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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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COMPLAINT is often made of the want of encouragement to native literary talent in Canada. Certainly the young man or woman who should adopt literature proper as a profession, hoping to make it a means of livelihood in the Dominion, would be to be pitied, unless indeed the productions were of such a kind as to have a special pecuniary value in the market-place, and in that case they would probably forfeit their right to rank as literature in the restricted sense of the word. Whether this state of things is to be attributed to Canada as a special reproach, or is merely the result of her present position and circumstances is another question. Mr. James Payn, it is true, has taken it upon himself to call Canada the least literary of the colonies. If this means that we have in proportion to population a smaller number of readers of the class prepared to appreciate and purchase works of the highest literary merit than our sister colonies in other parts of the world, it may possibly be true, though we make bold to doubt it. If true, it can be accounted for no doubt by the fact that, for reasons into which we need not now enquire, those other colonies have been peopled largely by immigrants in whom the literary taste had been more highly cultivated in the old land than it was in most of the hardy pioneers who invaded the Canadian backwoods and conquered the mighty forests with patient stroke upon stroke, or in their children. If, however, Mr. Payn means that Canadians have less constructive literary talent in proportion to their numbers and opportunities than any other colonists, we make bold to deny the impeachment still more emphatically. It could be maintained with a good deal of evidence that our soil is specially fruitful, at least in some sections of the Dominion, in literary talent of a very respectable order. It is only necessary to refer to the large number of our young writers who have ready access to the best periodicals which are published in the United States and Great Britain, to find ample proof of the fact. That the number of those who have become acceptable authors in the stricter sense and have written books destined to live and grow old with the English language is very small, must be admitted. But where in all

the world is the colony of five million inhabitants, comparatively poor, scattered over an immense territory and almost uniformly engaged in the struggle for bread, who can show a better record in this respect? The fact is, and it would be easy to give a goodly list of names in proof, that intellectual ability of a high order abounds in Canada, and that we have among us at the present moment several young men who have even given proof of rich and rare poetic talent. Only opportunity for culture and development is needed to enable some of these to take rank with the best this continent, to say the least, can produce. But, and this brings us back to our starting place, these are for the most part, as usually happens, without means to enable them to devote themselves wholly to their favourite pursuit and make the most of their rare gifts. They find before them an uphill path. The bread-and-butter problem confronts them at every turn and demands first solution. Their friends and admirers become indignant at what they regard as the stinginess or crassness which fails to come to their aid and remove ignoble pecuniary difficulties out of the way of struggling genius. Perhaps the young writers themselves become discouraged and begin to long for a Canadian Macenas to smooth their pathway to fame—and a competence. We believe, however, that generally they are made of sterner stuff. Unless their genius is of a very unpractical kind it should soon enable them to make their services worth the cost of a comfortable livelihood in some useful sphere of brain industry, and still leave them some leisure for wooing Minerva or the Muses. We are not sure that these divinities have not usually been more successfully courted under difficulties. Meanwhile their devotees are under happier conditions than many of the gifted who have gone before them, in that they have not only Canada but the whole English-speaking world for their prospective audience, at the same time that they may cherish the noble ambition of gradually leading their own Canadian fellow-countrymen to a better appreciation of whatever is beautiful and elevating in the realms of thought and song.

THE three bye-elections which have been held up to the time of this writing give no reliable clue to the probable result of the score or two which are to take place within the next few weeks. Thus far the indications are probably rather in favour of the Government, though they have lost a seat. In the other two constituencies they have won by increased majorities, and as it was pretty clearly the McGreevy influence which turned the scales against them in Richelieu they can well afford, as Sir John Thompson said in Halifax, to make the Liberals a present of that triumph. The chief speakers thus far have been Sir John Thompson and Hon. C. H. Tupper on the one side, and Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright on the other. As was to be expected the burden of the Opposition plea is the necessity for continental free trade. Mr. Laurier's speeches are always forcible and eloquent and free from anything objectionable on the ground of good taste or gentlemanly feeling, but there can be little doubt that the effect of Sir Richard Cartwright's really able expositions of the trade policy of his party is seriously diminished by the violence of his invective against his political opponents. These intensely bitter personalities may please a certain class of his party friends, but if the chief aim of political speeches is to win over opponents to the speaker's views, it is difficult to conceive of anything better adapted to defeat that object than coarse denunciation of the men whom those who are to be won over have been accustomed to follow. There is, as we have before intimated, much ground for wonder that the Government has not found it possible to secure in all the great Province of Ontario a man of really commanding talent to fight its battles, and it will be strange if this fact does not tell against it in the campaign. What we should have supposed would be felt as the most serious defect in the speeches of Sir John Thompson and other Government leaders is their strangely equivocal position in relation to the question of reciprocity. After having dissolved the House in order to receive a mandate from the people authorizing them to treat with the United States Government for reciprocity, it is certainly not a little perplexing

to find them omitting all further reference to the matter in their campaign speeches. It is still more strange to find them and their organs arguing directly against the policy on which they went to the country and presumably won the election. Have they given up all expectation of the Washington conference which has been twice postponed? It does seem due to their supporters and to the people of Canada generally that they should be told just where the Government now stands in respect to this most important of all Canadian questions.

THE pessimistic spirit is, we think, as hateful to us as to the most sanguine of our readers, but we find it, nevertheless, quite impossible to be satisfied with the logic of a certain species of argument which is being made to do yeoman duty on many platforms and in many newspaper articles. The object is to prove that Canadians ought to be reasonably content with their present circumstances because their people, the farmers for instance, are man for man at least as comfortably off as their neighbours in the United States, which is beyond all question one of the most prosperous nations on the globe. Now we believe that the premises are correct, but we cannot accept the conclusion. We see no reason to doubt that on the average there is as little destitution among us as among our neighbours, that in proportion to population the numbers of the unemployed may be as few with us as with them. But before we can be satisfied with this as an argument which should bring us content we feel constrained to look into the circumstances of the two cases and see whether the conditions are such as to make the comparison just. Very much depends of course upon the point of view. What is a reasonable and right ambition for a young country situated as is our own and possessing its admittedly vast resources? Ought it to be content with remaining virtually stationary with respect to population, so long as its five millions or so of inhabitants are able to maintain themselves in tolerable comfort? Again, it is beyond all question that hundreds of thousands of Canadian citizens by birth or adoption have left the country and gone to the great Republic within the last few years. What would have been the present condition of the country had all these remained in it? Most of them left no doubt because of their inability to find remunerative employment at home. Ought a young country with magnificent resources to be content so long as it is unable to retain its own citizens and find room in addition for a goodly number of immigrants? Sir John Thompson said at Halifax that the country could never have a policy which would prevent our people leaving to try their fortune in other countries. Are we to understand that this magnificent Dominion, with its almost unlimited sources of wealth in soil, forest, mine and sea, is to be content if by natural increase and immigration combined she is able to a little more than counterbalance her emigration? Are we, in a word, to be content with a comfort and prosperity which result largely from the fact that we have at our doors a great nation, able and willing to receive and absorb the surplus and overflow of our population from year to year? Or is it not rather the part of true patriotism to cherish a determined discontent with ourselves and our position so long as things are as they are, and to take no rest until the true cause or causes of such a state of things have been determined and the true remedy, for a remedy there surely must be, applied?

WHETHER and to what extent the recent loss of a seat by the Manitoba Government and the diminution of the majority by which its candidate was returned in Winnipeg, indicate a decline of popularity, it is difficult at this distance to judge. Local causes and the personal influence, or the want of it, of candidates may perhaps account for the change of votes, which was not very large in either case. The indications still are that the people will sustain the Government in the stand it has taken in regard to the school question, which is undoubtedly the most important one now before the people of the Province. This was the chief issue before the Winnipeg electors, and the fact that the Opposition candidate did not declare in favour of Separate Schools, but contented himself with arguing that the Administration had taken the wrong way in defending

the Public School system, appears to show that the public sentiment of the city is strongly opposed to the Separate School system, whether as it exists in Ontario, or in the fuller development which is imminent in Manitoba, in case the decision of the Dominion Supreme Court is sustained by the British Privy Council. We pointed out, a few weeks ago, that the decision in favour of the contention of the Separate School supporters would mean much more than the establishment of the Ontario system in Manitoba, much as even that would be to be deplored. It would mean Separate Schools for the Church of England and for the Presbyterians also. This would of course be equivalent to the destruction of the Public School system in the Province, for it would be impossible for the remnants of the population to maintain an expensive Public School system for the education of their own children, while the majority would surely refuse to be taxed in their aid, after providing for the support of their own respective denominational schools. We observe that Mr. J. D. Cameron, the clear-headed young lawyer who won the seat for the Government in Winnipeg, took unequivocally, no doubt with the sanction of the Government, the position we anticipated. He outlined the Government policy as follows:—

While allowing these denominations to have their schools, while absolving them from the payment of taxes for the maintenance of Public Schools, we go farther; we will not give any grants of money to any denominational schools; we will not hand over to any power the right to tax ratepayers; we will say, you are free to maintain your schools, maintain them if you like, but we will not give you grants of money, we will not give you the power of taxation.

It is possible then that we may, at no distant day, see one of the Provinces of the Dominion trying the plan of denominational education conducted on purely voluntary principles. So far as we are aware, such a method would be unique among enlightened countries at the present day. Save for the impossibility of making school attendance compulsory, and the consequent danger that large numbers of the children of the Province might be allowed to grow up utterly illiterate, a perpetual menace to free institutions, the plan might not be a bad one. It would certainly have many advantages. It would remove the objections to religious instruction in the schools. It would, or at least might, free the teachers from the bondage and drudgery of the great machine systems which now hamper individuality and render ideal teaching impossible. But, then, it is certain that no Government could long resist the combination which would be made to compel the granting of public money in aid of the sectarian schools—a system unsound in principle and sure to be fraught with great and growing abuses in practice.

ON the 12th of December a Special Committee was appointed by a resolution of Convocation at Osgoode Hall to report upon the question of simplifying judicial proceedings in the Province by amalgamation of the different branches of the High and Divisional Courts. The Committee has lost no time in presenting an interim report, copies of which have been distributed to members of Convocation for criticisms and suggestions, prior to its consideration by Convocation on February 2. The Committee recommend, first, the abolition of the double circuits of the High Court of Justice and the holding of common sittings for trial of actions in the three divisions throughout the different cities and county towns of the Province. Such sittings should, in the opinion of the Committee, be held at certain fixed periods for each city and county town, and should be more frequent than the present sittings of Assize and Nisi Prius. In view, however, of difficulties in the way of the immediate abolition of the double circuits, especially those arising out of the pecuniary results to the judiciary, the Committee does not recommend that the change be pressed, unless with the consent of the judges, until after the next session of Parliament, and suggests that a petition should in the meantime be presented to Parliament for an increase of salary to the judges. The Committee recommends, secondly, the abolition of the separate sittings of the Divisional Court and the formation of a single Divisional Court for the disposition of cases in all the divisions of that Court as at present constituted. Such Divisional Court should, they think, be composed of not less than three judges, none of whom should be the trial judge. They further recommend that there should be sittings of this Court at least monthly, and even more frequently when necessary. For the same reasons as in the case of the High Court of Justice, the Committee would not press for decisive action in the direction of the

change proposed until after the next session of the Dominion Parliament. They are of the opinion, nevertheless, that provision might and should be made forthwith for the abolition of a double sittings for the trial of actions in the city of Toronto and that there should be one sitting only in this city for the trial of cases in all the divisions. They suggest that judges in rotation should be assigned to take such sittings of the Court for a period of at least two months each, that there should be a sittings fortnightly of the said Court for the trial of non-jury cases, and that direction and power should be given to the trial judge in his discretion, upon application of either party to an action, to order and summon a special jury for the trial of such cases as may be deemed proper therefor. They would have as now a quarterly sittings of the Court for the trial of jury and criminal cases. They further recommend that the separate weekly sittings of the Chancery Division and of the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas Divisions in single Court at Toronto should be immediately abolished, and also the separate sittings of a judge in Chambers, and that hereafter there should be only one sitting of a judge daily for the purpose of hearing all motions in single Court for all the divisions, and one daily sitting of a judge in Chambers for the hearing of all appeals or motions in all the divisions. These changes the Committee regard as not only urgently needed but quite practicable. We do not feel prepared to pronounce an opinion upon the important changes proposed in detail. But it is evident that they are generally in the direction of simplifying and facilitating judicial proceedings and will therefore commend themselves to the public on general principles. We do not know that it is desirable to make appeal to the Courts so easy as to encourage the temper which leads to litigation. But when once resort is had to judicial processes it is certainly desirable, in the interests of all concerned, that those processes be as direct and as free from delay as is compatible with due investigation of the facts and principles involved. It is usually and no doubt slanderously hinted that the lawyers themselves are mostly responsible for the law's proverbial and often interminable delays. When, therefore, they, of their own motion, set about simplifying and shortening legal processes they certainly deserve the sympathy and support of the whole community.

DURING the last few weeks a series of meetings have been held in various sections of Ontario, which, while not attracting a great deal of public attention, cannot fail to have a powerful influence upon the future of the Province. We refer to the Farmers' Institutes, in which large numbers of the farmers of the country have come together for mutual instruction. No profound knowledge of the subject is required to make it evident that these meetings are having and are destined to have a most salutary effect upon the methods of agriculturists all over the Province. Those who attend—and their numbers are evidently increasing rapidly from year to year—cannot fail to profit immensely by the increase of knowledge gained from the discussions. This profit will result scarcely less from the interchange of hints and experiences than from the lectures and talks of the scientific men and experts, some of whom are usually present. Nor will it much longer be necessary, if indeed it is at present, to bring well qualified specialists from a distance to make these discussions interesting and instructive. Thanks to the agricultural colleges and perhaps still more to the abundant literature which is being scattered broadcast, and which is year by year bringing the results of scientific study and of practical experimentation within the reach of all who have the wisdom and intelligence necessary to profit by them, there is in almost every rural district an increasing number of men who are thoroughly competent to address their neighbours and give them valuable information on various phases of agriculture, horticulture, stock-raising, cheese-making and kindred topics. In fact no man of brains, who has not failed to cultivate his powers of observation—and there are few pursuits better adapted to the cultivation of these faculties than those connected with the cultivation of the soil—can have spent a number of years in such pursuits without having become an expert in some one department of his business, and so prepared to give useful hints to others on the subject which he has made a specialty. The necessary tendency of the day in agricultural as in all other industries is towards division of labour, hence there will be a constantly increasing demand in the rural districts for men who know more about some particular line of production than others.

One of the advantages of this tendency is that it favours the growth of enthusiasm, a quality which is essential to the highest success in every department of modern industry. Nor is the fact that these Institute meetings cannot fail to become potent agencies in stimulating such enthusiasm one of the least of their many recommendations.

ONE of the most remarkable of the spontaneous movements of population in our times, and one that is causing not a little anxiety to statesmen and political economists, is the migration from the rural districts to the cities. Various causes are assigned, among which too much schooling takes first place in a good many minds. There are not wanting even those who would if they could restrict the opportunities of the many in this respect, though the educated man who could seriously favour keeping the young people of the rural districts in ignorance in order to keep them on the farms is, it may be hoped, a rare survivor of a species which ought to have become long since extinct. The movement is perfectly natural and easily understood. We doubt if it is so much to be deplored as many seem to think. It is, too, one of those movements which is sure to correct itself. Human life must always be sustained by the products of the soil. The moment the desertion of the farms begins to make itself felt in a scarcity of food products, that moment will the prices of such products begin to rise. And those prices will no sooner rise to a level which will make farming and its related occupations more profitable than most other pursuits than the return movement will commence. Well-to-do residents in cities will begin to train their sons for agricultural pursuits. And this is, it has always seemed to us, a thing most desirable in itself. There is no reason in the nature of things why the children of farmers should be shut up to the farms, or the children of tradespeople and men in professional life, to the parental callings. On the contrary it is evident that great good might result from the interchange between city and country. Possibly this is one of the final causes of the movement so many are deploring. It is well known that the tendency of city life and city pursuits is towards physical and mental deterioration, and that, on the other hand, what we regard as the more intellectual occupations are constantly receiving their most vigorous reinforcements from the sturdy brains which are the products of the country. Nature's hint is broad. Circulation is the law of health in the development of national brain and character. When the men of the cities begin to train their sons with a view to scientific and practical farming the healthy reaction will have begun and a new hope for the future of the country will have dawned.

THE murder of Sophia Handcock must, for the present at least, take its place in the large and constantly increasing catalogue of unravelled mysteries. Rarely has the perpetrator of a crime so foul and cruel managed to cover up his tracks so successfully, making his escape without leaving behind the slightest clue to either his person or his motive, unless, indeed, we believe the latter to have been petty larceny, as indicated by the disappearance of her purse and trinkets. It is impossible not to sympathize deeply with the unhappy father of the murdered woman in the unfortunate circumstances in which he has been placed. One can scarcely conceive of a more painful position than that of a loving father who, at the moment when his heart is crushed, as that of any affectionate parent must be, under the weight of a bereavement so sudden and awful, finds himself not only suspected of having himself been privy to the crime, but actually imprisoned and placed on trial on the terrible charge of having slain his daughter with his own hand. The fact that no motive save the meanest and most inadequate can be imagined adds, if anything can add, to the agony of the situation. But it by no means follows that the officers of justice by whom the unhappy Handcock was placed in this position were so much to blame as some writers in the newspapers would make it appear. There is such a thing as being the victim of circumstances. Any citizen is liable, through some concatenation of events which he is unable to foresee or control, to be placed under suspicion of having done that from which his soul would revolt. It is the first duty of the police and detective officers, when brought face to face with such a crime, to use their utmost ingenuity and skill in the effort to discover the criminal. In this case the appearances were certainly against the accused, however their evidence was offset by the antecedent improbability of the hypothesis which involved the

perpetration of a deed so unnatural as to make it almost inconceivable, save by those who are familiar with the records of the criminal courts and know that there is no crime so unnatural as to be beyond the bounds of the actual and therefore of the credible. In the present instance the utterly inadequate cause of death assigned by the father and his strange bearing in some other respects, while we may well believe them to have been the result of a dazed condition caused by the shock, were well adapted to strengthen suspicion when once it had taken shape. It is dreadful to think that an innocent man, and that man the hard-stricken father of the victim, might have been condemned on the strength of purely circumstantial evidence. But the whole thing is full of horror. The fact that magistrate, judge and grand jury all agreed in regarding the evidence as sufficient to warrant imprisonment and trial is sufficient, it seems to us, if not to fully justify the detectives, to free them at least from severe blame in the matter.

UNDER a hereditary monarchy the death of an heir presumptive to the throne, even though he may be at several removes from it in the line of succession, is always a serious event. When, in addition, the deceased is in the prime of young manhood, and just on the eve of marriage to the maiden of his choice, the element of pathos is added in an unusual degree to the pain of family and national bereavement. All these conditions meeting in the case of the late Duke of Clarence have made his death the occasion for an outburst of sorrow and sympathy extending far beyond the bounds of the kingdom and its dependencies. The deceased Prince, though never robust, and for this reason, perhaps, lacking in some of the qualities which are best adapted to fire the imagination of a people distinguished above others for their love of physical vigour and daring, seems, on the other hand, to have been exceptionally amiable and free from questionable tastes and tendencies. Every one felt that the high reputation of the British Court would have been safe in his keeping. But *dis aliter visum*. He has been cut off in the midst of his hopes and loving parents, brothers, sisters, and, most pitiful of all, his newly betrothed and devoted spouse, are left to mourn in sore bereavement. When we remember that both the Prince of Wales and Prince George are in good health, the possibility that the reigning dynasty can be in any way affected by the sad event seems too remote to be a cause of uneasiness to any except those who are predisposed to foresee unpleasant contingencies. Yet speculation is already rife in certain quarters as to the possibility that the crown of England and of the British Empire may one day rest upon the head of the daughter of a Scotch nobleman. Even should a succession of fatalities bring about such an event it is quite unlikely that any of the terrible consequences which those who seem to think there is some special potency in the blood royal forebode would take place. It is probable that the dread of such a contingency is much more powerful in certain orders of the upper ranks of the aristocracy than in the breasts of the masses. The time, if not already past, is rapidly passing when any lingering faith in the divine right of kingship could have power to overawe the British peasant, or make him subservient to personal government in any form. Henceforth the stability of the throne will depend far more upon the personal character than upon the royal rank of its incumbent.

WE have hitherto refused to believe that the sentiment of the better classes of the citizens of the United States would allow President or politicians to plunge the nation into war with a comparatively feeble sister republic on a mere point of etiquette, for the quarrel with the Chilian Government seems to be little more. Yet it must be confessed that, if any reliance at all can be placed on the reports of alleged naval preparations with which the papers are filled, there is reason to fear that the unequal contest may soon be begun. In view of the flagrant contradiction between the statements of the authorities which have been set to investigate the facts by the respective nations, it seems impossible to come to any reliable conclusion as to these. This circumstance itself suggests the desirability of referring the matter to the decision of some impartial court. It seems pretty clear that the United States refuses to follow in this case the principle on which it insisted in the still unsettled dispute with Italy. In that case the President insisted on the right of the nation to be bound only by the provisions of its own Constitution and the decisions of its own courts. In the

present instance he refuses to accept the findings of the Chilian Court, and insists that the fact must be as reported by his own investigators. It is quite likely, however, that the Chilians are in the wrong, that the assault upon the American sailors may have been to a certain extent premeditated by the roughs who took part in it, and that the Chilian police may have been less zealous in protecting the Americans than they should have been. Yet, on the other hand, it seems morally certain that the neutrality of the American Minister during the struggle with Balma-ceda was of a very equivocal kind and that the Chilians, therefore, had some grounds for the ill-feeling which prompted the outrage. Be all this as it may, it is certain that the great Republic would have lost nothing of *prestige* in the eyes of the world and would have done itself infinite credit had it adopted the magnanimous course toward its proud but feeble adversary, and afforded the Chilian Government a way of escape by a generous offer to submit the question to arbitration. We are still unwilling to believe that the Christian people of the United States will permit their Government to be guilty of the folly and wickedness of causing the blood of thousands of both nations to be shed in order to avenge that of one or two killed in what may have been a street brawl.

A CHILD OF THE STREET.

SHUFFLING along with aimless feet,  
Ragged and cold and hungry eyed,  
Rudely jostled and brushed aside,  
Only a waif, a child of the street.

"Only a snipe," a "beggar," a "thief"—  
These are the names they give to me,  
This the extent of their charity.  
Well, be it so, 'tis the least of my grief.

One who is forced to be "on the move,"  
One who is glad to dine on a crust,  
Can bear the weight of a world's distrust—  
What has a beggar to do with love?

Nobody's child! Let me not complain,  
If able to glean a crust of bread,  
And find at night above my head  
A roof to shelter me from the rain.

And yet—is it wrong—this bitterness?  
Others are happy and loved, while I—  
There is none on earth to heed the cry  
That is wrong from me in my keen distress.

I ask the question, alas! in vain—  
Why am I here in the world, forlorn,  
A wretched target for human scorn,  
A reed in the winds of passion and pain?

Is mine the fault? What chance for me  
To rise to the level of other boys?  
The clothes I wear would not buy the toys  
I see them clutch in their thoughtless glee.

They, the well-born, fortunate throng,  
Whose homes are fair, and whose hearts are light;  
They who are taught to know the right,  
Who are daily helped to shun the wrong.

Ah! keen and bitter though my distress  
Bad as I am, I am better to-day  
Than they who mock or turn me away—  
These Christian souls that are pitiless!

A. M. BELDING.

EDUCATION V. INSTRUCTION.

AN educator who does not as his most obvious duty make the religious trend of a child's mind his first care is not worthy the name, though, sadly enough, he belongs to a class that is largely on the increase at the present time. Manifold opportunities for receiving instruction are placed within the reach of all, so that none need grow up or continue in a state of ignorance, nor is good breeding entirely overlooked, though sadly enough the genus *child* is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Education is a term that we largely misunderstand and misapply, notwithstanding that it is so constantly on the lips of our legislators, clergy, teachers and philanthropists in general; or, may be, because of this. Hence the thing itself is in danger of being misapprehended to the serious detriment of those whom it concerns, the fathers and mothers of future generations, the merchant, the clergy and the lawmaker. In his famous work on English synonyms the distinction between instruction, education and good breeding is thus tersely stated by Crabbe: "*Instruction* and *breeding* are to education as parts to a whole: the *instruction* respects the communication of knowledge, and *breeding* respects the manners or outward conduct; but *education* comprehends not only both these, but the formation of the

mind, the regulation of the heart and the establishment of the principles; good *instruction* makes one wiser; good *breeding* makes one more polished and agreeable; good *education* makes one really good. A want of education will always be to the injury, if not to the ruin, of the sufferer; a want of *instruction* is of more or less inconvenience, according to circumstances; a want of *breeding* only unfits a man for the society of the cultivated. Education belongs to the period of childhood and youth; instruction may be given at different ages; good breeding is best learnt in the early part of life."

The well informed and the polished may charm the social and intellectual circles, may impart brilliancy to its conversation and piquancy to its wit; or, in the wider world, they may attract by sparkling epigram, rhythmic period and fluent speech, and excite admiration within the breasts of the least impressionable of their fellows; but without education this is all mere superficiality and therefore of no practical value. The educated man alone holds the key to human hearts, and he only can touch the consciences and arouse the deepest sympathies of his fellows whether in the privacy of home, or in the broad arena of public life, and move them to noble effort and high ambition. The truth of this is so obvious that it may seem a wearisome repetition to state it again; but the truth in regard to a subject of so great importance cannot be too frequently or too forcibly reiterated.

In our educational systems which have done much valuable work the individual is, of necessity, sacrificed to the mass, and while instruction in a bewildering array of "branches" is given, the drawing out of the latent powers of the scholar's mind and directing them into proper channels—in a word, education, is fatally neglected, with the result that hardly twenty per cent. of the scholars will benefit the position into which circumstances in after life may thrust them. The round man in the square hole is the product of the much-instruction and no-education system, and so, also, in large part, is he who fails in life (as so many do) without any obvious or adequate reason.

Instruction is necessary for all, though it mainly concerns the life that now is, helping a man to deport himself aright in society, so far, at least, as outward appearances go; education will also do that—and more—it will make him honourable, just and true, a blessing to his generation, and because it has so large a bearing on the life to come, it will ensure him a peaceful passing hence when the body fails and its powers dissolve.

Man's intellectual powers are the gift of God, and we neglect them in opposition to His will; but since man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever, we neglect education, as rightly considered, at the peril of our immortal souls. A comparison of the life and work of such men as Hume and Voltaire on the one hand, and of John Bright and William Ewart Gladstone on the other, will make our meaning sufficiently clear to the thoughtful reader. The French Revolution aimed at the complete destruction of religion and not of a religious system, at the overthrow of God and not of Roman Catholicism, as we are apt to think; and with what result? That the French nation is to-day almost wholly infidel. Witness the kind of teaching given to the young of that unfortunate country in the Parisian day schools, taken from a manual of instruction in constant use:—

Teacher: What is God?  
Child: We cannot tell.  
Teacher: Do you acknowledge a superior or controlling Being?  
Child: Why should we? Prove to us the necessity and show Him to us.  
Teacher: It cannot be proved that such a Being is indispensable.  
Child: Then it is waste of time to talk about the matter.

France Roman Catholic would be far better, surely, than France infidel. Hume wrote largely and, amongst other works of a high intellectual order, produced his well known History of England. But he everywhere and by every means parodied religion, mocked it and held it up to the detestation and scorn of men, therefore doing his best to diminish rather than augment the happiness of those who might come within the scope of his influence. Yet, if I mistake not, Hume's History finds a place as a text book in a large number of our schools. It had been better for the world had Voltaire and Hume never been born. John Bright and William Ewart Gladstone, on the contrary, no less by their singularly blameless lives than by their noble words and works, have been more instrumental in brightening the darksome way of human life, alleviating human sorrows and elevating human ambitions than any philanthropists of any age, though we are not now concerned with the political aspects of their lives. They were both learned (Gladstone still lives) and men of specially distinguished gifts, but the world owes less to them for their learning and singular ability than for their education, *i. e.*, their rare goodness of heart and purity of character.

Education is the discipline of all the powers of body, mind and spirit, and in a child's education no part of its nature can be neglected without doing it great and permanent injury. Yet in the large majority of our public schools the highest part of the young learner's nature whereby alone he can hold communion with God and the eternal world is wholly neglected. The effect of this neglect when fully matured will be complete paralysis of the unexercised faculties, an entire inability and unwill-



lingness to look upward, and a deeply rooted contempt for that which has been neglected. There can be no use in disguising the fact that the purely secular instruction given in our public schools means a rising generation of unbelievers.

The born genius is sure, sooner or later, to acquire the best education and that most adapted to his powers, but we appeal for the early education of the many. Instruction alone, as imparted everywhere nowadays, ministers to pride, and this is its prime result. Education, properly understood, engenders, above and before all things, humility, because its elemental principles relate to self knowledge. If our children in their earliest years were taught to know more of themselves and less of their books and "branches," they would come in time to think less of themselves and of their attainments and more of their books because able to estimate their value aright, and would read or not read them as an educated and discriminating intellect might dictate.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.      FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.

#### ON THE SELECTION OF EPITAPHS.

THE voices of the children at their play came to me through the open window; the birds are singing in the budding trees; the young grass is fresh after a week of showers, and the strong May sun brightens all it shines upon. This spring day seems the beginning of all things. Earth is created anew. What can be in closer accord with it than the dreams of one and twenty? What more natural occupation can there be for such a day than looking forward joyously into the coming years and planning them in hope and ambition? Amid such gladness it is not a sad thought to remember that there must be a winter to follow the spring; that the dreams and hopes and plans and ambitions must all come to an end. That time seems very far off; and the natural horror at the thought of dissolution is lessened by the aspect of the earth this bright May morning. To die is, then, merely to have our dust laid in the bosom of this strong fertile mother, and become, in another way, a part of ever active life. The day is too sunny to permit of gloom anywhere—even in the dreamer's brooding heart.

Still, after many or few such May days, there must be an end, a final scene; and a final spot where these limbs, now so full of warm blood, shall be laid at last, cold and inert. The custom is to mark the place by sculptured marble or graven brass; and words are carved to keep alive the memory of him who sleeps beneath. Sometimes we choose them for ourselves, wisely and humbly, or crying out wildly against God; more often we choose them for tablets and inscriptions we can never read aright for the falling tears. Often we err in our blind love, and, feeling how weak words are to tell our loss, perhaps our remorse, we deal our dead praise which they whom we delight to honour would be the first to disclaim. Seeing, then, that those we leave behind may be in error regarding us, it seems much wiser that we should, each and all, choose our own epitaphs. No man can know another as he knows himself. It is also well that we should choose them early. Then living so that the chosen words shall sway every word and action when the time comes for using the epitaph, we shall seem to have a special right to those words. For when the time comes for the narrow house, built for each son of woman before he was born, and the white tablet to bear his name and year shall be set up, then the chosen words will come of themselves. No others will seem so fitting. They need not even be carved on tombstone or cenotaph. It will be enough if, when I vanish from this world of action, my name should always be coupled with those words; or if when those who knew me best think of their absent friend, the unseen inscription graven on the tables of memory shall rise to their lips.

The strongest reasons for choosing our epitaphs early in life is that only by so doing can we hope in any measure to deserve them. Only after long years of strenuous endeavour could we dare to have placed above our crumbling dust the legend of what we hoped and agonized to be and do. Only after long and severe trial could we deserve to have the painful story of failure and disappointment blotted out, and our small measure of actual attainment made enduring in stone or metal. It would be kindlier to record what we struggled to do than what we actually performed. But to merit remembrance we must have accomplished something of good. That is the measure of us, as men: achievement for this world, that is the imperishable part of us. As the stern old Norse poet sang a thousand years ago, "Man dies, races die; but one thing I know does not die, the fame of good deeds, well done."

There is no lack of noble words to choose from. Great men of old said and sang many sentences which serve. For a faithful soul in an unbelieving age, what could be more fitting than this:—

Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshak'n, unsecul'd, unterrifi'd  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.

Or for one whose life had been made one perfect harmony by love for a worthy woman? Or for the man who has taken for his earthly love some great cause, some over-pure ideal?

It is not even needful that the words should come from the trumpet tongue of a Milton. A homely phrase, such as friend uses in familiar talk with friend, will suffice. What are we that the words of a poet should consecrate our ashes? One who had seen him fall tells a woman of

her young lover's death in battle. He ends gravely: "He was a good boy and a brave boy, and he met his death like a man." Read in its setting, in the simple tale from which it is taken, it moves the reader deeply, and must have taught not a few of us the divine worth of tears.

The voices of the children on the lawn ring joyously; the birdsong is as blithe as ever, and a soft mist has come between me and the May sun, which only adds a glory to the yellow-shot green sward and the faint crimson of the maple buds.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.

#### THE LESSER EVIL.

THERE is a certain class of men in the Province of Quebec who are at present, doubtless, a good deal concerned as to the disposal of the votes at the coming election. They are the honest Liberals, a body considered, we are aware, to have no concrete existence, but whose number we still trust may be reckoned in integers. The horns of the dilemma are represented in the main, the one by business, the other by constitutional irregularities; but there are certain considerations which modify each, and increase the difficulties of choice. We confess ourselves that we see little ground for hesitation, at least as to the considerations which should lead towards the decision.

If the perfect honesty of the Conservative Government could be guaranteed, that Government should emphatically be supported. But it would be rash to guarantee, or even to assume, that such would be the case. To find a leopard suddenly changing his spots would suggest some insidious soap advertisement, not a genuine reform. The question is rather by which party the less swindling is likely to be done, and, as it may be worked out on the theory of probability, the answer becomes one of mathematical calculation rather than politics. If a person can settle this in a way satisfactory to his own mind, he can have no doubt as to how to cast his vote. It is really a form of opportunism; you have the choice of two roads beset by different bands of robbers, and you must choose the less unscrupulous of the two. Some robbers we know insist on taking your clothes, but there are others of a softer clay who are content with your purse. It is a matter of business, not of morals, to seek the latter.

Our ideas on government are very warped. Quite an old view of the office of Government was that it was intended to secure the greatest good of the greatest number. Of course we still hold the same to be true, but with a limited application, expressed by the slight addition of the words "of our party" after number. Another definition or characteristic "by the people for the people" remains a cheerful sarcasm. Government now means a combination which collects as much as it can from the people and borrows as much as it can from outsiders. From the united sum it ostentatiously scatters some crumbs in the direction of the useful, if vulgar, herd; and devotes the loaves towards satisfying a not very unique form of greed. The puzzle is that people submit to it; that they can be openly robbed and yet approve the robber. The arguments that secure this end are as ingenious as they are bold. One is that if people were being robbed they would not submit to it; ergo, they are not being robbed. Another is this, "if you, individually, are gaining nothing by this form of government, your case is a little singular; your fellow men are amazingly prosperous. If you suffer a little it is for the general good; we cannot invent a system which will exactly meet the ends of all." You accept the argument, involving adherence to a system which meets the ends of about one in every thousand. The blind are not led by the blind but by those whose eyes are very wide open; but they reach the ditch as inevitably as if they followed their kind. There are those who wander away from the road, forgetting their surrounding and oblivious of everything till they find themselves lost in the middle of some swamp. Even so the people of Canada will awaken some day to find out how far they have departed from the road of sound government.

Meantime the honest man need not refrain from the struggle; his influence and vote may not count for much, but they may do something as a protest against irregularity and fraud. The depth of evil is not often reached when he is justified from abstaining altogether; it can seldom be said with truth that there is nothing to choose between two parties. If purity of government is the first aim, he must cast in his lot with those who are least far from the ideal. This brings us to the question, whether or not purity is the first aim. Will not the net result be better if your own party succeeds? Is not the existence of the constitution of more importance than many dollars? The questions are far too wide-reaching for a general answer; but in certain instances they are more easily settled; in the case of Quebec we say "No" to both.

First as to party. The Liberal Government came to power on two questions: Financial Reform and Riel. If these were still paramount and vital questions with the party they might still deserve support. But so far as the first is concerned the failure of the late Government of Quebec is abject; and Riel, with all due respect, is a "back number." Enough mud has been thrown to satisfy the most exacting manes. In classic time three handfuls were enough to lay any ghost; and we have been handling

it by the cart-load. In fact this is pretty well realized, for whereas Riel had once a leading part on every bill, he has been of late relegated to the supers, and in the last little drama he did not appear at all. The French-Canadians are not happy in their heroes; for years they have sacrificed much for a half-insane rioter in the West; they now abandon his memory to support an accomplished robber in their midst. The case appeals to them perhaps like the live jackass and the dead lion; though it is as ridiculous to refer to Mr. Pacaud as a jackass, as to Riel as a lion. However, these be your gods, Quebec! Are they to be weighed against Governmental purity?

Then as to the constitutional question. It is not very puzzling. The power that appoints can dismiss: that is an almost universal principle. But whereas dismissal may, and often does, involve a stain on the reputation, it is not exercised, as a rule, before the period of appointment has run out, except for cause. Governments are appointed by the sovereign power, not by the people: that power can unmake them also at will. The power of the people is exercised in virtue of its power in granting supplies; as Government cannot proceed without money, only those Governments can continue which have the support of the people. It is not well to upset a Government that has that support; to disturb it in any case is bad, to disturb it while it has the support of the people is criminal. It is a waste of public time, of public money, the ruin possibly of public credit; it may be of most serious consequence in private business. A Governor must feel very sure of his ground before going to extremes. Was the Governor of Quebec justified in dismissing the Mercier Government? Was he sure that the people disapproved? He was not sure, and cannot be sure till the elections are held; but he was justified in asking the people what they thought. Governments are destroyed, as a rule, through stupidity, or rashness, or extravagance. The charge against Ministers of paying private bills out of the public funds is not a usual one nor a light. It would seem to justify, if anything would, a pause for two or three months for a moral stock-taking. Some people feebly wonder if Mercier is guilty; we would answer in the words of Johnson: "Sirs, you may wonder." The stable door is open, the horse gone and the guardian has the key.

If the shareholders of a firm pay a manager a salary to conduct the business, and he gains illicitly from the firm twice that salary, the shareholders, as a rule, recognize but one course of action. The work of the Government is only a certain part of the people's business, which certain men are deputed and paid to do. The object is to get the work done as cheaply and as thoroughly as possible. That is from a business point of view. The people of Quebec have discovered that their business is not thoroughly done, and that the managers they trusted are dishonest. They have now an opportunity of setting things to rights. They have six weeks to consider, and four years, possibly, to repent.

F. W. F.

#### THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH CLUB DINNER.

ON an evening in December the Club (now named "The Miquam," from an Algonquin word for a large stirring spoon) assembled for a quiet dinner in a private room of the Windsor Hotel.

The Club is an informal organization, composed in equal proportion of French and English, subdivided again on political lines into Conservatives and Liberals. Among their ranks, in some member, could be found the representative of every school of national thought prominent in the Province of Quebec.

After the dishes had been removed, the chairman introduced the topic for the evening as follows: "As you are aware, gentlemen, the purpose of this Club is to secure the freest possible discussion, from all points of view, on the questions of the hour. No topic can be of greater interest to every Canadian than that chosen for this evening, viz.: 'The Future of Canada, Ideal and Possible.' There is little need of my stating that however radical or opposite may be the views presented, no member of this Club need fear to give offence. We hope to hear from all, and, while prophesying in advance many points of probable divergence, let us hope we will not be without some common ground of agreement. I will first call upon our French Ultramontane friend on my right to give us his opinion."

"My ideal future for Canada," said the gentleman referred to, rising, "is an independent French and Catholic republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence. I uphold this view as being to my mind the most effectual method for conserving in its purity the Roman Catholic religion. I would further be in favour, as you know, of giving public education entirely over into the hands of the church authorities, and, as the church's wisdom is more than human, I would be for allowing her voice to be heard in many other matters, sometimes called temporal affairs. A united Canada cannot last. The Ontario people do not understand us of Quebec; they do not appreciate us; we have as little in common with them as we should have with the natives of Timbucto. But, understand me, gentlemen, while you have my ideal, I would not advocate any sudden or violent measure to bring this about; I am perfectly willing to work and to wait, and meanwhile have no objection to considering myself a fairly loyal subject of Queen Victoria."

The chairman, with a mischievous desire to see the

sparks fly, by way of contrast, next called upon a somewhat pronounced Francophobe, whose views were presented as follows:—

"I was born in Ontario. I am one of those irreconcilables to whom our Ultramontane friend refers. I think I may safely say that I disagree with him on every point that he has raised. It is the attitude of the people of Quebec that keeps Confederation from being the success that it should be. The French in this Province deliberately refuse to look beyond the confines of their own Quebec, and imagine that within these limits lies all in Canada worthy of consideration. To my mind the French-Canadian of to-day is obviously unfit to be entrusted with the rights of suffrage. He is ignorant and will remain so as long as he clings to that mediæval institution, sectarian schools. His incapacity for honest administration, when entrusted with public funds, has been demonstrated by every Government at Quebec since Confederation. He is bound down by the will of the priesthood so that he dare only vote according to their dictation. His injustice to the Protestant minority I may prove by a single instance close at hand. Look at the office of the Supreme Court in this city and you will find that, of a list of forty-three employees, forty-one are French. For my part, I would advocate that Quebec be left as far as possible to take care of herself. She has made her bed, let her lie on it. Let the only connection that she shall have with the rest of Canada be that of legislative union or let us have a new conquest and rearrangement."

Hardly was the speaker in his chair than a French Nationalist was on his feet.

"Though but ten minutes are allowed me to state my views, I feel that in justice to our nationality I cannot allow to pass unchallenged what has just been said. If among French politicians there is corruption, who taught it them, by example and precept, but an English Conservative Government at Ottawa? The 'red parlour' method of obtaining funds for campaign purposes is no more reprehensible than the course adopted by Pacaud and his ilk. As to education, I acknowledge that I am myself in favour of secular free public education, though for the present the existing system does well enough. It has been said that the priests influence politics; I have probably engineered more political campaigns than anyone here, and I can only say give me two hundred thousand dollars and I will carry the Province of Quebec despite all the priests there are in it. I avow that a few years ago, when the influence of the clergy was all with the Conservatives, the Liberals were in an apparently hopeless minority. But now the clergy are divided and their strength is gone. For my part, though a French-Canadian, I am not hopeless of a united and prosperous Canada. So long as we French have our rights and the autonomy of this Province is secured, we will be loyal and true to the land of our birth, but it is an independent Canada we want and not a colonial possession of Great Britain."

A Scotch-Canadian next arose, with the evident determination of pouring oil upon, what seemed likely to become, troubled waters. "I think there is getting to be altogether too much of the *tu quoque* tone in our discussion. It is not thus that good feeling is engendered, and ground for mutual agreement discovered. I may say for my part that I was brought up among French-speaking Canadians, and have always found them most courteous, kind and tolerant. The races can and do live together here in the utmost harmony, and I hope they may long continue to do so. To my mind, Canada's ultimate destiny is to Americanize. By that I do not mean Annexation, but, as each year our people become more familiar with our neighbours to the south of us, and the two peoples come to be more like one another, there will arise a strong feeling to cut loose from Great Britain and reconstruct our governing machinery after the American model, profiting no doubt by their mistakes."

A young English-speaking business man followed: "Before prophesying a nation's future," said he, "two questions must be satisfactorily answered. First: What course seems most likely to promote her national advancement? Secondly: In what direction does the avowed sentiment of her people tend? Speaking to the first point I would remind you that Canada is essentially a food-producing country. The most necessary thing to her material development is access to a profitable market where she can dispose of her surplus produce. Shipment to United States, her natural outlet, is nearly prevented by hostile tariffs. On the other hand, Great Britain, the greatest food-consuming country in the world, stands open without restrictions. To this market we will send our goods. Thus the maintenance of some kind of British connection seems likely for purely economic reasons. On the second point I would remind you that it was a common loyalty to British connection that formed the basis of Confederation, and it is this that binds the Provinces together to-day. Independence *now* could mean nothing but absorption into the American Republic. An independent Quebec, recently referred to, is a chimera. This province can hardly stagger along under its present provincial debt, what could it do were its share of the Dominion debt added to this? To my mind, it is obvious, then, that as a matter of self-interest and because of existing sentiment, we will continue the British connection, and my ideal future would be an independent self-governing Canada, in friendly alliance on equal terms with Great Britain; and such a position, as being no longer a colonial one, cannot reasonably be opposed by our French fellow-countrymen. 'Mutual respect and mutual forbearance is all

that we need to make Canada a great and prosperous nation."

Sitting at the last speaker's elbow was the fiery nationalist of the group; he was next called upon to make known his opinion. "A union between the French and English races," was his declaration, "is an absolute impossibility. We French hate the English. They care for nothing in this world but money, and the only reason they are willing to live among a people whom they despise is to make money out of French labour. When they had the power in civic affairs here, they never paid the slightest attention to the wants of Frenchmen. Now we are in power, they cry out under the same treatment. I know that 41 out of 43 in the Prothonotary's office are French. That number is too few and it will soon be 43 out of 43. I believe in an independent Quebec, to which will probably be added the New England States, and I should be glad to see every Englishman within its borders betake himself outside, leaving to us the rewards of our own industry."

The next contribution was from an English citizen of well-known literary and patriotic mind. "The day is past when the life of a nation is to rest upon a racial or tribal relation. Humanity is to-day the binding tie, but since all races cannot conveniently be held together under a single government, by mutual consent nations exist. I feel that Canada in point of its geographical position, its uniformity of climate and its history, is destined by God and nature to contain one, and that a great, people."

A temporary lull that ensued was taken advantage of by the chairman to state in a word his view. "I am, above all things, a republican. I sympathize with the patriots of the French Revolution, even the most radical of them. I favour heartily annexation with the United States on the simple ground that Great Britain is a monarchy and the United States a republic."

A rather elderly gentleman, with a slight accent that betokened French origin, was the next to present his views. "You all know," gentlemen, "that the French-speaking people who occupy the Province of Quebec are of Celtic origin. The Scotchmen in whose hands is the moneyed wealth of Montreal are of Celtic origin. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are peopled by Scotchmen—Celtic origin. Eastern Ontario is occupied by French and Scotchmen—Celtic origin. Through New England and New York State, taking the Irish, Scotch and French, we find a majority of the population to be of Celtic origin. Now, on ethnological grounds, I claim that these peoples of kindred blood will some day unite to form one people, and that the Anglo-Saxon will be relegated to the west and south of the North American continent."

An English-speaking Liberal followed: "I am an annexationist pure and simple. Canada is retrograding; union with the United States is the only thing that will save her from dying of dry rot. Britain is too remote to be of any real assistance to us, and the acceptance of such assistance is irradicably distasteful to a great part of our people."

And so the evening went on. Not a few speeches were added to those already given, many with a stronger faith and a brighter hope in a united and independent Canada than some already quoted. When the hour for dispersion arrived the members of the club, in bidding each other good-night, felt that however widely they might differ on the question under discussion, each had gained in his respect for the views of the other. Is it presumptuous to imagine that any honest endeavour, having for its object the promotion of a better understanding between the component parts in a nation's life, may not be without some slight gain to the nation? H. B. A.

Montreal.

#### A QUATRAIN.

WHILST we are tossed on the sea of Life,  
Backward and forward in joy and woe,  
God grant the evil be cast ashore,  
And the good never cease to flow.

Brauden, Man.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

#### HEROISM: HEROIC ENDOWMENT.

Heroism—that divine relation which in all times unites a great man to other men.—*Carlyle*.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.—*Richter*.

MAN, wherever found, is susceptible to the exalting influence of heroic doings and actions, and nations as well as individuals have their ideal heroes. Even nations of antiquity, whose actual records appear blended with legend and tradition, with ostensible pride supply us with the narratives of many characters possessing the attributes of daring and valour.

Heroism, as regarded by the ancients, implied the possession of personal qualities of distinguished valour and intrepidity, and accordingly ancient history draws the largest contingent of its heroes from the field of battle as well as from other scenes of physical action. Pagan mythology taught that a hero, though mortal, partook of immortality and after his death was placed among the gods. Accordingly we find that Achilles, when slain by Paris' fatal arrow, does not, like ordinary mortals, go down into Hades, in whose gloom wander the ghosts of his friend, Patroclus, and his enemy, Hector. No; his apparent death has been but a translation, and afterwards, when with unusual pomp, the mourning Greeks have made ready a magnificent funeral pile, their hero's body sud-

denly disappears. Later it transpires that it has been conveyed to an island in the Euxine sea, there in seclusion to enjoy a new and perpetual life.

Every century of the history of modern nations ascribes to some individual an inordinate measure of heroic endowment, whereby his active life becomes more or less inseparably associated with some national circumstance of his time. As some great mountain looms up higher and higher in proportion as we recede from its summit, in like manner do these heroic characters frequently seem to acquire additional powers and skill as we view them through the succeeding generations of human applause and commendation.

The contemporaries of a great man, a hero, seldom view aright his doings, seldom fairly regard his motives, and for this reason are unwilling to accord to him the earnestness and acuteness of intellect that he merits, for, as Carlyle says, intellect is the primary outfit of a hero. When enquired into, this will be found to be the experience of the world's greatest heroes. Emerson gives us a partial solution of this mystery. "Heroism," he says, "works in contradiction for a time to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character. Now, to no other man can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every man must be supposed to see a little farther on his own proper path than anyone else. Therefore, just and wise men take umbrage at his act until after some little time be past, then they see it to be in unison with their acts." This is indeed the creed of true heroism.

A genuine contempt and disregard for established methods and conventional usages may be observed in all men who have become famous in the broad field of human actions. True heroism, indeed, measures itself by its contempt for the conventionalism and recognized beliefs that may appear in its chosen path. Burns, with his verses enlightening and liberalizing the peasantry of stern Scotland: Luther, inaugurating the Reformation; Mahommed, advancing from idolatry; Cromwell, the enemy of tyranny, the champion of equality, illustrate this underlying principle of human greatness.

Carry on illustration farther, and it will also be seen that the hero is, in high degree, a contributor to the intelligence and civilization of his time. The fearless character of Burns' writings served to dispel much of the stern dogmas of Calvin and Knox, and encouraged a spirit of democratic equalization among the people, thereby exalting religion and expunging social fallacy. Luther, shocked with the profligate sale of indulgences by Tetzel (commissioned by Pope Leo X.), throws off his allegiance to the Church of Rome, and, in the presence of the austere diet at Worms, stubbornly refuses to retract an error the reformed doctrine he now teaches, thereby severing the chain that fettered the Bible to the pulpit, and proclaiming religious tolerance and individual freedom.

Mahommed, shattering the temple idols and establishing in their stead a faith that recognizes the existence of a Supreme Being, and insists upon charitable doings, is assuredly a step in the interests of humanity. Who can predict what may yet be the outcome of this strange, wild faith? It must be remembered that Christianity was evolved from Judaism. No person will deny that at a late hour, Oliver Cromwell, by summarily disposing of a crowned head, did redeem the departing honour and justice of monarchical England, and once more directed his institution towards the protection of his subjects and the advancement of his interests.

A strong impulse is the logic of heroism. The hero is governed by the flash-like decision of impulse rather than by the cool operation of reason. Joan of Arc had but to feel the necessity of relieving the oppression of her countrymen and her own blood shall be the pawn in a heroic effort for their release. William Wallace required no act of reason after the slaughter of his father and other friends by King Edward's soldiers to enable him to decide whether or not these English marauders should be driven from Scottish soil.

Courage, it is said, is the instinct of a child and the habit of a man, and the hero, at a critical moment, makes few pretensions to gravity. Personal danger serves but to sharpen his perceptions and inflame his valour, and, faced with death itself, his manner is stamped with either the stoicism of indifference or the recklessness of levity. Blanched-faced for his sacred cause he may approach the fatal block, but audibly repine he will not.

In one of those rare old plays of Beaumont and Fletcher we find Julietta telling the brave captain and his men:—

Jul.— Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.  
Master.— Very likely,  
'Tis in our powers, then, to be hanged and scorn ye.

Livy, although moderately imbued with the national prejudices of the Romans, cannot, however, refrain from paying high compliment to the noble courage of Hasdrubal, the Carthaginian General, in his last encounter with the Roman legions. "He it was," writes the annalist, "who kept his men up while they fought by cheering them and facing every personal danger like themselves; he it was who, when they were tired out and gave way from very weariness and fatigue, reawoke their spirit now by entreaties, now by reproaches; he rallied them when they fled, and restored the battle at many points where the struggle ceased. At last, when it was clear that the day was the enemy's, refusing to survive the fate of the army which had followed him as leader, he spurred his horse right into one of the Roman cohorts. There he fell, fighting to the



last, as became a son of Hamilear and a brother of Hannibal."

Scipio, charged by a political faction with peculations during his military command, meets the charge with scorn, refusing to do himself the disgrace of waiting for justification from the tribune, indignantly tears up the scroll of accounts containing his own vindications in the face of his accusers.

In that greatest of sanguinary dramas of French Revolutions, what imperishable examples do we find of true manly and also of womanly heroism! Philippe D'Orleans when about to prostrate himself to the horrid guillotine, was ordered by the executioner to draw off his boots, replied: "Tush they will come better off *after*; let us have done." Madam Roland, queenly in her uncomplaining grief, arrives at the scaffold, and pointing to the statue of Liberty, exclaims: "O Liberty! what things are done in thy name." The scaffold mounted, she informs the dejected Lamarch by her side, who is also presently to share her unhappy fate, "that she will die first; show him how easy it is to die." Sir Thomas More, while ascending the scaffold, said to one: "Friend, help me up; when I come down again let me shift for myself." Laying his head on the block he bade the executioner hold till he put aside his beard; "for," said he, "it never committed treason." The Koran teaches that Paradise is under the shadow of swords, and true to a brave impulse we find the Arab (otherwise a fierce creature unworthy of eulogy) eagerly engaging in hostile combat, where even the odds are decidedly against him, death in battle being regarded a certain passport into Paradise. The noble daring thus exemplified in the highest types of men is in some measure known to all men, and is never wanting in admiration when generously declared.

Perseverance is also a characteristic of heroism, it is its real hope. Perseverance is a desirable quality in all men, but to the hero it is indispensable. It is the great highway to success, and the man who, from native indolence of disposition, expects to achieve any great undertaking without persistence shall meet with disappointment. There is no gilded pathway leading to distinction or renown, as there is said to be no royal road to learning. Once enlisted in the mission of a noble impulse, the hero is not discouraged by disappointment or defeat; he acquires strength and courage through adversity. Bruce utilized his successive reverses on the field as stepping stones to Scotland's freedom. The repeated protestations of the Spanish sailors against Columbus continuing his voyage of discovery, and their repeated threats to throw him overboard into the unknown waste of waters around them, served but to further convince the far-seeing mariner that his plan was correct, and that favourable winds would yet declare him the herald of a new world. When Cyrus Field declared his purpose of laying a submarine cable in the Atlantic ocean, many greeted the intelligence with derision and regarded such an undertaking as impracticable and madness, and when in the process of laying, the cable snapped in mid-ocean, many exulted in the fulfilment of their prophecy that such an occurrence would inevitably result. But, with renewed confidence in science, and an assertion of self-trust, he controlled obstacles, and finally succeeded in traversing the ocean depths with a veritable gossamer thread of subtle properties, bringing the people of two widely separate continents into a state of prompt and marvellous communication. We find Thomas Carlyle, with the vigour of heroic endowment (such as has thus far generally been mistaken for the irascibility of dyspepsia), fearlessly discussing the social and political evils of this century, there existing no dignitary or situation to deter him from his chosen work. For the great majority of offenders he had no pleasant remedy to prescribe, and, by this class, could not hope to be commended. To those who had already declared their allegiance to the established standards of literary style these strange mandates had a wild and unsubduable tone. "Man, know thy work and do it," is the first article of his creed respecting human duty and action, and the second is like unto it, "work according to thy faculty or starve according to necessity." This is high counsel; and pre-eminently orthodox at all times, among all people and under all circumstances.

Imagine the manuscript of "Sartor Resartus," with its rich Nestorian mines, lying in a drawer for upwards of seven years before any publisher could be induced to give it book shape, and eventually when it appeared piece-meal in *Fraser's Magazine* we hear of an indignant nobleman enquiring of the editor when "that stupid series of articles by the crazy tailor were to end."

Mistaking its genuine declaration of exposure and reform for the wail of revolution and anarchy in everything that pertains to human weal, this latest and richest of human gospels was for a time regarded rather as a tissue of revolutionary sentiments than a work of verified doctrine suited to the exigencies of humanity; its "everlasting no" and "everlasting yea" literally scaling the dizzy heights of thought, sounding the eternities and the soul. Possessed of ill-health, precarious means of livelihood, scant demand for his early productions, and surrounded with discouragements of many kinds, he nevertheless perseveres in his chosen field. Favour, honour, or preferment he is not in search of, neither desires; alone intent upon doing whatsoever seems to be his duty and in the manner that appears best to himself. True to the test of heroic constitution Carlyle's teachings and method appeared in "contradiction for a time to the voice of the great and the good," but as time and mutation dispel the mortal

mists that often obscure manly worth, we are able to behold in him the operation of the acutest mind of modern times—an intelligence that we mistake not for insanity—a force that is not frenzy—a vigour that is not vanity.

Through persistent application a great deal, otherwise refractory and stubborn can be reduced to a state of possibility. "Never mention to me," said Mirabeau, "that blockhead of a word, Impossible." "If you have no gunpowder," Napoleon once replied, "make it; if you have no bridges, build them." This certainly sounds like the language of self-trust and perseverance. "Impossible!" in current usage with the mass of mankind is a cant phrase, a delusion. An important object that may in one direction defy your best efforts, may at last yield if assailed in another. The Gordian knot that refuses to untie, can be cut by any Alexander who has the temerity to do so. Opportunities for personal distinction have at all times been open to the world, but it has ever been the urgent moment, the extreme need that called forth a Watt, a Stephenson, a Davy, or an Edison. Nevertheless, how rich yet is nature in undeveloped resources, and what additional wants is human experience, in the infinite variety of its exercise daily proclaiming!

We have already observed that sincerity is also a characteristic of the hero. Every claim for a new method or discovery has, as a rule, in proportion as it deviated from established custom or teaching necessitated an earnest pleading at the bar of public opinion. Such is the record of the world's incredulity that it seldom accepts sincerity on the part of an innovator as a guarantee of good faith for the performance of his new work. The opposition that Gallileo's brilliant discovery in the heavens provoked, and subsequently the resistance offered to Jenner's boon of vaccination, are evidences of the correctness of this assertion.

Nevertheless the world's benefactors will be found to have all been earnest men. Sincerity, when associated with intelligence, has seldom resulted harmfully to mankind. In social reform, in politics, in theology and in science this fact is fully exemplified. Without earnestness all the eloquence of Wilberforce or Wendell Phillips would never have triumphed over the curse of slavery. Religion suffers little at the hands of earnest doubters, provided they be intelligent. The day will shortly be at hand when the memories of such great minds as Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall shall resent the imputation of unfriendliness to religion. "Sceptics," you say; well, save in the matter of a few universally recognized concessions, is not mankind, as a whole, more or less sceptical? These men whom you style *sceptic* have but had the courage to frankly declare themselves upon these matters as they really appear to them, opinions that have been, and are still, secretly entertained by thousands of others. The ethical creed admitted, man, by constitution, is in other respects the victim of secret doubt, of scepticism. Repeated attempts to systematize certain arbitrary standards and constructions of moral and spiritual ideas, have been productive of this adverse criticism styled scepticism. Is a man to be charged with some spiritual obliquity who renounces Calvin's doctrine of infant damnation? The world as a unit has long ago grown sceptical on this point. Church presbyteries and synods, judging from their animated and protracted discussions in certain directions, are also manifesting signs of scepticism.

The hero smiles at elegance, and hesitatingly shakes his head at luxury; they are to him mere tinsel to allure the indolent; his ideals are simple and primitive, and constitute his environment. With him gold is seldom at par, save as it contributes to the supply of his meagre wants.

Plato tells us that two Thessalian princes once tried to induce Socrates by the offer of large sums of money to settle at their courts; but the Athenian sage, with heroic independence, replied that it ill became him to accept benefits that he had little hope of being able to return, and that his personal requirements were few, for he could purchase four measures of meal for an obolus (two cents) at Athens, and besides there was excellent spring water to be got there—for nothing.

What is wealth to James Watt until his scheme of the steam-engine is worked out, or to Columbus while in mid-ocean and the New World yet undiscovered? We are wont to commiserate the poverty and misfortune of the world's great men, but under more affluent circumstances can it be assured that they would have attained their admitted greatness? In many cases some stern master secretly rules. Samuel Johnson writes "Rasselas" to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral; Sir Walter Scott turns out volume after volume of the romantic "Waverley" in order that the well-nigh insatiable claim of the Ballantine disaster may be liquidated; Robert Burns, in the closing years of his fretted life, supplies Thompson with sweet songs to maintain his family. Herein we may find the key-note of the following couplet from Johnson's imitation of Juvenal:—

Yet think what ills the scholar's life assails,  
Toil, envy, want, the garret and the jail.

Lastly, unselfishness is a trait of a great man, and, as already observed, the truly great man is essentially a hero. Generosity and selfishness represent the positive and negative poles of human feeling, the two extremes of sympathy, and the great and good are attracted by one and repelled by the other. Generosity with cup in hand ever repairs to and renders warm and cheerful the scenes of affliction and oppression, while niggardly selfishness aggravates the distress it seeks to assuage. The munificence of George Peabody, Peter Cooper and Stephen Girard, and

many other philanthropists in founding educational institutions, hospitals and other charities, is to-day the heritage of millions. The noble womanhood of the age, in one direction or another, daily emulates the immortal examples of Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling.

Human nature attains its highest degree of excellence in the exercise of these heavenly qualities, and from the standpoint of history, if from no other, every eye involuntarily turns to Jesus of Nazareth as the highest example of their purity. The derision of the atheist moderates into silent respect when admonished with the unselfishness of Christ's life; the hopeless want of the infidel becomes subdued when confronted with His merciful acts. Down through nineteen centuries, burdened with the sorrows and joys of mortal experience, come stories of Christ's beneficence and martyrdom, around which cluster tender associations, whose memories in every land evoke a strange and sacred interest. In hallowed remembrance of the far distant scenes of his matchless kindness and unselfishness, and of the integrity and purity of His brief life, millions of tiny hands are daily clasped, and millions of innocent bosoms swell in childish petition for the gift of His meekness and love; millions in the vigour of life daily bend a knee desirous of His truth and humility; and as the drama of life draws to a close, ere that strange and awful emotion stupefies mortal consciousness, what spiritual support is afforded by His cheering words, "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world; For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." This is, indeed, supreme beneficence.

D. R. MOORE.

Stanley, N. B.

### LINES

On reading in THE WEEK the sonnet entitled "Pessimism,"  
by T. G. Marquis.

FRIEND, should not he who sings sing first the truth?  
And is it true; life is but sin and pain?  
Labour is hard, we know—and guilt's red stain  
Sometimes stamped deeply; but, even so, would youth  
Forego its chances? or dim age, in sooth,  
One feeble heart-beat spare?—Nor all in vain  
Good wars with ill, that splits the world in twain,  
While want wins aid, and wrong breeds tender ruth.  
Friend, your dark doctrine is not very new.  
Long since one said that "all is vanity,"  
Yet hope and joy perennial comfort give.  
And still shall toil be crowned with rightful due,  
On sin and sorrow wait sweet ministry,  
And, while souls live to need it, love shall live.

Kingston.

ANNIE ROTHWELL

### "HEATHER AND HAREBELL."

IT is always a satisfaction to welcome a good book. On the other hand there is ground for melancholy in the contemplation of the multitude of really good things when we consider that even the best of them have to struggle for existence against the overwhelming flood of trash. More especially is this true of poetry. The fair and pleasant books, thereof would be none too many if they filled their proper places in the world; and men could as well hear them, even though their say were but fleeting, just as easily as they receive the innutritious pabulum of the current press. But the fact is that the sensational novel, the ephemeral newspaper, the superficial magazine so crowd the space in the souls of mankind that the legitimate standing-room of Poetry is squeezed into absolutely nothing, and that poor vagrant prophet of the heart's finer things can but stop outside and freeze. Various ways there are of retrieving somewhat this legitimate share of space, of forcing a way into men's attention, and of compelling their hearts to enjoy themselves, as nature meant them to do, with visions and music. One of them, successful in some measure, is by appealing to dialect, to class, to race, and to associations too deeply rooted to be altogether overlooked. Such is the appeal of Scottish dialect poetry to the Caledonian. And an example is the little book, "Heather and Harebell" (Toronto: Williamson and Company; Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company) now before me. There is a sweetness in these lays which marks the true "poet of melody"; and sweetness, it seems to me, is the quality to be prized above all others in poetry, a powerful pictorial imagination alone excepted. It is rarer than the dramatic instinct, much more directly pleasing, and appeals to by far the greatest number. The author, John McFarlane, of Montreal, was recognized in Scotland by John Stuart Blackie and other good judges, and his work deserves to be also recognized by his compatriots here. It appears to be the best dialect Scottish verse, except possibly Alexander McLachlan's, which this country has seen produced in its midst. The following are a few samples:—

IN THE HOWE AVONT THE LINN.

Youth is sweet when simmer's fa'in  
Oot o' fleckit skies abune,  
Mirth wi' daffin' pays the lawin'  
Neath the gowden harvest mune.  
List! the secret, laird and lady,  
Mak's the hours like meenits rin—

Happit heids aneath the plaidie,  
In the howe ayont the linn.

Sae when nicht the earth is cleedin',  
An' the wold is silent a',  
When a Han' the stars is leadin'  
Like a flock the west awa':  
I wad fain a tryst be keepin',  
Free o' yammer an' o' din,  
Wi' a bonnie lassie creepin'  
To the howe ayont the linn.

A FLOWER.

It cam' wi' a glint o' the scenes langsyne  
Frae the hills that I ca' my ain,  
An' the glens that aye wi' my dreams mair twin,  
In the howes o' my waukrife brain.  
Nae doubt 'twas a feckless thing ta' sen',  
But it thrilled my heart forsooth  
Wi' a nameless joy that few can ken,  
That flow'r frae the hame o' my youth.

The "Ballad of the Covenanters" might be also quoted, except that it is a unity of vigorous writing, which does not admit of dissection. More amenable is the beautiful song commencing:—

The lost langsyne! O, the lost langsyne!  
Wi' the daylight sae sweet an' the gloamin' sae fine,  
The heart yirns aye, an' the thocht winna' tye,  
For the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

That the musical ear and artistic instinct of the author do not depend on dialect, however, is evidenced by, among others—

THE MINNESINGER.

I stood within the shadows of the Night,  
The weary, lonesome night,  
And Sorrow, with her charioteer of Death,  
Went by with eyes affright.

And ever upward from the darken'd depths  
Of Life's sad, troubled sea  
The cry of stricken hearts came ceaseless from  
Pale lips of agony.

And joyous Hope with ruddy Mirth was there,  
In revel girt with light,  
The glow of Youth, the wail of wild Despair,  
Beneath me in the night.

And lo! in sadness bent a man of years  
Upon a broken lyre,  
Whose golden strings no breath divine had swept,  
Touch'd not with sacred fire.

An humble singer of that lowly band,  
Whose harpings, sweet withal,  
Strength have not as the bard's of finer mould,  
Who thro' the ages call.

And gazing heavenward to the silent stars,  
From earth and earthly things,  
His soul went forth in earnest, pure desire  
On faith's most holy wings:

"Father, I pray that Thou wouldst deign for me,  
Within Thy vineyard grand,  
One little flower, although of low degree,  
To raise with trembling hand.

"One little song-bud born from out the heart,  
Which unto men might be,  
Amidst the turmoil of the world's great mart,  
A still small voice from Thee."

There are a number of other poems in the volume which can be fairly commended to lovers of song.

Montreal.

ALCHEMIST.

PARIS LETTER.

THOUGH foreign nations profess the most amicable relations between each other, that does not prevent them trying to discover the secrets of new war weapons and explosives that they may invent or manufacture. Tripone and Turpin are now in prison for selling French war material to the English—not English secrets to the French. The two Britishers just condemned to fine and imprisonment for endeavouring to corrupt artisans in the Government rifle factory at St. Etienne were guilty, but the condemned were so clumsy in their work that one is almost tempted to believe them innocence itself. The crime lay in being found out; all honest States that employ spies ought to impress on them the law of Sparta; it was not the theft, but the detection, which was reprehensible.

A well-informed journal asks: what is the use of the Colonies Department making any secrecy about the expedition of 1,200 armed Senegaliens, etc., organized and equipped a long time since by M. de Brazza, to arrive by the Eastern route by Lake Tchad, and so to central Sudan? Of course the English, the Germans, and perhaps, too, the Italians, have some time since preceded de Brazza in the race for annexing Equatorial Africa, and arranging with Emin Pasha to make him their Governor-General, in exchange for his knapsack of treaties with the tribal chiefs. The only curiosity about de Brazza's move Tchadward is his repudiating conquering the natives with cotton handkerchiefs and relying on an armed expedition, as always advocated by his former leader, Stanley.

The victimized shareholders of the Panama Canal Company implore the Chamber to deal with their petition, imploring the State—Jupiter, as ever, to aid them. The petitioners forgot that the State cannot interfere, as in 1888 M. Outrey, the French Minister at Washington, handed to Secretary Evarts the official assurance that "the French Government is in no way concerned in the Panama Canal enterprise, and in no wise proposes to interfere therein, or to give it any support, either directly or indirectly." Without a loan the moribund project cannot be set on its legs, and no loan will be looked at unless backed by the Government.

The average salary of a national school-master in France is eighty centimes daily, while the cost of a convict is eighty-two centimes per day.

Good news for Dryasdusts: The French Foreign Office has thrown open its archives for the benefit of historical research up to the period of the Revolution of July, 1830. The unworked mines will include the Congress of Vienna and the despatches of the most notable diplomats of the period. Only serious workers will be accorded the liberty to root among the musty and dusty records, but the Government does not surrender its right of veto against the publication of documents that might wound contemporary sensibilities.

A gentleman has informed me how the Circumlocution office works in France; he is a resident in Paris for a quarter of a century, and duly on the roll of ratepayers, where he figures under a name that his fathers and god-mothers never gave him, and as practising a profession to which he is a stranger, and, though not being in itself anything to be ashamed of, yet would not be a passport to the *gratin* of Upper Ten circles. Now, for twenty-four years he has requested the authorities to address him by his right name and profession—but the errors are maintained. He is an Englishman, married to an American lady, and is of opinion that the united influences of the ambassadors of Britain and the States would be powerless to correct the error. If chance puts him in the way of Baron Morenheim he will try the omnipotence of the Muscovite.

Worth, the well-known Parisian man-milliner, though English, like Redfern, has, close to the Suresnes railway station and under the guns of Mt. Valèrien, his private residence. The building is a collection of chimneys, minarets, dove cots, odd campaniles and eccentric turrets, all in red brick. The house was attacked a few nights ago by burglars, who entered by a lilliputian dungeon, to help themselves to the costly bibelots, collectively worth two millions of francs. The thieves, after exchanging half-a-dozen shots with the servants, retired.

Apart from the New Year's Day mutual admiration speeches in the functionary world, France may drive the sacred nail firmly home in the Capitol, to mark the events of 1891. She has had peace within her walls and a fair measure of prosperity within her palaces. All pretenders, whose aims have been to upset the present constitution, have collapsed, including even the Naundorffs. There is nothing serious in the squabble over the question of Church and State; the union will last for many a long day; the clergy will not pin their interests to any political party, nor will the peasantry vote the abolition of their *curés*. No one wants any fighting of any kind. So long as M. Constans is Home Minister, there will be no mob violence, and the Labour question will be next to solved when the State pension for aged workmen shall have been voted.

Less frothy views prevail about the Franco-Russian "union of hearts;" many of its great expectations are being boiled down. The bottom facts of the Egyptian question are piercing French pride and prejudice. It is being discovered that it is to Europe, not to France, that England is accountable for her proceedings; that neither the Egyptians themselves nor their creditors desire the British evacuation, and that John Bull's expenditure in blood and money has a value. The best guess at truth the French on this matter indulge in is, that the English mean to stay in Egypt. No one seems inclined to throw an old slipper after the new Tariff Bill. Even protectionist-King Meline has not subscribed for a single tar-barrel in honour of his triumph, nor contributed anything towards a testimonial to himself. Events must speak, and the revenue returns tell, how the new commercial legislation will work. It is on the shoulders of Foreign Minister Ribot that will rest the heavy burden of minimizing the ultra protectionism of the legislature, and thus enable France, in the "struggle for the fittest," to face the fiscal federation of Central Europe.

The pawn offices in France are a good paying State monopoly. Since the commencement of the month those of Paris have been authorized to lend cash on public stocks and certain industrial scrip to the amount of sixty to eighty per cent. of exchange value. No fees will be charged; the loan can run for six months, but not more than 500 frs. of *valeurs* will be accepted. However, as "my aunt"—the name for "my uncle" in France, but no relative of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—has nearly 120 branch offices in the city, a hard-up stock holder could raise 60,000 frs. in a day; that might keep him afloat till the next day, when he could recommence. In case of a declaration of war, and the funds dropped to fifty, as in 1870, the situation of *ma tante* would be serious. It seems that we are returning to the period when the pawn office was established in France and for the use of the rich. The poor protested against that "privilege" and won. The pawn office borrows money for its working capital, and its shares rank as the safest of investments. The institution is the most secure depot for plate and jewellery, and is availed of in that end. What Anastay or Michot would think of murdering an old lady for her wealth if she was observed quitting a pawn shop? The new pledge departure will have a moralizing effect; it will obviate petty capitalists resorting to shady money changers to negotiate a temporary advance to find perhaps the next morning that the mushroom Rothschild has levanted to Brussels with your scrip as his sole impedimenta.

Dumas fils states that during his career he had but three collaborators; that is, he recast and retouched dramas by Messrs. E. de Girardin, Neuski and Durantin. On the

night of the first representations these gentlemen repudiated their altered plays. Next day when the public declared the pieces to be successful, they repudiated the help given by Dumas!

The New Year ushered in a new type of criminal—the woman burglar. Mademoiselle Sykes was caught with loot as she was quitting an apartment into which she had forced an entrance—but not in the name of the law. While being led down stairs by the house porter, she drew a jimmy from her pocket, and, striking him on the head, felled him; she had four other little crowbars on her person with a few dozens of false keys, and similar *et ceteras* in addition to purloined jewellery. The street door being locked in time, the young lady was "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd." She belonged to no co-operation society of thieves, but operated solely, as Mr. Fagin would say, on account of number one.

Effects of the new Tariff Bill: horse steaks have risen two sous per lb., and a "further advance in prices" may be expected. Screws to the rescue. Z.

THE RAMBLER.

THE problem of the Gentleman Emigrant is one which has ever been the peculiar affliction of Canada. It seems, however, that of late very many individuals of this class are preferring Virginia and the hospitable South generally to the more glacial retirement of Muskoka or Manitoulin. The "distinguished Briton" racket can be even better worked in the South—still indolent, credulous and easily impressed—than here among us, where a certain northerly shrewdness is beginning to be shown. Of course there is and always will be a demand for the English workingman, proud of his work, content in his caste, self-respecting to a degree and ambitious within a given circle, but the welcome somewhat gingerly afforded the Gentleman Emigrant is cold in comparison. The causes are not far to seek. Again and again it is pointed out that the average country-bred Englishman is absolutely ignorant of agricultural matters and unfitted for such physical toil as awaits him. But in the "Old Dominion" there is for one thing a milder climate; the roads may be bad, but there is at least little snow to clean away. What drawbacks there are seem of that half-picturesque, half barbaric nature which suits very well with the Englishman's notions of novelty and adventure. But if the Gentleman Emigrant appears to prefer Virginia to Ontario—and really we can get on very well without him—the scholar and graduate of world-renowned institutions still beams among us, and like the Tar in the Tartar, "he wants a situation, and he wants it very badly." If you ask him why he came out, he will tell you that the Old Country is overcrowded. The number of such men steadily increases. They can write conventionally on any subject; originally—on none. When they do procure "situations" they somehow fail to retain them. They are a snare and stumbling block, a source of exasperation and despair to all who come into contact with them. By the way, who has read Frances Courtenay Baylor's remarkably fresh and clever sketch entitled "The Innocent," in a recent number of the *New England Magazine*? It is an exceedingly graphic bit of characterization, doubtless suggested by a true incident.

Recent events abroad suggest that the grounding in knowledge of Indian affairs necessary to the appointment of governors and administrators, and once insisted upon by eminent writers, has hardly gone as far as it should have gone. "Russian progress in Central Asia should be as familiar to young civilians as Orme, Mill or even Todhunter." A fixed Imperial policy is no doubt the chief duty of England to-day. She must know how far she means to go and then act sternly up to it—which most likely she will do, unassisted by "weak, piping" colonial advice.

Perhaps the interior troubles in India, however, are more alarming than the Russian encroachment. I wonder very much whether statesmen at home have ever gravely analyzed the problems submitted—with an airy touch and a light though bitter laugh—by Kipling! It seems to me, at least, that he unveils that peculiar futility in detail, that blindness to certain apparently trivial circumstance, which characterizes much of English rule. The English are practical, thorough, honest and conscientious, but they have a fatal fondness for precedent and for letting things remain as they are or as they always have been. To the onlooker, it appeared as if the publication of those stinging, ringing sketches, with their social and political exposures, would cause a complete *bouleversement* and cleaning out of Departmental premises. But the novelist is at best a clown. To the majority he exists only to amuse.

The Liberal Club's Canadian Literature evening was a great success. The strangers present—familiar through their names—were accorded a frank and hearty reception. The room was crowded, even uncomfortably so, but everyone departed well pleased and perhaps a trifle surprised—the selections were all so interesting and so ably recited and read. It was pleasant to know that among the crowd of younger writers the name of Charles Sangster was not forgotten, as was shown by a communication from him, in which he referred to his inability to be present. Taken altogether the evening was a pronounced and novel success.



## THE POET'S WORK AND WAGES!

WHAT work are the poets doing?  
Teaching men to live:  
Not like slaves with scourges driven,  
But like men with powers God-given,  
Using them for God and heaven,  
Gaining while they give!

What work are the poets doing?  
Teaching men to think:  
That this life is man's probation,  
Fitting for a nobler station,  
Rising higher in creation,  
Up from Chaos' brink!

What work are the poets doing?  
Teaching men to see:  
God in Nature every hour,  
Beauty in each leaf and flower,  
Wonders wrought by sun and shower,  
Winds, and waves, and sea!

What work are the poets doing?  
Teaching men to love:  
Drawing nearer man to man,  
Doing all the good we can,  
Working out "the golden plan"  
Taught by God above!

What, then, are the poets wages?  
To be lov'd of men:  
More than gold is approbation,  
Prais' inspires his emulation,  
Naught he cares for wealth or station,  
*Contra*—love of men!

Does the poet love his calling?  
Note his answer true:  
"More than Ophir's golden treasures,  
More than earth's alluring pleasures,—  
Love I Music's rhythmic measures?—  
More than life I do!"

Toronto, Can.

JOHN IMRIE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## "DUNBAR BATTLE."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in an address recently published states that upon one occasion Cromwell's army, at its leader's command, halted in the midst of the pursuit of the enemy to offer thanks for victory by singing the well-known words "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," etc., etc. A critic rejoins by saying that as these lines were not written until long after Cromwell's death the incident so far as Cromwell and his army is concerned is probably a figment of the preacher's imagination. There is, however, a basis of fact for Dr. Talmage's inaccuracy as readers of Carlyle's Cromwell well know. Turn to the "Letters and Speeches," part VI., letter CXXXIX. The scene is Dunbar; time, September 3, 1650. "The Scottish army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to B'lhaven, or in their distraction, even to Dunbar: the chase goes as far as Haddington; led by Hacker. 'The Lord General made a halt,' says Hodgson, 'and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm,' till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred and seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:—

"Oh, give ye praise unto the Lord,  
All nations that be;  
Likewise ye people all, accord  
His name to magnify.

"For great to us-ward ever are  
His loving kindnesses;  
His truth endures for evermore;  
The Lord, oh do ye bless!"

"And now to the chase again." "Dunbar Battle," as described by Carlyle, is one of the most realistic pieces of description in English historical composition.

H. T. R.

Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, January 13, 1892.

## BALLADS FROM THE ILIAD.\*

WHEN Lord Macaulay was thirty-five years of age—he was only plain Mr. Macaulay then—he turned anew to the classics and read over nearly the whole corpus of Greek and Latin literature. In doing so he was strongly impressed with the idea that the great majority even of those who study the classics very thoroughly at college never form a true conception of the value of the ancient writers; inasmuch as, when their scholarship is fresh, they lack the experience of life necessary to appreciate them fully, and do not afterwards take them up till late in life

\* "A Daughter of the Gods, Ballads from the First, Second and Third Books of the Iliad." By Joseph Cross. Etchings by Tristram Ellis. London: The Leadenhall Press, E.C.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

when they have to a large extent forgotten the classical languages. The moral he drew was that those who wish to really understand and appreciate the classics should renew their acquaintance with them when experience and reflection have broadened and matured their judgment, and before they have become too rusty in their studies. There is no doubt much truth in this view of the matter, and it is to be hoped that some of our Canadian graduates who have distinguished themselves in the classics will act upon Macaulay's advice, and as a result, perchance, give the world the benefit of their maturer studies in the form of essay, translation, or paraphrase.

I have lately been reading with very great pleasure a little volume bearing the title of "A Daughter of the Gods," and consisting of ballads from the first, second and third books of the Iliad, which gives a new idea of what may be done to bring home a knowledge of, and taste for, Homer to young children. The author is Mr. Joseph Cross, a brother, as I understand, of the late Right Honourable J. K. Cross, Under-Secretary of State for India in one of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinets, and a brother also of Mr. Thomas Cross, of Ottawa, whose name is not unknown to readers of THE WEEK. The book "was written," we are told in the preface, "for the pleasure and amusement of a little child," and is therefore presumably the product of that period of the writer's life when Macaulay's requirement of a blending of accurate scholarship with enlarged experience would be most fully met. However this may be, I do not hesitate to say that the result before us is truly admirable. Mr. Cross has not pretended to translate Homer in any exact sense; he has simply selected such passages as serve to carry on the main narrative, and rendered them into English ballad verse of a very flowing and musical kind. He has not thought it necessary even to preserve the exact sequence of the original. For example, in the first book of the Iliad, Achilles makes an address to his mother Thetis, and the latter replies. Mr. Cross divides the address of Achilles into two portions, and places that of Thetis between the two. He also makes Thetis ask Achilles what petition he wishes her to present to Jove; whereas Achilles, in the original, without any asking, tells her what he wants. Such changes as these, however, in no way interfere with the substantial fidelity of Mr. Cross' version, considered as an Englishing of the Homeric narrative. He gives us the facts, he gives us the passions of the actors and speakers; he gives us much of the poetic setting of the original. His chief departure from the tone of the original is in the rapidity that characterizes his version. The Homeric hexameter is capable of infinite force and movement; but it is never exactly in a hurry; whereas, not only the metre Mr. Cross has adapted, but his own condensation of the narrative suggest a certain haste to conclude—to say the thing and have done with it. To represent Homer fully we must make due allowance for his *longueurs* and the admiration of primitive peoples for words as words. Mr. Cross quotes the opinion of Lord Beaconsfield that ballad metre is the one best suited for the translation of Homer, and that Walter Scott was the man of all best qualified to give us a perfect version. Lord Beaconsfield's opinion is entitled to respect, but not to more respect, to say the least, than Matthew Arnold's; and he, as we all know, gave his voice for the hexameter as used by the poet Clough—a quotation from whom serves as epigraph to Mr. Cross' little book—in his "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich." It must not be forgotten, however, that Mr. Cross made his version or paraphrase for a little child, and if the question were asked: how can Homer best be represented to a child? I for one would answer, unhesitatingly: in just such ballad metre as we have in this beautiful little book. This is truly Homer for children, and it comes as a boon to many a father who would wish to give to his child a true idea of the things Homer wrote about, of the poetic quality of his work and of the tone and character of ancient Greek thought. I almost feel like saying that no cultivated household should be without this book; but perhaps so sweeping an assertion might provoke contradiction. Certain it is that any father who thinks it worth while to give his child an early introduction to the ideas of Homer and to the tale of Troy has now a better opportunity than ever before.

It is only fair to give a few examples of the extreme felicity of Mr. Cross' verse. We may quote almost at random. Take the scene already referred to between Achilles and Thetis:—

Meanwhile Achilles went aside  
And gazing idly o'er the sea,  
With streaming eyes and outstretched hands,  
Prayed to his mother earnestly.  
"Oh mother, hear thy hapless son!  
Since doomed to early death am I,  
'Twere meet Olympian Jove had crowned  
With honour my brief destiny;  
But now shame and dishonour fill  
My tale of days so few and ill."

His goddess-mother heard him where she sat,  
Within the Sea-God's hall beneath the wave:  
And lightly rising, like a misty cloud,  
She left her dim translucent ocean cave:  
And to Achilles' side she swiftly came,  
And gently touched him, calling him by name.

"Alas, my child, that thou wert born,  
Her sad voice murmured full of woe,  
"So soon to die, and doomed to griefs  
Beyond the lot of man below!  
Would that 'twere thine far from the fray,  
Beside the ships unharmed to stay!  
But since that may not be,  
To high Olympus will I haste,  
And lowly, at Jove's knees abased,  
Pray him to pity thee."

Yet ere before the throne I stand,  
Tell me what boon thou dost demand."

"Pray him to aid the Trojan host  
To drive the Greeks back to the sea!  
Pray that Atrides haughty self  
May flee before his enemy!  
Pray that the host in bitter grief  
May reap the folly of their chief!  
Pray that the king may learn too late  
That his own pride has been his fate:  
And, routed by his foes, may rue  
He gave not honour where 'twas due."

Or take the following stanzas from the Third Book:—

Soon as the hosts confronted stood,  
Before the van false Paris strode,  
Breathing defiance high;  
A leopard's skin his shoulders wore,  
In either hand a spear he bore,  
His good sword at his thigh:  
With bow on back forth did he stand,  
And dared the bravest of the band  
To meet him singly, hand to hand.

Then Menelans joyed as joys  
A lion in his pride,  
When goat or antlered stag he views  
Upon the mountain side,  
Nor recks of hunter nor of hounds,  
But on his prey exulting bounds.

So Menelans from his car  
Bounded to meet the foe;  
Deeming his hour was come to lay  
The foul betrayer low.

False Paris, trembling, started back,  
As starts in woodland brake  
The hunter when beneath his feet  
Glitters the deadly snake.

With quaking knees and ashy cheek  
Back to the ranks he drew,  
While from great Hector's scornful lips  
Fierce words, like arrows, flew.

It will hardly be denied that these are spirited lines; and although, as above stated, they do not profess to be a translation of the Iliad, it will be found on examination that they faithfully render, as far as they go, the substance and general quality of the poem. Mr. Cross may be sincerely congratulated on his success in a meritorious attempt. Typographically the book is all that could be desired, and makes a very harmonious setting for the graceful verses of the author. W. D. LESCEUR.

## ART NOTES.

A LARGE number of sketches and studies have been sent in for the Ontario Society's Exhibition, which opens on Saturday. Not only are our most original and well-known artists well represented, but engravers, designers, architects; many of them, members of the art league, have contributed some excellent work, and the large gallery will be well filled with work having the charm of art which is direct from nature. The original sketches of some of D. Fowler's delightful water-colours and of the North-West and Rocky Mountain pictures of Verner, Mower Martin and M. Matthews; good figure work by Reid, Foster, Hahn and Sherwood; clever pen and ink sketches by Manly, Howard, Thompson and many others; landscape and flower studies by Gagen and H. Martin are among the interesting contributions already sent in, and we may look forward to perhaps the most instructive exhibition as well as one of the most enjoyable the Society has yet provided for us; while the fact that no charge will be made for admission shows that a real effort is being made to serve in a useful way the citizens of Toronto.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## THE GRAND.

"THE Danger Signal" at the Grand serves to bring out the good and inferior qualities of Miss Morrison as an actress, the former happily predominating. It may be called a railroad drama, a real engine under a full head of steam being brought on in one act and a realistic railway smash-up in another. A few clever situations give a desirable tone to an ordinary production in dramas. The Company is fair and the scenery good. Monday, January 25, the drama "Blue Jeans" is to hold the boards at this theatre. It is a domestic drama with some thrilling situations.

## THE ACADEMY.

MARIE FROHMAN has every opportunity to exhibit her versatility as an actress in "The Witch," and she studiously avails herself of it. The scene is laid in New England early in the century, and the movement of the play develops hate, fidelity, deceit, love and treachery, to an amazing degree, but Miss Frohman proved herself quite equal to the occasion and won the plaudits of a large and enthusiastic audience by her clever impersonations. The stage snow was too plentiful, having been turned on in the third act, it intruded itself upon the parlour scene in the fourth act, those present naturally believing the parlour ceiling to have been removed. The Company is a capital one, and the scenery good.

## THE PAVILION.

PADEREWSKI, the eminent Polish pianist, who is to give one of his unequalled recitals in the Pavilion on Friday, February 12th, has already made a record in America without precedent for both its artistic and financial success. The leading critics all unite in an unstinted tribute of praise, placing this modern pianistic Goliath on the same plane as Rubenstein, and endowed with even more originality of style and finished expression in his

playing. This polished Polish Cæsar of the piano is also an accomplished musician, having written several works, including a concerto for piano and orchestra, and also many songs in six different languages, four of which he speaks fluently. His father was a Polish nobleman, and also a musician of note (which is presumably a necessary attainment for any aspirant to the gentle Art). Suckling and Sons are making musical Toronto their debtors by giving them an opportunity to witness the lion of the day. The plan is at their music store.

THE PATTI CONCERT.

NOTWITHSTANDING many and diverse statements to the contrary, La Diva Patti, the undoubted queen of song, is to appear in concert in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, January 26th. Patti brings with her a complete concert company, and intends giving an act or scene from some favourite opera. The box plan will be open at the Grand Opera House to subscribers on Thursday, 21st, at 10 a.m., and on Friday morning to the general public.

THE Queen has sent Master Jean Gerardy a handsome diamond horse-shoe scarfpin as a souvenir of his visit to Windsor Castle on the 1st inst. The court jeweller has had good reason to rejoice of late at her Majesty's recent recognition of musical celebrities.—*Musical News*.

"OLD ATLANTIC" has had many precious burthens to carry on his turbulent bosom within the past few months, there being the following aggregation of planetary singers now in America: La Diva Patti, Albani, Sealchi, Emma Eames, Van Zandt, Lilli Lehmann, the sisters Ravogli, Valero and many others; also Signori Edward and Jean De Reske, Gianini, Camera, Nicolini, Vinche, Sertolini, Del Puente, Coletti, Valero, Carbone Campanini, Ardit, etc., all performing in New York this month—a veritable constellation.

THE effect of the realistic move on the theatrical observer has just had peculiar proof. The London *Figaro* objects to the traditional red dress worn in "Faust" by *Mephisto*. It observes that the "robin red-breast clothes are not only a gross anachronism, but an obvious absurdity. Mephistopheles, in walking through the streets of Leipsic, could not have sported so outlandish a costume without inevitably raising a mob at his heels, whereas the character shows that he would rather have preferred to elude public observation."

LA GRANGE, of Paris, the well-known professor of singing, said last week: "American opera singers are rapidly becoming the first of the world. France is producing no great prima donnas. We are relying on foreigners to interpret our best operas. It seems strange that France, which has given to the world so many superb singers, should now fail to produce a single one. Perhaps we may here perceive a sign of the much-talked-of decline of the French race. At any rate, America seems free from this failing, for that country is now producing the purest voices, which are fast becoming the most prized on our lyric stage. I know singers in the American colony in Paris whose voices would assure their possessors certain success in the opera, but their families object to their entering upon a professional life."—*Musical Courier*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

NURSE HEATHERDALE'S STORY. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Leslie Brooke. London: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Rowse and Hutchison.

There is a fascination in this fine, quiet, simple story for children. The author has the gift of combining naturalness with a strong interest in her narrative. She is evidently a story-teller *par excellence*. The illustrations are good, and the get up of the book is quaint and pleasing.

BETTY ALDEN: The First-Born Daughter of the Pilgrims. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This well-written story which takes the reader back to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, with their quaint and severe manners, and their doings, presents to the readers a heroine with which they will sympathize, and in whose fortunes they will be deeply interested. The story is told with literary power and finish.

KATIE: A Daughter of the King. By Mary A. Gilmore. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Company; Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society.

A neat and attractive little book bearing the insignia of that unostentatious but very useful organization, the Daughters of the King. The story is above the average of the class to which it belongs, and its perusal will awaken thought and emotions of a generous and sympathetic character. It can without misgiving be cordially commended.

PRINCE DUSTY: A Story of the Oil Regions. By Kirk Munroe. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

It is no doubt generally supposed that the regions where petroleum is produced are anything but romantic. The writer of this story has demonstrated that these oleaginous districts can be productive of as interesting and fanciful

romance as any which have for their endowment the scenes of natural loveliness. The plot is skilfully constructed and completed with success. The reader will find that Prince Dusty and his surroundings are anything but tame and uninteresting. The illustrations are of most excellent quality.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTORY HEBREW GRAMMAR. By Edwin Cone Bissell, Professor in Hartford Theological Seminary. Hartford: The Theological Seminary.

Proficient Hebrew scholars may prefer the elaborate works of Gesenius or Greene, but the learner who would master Hebrew in a reasonable time will find in this new work by Professor Bissell what will most admirably serve his purpose. Its chief recommendations are "the facilities it offers for acquiring, during the study of the grammatical principles, a choice Hebrew vocabulary," the ease with which the student can lay up in memory a store of words, and the character of the exercises appended to each lesson. These begin with the simplest forms and proceed to the more complicated by regular gradation. In the exercises and in the illustrations of rules the author has sought to confine himself to strictly Biblical expressions. The arrangement is clear, and in every way most serviceable. With this grammar and a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures any one who applies himself with ordinary diligence and systematic study will in short time be able to read with ease the Old Testament in its original tongue.

BLANCHE, LADY FALAISE: A Tale. By J. H. Shorthouse. Price \$1.00. London and New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Rowse and Hutchison. 1891.

It would be impossible for the author of "John Inglesant" to write anything that would not be striking, remarkable, and out of the common, and "Blanche, Lady Falaise" is all of this. Whether the characters and situations are probable, we will leave others to speculate; they are certainly not impossible or incredible. The father of Blanche was a fellow of his college and afterwards a country rector, a delightful type of Anglican pastor, now almost extinct, it is to be feared. Blanche herself was an idealist of a charming, if somewhat narrow, description. Unfortunately she met a clergyman, also an idealist, not a hypocrite, but partly a self-deceiver, who got engaged to her, but forsook her for a richer woman. Then Blanche married Lord Falaise, who had been her father's pupil, and had always loved her. Lord Falaise is, in some ways, the finest character in the book, *sans peur et sans reproche*; and perhaps a little too perfect. But we see so much of imperfect men and women, and they are present also in this book, that it will not hurt us to see something of those who come nearer to any high ideal.

We suppose we could criticize this book, and by and by the critical spirit will awake in us. But it is not easy to lay down a book of Mr. Shorthouse's and begin criticism in cold blood at once. So we think it better to give our readers these first impressions—emotions aroused by the immediate perusal of the volume. Most people who know the author will read this new work of his; and they will hardly be disappointed in it, even if it does not reach his highest level. It is, at least, the most striking book that has come into our hands for some time.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA. By Frank R. Stockton. Price \$1.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the general character of American fiction, there is little question of the wide, almost universal popularity of Mr. Stockton. His "Rudder Grange" is known and read of all men. His "Squirrel Inn," recently published in the *Century*, has well sustained his reputation; and the same hand will be recognized in "The House of Martha."

The House is an Anglican Sisterhood, constituted in a peculiar manner. The Superior is only a temporary one, and a very pretty young lady, her cousin, is on probation before finally taking the vow of celibacy. This young lady becomes amanuensis to the gentleman who tells the story in the first person. Wearing a huge bonnet, sitting on the other side of a grating, and never showing her face, she is unknown by sight to her employer, until one day a wasp invades the apartment in which she works. And then the bonnet comes off, and the carefully gathered up, abundant hair escapes, and a lovely face lighted up by beautiful blue eyes is discovered. This is all quite improper and contrary to rule; but how could it be helped?

And how could the employer help falling in love with this charming young person? At any rate he did; and we are left to suspect that she was not insensible. However, the writing was stopped and they were separated, and met again in surprising ways. To the writer's great delight he found that Sylvia—this is the young lady's name—had not yet taken the vow. But soon afterwards, in a conscience-stricken kind of way, she did; and the whole thing seemed likely to come to an end. But something else came to an end, and we think it better not to tell the reader what that was, lest we should spoil his enjoyment of the story; although, in point of fact, a story so well told as this may be read with pleasure even if the reader should commit the impropriety—common, we are told, with most women and a good many men—of reading the last chapter first.

DICTIONARY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY; Containing Articles on the Main Subjects usually dealt with by Economic Writers, with Explanations of Legal and Business Terms which may be found in their Works, and Short Notices of deceased English, American and Foreign Economists, and their chief contributions to Economic Literature. Edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S. First Part: Abatement-Beche. Price 3s. 6d. net. London: Macmillan and Company. 1891.

This is the opening volume of a useful and needed work. Political Science has become a department by itself, with its own nomenclature, history and biography; and few outside of those who make a specialty of the subject can be expected to understand at sight the numerous technical expressions made use of in economic writings. It is to aid this class of persons who need to know something of the results of political science and who have not the time or inclination to spend some years in mastering the subject that this Dictionary is designed—as well as for the student who is wrestling with initiatory difficulties. There has been, we should say, no attempt at original work; indeed, to quote the plan of the work, "where controversial questions are concerned, the main conclusions arrived at by leading writers of the various schools are stated clearly and impartially." Among the historical articles we may cite that on "Merchants, Adventurers"; and on "Ateliers Nationaux," the former being a careful survey of these remarkable organizations which date from the time of Henry III.'s establishment of the staple. Earlier political economy is glanced at in the article on St. Thomas Aquinas, in which a *resumé* of his political theory is culled from his various theological writings. Present economical problems are touched upon in the various articles on Agriculture, such as "Agricultural Community" and "Agriculture in England"—on "Anarchism" and on "Arbitration." The articles on Banking are numerous and good; we may especially note the one on "Banks in Canada," by Mr. B. E. Walker, Toronto. There are a number of biographies which are generally short, though occasionally interesting. Altogether, the opening number is a decidedly good one, and if the rest of the ten or twelve numbers are equal in merit, the whole work will be a valuable addition to the shelves of men who need some information about a science which is growing every day in practical importance.

A FRENCHMAN IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. By Max O'Rell. Toronto, Canada, and Berlin, Germany: William Bryce.

The versatile author of "Jean Bull et son Isle" is well known to Anglo-Saxons in general. Candidly we confess that we do not consider that he entertains the very highest enthusiasm for "the finest breed in the whole world," but we are willing to forgive him everything he says for the delightful way he has of saying it. Max O'Rell is never tedious; a description of a hotel-waitress, a newspaper reporter, an English "Johnnie"; a quotation *verbatim* from a newspaper, an adroit comparison—he is laughing at us, but there is no bitterness in his laughter. At times this man of the world becomes a philosopher and we are reminded of the old-time saying of Horace: "What hinders a man from speaking the truth even in jest?" At one time he is attacking the "unco guid" with remorseless satire: "The Jewish 'uncoguid' crucified Christ. The Anglo-Saxon one would crucify Him again if He should return to earth and interfere with the prosperous business firms that make use of His name"; at another, he is paying a delicate compliment to a beautiful woman; in both he is sincere. He has a kind heart, this witty Frenchman, and has always a good word for what is beautiful or graceful in humanity or in art. But for the opposite, for that personification of American insolence, the average railway conductor, for that concoction of exaggerations and blunders which is served up to the American public under the name of "translations," he has indeed "Words that burn." "And as I looked at that copy of *Manon Lescaut*, I almost felt grateful that Prévost was dead." What can be more eloquent than these few words? If M. O'Rell can pay a beautiful woman a compliment with the subtle touch of Horace, he can also lash a Philistine with something like the vigour of Juvenal; he is not afraid of either performance. He thinks the American a thoroughly good fellow *au fond*; and as for the fairer portion of American humanity, no words but the author's own can adequately express his respect and admiration for them. Canadians will be gratified by his remarks on Canada, and the book should be widely read on this continent. Whether serious or laughing, Max O'Rell is always witty, and when one has finished this volume of racy anecdotes, acute criticisms and personal adventures, one is perfectly willing to begin another by the same author.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

In his preface the author states that these studies are interpretative rather than critical. "Each chapter," he says, "might be elaborated into a volume." This is strictly true, but the studies, short as they are, contain much that is valuable to all students of literature. "Books and Literature" is the name of the first chapter, and in it the author contrasts Geoffrey of Monmouth and Alfred de Musset, that is the purely objective and the wholly subjective habits of mind. His conception of literature is given in these words: "It is the opportunity of most

people to read many books; it might be the good fortune of many to study literature; to read books, that is, not as unrelated fragments, but as the illustrations of the greatest of the arts; he points out in the next chapter how impossible is a definition of literature. He next takes up the "Sources of Literature," and shows in clear strong language how through centuries it was destined to the mass of mankind to think, to feel, to act, but to the imaginative and creative minds alone was left the formation of art. His first illustration of this great principle is from Greece: "Every principal form of the literary art can be traced directly back to the life of the people," he says, and goes on to show how their lyrical poetry was "the most direct, natural and complete expression of Greek life." In the chapter entitled "The Material and the Artist," Mr. Mabie is at his best. How wonderfully true are the following words: "It is only the greatest minds to whom the race stands as creditor; smaller minds borrow of their neighbours, but Dante and Shakespeare and Goethe borrowed from humanity. For these sublime transactions the race gains more than it gives; for the crude on which it loans comes back a golden coinage, with the superscription of the kings and the stamp of that standard of values which is the test of spiritual quality and power." The chapter on "Personality in Literature" is also excellent. "In the true, deep sense, personality in literature," says our author, "is revealed, not in what is individualistic in feeling or expression, but in what is fundamentally distinctive and characteristic in a man's work," and for this reason he tells us that the deepest personalities are possessed not by writers of the class of Rousseau and Byron, but by those of the class of Sophocles, Shakespeare, Goethe and Molière. In his remarks on "Race," Mr. Mabie is a disciple of Buckle. The two chapters on "The Spirit of the Age" show the effect the age produces upon the individual. "Alfred de Musset illustrates the impress of the time on a nature sensitive, responsive, and passionate, rather than creative, self-directed, and endowed with deep insight; Gray on the other hand, the influence of the time on a well-poised, clear sighted but shrinking nature, full of possibilities of power, but lacking the inward impulse. The spirit of the age was the chief inspiration of the one, and hence the limitation of his vision; the spirit of the age was the hindrance of the other, and hence the small volume of his work." These few words gave in substance Matthew Arnold's opinion of the latter, and nearly everything Mr. Taine has left unsaid in respect to the former. In the next chapter Milton is held up as a contrast to both. Our space will not permit us to mention all of these studies, the charm of which will be felt by all who read them. We must however make special mention of the manner in which our author treats upon "Nature" in Hebrew and Greek poetry. Heine does not seize the characteristics of each more fully or more clearly. "Classicism and Romanticism" is a chapter of great interest. In short, whether Mr. Mabie is writing of Jack the Giant-Killer, of Hugo, of Æschylus, or of Zola, of Goethe, or of Tolstoi, he is always tolerant and without prejudice. If the keen insight of the critic, the acquired attainments of the scholar and the charm of style which belongs to the man himself, can produce a book at once deep and readable, Mr. Mabie has effected his purpose.

THE February *Quiver* contains a number of good articles, many of them beautifully illustrated, and well sustains the high reputation this excellent family magazine long ago established for itself. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

THE leading article in the *Magazine of Art* for February is on John Russell, R.A., "the prince of crayon portrait painters," and the frontispiece is a photogravure from one of his most beautiful portraits. The original of this is supposed to have been Miss Jane Fadden, the artist's sister-in-law. There are several reproductions from his best known crayons in this article. "Two Winter Exhibitions" invite the pen of Frederick Wedmore, the "Royal Society of British Artists" and the "Institute of Painters in Oil Colours." They are profusely and admirably illustrated. "Book Edge Decoration" suggests a new field of work for the decorative artist. "Dives" is the name given to the poem by Cosmo Monkhouse, which with illustrations by W. Hatherell, R.L., covers two pages. The second paper on "The Dulwich Gallery," with reproductions from its rarest treasures, is given. Altogether an attractive number. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. WALT WHITMAN has been lying at death's door for several weeks, and the prospect of his recovery is slight.

LADY BURTON is preparing for publication a memoir of her late husband, as well as an edition of his unpublished writings.

THOMAS WHITTAKER will publish immediately, "A Cyclopædia of Nature's Teachings," with an introduction by Hugh MacMillan, LL.D.

THIS month are to be issued the first two volumes of an elaborate work on the "Hospitals and Asylums of the World: their Origin, History, Administration, Management and Legislation," written by Mr. H. C. Burdett, the editor of the *Hospital*. The work will be fully illustrated.

THE Queen of Roumania has completed a new novel, which is to be published serially in an English magazine. The title of the story is "The Home Secretary."

OSCAR WILDE is writing a story which considers Christianity "from the standpoint of one who regards it as a great world-force and independently of any doctrinal bias."

THE Browning Cyclopædia, which has been in preparation by Dr. Edward Berdoe, author of "Browning's Message to his Time," will be published very shortly by Macmillan and Co.

IT is announced in London that Lord Lorne's book on Palmerston will be ready in a short time. Lord Lorne has had access to papers and letters that have heretofore been withheld from the public.

"YOUR fiancée is a Boston girl, I believe?" "Yes." "Then I suppose she is familiar with Browning?" "I beg your pardon. The true Boston girl is never familiar with anybody."—*New York Press*.

MR. RENNELL RODD, who has lived long in Greece, will publish in London a book on "The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece." He also has in preparation a volume of verse called "The Violet Crown."

JOHN MURRAY, London, has just ready a "Dictionary of Hymnology," by the Rev. John Julian. The subject-matter of the book comprises the origin and history of the Christian hymns of all ages and nations, with special reference to those contained in the hymn-books of English-speaking countries.

THE veteran journalist, Mr. G. A. Sala, has rejoined the ranks of the novelists—after a somewhat lengthy absence therefrom. He has written a story entitled "The Potter of Pfefferkuchenstein," for Tillotson and Son. It is broadly humorous, and purports to describe the discovery of porcelain.

THE authorities of the British Museum have recently made an acquisition in the purchase of William Blake's first and rare work, the "Poetical Sketches," issued in 1783; also of a complete copy of the "Gownsmen," one of the two magazines conducted by W. M. Thackeray when an undergraduate at Cambridge.

THE opening article of the February *Popular Science Monthly* will be on "Personal Liberty," by Edward Atkinson and Edward T. Cabot. It bears chiefly on the labour question, giving the results of an exhaustive examination of the decisions of the courts concerning restrictions on hours and modes of labour, regulation of the method of payment, etc.

A PECULIARLY attractive feature in the current numbers of *Harper's Magazine* is the series of "Melchior" stories written by Mr. William McLennan, of Montreal, in the quaint dialect of the French-Canadian *habitant*. The third of these sketches, entitled "Marie," will appear in the February number of the magazine, with illustrations by C. S. Reinhart.

MR. ELTON, lecturer on English Literature at Owen's College, is giving a series of lectures on Henrik Ibsen at the College. In the first, he described the life of the Norwegian poet and dramatist, and gave an analysis of the poems "Brand" and "Peer Gynt." He also said that the appreciation shown for this author's writings in England is a sign that literature is becoming cosmopolitan.

JOURNALISM in Japan is evidently making rapid headway, for, in the whole of that country, there are no less than five hundred and fifty newspapers and periodicals. In the capital of Tokio alone there are seventeen political dailies, with a combined monthly circulation of 3,906,000; and a hundred and sixteen periodicals with an aggregate circulation of 495,000 copies. The circulation of the largest newspaper in Tokio is, however, not more than ten thousand copies, half of them being sold in the city itself.

THE *Literary World*, in reprinting Mr. W. W. Campbell's "The Dead Poet," says: Those who review the list of the great dead of the year 1891, and those who record its literary harvest are alike reminded of the poet who left us last August. It is fitting again to listen to a true singer, declaring our severe loss. Mr. Campbell's lines, written five months since, we gladly reprint from a recent issue of our Canadian contemporary, THE WEEK. Yet, though dead, Lowell is saying much to us this year in the volume of essays and addresses collected by Professor Norton; in the poem on General Grant, which we are promised in *Scribner's Magazine* for March; and in the series of articles on the Old English Drama to be published in *Harper's*.

DOUBTLESS one of the best aids to the study of Homer ever published is Autenrieth's "Homeric Dictionary," translated, with corrections and additions, by Robert P. Keep, Ph.D., and published by Harper and Brothers. It has been received with such general favour and appreciation that the publishers have prepared a new and revised edition, which they announce as ready for immediate issue. The present revision has been performed by Professor Isaac Flagg, of the University of California, whose name alone is a guarantee of its excellence. Almost every American Greek scholar of reputation has also aided in the work by suggesting corrections or helpful additions, and no effort has been spared to adapt the volume perfectly to the needs of American and English students. Several important changes have been made, the value of which will be readily recognized.

MESSRS. Macmillan and Company will publish in the course of January Mr. Henry Jephson's account of the "Rise and Progress of the Political Platform." The work is in two volumes, of which the first deals with the long struggle for the rights of public meeting and of free speech during the reigns of George III. and George IV. The second volume follows the progress of the Platform from the agitation for the first Reform Bill to that which preceded the Reform Act of 1832. Mr. Jephson finally treats of the position and power of the Platform in the present day.

THE attention attracted to Maurus Jokai in America by the publication of "There is no Devil" has led the Cassell Publishing Company to publish a new story by him called "Pretty Michal." It is a free translation of "A Szép Mikhal" and is made by R. N. Bain, who has done the work so well that we forget that we are not reading the story in its original language. "Pretty Michal" is the story of a girl who was brought up entirely by her father, a recluse, who had theories about moulding girls in certain lines. The plan worked well till the girl fell in love, and then father, plans and all were scattered to the wind. Jokai never wrote anything wilder or more romantic than this story, and it is the most fantastic tale that has appeared in print for many a long day.

A BOOK for which an immediate success may be predicted is "My Lady's Dressing Room," which is adapted from the French of the Baronne Staffe. Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, than whom there is no better authority in such matters, has adapted the book to the needs of American readers, and has sprinkled it plentifully with notes and written an introduction to it, so that it is virtually her book. The title suggests the contents of the book, which deals entirely with subjects that are supposed to be the most interesting to women. It not only tells them how to be beautiful, but how to be healthy and how to take care of their wardrobe. Mrs. Ayer has furnished a number of receipts for cosmetics that any intelligent woman may make up for herself. It has been said by a witty woman that all women should be beautiful, and then there would be no invidious distinctions in the matter of looks. If they follow the instructions laid down in this book they will certainly make themselves better looking if not altogether beautiful. The Cassell Publishing Company will publish "My Lady's Dressing Room" in dainty and attractive style.

#### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### KILLING GNATS BY ELECTRICITY.

M. SCHERER, a Frenchman, has invented a clever but simple method of electrically doing to death gnats, flies and similar pests, which should prove of considerable interest to the inhabitants of our colonial empire, east and west, and antipodean, as well as to denizens of Africa and certain parts of Europe. The only drawback is that he requires an electric battery giving a constant current. But as many hotels, public buildings and private buildings in warm climates are now lighted by electricity, there can be little difficulty in setting up economical, effective and perfectly safe death traps for aerial pests. His device is very simple. He takes a candle, lamp or torch and places it within a cage of metallic wire gauze. This metallic gauze is connected with the poles of an electric machine, and duly charged with the electric current. The gnats, mosquitoes, flies and wasps fly to the light, touch the electrified metal and are instantly killed. There is no possibility of their flying about half dead, and, as in the case with certain traps, conveying poison about the place. During the day the light can be replaced by some bait, raw meat, etc., to which the insect pests fly with alacrity and meet their doom. Those who have lived and travelled in countries troubled with the pests will be able to appreciate the simplicity of the device. The trap might probably prove effective on lawns where midges and cockchafers are a nuisance.—*Globe*.

##### A BATTLE OF ANTS.

TO the current number of the Journal of the Straits Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society Mr. H. N. Ridley contributes a paper on the habits of the red ant, commonly called the *Caringa*. These ants, although very ferocious, are remarkably intelligent and have great courage; they do not scruple to attack any insect, however large. Mr. Ridley once saw a fight between an army of *Caringas*, who tenanted the upper part of a fig tree, and an advancing crowd of a much larger kind of black ants. The field of battle was a horizontal bough, about five feet from the ground. The *Caringas*, standing alert on their tall legs, were arranged in masses awaiting the onset of the enemy. The black ants charged singly at any isolated *Caringa*, and tried to bite it in two with their powerful jaws. If the attack was successful, the *Caringa* was borne off to the nest at the foot of the tree. The red ant, on the other hand, attempted always to seize the black ant and hold on to it, so that its formic acid might take effect in the body of its enemy. If it got a hold on the black ant the latter soon succumbed, and was borne off to the nest in the top of the tree. Eventually the *Caringas* retreated to their nest. The last to go had lost one leg and the abdomen in the fight; nevertheless Mr. Ridley saw it alone charge and repulse three black ants one after the other before it left the field.



A BIRTHDAY ODE—TO TENNYSON.

August 5, 1891.

LOVE and praise, and a length of days whose shadow cast upon time is light,  
Days whose sound was a spell shed round from wheeling wings as of doves in flight,  
Meet in one, that the mounting sun to day may triumph, and cast out night.

Two years more than the full fourscore lay hallowing hands on a sacred head—  
Scarce one score of the perfect four uncrowned of fame as they smiled and fled:  
Still and soft and alive aloft there sunlight stays though the suns be dead.

Ere we were or were thought on, ere the love that gave us to life began,  
Fame grew strong with his crescent song, to greet the goal of the race they ran,  
Song with fame, and the lustrous name with years whose changes acclaimed the man.

Soon, ere time in the rounding rhyme of choral seasons had hailed us men,  
We, too, heard and acclaimed the word whose breath was life upon England then—  
Life more bright than the breathless light of soundless noon in a songless glen.

Ah, the joy of the heartstruck boy whose ear was opened of love to hear!  
Ah, the bliss of the burning kiss of song and spirit, the mounting cheer  
Lit with fire of divine desire and love that knew not if love were fear!

Fear and love as of heaven above and earth enkindled of heaven were one;  
One white flame, that around his name grew keen and strong as the world-wide sun;  
Awe made bright with implied delight, as with with weft of the rainbow spun.

He that fears not the voice he hears and loves shall never have heart to sing:  
All the grace of the sun-god's face that bids the soul as a fountain spring,  
Bids the brow that receives it bow, and hail his likeness on earth as king.

We that knew when the sun's shaft flew beheld and worshipped, adored and heard:  
Light rang round it of shining sound, whence all men's hearts were subdued and stirred:  
Joy, love, sorrow, the day, the morrow, took life upon them in one man's word.

Not for him can the years wax dim, nor downward swerve on a darkening way:  
Upward wind they, and leave behind such light as lightens the front of May:  
Fair as youth and sublime as truth we find the fame that we hail to-day.

—A. C. Swinburne.

THE LADY OF HIS DREAMS.

It is a sweet morning in June, and the fragrance of the roses is wafted towards me as I move—for I am walking in a lawny meadow, still wet with dew—and a wavering mist lies over the distance. Suddenly it seems to lift, and out of the dewy dimness emerges a cottage, embowered with roses and clustering clematis; and the hills, in which it is set like a gem, are tree-clad, and rise billowy behind it, and to the right and to the left are glistening expanses of water. Over the cottage there hangs a halo, as if clouds had but parted there. From the door of that cottage emerges a figure, the countenance full of the trepidation of some dread woe feared or remembered. With waving arm and tearful uplifted face the figure first beckons me onward, and then, when I have advanced some yards, frowning, warns me away. As I still continue to advance, despite the warning, darkness falls; figure, cottage, hills, trees, and halo fade and disappear; and all that remains to me is the look on the face of her that beckoned and warned me away. I read that glance as by the inspiration of a moment. We had been together; together we had entered some troubled gulf; struggled together, suffered together. Was it as lovers torn asunder by calamity? was it as combatants forced by bitter necessity into bitter feud, when we only, in all the world, yearned for peace together? Oh, what a searching glance was that which she cast on me! as if she, being now in the spiritual world, abstracted from flesh, remembered things that I could not remember. Oh, how I shuddered as the sweet sunny eyes in the sweet sunny morning of June—the month that was my 'angelical'; half-spring, yet with summer dress, that to me was very 'angelical'—seemed reproachfully to challenge in me recollections of things passed thousands of years ago (old indeed, yet that were made new again for us, because now first it was that we met again). Oh, heavens! it came over me as doth the raven over the infected house, as from a bed of violets sweeps the saintly odour of corruption.

What a glimpse was thus revealed! glory in despair, as of that gorgeous vegetation that hid the sterilities of the grave in the tropics of that summer long ago; of that heavenly beauty which slept side by side within my sister's coffin in the month of June; of those saintly swells that rose from an infinite distance—I know not whether to or from my sister. Could this be a memorial of that nature? Are the nearer and more distant stages of life thus dimly connected, and the connection hidden, but suddenly revealed for a moment? This lady for years appeared to me in dreams; in that, considering the electric character of my dreams, and that they were far less like a lake reflecting the heavens than like the pencil of some mighty artist—Da Vinci or Michael Angelo—that cannot copy in simplicity, but comments in freedom, while reflecting in fidelity, there was nothing to surprise. But a change in this appearance was remarkable. Oftentimes, after eight years had passed, she appeared in summer dawn at a window. It was a window that opened on a balcony. This feature only gave a distinction, a refinement, to the aspect of the cottage—else all was simplicity. Spirit of Peace, dove-like dawn that slept upon the cottage, ye were not broken by any participation in my grief and despair! For ever the vision of that cottage was renewed. Did I roam in the depths of sweet pastoral solitudes in the West, with the tinkling of sheep-bells in my ears, a rounded hillock, seen vaguely, would shape itself into a cottage; and at the door my monitory, regretful Hebe would appear. Did I wander by the sea-shore, one gently-swelling wave in the vast heaving plain of waters would suddenly transform itself into a cottage, and I, by some involuntary inward impulse, would in fancy advance toward it.—*The Posthumous Works of De Quincey. Edited from the original MSS., with Introduction and Notes, by Alex. H. Japp, LL.D. Vol. I. Suspensiva de Profundis, with Other Essays.*

SUNSET.

FROM this windy bridge at rest  
In some former curious hour  
We have watched the city's hue,  
All along the orange west,  
Cupola and pointed tower,  
Darken into solid blue.

Tho' the biting north wind breaks  
Full across this drifted hold,  
Let us stand with ice cheeks  
Watching westward as of old.

Past the violet mountain-head  
To the farthest fringe of pine,  
Where far off the purpled-red  
Narrows to a dusty line,  
And the last pale splendours die  
Slowly from the olive sky;

Till the thin clouds wear away  
Into threads of purple-gray,  
And the sudden stars between  
Brighten in the pallid green;

Till above the spacious east,  
Slow returned one by one,  
Like pale prisoners released  
From the dungeons of the sun,  
Capella and her train appear  
In the glittering Charioteer;

Till the rounded moon shall grow  
Great above the eastern snow,  
Shining into burnished gold;  
And the silver earth outrolled  
In the misty yellow light  
Shall take on the width of night.

—Archibald Lampman, in the Independent.

TYPES AND RACES.

A GREEK tribe in Lycia (as stated by Luschau in a book of travel, which appeared in 1889) does not proceed from a single type, but from two, which live near each other, and, despite the mixture resulting from matrimonial relations for a thousand years, remain distinguishable by their characteristic physical peculiarities. This statement contradicts the generally accepted opinion that every people possesses one especially peculiar type; an opinion, which the most eager search with the most exact methods has not been able to confirm. All people are composed of the fragments of different types, which, like this Grecian race, have intermarried for a thousand years. The great mass of statistics with regard to the colour of the eyes, hair and complexion of school-children furnishes an irrefragable proof of this. They have shown that two types are spread over all Europe, from north to south: the blonde and the brunette. The Germans, Swiss, French, English, Austrians, etc., are all mixed in this way. The two types are seen side by side, in almost every village, and even in almost every family. No one had expected this comprehensive result. It had been hoped that there would be found, at least, some small race, a fragment of a people which would show a pure type. But this is nowhere the case. The latest communication from America confirms this. Franz Boas says that the same result has been obtained by his examination of certain American Indian races, as in the Greeks of Asia Minor. The Bella Coola

of British America have intermarried with the Athabaskas for a long time. The measurements of the skull among them show two different lengths of head, while the heights of the body and the shape of the face agree with the differences of the skull in such a striking number of cases that it is impossible to be the result of accident. Thus it appears that the American Indian race is composed of two different and opposite types (instead of belonging to a single race), which have, in the course of time, intermingled. Then these have again intermarried, but without the result of a mixed race, for the original types remain clearly recognizable. Boas has pointed out that these agreeing observations confirm the opinion of Kollman, obtained from widely differing territories, over the indestructibility of type. Long faces and broad faces, long skulls and short skulls, under like conditions, were found in the oldest colonies, just as they appear before us to-day. They have been existing in Europe for thousands of years, so that exact comparison leads us more and more to the knowledge that, though peoples, nations and culture are all variable and the result of evolution, the anatomical characteristics of type remain. The human physical material remains the same, so that spiritual, national and mental development may reach the greatest height, without change in the colour of the eyes and hair, or the shape of the face.—*Translated for Public Opinion from the New York Belletristisches Journal.*

THE highest and most profitable lesson is the true knowledge of ourselves.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

TRUE friendship can afford true knowledge. It does not depend on darkness and ignorance.—*Thorzau.*

THERE is no other way of obtaining light and intelligence but by the labour of attention.—*Malebranche.*

IT is not expedient or wise to examine our friends too closely. Few persons are raised in our esteem by a close examination.—*Rocheffoucauld.*

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE St. Lawrence River is the only absolutely floodless river in the world. Its greatest variation, caused by drought or rain, never exceeds a foot.—*Chicago News.*

PROFESSOR NOTHNAGEL, the Austrian court physician, traces the grip back to the ninth century, and says it recurs with varying intensity for three or four years, and then dies out for twenty or more years. He knows no remedy.—*New York Press.*

THE planets Jupiter and Venus are evening stars throughout January. During the month they approach each other, and on the 5th of February they will be in conjunction. At this time they will be very near each other, the distance being only a minute. During January the other planets, Mercury, Mars, Saturn and Uranus, are to be seen in the evening, the last two in the constellation Virgo, and Mars in Libra during the first part of the month and in Scorpion during the latter.

THE island of Madagascar has two distinct climates, two classes of natives and two classes of fauna and flora. The island is about the size of France. Along the coast it is tropical and malarious, and the natives are darker and larger than in the interior. The interior is a high table land and mountainous. There the climate is cooler and the natives smaller and lighter in colour than on the coast. But in the interior they are more intelligent and they rule the island.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

THE complaint is much less heard now than it was formerly, but still it is sometimes heard that the electric light is injurious to the eye. Most people have learned that it is just as easy to save the eyes from the electric light by the exercise of a little common sense, as it is to injure them by the neglect of it. For perfect illumination there is no necessity for the actual source of light to be visible. It may be diffused by means either of frosted lamps, dioptric shades or silk shades. The light will be much more pleasing, and the loss in light will be found to be much less than is usually supposed. A properly illuminated room is one in which the light is evenly distributed, and no irritation is caused by the source of it being too apparent. Electrical engineers are beginning to recognize that the diffusion of light is an art in itself.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

# "August Flower"

**How does he feel?**—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

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CONSUMPTION

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

THE following is a statement showing nationality of the immigrants to New York during 1890. Germany heads the catalogue with 77,138 passengers. America itself is second, with 60,000 native citizens returning from their European trip on pleasure, health, or business. The third in point of numbers are the Italians, who reached a total of 59,154; the fourth are the subjects of the Hapsburg Monarchy—Austria-Hungary—who numbered 57,122; the fifth are the English, 45,087; the sixth are the Irish, 38,568; the seventh, the Russians, 32,256; the eighth, the Swedes, 25,095; the ninth, the Poles, 17,409; the tenth, the Scotch, 10,391; the eleventh, the Norwegians, 9,975; the twelfth, the Danes, 8,735; the thirteenth, the Switzers, 7,144; the fourteenth, the French, 7,082. The Dutch, who once were more at home there than any other Europeans, sent only 4,325 last year, and their old competitors, the Spaniards, only 835, about a hundred less than the Portuguese. Australia sent 45, and China 26.

A SCOTCHMAN has invented an ingenious and useful addition to the clock for the purpose of warning its owner that the time of an engagement has arrived. At the top of the clock is a disk or drum in which are forty-eight slots representing the hours and quarters of the day, the whole arrangement being driven by the clock so as to make a complete revolution in twelve hours. Tablets of ivory, one and a-half inches long by three-quarters of an inch wide, fit into the slots of the disk. To use the device, the engagement is written on a tablet which is placed in the slot representing the hour and fraction at which the engagement is to be fulfilled. The moment the time arrives the tablet drops automatically into a box in front of the clock, while an alarm bell rings sixteen times to call attention to the tablet. As there are forty-eight slots, it is possible to make the clock warn for an engagement every fifteen minutes. The device will, it is said, become popular with business men who have subordinates with short memories, while to ensure the proper administration of medicine, at stated intervals, the apparatus will find a useful place.—*Philadelphia Record.*

IT is known that ozone can be abundantly produced by the electric silent discharge, and many years ago Siemens devised an "ozone-tube" for the purpose, consisting of two thin glass tubes, one within the other; the inner lined, and the outer coated, with metal, to which alternating currents of high tension are brought, acting on the gas to be ozonized within. From recent experiments in Siemens and Halske's laboratory, says *Nature*, it appears that a good result may be had with only one dielectric, and for this not only glass, but mica, celluloid, porcelain, or the like, may be used. Thus the ozone-tube may be arranged with a metallic tube within, and the outer tube a metal-coated dielectric; or the inner metal tube may have a dielectric coat, while a metal tube is the enclosing body. As metals that are little or not at all attacked by ozone, platinum, tin, tinned metals, and aluminium are recommended. Through the inner tube flows cold water, and through the space between the tubes air, dried and freed from carbonic acid. Several such tubes may be combined in a system, and worked with alternate currents (for single tubes the continuous current with commutator is best). An apparatus of this kind is now at work in the laboratory, yielding 2.4 mg. of ozone per second. Experiments are being made in supplying compressed ozone for technical use; and this has been accomplished with a pressure of nine atmospheres. One use of ozone, on which Herr Frölich lays special stress (in the recent lecture from which these data are taken), is the disinfection and sterilization of water. And doubtless with an abundant supply of the substance, the use of it will be greatly extended.—*Science.*

DRS. EMMERICH AND MASTRAUM have published an interesting article in a German Hygienic journal on the cause of immunity from infectious diseases and their treatment, especially of swine erysipelas, and a new method of protective vaccination for it. Emmerich, according to the *Lancet*, published in the year 1886 his doctrine that the cause of immunity from infectious diseases is a modification of the chemical process going

on in the cells, so that the new chemical compounds formed act as microbe killers without doing any harm to the cells themselves. In consequence of the results of a series of experiments, Emmerich concluded that this antibacterial poison acts destructively on all the microbes within a few hours after their introduction into the organism. The publication of this doctrine having met with a good deal of opposition, he repeated his experiments, and again arrived at the same result, showing that the explanation of immunity from infectious diseases proposed in 1886 was justified. Granted the correctness of this, it follows that extracts from the tissue of any animal enjoying immunity are remedies against the corresponding infectious disease. Further experiments are now reported by Drs. Emmerich and Mastrau, which show that an extract from the various tissues and the blood of rabbits, which have been made proof against swine erysipelas, is an excellent remedy for the disease, and that a hypodermic injection of the extract can serve as a rational protective inoculation. A rabbit was inoculated by having injected into the posterior auricular vein the fifth of a cubic centimetre of a fresh broth culture of swine erysipelas, diluted with fifty times its volume of distilled water. In the course of the following week or two a series of hypodermic injections of the same liquid was administered. For the purpose of preparing a liquid extract suitable for therapeutic or prophylactic purposes, the organs of the rabbit were cut up and submitted to a pressure of from 300 to 400 atmospheres, and the expressed juice filtered into sterilized bottles. A large number of white mice as well as rabbits were now inoculated with the swine erysipelas, and at the same time, or very shortly afterwards, an injection of the liquid extract was administered to some of them. These remained alive, while all the others—that is to say, those which had not received an injection of the liquid extract of the organs of the infected rabbit—succumbed. Other experiments were carried out by which it was shown that this same liquid is capable of conferring immunity from the disease. Further experiments were made which showed that the bacilli were destroyed in six hours, and that in eight hours all were dead, or at least incapable of multiplication, but that the liquid extract produced extremely little effect upon the same bacilli outside the organism, so that the presence of living cells is evidently necessary for the destructive effect of the liquid extract to manifest itself. Another interesting result obtained was that bacilli taken fresh from the body were very much more active than their cultures in broth.—*Science.*

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