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## THE WEEK:

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any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE choice of a successor to the lamented Sir Daniel Wilson in the presidency of the University of Toronto is a matter of no small importance not only to those directly interested in academic affairs but to the public. The first question to be decided is, it seems, that of the nature and duties of the position, for the fact that the Hon. Edward Blake, the present Chancellor, was solicited to accept the position must be taken to indicate that it is not deemed necessary by the Government that the future president should be an educator, or should engage actively in educational work. Whether in the event of Mr. Blake's acceptance it was proposed to do away with the chancellorship, or to merge the two offices in one, the public have not been informed. If, however, such was not the intention, it is difficult to see how the duties of the two positions could be so discriminated as to leave room for the services of both non-professional heads. Be that as it may, now that it is highly improbable that Mr. Blake could be induced to accept an office which would, under any conditions, make large demands upon his time and attention, the question returns whether the emphasis is to be laid in the future upon the business and financial abilities of the incumbent, or upon his literary and scholastic qualifications. If the former, as some think desirable, it may be questionable whether the term "President" is the more appropriate title by which to designate the official head of the University, and whether it would not be more convenient and logical to hand over the business functions involved to a resident Chancellor, either doing away with the office of president, or confining it, though this would perhaps be scarcely feasible now that the University proper has its own teaching faculty, to the College. For our own part, we confess a distinct liking for the old title, and a strong prejudice in favour of the popular notion that the President of a University should be a man of wide reputation both as a scholar and educator, and as a man of exceptional literary culture and ability. That in the present case there is also need of superior executive powers and of progressive energy, to manage the business affairs of the institution as well as shape its educational policy, is apparent. The history of some other

great universities on this continent and elsewhere shows that there is no need to despair of finding all these qualities, in some good degree, united in the same individual. But if otherwise it surely would be better that the business functions should be relegated to the Chancellor or some other officer, than that the Provincial University should cease to have as its acknowledged head a man of repute in the world of letters. If there is on the staff of the university any one professor of commanding ability, who possesses the requisite qualifications in such measure as to enable him to command the confidence of his colleagues and of the public, his claims should be regarded as paramount. But it would be a great misfortune should the popular cry for the encouragement of home talent lead to the appointment to this or any other university position of any but the very best man available from any quarter. Education, like science and religion, should know no narrow national lines.

THE petition against the return of Mr. John Bryson, M.P. for Pontiac, includes, it is said, in its enumeration of corrupt influences, the charge that the member elect and members of the Dominion Government corruptly procured votes by the promise of a subsidy for a railway in which the residents of the locality had a certain pecuniary interest. We do not know the exact terms used in the petition, but the question which it is proposed to bring before the Court is no doubt the vexed one of wholesale bribery of constituencies by means of intimations more or less distinct that the expenditure of certain sums of public money in the vicinity depends upon the return of the Government candidate. It is to be hoped, in the interests of electoral purity and sound politics, that the petitioners may succeed in having the question of the lawfulness of such inducements brought squarely before the court. We confess that we have not much hope that under the present law any decision is likely to be obtained that will suffice to check this most reprehensible practice. It is very unlikely that any Cabinet Minister would be so indiscreet as to put any such promise or inducement in a sufficiently direct and tangible form to make it capable of legal proof, though the newspapers supporting Ministerial candidates often do not hesitate to declare in the most distinct terms that such consequences will follow the election or defeat of the candidate acceptable to the Government. The chief difficulties will probably be, first to prove the agency of any newspaper editor or other person making such promise, and in the second place, though this would probably be easier, to prove that votes were actually won by such inducement. Then, even should a decision be made affirming the unlawfulness of such tactics, where can the limit be drawn? How, for instance, would it affect such a reply as that alleged to have been made by Mr. Laurier, the Opposition leader, to the question whether he would, if in office, favour the building of the projected bridge at Quebec? If that, too, should be declared unlawful, to what extent would it be possible for leaders of either party to make announcements of policy on the eve of an election? We mention these difficulties because they at once suggest themselves, and not because we have any doubt that the practice in question is most mischievous and demoralizing, or that it is deplorably prevalent. It is devoutly to be hoped, for the sake of the political education and well-being of the country, that some means may be found to put a stop to it. The great pity in the matter is that everyone who feels tempted to resort to such an argument, be he member or merely supporter of the Government, does not at once recoil from it as implying one of the gravest charges which could be made against the honour, honesty, and good faith of the Government itself.

NATURALLY enough the most exciting question under discussion in Canada during the last week or two has been that raised afresh by the decision of the Privy Council in regard to the Manitoba School Act. That decision came as a serious disappointment to the Roman Catholic hierarchy and that portion of their co-religionists who think and act with them in this matter. Their hope and confident expectation were, no doubt, that the decision of

the Canadian Supreme Court would be confirmed by the tribunal of last resort, and their dissatisfaction and chagrin are correspondingly keen. But it is greatly to be regretted, for the sake of the peace and harmony which should prevail if the Confederation is to make headway against the many difficulties which beset its course, that our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens do not see the wisdom of accepting the situation, as they have long since done, with the happiest results, in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The situation, briefly sketched, is this: The Separate School system, in common with every other form of connection between Church and State, is alien to the genius of Canadian institutions, so far, at least, as the shaping of those institutions is in the hands of the English-speaking and non-Catholic citizens, who constitute the great majority of the population in every Province except Quebec. The existence of Separate Schools in Ontario is the result of a compromise, made, whether wisely or unwisely, at the time of Confederation, and embodied in the Constitution, so that the Dominion is bound by it so long as the Constitution remains unchanged by the contracting Provinces. But the Ontario system is in this respect an exception and an anomaly, and as such is not in the least degree likely to be tolerated in any other English-speaking Province. Let it be observed, moreover—and this we should like to say with all possible emphasis—that the objection to Separate Schools is not because they are Catholic, but because they are denominational. There is, we are aware, a class of persons who object specially to Roman Catholic schools because of what they regard as the disloyal and dangerous teachings of that Church with reference to the proper relations of the Church to the State. But the great majority of those who are resolutely opposed to the extension of the Separate School system would oppose it with no less determination were the question one of English Church, or Methodist, or Presbyterian Separate Schools. The political principle on which the opposition is based is that the State has no right and cannot be permitted, in a free country, to tax the people for the teaching or support of religion in any form. Nor is this principle peculiar by any means to the irreligious or sceptical classes. On the contrary, it is held most strongly in many cases by those who are the most devoted members of the various religious bodies, and held all the more firmly by many of them because they regard it as a religious no less than as a political principle, that all such connection between Church and State is wrong, and consequently harmful to both Church and State.

LET the foregoing fact be fairly understood and it will be seen that there is not necessarily either prejudice, fanaticism, or bigotry, in the calm but firm determination of the people of any Province in which this thoroughly Anglo-American view of the proper relations of Church and State prevails, to maintain the complete and absolute independence of each, so far as its relations to the other are concerned. The fact that this determination is thus held, not as a prejudice, but as a principle, should suffice to convince our French-speaking and other Roman Catholic fellow-citizens of the unwisdom as well as the futility of any attempt that Federal authorities might be induced to make to compel or restrain the people of Manitoba or any other Province in the exercise of its constitutional rights in this respect. And yet from various quarters there have come, during the past week or two, intimations or declarations that some such compulsion or restraint has either been promised or is under consideration. In what manner it would be possible to exercise such compulsion or restraint, without gross violation of the constitutional rights of the Province, does not appear. One rumour has it that the question of the right of the Dominion to intervene may be submitted to the Supreme Court, in virtue of the Act which was passed at the instance of Mr. Blake, a few years since, authorizing the Government in certain contingencies to recur to that court for a reasoned opinion on a question of jurisdiction. Such a question of jurisdiction could, in the present instance, arise only under the operation of sub-sections 2 and 3 of Section 22 of the Manitoba Act. But from the decision of the Privy Council, the full

text of which is now before us, we learn that their lordships are satisfied that the provisions of these sub-sections do not operate to withdraw such a question as that involved in the present case from the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals of the country. It has again been suggested that the Dominion Government may cause the proceeds of certain lands in Manitoba, which are under Dominion control for educational purposes, to be appropriated in aid of Separate Schools. But such a proceeding would be so palpable a departure from the original intention of Parliament in making those reservations, and so gross an injustice to the Province, that it is hardly conceivable that any Parliament would sanction or permit it. In a word, then, the matter has been set at rest by the highest judicial authority in the realm, and it is scarcely within the limits of political possibility that the decision of that authority can be reversed or evaded.

CANADA can scarcely be deemed to have come out of the Canal Tolls dispute with *éclat*. The promise to discontinue the rebate at the end of the present season sounds very like an admission of wrong and an appeal to the magnanimity of the United States to let the wrong go on a little longer in order to make its discontinuance the easier. Better this, however, than persistence in an untenable policy at the cost of a canal tolls war, with great injury to the commerce of both parties as its immediate, and non-intercourse or worse as its prospective, outcome, unless, indeed, the Government felt sure that it was within its treaty rights and could count on the support of the British Government. In such a case its backdown under menace would have been wrong as well as cowardly. It is to be hoped that the President and his advisers will accept this assurance as obviating the necessity of putting the retaliatory Act in force. In fact, it is reasonable to suppose that our Government would take care to ascertain that fact before making its decision, else it would be exposing itself to the risk of a fresh humiliation. It is to be hoped, however, that the affair will not end here. Canada has certainly good reason to complain of the manner in which the United States has failed to secure the fulfilment of some provisions of the Treaty, and also of the narrowness and selfishness of its policy in withdrawing the carrying privileges which were one of the original conditions. The most satisfactory settlement would have been the verdict of an impartial tribunal, defining the rights and obligations of each party under the Treaty. Possibly this may have been proposed and refused so long as the objectionable discrimination was persisted in; it is hardly conceivable that it can have been refused absolutely by the United States. Be that as it may, our Government should spare no effort to secure, before the opening of another session, at least a friendly conference, if not a friendly reference, touching all the questions at issue between the two countries in relation to inland navigation and the common use of the water-ways.

THE new Foreign Secretary in the British Cabinet, when he steps into office, will not enter upon a sinecure. On the contrary, he will find himself immediately confronted with a number of questions, none of them perhaps of the very gravest importance, but each bringing its quota of anxiety and responsibility, and all combining to make his official couch anything but a bed of roses. Most of the worries with which he will be confronted are more or less closely connected with India. Of these the almost chronic troubles with the Ameer of Afghanistan will be among the most perplexing. According to a recent article in the *London Times*, the causes of the present difficulties with that irascible potentate are two-fold. In the first place, the Ameer thinks that his territorial rights have been infringed upon by the Indian authorities in constructing the terminus of the railway which has been constructed from Quetta to the Afghan frontier, on a bit of land which he regards as his territory. True, the land in question is said to be barren and valueless for commercial or strategical purposes. Nevertheless, his highness resents what he regards as an encroachment upon his territory, and, his protest having been disregarded, has proceeded to boycott the railway station from his own side. The fact that the boundary has never been delimited renders it difficult or impossible to say whether the Ameer's claim is or is not valid, but it is easy to believe that in pushing forward the railway no great regard would be had to the outcry of a subsidized and semi-barbarous monarchy, though it would evidently have been good policy, to say nothing of the morality of the

thing, had something like the same consideration been had for the sensitiveness of such a prince and people as the British would be the first to insist upon were the situations reversed.

THE other cause of the state of tension which just now exists between the Viceroy of India and the Ameer has its origin in what may be called the "buffer" system in Indian diplomacy. Afghanistan itself, as is well known, is cherished and used by the British Government as a "buffer" between its Indian possessions and Russia. In just the same way the small tribes which occupy the zone between the Ameer's territories and the north-west borders of British India are used as small buffers between India and Afghanistan itself. This arrangement is the source of much friction between the Ameer and the Indian authorities. The former complains that these little independent tribes make raids into his territory and afford places of refuge for his rebellious subjects. He would gladly subdue them, thus making his territories co-terminous with those of British India, but against this he is significantly advised by the Viceroy whenever he seeks his sanction for such a movement. His Highness is at present in trouble with two of these tribes, but it so happens that one of the two has a promise of protection from the British Government in return for services rendered in the last Afghan war, and the other is deemed necessary as a barrier for the defence of another tribe which is the loyal guardian, in the interests of Britain, of certain important passes in the Hindu Kush. Hence the Ameer finds himself checked on every hand, and, not unnaturally, vents his annoyance in protests and remonstrances not couched in the most respectful language, though he takes care to avoid actual rupture, knowing well that apart from the moral and pecuniary aid he derives from British sources, he could not maintain himself on the throne for a year. His difficulties are just now very seriously increased by the insurrection of the Hazaras in his own territory. Meanwhile it is likely that, unless a change of Viceroy and of Indian policy should follow the incoming of a new administration in England, the interview which Lord Lansdowne is seeking to bring about will be effected, sooner or later, and that a renewal of the previous good understanding may result. The latest news is to the effect that the Ameer has made excuses and declined to meet General Roberts, but as the Ameer cannot, in view of Russian aggression constantly threatened, afford to quarrel with Great Britain, he will probably soon think better of his decision.

FROM the same authority we learn that the Hazaras, who are now carrying on so formidable a revolt against the Ameer, are the inhabitants of the mountains between Herat and Cabul. By race they are Tartars, being descendants of the soldiers who followed Timoor into India. Their numbers are estimated at six hundred and sixty thousand. Their fighting men are almost all mounted on small but very hardy and sure-footed horses. As troops they are formidable. Though nominally subjects of the Ameer, they have practically retained their independence since the days of Timoor, and the Ameer has, no doubt, undertaken a very formidable task in attempting to reduce them to subjection. His troops may be better armed, but they are inferior in numbers to the Hazaras, and the latter have the advantages of those who fight on their own soil and are familiar with the country.

THE question of the relations between capital and labour will not down. It is bound to come more and more to the front. If it is not now, it is rapidly becoming the most perplexing question in its relation to legislation and civic, not to say civil, jurisdiction, in the United States. We had the other day a brief article designed to show that, on its merits, or as a matter of equity between man and man, it is by no means so simple a matter to judge righteous judgment between, say, the Homestead strikers and their millionaire employers, as the majority of those who dwell emphatically upon the right of a property owner to do what he will with his own, seem to suppose. Our thoughts have just now been directed afresh to the subject by two articles which accidentally appear almost side by side, in the *New York Nation* of the 11th inst. The first, headed appropriately enough, "The Tyranny of Labour," describes in graphic terms the intolerable annoyance and loss to which a certain employer of labour, who had \$100,000 to expend in the renovation of a New York hotel, was subjected by the capricious and tyrannical interference of that modern potentate known as "the

walking delegate." The story is too long to be re-told here. Suffice it to say that the employer in question, after again and again conceding the demands of this despotic individual, who went freely through the building, taking down the names of the men, forcing some of them to strike and others to join the Union, greatly against their will, was at last goaded into revolt and forced to discharge the union men and supply their places with those who were free from outside dictation. The result was that he obtained plenty of good men and that these were carrying on the work, with from eight to a dozen of the discharged union men watching the front and rear of the hotel, and constantly insulting and annoying them. All this is bad enough and very likely the end is not yet.

"A TYPICAL Protected Industry" is another article in the same paper, but treating of a different subject, and not intended to have any relation to the one above noted. It deals with the case of the Arlington mills, of Lawrence, Massachusetts. The design of the article is to show the effect of the McKinley tariff in enriching some of the men who helped to frame the measure and secure its passage. There is some dispute about the facts, but it seems to be pretty well established that Senator Vest was substantially correct, though technically wrong, in a recent statement to the effect that these mills, with a capital of \$2,000,000, put a sum of more than \$900,000 into dividend and surplus in 1891. Such a case could no doubt be paralleled by hundreds in the land which boasts its freedom, its equality, and its McKinley tariff. We are not told the number of men employed, or the rates of wages paid. But it is highly probable that the total amount paid as wages was far less than the sum thus placed to the credit of the owners of the mills, who themselves had neither toiled nor spun. Did, then, those men come honestly by this money? Is it morally their property? Does not the larger part of it represent the amount unfairly filched, under sanction of law, from the product of the hard toil, either of the employees who produced the fabrics, or of these other people, mostly labourers no doubt, who were compelled to purchase the goods thus produced at prices far in excess of their true value? Is it any wonder that the workingmen, in view of such facts, feel that they are the slaves of capital, that it has the advantage over them, that it uses this advantage to rob them of a large part of the products of their toil, and that they must in self defence combine and fight the capitalists? We do not now discuss the problem, or attempt either to apportion the blame or suggest a remedy. But, looking on this picture and on that, can we avoid the conclusion that the world's statesmen and its self-ruling peoples have some hard knots to untie within the next decade or two?

IT is natural and fitting that the United States, the birth-place of the "gerrymander," should also be the place in which the first determined effort to scotch or kill this adder in politics should be successful. The trials which have recently taken place in the supreme courts of the States of New York and Michigan are not without interest and instruction for us in Canada. In both cases severe if not fatal blows have been struck at the "gerrymander" as a force in politics. Both courts have declared the redistributions in question before them to be unconstitutional. The decision of the New York court is subject to appeal, and as it was pronounced by a single Republican judge, and is directed against the Act of a Democratic Legislature, there is reason to fear that, however righteous in itself, it may be over-ruled. But the decision of the Michigan court is not only final, but, as the court was of a mixed or non-partisan character, it is thought that its decision will have weight in other States in which the same question is to come up. Much additional moral weight is given, too, to this decision by the fact that it condemns impartially the Acts of a Democratic and of a Republican Legislature, seeing that not only the reapportionment Act of the last Legislature (Democratic), but also that of the Legislature of 1885 (Republican), is pronounced unconstitutional. As three elections were held under the last named Act, and much legislation no doubt passed by the Houses thus elected, the consequences of the decision must, one would suppose, be far-reaching and most embarrassing, if it should be pushed to its logical results. The ground on which the Acts are declared unconstitutional is briefly that the permission given to the Legislature to exercise "an honest and fair discretion, so as to preserve as far as may be equality of representation," cannot sanc-

tion the giving of a larger representation to a smaller number of people. We are not aware that there is any similar proviso in the Canadian constitution, or in those of the respective Canadian Provinces, and we have no supreme court save the British Privy Council whose decision in such a case would be authoritative and final. But the Privy Council is not inaccessible, and its judgments are reliable as well as final. We do not know to what extent it would feel itself empowered to decide such a question on the broad basis of equity and manifest intention. We see no reason to suppose that the facts on which the decision of the Michigan Supreme Court is based are one whit more unfair and subversive of the rights of electors than similar facts which are to be found in each of the last two redistribution Acts of the Dominion Parliament. Can it be that no steps will be taken to test the validity of the constitutional objection which was raised last winter in regard to the method of making the decennial redistribution—an objection which was believed by some of the best lawyers in the House, on both sides of politics, to be well taken? Might it not be possible to get a consideration of the larger question of the constitutionality of the "gerrymander" included in the same reference?

SHORT STUDIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE—I.

IN 1809 was born one of the strangest figures of Russian literature in the person of Nikolai V. Gogol. The friend of Pushkin, the novelist, shared to some extent the feverish audacity of the poet: that audacity which seems peculiar to his race and which we shall afterwards see developed into stranger and more complex forms.

Gogol was to some extent primitive; it is his freshness, his freedom from conventionality which has given vitality to his works. The medium between lyric poetry and national novels, he is, according to Mme. Bazan, "the centre at which romanticism and realism join hands." Still Gogol is not only a realist but in himself the founder of Russian realism. This realist in the opinion of M. Guizot has written the only epic of the century. It is better that an epic should be, in a modified sense at any rate, realistic. Gogol's realism springs from his inmost being, from his love for the things of nature; his is the sentiment of one who has never reached the plane of the artificial rather than of him, who, himself an artificial product, exclaims "we will be natural, we will paint things without fetters." The former is an unconscious artist, the latter a diligent photographer. It is this unconsciousness so conspicuous in the Iliad, so studied in the Æneid and so completely forgotten in the Henriade, that gives to Gogol an indefinable charm. The author of "Dead Souls" is one who, to quote M. De Vogüé, "n'est pas de ceux qui veulent ou savent voir le paradis dans aucune des conditions humaines," but he had not quite forgotten romanticism and in "Taras Boulba" he gives us what might well be called a book of a Russian Iliad. It is the Iliad without the threshold of Olympus, without the presence of the immortal ones. Gogol can give us the phantoms of Achilles, of Hector, of Ajax and of Paris, but there is no smile from the lips of laughter-loving Aphrodite, no scornful gleam from the grey eyes of Athene. It is war and death with now and again a touch of almost womanly tenderness.

The story of Taras Boulba is briefly this: Ostap and Andréi return from college to their father's house. Taras, instead of embracing them, hammers them with his fists, and the next morning they start with him on an expedition against the Poles. The journey is not eventful, Gogol has adopted the Iliad rather than the Odyssey. His descriptions of the Steppe, however, are among the most beautiful passages of the book: "the whole surface of the earth presented itself as a green-gold ocean, upon which were sprinkled millions of different flowers." Ostap, Boulba's elder son, is the Hector of the book; magnificent in battle, at once wise and courageous, this Cossack of the Steppe is in spirit the horse-taming hero of Iliad. In Andréi there are more subtle touches. In his early student days he fell in love with a beautiful Pole, and in the thick of the contest against the "accursed Lyakhs" he never quite forgets their beautiful daughter. He is the Paris of this Iliad of the Steppe. In the dead of night while all the camp are sleeping a silent figure approaches Andréi. It is a woman and her story is brief in its simplicity; the Poles in the besieged city are dying of want, and amongst their number is her mistress, the girl he loves. Andréi follows the Tartar woman, brings food to his loved one and is enrolled amongst the Polish troops. This is the manner in which his father greets him upon the battlefield: "Stand still, do not move! I gave you life, I will also kill you!" said Taras, and retreating a step backwards he brought his gun up to his shoulder. Andréi was white as linen; his mouth moved gently, and he uttered a name; but it was not the name of his native land, or of his mother or of his brother! it was the name of the beautiful Pole. Taras fired," and so he dies. Not long afterwards Ostap is tortured to death by the Poles. In the epic death is the great lesson, fame and battle have their place but only as preparative to—death. Taras himself is burnt alive; he might have escaped but for a trifling incident, Homeric in its simplicity: "Halt! my pipe has dropped

with its tobacco! I won't let those malignant Lyakhs have my pipe." The book is fiercely national in its spirit, and Taras dies with a prophecy of Russia's greatness trembling upon his lips: "A Czar shall rise from Russian soil, and there shall not be a power in the world which shall not submit to him." And Taras dies, but the fame and the glory of the Cossacks spread and we feel that it is they and not Taras or Ostap or Andréi who are the subject of the epic.

There are, however, softer touches and the "έντροπια-ξομένη" itself is not more exquisite in its pathos than the lingering glance which the hopeless Cossack mother casts at her sons as she is being dragged away by her attendants. Gogol is a realist, and this mother is not the stately mother of Astyanax, but in her stunted life there is still room for love and these boys are all that are left to her; it is *la vie*. "J'ai poursuivi," says the author, "la vie dans sa réalité, non dans les rêves de l'imagination, et je suis arrivé ainsi à Celui qui est la source de la vie"; and even in this epic poem he is true to this principle of his art.

But after all it is not as an epic poet that Gogol has presented himself to the world, or rather to that infinitesimal world of letters which recognized in the young barbarian something between a satirist and a seer. Gogol was placed by Merimeé "entre les meilleurs humoristes anglais," but M. de Vogüé protests against this decision as unjust to—Gogol. According to the great French critic, Gogol may claim comparison, in some respects at least, with no less a person than the author of "Don Quixote." The real value of Gogol, however, is not that he is an epic on the one hand or a humourist on the other; it is because he is, so to speak, the first link in the chain which connects Turgeniëff, Dostoievsky and Tolstoï, three names which are often mentioned in connection with "Russian Realism" by people who ignore the fact that one Nikolai Gogol *quondam* teacher and actor, half poet and wholly barbarian, was in reality the founder of this school.

In "Taras Boulba" we catch glimpses of this realism at its best, that is to say—truth without grossness and without exaggeration. "Il avait," says M. de Vogüé apropos of this book "eu l'impression directe de ce qu'il chantait," and again "il avait vu mourir autour de lui ces débris attardés du moyen âge." It is this which makes "Taras Boulba" so fascinating; we feel the vibrations of the author's heart upon every page, and in every line of this spontaneous product there is something of the Cossack's soul. Surely this is a source at once more pure and as powerful as that which eventuated in "La Bête Humaine"; and though this stream of realism has wandered through septicism and through pantheism, through pessimism and despair, it has never become murky and stagnant by reason of the films of modern materialism. For this, if for nothing else, let Gogol be remembered!

J. A. T. L.

THE FREE TRADE ISSUE.

THE newspaper reports of Senator Boulton's address at Cobourg on Free Trade are evidently condensed, but they indicate that he has gone deeply and thoroughly into the question as it affects Canadian conditions. One often hears the remark: "O yes, I believe that free trade is the right principle, but it won't suit Canada until the rest of the world adopts it." Senator Boulton has apparently come to the belief, with other free traders, that a wrong economic principle can only work economic injury, and that it is worth while to consider whether or not the principle that is theoretically right might be practically right when applied to the conditions that obtain in our own country. It is not too much to say, perhaps, that there is a very small proportion of the voters in the Dominion or in the United States who are either capable, or have the opportunity, of studying the principles of political economy in the abstract. Indeed, there are many free traders in "principle" but protectionists in practice, who have very hazy notions about their "principle." Quite often, in probing, I have found that their belief in the "principle" is not due to their own investigation and thought, but to the fact that "both parties in England" believe in it. It is a fine tribute to the practical wisdom of the Mother Country, but promises little for a careful study of our own economic conditions. I think free traders may look with more hope to the many sincere men, particularly in the agricultural ranks, who really looked for general benefit and prosperity to follow the adoption of the "National Policy," and who have been therein disappointed, than to those free traders in "principle" who are protectionists in practice until "the rest of the world" adopts the British system.

We have had high protection for thirteen years. Senator Boulton believes, with many others, that it has failed to furnish what its advocates promised; and also that it has worked actual injury to the chief industry of the country, namely agriculture, as well as to many of the smaller industries directly dependent upon the prosperity of the farmer. He, therefore, challenges the people of Canada to the discussion of a better system of political economy, and is prepared to maintain the advantages, not only on theoretical but on practical grounds, of that known as free trade.

Now, have we to stop on the threshold of discussion and fight over the question whether there has been general prosperity or not under the N.P.? I think not. There is one large sign, and always an unmistakable one, of the

absence of general prosperity, and that is general discontent. Grown people never, as a matter of fact, cry for the moon, but when the conditions of life become more and more difficult, instead of less and less difficult, they give voice to complaint. There is discontent in Canada to-day, evidenced undeniably by the census returns and other reliable testimony. Some of the best portions of the Dominion—nay, many of the best portions of the Dominion—are annually losing to the United States their sturdiest and most progressive human elements. These people, as a rule, do not think that the American system of government is preferable to the Canadian system. They do not imagine, as a rule, that they will find gold hanging from the trees in the country they are going to. They go simply because they are discontented with the long hard struggle without hope of advancement that general farming in Canada affords.

Now, there are two answers generally brought forward when this statement is made. The one is that the farmers could make their farms pay better if they studied more science. Granted! Although, by way of parenthesis, it can hardly be unfair to add that some of the strenuous advocates of a more extended study of the science of agriculture are far from being warm supporters of the science of political economy. But no one acquainted with the very admirable farming that obtains in some of those best portions of the Dominion which are losing population, can really believe that unscientific farming lies at the bottom of the agricultural depression which is causing so much discontent. Single instances should never be taken as satisfactory evidence upon a general statement, but I beg to cite here an instance which, if supplemented from the knowledge or experience of others, would have the weight of satisfactory evidence upon the point raised. I know a farmer—a gentleman of long practical experience, of large judgment, of scientific training, of business habits, of economical life—whose quiet deliberate judgment is (and he is a methodical bookkeeper) that the profits of farming have distinctly and positively declined since the National Policy came in force, and that that decline is due to the increased cost of production which naturally hampers any industry prevented from buying its raw materials in the cheapest market. And I know no man more free from party prejudice than my informant.

But the more frequent answer made to those who assert that the exodus to the United States is due to discontent with our fiscal conditions in this: "Why, then, do they go to a more highly protected country?" To the many who feel compelled to arrive at conclusions without resort to any process of reflection this appears as a "short cut" proof that protection is not the trouble with Canada. The reply to this argument involves the consideration of certain conditions in the United States which have rendered the policy of protection less injurious, or, properly speaking, more slowly injurious to that country than to Canada. There are still many inviting fields of activity in the United States. But a close study of the economic history of that country—of the decline of agriculture in the Eastern States and of the rise of agriculture in the Western States; of the development of certain manufacturing industries and the destruction of others—will generally reveal the fact that the general prosperity of the United States during the last twenty-five years has not been due to protection, but to the operation of causes which have modified the natural injurious effects of a protective policy upon any community as a whole. Among the principal of these causes may be mentioned the following:—

1. The geographical position of the United States, including, in a compact square with a double seaboard, nearly every valuable zone of natural production.
2. The abundance and variety of its mineral resources.
3. The superior advantage of internal free trade between largely populated states possessing a variety of productions.
4. The extension of the free trade area outside of the country due to the reciprocity clauses of the McKinley Act.

The last mentioned cause has only been in operation, of course, for a short time, but its effects seem distinctly recognizable. There is far from being any argument for the continuance of the protective policy by the United States in these statements. It is simply contended that certain conditions have rendered the protective policy more slowly injurious to the United States than to Canada. Is it the part of wisdom to ignore the fact that there is more attraction to the fields of activity in the United States than to those in Canada? Only upon the assumption of this ground can indifference to the economic conditions which modify the protective policy of our neighbours be justified.

What we have to consider, therefore, I hold, are the conditions obtaining in Canada that would affect the general action of any particular trade policy. The subject should certainly be approached in a fair and manly spirit. It is one of the questions that men have to deal with in which mutual misunderstandings often become accentuated into violent differences of opinion, and in which the slightest over-statement of the case on either side is usually a danger, even with thinking men.

What, then, are the conditions which have rendered protection more rapidly injurious to Canada than to the United States? The first one, I take it, is our geographical shape. Internal interchange of productions between a single string of provinces, roughly speaking for commercial

purposes three thousand miles in length and three hundred miles in width, must naturally be more expensive and therefore less profitable than the internal interchange of productions within a compact square. The next condition is the fact that we have only one zone of natural production, and are therefore much more dependent upon others for important staples than is the United States. Lastly, we are politically and otherwise disabled from obtaining those reciprocal extensions of trade that are now proving so advantageous to the United States. Under these conditions, protection has kept us commercially to ourselves with much more injury than it has the United States to themselves.

The argument for the adoption of free trade, under our present conditions, is simply this, that our chief industry is agriculture—employing more capital than all other industries and businesses combined—and that agriculture, and the businesses and industries directly dependent upon it, are hampered by a policy which increases the cost of agricultural production. Undeniably certain manufactures would suffer, but the general gain is what has to be considered. The farmer would not only have an increased margin of profit by being permitted to buy his implements, his clothing and household necessaries in the cheapest market, but larger imports would doubtless be followed by larger exports. It is, in short, the position maintained by the late Mr. Mackenzie, who believed that the cheapening of the cost of living in Canada would prove the best attraction to our great fields.

The census returns show unmistakably that protection has failed even to retain the intending settlers who came to our shores. Surely it is time to consider "a more excellent way." J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Richmond, Que., July, 1892.

### IF IT WERE TRUE.

"I hold," said the mystic, "that in the life to be, this life shall seem but an hour passed long ago, and dimly remembered."—*Hyperion*.

If it were true that in the life to be,  
This present life should seem but as an hour  
Passed long ago, and with such feeble power  
Dimly remembered through Eternity:  
That grace of higher life, the sacred right  
Of souls immortal and from earth set free,  
Would seem no joy to live for after Death;  
Without the fuller blessedness of light,  
Born of a sundered past and its last breath:  
If, in that unknown life, we could not see  
With richer knowledge out of perfect sight,  
The common joys, the loss, and lowly gain,  
Once known on mother earth ere life's last night  
Brought sacred rest and solace out of pain.

B. F. D. DUNN.

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### TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Picnic Supper—Sentries—Sylvanus' Silence—Cristine and Bigglethorpe Hear Sounds—Invaders—Repelled—Fire and Explosions—Victims Walled In—Water Retreat in the Rain—The Constable Secures Mark Davis—Walk Home in the Rain—Bangs and Matilda—Into Dry Clothes—Miss Carmichael's Mistake—A Reef in Mr. Bangs—Ben has no Clothes—Three Young Gentlemen in a Bad Way.

MR. BANGS had no fewer than eight men under his command, Bigglethorpe and the two Richards at the water, and Cristine and the veteran, the two Pilgrims and Rufus, up above. The latter tired themselves out, under the detective's direction, looking for an opening in the ground, but found none, nor anything that in the least resembled one. Some of the searchers wondered why the chimney in Rawdon's house was so unnecessarily large and strong, but no examination about its base revealed any connection between it and an underground passage. The detective, in conference with Mr. Terry and the lawyer, decided on four sentries, namely one each at the house and the lake, as already set, one at the road looking towards the entrance, and the other half way between the lake and the house, to keep up the connection. Some bread and meat and a pot of tea, with dishes, were sent down to the three men on the shore by the hands of Timotheus, but they rejected the cold meat, having already made a fire, and broiled the bass caught by Mr. Bigglethorpe. They had a very jolly time, telling fish stories, till about eight o'clock, and the fisherman of Beaver River was in wonderful spirits over the discovery of a new fishing ground. If those lakes had only contained brook trout he would move his store to the Lakes Settlement; as it was, he thought of setting up a branch establishment, and getting a partner to occupy the two places of business alternately with him. The Richards boys were pleased to think that their new acquaintance was likely to be a permanent one, and made Mr. Bigglethorpe many sincere offers of assistance in his fishing, and subordinate commercial, ventures. At eight Mr. Bangs came down the hill, and posted one of the Richards as sentry, while the fisherman indulged in his evening smoke, preparatory to turning in under the skiff with his friend Bill. "I went that fire put out, gentlemen," said the detective, "net now, but say efter ten

o'clock, as it might help the enemy to spy us out," to which Bill Richards replied: "All right, cap'n; she'll be dead black afore ten." Rufus was placed on the hill side to communicate between the distant posts; Timotheus overlooked the encampment; and Sylvanus was given the station on the road. Mr. Bangs walked about nervously, and the lawyer and Mr. Terry, bringing some clean coverlets out of the boarding-house, spread them on the chip-covered ground, and lay down to smoke their pipes and talk of many things. "Oi tuk to yeez, sorr," said the veteran with warmth, "soon as Oi mitye in the smokin' carr, and to think what a dale av loife we've seen since, an' here's you an' me, savin' yer prisince, as thick as thaves."

Nothing of any moment occurred till within a quarter of ten, when Sylvanus saw two figures suddenly start up close by him on the right. At first, he thought of challenging them, but seeing one was a woman, and remembering the going over the Squire gave him about capturing Tryphosa, he resolved to await their arrival. Both figures greeted him joyfully by his name, for it was his two proteges, the crazy woman and her son, who had escaped the constable and lain concealed until darkness veiled their movements. "Has Steevy woke up yet?" she asked the sentinel, quietly.

"Not as I know on," responded the elder Pilgrim.

"Then we will slip quietly into the house, and get some supper for Monty, and go to bed. It's tiresome walking about all day," she continued.

"Don't you two go fer to make no noise, 'cos they's sentries out as might charlinge yer with their guns," remarked the compassionate guard.

"No," she whispered back; "we will be still as little mice, won't we, Monty? Good night, Sylvanus!" The boy added, "Good night, Sylvy!" and the sentinel returned the salutation, and muttered to himself: "Pore souls, the sight on 'em breaks me all up."

Sylvanus should have reported these arrivals, when the detective came to relieve him, and put Mr. Terry in his place, but he did not. He had forgotten all about them, and was wondering if that "kicked-out-of-service old ram-rod, the corpular, was foolin' round about Trypheeny." Cristine relieved Timotheus; Bill Richards, Rufus; and Mr. Bigglethorpe, Harry Richards. The relieved men went to sleep on the quilts and under the skiff. Mr. Bangs came up every quarter of an hour to the lawyer, and asked if he had heard a noise about the house, to which the sentinel replied in the affirmative every time; whereupon the detective would take a lamp and search the building from top to bottom without any result. Once, after such a noise, that sounded like some heavy article being dragged along, Cristine thought he heard the words: "Keep quiet, Tilly," and, "Take it hoff," but he was not sure. The night was cloudy and dark, and the mosquitoes' buzzing sometimes had a human sound, while the snoring of the Pilgrims, and the restless moving of the horses, brought confusion to the ear, which sought to verify suspected articulations. Had he known that Matilda Nagle was about the house, he would not have let Bangs rest until the mystery was solved. He did not know; and, being very tired and sleepy, was inclined to distrust the evidence of his senses and lay it to the charge of imagination.

Down by the water's edge Mr. Bigglethorpe sat on a stone in front of the carved out block, thinking of the best fly for bass, and of a great fishing party to the lakes that should include Mr. Bulky. Standing up to stretch his legs and facing the block of limestone, he thought he saw a narrow line of light along the left perpendicular incision. Moving over, he saw the same perpendicular line on the right. Just then the clouds drifted off the moon, and he convinced himself that the light lines were reflections from the sheen that glimmered over the lake. He also thought he heard a whining noise, such as a sick person or a child might make, and then a rough voice saying: "Stow that now!" but Richards, like the two Pilgrims above, was snoring, and Harry had a slight cold in his head. "What a stoopid, superstitious being I should become," said the fisherman to himself, "if I were out here long all alone." But, hark! the sound of paddles softly dipping came from the left, and at once the sentry lay down behind the upturned skiff, and, gun in hand, listened. He poked Richards with his foot, and, as he awoke, enjoined silence. Richards crawled out, and quietly replaced the boat in its original position. There were now two on guard instead of one. The boat entered the lake. It was the scow, Richards' scow, and Harry was indignant. There were five men in it, and they were talking in a low tone.

"Quite sure them blarsted Squire folks has all gone home, Pete?"

"Sartin, I seen 'em, the hull gang's scattered and skeedaddled, parsons an' all."

"Where's the blarsted light, then?"

"Seems to me I kin see long, thin streaks. O Lawr, boys, Rodden must ha' been hard put, when he drapped the block into the hole. It's shet up tight. Hev ye got the chisel and mallet?"

"They're all right."

"Then less git ashore and drap the block out, though it's an orful pity to lose it in the drink."

"Carn't we git the blarsted thing back to its place agin?"

"Onpossible; wild horses couldn't do it."

Harry whispered to Bigglethorpe: "What'll we do?" and the fisherman answered: "Our duty is to fire, but we weren't told to kill anybody. Don't you fire till I reload."

Then Bigglethorpe called out: "Surrender in the Queen's name," and fired above the scow. Two or three pistol shots rattled over the sentries' heads, and flattened themselves on the rock behind. "All ready!" said the storekeeper, and Harry let fly his duck shot into the middle of the crowd, who paddled vigorously from the shore. Bill Richards, having alarmed the upper sentries by the discharge of his gun, came running down, with the Pilgrims and Rufus, led by the detective, not far behind him. "Shove out the skiff," called Bigglethorpe. The Richards shoved it off, and Bill rowed, when the two sentries got on board. "Go it, Bill, after the old tub," cried Harry; "we'll soon catch up." The Rawdon gang worked hard to get to the narrows, but found it hopeless. "Give it to them," shouted Bangs from the shore; and in response, the guns rang out again, while Bill strained every muscle to the utmost. The punt grounded on the shore above the narrows, and four of the men jumped out into the water and fled up the bank, firing their pistols as they retired. The punt was captured, and brought back to the guarded beach, with a wounded man and some tools in the bottom. Only by swimming, or by a long detour of very many miles, could the four fugitives find their way back to the shore they had sought in vain.

The wounded man was taken out of the punt and laid on the beach. "Is he dead?" asked Bigglethorpe. "No," answered the detective, feeling the head of the victim, and inspecting him by the aid of matches struck by the smoker Sylvanus; "it's a good thing for him thet yore two gens were louded with deck-shot end thet they sketter sow, else he'd a been a dead men. He's got a few pellets in the beck of his head, jest enough to sten the scoundrel for a few minutes. Ah, he's hed a creck owver the top of his head with a cleb, the colonel's werk, very likely."

"Do you want him kept?" enquired Mr. Bigglethorpe, as sentry.

"Oh, dear me, yes; he's Rawdon's chief men. I wouldn't lose him fer a hendred dollars. Rufus, do you mind blowing his brains out if he attempts to escaype?"

The good-natured Rufus said he didn't mind watching the prisoner, but he imagined clubbing would be kinder than blowing out his brains.

"All right!" answered the detective, "all right, so long as you keep him safely."

So Mr. Bangs went back to the house, followed by Sylvanus, Timotheus and Bill Richards, the last of whom resumed his post, namely the trunk on which Pierre Lajeunesse had rested.

When the encampment was reached, Mr. Bangs asked Cristine if he had been smoking on guard or lighting matches, but he had not. He asked Mr. Terry the same question, which the old soldier almost took as an insult. "An' is it to me ye come, axin' av Oi shmoke on guard, an' shpind my toime loightin' matches loike a choild? Oi've sane sarvice, sorr, and nobody knows betther fwhat his juty is."

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Mr. Terry. Please excuse my anxiety; I smell fire."

"Don't mintion it, sorr, betune us. Faix, an' it's foire I shmill an' moighty sthrong, too."

The detective came back to the front of the house, and saw the fire that had broken forth in a moment, and was flaming in every room of basement and upper storey, a fire too rapidly advanced to be got under, even had the means been at hand.

"Quick, Sylvanus, Timotheus, get out the horses and any other live stock," he cried; but the lawyer had been before him, and the two Pilgrims and he were already leading the frightened animals past the house and on to the road, where they turned their heads outward and drove them along. Forgetting their watch, Mr. Terry and Bangs himself helped, until every living creature, as they thought, was safely away on the road to the Lake Settlement. Then, two figures, that the guilty Sylvanus knew, came out of the door of the boarding house, and the flames leaped out after them. The woman came up to Cristine, and said: "I know you; you helped to carry poor Steevy, who is not awake yet. He said it was cold down there, so Monty and I have made a fire to keep him warm." The lawyer thought she meant that her dead brother was cold. As to the fire, when he saw Monty, it did not astonish him; but how came they both there through the guard?

The frame buildings, their light clapboards dried by the summer sun, burned furiously, and the flames roared in the rising wind. The sheds and stables caught; the fire ran over the ground, in spite of the dew, catching in shrubs and fallen timber, and even climbing up living trees. Back the beholders were driven, as far as Bill Richards' post, by the terrible glare and heat of the conflagration. Leaving Bigglethorpe on sentry, and Rufus over the prisoner, Harry came running up to learn what was the matter, and to tell of noises like human voices and hammer blows behind the slab of rock. Then, as the fire in the house burned down to the ground, there was an explosion that seemed to shake the earth, and a column of fire sprang up the standing chimney, side by side with another less lofty and more diffused from the right of the building. Report after report followed, and the whole party, half terror-stricken, descended to the beach. Rufus, with Bigglethorpe's help, had considerably transferred his prisoner to the punt, and guarded him there. The storekeeper, taking chisel and mallet in hand, was striking off chip after chip of rock, in answer to muffled cries from within; and now the big rock had moved half an inch. Still the brave man worked away amid the continued

explosions, and in spite of the advancing fire. The block continued to slide, and Bigglethorpe cried: "Take the boats out of the way, and get back from me, or you will all be crushed in a minute." The punt was out of danger, but Bill Richards, with a single movement, shoved off the skiff, and, kneeling on her stern, sent her far out into the lake. Then he rowed the boat rapidly back into a place of safety. The slab was still sliding, and had cleared the rock out of which it had been cut by an inch. A human hand was thrust out, a dumpy, beringed hand, bleeding with the effort; a most audible voice cried "For God's sake, hurry!" and then there came a perfect Babel of explosions, and the gallant deliverer was forcibly drawn out of a fierce river of liquid fire that streamed down into the lake, and burned even out on the water. The fisherman was badly burnt, hair, beard and eyelashes almost singed off; but still he thought of rescue. "Fire at that miserable little chip that holds it," he cried; "fire, since you can't hit it otherwise. Oh, for an asbestos suit, and I would have steyed." They fired pistol and gun with no effect, till the lawyer, out in the skiff with Bill, got his rifle sighted to the point in the blue flame, where he thought the preventing ridge ought to be. He fired at close range, the ball hit the rock projection, and at once the great block slid away into the lake, with a splash that damped the flames with a column of spray, and revealed an awful corridor of fire. No living creature was there, but the detective, dipping his feet in the lake, took a boat hook out of the returning skiff, and then, standing in the flames, hauled out two charred masses, and extinguished them in the shallow water by the shore.

Mr. Terry came running down and crying: "Out on the wather wid yeez, ivery mother's son av yeez; the foire's spreadin' an' the threes is fallin'; fer yer loife, min." Mr. Bangs, still in command, asked:—

"How many will the skiff howld, Bill?"

"Seven, anyway," replied the Richards of that name.

"Mr. Coristine and Mr. Terry take commend and choose crew."

"Come, Matilda and Monty," said the lawyer.

"Come on, Sylvanus, Timotheus, Rufus," cried Mr. Terry.

"I'll row," said the Irishman.

"And me, too," added Sylvanus.

"Look after my prisoner, Mr. Bangs," cried Rufus; and the skiff went out to sea.

Bill transferred himself to the scow, with his brother Harry and Mr. Bigglethorpe. The detective lifted the two charred masses to the opposite side of the middle thwart from that against which the prisoner lay. Then, Bill and Bigglethorpe having taken the bow, he and Harry took the stern, and the scow followed the skiff. For a time the two boats stood stock still, fascinated by the awful scene. The explosions were over, but the forest was blazing fiercely, and up towards the smouldering buildings, but underground, blazed a vault of blue fire that reached up to the standing brick chimney of Rawdon's house. Hundreds of animals were in the water around them, squirrels and snakes and muskrats, even mice, swimming for dear life. Then, pitter, patter, came the rain, hissing on the flames. It fell more heavily; and the lawyer, having doffed his coat to row, threw it over the woman's shoulders, while Mr. Terry put that of Sylvanus about the boy. "Lead on, Mr. Coristine," cried the detective; and the skiff shot through the narrows, with the punt hard after it. The rain fell in torrents and drenched the occupants of both vessels; but those whose faces were towards the stern could see the bush-fire still raging. "The rain'll stop it spreadin'," Bill called out cheerfully, and the lawyer rejoiced, because the fire was on Miss Du Plessis' land. Long was the journey, tired were the rowers and paddlers, and draggled was the crew, or rather draggled were the crews, that reached the Richards' homestead. The prisoner was awake by this time, had been so all along since he was deposited in the punt, and a paddle had splashed his face. When walked ashore, he had made a dash for liberty, but Mr. Bangs had brought him up short. "Yore in too great a herry, Merk Davis," he had said; "we went you, my men, and we'll hev you, dead or alive." So Mark Davis, since that was the name of Wilkinson's dissipated farmer, had to fall into line and march to the Richards' place. There the party found Maguffin and the constable.

The colonel's servant had been much closer to the conflagration, but, having seen no sign of any person there, nothing but a number of startled horses, and the fire having taken possession of the sides of the masked road, he had retired to the nearest house. He at once enquired after the safety of Mr. Terry and the lawyer, and, finding that they and all the rest of the party were safe, rode back at his utmost speed to report. The constable, rejoiced at seeing his prisoners again, was about to rearrest them, when Coristine and Sylvanus interposed, the latter threatening to thrash the pipe-clay out of the pensioner's "old petrified joints" if he touched the boy. The crew meant petrified, but the insult was no less offensive to the corporal on account of the mistake. As a private individual in the Squire's kitchen, Mr. Rigby was disposed to peace and unwilling to engage in a contest with big-boned Sylvanus, but, as a constable on duty, he was prepared to face any number of law-breakers and to fight them to the death. Drawing his baton, he advanced, and only the commands of his legal superior, Mr. Bangs, backed by the expostulations of the pseudo sergeant-major Terry, induced him to refrain from recapturing his former prisoners, and

from adding to them the profane Pilgrim who had been guilty of interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duty. Finally he was mollified by being put in possession of a really great criminal, Mark Davis, whom he at once searched and deprived of various articles, including a revolver, all the chambers of which were fortunately empty. Then, producing his own revolver, the corporal gave it to his prisoner to smell, remarking that, if he tried any nonsense, he would have a taste of it that he would remember. Mrs. Richards was busy reducing the inflammation of Mr. Bigglethorpe's burns. She insisted that he should go no farther that night, and the whole Richards family, which had greatly taken to the fisherman, combined to hold him an honoured prisoner. Mr. Bigglethorpe consented to remain, and the Bridesdale contingent bade him and his hosts good night. The constable went first with his prisoner, followed by Matilda Nagle, between the lawyer and the detective. Monty came next, clinging to Sylvanus and Mr. Terry, while Timotheus and Rufus brought up the rear. Mrs. Richards had furnished the woman and her boy with two shiny waterproofs, called by the young Richards gum coats, so that Coristine and Sylvanus got back their contributions to the wardrobe of the insane, but, save for the look of the thing, they would have been better without them, since they only added a clammy burden to thoroughly water-soaked bodies.

Still the rain fell in torrents. It trickled in many rills off the penthouses of the pedestrians' headgear; from the lapels of coats and from waistcoats it streamed down, concentrating itself upon soggy knees. Broad sheets, like the flow of a water-cart, radiated from coat tails of every description; and rivers descending trouser-legs, turned boots and shoes into lakes, which sodden stocking feet pumped out in returning fountains. Happily there was no necessity for using gun or pistol, since these weapons shared in the general pervading moisture. Yet the corporal marched erect, with his left hand on his prisoner's shoulder. Poor Matilda was cheerful, though shivering, and, turning round to her boy, said: "It is a good thing, Monty, that we lit the fire when we did, for it would be very hard to light one now;" to which the lad answered, "I hain't a goin' to light no more fires no more." Sylvanus and the veteran had been telling him what a bad thing it was to set houses on fire, and the hypnotized boy, freed apparently from the mesmeric bond by the death of his unnatural father, responded to the counsels of his new friends. The influence lasted longer with Matilda, for as, in spite of the absorbing rain, her companions were able to make a study of her talk, they observed that it was controlled by one or two overmastering ideas, which were evidently the imposition of a superior will. In his dog-Latin, which he presumed the poor woman could not understand, Mr. Bangs said to the lawyer: "*Oportet dicere ad Doctorem dehypnotizere illem feminem.*" To this elegant sentence Mr. Coristine briefly answered, "*Etiā,*" but soon afterwards he asked: "Where did you pick up your Latin, Mr. Bangs?"

"I wes at school, you know where, with pore Nesh; *mulier nescit nomen.* We both took to Letin, because we could talk without being understood by the common crowd. You find *velgar* criminals thet know some French, German, Spenish or Portegese, bet none thet know Letin. In dealing with higher class criminals we used our own gibberish or artificial shibboleth."

"A sort of Volapuk?"

"Exectly; pore Nesh was ohfelly clever et it."

"I am going to kill Mr. Nash as soon as I can find him," interrupted the woman, in an amiable tone of voice, as if she proposed to discharge some pleasant duty.

The men shuddered, and Mr. Bangs said: "You know, my dear Matilda, what the Bible says, Thou shalt not kill. You surely would not kemmit the sin of merder?"

"I am not to mind what the Bible says, or what Steevy says, or what clergymen or any other people say. I am only to do what he says, and I must."

"Did he tell you to light thet fire?"

"Not that fire, but the other said it was cold down there."

"Why did he not come up?"

"Because I covered the trap over with the big-stones, and Monty helped me."

"Surely he didn't tell you to dreg the stones on to the trap?"

"Yes, he did, but not then. It was before, when Flower wanted to get up, and crawl away and tell, because he thought he was going to die."

"Was Flower down there with him?"

"Yes; that's why Monty and I put the big stones on the trap."

"Flower was hert, wesn't he, shot in the beck, I think?"

"Yes; he crawled in all the way on his hands and knees, and I helped his wife to tie him up, till the doctor came, the morning that I found Steevy."

"How do you know thet Stephen wes esleep?"

"He told me."

"*Deminus Coristinus, mulier non est responsabilis pro suis ectionibus. Facit et credit omnia qua mendet enimel mertuus.*"

"*Eheu domine!*" replied the lawyer; "*sic est vita dolorosa!*"

Bridesdale was all lit up, and the front door was open to receive the soaked wayfarers, but no one could be induced to enter it. Mr. Terry asked Honoria to leave his dry suit and a pair of shoes at the kitchen, when he would

take them to the carriage house, and change there. The lawyer and the detective had no dry suit, so Mrs. Carruthers brought them some of her husband's clothes, and two umbrellas, under which they carried their bundles, wrapped in bath towels, to the place the veteran had chosen. While the three drawing-room guests stripped, rubbed themselves down with the grateful towels, and put on their dry attire, the kitchen filled up with the humid and steaming Pilgrims, Rufus, the idiot boy, and his mother. Constable Rigby lodged his prisoner on some straw in an empty stall in the stable, and, producing a pair of handcuffs, which he had left there, secured him, fastening also a stall chain round one of his legs with a padlock. The constable was severe, but he had lost two prisoners the previous day, had been abused by Sylvanus Pilgrim, and was very wet and tired. To the credit of Sylvanus be it said, that he came out with Ben Toner's clothes, and lent them to his elderly rival, and actually carried the corporal's wet garments into the kitchens, there to hang with a large assortment of others, drying before the two stoves, in full blast for the purpose. The gum coats had fairly protected the clothes of Matilda and Monty, but their feet needed reclothing, and it took some time to dry their heads. Maguffin had taken off his wet things, and was asleep in the loft bed, keeping one ear open for the safekeeping of the colonel's horses. Tryphena and Tryphosa were both up; and into their hands Rufus consigned the dripping habiliments of their two admirers as well as his own, his fraternal relation allowing him to appear before the ladies of the kitchen in a long white garment with frills that had never been constructed for a man. "Guess it ain't the last time you'll have to dry them clothes, gals," said the sportive Rufus, skipping along in his frilled surplice, when Tryphena chased him out of the apartment with a sounding smack between the shoulders. Tryphena hesitated to send the mad woman into the room in which Serlizer was sleeping, not knowing the nature of their relations at the Select Encampment. Matilda, however, evidenced no intention of retiring, or feeling of drowsiness. She talked, with the brightness and cheerfulness of other days, and in a gentle, pleasant voice, but on strange wild themes that terrified the two young women. Monty looked at the fire and then at Tryphosa, saying: "I hain't a goin' to light no more fires no more." "Why?" asked Tryphosa, and the answer came, which revealed a genuine working of the intellect: "'Cos Sylvy says hit's wicked." His mother turned, and said: "Monty, you must not mind what Sylvanus says or anybody else; you must mind what he says."

The boy looked his mother full in the face, and replied in a very decided tone, "Hi'm blowed hif I do!"

In the forepart of the house, only the ladies were up. The doctor and the colonel, the captain and the Squire, slept the sleep of tired men with good consciences, and the wounded dominie was enjoying a beautiful succession of rose coloured dreams, culminating in a service, at which a tall soldierly man in appropriate costume gave away into his hand that of a very elegant and accomplished lady, saying, as he did so, "Can I do less for the heroic savor of her uncle's life?" Mr. Terry's appearance, on entering to salute his daughter, exacted no remark. The lawyer looked somewhat bucolic, but highly respectable. But poor little Mr. Bangs was buried in clothing, and tripped on his overflowing trowser legs, as he vainly strove to put his right hand outside of its coat-sleeve, for the purpose of shaking hands with the company. Mrs. Carmichael took pity on him, and turned back his cuffs, and, his hands being thus of use to him, he employed them to do the same with the skirts of his trousers. The usually polite veteran took Coristine to a corner of the room, and, between violent coughs of suppressed laughter, said: "Och, Mither Coristine, it's the dumb aguey I'll be havin' iv his clawthes is not droied soon. It's Bangs by name he is and bangs by natur'. Shure, this bangs Banagher, an' Banagher bangs the world." The young ladies had not yet entered the apartment, and the three night-watchers were busy relating to the three matrons the terrible events of the night. The lawyer was sitting with his back to the door, conversing with Mrs. Carruthers, when Miss Carmichael came tripping in, followed by Miss Du Plessis and Miss Halbert. The lawyer's hair was brown, and so was her uncle's. The coat was the Squire's, and the white collar above it. So she slipped softly up to the back of the chair, took the brown head between her hands, and administered a salute on the forehead, with the words: "Why, Uncle John!—," then suddenly turned and fled, amid the laughter of the veteran and his daughter, and the amused blushes and smiles of her mother. The other young ladies came forward and joined in the conversation, but Miss Carmichael did not show her face until the family was summoned for prayers. The colonel came down in his usual urbane smiling way, saying that he had taken the liberty of looking in upon his dear friend and prisoner, and was rejoiced to find that he had spent a good night. The captain could be heard descending the staircase, and telling somebody that he was becalmed again with a spell of foul weather. The somebody was the Squire, who insisted that thieves had been through his wardrobe, and then eagerly asked for news from the encampment. All were shocked beyond measure when they heard of the terrible tragedy. "I wished the man no good," said the Squire, with a regretful expression on his manly face, "but, if he had been ten times the deep dyed villain he was, I couldn't have dreamt of such an awful fate for him." The captain remarked that in the

## A CANADIAN CALEDONIA.

midst of life we are in death, that the ways of Providence are mysterious, and that where a man makes his bed he must lie down, all of which he considered to be good Scripture and appropriate to the occasion. "Yoah fohee met with no moah casualties, I hope, Captain Bangs? I do not see our fishing friend, Mr. Bigglethorpe; is he safe, suh?" These questions led to an account of the fisherman's heroic attempt to release the self-imprisoned occupants of the underground passage, of his wounds, and of the subsequent exploits of the lawyer and the detective. Coristine escaped upstairs to put himself in shape for breakfast, and to visit his wounded friend. He found that gentleman progressing very favourably, and perfectly satisfied with his accommodation.

After morning prayers, conducted by the Squire with unusual solemnity, the lawyer asked Miss Carmichael if she alone would not shake hands with him, making no allusion to my previous encounter. She complied, with a blush, and seemed pleased to infer that the Captain, above all, had not heard of her mistake. The two had no time for explanations, however, as, at the moment, Messrs. Errol and Perrowne, who had been told there was a fire out towards the Lake Settlement, came in to learn about it, and were compelled to sit down and add something substantial to their early cup of coffee. They reported the rain almost over, and the fire, so far as they could judge from the distance, the next thing to extinguished. Once more the trays were in requisition for the invalids, and again the colonel and Mr. Perrowne acted as aids to Miss Du Plessis and Miss Halbert. Just as soon as he could draw her attention away from the minister, Coristine remarked to Miss Carmichael: "I have the worst luck of any man; I never get sick or wounded or any other trouble that needs nursing." The young lady said in a peremptory manner, "Show me your hands;" and the lawyer had to exhibit two not very presentable paws. She turned them palms up, and shuddered at the scorched, blistered and scratched appearance of them. "Where are Mr. Errol's gloves I put on you?"

"In the pocket of my wet coat in the kitchen."

"Why did you dare to take them off when I put them on?"

"Because I was like the cat in the proverbs, not that I was after mice you know, but I couldn't fire in gloves."

"Well, your firing is done now, and I shall expect you to come to me in the workroom, immediately after breakfast, to have these gloves put on again. Do you hear me, sir?"

"Yes."

"And what else? Do you mean to obey?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Carmichael, of course, always, with the greatest joy in the world."

"Nobody asked you, sir, to obey always."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Carmichael, I'm afraid I'm a little confused."

"Then I hope you will not put me to confusion, as you did this morning."

"I'm awfully sorry," said the mendacious lawyer, "but it was the coat and collar, you know." Then most illogically, he added, "I'd like to wear this coat and this collar all the time."

"No, you would not; they are not at all becoming to you. Oh, do look at poor Mr. Bangs!"

The detective's sleeves were turned back, thanks to Mrs. Carmichael, but, as he sat at breakfast, the voluminous coat sagged over his shoulder, and down came the eclipsing sleeve over his coffee cup. When he righted matters with his left hand, the coat slewed round to the other side, knocked his fork out of his hand, and fell with violence on the omelet. The Captain looked at him, and hawled: "I say, mate, you've got to have a reef took in your back topsel. You don't mind a bit of reef tackle in the back of your coat, do you, John?" The Squire did not object; so Miss Carmichael was despatched to the sewing room for two large pins, and she and the Captain between them pinched up the back of the coat longitudinally to the proper distance, and pinned the detective up a little more than was necessary.

"Whey," asked he of his nautical ally, "em I consistent es a cherecter in bowth phases of my borrowed cowt?"

"I know," chuckled the Captain; "'cause then you had too much slack on your pins, and now you've got too much pins in your slack, haw! haw!"

"Try again."

Coristine ventured, "Because then your hands were in your cuffs, but now your coffee's in your hand." This was hooted down as perfectly inadmissible, Miss Carmichael asking him how he dared to make such an exhibition of himself. Mr. Errol was wrestling with something like Toulouse and Toulon, but could not conquer it. Then the detective said: "If the ladies will be kind enough not to listen, I should answer, Before I wes loose in my hebts, end now I em tight."

Of course the Captain applauded, but the lawyer's reprover remarked to him that she did not think that last at all a nice word. He agreed with her that it was abominable, that no language was strong enough to reprobate it, and then they left the table.

(To be continued.)

By becoming more unhappy we sometimes learn how to be less so.—*Mme. Swetchine.*

THAT which history can give us best is the enthusiasm which it raises in our hearts.—*Goethe.*

THE island of Cape Breton is in its greater extent peopled by Highlanders. As the tourist steamers from the St. Lawrence arrive off its shores two towering headlands appear—Cape North, the most northerly point of the continent below the Gulf, and Cape Lawrence, its picturesque attendant. Their neighbourhood and sides are mountainous and deserted, here green with masses of untouched forest, there rising into a terrific hill, whose broken granite side shows it to be an ancient volcanic outburst ages ago congealed into a gnarled mountain of red rock. Cape Lawrence has for characteristic a lone and broken side. Cape North, a veritable "cape of storms," rises sheer in a vast peak, up which the eye follows admiringly its smooth pelt of tawny green and its side clothed with the splendid sheeny verdure of true primeval woods, almost the rarest of things in America now.

For hours we steam rapidly enough past the mountainous cliffs all over this region, meeting scarcely a sight of humanity, save a tiny fisherman's house or two perched on the cliffs at the mouth of some river. In the wild bay between Capes North and Lawrence there is a small settlement. A distant fishing-smack flies to it across the great Atlantic waves. The mighty North Cape rounded, a little harbour comes in sight, consisting only of the shelter of a small rugged island, and behind this on the cliff a few houses perched. It is Antigonish. Nothing could be more like one's dream of some north of Scotland fishing hamlet. Could we land, we should find a community shut away from the world, speaking Gaelic, practising all the arts of his Highland ancestors and keeping their traditions in large part intact. Their nearest market, the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, far away by the coast of Newfoundland; their means of communication with the outer-world only small rude fishing-smacks. Yet scattered among the mountains behind the shore live some 30,000 souls.

Sailing far past and into the harbour of Sydney—one of the very finest in the world—we pass over 300 coal-miners working half a mile under the sea, and run forty-five miles down the Bras d'Or Lakes between hills to the Grand Narrows. All this country is as Scotch as Perth and Inverness. Cape Breton is shaped like a lobster cut off at the waist, by the Strait of Canso. All the centre is then eaten out by multiplied arms of the Bras d'Or. The long narrow passage, like a river, down which we come is known as the Little Bras d'Or. At "the Narrows" it draws closer for a few hundred yards and then spreads out southward into Great Bras d'Or Lake. Here there is a most comfortable and well-kept hotel in a quiet locality, the property of a very active man, H. McDougall, M.P., who also owns the hamlet and many other possessions around. A thick-set man with heavy black beard is to be seen running about taking a hand in everything—giving orders here for his cod-drying sheds, there to the steamer which has just landed his lumber, serving a farmer or boarder at his store, jumping on the omnibus which carries passengers from the train to dinner at his hotel, pushing off a lobster-boat, or driving a horse, not ashamed to do any kind of work, he is an example to his countrymen, who all look up to him for guidance. It was he who obtained for them the Cape Breton branch of the Inter-colonial Railway—an inestimable boon as it turns out; and I think to yet be a paying investment in tourist traffic for Canada. Nearly everybody in the neighbourhood is of the clan McNeill. They all emigrated soon after 1800, as a clan emigration. The year 1811 they call "McNeill's year, the year the woods fell," referring to a great storm in which many trees were blown down.

It is strange to find oneself so completely among the Highlands—as amid these rolling hills, these houses perched up on them, the wiry black cattle, the women working in the fields, the little Gaelic collie-dogs. The peninsula opposite, nearly all owned by "Chief" McDougall, is named Iona. Only the tam and plaid are missing from the illusion. The people are all Roman Catholics. The Celtic politeness is seen in many a kindness from men met on the road—the volunteered opening of a gate, the civil answer to an enquiry, the "Camarashavidu" of greeting and the "Clayvah" which replies to it. It is strange to find women speaking no English, and a man who addresses ladies as "sir!" They call no man by his family name but by his own name, his father's and his grandfather's, superimposed; as "Ian Alaster Gillespie"—John, son of Alexander, son of Archibald. Over the hill is a family known as the Pipers—bag-pipers, women and all, because the forefather was a piper by profession. Second sight is believed in. The Scotch mist comes down upon us as we climb to the top of the nearest ridge and look about us on the beautiful blue stretches of the arms of the Bras d'Or. Only one thing more is needed as a climax: an old steamer blows its rusty whistle at the landing in one of those up-and-down unearthly wheezes that such occasionally make. "Well, if this is not a Highland country whatever!" exclaims one of our party, "where even the steamships play the bag-pipes!"

Cape Breton will soon become a great tourist country. It is on the line of march northwards of the great Atlantic resort routes which have been gradually extending from the Portland neighbourhood by Mount Desert, and later by New Brunswick and the Land of Evangeline. There is a considerable demand for the continuation of the railway from Sydney on to the harbour and ruins of Louis-

bourg, whose great historical associations are an attraction of much weight, and as soon as that line is carried through, the Bras d'Or Lakes, and Cape Breton generally, will, without question, become very fashionable. The Americans are proud of Louisbourg as being a New Englanders' conquest and take more real interest in it than in Quebec, but hitherto it has been only reached by a drive of fifty miles. Now the C.P.R. men are prospecting the region, and will open it up. They are however trying to obtain the site of Louisbourg itself from the Dominion Government so as to control both the ruins and the harbour, a magnificent one. This part of their desire should never be allowed. At the same time a stop should be put to a pernicious local practice of quarrying the ruins for the local building purposes of the neighbourhood.

ALCHEMIST.

## PARIS LETTER.

IT was asserted that Gambetta inaugurated the policy of colonial expansion for France, in order to prevent his countrymen dangerously concentrating their attention on home questions more or less of an incendiary character. Had that patriot been alive to-day, he would have witnessed that a superior safety valve lay in Turk-head hammering at John Bull. Happily the badgering is confined to prose, and hard words break no bones; poor old John is slow to wrath, slow to anger, and so long as nothing injures him he allows the intelligent foreigner to expatiate with a forty Boanerges power on the text, *Delenda est Britannia*, an *Air connu* in France. He knows that Monsieur will not the less fail to supply him with forty-seven million pounds sterling of French goods and products annually, taking as little as he can in exchange, but not the less representing the half of what John Bull buys from him every year. Every anglophobist in France knows perfectly well on which side his bread is buttered.

The present fashionable hue and cry against England is not the Egyptian question, but that of Morocco. The British ambassador as representing the nation that handles three-fourths of the total trade of that Sultanate, not unnaturally took the lead to negotiate trade relations where every commercial country would benefit *ex equo*. Fez barbarism—Morocco is the last of the Barbary States, caused the rupture of the negotiations, and the French indulge in a diplomatic *Te Deum* over the collapse. In the game of land-grabbing, England and France can never be partners; the latter when in possession of a "take" puts a prohibitory tax on all imports save her own; England never does so, and so long as she has the right to freely trade, she is not in need of new territory. Whatever may be the Poland fate of Morocco, two facts may be viewed as settled in advance; England will have and hold Tangiers, and will maintain on the Atlantic border free trading ports for all comers to transport their products into Western Soudan, as she holds the same keys of liberty for unlocking Eastern Soudan. The first inch of territory, the first stone of a fortress taken by a foreign power in Morocco, will cause the big European explosion, according to the best judges, that many expect it was the natural right of Bulgaria to produce.

As dogs dream of bones and fishermen of fish, so Parisians and sojourners have visions only of Seine water and its consequence, cholera. They care very little whether the plague be autochthonic or Asiatic, whether the diabolic microbe be baptized after Koch or Pasteur; it kills all the same. To "sterilize" the Seine water for those who cannot boil it, a pinch of alum in a quart of the black draught will cause the microbes to fall to the bottom to rise no more; if the purified fluid after resting a while be run over a bed of iron filings, hardly any of the animal cubes will escape; a cubic inch of the water that contained 1,300 of the *petit* wrigglers will, after being thus treated, have none at all, or not more than twenty at most. This method, *sterilisee*, is at present employed for all the school fountains. The toppers now, when brought before the police magistrates, swear by the head of their mothers that they were hydropotes till the Municipal Council poisoned the sovereign people with the river water, and which is duly classed among the dangerous "liquids." In large doses water produces drowning, but it is only after several centuries that small doses have been discovered to generate typhoid, diphtheria and cholera. Pascal, who discovered the wheel-barrow, described rivers to be moving highways; to-day they are the roads prepared by microbes. The latter are now treated as heretics; they are boiled in the water where they live and move—stewed, as Bismarck before joining journalism would say, in their own juice. No lady who values her beauty would employ water for toilette purposes, till it was first purified by fire.

The Municipal Council, though always in boiling water, as the Prefect de Police can testify, could not, however, be expected to furnish boiling water to households; there are companies that supply steam for chamber artizans, and coloric for needle-women's rooms at so much per hour, but for hot baths alone it would be impossible, and bathing dresses and colecons are no hygienic protections in swimming establishments. In the age of Louis XIV. the grand ladies relied on powders and pomatums rather than washings, and when the king himself took a bath—an event daly announced in the official journal as religiously as when he patronized an aperient—it was the apothecary who arrived with a bucket of water. In the days of the first Napoleon, there was no time to make a toilette: people

A BUDDHIST HYMN-BOOK.

made such with their knuckles as French school boys do to this day. It is claimed for Louis Philippe that he introduced into France the making up of linen, at least to the extent of the shirt collar, all that was visible; like Chateaubriand, his majesty when in exile and a schoolmaster made up his own dicky. His grandson the Comte de Paris, since his "eternal friendship" with Boulanger, had never had a change of linen. Hood alludes when on the Continent, having had to wash himself with "invisible soap in invisible water." But he had no one to wash him; "Good morning, have you tried," etc. A wash basin in France formerly was about the capacity of a breakfast bowl; at present the tub principle is preferred; the Sitz shape is adopted by the sedentary classes, and the upright model, by Alpine climbers and pedestrians. In a few of the suburbs the municipalities supply boiling water gratis; why not distribute a little tea, and, with bread for nothing, realize the ideal of a free breakfast table?

For M. Messim Bénisti—may his name be *béni*—has brought out a journal to advocate the supply of our daily bread for nothing; we must obtain the *circenses* ourselves, by studying the philanthropist for example. M. Bénisti does not go into the details of how even "seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny" can be arranged, but his article has a "to be continued in our next" conclusion, so *qui vivra, vena*. Other social bonbons promised: justice to be administered gratis, and laws' delays abolished; marriage is to be obligatory, and women are to have the right to become bailiffs. A few weeks ago, law-doctoress and political economist Mdlle. Chaurin demanded that the fair sex should be allowed to "become bold sojer boys," the chums of Tommy Atkins.

The Municipal Council received in State, Lt. Mizon, and allowed him to have a full fling at *perfidie Albion*. M. Mizon in his sixteen months' exploration of the Upper Niger and German Hinterland has spoiled his travels by his abuse of the Niger Company's officials; his letters of grateful thanks to the latter, coupled with the facts that his voyages in no way affected England, nor his discoveries their possessions, render the attacks the more strange. The Niger is open to all nations to traverse, and in trade competition France cannot undersell the British. As for native rulers preferring one nation to the other, it is a distinction without a difference. It is to be hoped the lieutenant's crusade may result in cracking up capitalists here to plant down money for a French Niger Company. In America, to secure the Irish vote, candidates must give a few twists to the British Lion's tail. It is to be wished M. Mizon may be able to adopt the peaceful system of explanation up to and beyond Lake Tchad, as indicated to him by Livingstone, Cameron and other Anglo-explorers. Colonel Atchinard as well as Stanley would reply, it is not always possible to apply the Sermon on the Mount doctrines in Senegassbia or Arunhimi, while remaining not the less good whitemen though of different nationalities.

Now that France is officially pledged to an international exhibition in 1900, which ought to signify eight years of peace, the question debated is the site. Opinion desires a change from the Champ de Mars and the Trocadero, and, as money is no object, it is on the cards that the spot selected will run from the old Ranelagh Gardens into the Bois de Boulogne, in a direct line with Mt. Valerian. Distance would not be objected to if the promoters secure ample transport accommodation. No great novelty has yet been discovered, but, as a paper is to be started that will give prizes for the best exhibition notions, a plentiful crop of projects may be expected.

The exhibits at the Inland Navigation congress are as old as Methuselah, except the model by a Belgian machinist, who dispenses with costly locks on canals, their delay to transport, etc. By simple hydraulic pressure, the barge and its cargo, representing a total weight of 1,000 tons, is raised as if a floating dock from the lower to the higher level, while the same movements lower a second barge.

The monument, or as it is called the "mausoleum," of Gambetta, in the Place du Carrousel, has always been viewed by artists as an eye-sore and out of place; that it is neither in point of taste nor history in its proper milieu. It is proposed to mask the shortcomings of the vista by planting trees, in order to line each side of the Louvre Palace, so as to form a horse-shoe sweep round the monument.

GALATEA.

DREAM-symbol of the artist's prayerful yearning,  
Type of the unborn loveliness to be.—  
Ah! may the gods grant life,—and fair discerning  
To wonder-smitten souls that throng to see.

J. H. BROWN.

"I HAVE seen happiness," says a traveller. "In Naples there is a long sea wall, with a broad top. On one side is the bay, on the other the mountain. You know the sun generally shines in Italy, and you have read how brightly, how gently, how deliciously it shines. Well, every day thousands of Neapolitans come down to this wall and stretch themselves on it, and lie there in a line several miles long from early in the morning until sunset. They scarcely move. They breathe gently. They doze. They look at you with unspeakable content in their eyes if you pass within easy range of them. It takes only a little fruit, a little wine and the fewest rags to make life possible. Their wives do all the work. They enjoy. I envy them."

IF it be in any sense true that *lex orandi* is to be considered as *lex credendi*, not only with Christians, but also with those non-Christian religions with which our more aggressive faith is being daily brought into contact, then the *Jodo Wasan* parts of which are here for the first time, I believe, presented to an English-speaking public, ought to be of great importance in helping us to arrive at a right estimation of the theistic Buddhism of Japan and the Far East.

The *Jodo Wasan* is the recognized hymnal of the Shinshū sect of Japanese Buddhists, and dates from the thirteenth century of our era. It is, therefore, a venerable collection of hymnology. It has the further merit of being in daily use at the present time, the order of service in the *Shinshū* temples being roughly as follows: First, a reading from the *Sutras*, the scriptures of the sect; then a portion of the *Wasan* or hymnal, composed by Shinran, is chanted; then comes the reading from the *Gobunshō* (the Epistles of Rennyo Shōnin). It may, therefore, be fitly taken as a standard book of the Shinshū sect, both devotionally and doctrinally.

The edition from which the hymns translated below are taken, is published at Kyōto, the headquarters of the Shinshū sect, and is an authorized edition. It contains the following matter:—

I. The Shōshinge, which is a summary of the Buddhist Creed, together with a history of the development of the Buddhist Church and its introduction into Japan. This would seem to come (as the Apostles' Creed does in our English daily office) after the Lessons from the *Sutras* and immediately before the chanting of the *Wasan*.

II. A prayer called *Gwan-i-shiku-zoku*, or "benediction."

III. The Confession, which is apparently made after the sermon.

IV. A list of sentences from the *Sutras* upon which the hymns in this collection are based. These quotations are, of course, made from the Chinese version of the original Sanskrit texts.

V. The hymns of the *Jodo Wasan*, arranged according to subjects, and according to the *Sutras* from which the Sanskrit fundamental texts are taken.

Of the hymns which I have quoted in this paper I have given some in a verse translation, some in a more bald and literal prose. Before going farther it would, perhaps, be well for me to state that my object in giving a verse translation was not to air poetic gifts which I do not possess, but to show how closely Christian and Buddhist hymnology might be made to run together. Hymnology is becoming one of the practical needs of the Christian Churches in Japan. A study of the *Jodo Wasan* may be of the greatest utility to the hymn writers of the newer faith.

In my verse translation I have freely translated Buddhist terms by their cognate Christian theological expressions. The first line of the first hymn,

Since Mida's great Ascension-tide,

will serve me as an example.

The Sinico-Japanese *jobutsu* points to the "attaining of the Buddha-hood"—the "perfecting of Amida"—his attainment to that condition in which he was free henceforth from all necessity of birth and death, and consequently of sorrow and pain, and free, therefore, to work out the deliverance of man according to his vow. The corresponding period (if we may be allowed to speak thus with reverence) in the life of Our Lord is the period when, His manhood having been made perfect through suffering, and all that was corruptible having been put off Him in the grave, He ascended up to where He was before, to a position in which, free forever from the dominion of death, He still interferes actively in the destinies of mankind, and saves to the uttermost those that come unto God through Him.

I have, therefore, translated the *Mida-jobutsu* of the Japanese hymn by "Mida's great Ascension tide," hoping thereby to emphasize the correspondence that I find between the Mida of Buddhist legend and the Christ of the Christian Verities. What, then, is the Buddhist *Amida*?

In ages so remote that the human mind scarce can reach to them Amida or Mida (a name which is, as is well known, a corruption of Amitabha or Amitayus, "immeasurable light and life") was a man.

A man, and yet more than a man—he is described in hymn No. 4 as "absolute existence," and words are used of him which irresistibly call to one's mind the words applied in the Old Testament to the Invisible, Unchangeable God:—

O absolute Existence, Thou  
Eternal Great "I am."

More than that, he is invested with qualities which bring him very near to the Catholic description of the Almighty. He is a

Triad of love and life and light,  
A Buddha, one in three.

He is described as the source of life. From him there flows to earth a life, which is originated in light, a life which is withheld from none, but which comes eternally from Him who is the Lord of abundance (*Nyō ō-butun*).

Through this Amida men obtain salvation. His "glorified body," "shining in space 'twixt earth and

1. This is a strong expression, but I think the original will bear it.

heaven" (might we not call it a "mediator between God and man"?) is the centre from which there flows "salvation" from birth and death, from pain and doubt, from ignorance and sin, to all those who with steadfast faith are joined to him.

When Shaka (Sākya muni, the historic Buddha) speaks, he speaks not of himself, but only the truths that he has learned from Mida, whose incarnation he is. And without faith in Mida's power none can enter the pure land of rest, nor meet the "coming of the Lord" (*Nyorai no Kōse—ἐπιφάνεια τοῦ κυρίου*).

There is little doubt to my mind that we have here in Amida, as he comes before us in Japanese and Chinese Buddhism, an imperfect revelation of God, and that the first preachers of Amida, as well as the composers of the Amida-Books (by which I mean the books which tell of Amida), must have had some idea of the truth of God and of salvation. That it is not an echo of Christianity seems clear from the fact that nothing is said of the Cross and the Resurrection, two points in our Lord's life which could not well have been lost from sight. It may be that the Amida-legend is the result of Israelism, that it represents the teachings carried into the far East by the deported tribes. It may be that it springs from the teaching of some of the Gnostic sects, who, as we know, very often explained away the fact of the Passion.

Whatever explanation we may accept (I do not feel myself in a position to give or accept any), it is plain that in the Amida doctrines we have a great substratum of Catholic truth. The question to my mind is, how to use it?

It is plain that we cannot treat the Amida worship otherwise than gently. There is nothing revolting or dreadful about it. It is no Hindoo *Kali* with blood-stained tongue seeking to be appeased with human sacrifices. There are no licentious orgies connected with the cult of the "Lord of life and light that looks down upon his people." It is distinctly a pure, contemplative, elevating system, which, when carried out strictly and honestly, has an ennobling effect on the devotee. The undoubted fact that a great many Buddhist priests are terrible rogues, who will swindle a foreigner over a curio or a lodging, has nothing to do with the truth of the system. It is an equally undoubted fact that a good many Christian preachers are rogues also. We must look at the system, not the men, in each case; and as Christians we are safe enough in our position to be able to treat the Amida-cult with the greatest generosity, with the same generosity that the more liberally minded of the Christian Fathers displayed towards the ennobling portions of Greek philosophy, leading men to Christ rather by sympathy than by terror.

And it is equally clear that we cannot deal sympathetically with any system that we have not studied.

I put forth, therefore, a plea for a more distinct study of the Oriental religions, and that not merely in universities but in theological and missionary colleges. I should further venture to suggest that, in the case of missionary candidates, the special mission field be, as far as possible, selected from the beginning of the period of training, and that the course of studies be arranged with a view to that special field. It is too late to commence these studies after arriving in the country to which one is sent. The missionary then is the accredited servant of the Church, and he has no time for such studies, neither is he in a position to avail himself of his opportunities. The doors of Buddhist learning, *e.g.*, are, not unnaturally, closed to the missionary student. But, in these days of grammars and dictionaries, would it be impossible to commence our special studies at the very commencement of our missionary training?

Would it be impossible to give the missionary student a three years' course at a theological seminary, with a special view to his future sphere of work, and embracing, in addition to the usual theological subjects, special studies for special work?

For instance we will suppose the case of a man whose purpose it is to devote himself to work in Japan. He would take during his first year at college Chamberlain's Handbook of the Colloquial Japanese, learn the Syllabaries and the Chinese radicals. He could in addition study the S.P.C.K. manual of Buddhism and certain selections from the Buddhist *Sutras* in the Sacred Books of the East. In his second year he might advance to Chamberlain's Grammar of the Written Language, the more common Chinese Letters, and the reading by means of Romanized texts, *etc.*, of some of the shorter Buddhist books, such as the *Dai-Hannya-Haramita Kyo* which is one of the first text books a Buddhist priest would put into the hands of an enquirer. In his third year, with proper assistance, he might be helped through the "*Gobunshō*" of Rennyo Shōnin, and one or two other of the more popular Japanese Buddhist treatises; and on his arrival in Japan his previous Oriental studies would be a help and not a hindrance to his acquirement of the living tongue. It is true, the contemplation of a course of study like this might also act as a deterrent. But, then, deterrents have their use as well as stimulants.

Such preparatory studies would facilitate the commencement of a work which must sooner or later be undertaken by the missionary church—the institution of special missions for the benefit of the heathen priesthoods, and especially, in Japan, for the Buddhist clergy, whose influence against Christianity is still very powerful,—and who are still, in the estimation of the great bulk of the people, the religious teachers of the nation.

It is a work which not many could undertake. It is a

work that must be undertaken, under the shadow of the Cross it is true, but also under the shadow of the bookcase. It can be done only by the dissemination of literature, pamphlets, etc., bearing on the sacred literature of Buddhism itself, and showing (for it can be shown) that Buddhism has its logical development in Christianity, and that Amida is in truth nothing else but the shadow cast on the path of man by the living substance Christ.

It is, on the other hand, a work which could be very largely done at home,—nay, which can be done better here than in the midst of the excitement of the mission field. To enunciate principles, to work out facts, especially theological ones, requires leisure, and freedom from controversy. The missionary on active service has seldom much leisure and is never free from controversy. And when the main portion of the work is done, translators of average ability are not hard to obtain, printing is cheap, and a postal guide would enable us to reach every priest in Japan.

Whilst on this subject of special studies I may perhaps be allowed to digress a little, in order to point out the striking resemblances of thought and expression that exist between Buddhism and Swedenborgianism. The Swedish seer is very little read, and perhaps less understood, and therefore perhaps it is not so strange that the analogies between the two systems should not hitherto have been pointed out. But the student has only to work through the indices to some of Swedenborg's works (and I may add that the patience of his admirers has furnished him with excellent indices) to be struck with the wonderful resemblances. He will find Swedenborg agreeing with the Buddhist philosopher in his conceptions of heaven and earth and hell—heaven with its three grades and its wonderfully constituted order, hell (or rather the *hells*) with innumerable varieties according to the varieties of the love of evil. Swedenborgian angels, and for that matter satans too, i.e., men in their ultimate developments of good and evil, are wonderfully like to the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas and demons of the Oriental mysticism. The western mystic interprets Holy Scripture by a system of correspondences, which would make every word a parable "an earthly word with a heavenly meaning"—so does the mystic of the Zen sect. Both maintain the eternity of matter and form; both protest against our popular conception of creation and assert that *ex nihilo nil fit*; and Swedenborg's conception of the Trinity is one which would not be impossible for a Buddhist to accept. A careful comparison of the two systems will reveal more and equally striking analogies, especially metaphysical ones. It would be very strange if in the providence of God the visions of Emmanuel Swedenborg should be found to contain the key for a successful attack on the deeply-rooted system of the East. But it would not be the first time that God has overruled heresy.

But to return to the Buddhist hymnal. The translations of the first five hymns are versified. These hang together and appear in the Japanese text as hymns in praise of Amida. The other is a hymn in praise of the Pure Land and is based upon texts from the Amida Kyo and other Sutras. I may add that in the transliteration of translation I have had the very valuable assistance of my friend and pupil, Mr. Masazo Kakuzen, formerly of the Keiogijiku College in Tokyo.

It remains for me to add a few words as to the hymns themselves, the date of their production, their author, and the sect whose doctrines they illustrate.

The doctrines of Amida and his Pure Land (i.e., the Paradise which he has specially prepared for his followers) seems first to have originated in Kashmir, from whence they came to China, and were from there introduced into Japan about A. D. 805.

The first sect that taught the doctrine of the Pure Land in Japan was the Tendai sect (still in possession *inter alia* of the shrines at Nikko, and the great temple of Asakusa in Tokyo). This was followed in the twelfth century by the Jodo sect, founded by Genku and still in possession of the beautifully situated Zoji in Shiba, Tokyo.

Both the Tendai and the Jodo sects are what may be called ritualistic sects. Their priests practise religious austerities and deal in charms, amulets and relics.

The Jodo Shinshu sect ("True Sect of the Pure Land") was founded by Shinran Shonin as a protest against its predecessors. Rejecting penance, austerities and all such elements of superstition, the Jodo sect sets forth salvation as attainable only through faith in the power implied in the Name of Amida Buddha.

It is not, therefore, a *sine qua non* with the Shinshu sect, as it is with other sects, that he who would attain to salvation should abstain from marriage, forsake his home and renounce flesh eating and become a monk. The Shinshu system prides itself on being the "popular system." "The Sovereign who installs his Consort and partakes of his royal viands, attains salvation. The commoner, who possesses a wife and eats flesh, attains salvation. Shall the Holy Path be different for them? Although the sins of the unenlightened be many, if these be contrasted with the Power of the Vow they are not as a grain of millet to the ocean. The eating of flesh, the having of wives, are nothing to speak of. A stone is by nature heavy: if you precipitate it into the water, it inevitably sinks, but if you place it upon a ship, it assuredly floats. The sins of the unenlightened are heavy: if you precipitate them on the *Three Worlds* they inevitably

sink: but if you place them on the ship of the Vow, they assuredly become light. The merit of living beings is full of leaks. Mida's land of reward has no leaks. With the merit which is full of leaks, you cannot be born into the land where there is no leaks."<sup>1</sup>

Another quotation from the same volume will give us an idea of Shinshu Buddhism as being, in intention at least, a world-religion:—

"It is said in the Patriarchs: 'Brothers within the four seas.' Faith by the power of Another proceeds from Mida. Thus Mida is Father and Mother: all within the four seas are brothers. The Chinese call foreigners barbarians: foreigners call Chinese uncivilized. Both we consider are wrong. Those who do not observe the relations of life are barbarians, without distinction of native and foreign. . . . The kindly relations of intercourse make the friend. Two persons, the same mind: their spirit is as dis-separated gold. One country, the same mind: a golden bowl without defect. All countries, the same mind: then first is attained perfect equity. The foundation of the same mind is the calling to remembrance of the One Buddha."

Shinran, the founder of the Shinshu, and the great preacher of Amida, the One Buddha, like Wesley and Luther, knew the value of hymnology. His hymn-book, like many other of the Shinshu books, and notably the Epistles of his descendant Rennyo, is written in fairly easy Japanese, not too hard to be understood by the laity, and contains in easy versified forms the summary of the doctrine as contained in the three books to which the sect attaches special importance. The hymns are metrical—the measure being very much like the "long measure" of our English hymnals. In the edition that I have used there are printed diacritical marks evidently intended as guides for chanting. I am sorry to say, however, that I have no clue whatever to the meaning of these diacritical marks.

The hymns which now follow I thought it best to group together at the end of my paper, rather than to separate them from one another by interspersed comments of my own.

## I.

1. Since Mida's great Ascension-tide  
Ten times ten thousand years have sped;  
Still from his body glorified  
His world-enlightening light is shed.
2. O praise with us His Wisdom's might,  
O praise the Life that earthward welled,  
Wisdom and Life that flow from Light—  
Wisdom and Life from none withheld.
3. Nought can restrain His power to save,  
Praise Him, ye saints, with joyful breath,  
To all alike He freely gave  
Freedom from birth and change and death.
4. Through space immense His light is seen,  
Like one bright cloud of holy fire;  
No darkness dims that light serene,  
That guideth all men, leading higher.
5. Holy and pure without compare,  
He doth our sinful load remove,  
O seek that Light with trustful prayer,  
And praise that everlasting love.
6. O Buddha's Light! O first of Light,  
O king of cleansing, guiding rays,  
O'er death's dark streams thou sav'st with might;  
Thy wondrous saving might we praise.

## II.

1. Thy Light of Truth surpasseth all,  
Before Thy Truth, Great Lord, we fall—  
Who once Thy Truth attaineth  
Saving and guidance gaineth.
2. Thy Light of mercy shineth far,  
Gracious and true thy mercies are;  
Where once thy mercy reigneth  
True peace of mind remaineth.
3. O Lord of Wisdom, praise to thee,  
From Buddhas, Saints, and Regions Three!—  
From Thee Pure Wisdom wellet  
And mists of doubt dispelseth.
4. Eternal Love, to Thee we pray  
Whose Love shines forth with changeless ray:  
He that Thy love believeth  
Deliverance receiveth.
5. O Lord, exceeding human sense,  
Mida, of Life and Light immense:  
Each Saint his voice appraiseth  
Thy saving Virtue praiseth.
6. O mystery of power and might,  
Essence Thyself of Life and Light!  
Saved by Thy power, O Nameless One,  
Saints praise Thee still while ages run.

## III.

1. Beyond the moon's nocturnal ray,  
Beyond the bright, bright sun,  
Beyond what Shaka's tongue could say  
Shineth the Brilliant One.
2. A countless number stand above,  
And praise His mercies given—  
Those who have heard of Mida's love  
And reached to Mida's heaven.
3. Great peace have they who love Thy lore,  
And enter Paradise,  
Whilst they that other Lords adore  
Are bound in sin and vice.
4. Storehouse of Mercy! praise to Thee  
For all Thy endless worth:—  
Thy love is as the boundless sea,  
And fills both heaven and earth.

<sup>1</sup> "Troup. Tenets of Shinshu. Transactions Asiatic Society of Japan." Vol. XIV. Part I., page. 14.

5. Triad of love and life and light,  
O Buddha, one in Three,  
Restless to save, protect, requite  
Those that are joined to Thee.

6. Thy Paradise who e'er attain  
And thence to earth return,  
Like Shaka, preach relief from pain  
And joy to those that mourn.

## IV.

1. O absolute Existence, Thou,  
Eternal, great "I am,"  
Before Thee saints and angels bow,  
And praise Thy Nameless Name.
2. Thy stored-up merit wondrous high,  
Thy Wisdom's heavenly lore  
That filleth earth and sea and sky  
Thy followers adore.
3. Thy face, O Lord, is Truth and Worth,  
Thy body glorified  
Shineth in space 'twixt heaven and earth,  
Formless and deified.
4. They that would reach Thy land of Peace,  
Believe with steadfast heart,  
No wavering doubt, no doubting stand  
In that pure land has part.
5. From the whole universe they come,  
From Heaven and Earth and Hell,  
Conjoined with Thee they seek Thy home—  
Thy virtue they love well.
6. O Lord of Everlasting Youth,  
Thy Covenant is sure;  
Grant to us, Lord, to know thy Truth,  
And hold Thy Faith secure.

## V.

1. Treasure of Wisdom, praise to Thee,  
Whose grace no creatures miss:—  
Thy vow hath set us sinners free  
And ope'd the gate of bliss.
2. Blissful Thy land, beyond the reach  
Of Shaka's eloquence,  
Who then is worthy Thee to preach,  
Nameless intelligence?
3. From Thee and from Thy blissful land  
Salvation free is given;  
And shall be so while time shall stand  
In hell and earth and heaven.
4. Thy Name, O Mida, frees from sin  
And speaks to man of peace,  
When Thy heart beats our heart within  
Then doubt and error cease.
5. Unscathed they pass the world's fierce fire  
That bear Thee in their breast,  
Extinguished lust and quenched desire,  
They enter now their rest.
6. From Shaka's land, from Ganges' plain  
From regions far and nigh,  
Buddhas and Saints and Holy men  
Praise Thy divinity.

N. B.—It is, perhaps, worth calling the reader's attention to the fact that Shinran was preaching salvation by Amida and his *Pure Land* almost exactly at the time when, in the West, St. Bernard was singing of the glories of the celestial Jerusalem,

O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect;  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect.

It may be only a chance coincidence. It is, to my mind, a sign of something more.

## HYMN BASED ON THE AMIDA KYO.

"1. Amida derives his name from the fact that he is always looking for those living beings that inhabit the numerous worlds of the ten quarters who offer their prayers unto him, and saves them.

"2. Buddhas as numerous as the sands and the dust, hating the small virtue that comes from the practice of a thousand good deeds, suggest to living beings that they should believe in the mysterious name of Amida.

"3. Buddhas throughout the universe, as numerous as the sands of the Ganges, preach doctrines hard of belief, and keep and explain the truths thereof, for the sake of the living beings of this wicked world.

"4. To the infamous and hard-hearted beings of this wicked world and in this wicked age, Buddhas as numerous as the sands of the Ganges give for their adoration the name of Amida.

"5. The fact that the Buddhas keep and explain the Truths to living beings proves the fulfilment of the merciful desires of Amida. He to whom strong faith is given should ever call to thankful remembrance the great mercy of Amida."

Note.—With this hymn may very suitably be compared the numerous hymns in any Christian hymn-book on the efficacy of the Holy Name of the Saviour, who is the true Lord of Immeasurable Light and Life, *e. g.*,

To the Name of our salvation  
Laud and honour let us pay.

Port Hope.

ARTHUR LLOYD.

An Irishman who had lately arrived in this country found a round bit of tin stamped with the name of a big brewery. A policeman, whom he consulted about it, told him for a joke that it was a five cent piece. So Pat went into a saloon and called for a beer. He drank it and shoved the piece of tin across the bar. The barkeeper pushed it back and said: "Why, man, that's tin!" And Pat replied: "Faith and is it tin? I thought it wor five; have a glass yourself thin."—*New York Tribune*.

<sup>1</sup> "The World of Desire, the World of Forms, the World of Abstractions."

THE RAMBLER.

TOMBSTONE literature might not be amiss in the present weather; however, it is not at hand. Election literature is. The English mind and character appear to be specially constituted with a view to squeezing all that is *naïf*, amusing and graphic out of a campaign, and without descending too often to the inglorious cartoons which mark our trans-Atlantic victories. Here is not a bad attempt at satire of a certain kind:—

AUCTION SALE EXTRAORDINARY.

Messrs. G—e, H—t, M—y and Co. beg to announce that they shortly expect to take over the business so successfully carried on by Salisbury, Balfour and Co. during the past six years, when they will have a large and varied stock of articles to offer for sale. The following are some of the leading lines:—

Lot 1.—A large lot of England's honour. This magnificent lot is of Salisbury's own manufacture, and, as it must be cleared out to make room for our new stock, we shall sell regardless of cost.

Lot 2.—England's disgrace. This article is rather scarce now. What little stock remains is of our own manufacture in 1884-5-6, and, as we expect to be large importers of this most desirable article, we shall clear the old stock to make room for our new specialities.

Lot 3.—A lot of magnificent colonies of splendid dimensions obtained at great cost, but as we shall have no further use for them, they will go dirt cheap to the first bidder.

Lot 4.—All that splendid lot of buildings, comprising messuages, dwellings, etc., with valuable furniture and effects, commonly known as the Church of England. We wish to call the special attention of capitalists to this lot as being well adapted for charitable institutions, etc., and as we hope to carry on a brisk foreign policy, we shall be large importers of widows, orphans, cripples, etc., to become occupiers.

Lot 5.—Home Rule Pills. These pills are made from a pure, separating compound. The ingredients and results are only known to our senior partner. They are coated with sugar to make them more palatable, and are warranted to cure all the ills the United Kingdom is heir to. Samples of these pills will be sent for trial to those who can swallow them.

Lot 6.—All that valuable lot, comprising a golden crown, sceptre, orb, etc., all of the very best manufacture. These articles are of the purest antique, having continued untarnished for many centuries; but as many of our most respected clients consider them obsolete, and out of date, we will let them go as old metal. Also a few lots of Royal robes to be sold as old clothes.

Sale shortly to commence at our New Auction Rooms in Westminster, London.

Another voice, emanating from a believer in the "grand old Conservative party," hails from Johnstown, Ohio, U.S.A. Mr. Fred. Tyler observes:—

The people at home do not know the immense future there is for Canada; she could raise, with a little encouragement, all the wheat, meat, etc., you need buy. Spend your money in your own Empire. What you want in England is a man great enough to originate and carry out a plan that will bind the Empire into one solid body politic. The world seems to be inclined to discriminate with tariffs against England. I would give them a dose of their own medicine. You want, through your public press, to encourage Englishmen and Scotchmen, if they leave the Old Country, to go to some of the British Colonies, and encourage the German also, for he is good, patient, hard-working, and cannot be excelled as a settler in a new country. Please send paper at once; I want to see how your election progresses. I do not see how patriotic English, Scotch or Irishmen can vote for Gladstone and his party. There is not a hater of England in this country but what is an admirer of Gladstone. They do not like Salisbury, Balfour and the Conservative party because they are aggressive Englishmen, who believe in the progress, glory and integrity of the Empire.

Mr. Tyler should try living in Canada himself. Perhaps he has done so already and did not appreciate our constitution and climate until he left us for the banks of the Ohio. He should come back. He would be eligible for many posts; he might graduate here and finally be removed to the Mother Country as Mr. Blake has been. Once there and in power, why should he not become the Man who is wanted, "great enough," etc., etc.?

Mr. Edgar Wakeman's English letters are among the best things of their kind I have noticed lately. At one time Mr. Wakeman was conducting a Chicago paper, and I do not think he was so enthusiastic over the beauty of England as he is now. But a protracted residence in the Old Country in the character of newspaper correspondent seems to have opened his eyes. He writes almost lovingly of the country nooks and shrines, the varied scenery and the historic interest, which all combine to make a pilgrimage through England so delightful.

Another American, in the *Living Church*, descants of choirs and choir-singing in the same way. Perhaps it is the variety of English scenery which affords the strongest surprise to Americans. They have heard so much about a gigantic garden, dotted with trees and tied up with hedges and all that sort of generalization, that they are genuinely astonished at the new features which crop up in each country. It is the monotony of our Canadian scenes that tires one so. Take any of the lake excursion trips for instance. I am not questioning their use as outlets for the tired and hot-working population of a city like Toronto, but rather aim at describing their effect upon minds slightly more inquisitive and *exigeant*.

The beauty of the water is of course evident, though one quickly tires of it and finds oneself yawning. Then, when the deck is paved exactly three-quarters of an inch with peanut shells, cake crumbs, banana skins and hairpins, when you can count upon your right exactly eight young babies (I mean *very* young babies indeed, who are as yet ignorant of the attractions of pink soda-water and machine-made sandwiches), and upon your left nine couples of whispering, tittering, exasperating lovers; when the heat that you felt on shore is still present, only intensified by the bad air which springs from your five hundred associates and the natural odour of every ship, no matter how new or big or æsthetic, you are simply not in a condition to appreciate the beauties of the natural world. If you go into the saloon, it is stifling. If you work your way up to the bow, you are frozen, and have to hold on to your hat. If you find a temporary refuge downstairs at the side and wish to watch the waves roll by, you are conscious of being

in the way of the crew and their ropes, and the delicate individual who has come down for reasons of his own—to be nearer, as he pathetically remarks, the ship's side. So you go forth again and try the familiar and noisy deck, with the never-ceasing eating and drinking going on unabated, and the lovers and the infants and school-children and old maids hard at work replenishing the already repleted body. It's a thing to be done once, perhaps, from curiosity, but never to be repeated.

The book of the Order of S. Victor of Paris contains the following rule: "In summer it shall be lawful for any of the brethren to read for an hour at noon in the dormitory, provided that care be taken not to make a crackling noise in turning the leaves. At that hour the brethren may recline but without undressing, and must on no account extend their feet beyond the beds." This noontide siesta was called "Meridian"—a slumberous appellation truly, suggestive of light reading in a cool chamber, what time the sun beat fiercely on the roof-tiles (of the "extension") and only the lizards could endure the heat. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in a pleasant little volume of essays, has taken the above quotation for his motto, and the book comes well under the head of light but profitable summer reading. Where there is so much fiction, and much of that bad, it is a relief to encounter something in the once popular vein of essay.

I re-read an old-fashioned book the other day with much pleasure, and can recommend it. It was only the "Adventures of Christopher Tadpole," and many of you will sneer when you know the name, but *n'importe*, it is good of its kind, which is the main point.

Campers-out may care possibly to be reminded of George Sand's amusing reference to a curious custom prevailing in some part of France, where to sleep *à la belle étoile* was not uncommon among labourers or peasants, or even travellers, not afraid of the balmy climate. She relates in one of her less famous books, "Le Péché de Monsieur Antoine," that the peasants go into the fields at night where the cattle are sleeping, and, making them rise, lie down themselves on the spot thus rendered dry and warm and consequently safe. Repeating this process two or three times in the night they get the advantage of fresh air along with a perfectly dry bed, warm from long contact with the gentle animal. Anybody who wishes may make trial of this simple ruse, only be sure that it is a gentle animal you select for your first patent radiator and not an angry Taurus, red-eyed as Mars, and considerably nearer than 35,000,000,000,000—thanks, compositor, for reminding me. I never could remember how many noughts go to make a million.

THE DREAM.

I HAD a dream last night,  
Or rather at dawn;  
Darkness and light  
Were fled and gone.

Time was a shrivelled nut,  
I held it in my hand;  
No more a question of "if" and "but,"  
I seemed to understand.

I bit the kernel clean,  
How the flavour searched and flew;  
Your essence clear and keen,  
Your flavour through and through.

I knew you then in my very soul,  
Your mind to the core,  
Your spirit—the perfect whole,  
And I loved you more and more.

For you are the scent of the flower,  
You are the reason and rhyme,  
You are the charm and the power,  
You are the flavour of time, my Love,  
You are the flavour of time.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOVERNOR SIMCOE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Mrs. Curzon, in a recent issue, has a letter in which she doubts the correctness of my statement, in "The Life and Times of Simcoe," that Governor Simcoe did not attain his Major-Generalship before the year 1794. If Mrs. Curzon will consult the Annual Register of 1794, at page 36 of "Chronicle," Vol. 46, she will find this record:—

Col. John Graves Simcoe, of the Queen's Rangers, to be Major-General.

I confess to my belief that the promotion should have been made earlier, but that was not the way of the British army at that date. I am glad that Mrs. Curzon has given me the opportunity of verifying the accuracy of my statement in "The Life and Times"—that it was not till 1794 that the whilome colonel was advanced to a major-generalship.

D. B. READ.

Toronto, Aug. 10, 1892.

A COMPARISON OF LOCAL TAXATION IN CANADA AND THE UNITED KINGDOM.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—For the information of those who desire to compare our local taxation with that of the United Kingdom, I subjoin a table showing what is the equivalent in the United Kingdom of a given number of mills of taxation here. This is the first time that such details have been laid before the general public.

Local taxation in the United Kingdom is on rentals. Therefore, for the purpose of comparison, it necessitates ascertaining old country selling values in Canadian currency; calculating at the customs' valuation of \$1.87 to the £. In Great Britain the rated rental is always lower than the actual rent paid by the tenant, and although this varies greatly, yet on a wide average—in the case of recent poor-law valuations—it may be estimated as about 20 per cent. less than the actual rental. If the poor-law valuations were revised as often as rents, the ratings in all three kingdoms would probably show a greater difference than that.

The table is based upon the valuations of Mr. Robert Giffen, of the Board of Trade. He valued house property in England and Scotland at between 15 and 16 years' purchase of the rated, not the gross, rent; but as this description of property has since increased in value, I estimate it now at 16 years. He valued land in England and Scotland at 28 years' purchase. When he published his book (1889) he estimated the land in Ireland at only 15 years', and Irish house property at 12 years' purchase. Since then, owing to the operation of the Crimes Act (so strongly opposed by Mr. Gladstone), and the consequent putting down of league lawlessness and crime, land in Ireland has increased in value, and has risen from 15 to 17 years. The total rent of the land in Ireland has been estimated by the London *Economist* at £8,500,000. Thus checking the League lawlessness and crime, has increased the value of one description of Irish property by \$82,790,000.

It is painful to note the difference in value between land in Ireland and in England and Scotland. At the present increased rate of 17 years' purchase it is still 11 years below what it is in Great Britain. If Irish values were the same as there, then in one single item Ireland would be richer than it now is by \$455,000,000. This represents but a small portion of what has been lost by 70 years of agitation.

Table showing what the total taxation in Canada represents per pound sterling of annual rentals in the United Kingdom. This is the first attempt to inform the public, therefore, with the view of facilitating quotation, several of the previous facts are repeated. It is based upon the valuations of Mr. Robert Giffen, of the British Board of Trade, allowing for variations since the date of his work (1889). The rateable—not the gross—rents are taken and multiplied by the number of years' purchase, and such amounts are changed into our currency at the Custom House rate of \$4.87 to the £1. English and Scotch house property is valued at sixteen years', and English and Scotch land at twenty-eight years' of the rated rentals. Irish house property is valued at twelve years', and Irish land at seventeen years' purchase. During the reign of the League lawlessness and crime, Mr. Giffen valued lands in Ireland at only fifteen years' purchase, but since these outrages have been put down through the working of the Crimes Act it has risen to seventeen years'. It is still five years' below the valuation of Mr. Butt, who was the leader of the Home Rulers previous to Parnell; but under Butt's leadership the Home Rule agitation was a law abiding movement, and he was opposed to confiscation in any shape.

In England and Scotland the rateable value may be averaged at four-fifths of the letting value. But in Ireland the rating of the land would now probably average nine-tenths of the letting value. Therefore, with respect to Irish land, this table is based upon that ratio. If the poor-law valuations were revised as often as rents are changed, then throughout the United Kingdom the rating would probably average about three-fourths of the gross value. I have disregarded small fractions.

Examples.—Take an English house letting for £10 per annum and rated at £8. By Mr. Giffen's estimate (revised) sixteen years' value of the rating would be £128, and this, at \$4.87 to the pound sterling, equals \$623.36. A tax of five mills on the dollar would therefore amount to \$3.11. This equals 12s. 9d. sterling, or a rate of 1s. 7d. on the pound on the £3 rating. In the case of an Irish farm letting for £10 (this on the Land Act average of 10s. 10d. would mean eighteen statute or Canadian acres) the rating is taken at £9. At seventeen years' purchase this would be worth £153, or \$745. A rate of five mills would therefore amount to \$3.72, or 15s. 3¼d. On a £9 rating this would be equal to 1s. 8¼d. on the pound.

Canadian rates.	English and Scotch houses.	English and Scotch land.	Irish houses.	Irish land.
mills	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
5	1 7	2 9½	1 2½	1 8½
8	2 6½	4 5½	1 10¾	2 8½
10	3 2½	5 7	2 4¾	3 4¾
12	3 10		2 10½	4 0¾
14	4 5½		3 4	4 9
15	4 9½		3 7	5 1
16	5 1½		3 10	
18	5 9		3½	

In 1890 the total rateable annual value in England was estimated at £160,000,000, and the total receipts

from rates for all purposes was £15,820,000. The average rate (allowing for nonpayments, etc.) was 2s. 1d. on the £1, but there are not sufficient data to show exactly what proportion was levied upon land and what upon house property. Adopting Mr. Giffen's total valuation of the land and houses in England the above sum would, on the Canadian basis, average about 5½ mills to the dollar; but this latter is only approximately true, and must not be accepted as the exact truth.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

## ART NOTES.

In spite of the dispersed and homeless condition of the National Portrait Gallery, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it is satisfactory to see that to it donations of an interesting character are still being made. Among comparatively recent gifts is a portrait of Flaxman, painted by Guy Head; a plaster bust of Handel, by Roubiliac; medallions of Admiral Sir J. Clark Ross and Sir John Richardson, Arctic explorers, modelled by Bernhard Smith; and a portrait of Thomas Paine, after Romney, by Millière. . . Since last report the purchases have increased from 459 to 475. Among these are works by Gainsborough, Opie, Thomas Phillips, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Van Dyck, Sir John Millais, and others. The highest price paid was £150 for an equestrian portrait of John, Duke of Marlborough, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. . . There has been no change in the Board of Trustees, which accordingly remains as follows: Viscount Hardinge (Chairman), Lord President of the Council (for the time being), Marquis of Bath, Earl of Derby, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Ronald Gower, Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, the Speaker, Mr. Stanhope, M.P., Mr. Gladstone, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., the President of the Royal Academy, Sir John Everett Millais, Mr. W. H. Alexander, Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, M.P. . . In view of the interest which has been excited by Sir Frederick Leighton's religious picture in this year's Academy, it may be well to say that there is now on view at Mr. Koekoek's gallery another religious picture by the President, painted some twenty years ago. It represents the Saviour clothed in a mantle, in the folds of which two children are nestling—types of the churches. Seraphs, with tongues of fire, encircle the head; below the clouds a glimpse of the earth, through which runs the stream of life, is caught. In the immediate foreground is a female figure, clad in flowing draperies, ascending towards our Lord. The picture is full of beautiful colour, and is ideal in treatment. Close by it in the same room is a portrait by Mr. Alma Tadema of the Rev. A. D. A. Van Scheltema, minister of the Dutch church at Austinfriars. Mr. Van Scheltema is one of Mr. Alma Tadema's oldest friends, and the picture, a striking and bold work, was painted for friendship's sake, and is a bequest to the Dutch almshouses at Charlton. . . Mr. Margetson's picture, "Happy Days at Hampton Court," is just out of the hands of the engravers. It represents an incident from the Lyceum play of "Charles I."—the Royal barge on the Long Water. In it appear character portraits of Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. William Terriss and Miss Ellen Terry. The reproduction will be issued presently by the Fine Art Society. . . MM. Boussod, Valedon and Company have rearranged their gallery, and in it will be found an interesting Impressionist picture by M. Sisley, a pupil of Claud Monet; and a study by one of the forerunners of the school, M. Pissarro, who, by the way, has made London for a time at least his home, in order that he may give his countrymen an impression of the metropolis as it is to-day. The season at Christie's comes to an end very shortly. Some of the pictures to be sold are in their way interesting. There are Cosway's "Portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert," Holbein's "Portrait of Charles V." and of "Henry Brokeley" (1569), Rembrandt's "Portrait of Himself when Young," from the Hardman collection, Romney's "Portrait of George Knott," besides some pictures, many of interest, from Sir John Van Hatten's collection, who came to England with William III. . . The Queen's Cup, to be raced for at the Cowes Regatta, is a charming work of art. It is a model of a celebrated vase known as the Emperor Hadrian's. It is a silver-gilt, bowl-shaped vessel of classical form, on a square pedestal, and on the edge of the bowl are four doves in various attitudes of drinking or pluming. . . Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have just issued in an enlarged form "The Queen's Letter to the Nation," thus making the etching an exact fac-simile of Her Majesty's handwriting. The elegant border, designed by E. Poynter, R.A., is highly decorative and thoroughly artistic. The profit of the cheap edition realized £600, which has been set aside for the benefit of the Gordon Boys' Home, and the results of the guinea etching will, we hope, further aid this deserving charity. In our opinion this work of art should find a place in every household.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. GROSSMITH'S musical version of Mr. Gilbert's "Haste to the Wedding" was successfully produced at the Criterion Theatre, in London, a couple of weeks ago. . . "The Lights of Home" is the title of Messrs. Sims and Buchanan's new drama, which was lately produced at the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. George R. Sims has told a friend

of his that he dares say the title was suggested by a recent perusal of "The Stowaway."

All was over now and hopeless!  
But, across these miles of foam,  
They could hear the shouts of people  
And could see the Lights of Home.

So runs a portion of the song. "The Lights of Home" is in five acts. The scene of four of these is on the English coast; that of the fifth is laid in Baltimore, Maryland. The steamship *Northern Star* (so Mr. Sims appears to have informed his journalistic colleague) "will cut rather a prominent figure in the play, and on board this vessel Mr. Kyrle-Bellew will occupy exactly the same position that he occupied in real life on board another vessel some years ago." Thus it is written; and in this matter no man may lightly question the accuracy of the *Referee*. . . Miss Fortescue—who, unlike Miss Connie Gilchrist, just missed the chance of being "her ladyship"—contemplates a provincial tour. She will be supported by Mr. E. H. Vanderfelt, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. George Warde, and Miss Hodson. . . "Round the Town" is the taking title which the Empire management have hit upon for their new ballet, which is due on September 1. "By the Sea" has shown the public what can be done at this theatre, and they will naturally expect much. We may add, their expectations are not likely to be disappointed. . . "Liberty Hall" has been mentioned as the title of Mr. R. C. Carton's new play—a play which has been accepted by Mr. George Alexander, for production at the St. James's Theatre some time in the course of his autumn season there. Mr. Hare, also, has a piece by Mr. Carton in his possession. It is called "Robin Goodfellow," and will very probably be seen at the Garrick before the end of the year. . . The "triple bill"—which crops up in this and in every other theatrical column as inevitably as the head of King Charles I. in Mr. Dick's petition—seems to enjoy perpetual youth. The present condition of booking at the Court points to a run right through the summer season. In any case, no further change in the present excellent entertainment may be expected until the autumn. . . The Opera Comique is going in for performances of a somewhat similar character to that referred to in the preceding paragraph. On Bank Holiday night there will be presented at this theatre several one-act plays under the comprehensive title of "A Dramatic Variety Bill." The ordinary prices of admission will on this occasion be reduced. . . Madame Adelina Patti has made arrangements for a tour in the United States and Canada. It will, all being well, commence on November 10, 1893. Mr. Mayer is the enterprising manager who has secured her services. . . "Niobe" is shortly to be sent on tour. "The New Wing"—another of Mr. Willie Edouin's many successes at the Strand—will, as at present arranged, be produced at Boston on the fifth of September. Two adaptations from the French and a new edition of Mr. C. H. Abbott's "Fast Asleep" are mentioned as possible productions at the Strand in the near future.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE HEART OF THE GOSPEL: Twelve Sermons. By Arthur T. Pierson. New York: Baker and Taylor Company; Toronto: W. Briggs. 1892.

These sermons were preached in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, in the autumn of 1891, while Mr. Spurgeon was seeking for restoration of health at Mentone, and they are now published with a dedication to the memory of that renowned preacher. These sermons of Mr. Pierson's were found eminently useful, and were so much appreciated that there was a general desire for their publication, and this is quite intelligible. It appears that they were not written before being preached; but apparently they were reported, as they "are reproduced almost verbatim." Mr. Pierson is not a very exact theologian, but he is a devout, earnest, warm-hearted man, and few persons will read these sermons without being the better for them. The title of the volume is that of the second sermon in the collection, in the text, "God so loved the world" (John iii. 16); but it accurately represents the theme of the whole volume.

THE AMERICAN HISTORY SERIES: THE COLONIAL ERA. By George Park Fisher. With maps. Price, \$1.25. New York: Scribner; Toronto: Rev. W. Briggs. 1892.

Some time ago we noticed the first volume of a series of Epochs of American History, which dealt with very much the same period as the volume now before us. These works are of great utility, and we are glad that they should be multiplied. It is hardly possible that there should be better work done within the allotted space than this of Dr. Fisher's. Of course the history is condensed; and yet not so very much condensed, after all, when we compare it with the history of European countries for the same period of time as given in the ordinary manuals.

The present volume, on the Colonial Period, carries the narrative down to the year 1756, the date of the declaration of war between England and France. It embraces, therefore, as the author remarks, the beginning of the decisive struggle of the two nations for dominion in America, or of what used to be called the "Old French War." The later colonial period will be more advantageously considered in the next volume, on the French War and the Revolution.

As we have hinted, this narrative is not a mere sketch. It is a history not merely of political events, but of the people, their manners and customs, and the development of their civilization; and moreover, it is a history and not a polemic. Dr. Fisher is already so well known to us as an impartial and philosophical historian that we scarcely need his assurance that he has done his best to be impartial. He is also thorough. Beginning with the physical geography, the Indians, and the discoveries and settlements prior to the first permanent English colony, he proceeds to give an account of the settlement of Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and then traces the history of these colonies from the era of the English Revolution to the year 1756. We imagine that there is very little in these pages which the most careful examiner will find it necessary to correct.

HERODOTUS. By George C. Swayne, M.A. New York: John B. Alden.

Mr. Swayne's interesting life of "the father of history" is given to us in this small volume. The author has a genuine enthusiasm for his subject. "The benignant and vain Croesus," he remarks in his brilliant summing up of the ethical portraits of the historian, "the ambitious Cyrus, the truculent Cambyses, the chivalrous yet calculating Darius, the wild Cleomenes, the wise and wary Themistocles, the frantic Xerxes—the very type of the infatuation by which the divine vengeance wrought—these, and a host of other portraits of living men, can only be compared in their verisimilitude with the immortal creations of Shakespeare." In the chapter on "The Tyrants of Greece" the author gives us a translation of "a festival song in honour of the famous tyrannicides" which he tells us "was long the 'Marseillaise' of republican Athens." We cannot too heartily recommend this little volume to lovers of the Classics in general and to lovers of Herodotus in particular.

THE HEIRESS. By Henri Greville. Translated by Emma C. Hewitt and Jullien Colmar. New York: Worthington Company.

Some time ago we had the pleasure of listening to a very serious discussion; its subject was this—what French novels might be put into the hands of English school-girls: the book before us would have saved a veritable Sodom of literature! It is a harmless story by no means devoid of a certain quiet interest. A young girl who has been left an orphan is being besieged by a fortune-hunter who buys sonnets and novelettes from a literary hack and poses as their author. The girl, however, comes out triumphant, marries the proverbial "right man" and herself closes the story with these philosophical reflexions: "And to think that, for a few compliments and borrowed poems—or, rather, cheaply bought ones—from an impoverished poet, I had almost consummated the misfortune of my life." Aristide Bellet, the sham poet, is well drawn as are also Madame Barly and her husband, the admiral. M. Georges Tracy is a little too correct altogether, a fault however which is not often found with the heroes of French novels. Mlle. Lemartroy is charming and by no means the stereotyped *jeune fille* we are accustomed to read of. The fact that this book is a translation is not *prononcé*, which is the highest praise for translations of this kind that we can give.

A BACHELOR IN SEARCH OF A WIFE, AND ROGER MARCHAM'S WARD. By Annie S. Swan. Toronto: William Briggs; Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

This volume is composed of two stories, neither of which are in any way wildly improbable. The "bachelor" is an accountant in a London shop, and he receives a letter from a well-known firm of lawyers, just as one Tittlebat Titmouse did some years ago. Of course the letter means the usual "something to his advantage," and the bachelor, who is a kind of Mark Tapley, devoid of humour, is practically a rich man. There is, however, one condition: he must marry within a year or his fortune will go into the pockets of some French-Canadian. The bachelor goes to Montreal and meets the conventional husband-hunter on the way; the latter is accompanied by *le vieux difficile* (her grandpa), as we see him played at second-rate theatres. To make a short story shorter, the "bachelor" comes back single and marries a little music teacher, who used to live on the second floor of his old lodgings. "Roger Marcham's Ward" is the name of the second story; like Ouida's "Strathmore," it treats of a guardian falling in love with and marrying his ward. "Dorothy," the heroine of this story, is a charming young girl, and, to a certain extent, makes amends for the extreme heaviness of most of the other characters. On the whole, the author has presented the public with a couple of interesting and readable stories.

COLUMBUS: An Epic Poem. By Samuel Jefferson, F.R.A.S., F.C.S. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Company. 1892.

In his charming essays upon epic poems, Voltaire gives us excellent reasons for the fact that a French epic was at that time an unknown quantity; it is true that he hoped the *Henriade* would supply the deficiency, but posterity, it seems, has decided otherwise. If America is to produce an epic, certainly no grander subject could be chosen than that of its discovery; but an American epic as well as a French has yet to be written. The author of the volume before us has presented to his country a book "giving an accurate history of the great discovery in

rhymed verse"; it is a pains-taking and in some places a striking and remarkable effort; it is, like the *Æneid*, in twelve books, but it is as "an accurate history" that it has any value and not as an epic poem. Here is a passage from Book VI. :—

Fair Nature—with such souls—can never cloy;  
Her moods are changeful, but in storm or calm,  
Those with her love imbued find ceaseless charm;  
The seasons each in turn, the day, the night  
To loving eyes yield exquisite delight.

Compare with this Byron's "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," Keate's "The poetry of earth is never dead," and even passages in Goldsmith's "The Traveler." Compare

Through all next day the deckless ships were tossed  
Amid the storm-foam, hope was well-nigh lost;  
They parted company as gloomy night  
Hid the brave Pinta from the hero's sight

with Virgil's magnificent description of a storm separating the fleet of *Æneas*. Still if this is *not* an epic, it is at any rate a well-bound volume, eminently interesting from the historical stand-point.

ESSAYS ON GERMAN LITERATURE. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Price, \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: W. Briggs. 1892.

This is a bumptious book, but it is a decidedly clever one, and may be recommended to English readers as likely to help them to a more accurate and comprehensive knowledge of German literature. Mr. Boyesen will probably care very little for our commendation, since he has a simply immeasurable contempt for English criticism and especially for our judgments of German literature. "Many English critics," he says, "have taken pains to register their more or less complete ignorance concerning Goethe, and only three or four have written anything worthy of serious consideration." This is sufficiently arrogant, and yet it is true. Goethe—as Mr. Boyesen tells us over and over again, and, as we must protest, we knew before—Goethe is simply a large Pagan—very, very large, and very much of a Pagan, and people who cannot place themselves at the Pagan point of view cannot understand Goethe. Of course, the poor Philistine Englishman would reply that he did not approve of Paganism, even when it was called the Greek Spirit, or had other fine names; but then this is the talk of the Philistines.

Another point brought out by Mr. Boyesen is the inadequacy of Carlyle's appreciation of Goethe. It has been the wonder of thinking men that Carlyle should have cherished a kind of idolatry for a being so different from himself as Goethe—that a man full of self-reproach and vehement effort should have worshipped a being so calm, self-centred, self-satisfied as Goethe. An explanation of the mystery has often been attempted and need not be repeated here; but we are in perfect agreement with Mr. Boyesen when he tells us that, notwithstanding the fact that Carlyle did more than anyone else to make Goethe known to English readers, yet the Goethe so made known was not the German writer pure and simple, but one with a considerable dash of Carlyle added to him. "There is no shrinking," he says, "from the conclusion that Carlyle's Goethe is not the severe, gravely-plastic, vigilantly-observant, self-poised, and essentially pagan sage of Weimar. A very noble and beautiful character he is, and to many, perhaps, more beautiful than his original." With all this we quite agree.

There is a very good chapter on English translations of Goethe, and we are glad to see that Mr. Boyesen, who says he knows all the English translations of Faust, unhesitatingly gives the preference to Mr. Bayard Taylor's. A chapter on Goethe's relations to women makes the best of a very uncomfortable business. But bad is the best. Goethe's paganism in no way justifies his permitted relations with the other sex, which, to an ordinary mind, were simply disgraceful and disgusting. The only consolation is that he had his reward. If he was not punished in the third or fourth generation, it was because the punishment was too summary to allow of its being thus drawn out.

There is a good essay on the "Life and Works of Schiller," and two on the German novel, also a very fair estimate of the literary value of the royal personage who calls herself Carmen Sylva. The three concluding essays on the Romantic School in Germany are well worth perusal. Our readers will see that in spite of our own British stupidity and the occasionally offensive and bumptious style of Mr. Boyesen, we quite believe that he can teach us something about German literature.

The *Illustrated News of the World* for August 6th is a very readable issue of this well-known weekly; "A History of Mountaineering" being among its most interesting contents.

The *Western World* this month, which is about double its usual size, is specially devoted to the city of Winnipeg as a souvenir number. The letter press contains some interesting glimpses of the early history of the Red River Settlement and probably the most complete and accurate description of Winnipeg ever published. This issue is profusely illustrated.

FRANK G. LENZ starts the August *Outing* with a trip "Around the World with Wheel and Camera." "Horseback Sketches" is the name of an agreeable paper from the pen of Jessie E. O'Donnell. "Aunt Abe's Fishing Party," by Jennie Taylor Wandle, is what the author calls

it—a woman's reminiscence of the North Woods. J. E. March contributes a translation of a "Canoe Song of the Milicetes." "Saddle and Sentiment," by Wenona Gilman, is continued in this issue, which we consider a very fair number.

THE Rev. Lucius Curtis commences the August number of the *Andover Review* with a carefully-written paper entitled "Man Above Nature." Professor C. A. Briggs writes on "The Proposed Revision of the Westminster Confession." "The Marble Faun," by Mrs. Jessie Kingsley Curtis, is a most interesting and careful study of Nathaniel Hawthorne's great work. According to the writer this book has a symbolic meaning; "it is," to use her own words, "most faithful as a symbolic picture of Rome as a religion." In a contribution to this number entitled "An Excursion Among the Periodicals," E. H. Blair remarks: "The most important political movement now on foot is the projected Australian Federation. The great race problem of to-day is that of the persecuted Jews." A. G. Hopkins writes an able paper, "Ulfilas, and the Conversion of the Goths."

"PROFESSOR FREEMAN" is the name of a very able paper in the July *Quarterly*. "With all its faults," says the writer, "his history of the Conquest is far in advance of any work that has yet appeared upon the subject, only it is not final." "Pitt's War Policy" is the name of a most interesting paper in this issue. "He," says the writer, speaking of Pitt, "was not a general or an admiral, nor does he appear so to have considered himself; but he realized perfectly where Great Britain's strength lay, and where the sphere of her efforts." The paper on "Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Tales" is a most readable critique. In illusion to Mr. Kipling's almost brutal force, the writer observes: "The battles of Art are won by more subtle methods than the *pas de charge*." "Trinity College, Dublin," is the subject of a long and able contribution to this number, which also contains an interesting paper on "Cardinal Manning."

THE August number of the *Cosmopolitan* commences with "Salt Water Day," an amusing sketch from the pen of Hamlin Garland. "The Philippine Islands," by Rufus Allen Lane, comes next. Marion Wilcox writes an amusing sketch entitled "Anita: a Servillean Vignette." Lilla Cabot Perry contributes a pretty little poem "After Long Absence." Mr. Brander Matthews writes upon "Books about German and French Literature," in which paper the distinguished writer is kind enough to patronize Mr. Saintsbury; he goes out of his way, however, to annihilate a recent book entitled "The Literature of France," by Mr. H. G. Keene. "The Hopelessness of Mr. Keene's book can be indicated by a single statement," says Mr. Matthews with audacious complacency, and yet the "statement" is not even an—epigram! The August number contains the average amount of good reading.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

"ANNIE ARMITT," whose novel, "In Shallow Waters," was favourably received, is understood to be Mrs. A. M. Harris.

THE "Diary of a Penitent," a novel just published by Messrs. Bentley, is understood to be by Miss Adeline Sergeant.

ELLEN TERRY'S "Stray Memories" are getting longer and longer and will make, it is said, a rather large volume. It will be published soon.

AMONG new papers talked of are *Universal Knowledge*, the *Tory* (Liverpool), and the *Scientific Review of Reviews*. The last is an intelligible venture.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has been writing a series of Japanese stories. He proposes also to write a new Mulvaney story, which will be eagerly looked for.

THE Hon. Mrs. W. H. Chetwynd has completed a new novel entitled "A Brilliant Woman." It will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Hutchinson and Company.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON and COMPANY will publish Mrs. Oliphant's new novel, which is entitled "The Cuckoo in the Nest." It has appeared in the *Victorian Magazine*.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON is at work on a novel bearing the title of "Under the Great Seal." The scene is at first laid in Newfoundland, but is afterwards changed to England.

DURRANT'S first book was issued in 1866 under his own name, and was entitled "More Shells from the Ocean." He next, in 1870, issued a small volume of poems, "Inez the Queen."

UNDER the title "Beneath Helvellyn's Shade," Mr. Elliot Stock announces for immediate publication a volume of country sketches in the Cumberland Lake District, by Samuel Barber.

THE *Saturday Review* devotes an editorial to the Hon. Edward Blake under the title of "From Ottawa to Westminster," and speaks of him as a "scholar, lawyer, and statesman of repute."

At the Tercentenary Festival, celebrated at Trinity College, Dublin, a petition signed by 10,000 women, requesting the admission of ladies to the degrees of the University, was presented to the Council.

THE coming sale of the correspondence of Sir Philip Francis—diaries, manuscripts and letters, many unpublished—is expected to revive and perhaps to settle the question of the identity of Junius. They are to be sold in one lot.

"THE Danube: From the Black Forest to the Black Sea," by F. D. Millet, with illustrations from drawings by the author and Alfred Parsons, is one of the handsome new books which Harper and Brothers have nearly ready for publication.

MESSRS. HENRY and COMPANY will publish shortly, in their Whitefriars Library of "Wit and Humour," a new volume by Mr. H. D. Traill, entitled "Number Twenty: Fables and Fantasies." The little story, which occupies the greater part of the volume, has been specially written for it.

THE copyrights of four famous novels expire this year: Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Dickens' "David Copperfield," Thackeray's "Pendennis," and Kingsley's "Alton Locke." Preparations are making in England for the publication of several cheap editions of the three last-named books.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD is said to be at work upon a new novel. The title of the new story which Thomas Hardy has in preparation is "The Pursuit of the Well Beloved;" and William Black's next book will be called "Wolfenberg." Margaret Deland is reported to have finished another novel.

THE *Saturday Review* reviews at length in its last issue the report of the Ontario Prisons Commission and suggests that the adoption of the Commission's recommendation as to the employment of competent and zealous officials might obviate the need of some of the other changes proposed in the system.

JULES VERNE, so far from being an athlete as he is called, is a cripple and limps badly. This is the result of a shot from the revolver of an insane nephew who explained that he was anxious to see his uncle an Academician and thought that his action could attract attention and sympathy to his beloved relative.

THE average Briton receives a slap from the London *Spectator*. He has, it declares, "a respect for libraries in themselves, which, considering how little he reads, how reluctant he is to spend any measurable proportion of his income on books, and how absolutely he refuses to pay librarians even decent salaries, is one of the most inexplicable features of his complex character."

ONE of the interesting features at the Highland Show which opened at Iverness recently was an exhibition of agricultural and mineral products from the Dominion of Canada. The display is substantially that which attracted so much favourable notice at the Royal Show at Warwick, and is in the charge of Mr. Thomas Grahame, the Canadian Government Agent at Glasgow, acting under the instructions of the High Commissioner.

MISS WOOLSON, the American novelist, author of "East Angels," "Anne," etc., is now living quietly at Oxford, where, in spite of the most isolating affliction of deafness from which she suffers severely, she has made many friends. Oxford has before now been the home of popular lady novelists. Mrs. Oliphant and Miss Rhoda Broughton have both been familiar figures there, though at the present time they have both chosen the nearer neighbourhood of London.

THE Althorp Library, said to be the finest private library in England, was sold at auction recently. It consists of about 110,000 volumes, for which the second Earl Spencer is said to have paid upward of \$1,000,000. Of early Bibles there is a rich store, editions of the Mentz Psalter, hundreds of Aldines, the complete "Aristotle," the Virgil of 1501, no less than fifty-seven Caxtons—thirty-one of which are perfect, and three of which no other copies are known to exist.

THE *Psychical Review* is the name of a new quarterly the first number of which is dated August. It emanates from the American Psychical Society, and it is the organ of that association. The opening paper is by Rev. M. J. Savage on "Some Assured Results in Physical Science and the Present Outlook," and other contributors are Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Alfred R. Wallace, B. O. Flower and Rev. T. E. Allen. Altogether it is a valuable organ for the dissemination of knowledge and discussion of theories in this branch of scientific literature.

MR. SHERARD, the Paris correspondent of the *Author*, reads his countrymen a much needed lesson in justice: "We are constantly reading—and some of us writing," he says—"about the misdeeds and dishonesty of American pirates. But what about the reverse of the medal? Is it not a fact that American authors are shamefully plundered by English publishers? Do not scores of English journals annex without acknowledgment—and it goes without saying, without compensation in any form—all the best work of the American periodical press? *Soyons justes.*"

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Ardavan, Abd El. The Lance of Kanana. \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.  
Birrell, Augustine. Pres Judicate. \$1.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.  
Cox, Maria McIntosh. Jack Brereton's Three Months' Service. \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.  
Frost, A. B. The Bull Calf. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.  
Grenville, Henri. The Heiress. 75c. New York: Worthington; Toronto: Williamson & Co.  
Jefferson, Samuel. Columbus. New York: S. C. Griggs & Co.  
Stevenson, Robert Louis. The Wrecker. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

## A CHATHAM MIRACLE.

DR. CARL VERRINDER'S VICISSITUDES OF  
TORTURE AND OF HEALTH.*He Survives Them all, and Recounts  
His Wonderful Deliverance from  
Poverty and Death, and His Restora-  
tion to Prosperity and Vigour of  
Mind and Body—Good Words for  
the A.O.U.W.*

Chatham Planet.

In a Raleigh street residence there lives with wife and one child—a little ten year old daughter—a musician known throughout Ontario, if not the whole Dominion, as a prince among pianists, organists and choir masters—a veritable *maestro* and “Wizard of the Ivory Keys,” and no one who has ever listened to his manipulation of the great organ in the Park Street Methodist Church, or heard him evoke “magic music's mystic melody” from the magnificent Decker Grand in his own drawing-room, but will declare that his eminence is well deserved, and his peers can be but few among the professors of the Divine Art. The door plate bears the following inscription:—

## CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

DR. CARL LEO VERRINDER,  
Director.

To sit, as did a *Planet* reporter a few days ago, in a very atmosphere of sweet harmony, created by Dr. Verrinder's magician-like touch, was an experience that might well be envied, and one calculated to inspire the most sentimental reveries. But sentimental moods finally vanish and leave one facing the sober and practical side of life. The music ceased and the conversation took a turn leading to the real object of the reporter's call.

“There are stories abroad,” said the newspaper man, “regarding some extraordinary deliverance from death, which you have met with recently, doctor. Would you object to stating what foundation there is for them, and, if any, furnish me with the true facts for publication?” Dr. Verrinder shrugged his shoulders and laughed. “I have not,” he replied, “been given to seeking newspaper notoriety, and at fifty-five years of age it is not likely I shall begin, and yet,” said the professor after thinking a moment and consulting Mrs. Verrinder, “perhaps it is best that I should give you the circumstances for use in the *Planet*. The story of my rescue from the grave might fittingly be prefaced by a little of my early history. We resided in England, where, though I was a professor of music, I was not dependent on my art, as I had acquired a competence. My wife was an heiress, having £50,000 in her own right. Through the rascality of a broker she was robbed almost of all her fortune, while, by the Bank of Glasgow failure, my money vanished forever. It became necessary for me then to return to my profession in order to live. I do not speak of it boastfully, but I stood well among the musicians of that day in the old land. My fees were a guinea a lesson, and it was no uncommon thing for me to give twenty in a day. We came to America, landing in Quebec, where I anticipated getting engagement as organist in the cathedral, but was disappointed. Subsequently we moved to St. Catharines, in which city I procured an organ and choir, and soon had a large *clique*. Later,

“August  
Flower”

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,  
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

in order as I thought to better my fortune, I took up my residence in London, first filling an engagement with a Methodist church and afterwards accepting the position of organist in St. Peter's Cathedral. In those cities I made many warm friends, and their tributes and gifts I shall ever retain as among the most precious of my possessions. It was while living in London and pursuing my art with much earnestness and labour that I received a stroke of paralysis. Perhaps, here the speaker rose and stretching himself to his full height, thus displaying his well-built and well-nourished frame—“I do not look like a paralytic. But the truth is I have had three strokes—yes, sir, first, second and third, and they say the third is fatal, ninety-nine times out of one hundred. Yet here you see before you a three-stroke victim, and a man who feels, both in body and mind, as vigorous as he ever did in his life. My ultimate cure I attribute to my testing the virtues of a medicine whose praise I shall never cease sounding as long as I live, and which I shall recommend to suffering humanity as I am now constantly doing, while I know of a case and can reach the ear of the patient. After removing to Chatham I had not long been here when my health further began to give way. Gradually I noticed the change. I felt it first and most strongly in a stomach affection which produced constant and distressing nausea. It grew worse and worse; I myself attributed it to bad water poisoning my system. One doctor said it was catarrh of the stomach. Another pronounced it diabetes, still another a different diagnosis. I kept on doctoring, but getting no relief. I tried one medicine after another, but it was no use. Grippe attacked me and added to my pain, discomfort and weakness. At last I took to my bed, and it seemed that I was never going to get well. Nothing of a nourishing nature would remain on my stomach. No drugs seemed to have a counter-acting influence on the disease which was dragging me down to death. My wife would sit at my bedside and moisten my lips with diluted spirits which was all that could be done to relieve me. Besides three local doctors who gave me up, I had doctors from London and Kingston whose skill I believed in and to whom I paid heavy fees, but without receiving any help or encouragement. It is true that a stomach pump operation afforded temporary relief, but yet I felt that my peculiar case needed some special and particular compound or remedial agent which I knew not of. But, at last, thank God, I discovered it. I had been for eighteen months a miserable wreck, unable to work, unable to eat or to sleep properly. My means were becoming exhausted. My poor wife was worn out in body and spirit. Suddenly the deliverer came! Pink Pills! Yes sir! Pink Pills—God bless their inventor or discoverer!—have rescued me from the jaws of death and miraculously made me what you see me to-day, hearty, happy, with a splendid appetite, a clear brain, a capacity for work and an ability to sleep sound and refreshing sleep—a boon that only a man who has experienced the terrors of insomnia can rightly appreciate. Bear in mind, my friend, I am no wild enthusiast over the supposed merits of this medicine. I have tested the virtues of Pink Pills and am ready to take oath to their efficacy. No one could shake my faith in them; because what a man has thoroughly proved in his own experience, and what he has had confirmed in the experience of others—I have prescribed the pills to other sick persons and know what extraordinary good they have effected in their cases—he ought to be convinced is so. I shall tell you how I came to try them. A fellow member of the A. O. U. W., the brethren of which order had been more than kind to me during my illness, recommended Pink Pills. I knew nothing about what they were or what they could accomplish. In fact, I am rather a sceptic on what are termed ‘proprietary remedies.’ But I started to take Pink Pills for Pale People, made by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville. From the very first, one at a dose, I began to mend, and before I had taken more than a box or two I knew that I had found the right remedy and that to the Pink Pills I owed my life. In nine months I have taken twelve boxes—just six dollars' worth. Think of it, my friend! Hundreds of dollars for other treatment, and only six dollars for what has made a man of me and set me again on the highway of health and prosperity. There is some subtle, life-giving principle in Pink Pills which I do not attempt to fathom. I only knew like the blind man of old: ‘Once I was blind; now I can see!’ God, in the mystery of His providence, directed my brother of the A. O. U. W. to me. I took it. I live and rejoice in my health and strength. I have no physical malady, saving a slight stiffness in my leg due to grippe. I feel as well as in my palmiest days. My prospects are good. All this I gratefully attribute to the virtues of Pink Pills for Pale People, and now my story is done!” as the nursery ballad runs. If anybody should ask confirmation of this tale of mine let him write to me and I shall cheerfully furnish it. The Pink Pills were my rescuer and I'll be their friend and advocate while I live!”

The reporter finally took his leave of Dr. Verrinder, but not without the professor entertaining him to another piano treat, a symphony played with faultless execution and soulful interpretation of the composer's thought.

Calling upon Messrs. A. E. Pilkey & Co., the well known druggists, the reporter ascertained Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale in Chatham, and that from all quarters come glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer—curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

PROBABLY the first records of lake dwellings were made in Ireland, where this method of habitation has been in existence from remote periods to comparatively recent times. There is documentary evidence that some of the Irish crannies were in existence and occupied in the time of Elizabeth. They were usually approached in canoes, and were not connected with the shore by a gangway. In Scotland a large number of similar structures have been discovered. Dr. Robert Monro has ventured an opinion that the original British Celts, who were probably the builders of the lake dwellings, were an offshoot of the founders of the Swiss lake dwellings, who emigrated to Britain and spread northwards and westwards over Scotland and Ireland.—*J. W. Davies, in Natural Science.*

TAKE HOOD'S and only HOOD'S, because HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES. It possesses merit peculiar to itself. Try it yourself.

THE MISTAKE OF INDOOR LIFE.—“Basking in the Sun” is in itself of real and considerable benefit, and it is no compliment to our human intelligence to find that cats and dogs understand that fact much better than we do. Even the “blue glass” craze had a truth underlying it, and owed such success as it achieved to the proportion of sunlight which penetrated its coloured medium. The love of sunshine is naturally one of our strongest instincts, and we should be far healthier and happier if we followed and developed it instead of practically ignoring and repressing it. How a sparkling, sunny morning exhilarates us and makes us feel that “it's too fine a day to spend indoors,” and yet how few holidays are taken for that reason. The wealth of the sunbeams is poured out lavishly all around us, and we turn from it to struggle for a few pitiful handfuls of something else that is yellow and shining, but not half so likely to bring us happiness, and often has strange, red spots upon it. Give nature a chance, and we shall find that there is more than a mere fanciful connection between natural sunlight and that “sunny” disposition, which, after all, is the true “philosopher's stone.”—*Woods Hutchinson, M.D., in North American Review for August.*

HAVE YOU READ how Mr. W. D. Wentz, of Geneva, N.Y., was cured of the severest form of dyspepsia? He says everything he ate seemed like pouring melted lead into his stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a perfect cure. Full particulars will be sent if you write C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action.

C. C. RICHARDS &amp; Co.

Gents, I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for some years and believe it the best medicine in the market, as it does all it is recommended to do.

Canaan Forks, N. B. DANIEL KIRSTEAD.

John Mader, Mahone Bay, informs us that he was cured of a very severe attack of rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINIMENT.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE SMALL BOY.—Now is the season when the ubiquitous small boy fills himself with green plums and greener apples, and bolts half-ripe cherries, seeds and all. His voracity almost invariably leads to Cramps, Diarrhoea, or Dysentery, and the family hearthstone resounds with his lamentations. If his parents are prudent people, they will have a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER ready for such summer emergencies, and a spoonful of this great specific will bring the young scamp around all right. Druggists will sell it. Only 25c. per bottle new large size.



Emma J. Frederick

## Our Baby

Was a beauty, fair, plump and healthy. But when two years old *Sc ofula Humor* spread over her head, neck and forehead down into her eyes, one great sore, *itching and burning*. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave her new life and appetite. Then the humor subsided, the *itching and burning* ceased, and the sores entirely healed up. She is now perfectly well. I. W. FREDERICK, Danforth street, near Crescent ave., Cypress Hill, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, biliousness, nausea, sick headache, indigestion.

ADEN, at the mouth of the Red Sea, is no longer considered the hottest place on the earth. Scinde, an Indian province, and Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, are said to be places of “fiery heat,” and the Russians claim that there are places in Central Asia where the heat is still more terrible. At Bushire, under peculiar circumstances, of course, 180 degrees have been recorded. At times the coolest place in Shikarpur shows a heat of 140 degrees. At Sukkur, India, the lowest temperature is ninety-seven degrees, and when the Suk (a hot wind from the desert) blows, “all life withers.” But the worst of all desert winds is the Bad-i-Simoon, which not only kills everything in its path, but actually burns up tissue and cartilage, so that the limbs can be torn asunder. In the United States, on the borders of California, Arizona and Mexico, 130 and 140 are considered quite common. According to one authority 120 may be regarded as the temperature of the hottest climates in the world—when no wind blows.

AN AUSTRALIAN IRON MOUNTAIN.—Forty miles from Port Augusta, Spencer's Gulf, South Australia, is an immense deposit of iron, reaching a height of some 800 feet above the level of the plain, which promises in point of extent and quality to eclipse any of the wonderful “mountains of iron” which from time to time are discovered in the United States. The Colonial ferrous elevation, which has been appropriately christened the Iron Monarch, was, it seems, acquired two or three years ago by a syndicate, not for the iron which it might produce, but for the silver which, experts believed, must lie under the ferric surface. The sanguine expectations of the company were, however, never destined to be realized. The Iron Monarch soon showed that it was not going to belie its name, and that its superficial show was an accurate reflex of its interior—in short, that it was never intended by nature, as its anxious explorers have fondly imagined, to prove a rival to the famous Broken Hill. It is nevertheless probable that the Iron Monarch will, in course of time, become as great an iron-mine, or rather quarry, as the celebrated hill in New South Wales with the disreputable title is a silver-mine, which is equivalent to saying that it will eventually be the largest iron-mine in the world. At present the owners of the Iron Monarch are undecided with respect to the probable best markets for their ore, which is said to assay from 95 to 97 per cent. of iron oxide. But negotiations are in progress, and the full development of this remarkable mine is apparently within measurable distance of consummation.—*Iron.*

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.