

# THE WEEK:

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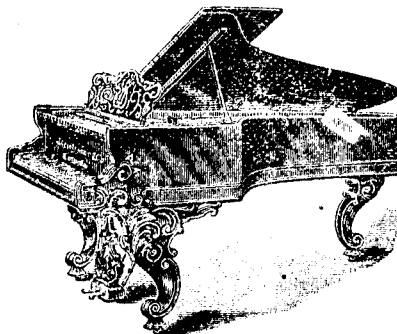
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## BISHOP HANNINGTON.\*

BISHOP HANNINGTON has been happy in his biographer, almost as happy as Mr. Dawson has been in his subject. The representatives of the martyred bishop judged wisely that the work of recording such events of his comparatively short life as were of public interest should be entrusted to a friend, and to one who knew him long and intimately. We could wish that such a course were more commonly taken. In the case of memoirs or biographies produced long after the death of the subject, this may sometimes be impossible. But we could mention books written to commemorate men of mark, and many of them, during the last thirty years, which have been, as far as the author or editor's part was concerned, "stale, flat, and unprofitable," because the writer had no more than a literary interest in his work. If any man required to have the story of his life told by a friend, it was Bishop Hannington. Rather, we should say that such a process alone could make the man and his work fully intelligible to the outside world. Of course the most deeply interesting portions of the book before us are the extracts from Hannington's own letters and journals. But these by themselves would give us a very much less complete notion of the man than we gain from them when illuminated by Mr. Dawson's comments and elucidations.

James Hannington was a saint, not in the conventional, but in the real and essential meaning of the word. He might be described, in ordinary language, as a thorough, real, earnest Christian man, a man of heroic spirit, free from all cant, retaining no slight part of the boy to the end of his days, fond of fun always, although in his later days keeping that tendency in due subordination, irascible when there was good reason for being so, addicted to strongish language when he had any strong feeling to express, not very patient of imposture or of a good many other things that were calculated to annoy; unselfish, gentle, affectionate, self-sacrificing—a man worth knowing, worth writing about, needing a sympathetic mind to present him aright before the eyes of the outside world.

Mr. Dawson has enabled us to know his friend as we have described him, and has invested his life and his works with real living interest. We cannot wonder that this book, published not six months ago, should have reached its sixth edition in England, and we shall be surprised if it does not find as many readers on this side of the Atlantic as on the other.

The story of Hannington's early days is curious in many ways. He never seems to have been fond of study, nor was he ever much of a thinker in the more subjective sense. He was not originally intended for the ministry or for any of the learned professions, and he went to Oxford rather later than is usual. But his observation was keen, and to the end of his life he united with the work of the ministry an intense interest in nature under every form, collecting, in the very last journey of his life,

\*James Hannington, D.D., etc., First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa. A history of his life and work. By E. C. Dawson, M.A., Oxon. Randolph & Co., New York; Williamson & Co., Toronto.

amid trials, privations, anxieties, specimens of African vegetation and animal life.

His earliest training does not seem to have been quite happy or judicious. He complained in after years that the severity of his youthful discipline had deprived him of moral courage. His biographer seems to see that this was a mistake. Hannington never in reality lacked either moral courage or physical courage; it was, rather, ready courage that sometimes failed him, and that by no means always. In other words, he was a nervous man, and that nervousness had been developed abnormally by early discipline. How entirely such a temperament is consistent with moral and physical courage alike, a thousand examples may show.

Hannington's first curacy was in Devonshire, and for some time his work was far from satisfactory. He was always quite sincere; but in the early days of his ministry his religious convictions were not very deep, and his experience was very limited. Mr. Dawson tells very well how a change was wrought in him, and how its effects were manifested, first in his Devonshire curacy, next in work connected with a chapel on his father's grounds at Hurstpierpoint, and finally in his brief African ministry.

Many instances of Hannington's remarkable strength of purpose are given in connection with his earlier days, and the same characteristic remained with him to the end. If we were to judge of his work by the mere outward results of it which at present appear, we might be inclined to say his life was thrown away. This will be the judgment of no one who reads with care the book before us. "He, being dead, yet speaketh." Many a man who might have lived a useless life will be stirred to work by this noble example; and who can tell what effects may follow in the land in which and for which he laid down his life?

Hannington was led to think of missionary work in Africa through various causes. He had an earnest longing to help in winning the world for Christ. Africa had been made a centre of absorbing interest by the labours and explorations of Speke and Livingstone and Mackenzie, and many others. Then, there can be little doubt that he was also spurred on by his love of adventure. Twice he visited Eastern Equatorial Africa. The first time he was driven back by loss of health; the second time he was cruelly murdered by the command of a silly young king, acting under the influence of an evil-minded minister.

When Hannington undertook his first expedition to the Victoria Nyanza it never entered his head that he was afterwards to be Bishop of the vast region in which it is situated. When he went as Bishop, leaving his wife and little children in England, it was in the spirit of the soldier of the Cross—full of an enthusiasm that was never damped, yet that was never wild, controlled, as it was, by prudence, sobriety, and a just sense of the duties and difficulties and dangers of his work. There is nothing which has struck us more, in reading the story of that terrible journey from Frere Town, on the Eastern Coast of Africa, to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, than the calm common sense, the clear judgment, the quick decision with which he conducted the expedition, and met every emergency as it arose. His management of the wild tribes, through whose lands his caravan of two hundred persons passed, showed throughout remarkable powers of dealing with men—temper, courage, and self-denial in a very high degree. He was guilty of no rashness in undertaking the expedition, he made no mistakes, that we can detect, in conducting it, and his death was brought about by causes which he could not have foreseen, and which he could not possibly control. He died as he lived, calm, real, self-sacrificing. We have read few more touching words than those which are written in his journal in the last few days of his life, and these words receive a remarkable illustration from the testimony of the companions of his last journey.

C.

## MODERN PREACHING.

THE advent of the Rev. Sam Jones among us so lately, and his undoubted success among at least a portion of Toronto church-goers—a success testified to by the throngs that assembled to hear him,—give rise to many problems. The Rev. Sam Jones is not a preacher of the school to which Spurgeon, for example, belongs, and he is as far removed as darkness from daylight from the late Dr. Punshon; yet the success and fame of Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Punshon have not been one whit greater than that of the Southern revivalist. Furthermore, men of the type of Spurgeon are

growing fewer; his school of preaching is losing its votaries, while imitators of Mr. Jones are increasing.

The reason, we think, is this—that in preaching, as in everything else, there are certain fashions and styles, and these fashions and styles are adapted to circumstances, if, indeed, they do not spring directly from circumstances. It would be pleasant to think otherwise—to think that the Sermon on the Mount, or Paul's sermon on Mars' Hill, would be the type for all time to come. This, however, is not to be. So there have been schools of preaching almost as diverse as schools of painting, and, as the nineteenth century produced Turner, a man different in style from any other painter that ever lived, so it has produced Sam Jones, a man equally unlike in style his other brethren of the cloth.

But as centuries do not produce men without good reason, and as every man is more or less the reflection of his own age, moulding it perhaps to some extent, but generally much more moulded by it, so there are excellent reasons for the existence of the Rev. Sam Jones and his peculiarities.

We are, in the first place, under the influence of a recoil from the limp and conventional sermon that used to soothe our forefathers to drowsy slumber. A recoil generally leads those under its influence to extremes, so that one who had been accustomed to churches where the congregation either peacefully slumbered or sat bolt upright in uncomfortable seats, would probably be a little surprised to see in the churches ministered to by the Rev. Sam Jones "Laughter holding both his sides," "quips and cranks and wreathed smiles" following in close succession. The laughter is not, however, the result of frivolity on the part of either preacher or congregation. It is the result of an effort on the part of both to lessen the amount of formalism that has hitherto been held necessary in matters pertaining to the church.

There is another reason in these changes, lying more deeply hidden, but no less efficient. The age, aiming always at the practical, has demanded that the church and its ministers shall aim at the practical. Vague theories, dogmas, scholastic arguments, are out of keeping with the spirit of the times. Now no one has seen this more clearly than the Rev. Sam Jones. He is intensely practical. His illustrations and anecdotes are derived from everyday life. With theories he troubles himself little. He appeals to the philosophy of everyday life, and his doctrine is that which metaphysicians would call one of "common sense." Is it any wonder, then, that a congregation, composed of hard-working and practical people, welcome a man like him with more enthusiasm than they would bestow on the most erudite scholar or silver-toned orator? We speak of Sam Jones, but we use his name to designate a whole class of preachers who form the modern school of preaching. In our own city there are at least two clergymen whose style of pulpit oratory, differing as widely from each other as both do from the American revivalist, are well worthy of study. The Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of St. Andrew's, is one, and Professor Clark, of Trinity College, the other. To what we have termed the modern school they do not altogether belong, inasmuch as both of them avoid with the utmost care the sensational. They do, however, cultivate the practical. The chief characteristic of Mr. Macdonnell's preaching is his intense earnestness, manifested in every gesture, word, and thought; the chief characteristic of Prof. Clark, his application of ripe thought and broad intellect to the practical questions of the day. It is no flattery to say that both of these clergymen exhibit the best elements of the older and the modern style.

Whether Mr. Jones and his school of preaching is durable or not is a question hard to answer. It is always difficult and perhaps dangerous to distinguish between what is durable and what is not, in questions involving taste and opinion merely. Probably there will be modifications, leaving the pulpit better to this extent that formalism will be reduced to a minimum, and clearness and directness will be necessary to success.

J. H. BOWES.

#### IN DIVERS TONES.\*

THERE are few announcements in which the Canadian literary public might be expected to feel a livelier concern than in that of the appearance of a volume of verse by Professor Charles G. D. Roberts. For a long time they that watch and grow not weary over the germination of the divine art beneath our northern sun have comforted themselves with Professor Roberts' performances. The vehicle of his pen has carried Canadian thought further we think along metrical paths than any other of British inspiration. Such bays as have been wrested from our silent forests, so full of ideality yet so unproductive of it, are his. And lest this be construed into meagre and unwilling concession we must add that they have been more than fairly won.

"In Divers Tones" is an apt title for the poems to which it has been

given. They are all short. One, "Actæon," is sustained for nearly ten pages; there is not another that passes five. And their tonic quality, rather than any difference in form or colouring, though many exist, distinguishes them chiefly. Facile expressions they seem of a nature whose moods are set in many keys. We see much in them of graceful descriptive power, of beauty in thought and diction, and of that subtle poetic inspiration that informs all true art, but we seem to hear more. We find ourselves bending to catch the strain of the song, half forgetful of its burden. "Divers" indeed, are the notes our poet strikes, and not all lent and blent to one harmony. All along the scale from this from "The Marvellous Work":

Not yet, for all their quest of it, have men  
Cast wholly by the ignoble dread of truth!  
Each of God's laws, if but so late discerned,  
Their faiths upgrew unsuckled in it, fills  
Their hearts with angry fears, perchance lest God  
Be dwarfed behind His own decrees, or made  
Superfluous through His perfectness of deed,

to this from "La Belle Tromboniste":

The dinning cymbals shrill  
Kiss and clash,  
Drum and kettledrum at will  
Roll and clash;  
But that trombone over all  
Toots unto my heart a call—  
Maid petite and trombone tall,  
*It's a mash!*

Sweet bells jangled out of tune in all verity! We can hardly forgive the ringer for the discord they make. It would have been so easy to have left out "La Belle Tromboniste"; and the bad taste of her is so obvious! How could an idyl possibly be sounded upon a trombone!

So few, however, are the liberties Professor Roberts permits himself to take with his Muse, and so many are the legitimate fruits they have cultivated together that it would be unfair to both to dwell longer upon such verses as have, we think, been revived from dead numbers of *Life*, where their sepulchre was meet. And when this poet writes seriously he prefers classical themes, songs of moods, and pictures in which the mood-inspiration is so subtle and so important a pigment as to thrill the reader's veins with some suggestion of the painter's bliss. As might be expected, Professor Roberts is happiest among the "lesser-bound Bœotian hills," or the shady glades of Peneus, or listening anywhere to the gods and the demigods that whisper still from their distant solitudes across the chasm of the years to some favoured mortals. Here is one of his haunts, described in irregular measure of pure music, with clear and lovely imaginative power, and a stress of tenderness that is very charming:

How through the cleft of its bosom goes sweetly the water Peneus,  
How by Peneus the sward breaks into purple and blue!  
How the long slope-floored beech-glades mount to the wind-wakened uplands,  
Where, through flame-berried ash, troop the hoofed Centaurs at morn;  
Nowhere greens a copse but the eyebeams of Artemis pierce it.  
Breathes no laurel her balm but Phoebus' fingers caress,  
Springs no bed of wild blossom but limbs of Dryad have pressed it;  
Sparkle the nymphs, and the brooks chime with shy laughter and calls.

The fitful beauty of "The Pipes of Pan," and the calmer, higher, more sustained repose of "Actæon," whose sad story one can almost hear the low-browed Greek woman-philosopher telling, make, we think, the strongest intellectual claim of the volume. The gentle, minor soul-singings are very plaintive and sweet, but the note is seldom held long enough, as in "Dark" and "Mist." There is strong vitality in many of the purely descriptive pieces, in which, however, is also to be observed sometimes a deficiency in climax, as in "The Slave Woman." Exquisitely simple thoughts come often to the poet through scenic associations, as this from "On the Creek":

But, Dear, keep thou in mind  
These moments swift and sweet;  
Their memory thou shalt find  
Illumine the common street.

And thro' the dust and din,  
Smiling, thy heart shall hear  
Quiet waters, lapsing thin,  
And locusts shrilling clear.

To sum up criticisms of Professor Roberts' verse, we might say that it is somewhat lacking in balance, in symmetry of thought and measure, in that development which is the result of infinite painstaking. The most perfect thing in the volume is the "Ballade of Philomela," an unpretentious little song, of which every line bears a distinctly necessary relation to the whole, and the whole is an integral idea. This is less characteristic of the poems generally than their genuine merit makes highly desirable. The book is full of twitterings and flutterings among low green branches, very soft, very sweet, very musical, but not to be accepted without demur, in view of the loftier flights of song of which this gifted Canadian has shown himself capable.

S. J. D.

\*"In Divers Tones." By Charles G. D. Roberts. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.



## ONLY AN INDIAN SQUAW.

ONLY an Indian squaw !  
 Brown as a berry,  
 Each eye an ebon star,  
 Each lip a cherry.  
 Light as the mountain-deer,  
 Active and agile,  
 Voice deep, yet sweet and clear,  
 Form slight and fragile.  
 Back from the sunburnt brow,  
 Thick and entwined,  
 Tresses of raven hue,  
 Float unconfined.  
 And though a savage belle,  
 Wit is not wanting—  
 Wondrously beautiful !  
 Darkly enchanting !

ESPÉRANCE.

## CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

THE old-time feud existing between author and critic is not likely to perish, though it is mollified by the sweetness and light toward which, during this favoured century, our unripened and benighted sphere is supposed to be tending. In days of old, when the sword was mightier than the pen and usurped many of its functions, when critics made merry together, like warriors on the eve of a battle whose victory is assured to them, the antagonism between writer and reviewer was natural and unavoidable as that of builder and destroyer, or innocent lamb and hungry wolf. One is reminded of the fable concerning the latter. "You are muddying this stream for me," says the wolf. "Oh, excuse me," replies the trembling lamb, "but you are drinking higher up the stream than I." "You cruelly wronged me two years ago, and now I shall take revenge." "Two years ago! Alas, good sir, that was eighteen months before I lived to enjoy the honour and pleasure of your acquaintance." "Well, anyway, I'm going to kill you." This, of course, is an unanswerable argument.

All that is changed now, and it is a poor writer that can't fight a critic with critical weapons. "My verses are meaningless; are they?" asks the poet. "That is precisely the opinion entertained by the cattle in the field concerning the songs of the birds in the branches." If A accuses B of straining after point and effect, it remains for B to accuse A of being pointless and ineffectual. If C patronises D's book in a grandmotherish sort of way, D can retain his self-respect only by treating C's review with grandfatherly tolerance. If E and F, after quoting a passage from G's novel, regretfully assure him that "there is no such thing as an abundance of foliage," and "no such word as boat-ride," the only balm for G's aching wound is to produce a microscope of equal power, and by its aid to discover in the critiques of E and F several other things and words which are also—unfortunately—non-existent.

No, we have no fondness for the goblin analytic, who hates creative mind. Ever since the first and greatest Creator finished His work, and pronounced it good, we, or some of our race, have criticised and found flaws in it. It required an infinite Being to create this world, but any one is capable of railing at its imagined defects. The critic indeed never lacks employment. He may find a hundred faults in a potato; but, supposing the potato to be perfect, the subject is by no means outside his proper sphere, for it still remains for him to complain that it is not a parsnip. A great amount of needless criticism has been written on this principle. It may easily be objected to the essays of Emerson, that they are not diffuse enough to be popular, or to the poems of Dobson and Bunner, that they do not teach a lesson, or to the family cook book, that it is deficient in imaginative power. But, however indispensable these missing qualities may seem to be in critical eyes, it is certain that writers of individuality are sure to develop certain methods and characteristics that criticism, though it may modify, can never wholly alter. The true critic sees not only what the author has done, but what he can do, and he knows just what kind of "raking over" is needed by the mental soil with which he is dealing to make it bring forth abundantly the best of which it is capable. He knows where to weed and where to water. He is not pettishly dissatisfied, but lastingly unsatisfied. He is aware that every book represents a certain amount of drudgery on its author's part, and if it is wholly unlightened by inspiration there is greater need for the exercise of charity toward its unfortunate producer; still, though his sympathy is boundless, it is not "a mere mush of concession." He distinguishes between the criticism that will benefit author, or reader, or both, and that which is useless to every one. The poet, who is not so great as he is sensitive, would like to write, "Please keep off the grass," above every blade of tender herbage

that springs so abundantly and so verdantly in that empty pasture lot he calls his mind; but 'twould be a clumsy and a churlish thing deliberately to go out of one's way to trample it down. The self-confidence that is born of vanity is of few days and full of trouble. Soon enough to that poor rhymester will come the winter of his discontent, when every well beloved leaf will be forever laid low.

The peculiarities of reviewers would form a chapter by themselves. They are occasionally unlike in their opinions, and nothing is more painful to a literary prisoner than when the jury of critics are unable to agree. He does not smile when one of his acquaintances testifies that the deed was skilfully performed, nor sigh when another, equally competent, says that it was an unskilful performance. Too well he knows—poor culprit!—that the all-important question asked of the jury will be of far greater weight than "Skilful or not skilful?" Of course, in connection with almost every crime there are extenuating circumstances, but in his case, alas, how few! It can be proved that it was committed in cold blood, that there was small provocation, that very little if anything was to be gained by it, and that the innocent public against which the assault was directed has never done aught to injure him. His attack is unreasonable, unjustifiable, almost unheard of. Well for him if he receives a recommendation to mercy.

The public, after all, is the only judge whose opinion is considered of vital consequence; yet there is one who is mightier still, and the name of this chief critic is Time. In his withered fingers how small a handful remains of all that has been so ardently bepraised in the past!

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

## ARCHBISHOP LYNCH AND THE IRISH QUESTION.

THAT any one who has chosen for his vocation obedience to the command, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel," should busy himself with politics, is perhaps strange. That he should busy himself with the politics of a country with which he has nothing officially to do, is perhaps stranger. But strangest of all is the sight of a Canadian preacher of the gospel taking upon himself to advise an English political leader. There may be some connecting link between the cure of Canadian souls and the public advocacy of Home Rule, but the ordinary layman will think such connecting link exists only in a desire to enlarge the Roman See. At all events, whatever Archbishop Lynch's motives in addressing a letter to Lord Randolph Churchill, the letter itself is one well worthy of perusal and comment.

This letter is a curious one; not least curious being the style in which it is couched. His Grace's language is graphic and figurative; but his figures are sometimes such as to raise a smile—as, for example, when he "trusts English prudence will avert a growing volcano." A volcano, we submit, does not grow, and cannot easily be turned aside, least of all by prudence. But these are minor points. What the ordinary Englishman who reads his Grace's letter will especially take note of is the very evident insinuation, we had almost said threat, that if England refuses to grant Home Rule to Ireland, there are in England's colonies a sufficient number of Irish to revenge themselves for such refusal. In other words, Archbishop Lynch reminds the ex-Chancellor, that in dealing with the question of granting the right of self-government to the Irish, the British Empire must take into serious consideration the probability of Canada being attacked by the American-Irish of the United States; and what is more, that in Archbishop Lynch's opinion it would be far safer for the British Empire to give in to these American-Irish and allow the severance of the Union, than to run the risk of such attack. What meaning other than this can be attached to the following sentences:—"Better are good neighbours near than blood relations at a distance. Should any misunderstanding happen between England and the United States, Canada would, in a few days, be overrun by American troops. It would cost that Republic very little, as the Irish-American military organisations would supply very largely both men and money." Furthermore, there is a clearly implied, though unexpressed, idea that in "overrunning Canada" these "Irish-American military organisations" would be doing God's service. If these are not his Grace's sentiments, what does he mean when he says, "We must not forget how the great Roman Empire fell. England is not beyond the reach of eternal justice." Is not deserved retribution by human instruments ("Irish-American military organisations," namely) implied by these words?

If so, if this is really what Archbishop Lynch intends to convey, then we can only ask, Does his Grace fully comprehend the character of the course to which he has committed himself? That course is plain; it is simply the signification of his approval of the open exhibition of American-Irish hatred of Great Britain. The public expression of such approval by a man of his Grace's position and influence is a most serious matter. It is nothing more nor less than the incitement by the head of the Roman Catholic Church in Ontario of the American-Irish against England. And England, be it remembered, is the land to which the colony in which Archbishop Lynch holds so exalted a post is united by most sacred ties, the ties of kinship, dependence, and loyalty.

If this is the pass to which matters have come—if the British Government is to be hampered in its attempts to solve a most complicated problem by the public approval of the antagonism of its avowed enemies by

persons in authority in her own colonies—then surely the time has arrived for coercion of the most vigorous type. Twelve months ago coercion might have meant nothing more than a Land Bill and a Local Government Bill, now it means policemen's batons: it would be a terrible thing if some day it came to mean fixed bayonets and ball cartridge; but, in the words of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, "The law must be enforced at any cost." The longer coercion is delayed, the harsher ultimately will it be. In the incipient stages of a disease, mild remedies may be exhibited; when the disease has gathered force and permeates the entire system, nothing but the most vigorous treatment is of avail. If a Crimes Bill is found to be inefficacious, few people would be surprised to see resort being made to disenfranchisement and martial law.

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

### THE HABITANS OF LOWER CANADA.—I.

THOUGH a large proportion of the population of Canada is French, though the French language is greatly used in Law Courts, in Parliament, and in official documents, it is surprising how little among the English-speaking part of the community the French are known, or their language understood and cultivated. It is quite the exception among the English residents of such a city as Montreal to find one who can converse equally in French or English, and by no means rare to find those who have as little knowledge of the language as though they had never heard it spoken or seen it written. This anomaly is in great degree, doubtless, the result of pre-determination. The English do not speak French, because they do not want to speak it, and look rather askance at those of their compatriots who are bi-lingual. As a natural consequence, the manners and customs of the French portion of a city's population are but little known or understood by the English; while the *habitans* dwelling in the country round about, and leading the lives of farmers, are still more an unknown people. To know a people it is before all things necessary to know their language, and after that to live among them and associate with them.

The *habitan* of Lower Canada affords interesting matter for study sociologically, and the fact that he is a factor of ever-increasing value in Canadian politics gives that study some importance. He differs from almost every other nation of the soil of this great cis-atlantic civilisation in the facts of his contentment, his strong attachment to the particular corner of the globe in which he dwells, and his satisfaction with the condition of things as he actually finds them. He is not ever striving to better his surroundings by introducing new methods of tilling the soil or reaping the grain, by improved schemes of draining, or scientific systems of manuring. The land that yielded support for his grandfather continues to yield support for him, and why should he need more? His imagination is not fired by wonderful tales of far-off Western lands that produce sixty bushels to the acre, nor is he tempted (except when pressed by increase of population) to seek his fortune in a richer country. The house that has served his father suits him; the furniture to which he was accustomed as a child still satisfies. He is untouched by the modern craving for things new and better. He is, in a word, content. "Contentment is great gain," as the old copy-book line of our boyhood informed us; but contentment is not the cause of progress nor the companion of that restless striving for improvement which is perhaps the most marked feature of modern life on this continent. The key to the character of the French-Canadian is that he is thoroughly contented with his lot, and withal, happy therein. But it is a contentment that springs, not from a philosophical determination to limit his desires to his means, but from a poverty of desire that is satisfied by his means. He is satisfied, for he knows not what to wish for; and he is happy, because he is satisfied. Truly a most blessed individual! one is almost tempted to exclaim.

When living among the French in those parts of Lower Canada where one can see them *au naturel*, one is certain to be struck, at a first glance, by the extreme simplicity of their surroundings when mentally compared with the farmers of Ontario. The clothing of the *habitan* is usually made of the plainest fabrics; nor are the garments of the gentler sex less coarse than those of the men. "Homespun" is the rule, and in every house the spinning-wheel is the most familiar sight, while many boast of the hand loom. The furnishings of the house, too, are in strict keeping with the clothing of its owner. Chairs and tables of the plainest and coarsest description, unrelieved by any attempts at upholstery or ornamentation, stand nakedly about a bare and uncarpeted floor. The walls and ceiling are usually boards whitened, and sometimes, it may be, papered with old wrapping papers, or other patchwork contrivance. If there may be an attempt at a carpet, it is to be found in the "best bedroom," an apartment set aside for the use of chance visitors, where a species of rag matting covers the floor. The table furnishings, too, are of the commonest delf, unrelieved by any coloured pattern or ornament. And such a house as this is not the dwelling of an inferior member of the community. He is probably a man of much importance, a leader in politics, a fellow of weight in village intrigue. In Ontario he would have his parlour organ, his horse-hair sets, his tapestry carpets, and lace curtains in the sitting room; while in the driving shed there would be a light-running top buggy of newest design. The *habitan* has none of these, and as a means of locomotion he still frequently uses the old reliable ox, in single harness, and driven with a bit in his mouth. A pair of oxen tandem is not an impossible, though a highly curious, sight in Lower Canada.

It is not, however, amid surroundings such as these that one would look for a people completely abreast with modern thought and modern progress, even in their own sphere of life. As a rule, the *habitan* never reads, and the majority cannot, even if the inclination were not wanting.

Not in one house in a hundred will there be found a newspaper of any kind, or any books—except prayer books—or reading matter. The little knowledge that is possessed of what is going on around them is gathered from fireside or roadside gossip, or talk at the church door. The "church door" plays a most important part in the social life. It is at once a medium for advertising, and a vehicle for spreading news. If a man loses a coat or a bag on the road, it is "called" at the church door; if he wants to employ men or to buy timber, or to build houses, a "call" is made at the church door. Perhaps no one fact, more than this, brings so forcibly before us the very primitive manner of life of this people. The "church door" is the important agent it is, because it offers the only means of reaching the people. It is the one channel of communication from the outer world to the country side. As the people do not read, and do not gather *en masse* except on Sunday, there is no other means of getting at them. And it is for this reason that the political speech, after mass, on Sunday, still obtains in Lower Canada, to the great scandal of Protestant Ontario. Though the speech at the church door seems to savour of clerical influence, such is not necessarily the case. The church door is used in this instance, as in the others, merely as the most convenient and natural means of reaching the people. It is not to be denied, however, that the door of the church is not far from the altar rails, and on occasions, the extreme ease with which influence may be exerted from the latter proves too convenient to be altogether lost sight of. A hint from M. le Curé has more influence than a whole oration from M. le Candidat.

The influence of the parish priest over the French-Canadian people is enormous, and indeed can scarcely be over-estimated. All the most intimate and private relations of social and domestic life are laid bare before him—they lie in the hollow of his hand, as it were, and can be moulded as he pleases. The parish priest holds a position in regard to his flock far different from that of a Protestant clergyman. The most that the latter can hope for, and what he aims at, is to gain the confidence and affection of his congregation; to attract them by his eloquence or devotion, and hold them by blended feelings of admiration and respect. The priest claims his people as of right: he commands, and they must obey. It is a matter of indifference to him whether or not they admire his eloquence; to criticise his doctrine they dare not. It is not necessary for him to ingratiate himself with them; he enters their homes as one having authority, and dictates how their domestic concerns shall be arranged. No man may marry, or even court a girl with a view to marriage, without his leave. He needs not to beg—and beg fruitlessly as do so many Protestant ministers—for the necessary funds to carry on his work: he claims his tithes under solemn treaty obligations, and can enforce his claim in the law courts of the Province. With powers such as these, backed by spiritual terrors held over an ignorant and unlearned people, it would be surprising if the parish priest were not a man of boundless influence in the parish. His flock, on the other hand, look to him as their safe guide and adviser in all matters of difficulty and trouble. His advice, if asked, has a weight and influence such as the advice of none other can have. G. C. C.

### PROHIBITIONIST INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS.

THE article on Alcohol, in the Manual of Hygiene, lately issued by the Provincial Board of Health, and authorised by the Department of Education, is an unfair statement of the case, and is not in accordance with the best medical evidence. The writer is evidently a teetotaler of the extreme type—one of those who think any torturing of scientific evidence permissible in the interest of his idea of temperance. There can be no objection to the teaching of sound Christian temperance in our schools; but we surely ought not to allow our text-books to be used for the teaching of the peculiar views of those who seek to force their opinions as a rule of conduct upon others. What is to be thought of the morality taught in section 518 of this manual, which says: "To set an example of abstinence from the use of all intoxicating liquors is the only way to avoid the responsibility of leading others into habits of intemperance," in view of the facts that Christ Himself drank wine and made it for the use of others, and that His Church has used it for centuries in the Sacrament of the Eucharist?

The whole article would lead one, unacquainted with the subject, to suppose that medical evidence concurred in condemning even the moderate use of alcoholic beverages, whereas the facts are entirely the other way. Sir James Paget has pointed out that the opinions of the medical profession are, by a vast majority, in favour of moderation as opposed to abstinence, and Prof. Bernays says that for every medical man of distinction in favour of total abstinence, he can point to twenty against it. Paget says that the moderate use of alcoholic drinks is generally beneficial, and that in the question between temperance and abstinence the verdict should be in favour of temperance. He points out that its habitual use has been for centuries the custom of a large majority of civilised nations—that there is a natural disposition among civilised men to use alcoholic stimulants, and to believe that such a natural taste has a purpose for good rather than for evil. A comparison of the races that do not with those that do use alcoholic drinks bears out this belief. The eastern races are not longer-lived nor healthier than the western, and certainly a comparison of their working and thinking power is overwhelmingly in favour of the westerns. The experience of mankind is better than individual experience, and the alcohol question must be viewed from a broad standpoint if we wish to arrive at the truth. The question is not whether alcohol is a necessary article of food, but whether many persons can live in better health and comfort with than without its use.

In section 419 it is stated that "the habitual moderate drinker finds it necessary to increase the dose, in order to obtain the same effects as were produced by the original smaller quantity." Anstie, in his great work on "Stimulants and Narcotics," denies this, and says that within the bounds of strict moderation there is no necessity of increasing the dose, to produce the same effects, and that the craving for a larger amount, as well as the so-called "reaction," is the direct result of an immoderate or narcotic quantity. This deliberate confounding of the effects of the use with those of the abuse of alcoholic beverages occurs in almost every paragraph, and is in itself enough to condemn the article as unfair and misleading. Thus, section 492 says that the habitual beer drinker is usually short-lived. If this seeks to convey the impression—as it seems to do—that the habitual moderate drinker of beer is short-lived, it is untrue, for, according to the most recent European statistics, the average longevity of brewers, bakers, and butchers is fifty-four years: this is next to the highest among craftsmen,—gardeners and fishermen leading with an average longevity of fifty-eight years. The United States statistics are still more favourable—placing the average longevity of brewers' employes at fifty-seven years. Brewers certainly drink more beer and drink it more constantly than any other class of people, and yet they live longer and preserve their physical energies better than the average workingman of the United States.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, who is so largely quoted, has little claim to speak with authority, and the vein of prejudice is so apparent in his writings on the alcohol question that he cannot be accepted as a safe guide, no matter how honest his intent may be. Many of his views are opposed to those of such men as Anstie, Garrod, Parkes, Lauder Brunton, Pavy, Farquharson, and others of great eminence. The only physiologist of distinction who has supported them is Dr. W. B. Carpenter, and it is a well-known fact that this eminent man very materially altered his teetotal views in his latter years, and was a moderate drinker for some years before his death. He highly recommends malt liquors in cases in which the stomach labours under permanent deficiency of digestive powers, and says that "an alcoholic stimulus affords the only means of procuring digestion of the amount of food that the system really requires" in such cases. Section 503 objects to alcohol because it coagulates albumen, and hardens the living tissue, but it does not tell us that tea has a similar action. Alcohol certainly should not be taken in its purity, but diluted, as *e.g.*, in beer and the lighter wines, it has no more effect in hardening tissue than the ordinary cup of tea. If the natural condition of the tissues is impaired by "puckering of the mouth," the teetotaler ought to give up many articles of his dietary.

The disingenuous confounding of the effects of the use with those of the abuse of alcoholic stimulants, already referred to, is again manifest in section 505, where it is stated that "repeated and long continued use of alcoholic stimulants finally brings about an unnatural condition and impaired function, which may be seen in the glazed and fissured tongue of the habitual drinker of ardent spirits."

The experience of millions has demonstrated the falsity of this: it is the long-continued abuse, not the use, that does all the harm, and the glazed and fissured tongue belongs to the habitual drunkard, not the habitual drinker. With regard to the action of alcohol on digestion, let us examine the views of some of the ablest physicians. Dr. Garrod, one of the greatest authorities on Therapeutics, says: "Though in its concentrated form it arrests digestion, by altering the character of the pepsin, when diluted it helps digestion. The majority of adults can take a moderate quantity, not only with impunity, but often with advantage. To many it is a source of much enjoyment, and, as discomfort springs from its discontinuance, it is difficult to say why it should be discontinued under ordinary circumstances. Among the nations who do not use alcoholic drinks the use of opium and Indian hemp is extremely common. There are no statistics to show that abstinence from the moderate use of alcohol is attended with unusual length of life, or improvement of health. Many, when they have ceased to take it for a time, exhibit symptoms which show that the nutrition of the system is not fully kept up, and many are unable to abstain, on account of their health failing under the trial."

Dr. J. Lauder Brunton, the eminent physiologist, highly recommends its use in cases where the stomach is temporarily or permanently below par; for convalescents, anæmic persons, and especially for the tired brain-worker in cities, who returns home in the evening worn out by a long day's work, a glass of ale or sherry with his dinner will, he says, enable him to take a hearty meal, ensure its digestion, and give him a sense of well-being and comfort for the whole evening. Dr. James Risdon Bennett, a president of the Royal College of Physicians, writes as follows: "The stomach of one man is offended and irritated by wine, whilst the appetite of another is improved and his digestion facilitated. I believe alcohol to be among the gifts of God, accorded to man for therapeutic as well as other beneficial purposes."

Section 513 quotes Hammond as having proved that alcohol has a special affinity for nerve tissue and nerve centres. If the writer had any affinity for honest statement of facts, he would add that the same Hammond (for I presume it is the celebrated New York neurologist he quotes) is an earnest believer in its great food value, and that, when he was rapidly losing weight on an insufficient diet, the addition of a small quantity of alcohol, without any increase in the amount of other foods, not only stopped the loss of weight but converted it into an actual gain. R. B. Carter, the famous London oculist, made three distinct and prolonged attempts at total abstinence, but at each attempt was forced to abandon it because his health failed. He says: "I believe the dietetic use of alcohol to be one which is simply indispensable for the whole of that large class of persons, who, while they are subject to large expenditures of nerve force, are unable to digest more than a very moderate quantity of the dietetic equivalents of alcohol in the forms of fat and sugar."

Some of the statistics quoted in section 515 are so manifestly ridiculous, that it is a wonder any one can be found credulous enough to quote them. Those physicians who informed Dr. Hitchcock that 50 per cent. of deaths in adults under their observation during a recent year were directly due to alcohol, either made extremely limited observations, or were more attached to teetotalism than to honesty of statement. It is admitted that extremely few females die from alcoholic excesses, so it follows that nearly every male who died under the observations of these Michigan luminaries must have been a victim to drunkenness. Even the average given, 131 per cent., is absurdly high, as any physician can prove for himself by referring to his case-book for any year he has been in practice. Dr. Hitchcock must have obtained his statistics from physicians to inebriate asylums. The writer of this article has not had a single death in his practice attributable to alcohol for over four years. There is abundance of room for sound temperance instruction, without distorting the medical evidence, or striking at the fundamental principles of liberty and Christian morality.

T. M.

## GARDINER'S CIVIL WAR.

IN Mr. Gardiner's new volume [London: Longmans] dealing with England under Charles I., we pass from the political history to the events of the Civil War. Mr. Gardiner is the very opposite of the sensational historian, of whom Mr. Froude is the sinister type: he combines with the strictest and most conscientious accuracy the most judicial impartiality. The second quality is eminently valuable in treating a period of history so stormy and so provocative of party passion as the reign of the first two Stuarts. Instead of being in the regions of romance, we are, while we read Mr. Gardiner, always on the solid ground of fact. What he lacks is life, with which we cannot altogether dispense. We feel the want of it particularly in the volume which he has just published, and which embraces the first portion of the Civil War. Not the Annual Register itself is more authentic or, we might almost add, less thrilling. There ought surely to have been some military account of the troops, their arms, their tactics, and their modes of warfare, to help our imaginations in forming a picture of a battle, or a siege. It is possible to be dispassionate and just without being entirely colourless. Still dispassionateness and justice are great qualities in the historian of a Civil War, whose tread is on ashes beneath which the fires of more recent politics have hardly ceased to glow. Hitherto all writers, all historians of the English Revolution, from Clarendon to John Forster, have been partisan. If Mr. Gardiner betrays any sympathy, it is with the Parliamentary side: at least he does not love Charles, and he seems to feel that the king's success would have quenched the real life of the nation. But his tendency throughout is to minimise the differences between the parties, and instead of painting one side black and the other white, like his predecessors, to paint both sides gray. We cannot help thinking that he carries this too far, and that he leaves these men, who were not likely to plunge into a civil war about nothing, almost without an intelligible cause for drawing their swords. The struggle in England was a portion of a great European struggle, in which the powers of absolutism and reaction on one side were arrayed against those of liberty and progress on the other. By the quarrel of Henry VIII. with the Pope, the English Monarchy had been severed from the Roman Catholic league, yet the Stuarts and their party belonged essentially to the Catholic reaction. James I. had been bred a Presbyterian and, to the last, was a Calvinist, but his absolutist bias drew him to the Spanish connection. His queen was a convert to Roman Catholicism. Charles I. seems to have been steadfast in his Anglicanism; but there can be no doubt to which of the two great parties his ecclesiastical advisers belonged. Charles II. was a Roman Catholic, and was working in the interest of Roman Catholicism throughout his reign, though he declared himself only on his death-bed. In his brother's attack on liberty and Protestantism the political and religious tendencies of the dynasty stood confessed. That there were many shades of opinion in England, and that many drew the sword only because they could not remain neutral, is very true, but it is not less true that the issue at Marston and Newbury was whether England should cast in her lot with Holland and Protestant Germany, or with France and Spain. Criticism of a military narrative we must leave to military men. In dealing with the tangled web of the political movements and negotiations which were going on at the same time with the fighting, Mr. Gardiner shows the qualities which have already given him a very high place among historians. We should have been glad to know his opinion as to the aim of Pym, Hampden, and the other leaders. An aim they must have had, and they can hardly, after showing such absolute mistrust of Charles's good faith, have intended again to set him on his throne. They must have known that he would never forgive them. It seems more likely that they contemplated a change of dynasty such as that to which recourse was had in 1688; and Charles Lewis, the Elector Palatine, and the grandson of James I. by the Queen of Bohemia, so dear to all Protestant hearts, presented himself as a natural candidate. Civil war is always cruel, especially when religious are added to political passions; yet we are confirmed by Mr. Gardiner's history in the belief that it was incomparably less cruel in England than it had been in France. The ordinary course of life also appears to have remained, to a remarkable degree, undisturbed. Horace Walpole has a story that a squire going out with his hounds crossed the field of Edgehill on the morning of the battle. This is not true: but it is true, as Mr. Gardiner tells us, that the King on his march to Edgehill found a country gentleman, Shuckburgh by name, going out with his hounds, and induced him to join the Royal Standard. A striking anecdote is unusually fortunate in having so respectable a foundation.



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### THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

#### Notice to Canadian Writers.

A PRIZE of one hundred dollars will be given for the best POEM on the Queen's Jubilee, to be competed for by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:—(1) The poem not to exceed one hundred lines; (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

A similar prize of one hundred dollars will be given for the best ORATION on the Queen's Jubilee, to be competed for similarly by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:—(1) The oration not to exceed three thousand words; (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

The right of publication of both poem and oration to be reserved to THE WEEK. The competing poems and orations must bear on them a motto, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope marked with this motto and the words QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE COMPETITION, and enclosing the name and address of the writer.

THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

AGAIN the report is cabled that the Dominion Premier is to be raised to the Peerage, and to become our next Governor-General. The Opposition organs, of course, scout either idea as incredible. Why Sir John's proposed elevation to the Peerage should be incredible, when titular honours of all kinds are eagerly sought for, and have already been freely conferred upon Canadians, it would be difficult to say. There is more reason for doubting that he will be made Governor-General, though, now that the duties of the office have been all but abnegated, any Canadian of blameless life and good standing may fitly assume the barren title. But why should it not be fitting that Sir John Macdonald should get the appointment? The Opposition organs supply the answer, and in supplying it they condemn themselves and all whose trade is faction. "Of all Canadians," says the *Globe*, "the life-long leader of a political party is the last man who should be placed in a position where perfect impartiality is the first requisite." But this argument, which, by the way, would close the Bench to every practitioner at the Bar who had entered political life, only shows to what straits party politics have brought us in Canada. Why should engagement in politics debar any man from filling the highest, or even the lowest, position in the land, except on the ground that no man can touch Canadian politics without being either defiled or defamed? If this is our contemporary's argument, will our contemporary do something to wipe away its disgrace?

Now that the last of the constituencies have acquitted themselves of their duty in the exercise of the franchise, it will be curious to note, at the approaching meeting of the Dominion Parliament, whether those members who were returned as "Independents" will defy both Party-whips and maintain their political neutrality, or whether they will speedily and greedily range themselves under the banner of one or other of the existing Parties. It may be said that the policy or the measures to be voted upon will furnish no true tests of their independence, for they can only vote "Yea" or "Nay" on questions submitted to their consideration, and on which they may be called upon to register their opinions. But this reasoning proceeds on the supposition that there is in politics no *via media*, no middle course to be taken or suggested between the extremes of party policy, the following of which may be the true fulfilling of public duty. To affirm this is to set at nought the experience of everyday life in other matters than politics, for in almost every decision we come to, if we are wise, we take the safe path which generally lies midway between two extremes. Why cannot we apply the same principle of action in politics, and commit ourselves alone to that line which nine times out of ten right and reason suggest as the best and safest to follow? It has already been said in these columns that it is no law of Nature that there shall be but two political parties; and while these parties are simply and only those of "the outs" and "the ins," without definite objects, in the main, consistent with patriotism and the public wants, slavish adherence to either of them cannot be the dictate of expediency or of reason. Ours is the day of trial for all things, and both in Canada and in the mother land the day of trial has come for Party Government. If the system is to maintain itself unarraigned, and party selfishness and rancour are not to make shipwreck of the nation, the old virtues of Party must manifest themselves and number within its fold men of fair and independent minds.

THE haggling over the Fisheries matter by the United States, and the apparent unwillingness to do Canada justice, are not creditable to the political representatives of the great neighbouring nation. Their attitude on this question, which is no more complex than a simple obligation of duty and right, shows how far we have gone in these degenerate days from that old-fashioned statesmanship which, whatever the cost, could not be got to shuffle or evade, and would scorn to swerve from the path of honour for the sake of the popular vote. Nor does journalism seem to make good the deterioration in modern politics, for it seems also affected with the palsy of a like disregard of honour. The other day an American newspaper, in discussing this more than Lenten Fish matter, made the heroic suggestion that the United States should ignore the treaty of 1818, and fall back on the provisions of the Treaty of 1783, which, in recognising the Independence of the revolted colonies, granted Americans more favourable fishery privileges than they obtained by the later Convention. In commenting upon this reckless suggestion, the *Montreal Gazette* very aptly reminds its American contemporary that the Treaty of 1783 was abrogated by the War of 1812, and that the Convention of 1818 is the sole international arrangement existing. If this latter Convention be annulled, the return will be, as the *Gazette* very properly points out, not to the Treaty of 1783, which is non-existent, but to the first principles which govern nations in the absence of any treaty whatever. "In that case," says our Montreal contemporary, "away would go all the privileges which the Americans now have, and which their fishermen have long abused; and Great Britain would be justified in looking at, and in acting towards American fishermen as foreigners of an unfriendly sort, men who have just revolted successfully, and who had deprived themselves of all rights and privileges in the heritage of British subjects on this Continent." This view of the case, doubtless, has not occurred to the writer in the American journal, and, if it has, to him and his kind it may not be very alarming. But there is little need, we should hope, to argue the matter on these lines or in any but the most reasonable and conciliatory spirit. The conditions of the Treaty of 1818 will be only justly and righteously insisted upon by Canada, in any negotiations with our neighbours, and by them, when they fully understand their obligations, and until some other agreement is come to, will no doubt be as justly and righteously observed.

IN this year of jubilee we can afford to look for a moment to Germany to congratulate the Kaiser on the anniversary of his ninetieth birthday, and to pray that he may be spared yet many years to avert war and its horrors from the Continent. Though his reign dates back only to 1861, the intervening period has been an eventful one to Germany, and as a soldier, if not as a statesman, he has been no unimportant contributor to its glory. There are comparatively few alive now whose eyes have seen the light of the eighteenth century. When Emperor William was born, Pitt was forming the second coalition of the Powers against France; and in the struggle with the great Corsican that ended at Waterloo, he was in the field as a soldier, never dreaming in all likelihood of succeeding to the throne, or of rivalling the career, of Frederick the Great. Whatever his shortcomings as a Constitutional monarch, his services to the Fatherland have been many and patriotic, and under him Germany has attained to the full stature of a nation. Though he has not made Parliamentary Government a reality, he has been no despot; and while he has kept his nation armed to the teeth, and become the arbiter of the Continent, he has ever counselled peace, and like a true soldier has sought always, and in the most effective way, to enforce it. Nor are the moral influences of the Kaiser's court and his unblemished personal life the least of the glories of his reign.

THE state of things in unhappy Ireland, thanks to its foreign enemies who, in the disguise of friends, serve it with every form of outrage, becomes worse and worse. To-day the country, in large measure, is so given up to lawlessness and crime that legislative remedies must for the time be laid aside, and safety for the nation at large be sought in the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and the proclamation of martial law. This, unquestionably, is a dread resort; but how else can the evil be combated, life and property be cared for, and the high ends of justice be served? Well nigh every constitutional means of pacifying Ireland, so far as native agitators and foreign conspirators would allow them to be applied, have been tried and have failed; whilst almost the whole machinery of law in the country has broken down. How else can this state of things be met, if the foundations of all government are not to be upset, and society be reduced to elementary chaos, than by the resort to some such measure as seems now to be contemplated by Government? If this means martial law, suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and withdrawal of the franchise from those constituencies that return Nationalists and traitors to Westminster,



whose is the blame but those misguided people who, at the bidding of the enemies of the State, are in sympathy, not with law and order, but with sedition and crime? The resort to these extreme measures need not be alarming to those who have scruples about their use by a Party—and that a Conservative—Government. The duty is a stern one, for a grave peril confronts the nation; and only by the exercise of powers which the magnitude of the peril invokes can the desired ends be attained. In the last utterances of Lord Salisbury, we see the promise foreshadowed of a resort to these powers, anticipatory, however, if effective, of remedial measures of a far-reaching character to follow. But law, the Prime Minister courageously affirms, must first be master, or no remedial measures will be regarded.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH'S letter on Irish affairs to Lord Randolph Churchill, which a contributor elsewhere deals with in the present number of THE WEEK, opens with questionable adulation of a man who in the hour of his country's peril proved himself shamelessly recreant to public duty. The distinguished prelate pays the distinguished politician the compliment of saying that he foresaw that he would become a great statesman, though "by the twinkling of his (Lord Randolph's) brilliant eyes" he was prepared to find his lordship for a few years "a little restive." Passing from these personal compliments, the Archbishop, if his letter is genuine, urges Lord Churchill to make a study of the Irish Question and to join Mr. Gladstone in bringing peace and prosperity to Ireland, and in effecting a more stable union between England and the sister isle. From this counselling the Archbishop proceeds to ask, "When will England begin to have some regard for the honest opinion of the world, which is horrified at the inhuman spectacle of wholesale evictions," over which, he affirms, English journals "gloat with hypocritical zeal!" Is not this, however, a little inconsistent on the part of the worthy Archbishop? With one breath he urges Lord Churchill to take steps to effect a more stable union between England and Ireland, and with the next he covers England and English journals with contumely for doing things from which the civilised world, he affirms, recoils with horror. But how does the Archbishop propose to remedy matters? Will it be believed that *his* solution of the difficulty is a threat? He reminds England and Lord Churchill of the strength of the Irish element in the United States, and of the weakness of Canada, "distant from English forces," and lying invitingly open to attack, should Irish hostility wish thus to wreak its vengeance on the mother land! "Should any misunderstanding arise," writes the Archbishop, "between England and the United States, Canada would in a few days be overrun by American troops," and his Grace adds, that it would cost the Republic little to do that, "as it would be largely and readily supplied by Irish-American military organisations!" Such are the views set forth in this patriotic letter, and such the sentiments of the most distinguished member of our local Roman hierarchy! The letter needs no further comment. Before dismissing it, however, let us ask Archbishop Lynch, what, in the contingency of "Canada being overrun by American troops," would become of him and his Church?

In the discussion which has arisen over the future of Upper Canada College we seem to be threatened with as much talk and disputation as were let loose over the once exciting subject of the Clergy Reserves. For this we have to thank the connection of politics with education, and the necessity forced upon Government, as the spoils of Party, of dragging before the Legislature everything into which the element of money enters. As if these facts, in themselves, were not sufficiently humiliating, we are called upon further to humble ourselves while the Legislature proceeds to root up Upper Canada College, or to pare away its endowment that it may wither and die. If patriotism, in these days, is a spurious sentiment, and the dictates of honour are for no man's observance, is no consideration to be paid to vested interests and legal rights? Has the reign of Henry Georgeism really begun? and are we so close upon the anarchic era of general confiscation? But if spoliation is to be the rule, why stop at Upper Canada College? why not lay violent hands on all wealthy corporate institutions and private trusts? Carry the principle out to its full extent, and we may have a redistribution among all the sects of the Province of the Clergy Reserves property; the University Permanent Fund may be cut up piecemeal into denominational endowments; the wealth of the Law Society may be scrambled for by every local Bar Association; and the accumulations of every corporate or private institution, company, or individual may become public plunder.

PUBLIC agitation on the above subject, we notice with pleasure, has brought forth an able editorial on "The Sacredness of Endowments" from

our excellent contemporary, the *Monetary Times*. The writer takes for his text Mr. Justice Cameron's weighty utterance at the recent meeting of the "old boys" and friends of the College, to the effect that the endowments of the Crown, for specific objects honourably carried out, should be held as sacred as the grants of the Crown to an individual. In this opinion the *Monetary Times* heartily concurs, and adds that as the grant to Upper Canada College was made by the Crown at a time when the public lands had not been made over to the Province, it is a question whether such a grant is revocable by local authority. The point is well taken, as is the opinion expressed in another quarter, that the Province holds the endowment, not absolutely, but in trust for the purposes of the College, as set forth by an Act of the united Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada in 1853; hence, that an Act disendowing the College would be *ultra vires* of the Ontario Legislature. Whatever force there may be in these contentions—and we should be glad to think them valid against spoliation,—it may be, however, that the Legislature has the constitutional right to deal as it pleases with the endowment. But this need not necessarily be disastrous to the College; neither need it seriously interfere with its usefulness nor impair its efficiency. It would be unfortunate indeed if the power exists to imperil the future of an institution which is so closely bound up with all that one venerates in the past and that makes for patriotism in the present and in the future. In any case, we need hardly point out, that it is a dangerous thing to tamper with these old-time State endowments; and as there is no moral warrant for doing this, we trust that the legal sanction to such a course will be withheld by Government, and that its decision in this direction will be sustained by the sober sense and right feeling of the people.

A READER of THE WEEK writes us from London (Ont.) to inquire "Who is the greatest living Canadian poet?" and asks us to answer the delicate question in our columns. Our first, and possibly wisest, thought was to decline, for obvious reasons, to commit ourselves and THE WEEK to any judgment on the subject. On reflection, however, it seemed to us that the opportunity might be taken, not to settle a momentous question, or rashly to anticipate the verdict of Time and that of our better-informed readers, but to direct the thoughts of Canadians to a few native writers of verse who, it is to be feared, are little known to the mass of our people, and whose work entitles them to more general and favourable recognition. Of living writers of verse amongst us there are three men whose names instantly occur to one as occupying the first position among our native English-speaking poets. These are C. G. D. Roberts (Windsor, N.S.), John Reade (Montreal), and Charles Sangster (Ottawa). Sangster, the oldest and, perhaps, best known of these names, has long and rightly held a conspicuous position amongst the writers who have laid the foundation-stone of the poetical edifice of Canadian literature. Of the three men he is the most distinctively Canadian, and has written, perhaps, the greatest amount of glowing verse on purely Canadian themes. His patriotism, his grand descriptive powers, and his fine ear for melody, make his verse very generally acceptable to Canadians. Reade and Roberts, though they have written no inconsiderable amount of verse on Canadian subjects, are representatives of the classical school, and their work, though of a higher character than Sangster's, does not appeal so readily to the popular ear. They are men of fine scholarly tastes, fervid imagination, and delicate fancy; and their work has an artistic finish most creditable to their poetic instincts and their educational training. Of the two we should say that Roberts is most entitled to claim the first place in the ranks of living Canadian poets, for he has shown—in a greater degree, perhaps, than has Reade—that he has in him, not only the faculty of versifying on Canadian subjects, but the power of giving poetic expression to acute thought on a wide range of subjects, and of giving it an artistic and scholarly setting, which would win him an audience in any land. Reade, though his senior, might yet easily contest supremacy with Roberts, had his Muse the opportunity for its play, which a busy journalistic life denies to it. The line that divides the native poets of the first from those in the second rank seems to be almost bridged by Charles Mair, the author of "Tecumseh," etc.; but highly as we appreciate much of his work, in our humble opinion it does not entitle him to more than lead the throng of writers of admirable verse who belong to the second classification. We had intended, but space forbids, to have said a word of the many graduates of Toronto and other Universities, as well as of some other writers of native verse, who have done something for song in Canada, and much of whose work, even if fitful, bears the marks of inspiration as well as of fine thought and a cultivated taste. Of the songsters of the other sex, now a large and tuneful brood, we should have liked also to have said a word, and more than a word, had we not understood that the still current use of that

objectionable term "poetess" excluded them from the list of writers of whom our correspondent desired whatever little information we could here afford him. In this utilitarian age, and in the prosaic surroundings of life's work in Canada, it is surely worth while to preserve one's love for poetry, and to keep burning the flickering flame of patriotism, which, but for the poets and a few writers of tabooed sentiment in our midst, would be in danger of going out. The inquiry made of us must be assuring to those to whom we refer, and we hail it as an expression of interest in poesy which we had almost thought did not now and here exist.

ANOTHER reader of THE WEEK inquires of us the meaning of the word "Kermesse," and asks why the word is used when applied to the forthcoming bazaar, or world's fair, to be held in Toronto. Our correspondent states that she cannot find the word in any dictionary, nor does it appear in the cyclopædias she seems to have consulted. The term is one which society has of late affected, as a novelty, and so more likely "to draw" than the old-fashioned words "fair" and "bazaar." It is of Dutch origin, derived from *Kerk-misse* (Church-mass), and is applied in Holland and Belgium to those annual parish *fêtes* which are celebrated on the Continent with such rejoicing. In Holland and the Low Countries, the Kermesse seems to be an old national institution, resembling our fairs, which the Church has turned to her own profit by christening, and by connecting with it the celebration of some patron saint's day in the ecclesiastical calendar. In Holland and Belgium these festivals retain much of the quaint old Flemish customs and manners, with national representations, shows, and processions on the streets, sometimes of a curious mythological character. At the great annual Kermesse at Antwerp, for instance, three days are devoted to the festivities, and the people crowd into the city from all parts and give themselves up to all kinds of feasting, libations, sports and amusements. Here, as everywhere else on the Continent, the Church endeavours to utilise these civic festivals and to subordinate them to the great ecclesiastical ceremonies, which are sometimes very imposing. Where the Church dominates, fairs and commercial transactions are permitted as accessories in the main to the Church's funds, though, as we have said, the people come for amusement rather than for worship and the apostolic benediction. In the motherland, fairs were long ago abolished in the great towns, in consequence of their evil effects on public morals. On the Continent, where they are still in vogue, the necessity for abolition on this score happily does not seem to exist.

WE have, as a rule, a great antipathy to the reading, and a much greater antipathy to the discussion, of the sensational stories with which writers of books on psychological science, or rather on the mental phenomena of Occultism, as it is called, love to gull their readers, and to harrow, or, as more often happens, to unhinge, weak minds. We do not now specially refer to Spiritualism, that species of charlatanry which has so great a hold, and exercises so malign an influence, upon a large class of people, particularly in the United States. We refer more especially to the literature which deals with hallucinations and the phenomena elicited by modern psychic research, of which we have now a long list, written by English and foreign authors. Perhaps the best known of these works are Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," De Boissmont's "Hallucinations," Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," the works of Home, the Medium, and a volume issued by the London Society for Psychical Research, under the supervision of the eminent chemist, Dr. Wm. Crookes. In the first of these works there are chapters of such gruesomeness that their perusal at the approach of midnight would compel the bravest to render the tribute of fear. So appalling, indeed, are some of the stories that their horror, we believe we are not wrong in saying, for a time unsettled the reason of their writer, and made her the victim of her own distorted imagination. The other works we have mentioned comprise a library of the marvellous, and set forth much curious and seemingly inexplicable matter. Now comes an important addition to them, in the issue of two portly volumes from a London press, bearing the title of "Phantasms of the Living." The volumes are the compilation of three Masters of Arts, one of whom we identify as Fred. W. H. Myers, the young English poet, and all are, we believe, connected with the London Society for Psychical Research, an organisation which numbers among its members many of the leading English scientists, and not a few other hard-headed professional men. The design of this new and startling work is to gather and lay before the public all the well-authenticated records of the phenomena of percipience and telepathy, or, to use more familiar terms, of presentiment, and what the Scotch call "second sight." These latter terms, however, do not correctly explain the character of the cases cited by the authors under the scientific terms they have adopted. Under percipience,

for instance, we have a collection of seemingly well-vouched for cases of presentiment, that is, mental impressions of mishap to some friend or relative in whose welfare the narrator is much interested, the mental impressions occurring at the precise moment of the mishap, though thousands of miles may separate the two. Under telepathy, we have the record of cases occurring in which the narrator has not only the impression that some misfortune has happened to a friend, but that he himself feels the pain of his friend's accident, whatever it may be, and seems to be struck by the same blow, and to suffer from the same injury, which has prostrated and disabled the friend. We cannot here enter, of course, into any of these instances, however curious and interesting they would be to the reader; nor can we attempt any explanation of the phenomena, either on the hypothesis of "brain-waves," or on the theory that some subtle mental telegraphy is implanted by Nature in the case of those whose sympathies are acute, and whose attachments are strong and abiding. In most of the cases cited it would seem as impossible to doubt the facts as, in the present state of mental science, it is beyond one's power to explain them. Those who wish to regale themselves with a feast of marvels, and to gauge the limit of the reasoning faculties, in seeking an explanation of the phenomena described, will find in these volumes abundant material for the purpose, as well as endless puzzles.

THE death of America's most distinguished divine recalls the fact that he was the leader of what may be aptly termed the modern style of preaching—a style as different from the preaching of a century ago as the style of acting affected by Irving differs from that of Garrick. That Mr. Beecher did not go to anything like the length to which his followers have gone is indeed true. The preaching of the Rev. Sam Jones, for instance, he would not probably have recognised as resembling his own school in the least; but we can hardly judge of a school of anything, painting, preaching, or schoolboys, without taking heed of its most humble as well as of its most illustrious followers. Besides, the late Mr. Beecher and Mr. Jones had some features in common, as we shall point out further on. The style of modern preaching is very evidently affected by the needs of the age and of the majority of congregations. The fact that there is more haste, more bustle, and more disturbance than in days of old, necessitates a different style of preaching. The average church-goer of the present day seeks animated, energetic, and vigorous preaching rather than that which is logical and ornate. As a consequence, sermons have become shorter, more commonplace perhaps, but more opportune, dealing less in vague generalities and more in passing events. The modern minister feels that his congregation will go to sleep if some greater temptation is not offered them to keep them awake. Where logic fails, oddness may succeed. This, we imagine, is the true secret of the method of the Rev. Sam Jones, for instance. His eccentricities, his jokes—sometimes very unseemly and in bad taste,—his irreverence, all these are means to an end, intended to arouse flagging attention. When this attention has been secured, irreverence, eccentricity, and jesting are thrown aside as having done their work. Mr. Beecher had eccentricity, sometimes displaying irreverence also. Whether this is desirable, whether the means in this case justify the end, is a moot point. The true solution would seem to lie in this, that toil that makes Sunday a day on which it is impossible to keep one's eyes open is toil beyond what is right or fitting, and an age in which clergymen have to stoop, as it were, to conquer is an age vitiated and debased. Mr. Beecher was the highest exponent of this school, Sam Jones one of the lowest.

THE Buffalo Library was enriched the other day with a magnificent collection of autographs, mostly of literary men, the gift of Mr. Gluck. Autographs are most interesting things, and it will be a pity on this account if the typograph puts an end to handwriting. About the greatest collector of our day was the late Lord Houghton. He had a religious book which had belonged to Cromwell, with some religious words inscribed by Cromwell's own hand on the fly leaf. He had on the same page of his album some love verses written by Robespierre in youth, and a death warrant signed by him under the Reign of Terror. When he entertained General Grant at breakfast, the first thing which met General Grant's eye on entering the room was a round-robin signed by himself when he was a cadet at West Point. Lord Houghton would not tell how he became possessed of the round-robin. Probably there was a moral mystery. For the collector of autographs the rules of morality are suspended, or give place to a higher law. We have heard an excellent minister of religion recount, with evangelical complacency, how he had bribed the wife of a librarian to give him a little clipping from a manuscript supposed to be the autograph of some great man. Virtuosos, in general, enjoy nearly the same immunity from the technical restraints of ethics.

TIDES.

I.

ATHWART the waters of the chafing sea,  
I gazed, and saw the tide come rolling in  
Along the silent beaches; wild with glee,  
The dancing billows made a boisterous din:  
And rocking restless in the twilight gray,  
My good ship, *Fortune*, in the offing lay.

Then first I said, "This evening shall I sail;"  
And then, alas! of guilty dalliance born,  
My words became: "As favouring a gale  
And prospect will be mine, the morrow morn."  
Alas! the ebbing tide, ere break of day,  
Far out to sea had borne my barque away.

Scant tidings reached me of my missing craft  
From passing sail; at every port and dock  
The heartless captains heard my tale, and laughed,  
"Good man, your ship lies grounded on a rock!"  
So ships swept by, with cargoes brimming o'er,  
But mine shall breast the seas no more, no more!

II.

A tide upon the ocean of events  
Rose, culminating, from the mystic void:  
And lo! I marked, on peering through the rents  
Of half-formed thought, an argosy, fair-buoyed,  
Toss on its waves, and voices calling clear—  
"Take thou the helm, be thou the master here!"

"Here then," said I, "rolls fate's propitious tide;  
Here rides the ship, Hope's high seas to explore;  
Hence, on the morrow, shall these sails so wide  
Bear boldly forward to a gold-strewn shore:"—  
Alas! ere daylight through the darkness shone,  
The tide had ebbed and the occasion gone.

With heart grief-laden now, in devious ways,  
In tides of change, and in conditions drear,  
Vainly I seek my ship, through weary days;  
And seeking sympathy, receive a jeer:—  
While ships sweep by with cargoes brimming o'er,  
But mine shall sail the seas no more, no more!

Hamilton.

ROBERT C. STEWART.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE SERVICE OF MAN."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have not had the advantage of reading Mr. J. Cotter Morison's book on "The Service of Man," so ably and interestingly reviewed in your issue of the 10th inst.; but I have a certain amount of familiarity with the writings of the school to which Mr. Morison belongs, and I should like, with your permission, to make a few remarks upon one or two points raised in your article.

You state that while Mr. Morison "depicts with great force the shortcomings, which have been terrible enough, of Christian communities, he fails to note the broad fact that moral progress has been continuous only within the Christian pale." "Continuous" is a word of somewhat undetermined meaning. A certain movement may be continuous through a century, but discontinued if a longer period is passed in review. According to your own account, the continuity of moral progress under Christianity was broken at the Reformation and during the Renaissance. Whether these are the only breaks to be admitted is a question for historians; and I should rather entrust it to your hands than take it into my own. It would seem, however, to be at least doubtful whether all the beliefs that Christianity endowed the world with were really favourable to moral progress; whether, for example, among the Franks of the Merovingian period, the idea of the merit attaching to theological orthodoxy, and of the possibility of a kind of mechanical expiation for sin, was a help towards practical righteousness. The "Germania" of Tacitus may have been a veiled satire upon the vices of the Roman State; but certainly the transition from the picture drawn by Tacitus to that drawn by Gregory of Tours is a somewhat painful one. Again, it may be doubted whether there was continuity of moral progress when the predominant faith of Europe—say in the fourteenth century—was, as Michelet expresses it, "la foi au mal," faith in evil, or, what is the same thing, in the Devil. But whatever broad fact Mr. Morison may have failed to note, there is a fact as broad as any I can think of, which we all may note; and that is that Christianity has not, after fifteen centuries of supremacy, spread throughout the world a real love of virtue. What we all feel to-day is that the multitude of the adherents of the Christian Churches have undergone no really transforming influence, that they have not been moulded to any perfect life, and that such goodness as they may manifest is of a somewhat conventional, and also precarious character. "The law was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." Good! now what has Christ or the Christian dispensation brought us to? What is the true moral level of the modern world? Why everybody, it appears, is trembling at the thought of what men in the nineteenth or twentieth century of the *Christian* era are going to do to one another. Where is the leaven that was to have leavened the whole lump? Where the seed that was to have sprung into a mighty tree that should be a shelter for the whole human family? That here and there we find a nature that seems to have been transformed, no one need wish to deny; but what are these in comparison with the great mass of the morally inert? If then some of us have lost faith in Christianity, inextricably interwoven as it is with mythical elements, as a regimen for the world at large in an age when myths are at a discount, what reasonable man can wonder at it?

The "broad fact" is that Christianity, as an authoritative system, has no hold upon those who cannot silence their intellectual natures sufficiently to accept it in its entirety, miracles, contradictions and all. As a system pointing men to a pure ideal of life, and asserting the blessedness that flows from righteousness, it has a hold upon some who deny its supernatural claims.

You are emphatic in taking up the position that, if the service of God is at an end, its place will not be supplied by the service of man. Let us consider the words for a moment. In their strict sense, nobody believes it to be in his power to *serve* God, whereas every body knows it to be quite possible to serve man. You may, perhaps, ask me to take "serve" in the sense of the Latin "servire," to be obedient to, and not in the sense of being serviceable to; but, in that case, I would again remark that in order to be obedient to

God we must first invest Him with certain attributes, and that these we can only borrow from our highest conception of man. You say, "Man is the highest of the vertebrates." He is also subject to the law of gravitation; but neither circumstance, it seems to me, affects his capacity to render or receive service. A vertebrate, high or low, may well help a vertebrate if by doing so he not only benefits the object of his action, but himself also; and, especially, if he distinctly sees, as he may be made to do, that the one chance for individual vertebrates to enlarge their lives, and do justice to the best that is in them, is to adopt for their individual guidance the principles that make for the well-being of the vertebrate society as a whole. What, I suppose, Mr. Morison recommends is that the idea of service to humanity should be made predominant in education. The consecrated formula hitherto in the mendicant fraternity has been "For God's sake," and the expression is a not uncommon expletive with other classes as well. The implication is that humanity pure and simple has no claims that a human individual is bound to recognise, and that charity can only be inspired by the thought of a supernatural being. Mr. Morison doubtless thinks all this wrong, and I am disposed to agree with him. I should agree with him too in thinking—as I feel sure he does—that it is very much a matter of education, and that under appropriate training the young might be taught to attach a really greater sacredness to the thought of humanity than is attached to the idea of God by the great majority of those who use the exclamation, "For God's sake." At present we say "God help the poor!" when we mean that we are not going to help them, and do not know any body who is, and do not particularly believe they are going to get any help from any quarter. If we invoked "humanity" on their behalf, after getting accustomed to use that term with a measure of respect, it is probable—at least it seems so to me—that we should feel a little more personal responsibility in the matter. A man who means to half-murder his enemy the first time he can catch him, will piously exclaim, "God help him if I ever get my hands on him!" the meaning simply being that there will be no help for him in the imagined event. So beautifully turned round do our ideas get when we deal with the transcendental that the Source of all help becomes a term for the negation of all help!

How it is that the idea of service to humanity should excite so much ridicule as it does I have long been at a loss to understand. To be sure, humanity is a very large aggregate; but taken in its greatest extension it yields us a much more manageable idea than that of an Infinite and Absolute Being. It is not as if a man had to go very far out of his way to serve humanity; he only needs, in his own walk and conversation, to adopt such principles as tend to the harmonising of society, to the general improvement of social relations. A man is not laughed at for being a good husband and father, which he cannot be without serving the family, nor for being a useful citizen, which he cannot be without serving the city, nor for being a patriot, which implies service of the nation; but when a man professes to rise to the conception of humanity as a great whole, the laws of which are vaster than those that obtain in any merely national or local aggregate, and the complete harmonising of which would really mean the highest perfection of all individual lives, then we see the lip curl and hear the mocking laugh. Well, those who believe in humanity can bear the smile of derision and the laugh of cynical incredulity; for they know that just as the family educates the individual, and the city the family, and the nation the city, so the nation itself has lessons to learn from the larger commerce of the world; and therefore that in no complete system of human education can world-wide laws and influences be ignored. And if, as we ascend from aggregate to aggregate, we can find no rest till we reach that highest aggregate humanity, are we so foolish if we acknowledge towards it a loyalty similar in kind (though necessarily of feebler intensity) to that which we experience towards the nation, the province, the city, the family? What we see is that moral laws emerge from the various forms of aggregated life—that they are not of individual origin—and we feel that the highest moral laws must be those deducible from the whole life of humanity, if we could but know it in all its fulness and variety. Does any one twit a man for having a strong attachment to his family while one member of it is a *mauvais sujet*? Is the public-spirited citizen ridiculed for making efforts and sacrifices on behalf of a city which has its own quota of criminals? Is the patriot mocked because the country for which he is perhaps prepared to lay down his life is not peopled exclusively by saints and philosophers? No; but when a man talks of humanity, as a worthy, as indeed the highest, object of service, then it is that he hears what a wretched thing human nature is, what a large proportion of mankind are weak and foolish and vicious. "Just the same proportion as before," he will reply, "and if you are kind enough to allow patriotism to escape without reproach, I shall venture at all hazards to think of the human race with something of the same feeling with which the patriot thinks of his country."

The practical question is, however, what can be made of this idea of "the service of man"—to adopt Mr. Cotter Morison's expression—for the purpose of regulating life and repairing the ravages of a purely negative criticism. It seems to me that if Christianity had done the work which, looking at its claims, might have been expected from it, the world would have been ready to-day for "the service of man." As it is, we have mixed so much of egoism in our religion in the past, and have sought to propitiate higher powers by such steady depreciation of our common human nature, that a vast amount of preliminary work will have to be done before the service of man (except as merely incidental to the service of God) will appear to the multitude to be anything but an unmeaning formula, and to the *esprits forts* of society more than the material for a jest. But the more ground we have lost in the past the more need is there for effort in the present; and, for my own part, I have faith that, if the idea of the service of man was presented to the mind of childhood as a religious idea, and if the standard by which all actions were tried was that of their conduciveness to the good order of human society, we should soon see results of a very encouraging character.

When you say that "our moral nature points true to that of the Author of our being, and that virtue identifies us with Him," I feel that you are describing, in your own words, an experience that is common to many minds. But would you not admit that these words are a little freely chosen, particularly when you complete your statement by adding that virtue "assures us of His love and of our ultimate happiness"? Is the experience of any man of well-balanced mind sufficiently clear in relation to the matter of which you speak to warrant him in saying that the words you have used are the precise words that describe it? If, for example, we fully and distinctly realised that God was the Author of our being, how could we, with the sense we have of our own defects, feel unbounded reverence for Him in that capacity? The most dutiful child, I think, may argue from his own fundamental imperfection to the imperfection of the source from which he sprung. No; the religious instinct, in my opinion, does not lend itself to expression in any form of words. We only know that there is some recognition within us of something larger and greater than ourselves; something, the laws of which are more authoritative and of wider scope than those which merely represent our individual desires and impulses. Now, what we know of humanity seems to meet the case better than anything else of which we have any definite knowledge; and I should be inclined to agree with Feuerbach, that what we are, in a manner, conscious of, is the generic life of the race to which we belong. Humanity gives us the widest and most authoritative rules of conduct, and forms within our mind the ideal towards which we feel ourselves constrained to tend. This does not mean that we are to deify humanity, or to lose sight of its dependence on universal laws. Humanity is not the All; but it is, to us, the sole region of moral government. Pass beyond humanity to its physical environment, and we enter the region of fatal forces, the region of unalterable and, to our moral nature, unassimilable facts. Gravitation is not a moral law, nor does chemistry help us to solve questions of right and wrong. The solar system may be, as a recent writer has said, "successfully governed"; but it is doubtful whether we are competent judges of the question.

Like you, Sir, I value the religious spirit, and would fain labour to conserve it. I think we may do it, even though we let go all the formulas that have been used to express theological beliefs. There is a secret in each human breast, and there is a field for the exercise of the highest virtue our minds are able to conceive. What more do we want?

I remain, Sir, yours very respectfully,

W. D. LESUEUR.

Ottawa, 12th March, 1887.

[It is with much hesitation that we have inserted this lengthy letter. However desirous we may be of allowing all sides of a question to be represented, it would be impossible to print letters of this length on every subject. Besides, a good deal of Mr. LeSueur's letter has not a very evident or direct bearing upon the article which he criticises. Our respect for the writer, in spite of our wide dissent from his opinions, has led us to give his letter—on which, however, we have one or two remarks to offer.

With respect to the alleged break in the continuity of Christian history at periods like the Reformation, further consideration may convince our correspondent that it was far less than appears to an ordinary observer. When, again, he asks "whether all the beliefs



that Christianity endowed the world with were really favourable to moral progress," he must know that in some of the instances which he brings forward, he is begging the question, or using the word "Christianity" in an equivocal sense. If by Christianity he means the Bible, then we should utterly deny that the Bible makes orthodoxy *per se* meritorious. And we are certain that our correspondent will find in Scripture no ground whatever for that "foi au mal" which has appeared in the Church many times since the fourteenth century.

"Christianity," he says, "has not spread through the world a real love of virtue." But this is not the whole question. Has it done anything towards this? Most people will say it has done much. It has set up a higher ideal of conduct, it has induced whole societies at least to do homage to its standard, it has stimulated multitudes of men and women at least to endeavour after such a standard. It has actually influenced public and private morality, and this as well as legislation visibly and traceably.

Our correspondent thinks that humanity is a better motive for conduct than God. If he means to protest against the inhuman theological ethics which teaches that everything is to be done for God and nothing for man, we go entirely with him. But so does the New Testament. If he thinks he can construct a more attractive representation of humanity by means of science than that which we obtain from Christ, then we must say that we think the argument on the other side irresistibly strong. It is when we know humanity as a brotherhood that we can serve it best, and this view of the matter is peculiar to Christianity. Our correspondent says he values the religious spirit. We have done our best to understand the meaning of such words as used by him and others. Religion without God seems to us as clear a contradiction as humanity without man.—ED. THE WEEK.]

### CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

Queries on all points of Canadian History and kindred subjects are invited, and will be answered as fully and accurately as possible. Address Editor, "Notes and Queries," THE WEEK.

BEFORE the building of the Intercolonial Railway large bodies of British troops were more than once brought from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to Quebec in the middle of winter, much to the astonishment of the English papers, which seemed to consider such an expedition as perilous as to go from Quebec to the North Pole.

When, in 1861, on account of the "Trent affair," the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, the 2nd Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards, and the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, were sent out from England, the *Times* said: "the worst of the Guards' difficulties is that they have a Canadian winter between them and the enemy," and the journey "across the bleak solitudes of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick" it declared to be "the most trying task that can be proposed to a modern army." But the "bleak solitudes" were not what the *Times* imagined, and the hardships of travelling by this dreadful route sank into insignificance when reduced to practice. The first troops to start for Canada were the 62nd, which had been for six years stationed at Halifax. They were taken round by steamer across the Bay of Fundy to St. Andrews, N. B., then by railway to the village of Canterbury, where began the sleigh ride of 212 miles, by way of Woodstock, Tobique, Grand Falls and Little Falls. The teams accomplished about forty miles a day, and it took the whole regiment about a week to get through to Rivière du Loup, on the St. Lawrence, where they took the Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal. The first battalion of the Rifle Brigade landed at St. John, N. B., whence they proceeded in detachments of five officers and about a hundred men daily from the 6th to the 14th of January. They were conveyed in sleighs, one for the officers, one for every eight men, and two for rations, ammunition and baggage. "They were dressed in great-coats, fur caps and moccasins, with the accoutrements outside the coat: the pouch being in front for the convenience of sitting in the sleighs; the cape of the great-coat being turned up and tied with a woollen comforter outside. Over all a blanket with a hole cut for the head as a *poncho*." The first day's journey was to Fredericton, 60 miles; the second to Tilley's, 29 miles; the third to Woodstock, 32 miles; the fourth to Florenceville, 23 miles; the fifth to Tobique, 23 miles; the sixth to Grand Falls, 24 miles; the seventh to Little Falls, 36 miles; the eighth to Fort Ingall, 37 miles; the ninth to Rivière du Loup, 42 miles; a total distance of 306 miles. The men were placed at night in such rooms or shelter as the halting places afforded, and very great hospitality was manifested by the inhabitants. No casualties occurred. Next came the Grenadier Guards, who left St. John on each successive day from the 15th to the 22nd of January; and as the last of them left, the Fusiliers arrived, and proceeded in the same manner, by sleigh and rail, to their destination.

A quarter of a century before, a similar journey was accomplished, under less favourable circumstances, through the same country, which was then indeed a "bleak solitude." In consequence of the insurrection in Lower Canada in 1837, it was deemed necessary to send reinforcements from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the 43rd and 85th Regiments, and soon afterwards the 34th, were despatched to Quebec. The 43rd and 85th left Fredericton in December, 1837, the first detachment starting on the 11th. The 34th followed in January, in four divisions, the last of which started from St. John on the 20th, and reached Quebec on the 7th of February. According to the diary of the surgeon of the 34th, who accompanied the last division, every precaution was taken to ensure the comfort of the men, and they were plentifully supplied with warm clothing. They travelled in the common *traineau*, fitted up with rough seats on each side, each seat occupied by three men, with the driver and a non-commissioned officer on the front seat. *Traineaux* also carried the baggage, ammunition, and provisions. Each *traineau* was drawn by two good horses. The itinerary was as follows: January 20, from St. John to Gaptown, a distance of 42 miles, on the ice of the river St. John; 21st, to Fredericton, 32 miles, also on the river; 22nd and 23rd, two days' halt; 24th, 25 miles, still on the ice; 25th, 25 miles, partly on the ice, partly on the road running by the banks of the river; 26th, 25 miles, mostly on the

road; 27th, 34 miles; 28th, 22 miles, to Grand Falls; 29th, 34 miles, still on the St. John river; 30th, halt on account of bad weather, in good quarters; 31st, 25 miles, on the Madawaska River; February 1st, 17 miles, across Lake Temiscouata; 2nd, 16 miles, and the means of transport was changed from the *traineau* to the *cariole*; 3rd, 18 miles, to St. André, on the St. Lawrence; 4th, 30 miles, to Rivière Oulle; 5th, 30 miles, to L'Islet; 6th, 33 miles, to St. Michel; 7th, 15 miles, to Point Levis, and across to Quebec in canoes. The weather varied continually, and the thermometer ranged from 20° below zero to 54° above. It was referring to the march of the 43rd over the same road a month before that the Duke of Wellington is said to have remarked that it was "the only military achievement performed by a British officer that he really envied."

But far different from these two journeys, performed in comparative comfort, was the *walk* of the old 104th Regiment through the same country in 1813. They were provided with a pair of snow-shoes, moccasins, and one blanket each, and one toboggan to every two men. The train of each company consisted of upwards of fifty toboggans, containing each two fire-locks and accoutrements, two knapsacks, two blankets, and at one period of the march fourteen days' provisions for two men (each ration 1 lb. 10 oz.), drawn by one man in front, and pushed or held back, as the case required, by one in the rear, by means of a stick made fast to the stern of the toboggan, Indian fashion. On the 14th of February, 1813, the first division, 100 strong, under Colonel Halkett, with four Indian guides, started from Fredericton. The inhabitants turned out with their double sleighs, and carried each division one day on their journey. Each succeeding day a company set out, until ten divisions, comprising 42 officers and 1,000 men, were on foot, "without a track or mark on a tree, for a march of one hundred miles, with from four to six feet of snow under their feet, a dense forest in front, and naught but the canopy of heaven over their heads." There were no roads, and the march was along rivers and lakes, until Lake Temiscouata was passed, when the Indian trail was followed to the St. Lawrence. They halted every day about half-past two to prepare for the night, which was spent in holes dug out in the snow with their snow-shoes. Hunger was the worst part of their sufferings, and they had nothing to eat for thirty hours before reaching Rivière du Loup. "Snow-shoes and toboggans," writes one who took part in the march, "went into store that night, and beef, rum, and biscuit were served out to the men. The rest of the march we had houses to sleep in, and received kind treatment from the inhabitants. We crossed on the ice, and entered Quebec on the twenty-seventh day, 1,000 strong, without losing a single man, rested ten days, and marched off on tip-toe for the seat of war in Upper Canada."

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ONE of the latest additions to Henry Holt and Company's "Leisure Moment Series" is "Borderland," by Jessie Fothergill. Miss Fothergill's books are so well known to the readers of her particular class of fiction that to say that "Borderland" is very much in her usual style is to characterise it quite fully for their benefit. An English country story, with a sufficiently striking plot, a comparatively large number of forcibly drawn characters, worked out in quite the orthodox manner to a conclusion the reader reaches with unabated interest, is "Borderland." The chief merit of the novel is the energy with which it is written, the dexterity with which its incidents are managed, and the clear, bold drawing of its various characters with one exception, that of Gilbert Langstroth, whose friendship for the unmitigated villain of the story is enigmatical to the very end. The story has no subjective value, escapes us in fact with the last page, but passes an idle hour entertainingly, and will not fail of its meed of success.

"THE ROMANCE OF OUR NATION'S LIFE," Mr. Walter L. Campbell subtitled "Civitas," a long poem in five-foot measures, recently from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and to be had at Williamson and Company's of this city. "Civitas" is the American nation, represented as a youth who goes through various experiences with "Anarchia," "Plutocrat" and "Libertas," chiefly of an argumentative nature. In the end, of course, sound principles triumph, and Anarchia and Plutocrat are both ignominiously defeated, while Civitas and Libertas join hands with an ideal prospect in the near future. There is plenty of sensible reasoning in the poem, but little poetry; and it is our opinion that the author would have secured the general assimilation of his principles more readily by putting them in a "labour" pamphlet for distribution at a nominal price. The world is too busy nowadays, whatever it may have been in the time of Mr. Pope, to pick its political economy out of pentameters.

FROM the same press comes "Studies in Musical History," by Louis S. Davis. "It is at least the intention of this work," says the author in his preface, "to present facts in a homogeneous and philosophical manner." Since Mr. Davis makes this assertion unhesitatingly, we can hardly doubt it; but his book will not permit us to believe that its intention was fulfilled. One might reasonably think, in fact, after reading the various interesting essays of which it is composed, that its author had brought it forth without fixed purpose of any sort, and had named it for the predominant feature of its very praiseworthy sentiment. The volume has an extremely religious bias, and is evidently the work of a Roman Catholic. It is very discursive, and much given to ornate periods that have about as much to do with musical history as with the discoveries of Autolycus. For instance, "Our railroads"—we quote at random—"reaching for thousands of miles; our bridges, spanning great estuaries; our leviathan ships, our prodigious commerce, our giant machinery, astronomy, chemistry, law, medicine,—these are all sources of just pride and joy to us all." There is little justification for the publication of any work under so misleading a title. Toronto: Williamson and Company.



## REFLECTION.

How gradually we leave off play,—  
 We can't recall the *final* day  
 We played with childish glee.  
 We cannot tell when girlhood slips  
 Away from us, with laughing lips;  
 We only know that we  
 Awake one day; and waking *know*  
 That womanhood sits upon our brow.

Montreal.

FERRARS.

## MUSIC.

As we go to press the magical name of Patti is in every mouth. A suspension of the ordinary business and social relations of life appears to dominate all classes, and on the eventful evening of Friday, 31st March, the fever of curiosity, speculation, admiration, and enthusiasm will be at its height. Such it is to be a *prima donna*—the first lady not only of an arbitrary institution like Italian opera, but, next to the various crowned heads of foreign and home countries, one of the first ladies in the world.

With the decline of Italian opera is also contemporaneous the decline of the star system—so we are told—and the gradual waning of the brilliant light cast by those operatic luminaries. Yet the *prima donna* of to-day is very nearly as important as she was a hundred years ago, if we may judge by the enormous prices daily asked and daily given—wages everywhere the true value of work. And one reason of this unquestionable popularity of the *prima donna* is the fact that no great new singers appear to be rising up to take the place of such artists as Patti, Nilsson, and Tietjens. The days when a Malibran and a Jenny Lind composed and sung their own cadenzas are over. In the graceful form, the dark, expressive eyes, and the pure and flexible voice of an Adelina Patti, the world still recognises the genius that in a still more exalted type lived and moved and had its outward habitation in such women as Catalani, Pasta, Grisi, Sontag, Malibran, and Alboni. Of Catalani it was said that her voice was of a most uncommon quality, and capable of exertions almost supernatural. Born in 1779, the daughter of a small tradesman, she enjoyed the full measure of a successful artistic life for thirty-five years. Her husband, Valebrègues, a stupid, ignorant soldier, addicted to gambling and kindred vices, yet knew enough to appreciate his wife's magnificent singing. "Ma femme, et quatre ou cinq poupées,—voilà tout ce qu'il faut," he used to say. Madame Grisi, who made her *début* at the age of seventeen, was one of the most original and powerful "dramatic" sopranos that the world has ever seen. Impulsive, eccentric, but always good-hearted and candid, the beautiful Giulia Grisi was for years the idol of the London summer season and the Paris winter one. Her style was grand, open, robust, magnificent, and included exceptional dramatic gifts. The famous quartet, consisting of Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache, is the most memorable operatic quartet Europe has yet known. Rubini was replaced by Mario after a while, and the Mario Quartet became as famous as the Rubini had been until 1846, when it dwindled to a trio, Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini, *sans* Lablache. Then Tamburini left, but still Grisi and Mario sang on, the "rose and nightingale" of Heine's Parisian letters.

Heine heard her in 1840, and "liked her very much." Discriminating Heine! On the other hand, Nathaniel Parker Willis heard her in 1834, and "did not like her at all." Was the judgment of the celebrated American at fault, or had six years of intense hard work and application to her art made such a difference, not only in her incomparable voice, but in her method as well? Of Pasta it may be said that she had literally no successor. A declaimer as well as a singer, perhaps, she lamented Mdle. Tietjens approached her most nearly in true broad excellence of style and a certain masculine grandeur of method. Neither were bravura singers. In this latter style, no one ever approached the brilliant Marietta Malibran. Her whims, her caprices, her enthusiasms, her friendships, her adventures, her travels, her mode of living and her method of singing, all point to her having been a person of unusual and remarkable genius, dazzling, original, and gifted. Malibran spoke, acted, and sang, in six languages. Her acting was exquisitely natural, and full of a delicate tact and discrimination.

"The actions of this fiery existence," says M. Castil Blaze, "would appear fabulous if we had not seen her amongst us, fulfilling her engagements at the theatre, resisting all the fatigue of the rehearsals, of the representations, after galloping morning and evening in the Bois de Boulogne, so as to tire out two horses. She used to breakfast during the rehearsals on the stage. She starts for Sinigaglia during the heat of July, in man's clothes, takes her seat on the box of the carriage, drives the horses. Scorched by an Italian sun, covered with dust, she arrives, jumps into the sea, swims like a dolphin, and then goes to the hotel to dress. She leaves Brussels for London, comes back to Paris, travels about in Brie, and returns to London, not like a courier, but like a dove on the wing." We all know what the life of a singer is in the capital of England—the life of a dramatic singer of the highest talent. After a rehearsal at the opera, she may have three or four *matinées* to attend; and when the curtain falls, and she can escape from the theatre, there are *soirées* which last till daybreak.

SERANUS.

It is understood that Mrs. Forsyth Grant, daughter of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, has consented, at the urgent solicitation of friends, to prepare two or three papers from the diary of her visit some years ago to the Sandwich Islands. Those who have seen portions of the work say that it is marked by a charming simplicity of manner, with an easy flow of narrative and a keen eye for the scenes and incidents described.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. JOHN MORLEY's recent address on Literature contains a fine definition of what it is and wherein its charm lies. Here is a passage from his eloquent discourse: "Literature consists of all the books (and they are not so many) where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, variety, and attraction of form; and my notion of the literary student is one who, through books, explores the strange voyages of man's moral reason, the impulses of the human heart, the chances and changes that have overtaken human ideals of virtue and happiness, of conduct and manners, and the shifting fortunes of great conceptions of truth and virtue. Poets, dramatists, humourists, satirists, masters of fiction, the great preachers, the character writers, the maxim writers, the great political orators,—they are all literature in so far as they teach us to know man and to know human nature."

As a rule, one finds American authors ready and willing almost at all times to talk of their own works, or chat with you as to their literary opinions. An exception to the rule is found in Miss Sarah Orne Jewett. Modest of the fame and success her stories have brought her, it is difficult to induce her to talk about herself or her works. It was perhaps this knowledge that makes one more desirous of learning something of the methods of work pursued by her. Miss Jewett's summers are spent in the village of South Berwick, Me., the country which she has made so pleasantly familiar to us through her stories. As winter approaches, however, she moves to Boston, and in the home of Mrs. James T. Fields, on Charles Street, she finds a most congenial abode. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find an author whose personality is so strongly marked in her books. She is a lady possessed of the most winning manners, and her deportment is in perfect harmony with her appearance—refined, genial, and unassuming. Her figure is tall, slender and supple, and a pair of dark eyes give her face a wonderfully cordial and frank expression.

THE first of the much talked about bundle of unpublished Thackeray letters will form an important feature of the April number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The first instalment will consist of letters written in 1847 and the few years following. Most of the letters were addressed to Mrs. Brookfield, of England, and to her husband, the late Rev. W. H. Brookfield, who enjoyed much of Thackeray's confidence, and was a warm friend of the novelist. Mrs. Brookfield adds a brief introduction to the letters, and states that they are made public with the full authority and approbation of Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter. The letters, although they are not connected, are continuous, a simple chronological order having been followed rather than their relative importance. Frequent pen and ink sketches by Thackeray occur in the letters, and these will be reproduced in *fac simile*. These sketches and drawings, for the main part, illustrate places and incidents mentioned therein, while others are humorous in their character—all of them cleverly done. In the same number ex-Minister E. B. Washburne's reminiscences of the Commune of Paris will come to a conclusion.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON's popularity has stimulated him to undertake a quantity of literary work that might daze an ordinary man. He has no sooner issued his latest collection of stories, "The Merry Men," when we are told that he has not less than three other important plans in view. The most ambitious of these is perhaps the early publication of a collection of "Essays," in two volumes, to consist of personal and literary papers, partly reprinted from his "Virginibus Puerisque," now out of print, and a number of new essays never before published. His second forthcoming book will be a volume of poems, entitled "Underwood," to be divided into two parts, one devoted to English and the other to Scotch verses. Mr. Stevenson will also be represented in the forthcoming memorial volume of Professor Fleming Jenkins, to which he has contributed a full biographical memoir. Beside these, he has under way a serial story, to appear in *Scribner's Magazine*, which, it is said, will be entirely unlike any of his previous tales, and has contracted for not less than seven short stories for early publication in different magazines in this country and England.

MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT's important work on Palestine is now ready for publication by the Harpers, who will issue it during the present week. The title chosen for the book is "Haifa; or, Life in Modern Palestine." The papers comprising the volume were originally published in the New York *Sun*, and deal with the life, habits, and festivals of the Syrians and the Druses. Descriptions are also given of various points of Biblical interest in the Palestine land and Jerusalem. Additional value is given the work by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Charles A. Dana, who says:

The chapters which compose this volume originally formed a series of letters, all of which passed through my hands. I prepared them for their first appearance in print, and corrected the proofs afterward. Finally, it was at my suggestion and advice that they were gathered together in a book.

The deep interest which the land of Palestine possesses for every thoughtful mind makes us all greedy for fresh and truthful information alike concerning its present condition and the discoveries which new researches add to our knowledge of the past. From this point of view many of the pages which follow are of exceeding importance. Every Christian will read with deep attention the author's description of the present state of places connected with momentous events of New Testament history, and when, as in the present instance, the traveller and investigator is one whose judgment and whose accuracy may be entirely relied upon, the value of the report surpasses every careless estimate. It is with this feeling that I have urged my friend to complete his work for publication, and with this feeling I earnestly commend it to the reader. Nor is its interest confined to historical and Biblical questions alone; the ethnologist, examining the races of modern Syria, and the philosopher, contemplating the marvellous process of Asiatic transformation, will also find here material which will repay their most careful study.

ATTACHED to the publication of many of the most successful books published, there are frequently interesting stories that only at rare intervals reach the public. This appears to be the fact with Mr. Justin McCarthy's successful "History of Our Own Times," as incidentally learned from a member of the firm of Chatto & Windus, the English publishers of the work. Mr. McCarthy's original idea for the book, it seems, was that it should be an historical narrative, and for which he had chosen the title of "The Victorian Era." Upon the completion of the work, a friend introduced him to a well-known English publishing firm, with whom he finally agreed to sell the work for £600, or about \$3,000 in our money. After a little while the publishers, learning that Mr. McCarthy was a home ruler, if not a Parnellite—they did not even know, it appears, that he was an Irishman—asked to be allowed to withdraw from the contract. Mr. McCarthy, who was greatly annoyed at the suggestion that he might mutilate history to suit his own private or political views, demanded compensation, and the publishers referred the settlement to the friend who had introduced the author to them. Then Mr. McCarthy came to his present publishers, who at once agreed to publish the work for him on a basis of mutual profits. It was suggested, however, that, instead of "The Victorian Era," he should call the book "The History of Our Own Times." In the interval, the other publishers reconsidered the situation, and asked to be allowed to revive the lapsed contract. It was too late. The work had been placed in the printer's hands by the second firm to whom the author had submitted the manuscript, and considerable of the proof read by Mr. McCarthy. The book was successful from the start, and proved a boom to publishers and author alike, the latter having, up to the present time, received nearly \$28,000 on account of his profits on the work.

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