIS MENESTRIER, a Jesuit father, who wrote, and published in Paris in the seventeenth century, a treatise entitled, "Des Représentations en Musique Anciennes et Modernes," tried to prove that the "Song of Solomon" is the earliest opera on record, being a musical drama written by Solomon for his own nuptials. Most modern commentators, too, in the present day, at all events those of the "literal" school, appear to be agreed that the poem is dramatic in design. Therefore, Mr. Joseph Bennett, the compiler, and Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, the composer, of "The Rose of Sharon," are right in calling it a dramatic oratorio—if indeed that can be called an oratorio which is purely poetic in conception and treatment. It is somewhat to be regretted that Mr. Bennett has not had the courage of his convictions, and allowed the work to stand as what he intends it to be: simply an Eastern love story to let in beautiful language, descriptive of passionate and constant devotion. Instead of this, he has sought to appease the musical Mrs. Grundies by tacking on a prologue and epilogue which try to suggest a spiritual meaning and point a moral quite foreign to the scope of the work.

This is probably the cause of the uninteresting and perfunctory nature of the contralto music to which the composer has set the prologue, showing that his heart was in the dramatic part of his work, not in this irrelevant introduction. After this the orchestra gives out the graceful subject of a vintage song, afterwards sung by the heroine of the story, a Sulamite maid, and used throughout as a *leitmotif* or representative theme typical of herself.



At the close of the opening vintage chorus the same subject is heard, immediately followed by the voice of the "Beloved," under the lattice of the beautiful Sulamite, singing an *aubade*, with the accompaniment of which the same subject is lovingly entwined. The Sulamite replies from her window, ending with the words "My beloved is mine and I am his," which forms a second *leitmotif*, used whenever the constancy of the maiden's love is alluded to.



The Sulamite then sings her vintage song, "We will take the foxes, the little foxes that ravage the vines," to the first *leitmotif*, hitherto heard only in the orchestra, leading to love duett, succeeded by a vintage chorus which closes the scene. An orchestral intermezzo follows, descriptive of a spring morning on Lebanon, and then the villagers, seeing King Solomon approaching, sing a chorus descriptive of his magnificence and the grandeur of his retinue. This chorus is introduced, accompanied, and followed by what may be called the Solomon *motif*, a bold and somewhat Handelian figure used when allusion is made to Solomon, and cleverly worked out after in the work.



The procession having halted, the Sulamite is observed in the crowd, and as the nobles, struck by her beauty, ask, "Who is she?" the orchestra replies with the Sulamite *motif*, ingeniously varied by being put into common time and syncopated.



Throughout the broken exclamations which follow this theme are worked out with increasing intensity until they are thundered out with great power, leading, rather abruptly, to a song for Solomon (baritone) who, speaking for the first time, addresses the maiden in a strain of exquisite beauty, the first figure of which, a very short one, suggests rather unfortunately a Mendelssohn song. Further on Solomon pays her the barbaric compliment of comparing her to a charger in Pharaoh's stud, set to commonplace and boisterous music, when a beautiful contrast of metaphors is obtained

by her reply "My beloved is to me a nosegay of Myrrh," most happily wedded to gracefully phrased accompaniment interspersed with snatches of the first Sulamite *motif*. A masterly bit of part-writing follows: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider," in which the elder and villagers give her worldly advice—one of the gems of the work. After passionate protests from the "Beloved" and the Sulamite herself, she is placed in Solomon's chariot and carried away to his palace amid cries of "God save the King," from the people.

The second part commences with a long scene, some portions of which have great beauty, between the Sulamite and women in the palace, who express surprise at her refusal of Solomon's magnificent offer to make her his bride, to all of which she replies with protestations of her undying love for the "Beloved." In this scene much is made of the two Sulamite themes already quoted; there is also some beautiful three-part writing for female voices, much of which will be useful for separate performance. At the close of this number a subject is heard from the orchestra which is afterwards used as the procession march of the Ark, and an officer entering summons the women to go forth and see the procession of the Ark of the Covenant which is being conveyed to the temple built by Solomon for its reception. This scene commences by women singing, "This is the day the Lord hath made," followed by an elaborate setting of the Hundredth Psalm, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord," for full chorus, supposed to be sung by the populace in an open space before the palace. Next the Ark approaches, to the march subject already alluded to, followed by the maidens of Jerusalem, singing, "We will praise His name," three-part chorus for female voices; male voice chorus of elders, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion"; chorus of shepherds and vine-dressers—soprano, alto, and tenor; male chorus of soldiers finely worked out on the Solomon *motif*; male chorus of priest bearing the holy vessels. In this chorus a striking effect is obtained by the basses holding a pedal in the dominant while the orchestra plays a very quaint succession of chords. Afterwards this effect is increased by the tenors and basses holding the dominant and tonic, a pedal in a fifth, during the chord passage on the orchestra. The scene ends by a magnificently worked up chorus of the people, as Solomon passes, singing the praise of the Lord and of the King. This portion forms the climax of the choral-writing in the work; the various parts of the procession are admirably varied, and form a succession of brilliant musical pictures culminating in a very grand climax. After the passing of the procession the women sing to the Sulamite, "Thus shall it be done to her whom the King delighteth to honour," to which she replies in her second motive, most beautifully varied three times in different positions with changed harmonies, "My beloved is mine and I am his."

The third part opens with a nocturne for orchestra, entitled, "Sleep," a graceful and dreamy, though somewhat laboured movement, introducing the Sulamite's dream, in which she thinks her beloved comes to her chamber door which, after some demur, she opens only to find him gone. She seeks him in the streets, but cannot find him, and appealing to the watchmen is insulted by them. The composer has succeeded in giving to this scene a poetic and dreamy effect, the episode of the watchmen with their short orchestral march being almost ghostly in character. On awakening from her dream she is told by a contralto, in an uninteresting song whose first phrase suggests "My Queen," that the King is coming to press his suit, which he does in a song which, though very beautiful, is hardly original, the first part being harmonized in such a way as to vividly recall Wagner's treatment. The Sulamite replies as before, and with a new variation of the former theme, "My beloved is mine and I am his," upon which she is taunted by Solomon and the waiting women, "Art thou simple, O fairest of women; then go and follow the flock," and contemptuously set at liberty to return to her village and her Beloved.

The last part opens with the lamentations of the villagers at the absence of the Sulamite and grief of the Beloved. This portion is not very interesting, and is unnecessarily protracted. It will probably be one of the portions cut out at future performances, the work having been found too long at the Norwich Festival. The interest re-awakens at the unexpected return of the Sulamite, "leaning on her Beloved"; they are received by the villagers with joyful acclamation, culminating in a very fine chorus worked out at some length, "Sing O Heavens, and be joyful O Earth," during which occurs a well-written, but somewhat conventional, unaccompanied quartett, followed by a duett for the Sulamite and the Beloved, after which comes a chorale for solo voices repeated by the chorus, which concludes the work with a grand and massive effect. The epilogue is like the prologue, uninteresting and perfunctory.

Even if space permitted, it would be impossible to give a thorough analysis of the oratorio in the absence of an orchestral score, or any opportunity of hearing it performed; any opinion as to its merits must therefore be cautiously given. It shows in every bar the work of a learned musician; the part writing could hardly be excelled, and the power of piling up great and massive choral effects almost unrivalled. On the other hand, there is too much self-conscious cleverness, and too little of that quality which, for want of a better name, is known as inspiration. The subjects, too, are not interesting, nor always original. The device of representative themes is used in the "Rose of Sharon" to a greater extent than in any previous sacred work, and, though the themes themselves may not be always satisfactory, the manner in which they are worked out is masterly, and results repeatedly in the attainment of effects of almost magical beauty. The oratorio was most successful at Norwich, the composer being literally pelted with flowers and receiving an ovation which must have reminded many of the elder people present of the scenes at the Festival when Mendelssohn conducted his own masterpieces.

THE Toronto Metropolitan Church Choir Concert, given last Thursday, was at once a success and a disappointment. It was a success so far as the work done by the choir was concerned; but those who had been led to expect a musical treat from the trio of vocalists imported from New York were woefully disappointed. Mr. Stoddard, it is true, is an old favourite in Toronto, possesses a baritone of good quality, and acquitted himself fairly well in the numbers allotted to him. He is, however, hardly class enough for oratorio, and lacks finish. His best performance on the occasion under notice was the recitative and air "It is enough," from "Elijah." Miss Walker was a decided failure. Her attire was characteristic of her singing: both were loud and repellent. Mr. Jameson has a very uneven baritone voice, the lower register being fairly good, the upper weak and thick, and as he was set to sing tenor solos the result may be imagined, especially as he appeared to have a cold. His rendering of the beautiful air "In native worth" would, "not to put too fine a point upon it," scarcely have delighted the great composer. Dr. Davis played with brilliance and power, winning several encores. His programme selections included "Overture to the occasional Oratorio" (Handel), Concert Fugue in D (Bach), and *morceaux* from Wely and Lemmens. Had it not been for the chorus the concert would have fallen flat. Their singing of "We never will bow down" ("Judas Maccabeus") came as a refreshing relief to jaded hearers, and gave evidence of careful training. Gounod's "Ave Verum" was even more tastefully given, and the final chorus, "Let their Celestial Concerts," from "Samson," was sung with a firmness of touch and expression only to be acquired by constant practice. Mr. Torrington appears to have instilled an *esprit de corps* into his choir which will stand them in good stead when preparing the greater works for public performance.—*Com.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

JOAQUIN MILLER is writing letters to *The Independent* from the New Orleans Exposition.

MR. BLAINE'S book has already reached a sale of 200,000 copies, and it is expected that 50,000 more will be sold.

DR. O. W. HOLMES will open a "New Portfolio" in the *Atlantic* for the coming year—a series of papers whose contents are not otherwise indicated than by the title just quoted.

TO-NIGHT and to-morrow (Friday) night, residents in Toronto will have an opportunity of hearing Miss Florence Marryat, daughter of the world-renowned author of "Peter Simple."

J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND Co. will issue as their leading holiday book "The Seven Ages of Man," from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," with numerous illustrations by many of our best artists.

THE numbers of *The Living Age* for November 15th and 22nd contain judiciously selected papers from *Edinburgh, Quarterly, British Quarterly, London Quarterly, Modern Review, Spectator, Chambers, Saturday Review, Athenaeum, and Antiquary.*

No one who cares for literary matters will fail to be interested in the announcement that Wm. Cleaver Wilkinson has written a very racy critique of Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," and is now seeing it through the press of Funk and Wagnalls. The critique, which will appear in the "Standard Library," under the title "Edwin Arnold, as Poetizer and as Paganizer," will be divided into two parts, the first dealing with the literary merit, the second with the historic merit of Mr. Arnold's poem.

ARTHUR GILMAN, of Cambridge, Mass., whose "History of the American People" has won for him such high reputation as an historical writer, is the author of a new work relating to early American history, entitled "Tales of the Pathfinders," published by D. Lothrop and Co. From the same press is announced a dainty volume of poems collected from the works of Miss Mary B. Dodge, whose short poems, contributed to various periodicals, have been read with pleasure by so many thousands.

THE *Homiletic Monthly* (Funk and Wagnalls) is to take a forward step with the first number of the coming year. While retaining all its present features, the department devoted to reviews and articles of general interest to scholars and ministers is to be greatly enlarged. In the January number the contributors to this department will be Prof. Dwight, of Yale, Prof. Jas. O. Murray, of Princeton, Judge Noah Davis, Dr. Daniel Curry, Prof. Wm. C. Wilkinson, Dr. T. W. Chambers, and many others. The name of the magazine will be changed to *The Homiletic Review.*

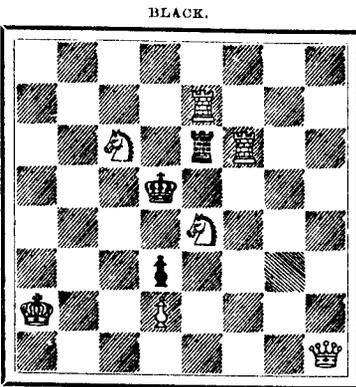
WITH its November number, *Shakespeariana*, the first and only magazine in the world devoted exclusively to Shakespearian literature, enters upon its second year with the most flattering assurances of permanent success. *Shakespeariana* is specially designed to extend the influence of Shakespeare as a popular educator, and to stimulate the study of his works in our colleges and institutions of learning. The latest results of all schools of contemporary Shakespearian criticism are to be found in its pages, while its educational essays are of the greatest practical importance to the teacher.

SINCE Mr. Strahan's ill-omened attempt to establish a magazine in England with coloured prints, the idea of using chromolithographs in periodicals has somewhat faded. But *Longman's Magazine* was issued last week so adorned. The artists are good, Mr. Pettie, Mr. G. du Maurier, Mrs. Allingham, Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Walter Wane, Mr. P. Graham, Mr. Doyle, and Mr. Birkett Foster. Among the contributors of letterpress are Mr. Besant, Mr. Andrew Lang, "Bret Harte," and Mr. Wilkie Collins. Are we to see in this new departure an experiment? *Longman's* has had no pictures hitherto.

CHESS.

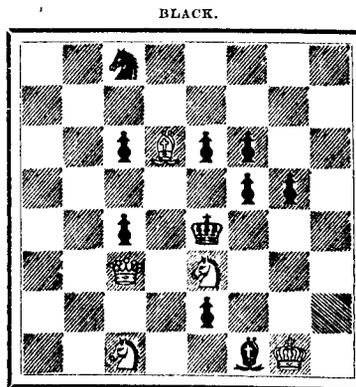
All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 61.
By B. G. Laws.
(From *The Field*.)



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 62.
TOURNEY PROBLEM No. 13.
Motto:—"Chalk it up."



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 40.—1 Q K 6, solved by E. B. G., W. A., D. J. W.
- 41.—1 Kt at K 7 x P, solved by E. B. G., W. A., G. S. C.
- 42.—1 Kt Q 6, solved by E. B. G., W. A., G. S. C.
- 43.—1 B R 3, solved by E. B. G., W. A., F. W. M., G. S. C.
- 44.—1 B K B 6, solved by E. B. G., W. A., F. W. M., G. S. C.
- 45.—1 B Q B 1, solved by J. McG., E. B. G., W. A., F. W. M.
- 46.—1 Incorrect diagram.
- 47.—1 Kt Kt 6 to K 5, solved by E. B. G., W. A., D. J. W.
- 48.—1 Q B 8 ch, solved by E. B. G.
- 49.—1 Kt K B 6, solved by E. B. G., W. A.
- 50.—1 R Q R 8, solved by E. B. G., W. A.
- 51.—1 O K R 7, solved by E. B. G., W. A.
- 52.—1 Kt R 2, solved by E. B. G., W. A.
- 53.—1 R R 4, solved by E. B. G., W. A.
- 53(a).—1 B R 6, solved by E. B. G., W. A.
- 54.—1 Kt K 4, solved by E. B. G., W. A., D. J. W.
- 55.—1 Kt B 5, solved by W. A.
- 56.—1 B Kt 3, solved by E. B. G., W. A.

GAME No. 32.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

(From *The Field*.)

One of twenty-three games played simultaneously at the public hall, South Norwood, on Wednesday, the 22nd ult.

(Evans' Gambit declined.)

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
S. Rosenthal.	Capt. A. Beaumont.	S. Rosenthal.	Capt. A. Beaumont.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	22. R takes B	Q to B 5
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	23. Q to Kt sq	P to Kt 4
3. B to B 4	B to B 4	24. K R to Q sq	Castles
4. P to Q Kt 4	B to Kt 3	25. R to Q 7	K R to K sq
5. P to Q R 4	P to Q R 3	26. Q to Q 3	Kt to B 3
6. Castles	P to Q 3	27. Q to Q 5	Q R to B sq
7. P to R 5	R to R 2	28. P to R 4 (e)	P to R 3 (f)
8. P to Kt 5	Q Kt to K 2 (a)	29. P to R 5	Kt to B sq (g)
9. P to B 3	Kt to Kt 3	30. B takes Kt	K takes B
10. Q to Kt 3	Q to K 2 (b)	31. Kt to R 4	Kt to K 2
11. P to Kt 6	P takes P	32. R takes Kt (h)	R takes R
12. P takes P	B to Kt sq	33. Kt to B 5	R to K 3 (i)
13. P to Q 4	B to K 3	34. Q to Kt 7	Q R to K sq
14. B to R 3	B takes B	35. R to Q 7	R to K B 3
15. Q takes R	Q to Q 2 (c)	36. B to K 7	R takes R
16. P takes P	P takes P	37. Q takes R ch	K to Kt sq
17. Q Kt to Q 2	K Kt to K 2	38. Q to K 8 ch	K to R 2
18. Q R to Q sq	Q to Kt 4 (d)	39. Kt to K 7	Q takes P oh
19. Q to R 2	Q takes P	40. K to R 2	Q to R 5 oh
20. Kt to B 4	Q to K B 3		Drawn game.
21. Kt to Q 6 ch	B takes Kt		

NOTES.

- (a) We should have preferred 8. . . . P takes P; 9. B takes P, Kt to K 2, etc.
- (b) Better than 10. . . . Q to B 3, because of 11. P to Kt 6, P takes P; 12. P takes P, B to Kt sq; 13. P to Q 4, followed by 14. B to Kt 5, threatening to win the queen.
- (c) If 15. . . . Kt to B 3, than 16. P takes P, Kt takes P; 17. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt; 18. Q to B 8, ch. and wins.
- (d) Perhaps 18. . . . Q to B 3 would have been somewhat better.
- (e) Preparatory to Kt to Kt 5, because if White had played at once 28. Kt to Kt 5, Black had a valid reply in 28. . . . Either to Kt to K 2, &c.
- (f) Black could not have played here 28. . . . Q to Kt to K 2, on account of 29. B takes Kt, Kt takes B; 30. Q to Kt 7, with a winning advantage.
- (g) If Black had retired his Kt to K 2 instead of the text move, the variation pointed out in the preceding note would have ensued.
- (h) An ingenious device of saving a doubtful game. If it comes to an ending Black's extra pawn ought to win.
- (i) If 33. . . . K R to K sq, then 34. Q to Q 6, ch, K to Kt sq; 35. Kt to K 7, ch, etc.

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. JAMES INNES MINCHIN, the chess author, of London, has made a translation into English verse of "Dante's Divina Commedia."

THE "Woolhouse Challenge Cup" will be contested for next winter by the clubs of Bradford, Leeds, Wakefield, Dewsbury and Huddersfield, England.

MR. W. A. SHINKMAN, the distinguished problematist, and Miss Emma Bonney, were united in marriage October 30th, at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

A CHINAMAN is President of the Yale College Chess Club, and he is the best player in the club, though Harry Kirkham, of Newington, is pressing him closely.

THE death is announced of two prominent Italian devotees of chess—Signors G. Mario Borgi, of Leghorn, and Giovanni Battista Maluta, of Padua.

It is stated that Mr. Blackburne will visit the United States next summer on his way home from Australia.

The *Baltimore Sunday News* is responsible for the following anecdote which is said to be well authenticated:—"There is an old gentleman now living in Philadelphia who was an old personal friend of Paul Morphy. While the great player was visiting at his house in Havana one evening some years ago he (Morphy), successfully played ten simultaneous games while he continued waltzing (dancing) round the room."

THE WEEK.

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WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of uherole, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxemia, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness, usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

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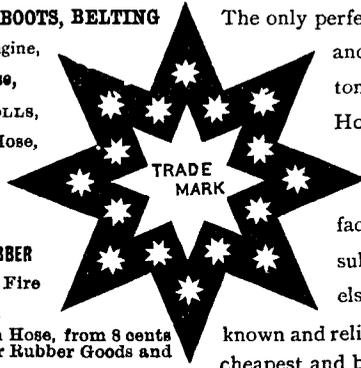
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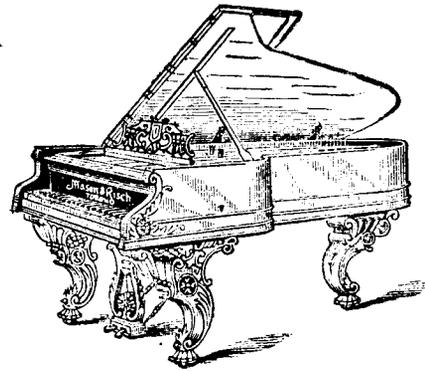
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