

THE WEEK:

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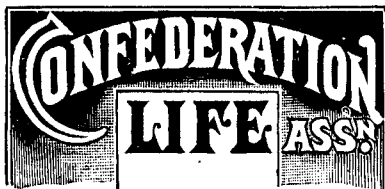
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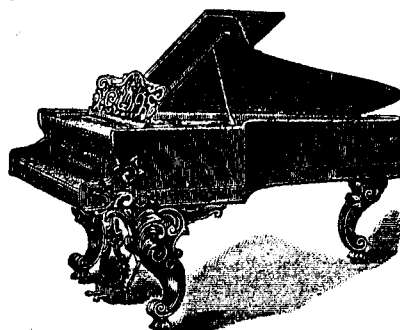
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

REFERRING to what has from time to time appeared in THE WEEK and other Upper Province journals in regard to the propriety of re-considering the Canadian position on the trans-shipment question, the Halifax *Chronicle* is of opinion that the proposal is "refreshingly cool." "Coming," says the *Chronicle*, "from a section of the Dominion that does not produce a salt water fish, and has not a dollar invested in the fishing enterprise, it is carrying magnanimity to the verge of heroism to propose that the fishing interests of the Maritime Provinces should give up the only leverage now remaining to secure fair play, in order that the Government should be relieved of any further embarrassment." This remark follows a lengthy argument showing that the privilege in question is of great value, under present conditions, to the American fishermen. No proof was needed. The anxiety of our neighbours to obtain the boon sufficiently attests its value. But the fact that the thing asked for would be of great value to our neighbours is in itself surely no reason for refusing it—quite the contrary. The *Chronicle* declines to offer an opinion as to "how far the enforcement of the terms of the old treaty of 1818 is in accordance with the enlightened trade views of the day." But this surely is a most pertinent and important question, if we wish to play a truly neighbourly part.

THE main point of the *Chronicle's* well put contention is that the value attached by American fishermen to the trans-shipment-in-bond privilege makes it the most powerful leverage Canada has for obtaining what she desires in return. The United States fishermen had the right under the treaty which was abrogated by the act of their own Government. They can have it again at any time under a fair new treaty. There is unquestionable force in this way of putting it. But it suggests two questions, one of principle, the other of policy. As a matter of principle—that is, of right-doing,—are we fully justified in refusing to a friendly nation a privilege which it would do us no harm to grant, simply because we hope by the refusal to extort a desired concession in return? That is to say, is not

Canada bound by international courtesy to deal with her neighbour in accordance with "the enlightened trade views of the day," irrespective of any advantages she may desire in return? There is here, we freely admit, some room for argument. But as a matter of policy, has not this "leverage" business proved a costly and disappointing failure? Is there any reason to hope for its future success? Does not persistence in a course which our neighbours regard as contrary to neighbourliness and international comity perpetuate an irritation which tends to defeat the very end in view? Has not the experiment of forcing the United States to accept our terms been tried long enough to test its value? If the case were reversed, would Canadians be likely to yield to the same kind of pressure? Moreover, if by virtue of a treaty which antedates the railways which make trans-shipment possible we may refuse to let our neighbour's fishermen enter our ports and use our railways, can we complain if they retaliate by refusing similar privileges to our merchants without a treaty? In fine, would not Canada's chances of obtaining the tariff concessions her fishermen wish for be improved rather than injured by her adoption of a more friendly, or, if the *Chronicle* pleases, "magnanimous" course? We have no wish to dogmatize in the matter, and we certainly do wish to see Ontario and the Maritime Provinces stand shoulder to shoulder in the defence of what is just and right. But in view of a possible deadlock, or something much worse, in the near future, it can do no harm for East and West to re-consider the grave questions at issue, putting themselves, for the time, as nearly as possible in the place of their neighbours.

THE announcement that the Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, has found it necessary to resume the practice of his profession in order to supplement his too scanty official income, has given rise to some discussion as to the inadequacy, or otherwise, of the salaries now paid Members of the Provincial Cabinet. It is quite probable that, judged by a reasonable standard, \$5,000 a year for the First Minister, and \$4,000 a year for each of his Associates, are sums quite too small to secure the degree of comfort and financial independence to which the ministers of a wealthy province are fairly entitled. But it will be obvious, we think, on a little reflection, that it would be both impracticable and undesirable to attempt to make the earning capacity of the respective ministers in other pursuits the measure of their official salaries. It is highly probable, as *The Globe* says, that Mr. Mowat could easily earn \$20,000 a year in the practice of his profession, but it would hardly be a logical inference that his salary as First Minister should be raised to anything like that amount. It is fair to assume that to make money, above the amount necessary for the ordinary purposes of life, is not the ruling motive, or even a strong motive, with Mr. Mowat, or with any man worthy of the high office in which he has been placed by the suffrages of his countrymen. The same may be said in regard to all the other members of the Ministry. The honour of the position, the grand opportunity it affords for serving his country, the high satisfaction which attends the conscious discharge of duty in the sphere for which his talents are best adapted—these and kindred considerations have a value in the eyes of the true statesman and patriot which cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. In Cabinet offices, as in all other of the highest professions and pursuits, it must be expected in the future as in the past that the best service will as a rule be rendered by men who, were money-making their chief aim, could gain wealth much more rapidly in some other employment.

PROFESSOR ASHLEY'S inaugural lecture at Toronto University marks the commencement of a new and much needed departure in higher education in Canada. Many may not fully sympathize with Professor Ashley in his dread of innovations in University courses, but all will agree that his address fully vindicated the claims of Political Science to the place which has been too tardily made for it in the Provincial University. Professor Ashley's remark that the universities are not likely to confound Political Science with Sociology, taken in connection with his careful outline and limitation of the sphere of the former, suggests the query whether he was exactly accurate in describing Political Science as the last new claimant for admission to a place in the university courses. As he is no doubt aware, Sociology proper, or at least considerable groups of subjects which

are shut out under his strict definition from the scope of a chair of Political Science and handed over to the wider domain of Social Science, have already found admission to several of the leading American Universities, to go no further. Last year a special course of lectures was inaugurated at the Johns Hopkins' University, dealing with such subjects as charities, sanitation, child-labour, taxation, tenement houses, and statistics. At Harvard such problems as charity, divorce, intemperance, and the labour question are brought by Professor Peabody into the Department of Ethics. Columbia, Cornell, and the Universities of Pennsylvania and Michigan are also incorporating branches of Social Science into their courses and lecture systems. The fact that the wide range and great complexity of the problems presented render the systematic study of Sociology extremely difficult only strengthens its claims to a place on the University curriculum, by enhancing its value as an educational instrument. The additional facts that its data are within the reach of every-day observation, and that its practical relation to the well-being of society and the highest interests of the race is of the most intimate and vital character, clothe it with an importance which will not permit its claims to be much longer overlooked, or deemed inferior to those of dead languages and mediæval systems of philosophy. Political Science proper will no doubt afford ample work for a single Professorship, but the question whether a companion chair of Social Science should not be founded at an early day is well worth the consideration of the University authorities.

"WITH a Democratic Government politics can be saved from corruption only by a large number of citizens taking an active part in politics who have given a serious and honest attention to the questions at issue and are determined to make their weight felt." In this obviously true statement Professor Ashley fully justifies the claim of political science to a place in the curriculum of every modern university worthy of the name. His further remarks: "that on this continent single individuals, or small groups of individuals, have gained control of industrial or mercantile operations vastly larger than in Europe; and that, on the other hand, associations of working men bigger than any over there have come into existence," are every day receiving ample illustration. The latter of the two is just now deserving of special attention in view of the fact that the recent combination of all classes of railroad employees in the United States into one great organization bids fair, if successfully worked, to exhibit the power of the labour union on a scale hitherto unprecedented. The scheme is a vast one, and may fall to pieces by reason of its own weight, but, on the other hand, the conception carries with it the possibility, which may any day become a reality, of an organization of working men becoming absolute master of the railway system of the continent. With such possibilities ahead it is surely time that Political Science should become the special study of all classes of educated citizens.

Two distinct questions, one legal, the other moral, are involved in the present phase of the Manitoba Railway difficulty. The former concerns the status of a provincial railway as determined by its crossing or connecting with a railway chartered by the Dominion Government. It is now boldly maintained, in effect, in a letter to a contemporary, by Mr. R. M. Wells, a solicitor who was formerly Speaker of the Ontario Legislative Assembly, that by virtue of the Dominion Railway Act of 1883, the instant a Provincial Legislature passes an act incorporating a railway touching or crossing at any point a railway chartered by the Dominion Parliament, or pronounced a work for the general advantage of Canada, that instant the Provincial charter becomes invalid, any company formed under it ceases to have a legal existence, and the road in question passes under the sole jurisdiction of the Dominion Government. From this the inference is easy that the Red River Valley Railway has no legal charter, and the Manitoba Government no right of control in regard to it. It is, in short, a Dominion road, pure and simple, with which the Provincial authorities who built it have nothing to do. Not only so, but should this interpretation prevail it would become practically *ultra vires* for the Government of any Province to charter or construct any local railway whatever, since the object of such a railway could scarcely be gained without its either crossing or connecting with some one or other of the great trunk lines which have been declared to be "for the general advantage of Canada." If this is in substance the important question to be decided by the Supreme Court next week when it pronounces upon the points raised by the solicitors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it certainly involves one of the most important legal discussions that has ever yet been raised between the Dominion and the Provinces. We fail, however, to perceive on what ground the question can be called "constitutional," seeing that it is concerned, primarily, with the effect of an Act of the Dominion Parliament, which may surely be modified, or repealed, if necessary, by the same power which enacted it.

THE moral question involved in the railway dispute has to do only with the conduct of the representatives of the Canadian Pacific Railway. To most of our readers the fact that Mr. VanHorne, Mr. Wells, and other advocates of the Company can see no breach of faith or other moral wrong in its attempt to prevent the completion of the Red River Valley road, will, we venture to say, seem to furnish a striking instance of the power of self-interest to impair the moral eyesight. Many changes are rung on the key-note fact that the agreement made was not with Manitoba but with the Dominion Government. To the non-legal and impartial mind the spirit and intent of the obligation, as understood by the Parliament and people, can be made clear by a simple supposition. Suppose that it had been openly stated by Mr. VanHorne, or some other representative of the Company, while the bill for retiring the Monopoly obligation by the guarantee of the Company's bonds was under debate, that the effect of the arrangement would not be to enable the Manitoba Government to complete the Red River Valley road as projected, but that the Company still hoped and intended to prevent the completion of that and similar competing lines in Manitoba by invoking a clause of the Dominion Railway Act, how many votes would have been recorded in favour of the guarantee bill? Would not every honest member of the Government and the House have said at once, "Why, that would be to defeat the prime object of this bill, and to snatch away on a side issue the very consideration in return for which this guarantee is to be given!" It is useless to mince the matter. Columns of special and specious pleading will not avail to change the common sense conclusion of the people of Canada. Seeing that the manifest and avowed object of the obstruction is not to secure safe crossings but to prevent any crossing, no amount of sophistry can save the Company from the deep reproach of seeking to evade the spirit of its covenant, unless and until it can prove that its representatives believed Parliament and the people to understand the agreement in the sense in which Mr. VanHorne and his associates now seek to interpret it.

CANADIANS are intensely interested in everything which affects the good feeling which should always exist between the United States and England. They will therefore be disposed to disapprove Lord Salisbury's sneer at American statesmen and popular institutions. However scant the courtesy with which Lord Sackville and the British Government were treated in the summary dismissal of the former, it cannot be forgotten that President Cleveland was within his right, and that Lord Sackville unquestionably transgressed the laws of diplomatic etiquette. But, apart from the question of provocation, it surely comports ill with the dignity of the Prime Minister of Great Britain, or with the best traditions of his high office, to interlard a public address with sneering references to the Government of a great and friendly nation. Such expressions from the lips of one so well versed in all the amenities of diplomatic life as Lord Salisbury are especially surprising. Such darts often remain and rankle and cause mischief long after the immediate occasion has passed by.

THE protest of the Government of Queensland against the appointment of Governor Blake, of Newfoundland, to the Governorship of the former Colony, raises a question of some importance to all British Colonies. The reply of Lord Knutsford to the effect that the Imperial Government cannot allow Colonial ministers to share in the responsibility of such appointments has, of course, the true constitutional ring. But if it were meant to imply that it is impossible for the Imperial Government to give any heed to the remonstrances and protests of Colonies against individual appointments which, for any special reason, may be obnoxious, it would surely be pushing the doctrine of constitutionalism to an absurd and dangerous extreme. And yet if this was not Lord Knutsford's meaning it is hard to see the force of his reply. As the *Standard* has intimated, there is surely no reason why a Colony should be treated with less courtesy in regard to the appointment of a governor, than a foreign nation in regard to that of an ambassador. There is, on the contrary, a stronger reason for consulting the views of the Colonial authorities, inasmuch as they have not the right, which as a recent event shows, a foreign Government may freely use, of handing a card of dismissal to an objectionable appointee. There is little doubt that the view which has been expressed by the *Standard* and which will probably be strongly supported in the Commons, will prevail, and lead to the substitution of some unobjectionable name for that of Governor Blake.

It cannot be said that the result of the Presidential election was a surprise to Canadian onlookers. Though in the earlier stages of the campaign the re-election of Mr. Cleveland seemed probable, it has for some weeks past been obvious that his opponent was gaining ground, and many shrewd observers had come to the conclusion that the chances were rather

in his favour. The simple fact seems, however, to have been that in consequence of the addition to the lists of an unprecedentedly large number of new voters whose party affinities were unknown, of the uncertainty created by the Democratic divisions in New York, and of other unforeseen contingencies, the data for any reliable forecast were scanty, and the wisest could do little more than guess at the outcome.

THOUGH the election of Harrison and the general triumph of the Republicans are now certain, some time will necessarily elapse before the full returns can be analyzed with sufficient accuracy to warrant a conclusion as to the controlling force, or forces, if, indeed, there were any such, which brought about the results. Though the tariff issue was supreme in the press and on the platform during the campaign, and was probably the most potent factor in the complicated problem, there are many facts in the returns which must astonish and disappoint both the advocates and the opponents of tariff reduction. The tariff-reform cry seems to have been far less effective in the rural districts, and the protection cry far less effective in the great manufacturing centres, than must have been anticipated. Probably the chief significance of this fact is that the staid country voters are much less pervious to the arguments of agitators, much slower to transfer their party allegiance, than their more mercurial fellow-citizens in the great cities. On the whole it would be rash to accept the success of the Republicans as the settled verdict of the people of the United States on any one great question of principle or policy. Civil-Service Reform which elected Cleveland in 1884, though it could hardly be regarded as dead while Blaine was so prominent a figure in the Republican ranks, had been so sorely wounded in the house of its friends that it counted for little in the field. It is not clear that Anglophobia did much more for one party than the other, seeing how strenuously the leaders in both contended for honours in denouncing Canadian atrocities and hurling defiance at British gunboats. The Prohibition Party influenced the result but slightly, if at all. The Republican victory of 1888 will go down to history as a party triumph, the semi-accidental resultant of a great variety of converging and conflicting forces, nothing more.

FROM a Canadian point of view the result is a matter of indifference. There is some reason to hope that the President elect is too judicial in mind and too dignified in character to stoop to a policy of bluster or bullying. He seems committed, it is true, by one passage in his letter of acceptance, to the principle of retaliation, in case the privileges of trading in our harbours and trans-shipping in bond, whose denial seems now to be the burden of American grievance, are not conceded. He argues, plausibly enough for those who are disposed to leave history and treaties out of the account, that Canadian vessels cannot expect a hospitality in United States ports, which is denied to the vessels of the United States in Canadian ports. Treaties aside, these questions are of a kind which may, as we have before argued, be fairly open to reconsideration on the two grounds of policy and neighbourliness. If, as some are disposed to think, a Republican Administration will be bound to dispute the Canadian claim in regard to harbours, the retort will be easy that American vessels cannot expect to be permitted to usurp territorial rights in Canadian waters, while Canadian vessels are granted no corresponding rights in American waters. Should such views or the counsels of such patriots as Senator Frye prevail in the coming Republican Cabinet, the hope of an amicable settlement of the Fishery dispute will be remote indeed. In such a case Canada, after having gone to the utmost bounds in the way of friendly concession, will have only to accept the situation and guard her property as best she can.

THE Report, or rather the Reports—for there was a minority as well as a majority Report—of the English Royal Commission on Education, bids fair to revive in all its intensity the controversy which preceded and led up to the Act of 1870. Arrangements are being made for a great Educational Conference in London on the 20th and 21st inst. The circular summoning the Conference specifies the following as its objects:—

1. To oppose the appropriation of additional public money to denominational schools, and especially payments out of rates to denominational and other privately managed schools.
2. To oppose any sectarian departure from the provisions of the Act of 1870 relating to religious teaching; either by permitting the use of denominational formularies, or by compelling the marking of school registers before the commencement of religious teaching.
3. To promote the extension of the School Board system and the provision of schools of an unsectarian character, under the control of the elected representatives of the ratepayers, throughout England and Wales.
4. To secure increased facilities for the training of teachers in unsectarian colleges.

The circular is issued over the names of about fifty influential men,

including members of Parliament, Nonconformist ministers, members of School Boards and others. The Conference will be looked for with interest as indicating to some extent the strength of the Opposition with which the proposals of the majority of the Educational Commission will be met. In the event of the Government adopting those proposals and attempting to embody them in legislation, as it will probably do, one of the elements of complication will be the uncertainty as to the action of the Liberal Unionists. Will they subordinate their convictions on the matter of unsectarian education to their loyalty to the administration in its struggle against Home Rule? That is a question which is already being anxiously considered.

THE first annual report of the first railway in China has been published. This is a line with a grand total of about twenty-seven miles between Tongsan and Yung-chong, in the Province of Chihli, in North China. Its gross receipts are £13,000, and its net profits £4,900, which gives a dividend of 6 per cent. on the paid-up capital. There have been 1,166 first-class passengers, and 146,333 second-class passengers, or an average of about three first-class and 400 second-class passengers each day. This is not bad considering the strength of the almost invincible prejudices that have had to be broken down. It is noted that the conservatism of the upper classes gives way more slowly than that of the middle and lower classes, a fact which is not, we suppose, exceptional. The line is now extended to Tientsin, the great commercial capital of North China, and no doubt a large extension of traffic will follow.

THE question propounded by the Lord Bishop of Manchester at the recent Church Congress in that city, viz.: "How far might it be wise and right for the clergy to make known the well-established results of Biblical criticism in their ordinary teaching?" was one which does honour to his Christian courage and manliness. The fearless freedom and frankness which characterized many of the papers and discussions of the Church Congress stand out in refreshing contrast with the intolerant timidity which too often holds sway in such conventions. They suggest most favourable comparison, for instance, with such proceedings as those of the Charleston Presbytery which a few weeks ago forbade any public discussion of the action of the South Presbyterian Church in its recent condemnation of the theory of evolution as unorthodox and consequently inadmissible. It should be noted, however, that the South Carolina Synod has shown its greater breadth and wisdom by condemning the action of the Presbytery, and that an appeal has been taken from the Synod to the General Assembly, whose decision will be final. Still more futile, probably, is the compromise attempted at a Quarterly Meeting of the London (England) Baptist Association, which is trying to stay the divisive course of the "down-grade" controversy by a singularly illogical expedient. It has adopted a declaration prepared by a special committee, enumerating seven statements as "among the cardinal principles of the evangelical faith generally held by the churches of the Association," and at the same time depriving these statements of all ecclesiastical or binding authority by distinctly declaring in a preamble that they are not "to be regarded as a credal basis of the Association." The alternatives of a written creed and "no creed but the Bible," are distinct and easily understood, but a statement of belief which is binding only upon those who choose to accept it seems nugatory, if not a contradiction in terms. Meanwhile all these discussions are symptomatic of life and growth, rather than of decay or death. The most vigorous agitation is infinitely better than stagnation. It affords, amongst other encouragements, ground to hope that from all this turmoil will emerge the Church of the future, enlarged, strengthened, and broad-based on a foundation ample for all the grand proportions of the many-sided temple of eternal truth.

SCOTTISH HOME RULE.

It may safely be said that it is the Irish cry for Home Rule, and this alone, which has raised the Scottish Home Rule cry. And most persons who have really thought out the subject have seen, clearly enough, that, if the Irish demand were conceded, it would hardly be possible to stop there. It was probably the prospect of this extension of the federal theory which made Mr. Gladstone, in his first proposals, exclude Irish members altogether from the Imperial Parliament. According to that notion, Great Britain and Ireland would have formed two distinct kingdoms with one sovereign.

It was speedily apparent that such a theory could not be worked, inasmuch as the Imperial Parliament was to retain a power of veto on the action of the Irish Parliament, and this without Ireland being represented in the controlling authority. Accordingly, the next proposal was that

Ireland should have her own local Parliament in Dublin, and should send representatives to the Imperial Parliament in London; and quite recently Mr. Gladstone has fallen in with this view. Those who accepted such a plan could hardly fail to advance to a further application of their theory; and, as a matter of fact, "dear old Scotland" and "brave little Wales"—we think these are Mr. Gladstone's endearing epithets—are now in the field, or at least certain noisy representatives of these beloved regions. Apparently England is not so old, or so dear, or so little (this at least is true), or so brave. Poor England! We suppose we must not say, Poor dear England!

Let us then clearly understand the nature of these proposals. They mean that Great Britain and Ireland is to cease to be a United Kingdom, and is to become a federation. And this proposal seems to be made with a very "light heart," as though it were the simplest and easiest of all possible changes. Have the proposers really considered what is involved in this—that it positively is a revolution of a very thorough-going character, and that it may involve consequences the magnitude of which does not seem to have occurred to their minds?

We know tolerably well what the Irish agitators mean by the demand for Home Rule. They mean hatred of England, they mean the weakening of the Empire, and they also mean the plunder of the landlords. No doubt the agrarian question is the acutest of all, but the other ones lie very near to it. Now, we do not, for a moment, believe that the Scottish Home Rulers are, in any perceptible degree, influenced by such motives. For the most part they are moved by a sentimental nationalism which is very creditable, as it is creditable to the Welsh, or the Northumbrians, or the Cornishmen. We shall inquire presently into other aspects of the sentiment.

What Canadians mean by interesting themselves in these questions it is not quite so easy to determine. Of course, a good deal of allowance is to be made for the bumptiousness of a young people, as it is for the same quality in a young man. Then, naturally, there is a good deal of ignorance mixed up with the movement. We have a Federation in Canada, with local parliaments and a central parliament, why should they not have the same in Great Britain? *Sancta simplicitas!* It would be grotesque, were it not so serious.

There are two assumptions here, neither of which it is at present possible to verify. In the first place, it is assumed that Federal Government is an entire success; and in the second place, it is assumed that a method which succeeds in this country must succeed everywhere. Neither of these propositions can be demonstrated. We are near the beginning of our Federal system, but we are not at the end of it, we are not many years advanced in it; and even in our short life-time we have had our difficulties; and he would be a bold man who would say that the working has always been strictly according to the theory.

But even if Federal Government were the best for this country and for the United States, it does not follow that it would be the best for Great Britain. In the States it needed a great and bloody war to settle the relations between the local governments and the central one. When that war took place, the Constitution was not a hundred years old, and another hundred years may reveal fresh difficulties. But the case would be far more critical in Great Britain. Federal Government, on this side of the Atlantic, was perhaps the only way of binding together a number of independent States or Provinces, and the best must be made of it. In Great Britain it is the breaking up of one solidified State into fragments, in the doing of which there would be the shedding of an enormous quantity of bad blood which would fall to the earth, and become the seed of miseries untold for the future.

It needs the recklessness of Mr. Gladstone himself to contemplate the consequences of such a revolution without emotion. United Great Britain has, in God's providence, gained such a place among the nations of the earth as no country of the same size has ever gained under similar conditions. Are we prepared lightly to cast aside an order of things which has been attended with such results? Are we prepared to run the risk which is incidental to such a revolution?

On a former occasion we referred to the building together of modern France by the prudence, and sometimes the unscrupulous violence, of her far-seeing rulers. By welding the ancient provinces into one kingdom they made France what was long entitled "the prerogative nation of Europe." Will any one gravely propose to relieve the local grievances of the French people by introducing a new system of federal government, which shall give local parliaments to the ancient provinces? Yet the different parts of France are as widely distinguished from each other as the constituent parts of the British United Kingdom. In Western Brittany they speak a Celtic language akin to the Welsh; in some of the Eastern depart-

ments they speak a dialect of German; while in other parts, not to mention the unique Basque language, they speak dialects of Italian and of Spanish. Will any Scotchman deny the analogy? And will he dispassionately counsel French Home Rule?

It is, we hope, apparent that before we can be induced to take this "leap in the dark" we should be satisfied that it is recommended by very grave and sufficient reasons. We have carefully read the reports of the speeches made last week at the meeting of the association, and we confess that we cannot discover them. There was, naturally and innocently, the usual amount of "tall talk," but we do not complain of this. We like the Scotch for loving the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." We admire the serene conviction which they entertain of their own pre-eminence in every department. They have almost persuaded mankind at large to take the same view of them. And this is really a considerable feat to have accomplished.

But this is not enough to show the necessity or the desirableness of Home Rule; and we find little of the nature of solid argument or reason—nothing but somewhat vague generalities. For example, we are gravely assured that Scotland has been losing its liberties since the Union. How Scotchmen, of whom apparently the meeting in Temperance Hall was chiefly composed, should have listened with equanimity to such a statement, passes our power of comprehension. How often have we "assisted" at the singing of "Scots wha hae," and glowed at the declaration of the patriotic king,

We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free;

and now we are told that, under the descendants of Robert Bruce, and especially, as it would appear, under one of the very last of them, and certainly under that one who has shown the most passionate love for the "land of the mountain and the flood," Scotland has lost her liberties!

In what way? Her laws and her institutions have been changed. *Latet dolus in generalibus.* Condescend to particulars. Tell us what laws and what institutions. As a matter of simple fact, we know that whilst the old common law prevails in England, as it does in Ontario and New York, the Roman Civil Law prevails in Scotland, as it does in Quebec. We doubt very much whether an English barrister would understand the very terms in use in Scottish law.

The gentleman who came as a representative of the association in Scotland said that two things had saved Scotland, her education and her religion. But surely these are very important institutions; and we are glad to find that England has not interfered with them. The educational system, by which Scotland became the best educated nation in the world, is certainly a thing for Scotchmen to be proud of. We imagine that it is the opinion of most of them that, under the Imperial Parliament, that system has been modified in a manner calculated to meet the changing needs of modern times.

In regard to the Church, we are a little afraid of hurting, at once, Scotch and English sensibilities. But the truth must be told. The calm student of history will probably decide that it was the alliance with England that saved the Presbyterian religion. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, himself a Presbyterian, declares that the Episcopalians were at one time more numerous in Scotland than the Presbyterians. It was the great Prince of Orange who threw his sword into the Presbyterian scale, not because they were Presbyterians, for he was about the same time becoming an Episcopalian, but because they were Whigs.

Nor is this all. "Bonnie Prince Charlie" swept Scotland from end to end, and was not only "king o' the Hieland hearts," but of a good many of the Lowland. It was this terrible England, which, alas! has been enslaving, of late, the sons of Fergus, which sent the young Pretender "on his travels," as his grand-uncle would have said, and saved the Presbyterianism of Scotland from destruction. Now, we can quite understand a Scotch Roman Catholic, or perhaps an Episcopalian, giving this example to show how Scotland had been deprived of her liberty, but it is an example which a Presbyterian will certainly not adduce as an argument for Home Rule.

There is one point, and only one, as far as we can make out, which can be urged as a reason for Home Rule in Scotland. Broadly stated, it is the complaint that the Imperial Parliament is too busy or too indifferent to attend to local needs in Scotland. There are certainly some persons who would be guilty of the levity of declaring that such a state of things was a blessing and a benefit, instead of an injury and a grievance; and they would point to the deluge of legislation with which Canada and the United States are afflicted. We will not urge this consideration, nor will we, at present, argue that English local affairs are in precisely the same condition. Even if the case were as bad as it is represented to be, which we do not

believe, a local parliament would be a very desperate remedy for a very slight complaint. County Boards, such as have been proposed, and can easily be established, would meet every such need quite as effectually as a Scottish Parliament, and without entailing the host of evils which would result from the realizing of this craze about Home Rule.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

If Canadians had been asked, nine months ago, which way their sympathies leaned in the coming presidential contest, the vast majority of them would have answered that they hoped President Cleveland would be re-elected. If they had been asked the same question about nine days ago, they would have given, with almost the same unanimity, an answer entirely to the contrary effect. They would have said they hoped he might be beaten.

Few incidents which have sprung out of the relations between Canada and the United States have aroused such a feeling of disgust in this country as the action of President Cleveland in connection with the Fisheries dispute. We cannot tell what chances there were for Commercial Union before he hung out the Retaliation flag, but we are quite certain that the chances were diminished after that event. We believe that there are a good many annexationists living under the British flag in Canada. We cannot positively assert that this number was decreased by the President's action, but we are quite sure that they would not, after that, have given the same publicity to their sentiments. It is said, and truly, that a straw will show which way the wind blows, and one of those straws which shows whether the wind in Canada is favourable to the States is the exhibition of the Stars and Stripes, in our streets, on our public holidays, in conjunction with the Union Jack. Sometimes the American flag appears so abundantly that we are apt to doubt on which side of the border we are. At the last provincial exhibition in September we are informed that only two American flags were displayed in the city. For aught we know, there may have been more, but most persons saw not one; and this is certainly a straw which shows the direction of the wind.

The President had appointed Americans to sit on the Fisheries Commission with English and Canadian Delegates, and they had recommended a certain course to be taken. The President and his Ministers approved of that course, but the Senate rejected it. In consequence of that rejection by his own Senate, not by the Canadian Parliament or the Canadian people, President Cleveland threatened retaliation, and asked for special power to carry it out. And his friends defended him by saying he did not really mean it—it was merely a political dodge. This for a defence! But it has not answered, and all honourable men must be glad and thankful for its failure.

It cannot be said that the Sackville affair has reversed the state of feeling towards the President either in England or in Canada. Certainly no one approves of Lord Sackville's imprudence. He was caught by a device which most diplomatic persons might have suspected at once. But, as the *Saturday Review* has remarked, if an American minister had done the same thing in England, nobody would have paid any attention to it; at least, no official notice would have been taken of it. But the authorities at Washington could not, apparently, afford to be so magnanimous. And this, too, has failed; and most people here are glad. And we must do our people the justice to say that they are not glad of the lesson taught merely because an Englishman has been treated ungenerously, but because ungenerous conduct is ignoble in all men, and especially in those who occupy the highest places.

We do not for a moment suppose, that these matters have decided or even largely influenced the decision of the election; at the same time they have had their influence. The English vote in the United States must be a considerable factor in the political problem—of course, nothing like the Irish vote; but still it has to be reckoned with. Now, unless we are misinformed, the English vote was largely Democratic, and this for other reasons besides the leaning of the Democrats to free trade; and we may be quite sure that President Cleveland has not received the English vote.

Again, the very classes who would be conciliated by the bullying of England were already on the side of the Democrats, who possess to a large extent, if not altogether, the Irish vote. On the other hand, some of the very best of the Republican supporters of Cleveland at the last election, namely those who could not bring themselves to vote for Mr. Blaine, were precisely those who would have been disgusted and repelled by the President's "dodge." Men who would not vote with their own party because they judged that their candidate had acted dishonourably, would be very little likely to support the nominee of the other party, when they regarded him as having acted in a discreditable manner. Besides, the better class of

Americans have no love for this manner of insulting the Old Country. They are proud of their English origin, and their English blood.

We are far from thinking that we have exhausted the explanation of the Presidential contest. Undoubtedly the President may claim that his free-trading propensities have lost him many votes; and to this extent he may deserve the sympathy of those who believe in the evils of the system of protection. Moreover, there is a tendency in men to fall back into party lines, and this more especially when they saw that by their divisions they have helped the rival party into power. Many Republicans who supported Mr. Cleveland, and many more who abstained from voting four years ago, have been little pleased to have their own friends deprived of posts in the public service, or to see the country governed by those whom they have been in the habit of regarding as more or less disloyal.

If we add that the fickleness of a democracy may always be reckoned upon, we shall perhaps have enumerated the chief of the reasons for the rejection of President Cleveland by the votes of his fellow citizens.

PARIS LETTER.

A FINE statue of Admiral Coligny, the Huguenot hero, is going to be put up on the spot where he was assassinated on the night of St. Bartholomew massacre, in the Rue de Rivoli, nearly opposite the Louvre. Reading over the subscription list, one is struck by the number of Catholics who have come forward to honour the grand old Huguenot. The Comte de Paris starts the list with 1,000 francs. The monument consists of a group composed of Coligny, France and Religion. The Admiral will be seen standing, waiting for those told off to murder him; at his feet lies France holding a crown in her hand on which is inscribed *Saint Quentin, 1557*, recalling the Admiral's defence of that time against the Spaniards; and Religion, a veiled figure bearing the martyr's palm; between them an open Bible and the Coligny arms. The group is the work of M. Crank, a well-known French sculptor.

Apropos of the recent railway racing on the lines between London and Edinburgh, a well known French writer, M. Thomas Grimm, has given some interesting remarks on French railways. It used to take from three to four days and nights for the mail carts to go from Paris to Marseilles, changing horses at short relays.

A French lady in old Revolutionary days took a pardon for her husband, a royalist officer imprisoned at Montpellier, having bribed the driver to give her a seat at his side. When she reached the prison gate she fell fainting with the pardon in her hand. And as to travellers of high distinction like Madame de Sevigné, they spent weeks on the road between Paris and Provence. When the famous line, commonly called the P.L.M., was made, people thought it most wonderful to get down to the Mediterranean in two days and one night. Then they hit on what was the new plan of missing the smaller stations, and did it in twenty-four hours. Then they got a little quicker and successfully reduced the time to eighteen hours, and fifteen hours and a half. The lightning trains are talked about but are still in the future.

And even now the French railways are far behind the Flying Dutchman. The quickest is the Bordeaux Express, which puffs along at the rate of 70 kilomètres an hour; and the mail from Calais to Paris only manages 67½ and our old friend, the P.L.M., may be said to still hobble along at 62 kilomètres, or perhaps fifty miles an hour, which is really for these modern days a miserable rate of progression!

I hear that M. Eiffel has sold his famous tower to a company, who mean to work it next year and ever after, for the sum of five million francs, pledging himself to deliver it over finished by April, 1889.

The old question as to whether a theatrical censor is necessary has again come to the front. It is a question in which all French literary men take the keenest interest *pour et contre*, as embodying a certain principle of liberty in matters of art. Those in favour of total abolition of all censorship quote the liberty of the press and public meeting which in France, as all are aware of, is carried to a strange degree of license. Those against the abolition of "*la Vieille Dame*" i.e. *la Censure*, give obvious reasons which would be quoted by their English contemporaries as settling the question.

M. Zola, when lately interviewed on the subject exclaimed, "When a candle maker sells his goods to the trade does a government official certify that the tallow is pure and the wicks straight and dry? Well, the manager of a theatre sells retail to the public goods that we, the dramatic authors, have to produce with labour and time; so let them leave us alone to manage our own business with the managers, and at least try to fly with our own wings!"

Coming after this it is funny to hear M. Renan expounding his views as follows: "The theatre may be likened to a public market where all go in and buy the wares. You would be glad to have your eggs certified as fresh, and the vegetables as of good quality. Well, the *bourgeois* who takes his wife and daughters to the theatre and who, mark you, pays for the pleasure before he has seen the play, has a right to a moral certificate of the piece." Alphonse Daudet refers his fellow workers to his new play of *Sapho* as to how far the Censor's patience or conscience will allow him to go in licensing a piece. It is curious to note that the *naïf* author of *L'Immortel* is the only man among those interviewed who cites his own works, but this is set down to his Southern gush. Continuing his personal reminiscences, he admits that at three and twenty he would liked to have strangled *La Censure*; it was during the third empire, he had written a small *lever de rideau* named *Le Lys*, in which the hero, a young marquis, falls dead at the end of the piece crying, "*Vive le Roi!*" The Theatre

Francais had accepted it when the Censor sent to say that both the title and dénouement must be changed, and that he suggested that the name should be changed from "*Le Lys*" to "*La Dahlia*," and that the youthful noble should cry out "*Vive l'Empereur*." This surely accounts for M. Daudet's great contempt for the empire and its institutions.

Emile Augier, the master of them all, writes from his retreat at Croigny the *fin mot*, to my thinking, of the question: "My ideal Censorship would be the judgment of the whole public."

It is evident the Censor must reflect the feeling of his nation and his time. The Puritans allowed no theatrical representations whatever; their descendants flock to the theatre caring little whether the play they are going to see be moral in its tendency, provided that they get their money's worth in amusement. And clearly for them a Censor must be provided who can both reflect and help to restrain the feeling of the time.

Mdlle. Marcelle Boulanger is going to be married to a certain *Capitaine* Driant. The General's friends are very pleased, for the future bridegroom is a gentleman and a brave officer, but the anti-Boulangists declare that having exhausted all other means of *reclame* he marries his daughter! Certain it is that the wedding ceremony will probably be converted into a great public demonstration; presents of all descriptions are pouring in on the young lady from unknown friends. Though not of age she is known to have greatly helped her father in all his correspondence, etc., and to be a remarkably charming specimen of *la jeune fille*, of which so many intelligent, cultivated and feminine examples lie buried in French *bourgeois* families until some accident brings them to the front, either as Sisters of Charity in the ambulances, or through their own private letters and diaries, such as Eugenie de Guérin, or Eugenie de la Ferronnages, in Mrs. Augustus Craven's *Recit d'une Sœur*.

Those to whom "*Le brav' General*" means a martial figure mounted on a black charger, and perpetually smiling at the ladies do not give a second glance at the tall middle-aged man, clad in a long grey cloak, whom they meet walking with two young daughters in the woods which lie round Paris and Versailles, yet unknowing they have seen Boulanger as few see him—*en famille*.

M. A. B.

SONNET.

"Your nothing is my all."—*Faust*.

[ADDRESSED TO A SMALL CIRCLE WHO LOVE WISDOM FOR ITS OWN SAKE.]

"OBSERVE those dreamers!" Thus I heard one say.

"Philosophers, and artists, poets—all:

Spurn we their vague 'abstractions'! I would call

Them 'nothings,' read by light of sober day.

The heroes of the world are valiant men,

Döers, who hold the plough or wield the sword,

Or wear the crown as master, king or lord."

I, sighing mournfully, replied: "O, when

Shall the 'realities' be understood?

Are not the instruments of use or pain

First fashioned in deep contemplative mood

Within the thinker's ever-active brain?

Prosper the dreamer for the nation's weal;

Before him shall the coming ages kneel."

Montreal.

MARY MORGAN (Gowan Lea.)

WASHINGTON LETTER.

NON-IMPORTANCE OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CHANGE.

DOES Canada lose or gain by the result of the Presidential election? Her interest and desire are to live on terms of cordiality with her neighbour and to carry on such commercial intercourse as their respective economic systems and views permit. Except for the rejection of the Fisheries treaty by the Republicans, there could be no grounds of suspicion that they would prove less agreeable collaborators with the Dominion authorities than the Democrats. But the Fisheries treaty was rejected, as everybody knows, as a move in the game of partisan politics on this side of the boundary. Its rejection on such grounds cannot be defended, but the fact is for the moment of more consequence than the motive. We wish to get the best terms that we can for our fishermen; we think that Canada, to her own gain and our injury, enforces the terms of the treaty of 1818 while violating its spirit; but we are not going to be belligerent about a matter fairly open to conflicting constructions; we are not going to leave our frontier, commercial and fishery relations to the hazards of chance, and if we cannot talk the affair to a settlement between Canada and ourselves we shall be agreeably disposed to a disinterested arbitration. Such, I take it, will be the feeling and policy of the new administration, and even in the improbable contingency of Mr. Blaine's becoming Secretary of State, I should not look for any material difference of feeling or policy, though it would be a pledge of peace and right conduct if the department of State should fall into the hands of Senator Sherman, who stands out as the most prominent because the most fit nominee to that portfolio. So far as concerns the Fisheries question, therefore, I hold that Canada has reason to expect as fair and satisfactory a negotiation with the coming as with the present administration. It would be a surprising thing in this country to be told that the public men of the Republican party are less capable, less temperate, or less observant of public opinion or political propriety than their rivals; or that General Harrison is less likely than Mr. Cleveland to

conduct his administration with dignity, fairness and conciliation toward the rest of the world.

With regard to commercial intercourse, the new administration stands committed to the maintenance of the protective system, but it is not, in a practical sense, committed to any particular details, or set of details, of that system. The existing tariff is not satisfactory; its hurtful pressure in various directions is felt and admitted; the necessity for its revision is universally conceded, and, despite their Chicago platform, the Republicans mean to undertake its revision. They may not go quite so fast or so far as the Mills Tariff Bill, but it is improbable that the differences between that Bill and the Republican measure, as it must shape itself within the next three years, will be so great in respect of Canadian interests as to justify the people of the Dominion in shedding any tears over the loss of the Mills Bill. I repeat my conviction that Canadians, as such, had no appreciable balance of hopes or fears cast upon the late election.

President Cleveland came into office pledged to purify and invigorate the administration, to advance the reform of the civil service, to enforce honesty and economy in public expenditure, and to restore fraternity between the North and South. Something has been effected in all these directions, but much less than he promised and not enough to make the return of the Republicans to power particularly lamentable in a comparative sense. His administration in 1888 has not been what it was in 1885; the energies of his subordinates being too much devoted of late to securing his re-nomination and re-election, and too little to the natural and professed objects of government. Mr. Cleveland foresaw this danger, prior to his election in 1884, and preached against the second term for a President; but four years later he found his candidacy for re-election essential to the hopes of his party, and had personal reasons for desiring a second term. Possibly he has done as well as he could under all the circumstances, but the performances of the last few months make painful reading by the side of his promises, rendered at a time when he evidently thought that he should not be standing by-and-by for a second term. To-day the administration is not vigorous, if even pure; the cause of civil service reform has been greatly set back and the public expenditure is not economical though reasonably honest. As for fraternity between North and South, it had been practically restored before Mr. Cleveland came into office. The retaliation message, the signing of the faithless Chinese Exclusion Bill, and the dismissal of the British envoy under circumstances insulting to a friendly power, are personal acts of the President, each and all done to carry favour with ignorant, prejudiced, and irrational voters; and now that he is defeated, these acts bar his way to a dignified retirement. On the whole, however, he has done good in his office, and the fruits of what he has well done will doubtless long outlast him. General Harrison is likely to be quite as respectable, but from all appearances his influence upon the future of the country will be neither important nor lasting. There are reasons for presuming that Mr. Cleveland will not be seen again in public life, after his Presidential term expires next March, and conformably to the practical working of our political system, he ceased to be of any especial consequence on Tuesday last. With all his faults (and they are not few nor small) the country owes him much for his courageous message on the Tariff, which set the people to thinking about a problem that they are sure to study till they solve it, and which gave his party an issue upon which it can afford to be beaten once, for the almost assured certainty of brilliant success hereafter. If the Democratic party lives and succeeds, it will owe much of its life and all of its success to a man who will not then be its leader, and whose four years of present greatness, soon to end, will offer many unsatisfactory reflections. For the moment, however, the chief reflection is that if nothing has been gained by Republican success the loss is not overwhelming.

B.

Washington, November 10th, 1888.

THE NORTH-WEST FARMER.

APPARENTLY the eastern reader is not yet tired of hearing something about the farmers of the west. Nor would it be other than a mistake to suppose that the subject has been exhausted. It has hardly been entered on. There is so much individuality in the men, so much in their careers, struggles, failures, successes, that no eastern experience would suggest, still less inform the imagination so as to approach anticipation, that very many more articles than I have time or will to write might be written, and still leave a world of interest to explore. Human effort under new conditions has always had an irresistible fascination. This is the burning page of history, the theme of epics, the web and woof of all novels and romances fit for any place other than the shop of the pastry cook. I see that one of your contemporaries spoke of these little articles as word-pictures of the great Western Acadia—my Acadia as the writer was pleased to term it; but in truth they are mere reporting—accounts *currente calamo* of what I have seen, and therefore the criticism that I should change the name of of a hill, because it grated on the poetic sensibilities of the critic, was out of court. My object is not to produce an artistic result but to give a faithful picture. Nor can I prevent myself believing that taking farmers I have visited with quite other objects than have scope in these articles, adds to their value as veracious settings forth of the attractions, difficulties, opportunities of a country which men who have seen men and cities, who know all that is most bewitching in town or champaign in Europe, prefer to all other places.

The readers of THE WEEK know something of the bluffs north of Regina. Just before we enter on the bluffs, where the prairie breaks from its level calm into undulations, is a cottage, something better than a shanty and not quite a manor house, the residence of Mr. James Bole,

the president of the Assiniboia Agricultural Society. Here he and his wife a bright Irish lady, live, a large family having like the birds taken to rustle for themselves and all doing well. The career of Mr. Bole is a remarkable one. It says more than ten thousand emigration pamphlets for the North West. It speaks of the power of human will. Five years ago when fifty-six years of age he made a new start, not only without capital, but in debt, and in May 1883 he entered for a homestead thirteen miles north of Regina. His son took a homestead near. Now he is independent. He never lost heart, a fine cheerful disposition, resigned, arduous, whenever he put his plough in the prairie the two forces that have done all the great things in this world were guiding the furrow—human will and faith. He has 2,000 bushels of wheat this year and 1,000 bushels of oats. He has already sold 115 bushels cleaned at \$1.11 a bushel, and 500 without being cleaned at \$1. Up to thirty years of age he farmed in the county of Lambton. He then rented his farm in order to go into town, to give his children better schooling. He embarked in business, and being a man of kind heart endorsed for another—forgetting the counsel of the wise book which advises you to give your cloak and coat to your enemy but warns you in the strongest terms against endorsing, being surety for a friend. He lost \$4,000. His fine farm went, and he commenced life again, going into waggon-making, a business he pursued for seven years. At the end of that period he went extensively into the manufacture of agricultural implements. In 1882 he found the balance was on the wrong side of the ledger, and the brave heart said to itself there must be a new start, and with a family remarkable to day in their walks for push, intelligence, character and business power, left for the North-West. He worked in Regina up to the date of his homesteading. As he says: "I went to work and determined to make a home here and I consider"—(with a smile of great noble self-satisfaction)—"that I have succeeded." He and his son near him have 160 acres under cultivation. Like all North-Westerners he thinks there is no land like this.

I have something now to say that should prove interesting as well as instructive. But the interesting should be treated interestingly, and to do this requires some little thought, but in this exigent life up here I have hardly time to say my prayers, and when I sit down to write, all I can do is to throw the reins to the pen and bid it go. Sterne once said of his goose quill, "It governs me, I govern not it." Without quite going this far it is certain my steel pen has to "gang its ain gait" pretty well.

I have a number of friends around Buffalo Lake, about twenty-three miles north of Moosejaw. I had intended visiting them on Monday week, but the roads in consequence of the then recent storm were so bad, I put it off until last Monday, and this the more willingly because a political friend, a prosperous rancher in these parts, Mr. Annable, who ran during the recent election for the Moosejaw District, said he could on that day accompany me. Meanwhile there was another storm. But I was determined to go, and so on the afternoon of Monday we started, the sky still menacing, its clouds hurried on by a cold breeze which had a polar fervency in its kiss. We had a team—a good native pony and a small broncho mare, the rig not a buckboard, but a spring covered conveyance, nice enough to drive down King Street. I did not like it, but I thought my friend of the livery had no buckboard. You can fancy my utter disgust when I learned, when about fourteen miles out, that he had a buckboard, but thought a covered rig on springs more suitable to the dignity of a member of parliament! The roads were fearful, and driving on the prairie was not all plain sailing, for every hundred yards the land was "hummocky." My friend was driving, and he is known as the hardest driver in Moosejaw where they are all Jehus who drive furiously. About five miles outside Moosejaw he dashed into the heavy breakers of a piece of hummocky land and I felt sure we must founder. Bump! bump! creak! creak! "Do you want to wreck us here on the prairie?" I said. He answered he was only trying the springs. I told him if he had no experience of breaking down on the prairie I had, and that it was no joke. He replied with a joyous laugh as he literally "leathered" the ponies, "Well, W—— has no right to give us a rig that will break down. If the springs break we will leave the rig and ride bare-backed to our destination. We have got to get there and we always get there." However, I henceforth made a point when an ugly mass of hummocks were ahead to cry out, "woa!" and the ponies would stop. "Putting on the brakes," my friend would cry and would lean forward to whip the ponies, but I was glad to see the ponies inclined to obey my voice. Sometimes we tried the trail but no way could be made; the wheels sunk deep in mud. We called at Mr. Robert Moore's and at Mr. Frank's, both of whom have good crops, and saw at about half-past four the smoke of the steam thresher rising white against the brown hills of Buffalo Lake, and I said, "Shall we drive up there?" "Oh, no, no!" cried Mr. Annable—"at least not until we call at the house and have our names put down in the pot for supper." It was near five when we reached Mr. W. C. Sanders' house whither we were bound. We had come out in three hours and a half. This would have been good time with the ponies in the best of weather and smoothest of trails. Mr. Sanders was away at the threshing, but Mrs. Sanders made us welcome, excusing the appearance of the house by telling us that for some three days twenty men were there, the men who were working the thresher. At supper she informed me she had taken the prize for butter, thanks to Lynch's book on dairying which I had sent her. Before and after the supper I explored the bookcase in which were really good books. On the walls among other pictures hung one of the old parish church in Ontario. On a table near the window was a case containing some stuffed fowl and geological specimens found on the shores of Buffalo Lake. The fossilized jaw of a mud turtle proved that mud turtles existed on these shores, though none are found there now. What interested me very much

was an old Bible brought over from the United States by the U. E. Loyalist forefathers of our entertainers. The earliest birth registered in it took place in 1715.

It is, I think, to be regretted that in recent times those books branded as apocryphal have been omitted from the Bibles used by the reformed churches. The Bible is not merely a revelation—it is Jewish history and literature, and in undertaking to say they are not inspired it is assumed we can gather from internal evidence whether a book is inspired or not. I know I spent a very interesting and profitable half hour with the tabooed writings, and left them reluctantly to talk wheat—the one topic at present for North-Westerners—farmers, shopkeepers and railway men naturally are eloquent on this subject. But that ladies should have more to say on the crops, on the prospects for next year—which owing to the wet autumn are of the best—on the size of the kernel and the relative merits of red fyfe, ladoga and judket, than on winter fashions, shows how impressive must have been nature's golden bounties, as well as the truly progressive character of the female intellect, which has something in it, though at times hidden profoundly away, that silks and satins, bangs and bustles cannot satisfy.

Interesting as I found the book of Tobit, talk of wheat—of experiments in its growth—and one of fruitful suggestion, drew me away from Palestine, and I woke to the fact that I was not on the banks of the Jordan but on the shores of Buffalo Lake. Mr. Sanders says the prairie sod takes a long time to pulverize and that this explains why the drought of 1886 was so destructive. In that year a young Englishman of an ingenious turn of mind was farming near him. This young man instead of ploughing the sod under cut it clean off and then ploughed. The earth packed, and could thus contain and retain the moisture. He had a good crop of wheat when all his neighbours' fields were laden with wilted stalks which had caved in and fainted for want of a drink. All round the country in that year not a pea was destined to ripen, yet in the fields of the Englishman peas were abundant. Mr. Sanders took the prize this year for the best collection of grain—judket, white Russian, red fyfe, ladoga, white fyfe. The judket seems, if anything, a better wheat than the red fyfe—It yields more to the acre and ripened nineteen days earlier. It is a fine kernel—hard as a piece of flint.

We went out to the stables to feed the horses—Mr. Sanders carrying a lantern like Guy Fawkes—but the stables with rambling roof of straw, whither he bends his steps hiding the lantern with the tail of his coat, but only from the north wind, do not in the least suggest St. Stephen's. Having given the horses oats I saw mine host steal up behind the rooster perched on the top pole of the rude division between the stalls. On either side of him was his harem, and he never moved though he cast a wakeful eye on the lantern, debating within him perhaps whether it was the star of day and if he should or should not crow. In an instant Mr. Sanders had seized two hens. A "cluck! cluck! cluck!" was heard finishing with a despairful gurgle, while the bodies of the hens literally described a circle round their necks. "You are killing them," I said. "It is done," was the terse reply. I said I felt like the prodigal in the Scripture. The fatted calf was killed for him; the fatted hens for me. Driving in the North-West quickens the gastronomic imagination. I had a vision of roast chicken for breakfast. Little did I dream that my aspirations at that moment were destined to add to the ten thousand *triste* illustrations of the vanity of human wishes.

Mr. Sanders has 1800 bushels of wheat, not a grain that is not hard, plump, a magnificent kernel; 500 of oats and 200 of barley; thirty head of cattle. He illustrated the importance of fire guards by telling us that at one time they were surrounded by fire; the prairie blazing on all sides; but the flames could not jump their fire brakes. Mrs. Sanders, a well-read Ontario lady who was not brought up to farming, likes the country. "It is," she says, "a fine healthy country," and she loves to look out on the vast expanse of prairie. "It is," says Mr. Annable, "a fine country for young men." "It is," replies Mrs. Sanders, "a fine country for any one." She showed us a number of curiosities picked up on the shores of the lake, among them the head of an arrow found in the eye socket of a buffalo head and a small hatchet found in another skull. When my valise was emptied our hosts evidently observed one of their guests did not indulge in the superfluity of a comb, a hair brush being equal to all the needs of his toilette. In the morning Mr. Sanders handed a comb into this person who said, "Well, this is adding insult to nature's injuries," and he told the story of the Frenchman who in his dream was visited by angels after the manner of a certain school of painters, all head, neck and wings. The polite Frenchman, sensible of the honour done him, begged of them to be seated, whereupon they replied "*Nous n'avons pas de quoi*." The hired man in this Canadian farmhouse is a Yankee not of the sharp order, a simple creature, and he had searched in vain for the axe. He was sure some of the threshers had taken it. He was bade to search for it again. Out he went with the lantern. He returned in half an hour minus the lantern and with the axe. He said he had searched in vain for the axe but at last the wind blew out the lantern, he tripped, fell and luckily fell on the axe. Mr. Sanders read us a letter of enquiry about the country prompted by reading one of these articles in THE WEEK.

During the night there was a high wind and I heard my friend stirring and asked him whether he thought it was time to get up. He said, No—that a storm was coming on, that he was afraid the buggy would be broken and was going out to take down the top of the rig and roll it where it would be protected from the wind. When I went out at half-past six the storm was gone, the morning was clear, cold, sunny, inspiring—far as the eye could see—from horizon to horizon—the concave blue above the vast plain was without a cloud; the chinook had taken away much of the snow, the trails were gathering firmness, care was an impos-

sibility; your bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne. I returned to the house and took out a pocket edition of Milton and read the third book. I had hardly concluded when I heard the cheery voice of Mr. Annable: "Well, what are the plans to day?" O visions of roast chicken! I replied, "Imprimis breakfast, secundum, drive over and see the threshing and see our friends, and then back to Moosejaw by another trail calling on three or four of our friends, on Mr. Smail," (who has about the largest crops in these parts and a first rate farmer) "on Mrs. Beasley" (who had farmed and beaten all comers in gardening while her husband worked at his business of builder; a brave woman, who drives her team into Moosejaw and out and makes money and holds her own, and talks well and sums one up with her clear courageous blue eye) "and my sometime foe, Mr. Watson, whose redoubtable eloquence I had to meet two years ago on many a platform." "What!" cried Mrs. Sanders, "are you not going to stop to dinner? We will send for the girls to the valley who will be disappointed if you go away." What was to be done? We were not sure of our trail. We had several places to go. We wanted to reach Moosejaw before dark having to attend a dinner. It was impossible. Meanwhile breakfast was served, an abundant breakfast, eggs and beef and butter, and preserves made from the wild fruit of Buffalo Lake shores, and tea from China; no fatted chicken for this prodigal—that was for dinner; but as the fresh eggs—how many I dare not say—disappeared to make blood and cellular tissue for the writer and was subsequently built upon by piles of beef, I hardly regretted the pullets, or if there was regret, it was a feathery pang. Meanwhile one of the young ladies had ridden over from the valley. When the time came to go we had to write our names in the album. My friend Annable was in such high spirits he composed a verse in which our trip was described and the name of one of the party was made to rhyme with "spavin," a most vile slander on one of our steeds, and that the one of the gentler sex too was invented at the bidding of the exigencies of poetry. I also perpetrated a couplet which I dare not reproduce; "crupper" rhymed to "supper" and the vigorous driving of my friend and his determination to be down in the pot for supper was commemorated in immortal verse. For at least five minutes of heroic travail I pummelled my brains to work in "forget me not" to rhyme with some phrase ending in "pot," but the subject was too vast for my mediocre genius and my *muse*—the jade! like a half broken broncho who has been in the stable for a week, became unmanageable—and would not come to time.

"I never expected to see you," said our kind hostess. "Mr. Sanders told me you were coming, but two ministers, one Presbyterian and one Church of England promised to come and never came, and I hardly thought a politician would be more faithful to his word." "Ah!" I replied, "we are a much maligned class and the world does not believe in virtue."

Away our team went like the wind through the bright ether, feeling good. They too like ourselves had been well housed and well cared for. Besides the rogues knew as well as we did they were on their way home. What adventures befell us on our return journey, our good and bad fortune, I must reserve for another article.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

Canada! Maple-land! Land of great mountains!
Lake-land and river-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility,—
Fear that is rev'rent—not fear that is base;—
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country;
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, Oh Father, from shame!

Last born of nations! The offspring of freedom!
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold!

A. C.

NEW YORK LETTER.

At last welcome quiet succeeds the din of a Presidential canvass, the last drum of the victor is hushed, and the last waving broom of triumph is relegated to the chimney corner. President Cleveland's defeat is clearly to be attributed to his tariff reform message to Congress last December, which, by giving air to outspoken Free Trade doctrine, brought out the full force of Protection sentiment and interest. And while this is plain it must also be remembered that, after all, Mr. Cleveland was elected in 1884 by men who stepped from the Republican ranks to withstand a disreputable Republican candidate. This year, with respectability at the head of the party ticket, a great many Mugwumps returned to their old allegiance.

No impartial observer can fail to see that after a most thorough and earnest agitation for tariff reform but slight impression has been made on the great body of the people. The reformers who, by a rapid extension of national organization, have come to see and hear more of one another than they used to do, have fallen into the very natural mistake of imagining that their numbers have been multiplied and their influence vastly extended during the year. From New York have been sent forth by the Reform Club immense editions of pamphlets and broadsheets, showing how the war

tariff robs the farmer, tempts and aids the monopolist, and diminishes the efficiency and reward of labour. Every important article of commerce raised in price by the Custom House has been treated in turn—wool, iron, steel, copper, tin, lumber, paper, and coal; and a well digested pamphlet on trusts and combines as fostered by the tariff has been issued. Yet although this literature has been sent broadcast throughout the country, the country has declared that only such minimized reductions of duty as the Republican Senate has advocated shall be effected. To the authors of Protection has been remanded the work of qualifying Protection. Their responsibility is fortunately complete, for the Republican party now has control of both branches of the Federal legislature and the wearisome seesaw of an opposed House of Representatives and Senate is at an end.

How will all this affect Canada? is the question a Canadian feels impelled to ask. In so far as it checks the reductions of the tariff proposed in the Mills Bill, it tends to confirm the N. P. in its strongholds. And President Harrison placed in power and sustained by a sweeping majority, will not find it necessary, even if he were willing, to manifest the "aggressive patriotism" to which Congress owed the retaliatory message and Hon. Mr. West his *congé*. Mr. Blaine has done much during the campaign to capture the Irish vote, which always follows in the wake of insult to England; yet Mr. Blaine has decried retaliation, and no matter whether he should continue to decry it or not, his health is now so poor that his ambition to be Prime Minister will probably remain as unfulfilled as his aspiration to the Presidency.

Polling as New York did a vote exceeding a quarter of a million, with the national issue believed to be turning on the city's decision, the order preserved on election day was beyond praise. Equally admirable is the acquiescence of the majority of local voters in the nation's contrary verdict.

A.

New York, November 9, 1888.

PROFESSOR CLARK ON "ROBERT ELSMERE."

PROFESSOR CLARK delivered a sermon last Sunday evening in St. Stephen's Church on the "Tendencies of Contemporary Unbelief, as illustrated in the story of *Robert Elsmere*." Some of his remarks on that important subject, illustrated by a book which has been so widely read, may be of interest to our readers, and are here reproduced in a condensed form. After some preliminary observations, he remarked that he had no intention of offering any minute criticism of the story as such, with its merits and defects as a literary composition he had very little to do. He would consider it almost entirely as a picture of a defection from the faith of Christ, and more particularly as typical of certain intellectual and spiritual tendencies of the present time.

In brief the story was this: Robert Elsmere was a clergyman of the English Church who fell under the influence of men who had abandoned the Christian faith in the sense of its being a Divine Revelation. By degrees his own faith was undermined, and he came to the conclusion that the difference between Jesus Christ and other men was a difference of degree and not of kind; and that, in short, there is no such thing as a supernatural revelation or a supernatural religion, for miracles do not now occur. In consequence, he resigned his benefice, and devoted himself to the teaching of a kind of natural theism which denied revelation. It might be conceded that the book was written with sincerity and moderation, and that the picture which it furnished was probably a true one. It was very likely that men did abandon the faith of their youth in very much the same way as Robert Elsmere was represented as lapsing into unbelief; and it might be interesting and useful to examine the process by which the change took place.

It would naturally occur to a reader that the book gave a very poor explanation of the reasons by which an Oxford graduate and an English clergyman was led to so serious a step as the surrender of the Christian faith. He does not seem to have really studied the questions at issue. There is no evidence of his having carefully weighed the argument in favour of the supernatural origin of the gospel before taking the decisive step. On the whole, he appears to have been influenced by a kind of indefinite sentiment, far more than by a clear conviction.

Now, it may seem very unreasonable, but, as a matter of fact, conversions and perversions do very commonly take place in this very manner. It is in this way that many persons have been led to join the Roman Communion. They have not examined the grounds of belief. They have simply come under Roman influence, they have felt a kind of sentimental interest in the system and an attraction towards it, and almost unconsciously they have imbibed so much of the virus, that they have not had strength of constitution to cast it out of the system. It has been sometimes the same with lapses into infidelity; and so it was substantially with Robert Elsmere.

But there is one tangible reason assigned for rejecting a belief in a miraculous or supernatural revelation, namely, the fact that *miracles do not now occur*. We have never seen a miracle—this is the argument—how can we then believe in miracles? If there are no miracles in the present, why should they have taken place in the past?

Such an objection may seem plausible; but it proceeds upon an entire misapprehension of the nature and significance of miracles, and of their place in the divine economy. Miracles are not represented in Scripture as the only, or the highest evidence of the truth of the gospel. When our Lord told the nobleman of Capernaum: "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe," those words were spoken as a reproach. It was implied that a weaker and a grosser faith needed such supports and buttresses. The same is intended by the words addressed to St. Thomas:

"Because thou hast seen, thou hast believed. Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." The moral evidence is the highest, and it is the most influential with the nobler and the more spiritual minds. And such evidence exists for ever in the transcendent glory of the character of Christ, in the sublime excellence of His teaching, and in the wonderful influence which He exerted among men.

It must by no means, however, be understood that, in making these statements, the preacher was disparaging the value of miracles or denying their necessity. In certain cases they must be regarded as indispensable. When a teacher came to us and appealed to our reason, our conscience, or any authority which we allowed, he had given sufficient means of testing the truth and value of his utterances. When, however, he asked us to believe something we had no means of verifying, then we must ask for external proof. If he comes as an ambassador, we ask for his credentials. If he asserts his authority we ask: "What sign showest thou?"

Now, if we apply these principles, which are affirmed by common sense, to the case before us, the case of men teaching and hearing the Gospel of Christ, we shall see that the absence of miracles in no way casts suspicion upon the truth of our faith. We preach doctrines which, on the one hand, are verified by reason, by conscience, and by spiritual experience, and on the other hand, are proved by authorities which are accepted on sufficient grounds of evidence. The Christian revelation is firmly grounded in the historical fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; and in the Holy Scriptures, illuminated by the grace of the Holy Spirit, we have all that we need for the knowledge and experience of the truth. The addition of miracles would be of no benefit, but the reverse. It would be completing in the flesh that which had been begun in the Spirit. When we are come to man's estate would it be good for us that we should, like children, get truth by rote from wiser men than ourselves, or is it better that we should arrive at it by reflection and meditation? The demand for miracles is a demand that we should be treated like children and not as men.

This is, however, one most hopeful symptom of the times in the case of Robert Elsmere. If such a book had been written thirty or forty years ago by one who was as fully in sympathy with that period as the author of this book is with her own age, the hero would have become not a theist, but an agnostic. But who can entertain a moment's doubt of the superiority of that spirit which recognizes a living God of love and righteousness to the spirit which declares that it knows of nothing but matter and force? Nay, if we compare the teaching of this book with that of the author's uncle, Mr. Matthew Arnold, we perceive an immense advance towards the Christian position. According to Mr. Arnold, God merely signifies "a tendency in ourselves which makes for righteousness"—a tendency in ourselves and in the world, but not distinct from the world, an idea, but not a reality. But the teaching of this book bids us to look out of ourselves and above ourselves to One who can hear and answer prayer, to One who will be the strength of our heart and our salvation. Yes, and to One who is chiefly and supremely manifested to us in Jesus Christ.

Truly of one who thus believes and thinks, we may well say: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven." It may be that those, on the downward way of unbelief, who can say no more than this, may not be able to obtain a firmer grasp of the whole truth; but those who are finding their way upward from blank atheism or agnosticism will scarcely be able to rest in such a position. They will be driven to ask, Whence hath this man this life, this power, this teaching? And they will be led on to the conviction that He is a "Teacher sent from God." In concluding, Dr. Clark dwells upon the practical aspect of the subject, pointing out the gains and the losses of supernatural religion and natural theism.

MUSIC.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

MR. TORRINGTON, with the energy that characterizes all his efforts, has at last got his house in order, and on Saturday formally opened the pretty little music hall which forms so desirable an adjunct to the College. It is handsomely proportioned, and of perfect acoustic qualities, and is a very comfortable, bright room, and when its platform is occupied by such a desirable attraction as the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, it is just the ideal of a dainty music room. The Quintette played a programme comprising most of the selections it had played at its concert on the previous Monday, and was warmly applauded as were also the selections sung by Miss Ryan.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE success which has attended the establishment of this school in Toronto was well illustrated by the fine programme of vocal and instrumental music which was presented on Saturday afternoon, in the Pavilion, to an immense audience. The liveliest interest was shown by the audience, and discriminating applause was freely contributed. It is obviously out of place to criticise students, some of whom show their studentship quite evidently; but it is a pleasure for the critic to note so many excellences of sufficient importance to warrant favourable commendation. These ladies and gentlemen reflect credit alike on the Conservatory, their teachers and themselves. Among such are to be mentioned Miss Alice Trafford, who played a *scherzo*, by Jadassohn, most pleasingly; Miss Maud Gordon, who played Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brilliant*, accompanied by the Conservatory string quartette, and a second piano played very well by Miss Ethelind Thomas; Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, who

gave a faithful rendering of a Chopin concerto. It was especially pleasing to note that the violin pupils made such a satisfactory showing, Miss Thomas and Miss L. White playing very well.

Of the vocalists Miss Frances Doane, Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Miss Maud Gilmour, Mrs. E. D. Gough, Miss M. B. Bunton, Mr. Robert Spice, and Mr. Chas. Dimmock distinguished themselves. Two first appearances were made, that of the Conservatory Quartette composed of Mrs. Adamson and Messrs. Barton, D'Auria, and Dinelli, and of Mr. Guiseppa Dinelli as a violoncello soloist. The quartette has hardly had time to feel its weight, but promises very well indeed under the very competent leading of Mrs. Adamson. Mr. Dinelli showed himself a 'cellist of taste and refinement, as well as of considerable power. His tone, though not great, is pleasing in its roundness and certainty of intonation.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

TORONTO music-lovers were fortunate enough to have a second visit from this club, which enabled them to hear a splendid concert on Saturday evening at the Permanent Exhibition. The programme played then was entirely new, opening with a movement from a quintette in C by Schubert, which was followed later by a Mendelssohn Scherzo, and a Chopin Polonaise, arranged for quintette by Mr. Thomas Ryan. The club played even better than on Monday evening, and altogether gave one of the most delightful concerts ever heard in Toronto. Herr Hekking, the violoncellist, gave a magnificent rendering of Servais' "O Cara Memoria," and then played three smaller pieces with wonderful elegance and taste. Herr Ohliger played Sarasate's "Zigeuner Weisen" with finish and great attention to detail. Miss Ryan gave a very pleasing rendering of a selection from Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," and of an English ballad. B. NATURAL.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.*

THERE is hardly any name, in this volume, which can be assigned to the very foremost rank in literature, in art, or in any other department of human enterprise; but there are many of very great interest, and they are treated in the thoroughly satisfactory manner with which this great work has made us familiar. We have examined it from beginning to end with great care. We have more particularly tested those articles which dealt with subjects in which we felt a peculiar interest; but we have been unable to detect any errors—even of the slight and unimportant character which we have once or twice pointed out in connection with previous volumes.

It might be enough to dismiss the volume with this general statement, involving, as it does, so strong a commendation; but our readers will thank us for drawing attention to some details in the treatment of the more considerable names which occur in the volume. These we will select, partly at random, but partly also on account of their intrinsic importance.

Pausing on the first attractive name that we meet, we remark a very excellent although brief memoir of the poet, Michael Drayton, from the hand of Mr. A. H. Bullen. Drummond, of Hawthornden, a poet and a friend of Ben Jonson, is probably much less known to Englishmen than he ought to be. Mr. S. L. Lee remarks of him that he is "a learned poet, and is at his best in his sonnets. Italian influence is always perceptible, and his indebtedness to Guarini is very pronounced. Yet sonnets like those in 'Sleep' and the 'Nightingale' possess enough grace and feeling to give them immortality, and borrowed conceits are often so cleverly handled by Drummond that he deserves more praise than their inventor."

The next name almost makes us recall our statement that no names of the first rank are found in the volume. It is the name of John Dryden. The editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen, has kept this subject, as he does most of the principal *litterateurs*, to himself, and he has accomplished his task in his usual workmanlike manner. Anyone who has the ordinary knowledge of Dryden, as a poet and dramatist, will be surprised to learn how vast and how varied was his literary activity. We will content ourselves here by giving Mr. Stephen's general estimate of "glorious John." He remarks: "The affection of his contemporaries and literary disciples proves, as well as their direct testimony, that in his private relations Dryden showed a large and generous nature. . . . The absence of arrogance was certainly combined with an absence of the loftier qualities of character. Dryden is the least unworldly of all great poets. He therefore reflects most completely the characteristics of the society dominated by the Court of Charles II., which in the next generation grew into the town of Addison and Pope. . . . His comedies are a lamentable condescension to the worst tendencies of the time. His tragedies, while influenced by the French precedents, and falling into the mock heroic congenial to the hollow sentiment of the court, in which sensuality is covered by a thin veil of sham romance, gave not infrequent opportunity for a vigorous utterance of a rather cynical view of life. . . . Whatever their faults, no tragedies comparable to his best work have since been written for the stage. The masculine sense and power of sustained argument gave a force unrivalled in English literature to his satires, and the same qualities appear in the vigorous versification of the 'Fables,' which are deformed, however, by the absence of delicate or lofty sentiment. . . . His prose is among the first models of a pure English style. . . . But he stood almost alone as a critic, and if his views were curiously flexible and inconsistent they are always enforced by sound arguments and straightforward logic. . . . Warton places him just below Pope, and distinctly below Milton, Shake-

* Dictionary of National Biography, edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. xvi. Drant—Edridge. New York: Macmillan and Company, 1888.

Spenser. Scott still places him next to Shakespeare and Milton and expresses the conservative literary creed of his time." This is all most excellent; how excellent only the deeper students of English literature will be able to understand.

On William Dunbar, one of the greatest of Scottish poets, there is a brief but excellent article by Mr. Thomas Bayne. "Dunbar," he says "is attractive and satisfying as a lyrist and writer of allegory," but "he is strongest and most poetical as a satirical humourist." Speaking of some examples of this the writer declares that Dunbar scrutinized certain vices "with inquisitive and boisterous humour such as never afterwards played about them till they received the treatment of Burns."

Many important names are left on our list, but we must pass them over somewhat briefly. Among these we would refer to the name of Duns Scotus, which receives careful and adequate treatment from Mr. J. M. Rigg. The article on St. Dunstan by the Rev. W. Hunt is altogether admirable in all its parts, and gives the reader almost everything that can be certainly known of this great Abbot, Bishop, and Statesman. The story of Edwy and Elgiva is stripped of its legendary surroundings, and, as far as it can be told, is here placed in its true light.

Justice is done, in a brief article by Mr. Bullen, to that excellent critic and editor, the Rev. Alexander Dyce, whose edition of Shakespeare is thought by many persons to be the very best which we possess. If young men aspiring to the task of editing our early English literature will read the article on Dyce and then the one on Payne Collier in a former volume, they will see how they should do such work, and also how they should not. We are glad to come across a pleasant and sympathetic article on that excellent man and laborious commentator, the late Dr. Eadie, from the pen of Professor W. G. Blaikie. We refer to this article for a special reason which bears upon ourselves. Bishop Ellicott had remarked of Eadie's commentaries that they were more valuable exegetically than they were grammatically. Eadie remarked on this, that, like other students of Greek in Scotland, he had had to acquire his knowledge of the language by his own exertions and that his work had been done, not in academic retirement, but amid the labours and distractions of a city congregation. For all that Eadie was, for a long time, the most eminent Biblical expositor that Scotland had produced. We are glad to think that Dr. Milligan and others now stand in the foremost rank. Our own difficulties in this country are very similar to those experienced by Scottish students. We have hardly any *scholars*, in the accepted meaning of that word, and until we have, we shall be unable to do the higher and finer critical work.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A SOCIETY CLOWN. By Geo. Grossmith. Arrowsmith's Bristol Library.

Following Sims Reeves' somewhat transpontine and Col. Mapleson's rather hurriedly put together memoirs, comes the above little volume from the versatile and modest pen of the original Sir Joseph Porter, John Wellington Wells, King Gama and Ko-Ko. Mr. Grossmith is, throughout his reminiscences, so unaffected, so earnest, so winning, and withal so amusing, that an immense sale may readily be predicted for his little book, which is, in fact, sharing with Dr. Mackenzie's *Frederick The Noble* the curiosity of the great London world at the present moment. The matter, which is partly biographical and partly devoted to anecdote, is particularly well classified, and evinces high literary talent as well as the gifts of spontaneous humour and serene good temper. Mr. Grossmith, as may not be generally known on this side of the Atlantic, comes of a most talented family, his father having been a lecturer of high order and an "entertainer" in a sense the American public hardly as yet appreciates, it having produced few geniuses of the John Parry and Corney Grain pattern. The eldest Grossmith was known as a popular lecturer and reciter all over the United Kingdom, and gave with his son those peculiarly brilliant entertainments, half song, half story, part earnest, part satire, that John Parry may be said to have inaugurated in England. The younger Grossmith, however, soon developed an original bent, writing and composing his own songs and performing them at a very early age to the immense delight of a friendly circle, which included Irving, the Terrys, Toole, Howard Paul, Florence Marryatt and others. If on anyone, certainly Fortune and friendship smiled upon this youthful satirist. His life alternated with flying professional visits to every part of the kingdom, appearances at the Polytechnic, and seasons of pretty stiff work at the old Bow Street Police Court, where he did the reporting for the *Times* in the absence of his father. London life, from its highest to its lowest, he has thus seen to perfection. With his engagement as "John Wellington Wells," however, in the Gilbert-Sullivan opera of the *Sorcerer*, he first drew the entire London public to witness those quaint, highly-individualized and remarkable performances which have helped in no small degree to spread the fame of those delightful operas known all over the civilized world. It would be impossible to over-rate the attraction Mr. Grossmith always possesses for his public. "Going to see Grossmith" is frequently heard for "going to hear the new opera," and though it is conceded that he owes a great deal to Gilbert and Sullivan, it is also certain that they in turn owe equally much to him. A comic actor he is not. A humourist he is; subtle as any Frenchman, dry, grotesque, quaint and refined, and possessed of an acrobatic agility which, as in the *Mikado*, he uses with telling effect. His appearances are not alone confined to the Savoy: he is frequently professionally engaged at the great London houses after theatre hours to give at the piano those original musical sketches which satirize so abundantly the foibles of every generation, and in this respect he is quite the equal of his friend and co-worker, Mr. Corney Grain. The intimate friend of many cultured members of the aristocracy, the generous, high-minded gentleman, the man of genius, who seems to have been superior to all temptations and to all rivalries—the picture of a successful and honoured actor afforded in his interesting pages attests to the high standard of artistic life in London and the conditions on which that life rests. As yet, Mr. Grossmith has wisely refrained from coming to America. Wisely, since his art is too delicate, too subtle for the audiences in the large American cities, accustomed to the broader burlesque touches and extravagances of their own comedians. His brother, Walter Weedon Grossmith, a versatile and promising actor, and a first-rate violinist, was through Canada not long ago with Miss Rosina Vokes. Readers of all classes will take leave of *A Society Clown*, regretting that in place of its limited number of pages there were not double or treble the number.

HANDBOOK OF CANADIAN DATES. By Fred. A. McCord, Assistant Law Clerk, House of Commons. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

In this little volume of a hundred pages, Mr. McCord has done a real service, not only to students of Canadian history, but to everyone interested in the varied affairs of the Dominion, and of the separate Provinces that compose the Confederation. "It is easy," says the industrious and manifestly careful compiler, "to remember the general features in the history of Canada; but it is practically impossible to recollect the dates of more than a few important events." His task has been that of supplying a chronological and tabulated list of these events, from the discovery to the present time, in the departments of politics, legislation, administration civil and ecclesiastical, trade, navigation, education, journalism, and the wider field of social and general history. The date of a battle, a treaty, the founding of a city, a bank or a college, the building of a railway, the appointment of a governor, an administrator, a bishop, a judge, the duration of a parliament or legislature, the fall of an administration, the occurrence of a riot, an earthquake, a fire, a wreck—is here supplied, and the service deserves the utmost praise. Those consulting the work should take care to refer to the Notes appended, which are an indispensable, as well as a most useful, adjunct to the book. Its accuracy is of course a point in its favour, and this, in the main, we can vouch for, though we do find a few errors. On page 83, Sir David should be Sir Daniel Wilson. Could the compiler have added a synchronous chart of Canadian, English and French history, from the period of the discovery of Canada, he would have greatly increased the value of his work and placed everyone who consults it under immense obligations. But one would be a churl to find fault or to take exception to the limits of the work.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Vol. VI. Dramatic Lyrics and Luria. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

This issue of Robert Browning's works forms an instalment of the complete edition of the poet's writings, now being published in England in sixteen monthly volumes. The edition, by its sumptuousness, will commend it to the poet's admirers, of whom we cannot count ourselves one, though in saying so we shall doubtless offend not a few who belong to and profess the Browning cult. Much of Browning's poetry, we frankly avow, is to us incomprehensible: what we do comprehend in him we find, in many instances, to be lacking in the essential elements of poetry—the quality that touches and makes melody in the heart and is at the same time pleasing to the ear. This perhaps is tantamount to saying that we have no taste for dramatic verse. This, possibly, is the truth, and a truth to which many of our readers will also own. But dramatic poetry, while it may be rugged and strong, and properly so, need not be, as in Browning's case it often is, full of psychological subtlety, hard and wearying to follow, besides not infrequently being crude, spasmodic, whimsical and wanting in continuity. The same thought expressed in prose, no doubt we should enjoy, for the thought, when we have tracked it, we have occasionally found to be acute and sometimes profound, with not infrequently a deep spiritual and ethical meaning underlying it. In his lighter vein, and in the purely lyrical compositions we find much however to admire, and discover a quality of verse which reveals the poet and a master of the poetic art.

ROMAN MOSAICS, or Studies in Rome and its Neighbourhood. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., author of *Bible Teachings in Nature*, etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

This delightful and well-known writer, in introducing his new volume, modestly affirms that it is impossible to say anything new about Rome. So far as facts go, this may be admitted, for the Eternal City seems to be eternally written about; and yet, in the hands of learned men and good writers the subject neither exhausts itself nor the interest of readers. When we first read Story's *Roma di Roma*, we thought nothing more charming could be told us of the great historic City of the Cæsars. We thought and said much the same thing when we afterwards read that most delightful of books, Archdeacon Hare's *Walks About Rome*. Now came to our hands Dr. Macmillan's *Roman Mosaics*, and though we knew something of its author's skill and charm as a writer, we concluded that we should not take much interest in his work, and that its perusal would not long delay us. Here, however, and to use a proverbial phrase, "we reckoned without our host." The subjects dealt with were, in the main, the old ones, familiar enough to everyone even moderately "up" in the lore of Rome. There were the churches, the art shrines, and the beggars; the Forum, the Colosseum, the Catacombs, and the Appian Way. These, it is true, were the old "stock" subjects, but how differently were they treated? and how much else did we find that by no means was a stock subject, or that was dealt with in the conventional guide-book manner! If the reader is sceptical of this, let him procure Dr. Macmillan's book, and sit down to a few of the chapters that enthralled us, such as those on the obelisks and the marbles of Ancient Rome, or the chapter that deals with the Vatican Codex. In these chapters alone he will find matter rich and entertaining enough to repay him for the time and money spent upon the book. If he takes in the chapters dealing with "the neighbourhood of Rome," he will find much more also in the way of profit and interest. Those dealing with "St. Paul at Puteoli," with the "Cumæan Sibyl," and with the "Painted Tomb at Veii," we particularly commend to the reader, and above all the most interesting chapter on "Tasso, his life and work." In these various chapters, the author sometimes wanders far away from his subject, but only to enrich it with a learning and a wealth of wise reflection and sound sentiment, as well as with a literary grace and skill, that will charm and delight the reader. Though the book abounds in antiquarian research, in Biblical archaeology, and in bits of varied learning—historical, mythological, æsthetic and religious—there are many delightful touches of nature and innumerable "asides" that well naturally up from the author's rich and full-stored mind.

THE KALEVALA: the Epic poem of Finland. Done into English, by J. Martin Crawford. 2 vols. New York: John B. Alden.

This ancient national epic of the Finns, which takes its place beside the *Iliad* and the song of the Niebelungs, has hitherto been known to scholars and lovers of verse only in Swedish and German translations. It is claimed, however, that *The Kalevala*, or Land of the Heroes, dates back to an origin so remote as a thousand years before the Christian era; and the present translation is the first that has appeared in English. Mr. Crawford is to be warmly thanked for this English version, as it opens up a new and delightful poetic field, rich in natural beauty, as befits a people who live close to nature, and introduces us to a new Walhalla of Gods and female divinities, with a wealth of other mythological and traditional folk-lore. The translator has preserved the metre of the Finnish original, "the eight-syllabled trochaic, with the part-line echo," which is that which Longfellow made use of in his poem of *Hiawatha*. Its smooth and flexible character makes it most suitable for the home-songs of a simple people, very domestic and loving in their ways, and whose limited knowledge of the world is shown in their

artless legends and almost childish beliefs. There is much of the heroic, however, in *The Kalevala*, chiefly in the fights between the Finns and the Laplanders, and in the contests, of a mythological character, between the powers of Good and Evil, and Light and Darkness. In the *runes* which recite these struggles, there is a vigour, as well as a freshness, which will delight all lovers of epic verse. The translator has prefixed an interesting introduction to the work. The matter and form of *The Kalevala* will perhaps be best illustrated by an example. The following is from the *rune* of "The Bride's Farewell." The bride, Pohyola (the North Land), has just wedded Ilmarinen (the Worker of the Metals), and is about to go forth with him to his northern home:—

"Now the time has come for parting
From my father's golden firesides,
From my brother's welcome hearthstone,
From the chambers of my sister,
From my mother's happy dwelling;
Now I leave the swamps and lowlands,
Leave the grassy vales and mountains,
Leave the crystal lakes and rivers,
Leave the shores and sandy shallows,
Leave the white-capped, surging billows,
Where the maidens swim and linger,
Where the mermaids sing and frolic;

Leave the highways to the roebuck,
Leave the woodland glens to lynxes,
Leave the lowlands to the wild geese,
And the birch tree to the cuckoo.
Now I leave these friends of childhood,
Journey northward to my husband,
To the arms of Night and Winter
O'er the ice-grown seas of Northland."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. SMILES'S *Self-Help* has been translated into Siamese and Gujarati.
THE seventh edition of "How to be Happy, though Married," is on the press of the Scribners.
MR. W. P. FRITH, the English artist, has in press a third volume of recollections entitled "Further Personal Reminiscences."
MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co. will publish shortly a volume on the question of "The Union of Canada and the United States."
GEORGE MEREDITH has sent to press a long semi-philosophic poem, entitled "A Reading of Earth," and is now at work on another.
THE twenty-fourth and concluding volume of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is announced for publication next month.
MACMILLAN AND COMPANY will issue very soon Canon Farrar's "Lives of the Fathers," and Prof. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," each in two volumes.
THE December number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, will contain a paper on the eminent comedian, William Warren, by Henry A. Clapp, the well known dramatic critic of Boston.
THE Scribners have issued a new edition of their famous Thackeray letters in smaller form, and have made of it one of the handsomest specimens of book-making of the year.
MR. JOHN MORLEY'S "English Men of Letters" series, which hitherto has been issued in thirty-six volumes, has now been compressed into a neat "People's Edition" of twelve volumes, in handsome cloth binding, three lives to a volume, at \$12 a set.
THE condition of Cardinal Newman, whose illness has been aggravated by a recent fall, is said to be improving. Cardinal Manning's health is reported as failing rapidly. Tennyson, too, has for over a month been suffering from rheumatic gout, and is beginning to feel and show his age.

WHITE AND ALLEN announce illustrated editions of "Favorite Folk Ballads." ("The Old Folks at Home," "Annie Laurie," etc.), an edition of Goldsmith's "Poetical Works," edited by Bolton Corney, with forty illustrations, and "The Hottentot Blue Book; or, "Smith and Schmidt in Africa," by C. M. von Seyppel, the German antiquarian humourist.

AMONG the sumptuous art-books of the forthcoming season is one with the restful and dreamy title, "Days Serene." The book will appear from the press of Messrs. Lee and Shepard, Boston. The book is a royal oblong quarto, with emblematic cover, and contains twenty-six full page original illustrations, with suitable poetic selections, depicting the grand and beautiful in nature. Another issue of this enterprising house is a volume entitled "Regal Beauties," consisting of eight favourite hymns, songs and poems, printed on superb calendered paper and charmingly illustrated from designs by American artists.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK'S new novel, "In Far Lochaber," which has been appearing serially in *Harper's Magazine*, is now issued in book-form. The author's heart is still in the Highlands of Scotland, the scene of his new and striking story. The heroine is the beautiful daughter of a Free Church Minister in the Lowlands, and the hero her lover, is a young Roman Catholic, the chivalrous son of a Highland laird. There are, as usual, many fine word-pictures in the book of Scottish hills and dales, with the new element introduced of religious strife and controversy between the relatives and friends of the hero and heroine.

A COUPLE of volumes of the "Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell," the Irish Liberator, has just appeared from the press of John Murray, of London. They give a new insight into the personal character of this remarkable man, and bring into sharp contrast his political methods and opinions from those of present-day agitators. The letters show political methods and opinions from those of present-day agitators. The letters show political methods and opinions from those of present-day agitators. The letters show political methods and opinions from those of present-day agitators.

MESSRS. ESTES AND LAURIAT, of Boston, announce, in connection with a French publishing house in New York, the early issue of an *édition de luxe* of Victor Hugo's great historical romance, "Notre Dame de Paris." The work is to appear in two beautiful octavo volumes, with 200 illustrations by foreign artists, sixteen of them being in colours. The work is being printed at the University Press, Cambridge, Mass. The edition is limited to 500 copies each in French and English dress. Of these 400 will be bound in half morocco, and sold at \$12 a set. A 100 copies, at \$20 a set, will appear printed on Japan paper and enclosed in satin portfolios.

THE November "Book-Buyer," an excellent periodical devoted to bibliography and literary matters (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), has portraits and brief sketches of the authors of *Robert Elsmere*, and *John Ward, Preacher*, the two theological romances which have of late been making so much stir in literary circles. Mrs. Humphry Ward,

who is a niece of the late Matthew Arnold, is said to have belonged, but has now renounced, the Anglican Church. Her portrait presents a sweet, refined and striking face. Mrs. Margaret Deland is a Boston lady, and a member of Phillips Brooks' congregation, though we learn that in earlier years she was a Presbyterian.

THE second volume of the re-issue of "Chambers' Encyclopædia," has just been published by the American agents, Messrs. Lippincott, of Philadelphia. The leading articles in this instalment of perhaps the best working encyclopædia we have in English dress are those on the Bible, by Rev. A. B. Davidson; on Biography, by Thos. Davidson; on Bismarck, by Charles Lowe; on Robert Browning, by G. Barnett Smith; and on Burns, by Andrew Lang. The forthcoming volume, we learn, will contain a biography of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, by Prof. Goldwin Smith, who, it is also understood, is writing a monograph on Edmund Burke for Walter Scott's "Great Writers' Series."

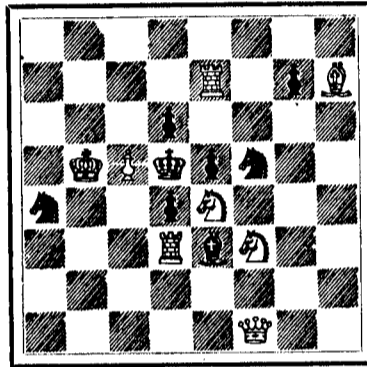
AMONG the forthcoming publications of Messrs. D. Lothrop and Company, of Boston, are several exquisite books suitable for the Christmas season. Of these is a re-issue of the handsome illustrated edition of Tennyson's "Holy Grail," which appeared last year, and again called for to meet the popular demand for a rich gift-book. Mr. Stedman's fine poem, "The Star Bearer," illustrated by Howard Pyle, is a new and attractive issue of this house. The announcement is also made of a beautiful art-book, entitled "The Story of Mary the Mother," compiled by Rose Porter from the Bible, and from historical and legendary art. The work will be illustrated with full page photogravures from famous paintings.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 305.

By E. H. E. EDDIS, Galt, late Toronto Chess Club.

BLACK.



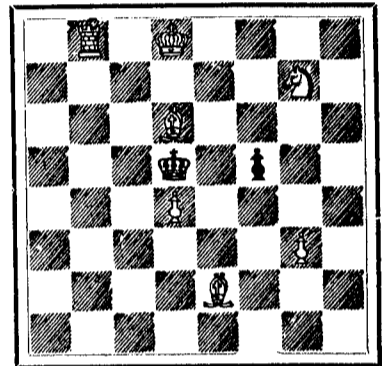
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 306.

By A. T. DAVISON, Toronto Chess Club.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 299.
White. 1. B-Q 2
2. R x P
3. R or B mates
Black. 1. P-K 4
2. Any move
1. P-K 3
2. K-K 2
With other variations.

No. 300.
White. 1. Q-Q R 6
2. R-K B 1 +
3. Q-K B 6 mate
Black. 1. Q-R 8 +
2. R x B
1. P-Q 3
2. P x R
With other variations.

GAME PLAYED IN LONDON TOURNAMENT, 1883.

SICILIAN GAME.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
MR. SELLMAN.	MR. ZUKERTORT.	MR. SELLMAN.	MR. ZUKERTORT.
1. P-K 4	P-Q B 4	17. Kt-Q 5	B-K 3 (c)
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	18. Kt x P +	K-R 1 (d)
3. P-Q P	P x P	19. B x B	P x B
4. Kt x P	Kt-B 3	20. Kt-Q 7	Q-B 2
5. Kt-Q B 3	P-Q 3	21. Kt x R	B x Kt
6. B-Q B 4	P-K 3	22. P-Q B 3	Kt-Kt 4 (e)
7. Castles	B-K 2	23. Q-Q 7	Q-Kt 3
8. B-K 3	Castles	24. R-Q 3	B-Kt 2
9. Q-K 2	B-Q 2	25. R-Kt 3	R-K Kt 1
10. Q R-Q 1	Q-B 2	26. R-Q 1	Kt-R 2
11. K Kt-Kt 5	Q-Kt 1	27. Q-K B 7	Kt-B 3 (f)
12. B-B 4	P-K 4	28. R x B	R x R
13. B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	29. Q-B 8 +	R-Kt 1
14. B x Kt	P x B	30. Q-B 6 +	R-Kt 2
15. Kt x P (a)	B x Kt	31. R-Q 7 and White wins.	
16. Q-Q 3 (b)	Kt-Q 5		

NOTES.

(a) An ingenious sacrifice, though rather forced, if 15. Kt-R 3, then P-Kt 4 winning a piece.
(b) White could win forthwith by 16. Q-Q 2, Kt-Q 5; 17. Q-R 6, Q-Q 1; 18. Kt-Q 5, B-K 2; P-Q B 3.
(c) Which loses the exchange; the exchange Q-Q 1 would have been much superior.
(d) If K-Kt 2 White has a draw by perpetual check.
(e) To avoid the exchange of Queens, Zukertort remarks in the Book of the Tournament, "I gave Mr. Sellman an opportunity to display his powers of combination of which he availed himself with rare vigour and brilliancy of the highest order."
(f) If 27. Q x P White mates in three, commencing with 28. Q x B +. If P-R 3 White wins then with 28. P-K R 3 and 29. R-Q 7.

FREDERIC BRYTON: A star new to Toronto, will make his appearance at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening next. Frederic Bryton, though new in this city, is now in his third season of most pronounced success with his play, "Forgiven," which comes to us with the kindest expressions of praise from the press of the larger cities of the States, and is spoken of as a charming dramatic picture beautifully acted.

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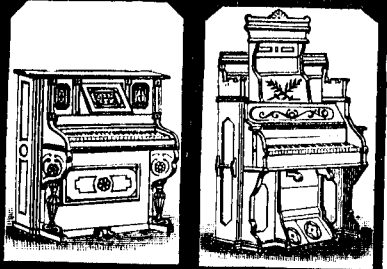
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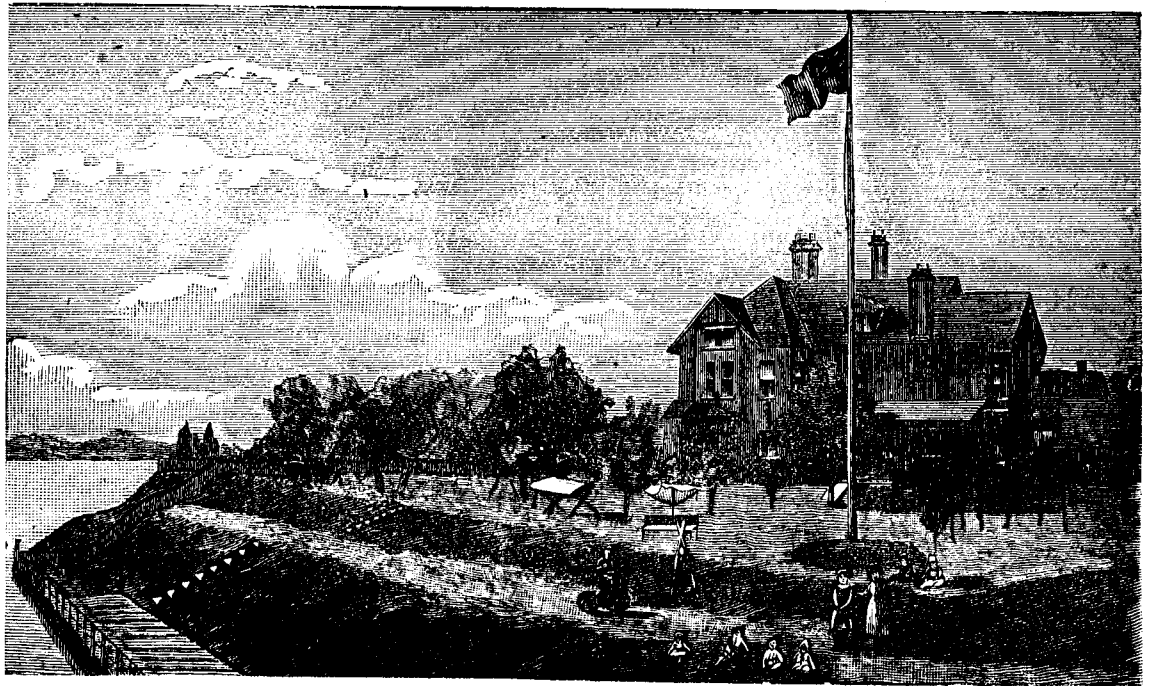
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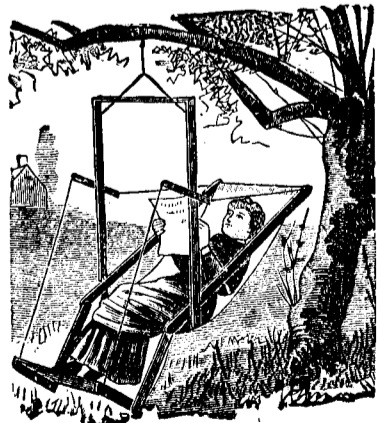
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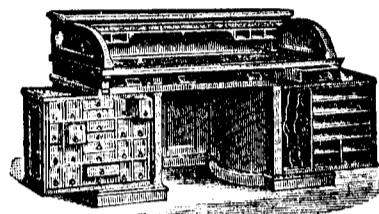
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