



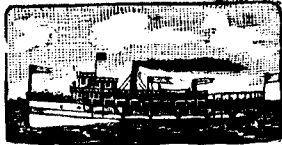
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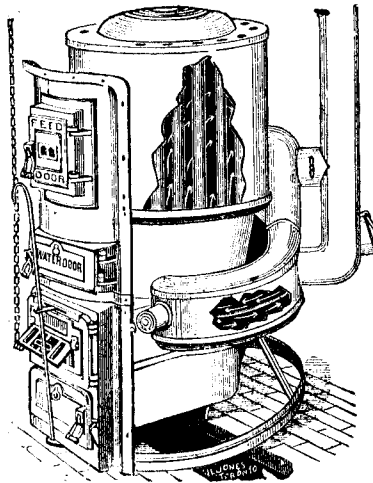
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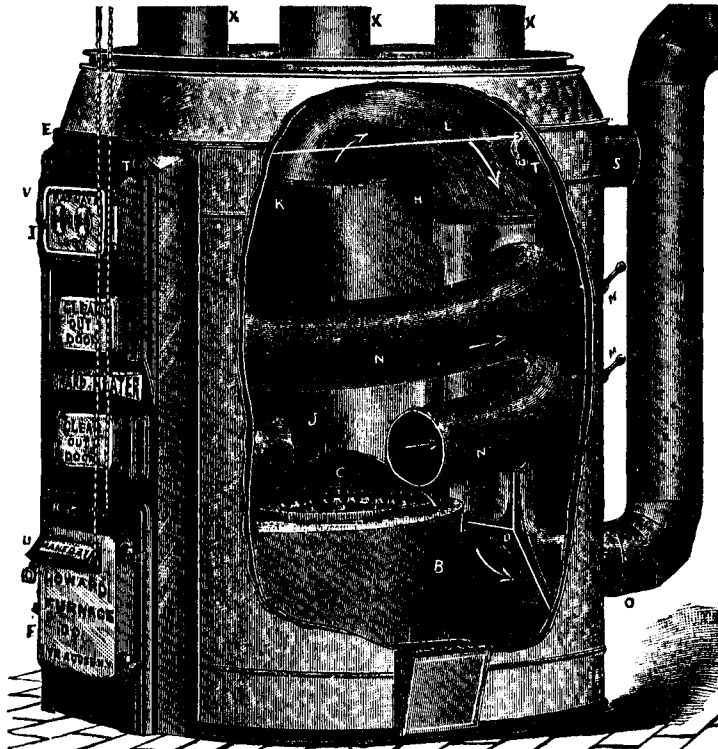
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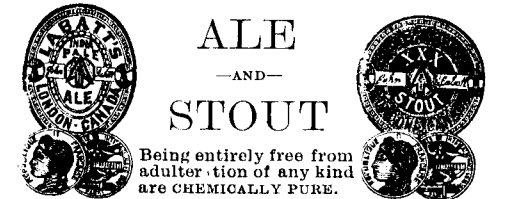
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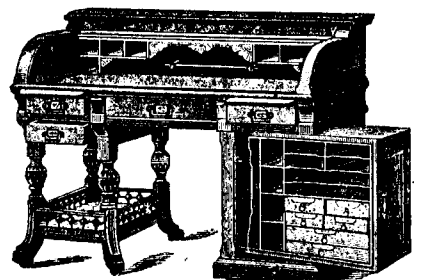


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Seventh Year.  
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

AGAIN the unexpected has not happened. Premier Mercier has, as was generally foreseen, secured a considerable majority. It is too soon, as we go to press, to rely, with any confidence, upon the figures given, but there can be no doubt of his substantial success. Had he been opposed by a body of able and reliable men, bound together by sound and progressive political principles, the result might be regrettable. As it is we see no good reason to believe that, with all its faults, Premier Mercier's Administration is not likely to be more efficient than any which could have taken its place had it been overthrown. The Nova Scotia, Ontario and Quebec elections, all teach the same lesson—the futility of attempting to overthrow a strong and popular administration, having on its side all the advantages which accrue from actual possession of power and patronage, unless by an Opposition which is well organized and has a clear, definite and attractive alternative policy. The fatal weakness of the Dominion Opposition for many years past has been the want of such a policy. A similar weakness has been apparent in the Opposition, in the case of each of the three provinces named, in the recent elections. It is not sufficient even that the leaders have a good reputation for character and ability. They must also have a strong platform. They must be able to say just what changes they will make, if successful, in the policy of the Government. They must be able to show that these changes are of great importance to the well-being of the country. Failing to do this the only alternative that can give any promise of success is the being able to show that the existing Government is contemptibly weak, incapable or corrupt. This is contrary, as the mathematicians would say, to the hypothesis. It is also contrary to the fact in each of the three cases named. The moral is that in order to be successful any one of the Oppositions, Dominion or Provincial, must either prove the Government it seeks to overthrow guilty of some great delinquency, or must come forward with a policy which they can persuade the people to believe will produce decidedly better results than that of the existing Government.

THE resolution touching the vexed educational topic, which was moved by Rev. Dr. Langtry during the recent meeting of the Synod of the Church of England in the Toronto Diocese, recalls a very interesting matter on which we had intended to comment at an earlier date. We refer to the singular statements made by the Commissioner of Public Works, and endorsed by the Premier himself during the educational debate a few weeks since in the Ontario Legislature. These statements, as reported in the *Globe* of March 28th, were to the effect that Roman Catholics have no special privileges in respect of the establishment of Separate schools, that are not common to all other denominations. Hon. Mr. Fraser went so far as to say that "five Methodist families might, by the mere presentation of a petition to the trustees of any school section, establish a school of their own, and have their school taxes applied to its support." Premier Mowat himself, in the course of the same debate, endorsed to the full the position of the Commissioner of Public Works, and said: "It is complained that Roman Catholics have privileges which Protestants have not. But we have in the statute book, as the Hon. Mr. Fraser has shown the other day, a clause providing for the establishment of Separate schools for Protestants as well as for Roman Catholics." These remarkable statements, so far as we can now remember, passed unchallenged at the time. Though they must have surprised every one that heard them, no one, we suppose, would suspect a member of the Government, much less the veteran leader, of making such assertions without being fully assured of the facts. Dr. Langtry, however, in the preamble to his resolution offered in the Synod, did not hesitate to pronounce the inference that would naturally be drawn from these statements "altogether misleading," and to declare that no such right exists except in school sections where the teacher of the Public school is a Roman Catholic, and that even then there is no right to establish either Methodist or Presbyterian or Church of England schools, but only the non-denominational or secular schools of the land. The question is, and it is a most important as well as curious one, which is right, the two members of the Government, or Dr. Langtry. The leader of the Government certainly owes it to the public to explain, or cause to be explained, the exact meaning of his extraordinary statement. It cannot be that he meant to call the Public schools "Protestant schools." He spoke distinctly, if correctly reported, of *Separate* schools for Protestants as well as for Roman Catholics, whereas it is well known that the children of Roman Catholics have equal rights with children of Protestants to all the privileges of the Public schools, and that, as a matter of fact, many children of Roman Catholics are educated in these schools.

BUT a question of far greater importance than even that of the meaning of Mr. Fraser's and Mr. Mowat's declarations is that raised by Dr. Langtry's motion.

"Therefore resolved, that this Synod do petition the Government of Ontario to adopt such legislation as will secure to every Christian denomination in the country the privileges which these ministers evidently thought they already possessed, and will also secure to them equal rights with their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens in regard to the religious education of their children. Resolved, that this Synod invites the synods and assemblies of the different denominations now meeting or about to meet to appoint delegates for the purpose of agreeing upon as wide a basis of Christian teaching as may be with a view of urging the Government of Ontario to make the same a necessary part of the curriculum of every public school in the land."

These resolutions were, after considerable discussion, allowed to stand over as a notice of motion until next session of the Synod. But suppose the first one had been carried and petitions sent to the Legislature accordingly. If the prayer of these petitions were granted, or if it were maintained, in accordance with the obvious meaning of Mr. Mowat's and Mr. Fraser's statements in the Legislature, that the privilege asked is already provided for, we should find the Province committed to the fostering and support of two distinct and rival if not incompatible educational systems—the public and the denominational. It can hardly be assumed that, if it were once distinctly understood that any five Methodist, or Presbyterian, or Church of Eng-

land parents might, by the mere presentation of a petition, establish a school of their own and have their school taxes applied to its support, such schools would not spring up in abundance, all over the Province, as rivals of the public schools. On the other hand, suppose the Government should deny the prayer of the proposed petition, explain away as best it could the utterances of its own members, the injustice of refusing to other branches of the Church the privileges accorded to Roman Catholics would be glaring and palpable, and a vantage ground would be afforded for the assaults of those who are marshalling themselves under the banner of "Equal Rights," such as has not hitherto been possessed. The very arguments of Mr. Mowat and Mr. Fraser in connection with the above utterances were an admission that there would be inequality and injustice in denying to other churches the same privileges in respect to Separate schools which are granted to Catholics. It may be that the great majority of the members of the Church of England and of other denominations are too loyal to the system of unsectarian public schools, to permit of so embarrassing a request as that proposed in Dr. Langtry's motion being made; otherwise the Government may find itself confronted, at an early day, by the horns of a very troublesome dilemma.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S article in the May number of the *North American Review* has called forth several rejoinders in the current issue of that magazine. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the occasion afforded by that article has been used by the Editor to secure a series of interesting short essays on the feelings cherished by the people of the United States towards the people of the Mother Country from which they seceded a century ago. The articles, seven in number, are by Colonel Higginson, Mr. Carnegie, Murat Halstead, General Porter, Rev. Dr. Collyer, General Wilson and Mr. M. W. Hazeltine. The last named writer is the only one who discriminates carefully between the widely different, and, in some respects, strongly contrasted, elements of which the American nation is composed. There can be no reason why the Germans, Scandinavians and Italians, for instance, should hate, or particularly dislike the British. If the Irish-Americans, or a large majority of them do the one or the other, it is as Irishmen rather than as Americans they cherish the feeling. The chief interest of the question is clearly in relation to those who are Americans proper, by birth and education. All the writers are pretty well agreed that "hatred" is altogether too strong a term to denote the dislike entertained by large numbers of the true American people for those of England, though their estimates of the reality and intensity of the feeling itself vary considerably. So far as this aversion has regard to personal traits, such as arrogance, superciliousness, and general notion or affectation of superiority, it may be said that the sentiment is not confined to Americans. It may be questioned whether it is not in some measure universal. One does not need to mingle long with the younger generations of Canadians, born and educated on this side of the ocean, to find a feeling precisely similar, sometimes pretty strongly developed, alongside of a profound appreciation and admiration of the sterling traits in the national character. But the most salient feature of the articles as a whole is the consensus of opinion of most of the writers in ascribing whatever unfriendly feeling now exists to the conduct and sympathies of the ruling classes in England during the Rebellion, as its chief cause. The recognition of the Southerners as belligerents, the Alabamas and blockade runners, and above all the Mason and Slidell affair, burned deeply into the sensitive mind of the nation, and are not easily obliterated.

NOW we can readily understand and to a certain extent sympathize with the soreness still felt, even by the better classes of the American people, on this score. Nevertheless, it has always seemed to us that their view of the matter is strangely illogical. In the first place it assumes that the North, the victorious party in the great struggle, was the nation, whereas to the people of other countries the Southerners were no less Americans than the Northerners. Is it not rather absurd for one of the parties in a great civil war, albeit the stronger

party, to accuse a foreign people of unfriendliness to the nation, because their sympathies were divided between the two contending factions? As a matter of fact we dare say the preponderance of British sympathy with the North was as great as that of the American people themselves. Again, it is often said that the United States having been long and bitterly reproached by the British on account of its slave-holding, the anti-slavery section had a right to expect the cordial sympathy of all British subjects in its great struggle for the suppression of the peculiar institution. Had the war been one purely for the suppression of slavery there would be great force in this argument. But as it was a war primarily and avowedly for the maintenance of the Union, and as even President Lincoln himself declared until the very crisis of the contest, that if the Union could be saved without the abolition of slavery, slavery would not be abolished, this plea falls to the ground. If that is putting it too strongly and candour compels us to remember that the South was the slave-holding and the North the freedom-loving party, still, as the Southern people were fighting avowedly for self-government, not for slavery, the fact is sufficient to explain and excuse the divided opinion of another country. This is the more reasonable when it is remembered that a precisely similar division of sentiment prevailed in the North itself up to and for some time after the beginning of the war, many regarding the right of secession as an essential and indefeasible principle of republicanism. A writer in the *N. Y. Independent*, referring to the recent unveiling of a statue of General Lee at Richmond, says: "His (Lee's) name should not be put alongside of Washington. If Lee was a patriot then Washington was not." And yet both fought for precisely the same thing, independence, the chief difference being that the one succeeded, and the other failed. But it is late in the day to dwell on these old issues. They should be left in their graves. It is deeply to be regretted that any feeling inconsistent with the most cordial friendship should linger in the bosom of either of these great and closely related nations. We are glad to believe the two peoples are coming nearer to each other year by year, and that it is only a question of time and not a very long time when existing causes of irritation shall be removed, old grudges forgotten, and the two great Anglo-Saxon nations clasp hands across the ocean in token of perpetual friendship.

**M**OST of our readers know something, no doubt, of the work and influence of the annual gathering of American philanthropists, which for a number of years took place on the shores of Lake Mohonk, and hence became known as the Lake Mohonk Conference. The object of this informal and unofficial Conference was to enable a number of the best and most advanced thinkers of the nation to deliberate freely in regard to the proper treatment of the Indians. To this Assembly belongs in a very large measure the honour of having formulated and inaugurated the breaking up of the reservation system by distributing to the Indians their lands in severalty, combined with the adoption of the plan looking to the universal and compulsory education of all the Indian children of school age in the Union, which has now been practically adopted by Congress, and for the carrying out of which the sum of over two millions of dollars has recently been appropriated for the coming year. This is regarded as the virtual settlement of the Indian question by the only worthy and Christian method, that is, by educating the Indian and transforming him into a citizen, with all the rights, duties and responsibilities of citizenship. A similar Conference was held a week or two since at the same place, to discuss in like manner and spirit the Negro question. The meeting was presided over by ex-President Hayes, and the list of those in attendance included the names of a large number of the most learned, thoughtful and influential men in the Union, though, owing mainly, no doubt, to location, the South was not so well represented as the North. It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to give any adequate idea of the proceedings, but the general tone of the Conference was surprisingly hopeful. This tone was well justified by the facts presented. It is admitted that the light thrown on the state and prospects of the freedmen reveals a dark background. In many places they still suffer much hardship and injustice. Large numbers are still degraded, superstitious, immoral; but as can be readily understood, the exceptional instances of harsh and cruel treatment to which they are subjected, especially in times of political excitement, receive much wider circulation and attract more general attention than the records of progress achieved. The speeches on this occasion seem rather to

have avoided discussing the social and political status of the Negro. They all turned more or less on the question of Education. This was probably wise, as it is after all education which marks the upward progress of the race, and which must finally determine its history and destiny. The statistics show that a noble beginning has been made. Nearly forty millions of dollars have been spent on Negro education by those Southern States in which they chiefly reside. The North has contributed twenty millions more for the same purpose. Sixty millions of dollars cannot have been used in twenty-five years in educational work without producing results. The statistics collected by the Bureau of Education show that 1,158,000 coloured children attended school last year, being fourteen per cent. of the population. It was agreed by the Conference that no other race ever made such industrial progress in twenty-five years as the freedmen have done. A most encouraging proportion of them have become landowners. Many of them have shown good capacity for higher education. They need still much help, protection and encouragement, but their tendency is upwards, decidedly and rapidly. All talk of wholesale emigration or deportation is regarded as idle. It is considered settled that the Negro is in the South to stay, and to become enlightened, prosperous and powerful.

**T**HE cabled utterances of the *London Times* and *Standard* may, we presume, be taken to indicate that the friends of the Government in England are at length fully convinced of the necessity for taking a firmer stand in defence of Canadian rights in Behring Sea. So long as negotiations for the settlement of the difficulty—a difficulty which, by the way, was created by the arbitrary acts of the American Government's cruisers in neutral waters—were in prospect, or in progress, there was a plausible, though scarcely a valid reason, for forbearance, notwithstanding the high-handed proceedings of the United States authorities. Now that negotiations seem to have proved fruitless, at least for the present, such excuse for delay no longer exists, while the fact that Mr. Blaine himself shrunk from the absurdity of claiming for his Government any exclusive jurisdiction in the waters in question, stamps any further interference on the part of that Government with the movements of Canadian fishermen as either usurpation, or bravado. We are inclined to believe that the event will show that the instructions of commanders of United States cruisers in these waters are such as will prevent actual repetition of former outrages on Canadian vessels. It is more probable that reliance is placed upon the effect of the mere presence of these cruisers there, coupled with unauthorized press rumours as to their intentions, to frighten Canadian fishermen from those latitudes, and thus, without overt action, secure to the American Government, or to the Company to whom it has leased its fishery rights in Behring Sea, all the advantages of exclusive jurisdiction and monopoly. If that be the case, the effect of the movement can, perhaps, be best counteracted by an intimation that Canadian or other British fishing vessels will be protected in the lawful pursuit of their calling in all neutral waters. The utterances of the great British journals referred to, which it may perhaps be safe to regard as adumbrating the Government's position, are directly in line with the view urged in these columns some weeks ago. Those declarations simply accord with what is due to British self-respect and to the commonest rights of Canadians as citizens of the Empire. Nor does it seem possible that any serious trouble can result from such a course. We should hope to be the last to favour any action bearing the slightest trace of unfriendly feeling towards our American cousins, or calculated to irritate, unnecessarily, the national susceptibilities of a super-sensitive people. It is well nigh inconceivable that England's determination to give to her own subjects that protection which is the first duty of a nation to its subjects could be offensive to sensible Americans. It is, indeed, hard to say to what length Mr. Blaine's jingoism might carry him personally, but we cannot believe that the greater and better part of the American people would countenance, much less support, him in a quarrel in which he would be so obviously in the wrong at the very outset.

**T**HE British Ministry is in distress. It seemed a few days since to be almost *in extremis*, but the breakers have probably been weathered, for a time at least. Probably the real source of the trouble was the bold but imprudent ambition which led them to attempt to pass in the same session three great and difficult Bills, each one of which was sure to be met with the most determined opposition. It seems now to be admitted that the Land Purchase Bill cannot be got through this session. It is

not improbable that the Licensing Bill, too, will have to be postponed or abandoned. Its unpopularity throughout the country seems to increase day by day. Mr. Goschen's tenacity in clinging to this Bill is destroying his personal *prestige* and bids fair to cost the Government dear. However unjust the sudden abrogation of licenses without compensation would be, it is clear that great care is required lest in providing for compensation, the value of the licenses generally be enhanced, in which case the measure defeats its own end. This is the fault which, rightly or wrongly, is charged against this bill, and which makes Mr. Gladstone's nickname, the "Publicans' Endowment Bill," cling to it with such damaging effect. Then to increase the difficulties of the situation, the Government, in the persons of some of its members, has incurred the ire of the policemen and some other classes of public servants. The New Tipperary incident, too, and the suspicion, whether well-founded or not, that the Government was in collusion with the police and the railways in trying to prevent the success of the great demonstration against the Licensing Bill, help to fill up the measure of its iniquities in the eyes of many of the people. Unless the last-named suspicion can be dispelled, it will go hard with the Ministry at the next election, for, as the *Christian World* observes, the British people are very jealous of their right of free speech and public demonstration, and never forgive a Government they think guilty of trying to restrict this right. It is likely, however, that the Government's recalcitrant supporters, having been brought to yield in the matter of continuing Bills from session to session, the crisis may be considered past. This proposal referred to seems in itself so reasonable that it is difficult to see why it should be so strenuously objected to, or why the wasteful custom of dropping all unfinished legislation at the close of each session should ever have been adopted. The innovation will hardly be opposed by the Radicals who have long advocated it, and who are shrewd enough to see what advantages it may bring them when their turn comes. It may be that in this matter, as in the cases of the closure, and some other expedients, the Conservatives and Unionists fear that they may be but establishing precedents which will at some early day return to plague those who set them, and for this reason are reluctant to make any further departures from the old paths.

**P**ATERNAL or Socialistic legislation is in the air. Some of the most conservative countries seem disposed to go farthest and fastest in the direction of regulating by law matters which have hitherto been regarded, in accordance with the old ideas of political economy, as belonging to the sphere of private arrangement and contract. Even Spain, it seems, is not impervious to the new ideas. Indeed, if the measures which the Ministry has lately laid before the Cortes become law, she will have proved herself particularly susceptible of them, and will have placed herself, at a bound, in the very front of the nations which are trying the experiment of special legislation in the interests of the labouring and dependent classes. According to the telegraphic reports the proposed laws are intended to regulate the labour of women and children; to imitate and extend the German system of insurance against accidents, sickness and old age; and to fix the legal working day at eight hours. These laws further provide for the free transportation from point to point, by railroad, of all workingmen in search of employment. They even contemplate the organization in all communities of small municipal councils, charged with the special care of the working classes, and their protection against every kind of oppression and wrong. This is, it may be conjectured, the return proposed by the republican Ministry for the marked moderation and self-control displayed by the Spanish workingmen in holding aloof in the main from radical movements and declining to take part in the May Day demonstrations. By many it will be regarded, perhaps with equal probability, as a token of gratitude for favours to come, in the shape of workingmen's votes at the first election under the operation of the universal suffrage Bill, which has lately passed through the Senate. That Bill itself, which makes the franchise practically as broad as it is in the United States or Ontario, is a wonderful proof of the spread of democratic ideas in this old abode of despotism, varied during the last generation or two by revolution and unstable republicanism. It is supposed that an election under the new law is not far off. It is very likely that the present progressive Ministry may be retained in office.

**A** LETTER appears in another column taking us to task for having last week used the terms "Catholic" and "Episcopal" to designate the Churches which we are taught

should have been styled "The Church of Rome" and "The Church of England," respectively. Nothing was farther from our intention than to refer otherwise than in terms of the highest respect to the Churches named, and if we unwittingly failed in this regard we are quite ready to cry *peccavimus*. But we can hardly admit that in thus employing the names which are constantly and popularly used to denote those two Churches we violated any literary canon, as implied in our correspondent's last sentence. The offence must, we submit, belong rather to the theological sphere—a sphere into which, unhappily, the poor layman seldom intrudes without danger. The rule implied in the question, "Why not call these two Churches by the names which they themselves have chosen, by which they are officially designated, and which can be offensive to no one?" would certainly be safe and excellent if one could but have the requisite knowledge always at command. But how, for instance, is the layman to be certain that the names in question are offensive to no one? How can he be sure that one set of critics will not protest that the term "Church of England" has connotations which are objectionable to English Dissenters, whose existence as Churches of England it ignores, and another set that it is objectionable to Canadians of other denominations as having a savour of establishment which does not exist in this country? Or, to illustrate a little further: Our correspondent assures us that the Church of England is in "the fullest and truest and most purely theological sense of the word Catholic." And yet our encyclopædia, speaking, no doubt, by the pen of some famous theologian, informs us that the term Catholic "cannot properly be applied to any particular sect or body, such as the Roman, Anglican, Genevan, etc., all of which form merely portions more or less pure of the church universal." But we find ourselves in danger of getting into deep waters and must desist. We thank our correspondent for his hint, and being, we hope, of teachable spirit, shall try to remember and act upon it so far as our sources of information may enable us.

OUR thanks are due to our correspondent "P" for setting us right in regard to the order of precedence. We should have looked the matter up for ourselves, before commenting upon it. We are glad to find that the place of the Premier of the Dominion is not so far from the head as we too hastily assumed. The explanation that the precedence is attached only to the actual occupants of the gubernatorial thrones, and not to ex-Governors, goes far to quiet our apprehensions, though the fact remains that the Lieutenant-Governors appointed virtually by the Premier rank above him, while in office. Nevertheless, seeing that the appointment is nominally and officially that of the Queen's Representative, the Governor-General, this can hardly be considered an anomaly. We have had, however, no explanation why the Roman Catholic Archbishop, whose office can have no political significance outside of a single province, should have so high a place, or why the bishops of the Church of England should have any, in a purely official list.

#### A STUDY IN TENNYSON.

IN his introduction to Ward's "English Poets," Mr. Matthew Arnold, seeking for the great fundamental quality that distinguishes the best poetry from poetry which is simply good or famous, discerns it in a "high seriousness," expressed under the conditions of poetic truth and beauty, and residing both in the matter and substance and the manner and style of the poem. Measured by this standard it would seem that "In Memoriam" should hold first place in the Laureate's works despite critical preferences, here and there, for "Maud" and the "Idylls of the King" as surpassing the other in point of sheer artistic merit. Mr. Oscar Browning has said of "In Memoriam" that "it follows all the varying phases of a deep and overmastering passion from its commencement to its close," a characterization that could not apply to it unless its tone were one of exalted and absolute sincerity; and as to its subject-matter, what theme could possess a broader or profounder interest for Humanity than that of Death, towards whose grasp we all are travelling and from whom the most of us receive grievous wounds by the way inflicted by the shafts that have pierced with mortal effect the breasts of those we love?

In contemplation of such a theme as that of "In Memoriam," we realize how great is the responsibility assumed by him that presumes to strike upon such tender chords of feeling, lest the music fail of its proper and intended office, and our last state be worse than our first. That our poet knew this depth of obligation is evidenced by his own lines—

Loss is common to the race :

Too common! never morning wore  
To evening but some heart did break.

It would be hard to express bereavement in wider or deeper terms of affliction.

Exigency of space forbids us to enter upon consideration of the question, how far and wherein the author has succeeded, and how far and wherein he has not succeeded, in expressing adequately the "deep and over-mastering passion" that possessed him, and we must content ourselves with an effort to determine whether or not, in matter and substance the poem responds to its high ideal and redeems the solemn charge assumed by its author. It is necessary to either end that the just effect and tendency of the work should be to make men better and happier than if the gift had not been tendered to them.

The poet perceives in death a double operation and influence, firstly, upon those that die, and secondly, upon those that mourn. A mourner himself, he asks, in solitude for the lost one, whether death leads to oblivion or to eternal life; and if the latter, whether it is a higher or lower form than earthly existence, whether individuality is preserved or lost, and whether there is communion or isolation between the dead and the so called living. Stricken in soul and body by bereavement he seeks surcease of pain and sorrow by noting, studying and analysing the various external and internal impressions and sensations that attend or manifest themselves in him; and, faithful to the true functions of the sincere poet, attempts upon the basis of reason and experience to erect a scheme of faith and existence that may enable him, at the least, to live worthily and die with honour. Here, in any event, is a noble purpose conceived in a largeness and amplitude of design that, if balanced in the treatment, entitles him to yoke with Chaucer in the characterization of the latter's work by Dryden as "God's plenty."

To the question: Is man immortal? the poet answers by way of confession that all speculation as to the consequences of death is no more than the cry of an infant in the darkness for light; yet he takes hope in the reflection that nothing in the nature of the earthly career necessarily conflicts with a belief in the nobler life beyond, and he holds that such a belief is essential to our idea of justice in whatsoever Power placed us here. Relying upon this necessity he sees in death only a stage of development, and thence proceeding by analogy, conceives of all things as moving toward some great end, in which mankind may reasonably hope for part and lot. Having so far builded upon immutable justice, he lays hand upon that *congeries* of high passions and emotions which he bodies forth in the term Love, and declares that these precious affections would be sensual in character and starved in degree without immortality in their objects; with result that life and effort would seem futile if not repulsive, earthly existence inconsistent and unintelligible, any human abilities mere waste of force; also, that merit would be put off with the scanty reward of an earthly fame, fleeting and ever of little worth. Upon these several considerations he concludes that the desire of immortality is an impulse, moving from divine wisdom; that earthly life is, in purpose, a discipline, and that death in its worst phases, is but a stormy passage to eternal peace.

The fact of immortality admitted to remove from earth is to enter a higher state of existence. The intellect is unfettered by separating it from a frail and imperfect embodiment; it learns the mysteries of the universe, and knowing all things, it is no longer tortured by anxieties respecting the future. By a bold and splendid flight of fancy the poet represents the translated soul as revelling in those intellectual delights that solaced it below and winning applause in Heaven by great achievements of the mind. So blissful and exalted the celestial state, that we may not impute to the freed spirit conception of the misery of the mourner below.

Our author shrinks from the idea of a soul released by death returning to the universe. Love finds its strength and sweetness in the thought of an eternal and changeless personality in its object, and the phrase "happy dead," would be a mockery if applied to one whose separate existence had been ended by death.

In one sense, naught but our own death can reunite us to the dead, for it is a mere fantasy of the brain that represents them as returning to the earth. Then, too, the dead, all wise, and therefore knowing our vileness and imperfections, may well despise and discard us. Still, spiritual communion is at least possible, and if withheld because the dead contemn us, all earthly love is reduced to the quality of a passing caprice. They may love us in pity if not in equality; they may work with us in our higher aims; their true service to us is indicated by our habit of turning our thoughts to them in hours of sorrow or despair. Perchance the dead remember their earthly life with interest and tenderness; our influence may survive in them as theirs in us; communion with us may be precious to them. Yet, however it otherwise may be, they will not enter a soul filled with earthly turmoil or stained with earthly passion: we must woo and entertain them with pure hearts and tranquil minds.

Death being by some regarded as a suspension, if not a destruction of the human nature and faculties, the poet again exhorts to good cheer; for even so, love will re-awaken with the soul.

We are now brought to a consideration of the effects of death upon the bereaved, a topic treated with more fulness than the other branch of the subject, both because of the greater human interest attaching to the fortunes of those who are still of the earth, and because it is not given to all poets to command that wealth of imaginative detail possessed by a Milton or Dante.

Bereavement intensifies religious thought and feeling. The mourner doubts and reasons upon all creeds. He finds that Materialism leaves the larger and higher part of human nature unsatisfied and that Pantheism is too refined for earthly needs; and he concludes that the only sure support of political and social integrity is that which is implied in and associated with the elementary and therefore universal conceptions of a personal God. Hence, the honest use of doubt and reason leads at last to a religion of faith, firmly held because rationally won. Faith gives light and light means knowledge—the knowledge that follows wisdom and goes hand-in-hand with reverence and is, itself, a feeder to love and faith. The religion of faith is the doctrine of self-control as opposed to self-indulgence, whose result is inevitably evil. This religion of faith is the true creed for the mourner, because it makes the dead worthier of the love that he is so eager to bestow, and it overcomes the doubts and fears that constitute the terrors of death. Faith, in one born or bred in the era and *habitat* of Christianity, leads to the recognition of the Nazarene as the type of highest, holiest manhood, and in striving to raise ourselves to the type we learn the wholesome lesson of submission to our earthly fate, and perceive that our destiny lies in the will of one God, ever living and ever loving, and, therefore, ever to be trusted.

Faith, however, cannot avert those moments when we feel that the mere expectancy of death affects the use and enjoyment of life; when the sight of death evokes pity for the victim and despair at the spectator's foreshadowed end; when the physical changes wrought by death fill one with doubts fatal to any theory of immortality; when the witnessing of death in one of the great, or good, or wise of earth suggests nothing but needless and irreparable loss; when the sweet fancy of two lives and deaths in unison is shattered, and there is no simile to the return of the bride, who comes again and again to tell of her joyful life and work in her new home; when, as we look upon the face of the silent one, we are struck with the fear that we shall never hereafter overtake him; when our love for him seems like an ill-matched passion, and degenerates to jealousy and discontent as we reflect how he has become of a sudden highly placed and surrounded.

Bereavement, however, has its compensations. In the presence of death, love ripens all at once; the strength and beauty of the lost one's character stand fully revealed; the whole wealth of his career is gathered in; the entire prospect of the happy past is seen; those differences of mental habit and intellectual endowment that constituted the bond of sympathy are exalted, but the bond is not destroyed; the conditions of the mutual love are changed but not removed; memory and meditation replace the physical contact. Love, transferring itself through faith to an eternal object, now becomes truly blest and is no more chilled by the recurring fear that some day the grave will make an end of it. It mingles the dead one in fancy with the great and pleasant doings of the world, and so repels the slander that would accord a cold welcome to the dead, if they could return to earth. Love, too, is the basis of our faith in the reality of the higher life, and so teaches us the good that is in bereavement; for despair in the first moments of loss is but the reaction from the blind confidence felt in the duration of earthly bliss.

Even should the sense of loss be perpetual, it has its intervals of surcease; it kills not, but is converted into memory, which ensures calmness, if not contentment. As for blind, irrational, barren grief, its desert is to be crushed at once.

In respect of the mourner's earthly future, he perceives at last that the purpose of his remaining days is to enhance the value of the eternal intercourse hereafter; he invokes the dead to come and share his renewed hope and joy of life; he finds the burden of life divided by the love that still subsists between the departed and himself; his past life is pleasant to remember because of the helpfulness of that love in the now-broken earthly intercourse; all that is fruitless in the past is forgotten in expectation of what is to come before his earthly career closes; he realizes that love and loss are better than a void. He believes that good is to be the final result of whatsoever is doubtful or ill; that nothing is made or done in vain; that the mixing of evil with the good in life is not ground of despair, for the best life is flecked with sin; that the spirit may be true to its ideal even when conduct is vile; and, faith apart, that right-living is, at the least, an assurance of a noble death and a hopeful foundation for a happy future.

In the various operations and aspects of nature, and of her servant, Man, the poet discerns and distinguishes a multitude of influences working upon the mourner with diverse results, but exigencies of space permit only a brief summary or suggestion of them.

In the early, sharp hours of bereavement, even the face of Nature is unlovely; for what is she but a dumb, brutal force, at war with our ideas of a beneficent Creator? The very remorselessness of Nature fills one with distrust and despair—she that cares nothing for the individual, but only for the type, and that so indifferently as to permit even types to perish; she that brings but one seed in scores to fruition; she that decrees sudden and cruel deaths so widely among those subject to her dominion. Beauty, intellect, love, benevolence, patience, fortitude, fidelity to truth and justice, religion—all qualities that men esteem, are so many protests against the ravaging law of Nature, before which we should sink did we not interpose the shield of Faith. The great yew-tree, hardy, unchanging,

insensible, typifies to the mourner the sternness and sullenness of Nature; the plaintive song of birds, that sorrow is everywhere. The bareness, snows and bitter winds of winter deepen and prolong misery; a rainy, blustering day is dolorous; gloomy thoughts are awakened by the view of sunset on a bleak moor; the darkness of night brings despondency; in the gray dawn are ghostly thoughts of the mouldering dead in charnel houses.

Nevertheless, Nature has her balms and cordials, as well as her venoms and wormwoods. The evolutions of the seasons typify to us those of the moral and spiritual world, and the constancy of Nature teaches us how the spirit may be constant amid incessant earthly changes. We see that there can be nothing wrong in death, conformable as it is to the law of the universe. Spring rescues sorrow from its winter of discontent, and influences it to brightness through the sensations awakened by the new birth of the world. At the worst, change of season brings variety to sorrow, which is largely the sport of sun and shade. In spring, we think of the dead as mouldering into flowers and things of beauty; the woods and lawns and labour of the fields recall to us the lives and habits of the departed. In the light of summer, we long for the dead to come to us in their old, familiar forms and habits. The dual function of those stars that shine sometimes at morning and otherwise by night suggests to us the double character of life and the true scope of the change effected by death. Watching the dawn of a cheerful morning we fancy that so life and death mingle to broaden betimes into a boundless day. With daylight comes an awakening of the will to eject despondency from our hearts. The balmy evening brings thoughts of peace and eternal repose to weary breasts; by moonlight we see in fancy the graves of the dead, with their surroundings, as scenes only of beauty; by candlelight we read again the precious packet of letters, lifting our souls to empyreal heights and holding, as it were, communion with the dead; and at night we lie down to dreams that reunite us to the dear ones, by whom, angelically attended, we are conducted to the realms of bliss.

We turn back for a moment to Matthew Arnold and he tells us: "The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry. . . More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. . . But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high."

When these words were written, "In Memoriam" had been before the world for fully thirty years. But long before "In Memoriam" was, its author had sung—

The poet in a golden clime was born,  
With golden stars above;  
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,  
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,  
He saw thro' his own soul,  
The marvel of the everlasting will,  
An open scroll.

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded  
The secretest walks of fame:

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world  
Like one great garden showed,  
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurled,  
Rare sunrise flowed.

However it be with other poets, Tennyson has not failed from the first to conceive highly of the destinies of poetry, nor to set its standard high. It remains only to make brief answer to our early question, whether he has left mankind the better or the worse by their possession of "In Memoriam." By a wealth of powerful yet simple and touching argument, he has sought to teach, and, by lavish use of the ravishing arts of poetry, to persuade men that they were not made to die; that the everlasting life is a perfection and exaltation of the individual earthly career; that the dead and the living mutually aid and comfort one another; that what we call death is but an incident of the orderly course of the universe toward an ever-appointed end; that bereavement is but a wholesome discipline; that the mourner, rightfully chastening his soul by a season of grief, has reserved to him, thereafter, a satisfying and enriching work on earth before taking his own leave of it. The argument, the intuition, the hope, the faith, may all be baseless; yet, even so, they aid men to live usefully and wisely, to die in courage and content, and to leave fruitful examples in life and death; and these are great gains in the face of the doubt, despondency and discontent that weighs so heavily upon that which, by seeming irony of fate, we call the *civilized* world.

CHARLES F. BENJAMIN.

JUDGING from a press telegram from San Antonio, Tex., the iron field in Llano and Burnett counties in that State is about to become the scene of considerable activity. A syndicate, recently organized with a capital stock of \$3,000,000, has purchased 4,600 acres of land in and around the town of Llano, the centre of the district, and 15,000 acres of iron lands. It is now building two blast furnaces, and in Llano, a \$50,000 hotel. Another syndicate, consisting of Chicago and Wisconsin capitalists, is operating in the district with a capital stock of \$2,000,000, under the corporate name of the Wakefield Coal, Land, and Iron Company.—*Age of Steel.*

## THE SONG OF THE LAURENTIDES.

HERE from the dawn of creation,  
Shot from the womb of the earth,  
Waiting the sound of a nation  
Noble and strong from its birth;  
Winters and summers unnumbered  
Passed us with ceaseless refrain,  
Wakened us not as we slumbered,  
Swept to their shadowy main—

Sandalled our feet with their roses,  
Girdled our loins with their snows,  
Robed us with fir that encloses  
Limbs in their matchless repose;  
Storms gathered round us and thundered,  
Bolts at our helplessness hurled—  
Firmly we stood, as we wondered,  
Here from the birth of the world.

Calmly we gaze on the river  
Forced through the gorge in a spray,  
Chafing, with ceaseless endeavour,  
Granite foundations away;  
Spread in a crystal beneath us  
Mirroring features our own,  
Crowned with the clouds that enwreath us,  
Tint blending tint into tone.

Fires assailed us with passion,  
Scorched in their withering might—  
Heard we the hoary pines crash on  
The brow of some far distant height;  
Soon came the summers renewing,  
Grass-blade and leaf on the plain,  
And, all our nakedness viewing,  
Clothed us with verdure again.

Races of savages hunted,  
Fought by the swift-flowing tide,  
The riddle of life here confronted,  
Lived to their knowledge and died;  
Fell, as the leaves in November,  
Where ere the north wind hath blown,  
Burnt to the crisp of an ember,  
After the summer is flown.

Here we are resting, reposing,  
Till our long life day is done,  
And, all his secrets disclosing,  
Time says the victory's won;  
Here we shall be when the angel  
Summons the dead to arise,  
Peals out the last great Evangel,  
Down through the slopes of the skies.

Kingston, 1890.

K. L. JONES.

NOTE—The Laurentian range of mountains extends from Gaspé, north of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, to the head of Lake Superior.

## PARIS LETTER.

HOME MINISTER CONSTANS has issued a much needed ukase, closing the auxiliary betting offices in Paris, and in the provinces, where every tobacco-shop, tap-room, and *café* books wagers on races in fractions of the legally authorized 5 and 10 francs mutual bets. On the race course the mutual plan of betting will not be interfered with, nor will such of these offices as have *bona fide* branches in the city provided they do not take bets in the form of fractions of the five and ten francs. The betting epidemic had made fearful havoc with morality; male and female domestics, school-boys, workmen and women, clerks of all degrees, etc., as soon as they had scraped or pilfered one or two francs, invested it in a quarter, a half, etc., share of the unity five franc stake. If they won they had a *pro rata* gain and drank the winnings or re-invested them—for appetite grows by what it feeds on. Hence swindling, thefts, addiction to drink, antipathy to work, etc., ensued. The opinion is, that the Ministerial decree is too late and that the body politic is gangrened with the new vice. M. Constans expects that, with a tax of ten per cent. struck on the gross totals of the mutual bettings registered, he will be able to obtain 10 million francs annually, to provide pensions of one franc a day for worn out labourers, arrived at the age of 60. What a multitude of sins the cloak of charity has to cover!

A *quid pro quo!* The French intend to connect the settlement of the cod and lobster question with the British evacuation of Egypt. Who would have imagined that the Land of Pharaoh would be linked in fate with Newfoundland? It is to be hoped that diplomatists will find a solution before they retire for the season of mineral waters.

The struggle between England and Germany for the African Lakes region is followed here with keen interest. Up to the present the Teuton has the innings. What will England have to give to buy out the settlement claims of Germany? What is the value of the "Bill Stumps, his mark," scored by a burned stick at the foot of the cession of land treaties obtained from the up and down *roitelets* of Africa by Stanley and Dr. Peters? The rumour is current in Paris that Portugal has secured her loan of 75 million francs from a syndicate of second-class German bankers, Delagoa Bay and Zambesi lands being given in mortgage. Africa promises to become very soon politically one of the very hottest quarters of the globe.

France till lately boasted of a "brav' général"; Portugal has its "brav' major," in Pinto. Since the latter returned to Lisbon the populace is disappointed; it was expected to find in him a man of life-guards' size. Instead, he has become physically smaller since his stay in the dark continent. It was possibly anticipated that he would arrive like an Alexander, an eagle over his head with outstretched wings; instead, Pinto arrived in a wig, having lost the remainder of his hair. Even Chauvinists were prepared to wear Pinto hats, made in England; Pinto handkerchiefs, made in Glasgow; and Pinto gloves, from Derby; but Pinto wigs, that shocked patriotism. Yet Julius Cæsar was bald.

The Bulgarian question, from the "Zadrouga" point of view, has not the slightest connection with the Panitz trial, the abduction of Prince Ferdinand, or any Bulgarian horror. In the department of Sophia are several small villages, containing from 30 to 60 inhabitants. These people are true Communists; each family has its dwelling house, but the members eat and drink in common. The director or *chef* of the village, is called the *domakin*. All the earnings of the villagers, who are chiefly agriculturists, go into a common treasury; each member executes the work suited to his strength and ability; all are boarded, lodged, and clothed, and the children educated out of the common fund. The women transact the cooking, etc.; the clergyman is supported out of the general fund. Excepting personal clothing no member of the "Zadrouga" can possess any independent property, and no matter whether he earns less than another he and his family will be supported just the same and cared for in time of sickness and old age.

If a member be expelled, he is allowed his share of the common patrimony; when a daughter weds, she is supplied with clothing and bedding, the value of which her husband is expected to pay into the treasury. Hired labourers are not permitted into the "Zadrouga." The latter is a permanent association or community for work, clothing and alimentation, and of which the tie of kindred is the sole bond of union. Another kind of association exists for the exploitation of market gardens. Six or twelve horticultural Bulgarians subscribe a little capital; then with their apprentices they rent gardens, cultivate them in common, live in common, sell the produce in common, and at the end of the season divide the net profits—about 1,000 francs each, and retire into winter quarters. The masons in Macedonia co-operate on the same principle as the kitchen gardeners and farmers in groups of twenty.

The capital invested in the chief coal mines of France is 46 million francs, the profits realized have been thirteen times greater than the capital. The shares of the Auzin mines originally issued at 97 francs, now sell for 5,000 francs; those of Dourges issued at 700 francs, now fetch 12,000 francs. The Aniche shares from 776 francs have risen to 15,250 francs, while those of the Courrières mine, issued at 600, now sell at 43,150 francs. The "diggins" of the "Black Indies" are not to be despised.

Those with a taste for intrigue ought to follow the "set" made on Cardinal Lavignerie. This eminent prelate and anti-slavist has not at all bad chances of becoming the next Pope. In the Sacred College the majority is Italian, and the tradition wills that it be maintained. But other countries object that Italy, with only a population of 26 million Catholics, should outweigh the United Catholic populations of France, United States, Austria, England, etc., in the election of the Pope, and the reformers, to break down this Italianism, are running Monsignor Lavignerie for the tiara. Behind the scenes the Italian party at the Vatican has circulated that the Cardinal is a mischief-maker, by his setting the English, German and Portuguese at loggerheads over mission work, and hence would make an imprudent Pope. The Cardinal is French—that's his "deep damnation."

The Bull-fight circus here is under the ban of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Parisians are tired of the uninteresting spectacles of a bull scampering round an arena with tail at right angles. The *claque* clamours each evening for the real show—ripping horses, goring picadors, and the spine-thrust of a sword from the matador. These conceded, why not go in for wild-beast combats? It was a Roman luxury.

On the outbreak of the 1789 Revolution there were 28 Catholic Communities in France, enjoying a revenue of £15,000. After the taking of the Bastille, crowds came over from London to witness the battle-field. In reply to Pitt's declaration of war, the Convention decreed that all English, Scotch, Irish and Hanoverians, resident in France, were to be considered prisoners of war, save factory employees and children below twelve years of age. Only in February, 1795, the prisoners were exchanged. Every sign-board and poster in English was by the same decree prohibited, and one English professor was reduced to announce that he gave lessons in the "American language." He thus preceded Disraeli in that phrase.

At Louis-Philippe's country-house at Neuilly, outside Paris, he had in his cellar on the 24th February, 1848, 90,000 bottles, and 1,200 casks of choice wines. On the next day, the first of that Revolution, there only remained 160 bottles and 600 casks. Then the castle and furniture were burned to make an insurgents' holiday. Z.

To have an opinion and to dare to be of one's opinion; to stand up for it bravely; and in case we have not as yet an opinion of our own, to search for it and have no rest until we have found it,—this is the very first step in ethics, the most indispensable condition of ethics.

ONE OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S  
HEROINES.

NOWHERE, perhaps, in the whole range of literature can there be found a character who so well represents personified purity as does the "Hilda of the Marble Faun." Dwelling, white-robed, on a tower, she breathes a serene and unpolluted atmosphere, unknown to the inhabitants of the city in which she has nominally her abode. Her companions are the doves. A daughter of Puritans, she yet lovingly tends the light before the shrine of the Virgin Mother, attracted through all the barriers of religious prejudice to that symbol of stainless womanhood. "Her womanhood is of the ethereal type, incompatible with any shadow of darkness or evil." Incapable herself of the slightest deviation from her standard—a severely exalted standard—of right, the mere realization of the fact that crime exists in the world, suddenly brought home to her by witnessing that of her friend, tortures her. She endures in her own person the remorse of the guilty combined with the horror of the innocent, for she feels that by the tie of humanity which links her with the criminal, the crime is hers; yet so alien is the spotless purity of her nature from any sympathy with wrong-doing that she is furnished with no means of framing an excuse for it. Human motives and human actions are not to her mind that mixture of good and evil which we others, fallible mortals, by many a sad experience subjective and objective, have learned them to be. "There is," she says, "only one right and one wrong, and I do not understand, and may God keep me from ever understanding how two things so totally unlike can be mistaken one for the other, nor how two mortal foes as right and wrong surely are can work together in the same deed." Therefore when, having witnessed a crime, she must bear the knowledge of it about with her, she bears it as a burden which no slightest affinity with her own nature can familiarize or render less intolerable. She is "innocence dying of a blood-stain." . . . A man has been slain in her presence, and the blood spurting accidentally upon her white robe, has made a stain which eats into her life.

The woman whose character is believed to have furnished Hawthorne with the idea of his Hilda had herself a history which in its weird, pathetic, beautiful unlikeness to ordinary experience might itself have engaged the pen of that master romancer. She was the Ada Shepherd whose name occurs several times in the "Note-books" of that European sojourn during which he conceived and wrote "The Marble Faun,"—for she was a member of his family during those years in the capacity of governess to his children.

She was born about 1832, at Dorchester, a suburb of Boston—one of a numerous family, for there were ten sisters and several brothers. "Their father," says one who was their early friend and schoolmate, "was one of Nature's noblemen, but they owed to their mother their high intellectual natures." All of the children were early distinguished for high mental gifts, and for the energy with which they sought to employ them. They were said always to carry books about with them so that no leisure moment might be unimproved—an indication that their time for uninterrupted reading was limited. As children they attracted the notice of Horace Mann and his wife who sought in many ways to befriend them; and whose pupil Ada afterwards was. She passed from the public school of her native town to the State Normal at West Newton, and had just been graduated from the latter institution when Antioch College was opened at Yellow Springs, Ohio. It was established by the Christian Church the plan being co-education of the sexes on a perfect equality, and Horace Mann was first President. Miss Shepherd at once decided upon a full collegiate course and was graduated at its first commencement in 1857, in the same class with Henry Clay Badger, whom she afterwards married. Soon afterwards she accompanied Mr. Hawthorne and family abroad and during two years, spent for the most part in Italy and France, she made herself thoroughly proficient in the languages of these countries as well as in German. Unfortunately during a summer spent in Rome "Italy's malarial fever laid its terrible hand upon her" and to the blighting effects of its touch her friends trace the terrible calamity that afterwards befel her. She married soon after her return to America in 1859, and for a time both she and her husband were teachers in Antioch College. Afterwards Mr. Badger entered the ministry of the Unitarian Church and held the pastorate of a congregation at Cambridgeport, till ill-health compelled him to resign it. Mrs. Badger, who had long felt a deep interest in the education of girls, decided soon after upon opening a private school for girls in Boston, being joined in the undertaking by her friend Miss Tilden, a teacher of large experience. Their venture was eminently successful, and Mrs. Badger's scholarship and educational ability were recognized by her election to a seat on the Boston School Board.

A little word-picture of her home at this period was lovingly painted for me two years ago by Mrs. Amelia W. Durfee, of Villa Park, California, a cousin of Mr. Badger, and to whom I am indebted for the materials from which I have attempted to frame this little history. When a young girl Mrs. Durfee was for a short time a guest at her cousin's home, and she describes the simplicity and beauty of the surroundings which seemed to her to reflect down to their minutest details the purity, the sweetness and the perfectness of adjustment which distinguished the character of her who presided over them. Indeed, to her mind, the very food set before her, simple, temptingly prepared and

nutritious, had a tongue to speak of her who had provided it.

The impression of being a living standard of right Mrs. Badger seems to have been able to make upon all who knew her,—a characteristic which is markedly displayed in Hilda; "she dwelt," like her "above our vanities and passions, our moral dust and mud." Those of her friends who have put upon record their impressions of her character speak no less warmly of her tender and wide-embracing sympathies, her tendency to implicit trust in others, her extraordinary sweetness of manner. If she displayed also that severity in her dealings with sinners, which Hawthorne calls the necessary outcome of Hilda's immaculate purity, I have nowhere found it recorded. But we may be sure no real woman of Hilda's character ever lacked some memory of personal sin to soften her towards wrong doing in others. It is only the Pharisees of humanity who are righteous in their own eyes.

At every anniversary of her first attack of malarial fever much of its misery returned, and by degrees the cheerful brightness of her spirits came to have periods of eclipse. Year by year, too, showed less of elasticity in the rebound from depression. A fearful dread was growing upon her, though she concealed it from those nearest to her, and spoke of it only to one or two friends—the dread that her reason was being undermined. Insanity was not a stranger to their blood, for one of her sisters, the second wife of Professor Thomas Hill, of Harvard, afterwards died a lunatic. Perhaps she knew of this taint and that it increased her dread. However that may be, when in the Christmas holidays of 1873 a malarial sickness again overcame her, her fear seems to have become a conviction; and with the conviction came the resolution to spare her family the sad trial of seeing her thus changed—the heavy burden of caring for a lunatic. Of suicide she had often spoken with unqualified condemnation as a step which nothing could excuse, and yet, strangely enough, in the confusion of mind which, we cannot doubt, was even then upon her, it was this step which presented itself before her as the only means by which she could save her beloved ones the suffering she foresaw for them—a delusion which in its nature is never foreign to the minds of those capable of the utmost self-sacrifice, who often, in imagining they are taking upon themselves all the suffering, are really, as if ingeniously, contriving to inflict the greatest possible anguish upon those who love them. That this feeling was the sole one that determined her is the view taken by all her friends, and her own words show it had great force. But in attentively studying her history another has been presented to me as not improbably mingling in her motives. May not a temptation to the deed, which in the abstract she regarded with a peculiar horror and upon which she had often dwelt, have been one of the effects of the perversion of her mental faculties? May she not have been impelled by something like "that perilous fascination which haunts the brow of precipices, tempting the unwary one to fling himself over for the very horror of the thing?"

She made her plans methodically. She wrote a letter to a dear friend of her husband in a neighbouring town asking him to come at once when he should receive it as Henry needed him; to her eldest brother, commending husband and sons to his care and sympathy; to her husband himself, assuring him of her "eternal love and gratitude." These she left behind her. On her way to the railway station she stopped to pay a few trifling debts not known to any other member of the family, and at the station she wrote a farewell note to the elder of her boys, enclosing her wedding ring, and commending father and brother to his lasting love. She went to New York and took passage upon an ocean steamer just leaving. She was noticed by many of the passengers who remembered afterwards her silence and apparent pre-occupation. After the steamer had passed Point Judith none saw her more; and after a careful investigation it seemed certainly established that, unobserved in the darkness, she had leaped overboard determined that not even a lifeless body should remain a burden upon those she loved and wished to spare. "And thus," says one who knew her well, writing soon after her death, "after reason had left her, walking still in the clear, white light of her own pure spirit, she passed out of sight."

The following description of her appearance from the same pen may be compared with that of Hilda:—

"Through the almost transparent veil of her delicate organization her spirit shone like a lamp through an alabaster vase, the frequently changing expression of her face showing every mood of feeling and every shade of thought."

Mrs. Durfee has a portrait of her taken after her marriage, when, perhaps, already the melancholy of her tragic death had cast from afar its shadow upon her, for her eyes show that her soul is no stranger to sad thoughts. She still wears Hilda's brown ringlets; and displays Hilda's delicate beauty of feature. Her brow is thoughtful and intellectual looking, but, as the cheeks are somewhat sunken, looks a little out of proportion. It seemed to me—but her history may have been before my eyes as I gazed—that the beautiful face spoke of a destiny, realized or foreseen, higher and sadder than that of most mortals.

KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

Chatham, May 24.

CONSCIENCE flourishes best on continuous hard service, and should not be allowed to take a holiday for a single afternoon.

A DREAM AND ITS SEQUEL.

THEY were all seated round the fire-place where blazed and crackled huge logs which sent long tongues of flame up the wide chimney and showered sparks and hisses as if in approval or disapproval of the many weird stories which one or other of the speakers told. Outside the wind tore madly through the trees and wailed down the chimney while the rain dashed even more wildly against the panes. Stories of apparitions, ghosts, curious dreams, or presentiments of evil—all these had been related, each one vying with the other in horror. A sort of scared silence had followed the last speaker's narration which was broken by a girl with large expressive eyes and broad white brow.

"That certainly was very curious and unaccountable; but I have had an experience which I deem as curious as that. I have never spoken of it simply because I feared ridicule; however, since you all are so communicative and have such an appetite for the occult and horrible, I will relate to you my little adventure.

"It is now four years since I made a six months' visit to Washington. You all remember how enchanted I was with that beautiful city—the American Paris—how I revelled in its noble buildings, its lovely squares and beautiful monuments. Well, one night shortly before my return to Canada I had a curious dream. I thought I was walking along College Street in Toronto; it was a clear cold evening in January; the sun had sunk below the horizon, leaving the sky in the west all luminous and golden from his passing, and just above where the gold merged into the already darkening blue, the evening star hung faint and tremulous. So clear was the air that the house-tops, chimneys, and the naked trees to their tiniest twig stood out in sharp relief against the golden background. At every other corner the intense blue of the electric lights which depended from long poles above the trees etched upon the sidewalks and roadways the dark delicate tracing of the branches and twigs. Down the street in indistinct picturesque groups came workmen carrying dinner-cans or bundles of tools; so distinct is everything in my memory that I even recall a great brick waggon drawn by huge grey horses whose driver wore long red stockings drawn up nearly to his knees, while a flat woollen cap of the same colour covered his shaggy head.

"Well, I had walked along some distance westward enjoying the beauty of the street; it was one long beautiful perspective vanishing into the sunset. As I approached one of the electric lights I noticed a slowly moving figure before me; it was that of a slight, old man with long silvery hair which glistened in the light and fell down over a sort of blue scarf which was twisted lightly about his neck; his right hand grasped a walking-stick with a great hook at the end of it, while with his left he strove to hold together the two sides of a great rent in the right shoulder of his coat. Just as he came into the brightest of the light I noticed with horror that his thin bare shoulder was exposed to the keen night wind which was just rising. He stopped and struggled to fasten it, while I, without a thought as to whether or not I should thus accost a stranger, quickly stepped up to him and said, 'O, do let me help you, I will fasten it with a pin.' He turned suddenly and placing one long bony hand upon the other which rested upon the walking-stick, calmly surveyed me. Never shall I forget the awful sensations which poured over me as I met his eyes. The silvery hair which I had noticed before framed a face seamed and wrinkled and of the tint of old ivory. All about him suggested extreme old age, except the eyes; they alone had retained all the beauty and lustre of youth. They were so dark as to seem black, and as they glowed upon me with an expression of accusing hatred, I felt like a criminal taken in some horrid deed where denial or escape is impossible. I stood rooted to the spot, fascinated, incapable of speech. Then I began to be conscious of an awful fear while my heart beat in dull sickening thuds. Suddenly the old man lifted one hand as if to take hold of me—the spell was broken. Without another glance I turned and fled homeward, never stopping till I was safely locked in my own room. I sank upon the bed half dead with fright and horror. I had probably lain there a minute or so when I thought I heard a sort of tick-tack upon the window pane. Quickly turning my head, and with my heart in my mouth, I once more beheld that awful apparition peering in below the blinds. With one shriek I flew out of bed and found myself standing in the middle of my room in Washington!"

"That was certainly an uncomfortable dream, but it is not strange that an excited imagination should conjure up such an odd figure," remarked one.

"I quite agree with you," replied the young girl quietly, "The dream is not at all strange! The curious part is yet to come—do you not think it strange that a dream should have a sequel in actual life?"

"O horror!" exclaimed another of the girls, whose eyes had a tendency to widen to infinity as her excitement grew, "I shan't sleep a wink to-night, but never mind that, I am full of curiosity to hear the sequel."

"See here, Evelyn," remarked the narrator's brother with an incredulous laugh, "you don't mean to tell us that this old man had the indecency to turn up in the flesh, do you?"

"Indeed I do," responded Evelyn, quietly, "and cousin Elinor will vouch for what I say, won't you, dear?"

"You surely don't mean my dear old man who scared you at the hospital, do you?"

"The same."

"O go on! go on! the sequel!" came from all sides, and Evelyn resumed her story.

"You all remember two years ago when Elinor entered the training school for nurses at the general hospital, and the delight she used to take in all the old men who became her patients, especially if they had 'long silvery hair,' to use her own expression. Well, one day I went over to spend the afternoon with her, and she told me many interesting things about her work; showed me all over the 'Nurse's Home,' which is separate from the main building. We had looked over the books and magazines in the library, strummed a little upon the piano, and made a visit to the room in the attic of the main building where the clothing of all the unclaimed dead is stowed. I could not overcome the feeling of oppression and sadness which took possession of me at the sight of those boots and shoes of all sizes and shapes, from those of a pair of tiny red shoes, which the over-active little feet had kicked out at the toes to those of a great rough man's. It had not occurred to me that there were so many uncared-for dead in the world. Elinor seeing me so blue—pardon the word—began to relate the comic side of hospital life—the funny speeches and deeds of the curious characters with whom she came in contact. Suddenly she turned to me and said:

"O, I had almost forgotten to show you my dear old man!" And she looked at me reproachfully as if I were the one who had forgotten.

"Well I have a few more minutes to spare," returned I, "let's go at once. I have not the same enthusiasm for fossils that you have, but I suppose new specimens are always interesting."

"He is lovely; his hair is so long and white and clean. We did not have to cut it off as we have to do to so many of the horrid wretches who come in—and such eyes! they are lovely, just like a young girl's. But he can't speak a word of English. The only thing we have been able to make out are the Italian words, *Cara mia*, and he always speaks them as if his thoughts were far away. Sometimes when I arrange his pillows and make him more comfortable, he turns his great solemn brown eyes upon me and murmurs *Cara*, as if I were some one of whom he was very fond. Sometimes again I have a horribly eerie feeling as he looks at me so fixedly."

Thus saying, she opened the door of the ward and led the way between the rows of white beds, whose occupants turned great hollow eyes on us, giving me a horrid sensation. I felt that I had no right to thus taunt these helpless sick with my strong, vigorous health. I was recalled from these thoughts by seeing Elinor stop as if spell-bound, her lips held firmly together. Then she turned to me and said: "It must be near the end, for they have drawn the screen about the bed. O, I hope it is not too late—it is too awful to die alone in a place like this." She stepped hastily to the bed and drawing back the screen very gently, bent over what seemed to be a lifeless figure, for under the white bed cover the limbs were rigid. I had not yet seen the face, and presently I heard Elinor say in a hushed voice: "Come here, Evelyn!" I stepped to her side and looked down upon the face of the dying man; it was strangely familiar to me, but I could not recall definitely where I had seen it. The eyes were closed and I noticed the thick, heavy fringe of the eyelashes. At the sound of her voice the eyelids slowly opened, disclosing the most wonderful and to me the most awful of eyes; the sudden gasp which I gave attracted his attention, for with an unexpected and sudden movement he sat erect in the bed, his long silvery hair floating wildly about him, while the great eyes glared upon me with the same awful expression which I had seen two years ago in a dream. My blood seemed to freeze in my veins and the old sensation of guilt came upon me a hundred-fold! But when with the same old gesture of seizing me he ejaculated the word "Now" from lips that before had only murmured in Italian, I, for the first time in my life, lost consciousness.

I learned afterwards from Elinor that after his sudden vehemence, he fell back dead, just as I fainted. Who he was or what he was; where he had come from, why he should speak in English at that moment when he had been known to speak only in Italian before; why I should see him in a dream, and two years afterwards meet him in real life; why in both cases he should seem to accuse me, and why I should have experienced such a horrid sense of guilt, are all questions to be answered. KATHARINE LESLIE.

PROFESSOR PONFIC, of Breslau, Germany, has made the important discovery that a large part of the human liver may be removed without creating any serious disturbance of the animal functions. He also finds that the liver possesses a wonderful power of reproduction, a portion equal to two-thirds of its usual size being replaced in some instances within a few weeks.

THE coal-fields of Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Germany, and Bohemia are estimated to cover an area of 60,000 square miles; those of Austria, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece 30,000 to 40,000 square miles; those of Russia are unexplored, but she has already surveyed 2,200 square miles. In 1838, the collieries of Kursk-Kharkow, the Sea of Azov, and Donetz produced 1,500,000 tons of coal, and in 1889 the output had risen to about 2,250,000 tons. Japan is also well supplied with coal-fields in process of development.—*English Mechanic*.

### THEN AND NOW: A WELCOME.

Respectfully inscribed to their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on the occasion of their visit to the city of Quebec, on June 10, 1890.

RAGE the ocean, clouds betray,  
Surge the seas within the bay;  
The filling silt, the churning crust  
In time, at nature's bidding must  
The flocking fields renew.  
Tidal tempests rush and roar,  
Fret the shallows round the shore,  
Frown the forests green and hoar:  
Men must up and men must do;  
Their pains restore,  
Amid the strife of what is life  
The old that cometh new.

What time the pomp of courts, a rival light,  
Obscured the *fleur-de-lis* and hardihood,  
Its pristine bloom, the gift of chivalry,  
Was wafted here, a seeming ocean waif:  
The pioneer's welcome then was bitter-sweet,  
As brought he hope and progress-seeds to plant  
Afield a wildering western continent.  
Yet now, the harvest near, the fruit of toils  
Enduring ripens ours, to celebrate  
A fate matured, a nation progress-sown.  
And Champlain's city, proud of battlement  
And wall, deep-mouthed and fierce of brow, uplifts  
Her milder voice and seeks to doff her frown.  
Her citadel, with empire-flag for crest,  
Bespeaks the war-stained lore of centuries near,  
Writ golden on the fringe of nature's smile.  
Cape Diamond, erst Jacques Cartier's goal  
And wonder, booms no shrinking welcome now;  
The laughter of its volleying mirth re-peals  
A crescent-burst beyond St. Charles' Plain;  
And as it seeks retreat within the drowsy glades,  
The wimpling wavelets touch, historic-tuned,  
The chords that trill for us a tale of old.  
The hum of life and overgrowth hath claim  
Where woodland wonderment first heard the din  
Of herald-salvo from St. Malo's ships.  
And nearer scenes, within the mist of days,  
Give but a glimpse of bygone lingering woe.  
The explorer's task, a ripple of romance—  
The pioneer's pains, a seeming luckless toil,  
Find echo still, though far away to those  
Who deem the instant hour their ecstasy—  
Find echo still a fame that hovers round  
Perchance to flush the cheer of Champlain's soul  
That sees an empire-growth upon his grave.  
'Twas his and theirs, despite the after-arts  
Of feudal-tempered rule, to sow a fate  
Florescent now; 'twas theirs to sow their best:  
And now, where crooned the nomad o'er his ills,  
In thousands men have sweet domestic peace:  
Beyond and near these bastion-bursts of mirth,  
The moiling millions, faithful to their trust,  
Begin to prize the patriot's recompense,  
And sing aloud the freedom-songs of peace.  
These narrow streets their teeming tales unfold  
Of primal times, when unkempt nature thought  
To keep her claim, the birthright of the woods—  
Of feudal days, when outer strife prolonged  
Arrayed its rivalry on battle-field  
Near by, to wrestle for the gains of industry.  
Where elm and maple erst embowered the trail  
Of stalking foe, these pavement-threads bewailed  
Bespeak the zeal that dared the rock-grained soil,  
To ward a place whereon to build a home,  
Or consecrate its acres unto God.  
Their very names commemorate the faith  
Of Christian calendar, or token else  
The deeds of men that sanctify their pride  
Of what their land, matured a nation, boasts.  
A thousand rays—a light within our light—  
Reveal in them the silver-dust of fame.  
The glimpses of an outer beauty shine,  
Like hope around the corner of a task,  
To guide our footsteps lingering near the scenes  
Of triumph or defeat. In *cul-de-sac*  
Or thoroughfare, the very stones reflect  
Some mosaic of events; within them flows  
The tide of peaceful life, and yet the ebb  
Of other days still ripples in its calm—  
To sing of clanging arms or military parade,  
To chant the martial song of valiant men  
Impatient to possess, or moan a dirge  
Of dire retreat that knocks at every gate.  
And other echoes whisper civic strife,  
Of law usurped by faction or romance—  
Ambition's wiles or yet the rivalry of love  
Disturbing peace to gratify the hour.  
Beneath the archways, frowning as in war,  
The footfalls of processions dead are heard  
Within the sounds of living feet. The lanes  
A requiem soft repeat or shouts of joy,  
Till seeking respite from the subtle sheen  
That floats around the old cathedral's walls—  
That lurks within some palace court, rebuilt  
A merchant's home—we find the freer height  
Of bastion-keep or battlement, and there,  
Enraptured with the scope of hill and dale,  
Behold St. Lawrence as a jewel set.

Sing the river, laugh the lake,  
Dance the cataract, roar and break  
The seething shingle into dust;  
In time, its circling siftings must  
Old channels rectify.  
Sleep the fortress, frown in vain,  
Hum the hamlets o'er the plain,  
Ring the chimes a sweet refrain.  
Men must droop and men must die;  
Their lives remain,  
Amid the strife of what is life,  
The soul-drift of eternity.

J. M. HARPER.

### THE RAMBLER.

THE tendency—nay, the overwhelming necessity caused by pressure of racial and social antecedent history—of contemporaneous French writers is to write about Love. They may start about salads or race-courses or banking or Gothic architecture or medicine; they invariably finish by some allusion, and in most cases much more than an allusion to the *grande passion*. You remember Matthew Arnold's contempt for the contemporaneous Gaul. To the caustic and fastidious exponent of English modern thought the literature of modern France seemed full of pitfalls, and he shuddered to think that a fatal impulse might be communicated to the former by the obstinate refusal of French leaders of style and thought, or say, rather, expression, to consider any subject apart from Love. I do not, it is clear, refer now to works on science or on theological or educational subjects; I am considering *belles lettres* alone. And really, if we make a fair study of the thing, we shall be very much impressed with the fatal predilection hinted at. It is, verily, the mark of the beast. How delightful that Paris *Fogaro* is with its excellent illustrations—oh! much more than excellent—I am in a qualifying mood this misty morning, especially at the Christmas season! It is worth artistically, all the other Christmas numbers put together. And yet, did you ever seriously consider and weigh its literary contents? Compare its wedding-trips by Zola and Dumas, its short stories of dressmakers and journalists, its Porte St. Martin echoes of ribaldry and dubious merry-making with the display of correct literary style, *technique* and originality such as men like Besant, Bret Harte, David Christie Murray and James Payn give us in rival publications. I was going to include William Black, but, alas! his star has set. Nature brings not back the sad-faced little Coquette with tea-roses placed cunningly—oh! those French—in the masses of her dark lustrous hair; And the sharp and genial Lady Drum, and dignified Queen Tita, and poor, poor unhappy Macleod of Dare, and truest of all to life, dear erratic James Drummond, the victim of a stupid though loving sister's mistake. No, they are all gone, and their descendants, in the *Graphic* or *Harper's Bazaar*, look strangely and stiffly out from a new, strange canvas and we do not grow to love them nor do they care to know us. Tell me, you impressionable, kind, sentimental, sympathetic reader (I have many such, I hope), did you ever read a more perfect love tale than that of poor Coquette? Yes, yes, of course you have forgotten it; by William Black. Of course, of course, never read novels now; too busy. Well, promise me to read it to-night; take it out as if it were some new and much talked-of work; read it carefully, read it reverently. Of course it's *only a novel*, but see the exquisite pathos of it, the humour of it, the delicate delineation of it, the picturesqueness of the contrast between the French slip of grace and sentiment and the decorous Scotch household! And, let me tell you, to appreciate it truly, read it some night after a course of George Meredith.

But what a long avenue I have gone down since I started my paper, with some not over complimentary allusions to those charming people, the French. I think the deviations proceed from the weather, and the cause, the cause, my soul, of the allusions themselves, was a half-hour's study of *La Revue Française*, that New York publication.

It is very interesting, indeed, and the May number includes a clever paper "*Les Femmes D'Angleterre*," in which an unknown, but brilliant writer asserts that Englishwomen are the worst flirts in the world. So they are. Grenville Murray told us that. Surely none can have already forgotten his sketches of Flirts in "*Sidelights on English Society*." The thoroughness of English character and the vigour of English temperament, are no doubt responsible for this: *En flirtage les Anglaises sont insupportables*. . . . *les jolies Anglaises en cachent beaucoup de ces pêchés mignons*. . . . *Mais, des pêchés qui feraient presque rougir les Parisiennes*. One truth M. Pierre Monfalcour tells us, that when an Englishwoman gives herself up to a sustained and genuine flirtation, it usually ends either in a *grande passion* or *une haine féroce*. Yes, this, at least, is true. What was once a mere matter of the fancy soon becomes "the vast necessity of heart and life." Or else, *l'Anglaise, oublieuse des caresses de l'amour dont elle paraissait si assoiffée*, becomes once more *la femme de cheval, de sport, d'émotions viriles*. She may seem to forget, but she never does, and sometimes, when you would least expect it, the demon of revenge is working beneath her calm exterior.

The same magazine contains a most unimportant little sketch by Zola, "*L'Amour sous Les Toits*," and an all too



French companion picture, "Les Trois Filles," by Léon Gaudillot. As a whole, however, the publication is of interest, and were it better edited, would take a prominent place at once. The typographical errors are legion.

I have spoken, I hope, not disparagingly of George Meredith. Take at my hands this splendid description of rainy weather from him before I close:

"Rain was universal; a thick robe of it swept from hill to hill; thunder rumbled remote, and between the muffled roars the downpour pressed on the land with a great noise of eager gobbling, much like that of the swine's trough fresh filled, as though a vast assembly of the hungry had seated themselves clamorously, and fallen to on meats and drinks in a silence, save of the chaps. A rapid walker, poetically and humorously minded, gathers multitudes of images on his way. And rain, the heaviest you can meet, is a lively companion when the resolute pacer scorns discomfort of wet clothes and squealing boots. South-western rain-clouds, too, are never long sullen; they infold and will have the earth in a good strong glut of the kissing overflow; then, as a hawk with feathers on his beak of the bird in his claw, lifts his head, they rise and take veiled feature in long climbing watery lines. At any moment they may break the veil and show soft upper cloud, show sun on it, show sky, green near the verge they spring from, of the grass in early dew; or along a travelling sweep that rolls asunder overhead, Heaven's laughter of purest blue among Titanic white shoulders.

Let him be drenched, his heart will sing. And thou, trim cockney that jeerest, consider thyself, to whom it may occur to be out in such a scene, and with what steps of a nervous dancing-master it would be thine to play the hunted rat of the elements for the preservation of the one imagined dry spot about thee somewhere on thy luckless person! The taking of rain and sun alike befits men of our climate."

Where did Meredith pick up this style, you ask? I should imagine, mostly from Carlyle, Ruskin, and Victor Hugo. I cannot for one moment discover any resemblance to George Eliot in these remarkable novels of a man only now coming into general notice, although he is so frequently referred to as her successor. He has an impetuosity, a style, a dramatic vigour, which gives him, if not metaphysically a higher place, at least one that carries a swifter and keener delight with it. I am very fond of George Meredith, his analysis is so witty, so racy, so cultured. But if you want a story to be a story, go back, as I said just now, to William Black or Walter Besant.

A CANADIAN RAMBLE WITH ROD AND TENT.

"COME in!"

"Thanks! and I'll light one of your cigars, for I came up to talk over your proposal to do as Peter did, and 'go a-fishing,' and a smoke helps you along. What do you suggest?"

"Well, the fact is, the embarrassment of riches is a disturbing factor in making a choice. I know an old fellow called Johnny, up the Ottawa way—trapper, hunter, guide or teamster as occasion offers, an Irishman by the way, who looks like a Frenchman and might easily be mistaken for an Indian, says he can speak four languages, English, French, Indian and Irish—who is anxious to show me some of the sporting attractions of the Laurentian lakes and mountains. Of course we have a larger choice. There are the bass lakes of the Eastern Townships; the muskalonge fishing of the Thousand Islands and the Ottawa River; there are the trout lakes at the back of Quebec where the monsters come from; the Saguenay and Lake St. John where the festive Ouiniche sports in his native element, not to speak of the salmon rivers of New Brunswick and the lower peninsula."

"What about taking up our old quarters at the Sea View House? There are Silver Lake and Beaver Lake and Trout Lake, where you made such a record as a raftman, not to speak of the brooks, the Tartagou River and the more distant White Lakes and their outlet, White River, all good for a day's outing and basket of trout. We can take Johnny and make a three or four days' trip down to that new lake he talked about, where the fish grew so big that one the last party caught was so immense they could not get it into the boat, but had to tow it ashore, and the whole party lived on him for a week!"

Of course that settled it. Tackle was at once overhauled and repaired, a small wall tent, blankets and other requisites necessary to the better catching, curing and digesting of trout were added to the combined outfit, and the day fixed for starting found us on the St. Lawrence aboard the steamer *Quebec*.

Three hundred and fifty years ago, Cartier, lost in wonder and admiration, first sailed over its broad expanse. His pious soul, in memory of the day, would fain dedicate it to some tutelary saint—Canadian nomenclature ever after taking largely the same pious bent—and hailed it St. Lawrence!

The poet, or novelist with a poet soul, will some day arise who will embalm his memory in some soul-stirring epic worthy of so great a theme. Every foot of land washed by its crystal flood is redolent with the breath of romance and heroic daring. From the very spot where we started on our journey the immortal Dollard embarked in canoes with his handful of predestined martyr companions. A few steps back into the town is the spot where

the intrepid Maisonneuve, "first soldier of the cross" and governor of the colony, stood alone and held at bay before the gate of the fort a swarm of redskins. A few miles down and almost within sight—we pass the spot on our way—the heroic Madeleine de Verchères held her father's fort for seven days and nights against the baffled Indians till help arrived, her only garrison being the women, boys and old men who could not take the field.

But why go on? A book might be filled with similar tales and the end not reached; besides here we are at Quebec.

Quebec! the Mecca of the modern tourist, satiated with the monotonous sights of the checkerboard cities of more go-ahead proclivities. Who shall do justice to the romantic associations that cluster around its storied past, or describe its beauties?

Not I, for I go a-fishing. The Intercolonial Railway, by which we continue our journey, follows pretty closely the shore lines for about two hundred miles, when it takes a sharp turn off through the Metapedia Valley. The beautiful panorama of ever-widening water and distant mountain is continuously unfolding before our eyes. Our journey ends at the sharp corner referred to and we are soon in our old quarters.

We found Johnny, the guide, and engaged his *charette* (a little two-wheeled cart) and pony to take the baggage and himself to go as boatman and general camp utility man, and well did he fill the position. In fact, he might be allowed to speak of himself, and with better show of reason, as a certain royal personage is said to have done: "*Le Camp! c'est moi!*" We secured provisions enough to last three days, borrowed from our friends what utensils we required in the way of pots and dishes, not forgetting that standby of the camp—the *frying pan*. These, with the tent and blankets, made quite a load for the *charette*, which we sent off as a sort of *avant-courier* to make an impression, and more especially to lead the way, we ourselves following with all the importance a dilapidated buckboard and battered habiliments would permit of, and begin our twenty-mile drive.

We follow the shore road for about eight miles, passing through a thriving French village, with, as usual, the most prominent objects its parish church and the neighbouring *presbytere*. Stragglng out at either end of the central point at ever-widening intervals is the double line of familiar old-fashioned farm houses with their eaves overhanging in gracefully sweeping curves, white-washed, and, according to the taste of each individual owner, the roofs and window frames painted in vivid colours, or a mournful black; many of them, with the front door appearing several feet above the level of the road, but with no steps up to it, suggesting ideas of a state of siege with the ladders drawn in. A worn footpath around the gable end discloses the more homely entrance by the back door, which will probably continue to be used till the inhabitants reach a state wherein it will be possible to live up to the requirements of front-door steps, and, as the stage people say, a practical door.

A striking feature in connection with most of the better places is the substantial-looking barn, with its long-armed windmill built out at the best angle to catch the prevailing breezes, a chain gearing running through the wall and connecting with the threshing machine inside, all of them, however, at this season of growing grain standing silent and grim. Another noticeable feature attached to nearly all the houses is the old-fashioned, oval-topped clay oven standing in the open, wherein the housewife bakes the heavy, sodden black stuff called bread (!) by heating it with a strong fire, raking out the ashes and putting in the loaves to bake, just as her Normandy or Brittany French ancestors did hundreds of years ago. Along the fences, on lines strung for the purpose, or against the walls of the buildings, are the opened skins of black porpoises, with the fat attached, which later will be resolved into the fragrant and luscious porpoise oil with which much of the cooking is done.

Presently we leave the shore and turn off for our tedious climb straight over the hills into the back country, making for what Johnny calls the "*douzième range*," or "*concession*," pausing for a moment at the top of the first hill to take a parting look at the ever-fascinating sea spread like an expanse of glistening mirror at our feet and reflecting the glare of the bright summer sun. We journey for miles, scarcely meeting a human being, and for long stretches not seeing a living thing, and reach in time a stream where the road descends and rises again at the other side of the bridge in a way that would cause the heart of a city hack to ooze out his heels, but which our hardy nags seem to take as a matter of course. More hills, along whose crests we drive and enjoy a magnificent view of indented valley and rising mountain, all covered with a thick growth of primeval forest, passing several lakes of varied extent, which Johnny contemptuously describes as "*pas bon*," or as containing nothing but "*des petites poissons blancs*."

Finally we reach the "last house" and halt a moment to purchase a can of milk. Then we plunge into a two-mile drive over a bush road, the vilest specimen of "road" I see ever my lot to traverse. We reach at last our journey's end and drive our team into an open space by the side of a most tempting little sheet of water and throw ourselves on the ground to ease our bones after the six-hours' drive.

Johnny speedily has a fire going, tea made and we all three fall to on a refreshing lunch.

After a comforting smoke it was decided that we two should take our first cast in the "scow," which Johnny

had dragged out from the spot where he had cached it the year before, leaving him to set up the tent and have things in readiness for our return before dark. The ground, or rather water, was new, the boat leaking like a basket from its exposure to the weather, and as both wanted to fish, to the exclusion of paddling, the chances began to appear slim. However, fortune favours her friends, and the end of a day threatening rain being the best possible for trout, a few casts soon served to show that there were plenty of fish. We speedily landed several good ones of three-quarters to one and a half pounds. Presently, in making a long cast near a likely spot, where the lily pads showed above the surface, my flies were seized with such vigour and displacement of water as to draw forth an expression of delight.

"I've got him! — the patriarch of all the tribe of fishes!"

Reeling him in as fast as the exigencies of light tackle and an eight-ounce bamboo rod would permit, he was gradually drawn within sight of my end of the boat.

"By the shades of your valorous ancestors, come and have a look at him, Don Carlos, so that if he should break away I shall have a witness to the tale I have to tell!"

The landing net soon disposed of him and he was laid on the bottom of the boat, the admired of two pairs of delighted eyes, the pocket scale recording his weight at 2½ pounds. Darkness was now setting in and we made for the landing, where the cheerful blaze of the camp fire shot across the quiet waters. Johnny had done his work well. The little tent was pitched, the "baggage" stowed inside, a tempting bed of "*sapins*," or spruce tops, was spread, and the rugs and blankets laid on top of these.

A few words of description of Johnny, as we see him in the light of the camp fire deftly preparing supper—the *beau idéal* of the hardy, simple, honest French-Canadian peasant farmer or *cultivateur*, whose ancestors are typified in the *coureurs des bois* of the old régime, and from whom are descended the *voyageurs* and raftsmen of later times. He has travelled, has John; been to Quebec, the lumber shanties, and to that Eldorado of the French-Canadian labourer—Fall River. He lives in a little *cabane* on a rough hillside, its one solitary room containing himself, wife and the usual tribe of children, which will probably be increased by one each subsequent year we see him. We wonder where he would raise enough among the stumps of his little clearing to keep the life in his growing family. His house you would not stable your horse in. He does not see as much money in a year as you spend in cigars in a month. The *étouffe* for his scant wardrobe is probably made in continuous process from the sheep's back by his hard-worked, prematurely aged wife, and the *beufs* on his feet will by careful patching be made to last for years. He is a devoted son of the Church, to which he drives with his family some seven or eight miles when he desires its ministrations and wishes to enjoy a gossip with his widely-scattered neighbours at the same time. He is strong, healthy and happy; has probably no idea of the barrenness of his lot. He is fond of life, and would not willingly leave it, but would make the most strenuous efforts to prolong it.

He is able and willing to do more work round camp and in a boat, stand more exposure, carry a bigger "pack," eat more provisions, and is a better man for the rough work of a fishing trip than any I have ever met. *Salut!* Johnny, may we smoke many a pipe and share many a meal together yet!

Here is one now that his skilled hands have prepared—rough and ready, perhaps, but enticing, as hungry fishermen well know. Fresh trout—on the fin—fried to a turn with rich bacon. Potatoes boiled in their jackets and dried to a powdery whiteness. Fresh bread and butter. Tea—hot, strong, sweet, and served at the proper moment, winding up with canned peaches that never tasted so good before. Not very luxurious, perhaps, or fit "to set before the king" in his royal apartments, but served in such surroundings possibly even his royal nose might take on a less contemptuous curl. Have you ever eaten such a meal in camp, my friend? If so you'll agree with me; if you haven't, I can only say, *you have not yet lived*.

Our first day in camp ended; night closed in, and we retired to rest on our spring bed of fragrant spruce, to sleep the sleep of—if not of the just—of the tired and happy fisherman.

Rain fell during the night, but our tent was perfectly dry. Continuing in a drizzle all the next day, we did not propose to lose what promised good, if damp, sport, so donning our mackintoshes we sallied out. This time, with Johnny to paddle, and a comparatively drier, because more soaked, boat, as Paddy would say, luck favoured us.

A word of technical interest may here be looked for.

My experience of trout fishing in these lakes during the midsummer season—which is not by any means the best time for fly fishing—varies as to size of fish. I find the best time to fish from about four o'clock to dusk, though I have taken them at all hours of the day. The style of fly—of which a cast of three is used—seems to be of small moment, as when trout are rising at all they seem to take almost anything. The general rule is, for bright days, to use some such flies as "dark hackles," "turkey wings," or "black fairies." For dull days, any bright-coloured fly takes well, and when dusk comes on, a "coachman" or "white miller" as a "dropper" is very taking; in fact, the "coachman" is a good fly to make one of a cast at any time. A slight breeze to ruffle the water is a very desirable element.

Each lake—and there are hundreds scattered through

that section of country more or less available—has individual characteristics of its own as to size and shape of fish, some apparently yielding none but the small fry, but all of them containing in their hidden depths much larger fish, to be got only with sinker and worms.

The third day, at noon, sees us packed up ready to start on our homeward drive, and we bid good-bye to the scene of many pleasant hours, our "record" consisting of the sport we had, the fish we had eaten and enjoyed, and a sufficiency to allow of a welcome treat being offered to our friends in their seaside quarters. The long drive seems, as it always does, shorter on going over it the second time; in point of fact, being mostly down hill, it takes us an hour and a half less to do the return journey. We bring up our craft in full sail with flying colours, somewhat battered but still in the swim; the crew are paid off, with an added bonus in the shape of some spare outfit, which is greatly appreciated, and the voyage is over.—*Samuel M. Baylis in June Outing.*

### CHARACTERISTICS OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

FROM the beginning of this century dates the sudden dawn and marvellous expansion of the singular literature which exerts over some minds so powerful a fascination. It requires very little insight to foresee that it is certain to exercise a still greater influence when all the significance of this manifestation of Russian thought is more generally felt and appreciated. To-day the Russians are our masters in a new school—we can sit at their feet and learn.

To many the name of Russia is associated only with crude ideas of Nihilism, of attempts to assassinate the Czar, of a people half-barbarous and plunged in utter ignorance, but of this Eastern giant slowly awakening to a consciousness of power, and destined perhaps to regenerate our old Europe by the divine gift of new ideas and a new religion, they know nothing. They may even peruse from curiosity some chance samples of this strange literature without seizing upon the sense of the mental and moral upheaval which either we ourselves or our children must witness. As yet, it is too early to prophesy events, we can only consider tendencies, and study to some extent the men who, as depositaries of the sacred fire, have been preparing the way for mighty reforms. Amongst these I shall refer only to the great names which stand out as types, and resume in themselves the development of Russia during the last half-century. In them we shall find concentrated and sublimed the tears and aspirations and patient yearnings of a whole people. If their joys are bitterly ignored and remain unnoted, it is because in truth they cannot be said to exist.

The Russian novel contains within itself examples of poetry, history, and psychological studies such as the world has never seen equalled for minuteness, accuracy and power. Mystical reveries, of infinite beauty and delicacy, satires so deadly true in their aim, so bitter in their hidden wrath, that the publication of one sufficed to overthrow the hideous anachronism of serfdom, an under-current of despair so subtle and profound that it manages to penetrate even our materialistic envelope, a probing into the mystery of existence with a persistency and intensity which are simply appalling in audacious conception; finally, the restless searching for an explanation to the cruel problem of life, the cry of the soul for a religion, for guidance, for peace. Nothing is sacred to these investigators, to these untiring searchers of the human heart, or rather all is sacred, but not beyond discussion; and these original minds, true products of a "virgin soil," have invested with new meaning all the old problems of existence.

The same adverse fate which, brooding over this unfortunate country, condemned it after a long and painful travail to give forth only the echoes of the anguish which tortures it, has, in like manner, inexorably maimed and shortened the lives of its most brilliant children. In no country could such a list of fatalities be enumerated, as overtaking contemporary talent almost as soon as their names began to be known, and to be carried from mouth to mouth. To mention only some of these. Rykoff was hanged as a conspirator in 1825; Pouschkine, Russia's greatest poet, was killed, at thirty-eight years of age, in a duel; Griboiedoff was assassinated at Teheran; Lermontoff, a well-known and most promising writer, was killed in a duel in the Caucasus at the age of thirty; Vénévitinnoff died broken-hearted at twenty-two, his end hastened by the insults and outrages to which he was subjected; Koltzoff, at twenty-three, died of grief, caused him by his family; Belinsky fell a victim, at the age of thirty-five, to misery and hunger; Dostoievsky, after sentence of death, was sent, at the age of twenty-two, for a slight offence, to the mines of Siberia forever; and, lastly, Gogol, who committed suicide when only forty-three. If, as is said, there comes "Misfortune to those who stone their prophets," then we can understand in some measure why the misfortunes of Russia are darker and deeper than those of any other land.

The Russians inaugurated the modern realistic or naturalistic form of novel, around which so many storms have raged, and it is they who, backward in all else, and indebted to the West for every intellectual stimulus, have produced and fashioned this marvellous instrument of culture and progress. Yet it must be noted, never have the Russians sullied their pages with the inartistic enormities which we owe to the pen of the French father of naturalism. Nothing in either French, German or

English literature can equal this particular product of the Russian soil. The novel with us Westerns has not had the same function to fulfil, and did not need to be at once an instrument of enlightenment, comfort, counsel and reform. Simple amusement is not even taken into consideration. As a result, an immense country has been gradually revolutionized, educated, uplifted to such an extent, and in so short a space of time, that it is impossible to forecast the splendid future of a race which can give birth to such sons and daughters under such conditions. In fact, in the enthusiastic opinion of some admirers, the intellectual, if not material, empire of the world will some day be divided between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slavonic races, two peoples as diverse in their aims and natures as it is possible to conceive. The Russian, dreamy, poetical, subtle, wonderfully receptive, and naturally devoid of prejudice, absorbing all learning with ease, possessing talents of a highly artistic order, ardent, though indolent, profoundly melancholy and religious. The Anglo-Saxon, straightforward, practical, energetic, prejudiced; not given to dreams, much more materialistic than mystical, with a passion rather for justice than for ideal goodness; a dominating, aggressive race, with talents not running in the artistic direction, taking a joyous if somewhat limited view of existence, and little tormented by conceptions of the Infinite.

To Gogol belongs the honour of having the first gathered together and enshrined, as only genius can, the most beautiful of the innumerable legends, tales and folklore in which Russia abounds. He it was who first translated the vague complaint of the crushed millions, their pathetic poetry, their measureless patience, their dim longings. The whole extent of their wrongs he perceived better than they themselves could, and, by such works as the "Revisor," a marvel of masterly sarcasm and irony, and "Dead Souls," he succeeded in overturning a system. Many abuses are still left, but some at least are dead or slowly dying. It is impossible for me, however tempted, in a short sketch like this, to enter into the method of treatment employed by the author in these two famous works. I must refer the student to the original. But, as evidence of his wonderful precision of detail, power of delineation, and ironical sallies, it suffices only to observe that in Russia scores and scores of passages have become proverbial—as, for instance, the reproof administered by a corrupt official to an underling, "You rob too much for your grade," which excites roars of significant laughter in Russia, where the allusion—owing to the widespread raptapeism and corruption—is full of savour. Here, of course, where jobbery, bribes and misappropriation of public money are unknown, such a taunt would be pointless.

When Gogol read his manuscript of the "Revisor" to Pouschkine this latter remarked—so great was the sense of desolation which overcame him—"God! what a sad country our Russia is!" That was fifty years ago—it is still a sad country, as witness one of the last productions of Tolstoi's, "What is to be done?" One arises from its perusal no longer English or Russian, but a human being only, profoundly troubled, conscience-stricken, asking, "Is it possible such misery exists?" When we thought we knew the depths we find there are still greater depths. Yes, what is to be done? Who will answer, who will shed a ray of light on this gloomy picture? To Tolstoi there is but one answer—sympathy, help, but intelligent sympathy, intelligent help. I am sure any one who takes up this chapter of the Gospel of Despair and reads it, text by text, as I read it with the wind moaning among the firs on the mountain-tops and the rain flooding the mountain streams, amid the intense melancholy of Nature's most melancholy moods in the dark brooding of the silent night, will receive the same impression as I did, will absorb all the bitterness and yearning of Tolstoi's soul, and will relinquish that little volume no longer astonished that he should exclaim, "What is to be done?" For the moment one feels inclined to welcome rather a thousand revolutions, with blood running in streams, and a thousand crimes of reprisal against oppressors, sinning doubtless unknowingly in their crass obtuseness, than a continuance of such unmerited poverty and suffering. This is the attitude of mind which conducts us to what is vulgarly called active Nihilism, that is to say, to the stake or to Siberia. Tolstoi himself it has led to a voluntary renunciation of riches, but is his answer to the enigma the whole answer? In "What is to be done?" the author starts with bags of money to relieve the wretchedness with which he is being continually haunted in Moscow. It is not difficult to guess the result—deception—the misery not touched, nay, it is even intensified by his gifts. Then comes the harrowing picture he knows so well how to draw—no mere artistic touches these, but true, profound, human, eternal. It is our brothers and sisters we see there before us, our own flesh and blood, palpitating, quivering, and, most pitiful of all, uncomplaining. Unknown heroisms, unwept, obscure martyrdoms. What wonder if Russian ears catch only the burden of heavy days? How can it be otherwise? Whether Tolstoi has or has not discovered the true remedy for this terrible state of things is open to conjecture. Enough that he is satisfied, that his soul has found peace through universal charity and brotherhood in Christ. He has borne his part nobly, and has sown seed which will bear fruit.

I have passed, not without reason, from Gogol to Tolstoi, to instance the similarity of spirit but dissimilarity of method which unite these two natures so opposite in other respects. Both are distinguished by an intense love of country and a keen appreciation of the causes which undermine and impair that country's greatness. I will here refrain from quoting those thrilling descriptions of

Gogol illustrative of the limitless, vast plains of Russia, and of their beauty, so real, so perceptible to the Muscovite soul. Amongst so many gems, each one more wonderful than the other, how is one to choose? "Night in Ukraine," "Invocation to the Steppes," "To Russia," and many more! Love of country has perhaps beyond and above all else excited man's best endeavours and called forth his highest achievements. There is one theme only which lifts us higher, and that is the love of humanity, comprising, as it does, the spiritual and material, a conception of which is impossible without intense devotion to man and to what some of us call God, others, high ideals.

No two masters can be more opposite in their styles and manner of proceeding than Tourgenief and Dostoievsky, whose names have been made familiar to all of us by means of French and English translations, more or less true to the original. And yet common to both is the same ardent desire to regenerate Russia and the same hopeless and helpless undercurrent of negation (of the utter vanity and nothingness of everything) which distinguishes all this group of writers. Nothing can be more suave, more poetical, more perfect than Tourgenief's descriptions of scenery. We have here neither the rugged strength of Tolstoi, nor the brilliant and bitter sarcasms of Gogol, nor the tormented if inspired ravings of Dostoievsky. Tourgenief has caught something of the Western spirit of harmony and proportion. His work is, as we say, more artistic. None the less is there a deep purpose underlying it? He was the first to foresee, to define and describe Russia's modern malady, Nihilism or Anarchism. He paints with rare skill the interesting physiognomies of his countrywomen. Gogol was perfectly incapable of portraying a woman. His women are mere shadows, none have the breath of life. But with what characters has not Tourgenief presented us? Indeed all critics concur in finding Tourgenief's heroines far superior to his male creations. They possess the courage, the determination, the fire, the practical ability wanting in these latter. They initiate and carry out the boldest designs without flinching, without repenting, without repining. And we should remember that these are not the mere creations of a poet's fancy—they are real, living portraits. These women, or others like them, lived, suffered, braved everything for the cause they held sacred. The names of the martyrs of "the coming Russia" are household words; we are proud to claim them as of our sex, to class them with the Madame Rolands, the Charlotte Cordays, and all those generous, noble spirits who have helped to keep alight the ardent flame which serves to feed ever and anon our cooling enthusiasm for humanity.

Every question is discussed in all its aspects by these so-called Nihilists. Nothing is considered too sacred. Old prejudices are swept aside as cobwebs. We have only, over here, advanced timidly to the point of enquiring whether marriage, as an institution, may not be a failure. These audacious iconoclasts demand boldly (in Tourgenief's "Fathers and Sons") whether "Marriage is a folly or a crime?" Now, whether we like them or not, such mental shocks are beneficial, and dispose us to ask whether—although, of course, the English are the most moral and advanced people in the world—we may not have something to learn even of our savage neighbours, the Russians. And I warn those who may feel tempted, from curiosity, and for no deeper motive, to study this people and their literature, that unless they really desire to understand and to learn and to admire candidly, they will be continually out of harmony with their novel mode of thinking and of dealing with the eternal problems of existence.

Dostoievsky introduces us to yet another world, where all our preconceived notions of right and wrong become confused and disorganized, and where all social conventions are set at naught. The most prominent figures in "Crime and Punishment" are a murderer and a prostitute; in the "Idiot," all the interest of the story centres round an epileptic, and always the poor and the humble and the diseased and the simple and the criminal are exalted, pitied, and uncondemned. And do not think for a moment that the murderer is not an ordinary murderer, or the prostitute any exception to her class. By no means. But by the simple and sublime power of genius, the workings of these minds are laid bare before us, and, comprehending at last these abnormalities, we do for a moment what is not done in real life, we forgive. We are led to see how any one of us, if unprepared by previous training, if placed in certain circumstances may be led to commit certain actions which we term immoral, just as we think every day certain thoughts which are immoral, but which, by force of will, habit or fear, do not develop into actions. Whoever denies this neither understands human nature nor the laws which govern it. There is no abrupt line of demarcation between health and disease, between physiology and pathology, between right and wrong. Indeed, is it not certain that what is right in one instance may be wrong in another? This is the vast field of analysis of motive and action lying before the modern romancer. There is a physiognomy of the mind as of the countenance. When Raskolnikoff, the murderer, throws himself at the feet of the unfortunate who feeds her parents with the price paid for her degradation—she who has led Raskolnikoff to expiation and rehabilitation—he cries out when she wishes to raise him: "It is, not before thee that I prostrate myself, but before all the suffering of humanity," and these beautiful and touching words are the keynote to the whole of Dostoievsky's teachings: Dostoievsky, whose nerves had been shattered during those terrible moments when a youth of twenty-two, with breast bared and eyes bound, he stood awaiting the fatal bullet which was to end his existence. The death-

sentence was remitted at the last moment, and long years of exile in Siberia replaced it. The fruit of those years' experience we have in these strange volumes. Be not astonished, therefore, at being introduced into an atmosphere of madness, incoherence, folly and crime. Dostoievsky never once complains of losing what the Russians affectionately denominate their "dear little liberty;" no, he accepts without murmuring his initiation into others' miseries which he strives to cure or to mitigate by boundless comprehension and compassion.

Tolstoi has given us his confession in the various works published by him from time to time. His "Peace and War" is a chapter from history palpitating with interest and actuality. The personality of Tolstoi, his thoughts, struggles, aims, can be traced throughout his writings, all and every one. "The Cossacks" is a wonderful study of the civilized man brought suddenly face to face with a more primitive but not ignoble race. In "Anna Karenina" we have Tolstoi's own particular views on marriage and divorce set forth. Marriage he regards as indissoluble, a sacrament. Anna Karenina, a noble and gentle nature, unable to support the burden of a false position, courts death as a release. Unfortunately, much of the asceticism of Tolstoi's teaching loses its value when we remember that he passed through the fiery period of youth, not without sundry scars and scorplings, and that, although we listen with reverence to the words of wisdom spoken by a master-mind, we are not obliged to believe that he is in absolute possession of the whole truth. Enough that he has taught us much, and raised and helped to purify us.

To turn to two of the shining lights of the present moment, we shall be well repaid by a perusal of the works of Stepniak and Krapotkin. We shall then be able still more thoroughly to enter into those questions which are agitating Russia, and which more or less occupy—although less feverishly—much of the attention of other European nations.

Stepniak explains the working of the Russian "Mir" and dilates on the agricultural question. He has given us the pathetic sketches in "Underground Russia" with which we are all familiar. We shall also see that although the name of "Nihilism" was invented by Tourgenief, the party that he called Nihilists has nothing in common with the party which astonished Europe by its terrific deeds from 1878 to 1881.

Nihilism, as represented by Bazardoff in "Fathers and Sons," is roughly the negation of all supernaturalism, of all duty, religion or obligation, the absolute triumph of individual will. This positivist fanaticism exploded in Russia immediately after the enfranchisement of the serfs. It was a great literary and philosophical movement, which made neither victims nor martyrs, but it destroyed the remnant of religious spirit in the upper classes of society, and contributed to the emancipation of women in that country. Towards 1871, the Socialistic movement began to spread. As the government of the Czar hesitated to pursue liberal reforms, Bakomime and Lawroff preached in favour of a revolution. The spectacle of the French Commune dazzled and excited all these revolutionaries. The most fervent members of the "International" were the young Russian exiles studying medicine at Zurich. These minds, destitute of faith, as we have already pointed out, were all the more ready to accept a new religion, whether of destruction or re-construction. But the people remained deaf and the Government pitiless. Then we have the story of the memorable days of 1878, no arrests or punishments ever discouraging the ardent little band. In Stepniak's work we find the lives of the saints of Nihilism written with the devoted enthusiasm of a believer, or, should we say, of a fanatic? And, in spite of ourselves, in pouring over these miracles of energy, patience and devotion, we forget the horrors of the crimes committed, in admiration of the heroism of the criminals. In order to judge of the moral strength of these Russian terrorists we need to be reminded that they had no hope of a future life, nor any desire of public recognition.

And now, a word on the Anarchism of Prince Krapotkin. Krapotkin believes that the awakening of the people is near, that a great revolution will soon renew the face of the earth, that everywhere States are trembling to their foundations, old governments breaking up, the age of capital nearly past, and that the result of this social cataclysm will surely be a community of goods and land, with no privileged classes. Liberties are no longer to be given with a grudging hand by governments, but taken by the people—that is to say, no government, no State, Anarchy pure and simple, and the reign of individual freedom, meaning in Prince Krapotkin's mind, we presume, the reign of love upon earth, and peace and goodwill to all men—the millennium.

Here we probably look upon him as a mystical if not dangerous dreamer, but some of the ideas he aims at are such as we are all fighting for—such of us at least who fight at all.

What is to be the future of Russia? Who shall solve that enigma? Strain our ears as we may, we can only catch faint sounds of the inevitable struggle. Russia is quietly preparing new forces, slowly undermining the work of ages, and the sudden crash of despotic institutions may ere long startle us into the knowledge that the regeneration of a mighty empire has commenced.—*J. M. in Temple Bar.*

A WOMAN who writes commits two sins: she increases the number of books and decreases the number of women.—*Alphonse Karr.*

## FROM THE HAMMOCK.

ALL the sweet, hushed night is swinging  
Dreamy, slow;  
All the stars and moonbeams rocking  
To and fro.

Now in mystic, measured motion  
Even thought  
Sways in drowsy, idle fashion,  
Dreamland taught.

Up to light, now back to shadow  
To and fro  
Lived-out joys and lived-through sorrows  
Come and go.

Like the after-throb of music  
None forget,  
Comes the old dream, comes the love-dream,  
Living yet.

So, to-night, to this one rhythm  
Life seems set;  
Light and shadow, joy and sorrow,  
Hope, regret.

ALME.

Toronto.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## AN OFFENCE IN TERMS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In your note on official precedence in current topics this week, you say, "Objection was taken particularly to the position accorded to dignitaries of the Catholic and Episcopal Churches." The offence contained in this passage is so constantly committed that one is compelled to protest against it. "Catholic" does not truly describe the Church of Rome, which itself refused the title without the addition "Roman"; nor does "Episcopal" sufficiently describe the Church of England, which is in the fullest and truest and most purely theological sense of the word Catholic. Why not call these two Churches by the names which they themselves have chosen, by which they are officially designated, and which can be offensive to no one. "The Church of Rome," or "The Roman Catholic Church," and "The Church of England." Should not the literary journal of Ontario in such things set the rest of us an example?

Yours, etc.,

T. W. PATERSON.

Deer Park, June 14, 1890.

## OFFICIAL PRECEDENCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out to you that, in following the *Mail*, you have fallen into an error respecting official precedence. You seem to think that because Mr. Dewdney has been a Lieutenant-Governor he is entitled to rank before the First Minister. In this, however, you are wrong. If you look at the table of precedence for Canada, authorised by Her Majesty (Canadian Parliamentary Companion for 1889, page 426), you will find that an ex-Lieutenant-Governor has no precedence as such. The precedence is attached to the office of Lieutenant-Governor for the time being, whoever he may be. If it were as you say, not only Mr. Dewdney, but Senator Masson, Senator Robitaille, Sir Adams Archibald, Mr. John Beverley Robinson, Hon. D. A. Macdonald, and many others whose names will readily occur, would have the *pas* over Sir John Macdonald. Yours, etc.,

Ottawa, June 16, 1890.

## FREE TEXT BOOKS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I was glad to see that you noticed the defects in my last communication, but they do not lessen the truth of my contention that the books are, in country places, acceptable to the general public. Let me state here a few more points in relation to Text Books. I believe that very little, in comparison with the teacher, depends upon the book. A good teacher will make a good use of any authentic work; a sentence from W. D. LeSueur's article, "The Failure of Education," in THE WEEK of June 6th, will fully explain my meaning: "What is wanted at the head of an educational establishment is a strong and original personality; and when you have that you must allow it scope—more scope than it can have under the regulations of any Department of Education." I felt when reading that, how defective my education had been, how defective the education imparted all over our fair land has been, and is now. When we consider for a moment how many of the teachers of this country are but children, how can we expect anything but defective work? This is a fault that must be remedied before our system of education reaches anything like perfection. I hope the Minister of Education will have the courage to take hold of this fact and reform it. It sadly needs it.

The arithmetic comes nearest my ideal text-book, of any of the present series, outside of the readers. Plenty of practice, leaving a great part of explanations and preliminary drill to the teacher is the principle of the book. But

it does not live up to its principles. The first part of the book is all right, but a great part of the remainder of the work is preliminary and practically useless in an ungraded school.

To give an idea of what I consider a good Text-Book for children—I am not speaking of advanced scholars who have received education enough to know how to use a book—let me describe my ideal geography. It should contain nothing but maps, but those should be the very best, beautiful, accurate in design, and correct in every particular; not even products, or government of the countries should be mentioned. All work such as the reading gives should come from the teacher. Let the children once learn to study maps and no one can imagine the fascination the work will be found to contain. Text-books might be made much smaller and consequently cheaper if all explanatory work, which essentially pertains to the teacher, were left out. Why is it necessary for the scholar to pay for a great deal which is useful only to the teacher, and which the parents are supposed to pay for when they pay the teacher?

A great advance in the use of text-books could be made if we had free text books, a reform which is now being agitated for in your city. Careful teachers could easily guard against a careless use of the books. They would come a great deal cheaper, fewer would do the same section as a whole, and the teacher would be placed at a great advantage in their use.

E. W.

Ashburn, June 10, 1890.

## THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In my letter on the fallacy of the single tax, I omitted to acknowledge, that notwithstanding the failure of George's remedies he has done his share to awaken the public conscience to the enormity of the injustice put upon the labouring classes. He has stated the question in forcible language, following in the wake of Godwin, Shelley, Harrison, J. S. Mill and others; and with them has left the difficulty where he found it. It is gratifying, however, that through the persistent protests of labour organizations the sympathy of no less a personage than Emperor William has been enlisted to favour investigation into the claims of the toiling wealth producers; but I fail to note that any intelligible remedy has been brought to light beyond crude and arbitrary devices for the correction of minor abuses.

Writers on the labour question usually miss the mark by assuming that political economy is theoretically correct. George, however, is an exception to the rule; although he has failed in every instance to point out its errors. If that science were correct it would, like the steam engine or any useful machine, be perfect in all its parts; but strange to say these writers invariably fail in defining capital, and if so, how is it possible to have wise legislation bearing on the industries? There is no lack of literary taste displayed by writers and professors on the theme of Adam Smith; and individuals not a few have devoted their life labours to the accumulation of statistics, which prove barren of results without the light which correct theory alone can afford. What we require of political economy is simply to aim at giving activity to the whole capital instead of merely to a part; and if that be not the mission of that science, it fails utterly.

In regard to a remedy for the existing unfair distribution of wealth I remark we have to do with but two elements, labour and capital; and if you clear away every obstruction from the path of labour you will do justice to all. Wealth is the product of labour, and if the unconsumed portion be made serviceable to all fields of industry at the lowest cost, would that not solve the difficulty?

In every enterprise the first charge against profits is interest, and wages is an after consideration; but if the wages absorb the interest or profits there can be no inducement to continue the works and the hands are paid off. The cheaper that goods can be supplied, other things being equal, the more certainty of a steady demand and of permanent employment. An average low rate of interest always tends to the cultivation of the industries because the owners of capital naturally seek opportunities to turn it to advantage; whereas a high rate relieves the capitalist from all anxiety. It appears, therefore, that if you can cause competition to bear on the capitalists you solve the problem. The labourers are always in the market and keenly competing with each other, which insures the work being done cheaply and well; and it is in the province of legislation to give activity to all the capital so that its owners may be forced by competition to find out new enterprises for the employment of that capital. We have only to call to mind the part that interest plays in handicapping the industries to verify what is said. Ten per cent. compounded seven years doubles the principal at seven per cent. in ten years; whereas at one per cent. it requires seventy years! Therefore let the same competition actuate both capitalists and labourers alike and you distribute wealth fairly.

T. GALBRAITH.

Port Hope, June 16, 1890.

ROBERT E. LEE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—On the 29th of May, at Richmond, Virginia, the French sculptor Mercie's equestrian statue of the immortal Lee was unveiled. The world needs no monument to perpetuate the unfading memory of this gentle,

noble, gifted man. So long as this northern continent endures, the name, the genius, and the character of Lee shall wield their potent sway upon the mind of man, and long after his puny detractors have crumbled into dust, and avenging time has blotted out their names and memories from the records of the past—in each succeeding age the human heart will on such occasions respond to the sentiment of the poet—

The heart ran o'er with silent worship of the great of old!  
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns,

and pay its meed of homage to Robert E. Lee.

The motive which led Lee to share the fortunes of his mother State, Virginia, in the tremendous struggle between North and South was the great principle of State, as opposed to Federal Sovereignty, a principle which had been rocked in the cradle of the Republic and espoused by some of her greatest statesmen, such as Madison and Jefferson. The legal conflicts between Ontario and Canada are more than an object lesson to Canadians, to prove that the seeds of this apple of discord are being already rooted in our land. There is no need of dwelling on the varied fortunes of the great war which a quarter of a century ago convulsed the contending States. Suffice it to say, that the brilliant genius of the great Captain of the South, backed by the indomitable bravery and tried efficiency of his armies, put a tremendous strain upon the vast resources in men and money of the North. And it was only when the absolute want of food, clothing, and other munitions of war made it imperative that Lee issued the historic order to his army:

"HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,  
"APPOMATOX C.H., April 10, 1865.

"General Orders No. 9.

"After four years' arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

"I need not tell the survivors of so many hard fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valour and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss which would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God may extend to you his blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

"ROBERT E. LEE, *General.*"

In this sublime and pathetic epistle is vividly portrayed a lofty and intrepid spirit, softened by an almost womanly tenderness, and sanctified by the most exalted Christian principle.

Thus ended Lee's masterly defence of the South during four of the most memorable years of modern warfare. As to the merits of his operations it will suffice to refer to the opinion of the military critics and writers of Germany, of whom it has been said that, "having examined minutely the campaigns of Lee, they unite in the following judgment: Despite its adverse issue, the four years' conduct of the war by Lee is the ablest that ever a war of defence has exhibited, with the exception of the 'Seven Years' defensive war which Frederick the Great conducted in Saxony and Silesia." Thus Lee is, by the most competent judges, calmly ranked with their national hero, Frederick, one of the most consummate captains the world has ever seen.

In reading the references to Lee in many United States papers, and the blatant and bombastic harangue of Mr. Senator Ingalls at the Gettysburg memorial services on the 30th ult., one cannot help re-echoing Cicero's lament—"O tempora, O mores." Did they but know it, such writers and speakers are rending afresh a well healed wound, and exposing themselves and their country to the merited contempt of every right-thinking, magnanimous nation upon earth. The seed of exalted patriotism, however, does not germinate in the breast of the petty politician. If this is all the forbearance and wisdom that twenty-five long years of peace have fostered in the Republican Press and Senate of the North towards their white fellow-countrymen of the South, and bearing in mind the Negro, Mormon and Irish questions, the future of the United States may well seem problematical.

Let me present to Lee's aspersers, in the hope that they may catch—though a long way off—a portion of his spirit, the calm, dignified, and patriotic "open letter" written by him, after the close of hostilities, to Governor Letcher, the war governor of Virginia. It is as follows: "The questions which for years were in dispute between the State and general government, and which, unhappily, were not decided by the dictates of reason, but referred to the decision of war, having been decided against us, it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result and of candour to recognize the fact.

"The interests of the State are therefore the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity will rise or fall with the welfare of the country. The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They should remain, if possible, in the country—promote har-

mony and good feeling, qualify themselves to vote and elect to the State and general Legislatures wise and patriotic men, who will devote their abilities to the interests of the country and the healing of all dissensions. I have invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and have endeavoured to practise it myself."

In referring to the Northern Press, all honour should be paid to the *New York Times* for the pure, manly and patriotic tone of its reference to Lee, in its issue of 30th May. There are also some other honourable exceptions.

Of the monument—but little can be said in its praise. The pedestal is pretty, but that is all. If you conceal the body of the horse and his rider, you might readily think that the legs were those of a cow. After having considered the admirable and comprehensive conception and spirited design of the Canadian sculptor, Mr. Gilbert Frith, for the Lee monument, one is amazed at the choice that was made.

Lee's retirement to the comparative obscurity of a humble citizen, and the self-supporting labour of a teacher of youth, when he might have lived in luxury and been pampered and idolized abroad, was in keeping with the general tenor of his life. How like the Roman Cincinnatus, who, having rendered signal service to the Roman arms and State returned to his farm and plough! Of Lee's personal presence Sir Garnet Wolseley and Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison have said "that he, more than any other man they had ever met, impressed them with his human greatness."

Many years ago a writer in the *Illustrated London News* thus described the charm of Lee's presence: "If a number of men were seated in a circle, Lee being one of them, and a little child were placed in their midst—after looking round the circle it would be sure to go to Lee." Canadians may well be proud of having been born upon the continent which produced so great a man. With what sublime appropriateness could Robert E. Lee at his life's close have repeated the memorable words of Horace:—

Exegi monumentum ære perennius  
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,  
Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens  
Possit diruere aut innumerabilis  
Annorum series et fuga temporum.

Lee's private and public character has extorted even from his detractors unwonted praise. In him were combined in exquisite proportion many of the choicest gifts and graces of heart, of mind, of body. With sweet and simple dignity he trod the pathway of domestic life—loving, and beloved by all. With rare unselfish modesty he took upon his titan shoulders the crushing burdens of his comrades' errors without a murmur or complaint. In him humility and greatness walked hand in hand, and from his life there fell with pure and steadfast lustre the offshining of that "true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The contemplation of the life and personality of this great and gentle man recalls the words of Wordsworth:—

Soft is the music that would charm forever,  
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

Toronto, June, 1890.

T. E. MOBERLY.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

### TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE organ recital given by the pupils of the Toronto Conservatory of Music on last Monday in Association Hall involved a somewhat lengthy programme, which was performed in a manner that showed assiduous practice and careful training. The pieces played were, as a rule, of a moderately difficult character, the only conspicuous exceptions being the famous "Tocatta and Fugue, D minor" of Bach which was excellently though rather noisily played, and the flashy "St. Cecilia" *Offertoire* of Batiste. It would perhaps be wiser to simplify the music still more, as some of the movements lost much of their character through the slowness of execution, consequent no doubt on their technical difficulty. The vocal part of the programme was not so interesting, but a song of Signor D'Auria's admirably sung, deserves special mention. The other songs were much marred by the accompaniments, which were in all cases too loud and in one instance very unsteady, the result no doubt of over anxiety. The organ itself leaves much to be desired, the great organ being particularly harsh and unevenly balanced, and it is to be regretted that the organ playing is left so much to ladies, who are rarely physically competent to perform the heavy works written by the classical composers.

LOS DELIBES' new opera "Kassia" will be brought out in Brussels.

GORING THOMAS' opera "Nadeshda" has met with great success at Breslau.

HELEN BARRY will star in a new play called "Tit for Tat" next season.

MRS. LANGTRY is so very ill with pleurisy that her physician issues bulletins as to her condition.

MME. PATTI, while in San Francisco, subscribed twenty dollars to the Karl Formes monument funds.

THE new play which Messrs. Sims and Buchanan are writing for the London Adelphi is said to be a romantic drama of Irish life.

ANTON DVORAK has received and accepted a commission to compose and conduct a new work of great importance at the Triennial Festival in Birmingham.

PRIVATE letters from Australia report that Mrs. Potter's tour has been so successful that it has been prolonged, and that she will not return to England this summer.

VICTORIEN SARDOU, who has recovered from his recent severe illness, is about to begin a piece for the Comédie Française, in which Coquelin will play the principal part.

THE new opera of Tschaikowsky, called "The Captain's Daughter," will soon be heard at St. Petersburg, where the scene is laid, first in the summer garden and then on the quay near the Imperial palace known as the "Hermitage."

D'OLY CARTE is said to have engaged Eugene Oudin of New York to sing the leading baritone *role* in Sir Arthur Sullivan's grand opera "Ivanhoe," which is to be produced at Carte's new theatre in the fall.

NEIL BURGESS was so successful with his New England old maid in "The Country Fair" that Charles Barnard, the author of the play, will write another, of which the principal character will be a New England maid of a different type.

ALL the comic opera sopranos are wild to sing the *role* of "Dolores," in "The Sea King." The part, however, demands rather a singer trained in grand opera. The Paulines and Lillies and Mamies of the cacophonous crowd of *comiques* would make dreadful discord of Mr. Stahl's music.

IN Rome a new opera has just been produced at the Costanzi with conspicuous success. This is "Labilia," by Signor Spinelli, who until lately filled a place among the ranks of the great unknown. His opera in plot is a sort of abridged "Carmen," for the tenor, when the soprano ceases to love him, kills her and himself as the only solution of the difficulty.

SIGNOR Giovanni Emanuel, a famous Italian actor, will visit America during the season of 1891-'92, under the management of Signor De Vivo. His repertoire will be "King Lear," "Nero," "Hamlet," "The Bastard," "Alcibiades Mercader" and "Othello." His leading lady will be Signora Virginia Reiter, who is now sharing honours with him at the Balbo Theatre, in Turin, Italy.

RICHARD MANSFIELD stands a chance of making some money next season, as he is to play under the management of Gus Hartz of Chicago, one of the ablest and richest theatrical managers in the country. He has engaged Mansfield on a salary, and the actor is absolutely without power in the company, the manager providing the company, selecting the repertoire, having in fact full authority.

A SYMPHONY by Michael Haydn, the gifted elder brother of the immortal Joseph Haydn, was recently brought to light and played at a concert in Dresden, where it was received with much favour. The symphony has not been heard in public for a century. Michael Haydn enjoyed a great reputation in his time as Cathedral organist at Salzburg and was one of the earlier teachers of Carl Maria von Weber.

THE Queen of Belgium, who is passionately fond of music, has in her palace a telephone connecting with the "Théâtre de la Monnaie." During one of the rehearsals of "Esclarmonde," the orchestra failed to execute a shading to the taste of the composer, and there was heard a formidable "big, big D." Then a call at the telephone, and a voice graciously observing: "Pardon me, but the Queen is listening. Can't the rehearsal go on without swearing?"

MR. IRVING, it seems, from a passage in the new "Life" of the Rev. J. G. Wood, is not too sensitive to joke about the tenuity of his own physical proportions. Writing about a supper to which he was invited by Mr. Irving, when at Boston, Mr. Wood says: "In the course of supper, mention was made of a rattlesnake as thick as a man's thigh. Naturally, I suggested that there must be a mistake, whereupon Irving said that probably his thigh was intended as the measure."

HEBREW music was probably founded on that of the Egyptians. Their singers were divided into bodies under leaders and sang responsively. They had many stringed and winged instruments as had the Egyptians. But no ancient nation knew aught of harmony. Greek music was a sonorous declamation sustained by the lyre and some pleasant notes from the flute and pandean pipes. The lyre possessed few strings and only played the notes of the voice. Roman music was but an echo of the Greek.

THE London papers have been much amused at a recent experience of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The composer was curious to witness the first appearance of Leonore Snyder as Gianetta in "The Gondoliers," so he strolled into the back of the dress-circle about the time of Gianetta's first entrance, and as he was anxiously watching Miss Snyder he unconsciously "hummed" her part aloud. One or two indignant glances were cast round without any effect on the composer, and at last a gentleman near observed angrily: "I have paid my money, sir, to hear Sir Arthur Sullivan's music—not yours." It is said that Sir Arthur highly approved of his interruption.

MUSIC is a thing of emotion; emotion is connected with thought, which itself is connected with action, and action is connected with conduct; conduct is connected with the moral life—with the doing of right or wrong—and thus the essential connection of the two become manifest. Many go wrong in this world because their emotions and feelings are undisciplined or undirected. If music were a thing of emotion or feeling, could they doubt that music has an immense future in the civilization of the world in the direction of recreating, kindling, directing and disciplining the emotion of the human heart; and if this be the case would they any longer deny there is a distinct and cogent connection between music and morals?

## LIBRARY TABLE.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL LAYMAN'S HAND-BOOK. Toronto : Hart and Company.

This timely little volume has for its object the explanation and criticisms of the innovations which have crept in during the last half century, and is intended for the general public who would fain know the why and wherefore and yet have no time to search for information. Scholars, of course, as the preface says, do not need it, and yet many of these will doubtless be grateful for the clear and vigorous statements contained in the hand-book.

JAVA: THE PEARL OF THE EAST. By S. J. Higginson. With Map. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

This little volume, by Mrs. S. J. Higginson, is No. 7 of the "Riverside Library for Young People," and is full of interest and entertainment, while at the same time concise and trustworthy. The authoress has not depended alone on her own experience, but has consulted such works as that on Java by Sir Stamford Raffles, to whom an acknowledgment is duly made. Clear printing and a map contribute their quota to the book.

A JAPANESE BOY. By Himself. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

A candid little preface tells us that the most important reason which impelled the young author of this book to give it to the printer was the desire for means to prosecute his studies. We sincerely trust he will attain the desired end. Though somewhat disjointed, the sketches are full of local colour and interest, and present a very fair picture of what a Japanese boy's childhood may comprise. The reflection which presents itself to us while reading the book is the general similarity of outline in childhood life the world over, and the number of analogies that may be traced twixt Japanese and Canadian boyhood.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK, 1890. London and New York: Macmillan's.

The present, which is the 27th issue of this valuable and unique publication, is considerably expanded, although part has been re-set in smaller type. It is a vast storehouse of historical and statistical records relating to all parts of the world, and the amount of information contained between its covers renders it truly invaluable to all who have at any time need of facts and figures concerning any part of the globe. Over 300 pages fall to the British Empire out of a total of 1,093 exclusive of the index, and except for some slight errors of spelling and one of fact, we do not perceive where any striking improvement could be effected. Secretary Windom's name is spelt Hindom, and President Harrison is credited with having been reporter of the Supreme Court of "Morana" instead of Indiana, as well as Governor of Indiana in 1880, which latter to our memory is an error of fact. With the exception of these few blemishes, Mr. Keltie's work appears to have been thoroughly well done.

THE KREUTZER SONATA. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston: B. R. Tucker.

Though embedded in much that is peculiar, even absurd, and brutally frank, there is one truth in this latest "exposition" of Tolstoi, which is worthy of being dinned into the ears of young humanity, and that is the statement contained in the first paragraph of chapter five. This said, we fail to find anything in the rest of the book to justify its existence. Audacity and frankness of statement, especially of the sensual class, are not a sufficient *raison d'être*, and people who are not visionaries will respond but little if at all to the extravagant ideas formulated on a subject of all others the most sacred and delicate. Because one who has been a debauchee and has thereby destroyed his own capability of realizing the higher planes of conjugal love realizes this, and in realizing it also comprehends his own misery, it is absurd to assert that before the human race in general can realize true union of hearts and minds, the sexual instinct must be extirpated. We refrain from giving a *resumé* of the story. Those who wish can read it for themselves. Gross minds who seek it from low motives will be happily disappointed, and those who read it with higher motives will probably be more pained and disgusted than benefited. Perhaps the real value of the book will be found in the suspicion with which it may lead many people to regard Count Tolstoi's deliverances on moral and social topics. Half *blasé*, half fanatic, with a deep tinge of assumed religious authority, is the impression left on our minds of the "Kreutzer Sonata."

We have received an interesting pamphlet on "Some of the Larger Unexplored Regions of Canada," by Mr. G. M. Dawson, D.S., F.G.S., of the Geological Survey. The brochure embodies a paper read before the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club and is replete with information.

*Canada* for May contains a continuation of John Reade's "The Early Interpreters"; "The Itinerary of Jacques Cartier's First Voyage," by W. F. Ganong, of Cambridge, Mass., and a paper by J. M. LeMoine, on "General Wolfe's Death," together with the usual departments.

*Temple Bar* for June has a very appreciative paper on "Characteristics of Russian Literature," signed J. M. A. O'Donnell Bartholeyns criticises rather roughly the worth of the French decoration "Legion d'Honneur" and No. IX. of the Romance of History tells the story of William Lithgow, who apparently paid dear for his roving propensities. "The Gods of Greece" is a thoughtful essay by J. R. Mozley, in which he examines the legacy left to the world by the Hellenic system of religion. There are two short stories, one sad and the other exciting, while the serial instalments and some very fair verse make up the issue.

*The Andover* for June is a strong number. Morrison Swift contributes the first paper—a thoughtful survey of the working populations in cities and towns and the duty of the universities towards them. Professor Starbuck asks, "Shall Episcopacy be re-instituted?" referring of course to those regions where it has been abolished. Geo. A. Strong talks about revision in a paper entitled "Preterition," and Rev. Frances Johnson, Profs. Hardy, Potwin, Tucker, and Pike, all contribute papers on various timely topics. Editorials on the "Latest Theological Alarm" and "The Eight Hour Movement," with the usual departments, complete the number.

The well-known English cricketer, W. G. Grace, looks out at us from the frontispiece of the *English Illustrated* for June, and the subject himself contributes an interesting review of "Cricket: Past and Present." Lady Blennerhasset talks, as she is well qualified to talk, about "German Girlhood," and Villiers Stanford sends a setting of the Laureate's last verses—the now well known "Crossing the Bar." Allan S. Cole (of the South Kensington Museum, if we mistake not) discourses on "Lace making in Ireland," and some fine illustrations accompany his essay. Sully-Prudhomme is criticised sympathetically by the Messrs. Prothero; Hamilton Aidé sends an account with sketches of a castle on Mount Ætna, and William Morris begins his new serial, "The Glittering Plain."

The June *North American Review* opens with a criticism of Mr. Balfour's Land Bill by Charles Stewart Parnell, who stigmatizes the present Tory Land Bill as dishonest and insufficient. Hon. Thomas B. Reed talks about the "Federal Control of Elections," and Mrs. John Sherwood, half cynically, half kindly, writes about "American Girls in Europe." Mrs. Mona Caird sends the first of a paper on "The Emancipation of the Family" and "Criminal Politics" forms the subject of an able paper by the editor of the *New York Evening Post*. A review of Sir Charles Dilke's latest book by the Marquis of Lorne; "A Chat about Gardens," by Ouida; "The Value of Protection," by the now famous Wm. McKinley, and some criticism on Professor Goldwin Smith's late article "The Hatred of England," by prominent Americans, with the "Notes and Comments," complete an eminently readable number.

*The Ladies' Home Journal* for June discusses every conceivable point of interest to women. "Are Women Careless of Money?" is a striking article by Junius Henri Browne, in which the author takes up the question whether women ruin men by their extravagance. "How to Close a Town House for Summer" is excellently told by Florence Howe Hall, while Ellen Le Garde delightfully treats some "Our-door Sports for Girls." Lina Beard tells how to arrange "A Paper Picnic," while Mrs. Mallon, the famous New York fashionwriter, begins a department "For Woman's Wear." Mrs. Whitney, Maud Howe, Kate Upson Clark each have a serial novel, and there is also a charmingly illustrated story for girls by Fay Huntington. Dr. Talmage tells in a humorous way of "A Balloon Wedding" in which he was the officiating clergyman, while Percy Vere has a unique and admirable article on "Summer Widowers." Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes for mothers; Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a poem; Felix L. Oswald, Eben E. Rexford, Edward W. Bok, Wolstan Dixey, all have articles, and even then there are still a score or more of articles that will interest every woman.

*Harper's Magazine* for June is full of varied interest. A translation by Henry James of Alphonse Daudet's humorous story, "Port Tarascon," opens the number, with the author's portrait as a frontispiece. It reminds us more or less of a Skye terrier, so profuse is the hair. An interesting account of travel, "Through the Caucasus," is given by the well-known Comte de Vogüe; and Matt Crim and George Hibbard contribute short stories. Lawrence Hutton has a finely illustrated paper, which will attract theatre-goers, on the "American Burlesque." The two solid papers of the number are "Fürst Bismarck" by George Wahl, who gives a succinct biography of the great Chancellor, and a sketch of Birmingham, Eng., as "The Best-governed City in the World." "Chapbook Heroes," an illustrated paper by Howard Pyle, tells of the famous "Knights of the Road," who generally made their exit at Tyburn. "Six Hours in Squanteed" is an amusing sketch of a traveller who oversleeps himself and is taken beyond his destination, and gives a short picture of an all too common occurrence in the States—an exploded boom. The poetry of the number is fair; and the usual departments, The Editor's Easy Chair, Study and Drawer, are more than usually interesting.

THERE is no country like France for starting journals; during 1889 no less than 950 new newspapers were brought out, of which not one remains in life; on the other hand the *Petit Journal* now claims a circulation of 1,095,000 copies daily.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS is writing a novel of adventure. JOHN MURRAY has in preparation a volume of the correspondence of Sir Robert Peel.

W. D. HOWELLS has arranged to write a serial for a syndicate of English and Australian newspapers.

MADAME LANZA'S new novel will be published by the John W. Lovell Company, and be entitled "A Modern Marriage."

THE house in Paris, France, in which Balzac, the French writer, spent the last years of his life, is now being demolished.

SWAN, SONNENSCHN AND COMPANY announce a new edition of "Pepys' Diary," in four volumes, printed in the best manner.

THE *New York Sun* has contracted with George Meredith for a novel, and with R. L. Stevenson for his "South Sea Letters."

THE Grand Trunk Railway have issued a neatly printed and useful guide to the fishing and hunting resorts accessible by their system.

THE Authors' Club of New York has received ten thousand dollars from Mr. Andrew Carnegie for the encouragement of literature.

WE hear that Mr. Lang, Mr. Haggard's collaborator in "The World's Desire," considers "Eric" the best romance the author of "She" has ever written.

THE stories written in collaboration by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins for *Household Words* are to be reprinted in one volume by Chapman and Hall.

THE *Quarterly Review* has taken a new departure; for the first time it illustrates one of its articles, the one that deals with Du Chaillu's book on the Vikings, containing some half-a-dozen pictures.

THE *New York Courrier des Etats-Unis* has just put out a useful book for French immigrants, entitled "Guide Franco-Américain." It has been prepared by M. J. Roussel of the *Courrier*, and is calculated to be very helpful.

MESSRS. ESTES AND LAURIAT, Boston, announce a superbly illustrated translation of Camille Flammarion's "Uranie"; they also announce an *édition de luxe*, limited to 500 numbered copies, of Victor Hugo's "Hans of Iceland."

WILLIAM T. STEAD now appears this month as the sole proprietor and publisher of the *Review of Reviews*; he has parted with George Newnes, his partner, paying three thousand pounds sterling. Mr. Stead is out of health with overwork.

LORD TENNYSON has yielded to a request to recite his "Charge of the Light Brigade" and parts of "The Princess" into an Edison phonograph. His son says the tones of the poet's voice as heard through the tubes are reproduced with startling fidelity.

A PORTRAIT of Alphonse Daudet, drawn by J. W. Alexander, forms the frontispiece of the June number of *Harper's Magazine*, which contains the first instalment of the distinguished author's "largely, hugely laughable" new novel, "Port Tarascon."

DURING Professor Henry Drummond's visit to Australia, it is announced that he will devote his spare time to writing a book on Christianity in the light of evolution, which will be a sort of sequel to his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." He hopes to publish it in the autumn.

NEWSPAPER reviewers are puzzled over the authorship of "God in His World," the recent anonymous work published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. To some it suggests Phillips Brooks. Others say it could not have been written by a divine. One paper believes that it may be the work of a woman.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER AND WELFORD have acquired the rights in the United States to Walter Scott's "Contemporary Science" Series, the next two volumes of which will be "The Criminal," by Havelock Ellis, and "Sanity and Insanity," by Dr. Charles Mercier, both fully illustrated. The former appears this week.

WE notice that our valued contributor, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, of Montreal, is on the list of the Farmington Lectures for 1890. Mr. Lighthall lectures on June 20, on "Green's Ethical System Viewed in its Relation to Utilitarianism," together with a statement of a new theory of ethics, "New Utilitarianism."

AN enterprising Englishman, Mr. George Bainton, has made a book which he calls "The Art of Authorship." The idea is Mr. Bainton's, but the work is not. The book is written by a galaxy of well-known authors of England and America, of whom he enquired their opinions on the subject of literary style.

THE family of the late Hon. Alex. Morris have presented to the library of the Royal Military College some books written by their father, viz: "Treaties made by Canada with the Indians of the North-West," and "Nova Britannia." Besides this, they have given, from their father's library, "Southey's Peninsular War" and a large and valuable Atlas, showing the "movements, battles and sieges in which the British army was engaged, during the war of 1808-1814, in the Peninsula and South of France." These latter works have the autograph of Lord Metcalfe on the title page, and were, we believe, presented by him to Mr. Morris' father. It is to be hoped the college library will be enriched by many more such generous gifts.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE BABE.  
BABE, if rhyme be none,  
For that sweet small word  
Babe, the sweetest one  
Ever heard,

Right it is and meet  
Rhyme should keep not true  
Time with such a sweet  
Thing as you.

Meet it is that rhyme  
Should not gain such grace  
What is April's prime  
To your face?

What to yours is May's  
Rosiest smile? what sound  
Like your laughter sways  
All hearts round?

None can tell in metre  
Fit for ears on earth  
What sweet star grew sweeter  
At your birth.

Wisdom doubts what may be:  
Hope with smile sublime,  
Trusts: but neither, baby,  
Knows the rhyme.

Wisdom lies down lonely;  
Hope keeps watch from far;  
None but one seer only  
Sees the star.

Love alone, with yearning  
Heart for astrolabe,  
Takes the star's height, burning  
O'er the babe.

—Swinburne.

STANLEY AND THE NEW JINGOISM.

HENRY M. STANLEY is assuming a singular leadership in English politics, and it is something in the jingo fashion; but whatever may be the estimate of his course, it is plain that he represents a factor of no mean significance. In his address at the Albert Hall he stated that British influence had been extended in Africa to the eastern limits of the Congo Free State. He had, he said, acquired many thousand square miles of territory from the native chiefs, "for the assistance by force of arms and other considerations, against their enemies." This means that Great Britain has already secured a preponderating influence in the territory lying east of the Congo Free State, which is the district in which the Germans claim to have interests. Stanley asks, in an interview, printed in the *Manchester Guardian*, "if we are to be supported, as the Germans are, or are we to be disavowed? If we are to be disavowed, it is in my opinion the beginning of the end." Lord Salisbury answered these questions at the chamber of commerce dinner, recently, by saying that England had surrendered nothing of her rights in Africa, that negotiations with Germany on the African question were proceeding satisfactorily, and that the interests of the British East African Company should be protected. The negotiations with Germany, to which Lord Salisbury referred, seem to have been of the kind which Stanley anticipated. Stanley very plainly intimated that Germany was an adept at asking and England at yielding, and that if present methods were followed the end would be the driving of "every Englishman out of Africa by mere force of circumstances without firing a shot." According to late despatches the negotiations with Germany had almost reached the point of conceding to that country practically all it had asked, a control of territory extending from the east coast of Africa to the Congo Free State. Public opinion has, however, forced Lord Salisbury to order all negotiations suspended. It is also stated that Sir Edward Malet has informed the German Foreign Office that Germany must recognize the rights of England in the territory on the west coast of Lake Tanganyika, and also in the country north of the lake, including Uganda and adjacent territory. Chancellor Caprivi has emphatically protested at this changed attitude of Lord Salisbury. The emperor is said to have endorsed, if not inspired, this protest. In the mean time Stanley's addresses, especially his recommendations, are receiving more and more attention in England, and popular interest in the African question is constantly increasing. As Lord Salisbury said at the Foreign Office, Africa is filling a larger place at present than any interest of the colonies already allied to the crown.

HOME THE SPIRITUALIST.

The *National* contains some reminiscences of the spiritualist, Home, who spent some time latterly at Florence: He is a young American, about nineteen or twenty years of age, I should say; rather tall, with a loosely put together figure, red hair, large and clear but not bright blue eyes, a sensual mouth, lanky cheeks, and that sort of complexion which is often found in individuals of a phthiical diathesis. He was courteous enough, not unwilling to talk, ready enough to speak of those curious phenomena of his existence which differentiated him from other mortals, but altogether unable or unwilling to formulate or enter into discussion of any theory respecting them. We all sat around a long, large, heavy dining-room table, elongated after the fashion of such tables by the insertion of additional portions of table. To the best of my recollection, at least twelve or fifteen persons must have found place around the table. It soon began to emit little crackling noises, which seemed to come from the substance of the wood. Then, after a few more minutes, it began to move uneasily, as it were, and to make apparent efforts to rise from the ground, now one end and now the other heaving itself up. All this time the medium remained quiescent in his seat among us. Then, after some ten minutes or so spent in this apparently tentative work, the entire table was undeniably raised from the ground. Sir D. Brewster and myself instantly precipitated ourselves under the table, so that we were both together on all fours under it. The table was unquestionably raised in such sort that no portion of it, legs or other, touched the floor. I said to Sir D. Brewster, as we were there together under the table, "Does it not seem that the table has been raised by some means altogether inexplicable?" "Indeed, it would seem so," he replied. But he wrote a letter to *The Times* the next day, or a day or two after, in which he gave an account of his visit to Ealing, but ended by denying that he had seen anything remarkable. After the table exhibition Mr. Home fell into a sort of swoon or trance, and while in this swoon he said, "When Daniel" (his name was Daniel Home) "recovers, give him some bottled porter," which was accordingly done. It may be observed, however, that he did appear to be exhausted. The best of the other articles is Lady Paget's account of her visit to Count Mattei, the famous Italian cancer specialist, or quack, according to the view taken of him. He lives in a solitary mountain fortress, and claims to be as hale and active at eighty-two as a man of fifty, owing to the mysterious efficacy of his drugs. The other contributions are not noteworthy.—*Literary World*.

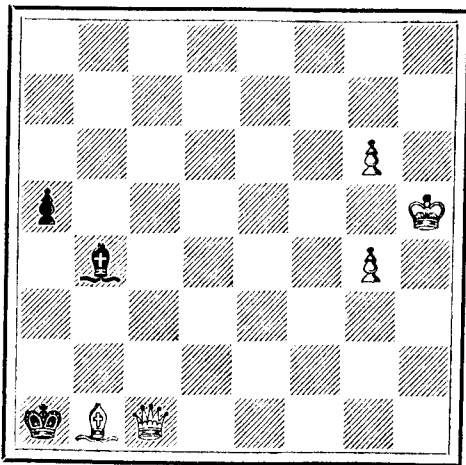
TIME cannot heal everything. Time can only destroy. Time destroys regrets and remembrance and kindness and affection, just as the dentist deadens the nerve. Time at last destroys the scars, when he destroys the frame itself.—*Walter Besant*.

THE STRENGTH OF SPIDERS AND SPIDER-WEBS.  
SPIDERS' webs are generally spoken of as weak, but comparatively estimated they are strong. According to Schaffenburger, ninety spinning threads of an *Epeira* are required to make one thread as thick as a caterpillar's. Leeuwenhoek estimates that eighteen thousand spider lines are required to make a thread as thick as a hair of the beard. Blackwell made some tests with a line which had sustained a spider weighing ten grains. After making a minute sack of muslin suspended to this line, he put into it sixty-one grains; an additional half grain being put in, the line broke. The line had sustained six times the weight of the spider. The webs must be strong enough to hold many kinds of powerful insects, and sustain the weight of heavy loads of rain and dew. The astronomer, General Ormsby M. Mitchell, once wished to make a delicate connection between the pendulum of a clock and an electric apparatus for recording the ticks. After trying several fine fibres such as human hair, he found a main thread of a spider's web the most suitable for his purpose. This delicate connecting film remained in place during three years, contracting and relaxing with each tick of the clock. Wonderful things are told about spiders having captured larger animals than insects. A prominent instance is recorded in the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. The account is given by a Mr. Spring, who, while walking with a friend in a swampy wood, noticed a large, black, wolf spider acting peculiarly. Closer attention showed that the spider had taken hold of a fish just in front of the dorsal fin. The fish swam around as if in pain and tried to shake the spider off. When they came near the bank the spider reached out its legs and pulled the fish quite out of the water. This was done a second time as the fish fell into the water after being once taken out. The two animals being captured, the spider was found to be three-fourths of an inch long, and the fish three and one-fourth inches. Another account is of a snake which was caught in a spider's web in the cellar of the Hon. David E. Evans, at Batavia, N. Y. The web was on the under-side of a shelf opposite to a window. The snake had apparently crawled into the web, and was subsequently further entangled by the spider, which had secured the reptile by the tail, besides winding threads around the mouth. The snake was not large, being about a foot long. A wonderful instance of a spider's strength occurred in Lebanon (Ky.) in the office of Mr. P. C. Cleaver's livery-stable. About 11 A.M. a young mouse, an inch and a half long, was seen hanging by its tail to a spider's web under a high desk. The spider had passed some lines of web around the mouse's tail, and was gradually raising it from the floor. The spider, which was about as large as a pea, would crawl down and bite the mouse's tail, then run up and begin the work of raising. Thus the spider continued till the next morning about nine o'clock, when the mouse was found to be raised three inches from the floor, and quite dead. These instances prove that both sedentary and wandering spiders capture small vertebrate animals, and use them as food.—*Henry C. McCook in Popular Science Monthly for May*.

WHAT is sheer hate seems to the individual entertaining the sentiment so like indignant virtue, that he often indulges in the propensity to the full, nay, lauds himself for the exercise of it.—*Thackeray*.

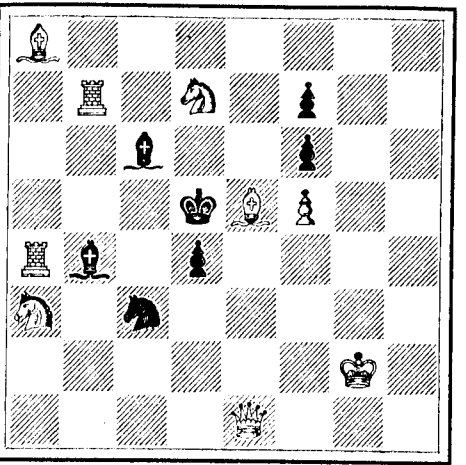
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 471.  
By W. A. SPINKMAN.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 472.  
By J. RAYNER.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 465. R-K B 3  
No. 466. WHITE: 1. R-Q 7, 2. B-R 7, 3. B-B 5 mate. BLACK: 1. P-K 2, 2. K x P, 1. K-Kt 6, 2. K-B 6. With other variations.

Note.—In Problem No. 469 there should be a black P on black K R 5.

GAME PLAYED BY PAUL MORPHY

Table of chess moves: MORPHY. White, MR. S. Black, MORPHY. White, MR. S. Black. 1. P-K 4, P-K 4, 13. K Kt-Kt 4, Q-K 2. 2. Kt-K B 3, Kt-Q B 3, 14. Q-K 2, B-Q 3. 3. B-B 4, Kt-B 3, 15. Kt x Kt P +, K-Q 2. 4. P-Q 4, P x P, 16. Q-Kt 4 +, K-Q 1. 5. castles, Kt x P, 17. Kt-B 7 +, Q x Kt. 6. R-K 1, P-Q 4, 18. B-Kt 5 +, B-K 2. 7. B x P, Q x B, 19. Kt-K 6 +, K-B 1. 8. Kt-B 3, Q-K R 4, 20. Kt-B 5 +, K-Kt 1. 9. Kt x Kt, B-K 3, 21. Kt-Q 7 +, K-B 1. 10. QKt-Kt 5, B-Kt 5, 22. Kt-Kt 6 +, K-Kt 1. 11. R x B +, P x R, 23. Q-B 8 +, R x Q. 12. Kt x K P, Q-B 2, 24. Kt-Q 7 mate.

THE London correspondent of the *New York Times* says:—Archdeacon Farrar has contributed to the *Manchester Guardian* two interesting articles on the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, in which he describes, in sympathetic and picturesque language, the impression made upon his mind by what he calls the dress rehearsal of the sacred play. He stayed at the humble home of Josef Mayer, who represents the part of Christ, and after repelling the assertions made against Mayer as being an avaricious hypocrite, charged with ambitious self-seeking, and the abuse of sacred feelings for personal ends, he states that he believes him to be "an entirely devout, sincere, humble-minded man who does not love that fame of the world which is always half disface," and then draws a picture of the simple artisan as a man and a pourtrayer of Christ in words of exceeding sweetness and strength. The Archdeacon believes with Mayer and his comrades that the world has outgrown the needs of the miracle play, and that the vulgar curiosity of the tourist in his thousands tends to rob it of all reverence. Some months ago the ancient cross on the summit of Cobel was destroyed by a great storm, and the tradition runs that when it should fall the peasants of the little Tyrolean valley should cease to represent the miracle play, and they are said to accept the omen.

# MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK!

## OR FACE GLOVE

The following are the claims made for Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask, and the grounds on which it is recommended to Ladies for Beautifying, Bleaching, and Preserving the Complexion:

- 1st. The Mask is *Soft* and *Pliable* and can be *Easily Applied* and *Worn* without *Discomfort* or *Inconvenience*.
- 2nd. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.
- 3rd. It has been *Analyzed* by *Eminent Scientists* and *Chemical Experts*, and pronounced *Perfectly Pure* and *Harmless*.
- 4th. With ordinary care the Mask will *Last for Years*, and its valuable properties *Never Become Impaired*.
- 5th. The Mask is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the *Only Genuine* article of the kind.
- 6th. It is *Recommended* by *Eminent Physicians* and *Scientific Men* as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.
- 7th. The Mask is as *Unlike* the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face as day is to night, and it bears no analogy to them.
- 8th. The Mask may be worn with *Perfect Privacy* if desired. The *Closest Scrutiny* cannot detect that it has been used.



**THE TOILET MASK, or Face Glove,**  
 IN POSITION TO THE FACE.  
 To be worn Three Times in the Week.

- 9th. It is a *Natural Beautifier* for *Bleaching* and *Preserving the Skin*, and *Removing Complexional Imperfections*.
- 10th. The Mask is sold at a moderate price, and one purchase ends the expense.
- 11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.
- 12th. *Ladies* in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results.
- 13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.
- 14th. While it is intended that the Mask should be *Worn During Sleep*, it may be applied, with equal good results, at *Any Time*, to suit the convenience of the wearer.
- 15th. The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.

### A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS.

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."  
 "Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."  
 "My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."  
 "I am perfectly delighted with it."  
 "As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin, I consider it unequalled."  
 "It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."  
 "I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."  
 "I have worn the mask but two weeks, and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritation, etc., with each application."  
 "For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."  
 "Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."  
 "Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."  
 "For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."  
 "I have been relieved of a muddy, greasy complexion after trying all kinds of cosmetics without success."

"I have worn the Mask but three nights, and the blackheads have all disappeared."  
 "The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case."  
 "I must tell you how delightful I am with your Toilet Mask; it gives unbounded satisfaction."  
 "A lady was cured of freckles by eight nights' use of the Mask."  
 "The improvement in my complexion is truly marvelous."  
 "After three weeks' use of the Mask the wrinkles have almost disappeared."  
 "My sister used one for a spotted skin, and her complexion is now all that can be desired."  
 "It does even more than is claimed for it."

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May be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of Spots, Impurities, Roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES

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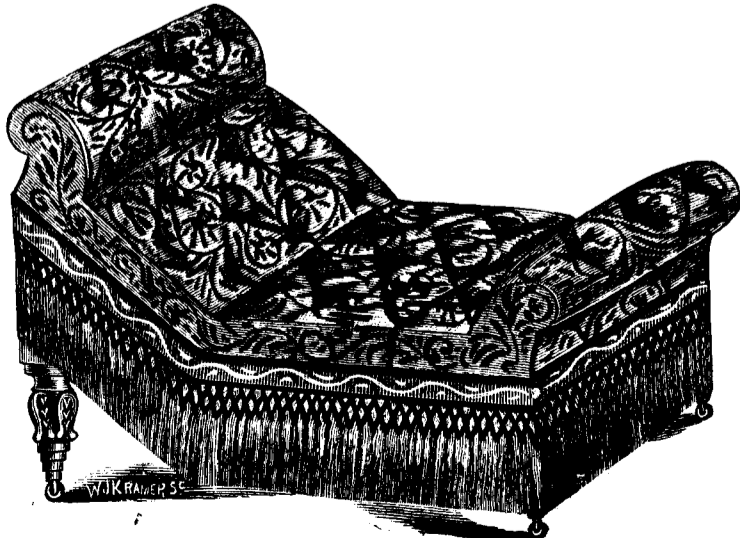
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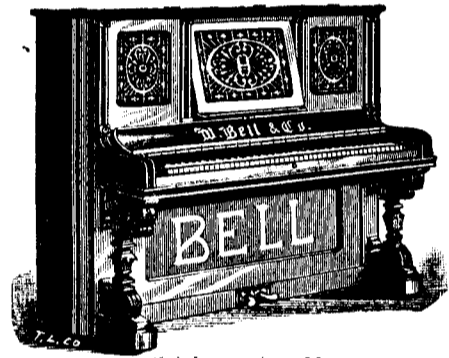
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