

THE WEEK:

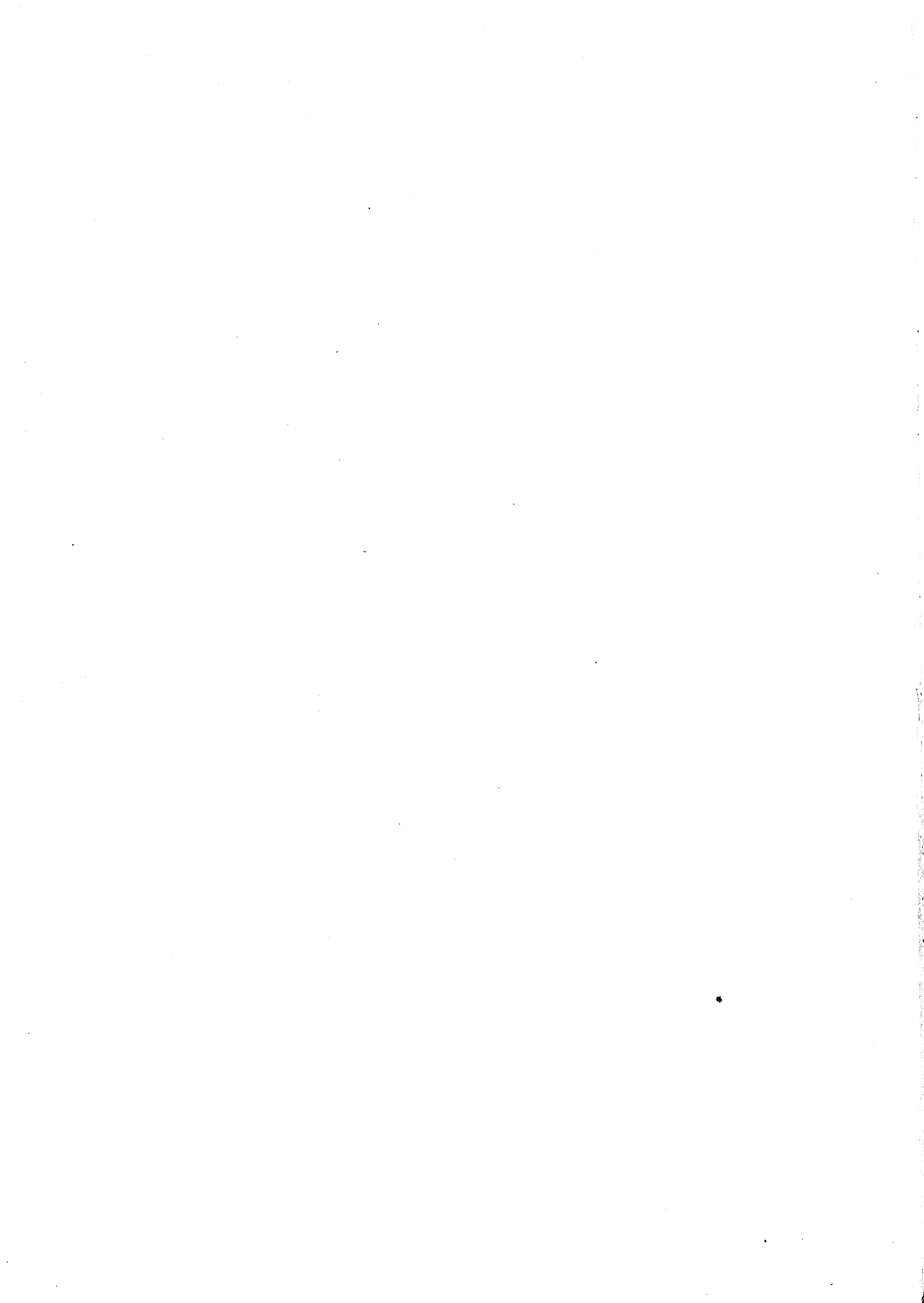
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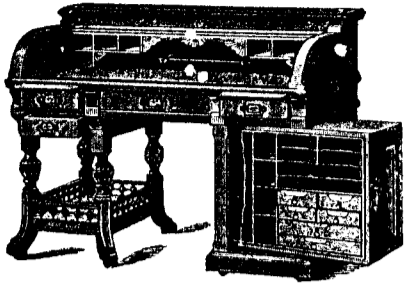
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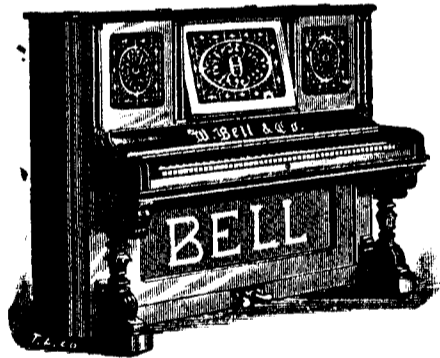


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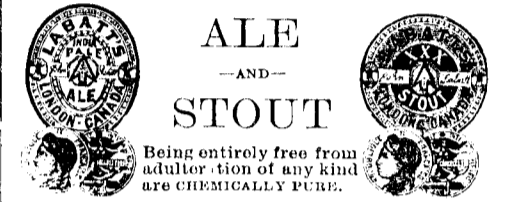
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THE WEEK.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5th, 1890.

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

OVER one hundred MSS. have been received by THE WEEK for its Short Story Prize Competition. These are now in the hands of the judges; but some time must necessarily elapse before their labours can be completed. The awards will be announced in these columns at the earliest possible moment.

THE bulletin bearing date November 22, issued by Mr. A. Blue, Secretary of the Ontario Bureau of Industries, is valuable as containing a reliable estimate of last season's crops. The amount of labour and care expended in the preparation of these bulletins may be inferred from the fact that the revised estimates given in this are computed from returns made by 1,015 correspondents. It deals with the yield of grain and roots, the new crop of fall wheat, condition of pastures, live stock and supplies, threshing, marketing and other matters. First in order, after the weather statistics furnished by the Meteorological office, and probably first in importance come the records of the grain crops. These are unfortunately somewhat disappointing. The yield of fall wheat is considerably less than was anticipated, though the quality of some of the samples is excellent. Owing to the rust caused by the wet weather of June and July, and in some sections to the ravages of the midge and jointworm, the spring wheat is a comparative failure, the majority of the correspondents reporting a light return, much below the standard weight. The total acreage in wheat was 1,321,854, and the yield 21,951,288 bushels. This yield is greater than last year's by over 3,000,000 bushels, but, owing chiefly to diminished acreage, is more than four and a quarter million less than the average of the past nine years. The potato crop appears for the most part to have turned out rather light in yield and often small in sample. The damage to the seed was general from early rains, and the drouth of summer caused the tubers to mature before a large size had been attained. Of fruits the indispensable apple was, as every house-wife knows to her cost, very light. In scarcely any section of the Province was there an abundant crop. The trees blossomed with great promise in the spring, but a blight, attributed to the prevalence of cold, wet weather, sadly disappointed the hope. The past season was a favourable one for the dairying industry, with plenty of grass and water, and during the fall pastures had been in unusually fine condition all over the Province. The new crop of fall wheat promised well at date of returns. It was indeed in almost too fine a con-

dition, correspondents fearing that the growth was rather too rank. There is a considerable increase in the acreage, owing probably to the serious failure in the spring variety the past season. Tables of statistics of crops, live stock, farm property and wages, etc., make up the rest of this bulletin, which is indeed a fine sample of *multum in parvo*.

THE allusions, for they are scarcely more, in the Message to the progress of negotiations in the Behring Sea matter, are not so encouraging as lovers of international good-will and neighbourly fair play could have wished. The hope that "before the opening of another sealing season some arrangement may be effected which will assure to the United States a property right derived from Russia, which was not disregarded by any nation for more than 80 years preceding the outbreak of the existing trouble," is not conciliatory in its reiteration of a statement, which while used as an argument is without logical force as such. The fact, if such it be, that Russian and even for a time American supremacy was unchallenged throughout a certain ocean area, simply because no one was interested in challenging it, can have no effect in abrogating a great principle of international law. The President's bumptious way of stating the case is not reassuring, and suggests the fear that the crushing rebuke the dominant party has received in the matter of the tariff may tend to strengthen the predisposition to maintain a jingoistic attitude in regard to the Behring Sea affair, lest the leaders should come before the nation doubly discredited during the next Presidential campaign.

WE are glad to see that, in view of letters from subscribers in Canada and the paragraph in THE WEEK, the *Christian Union* admits that its "estimate of the movement in Canada towards annexation, based on an editorial in the *Quebec Telegraph*, was a decided over-estimate." Quoting our observation that "if there is a phenomenal movement, or any movement not of the feeblest kind, in Canada, in the direction indicated, we have not before heard of it, and have good reason to believe that the great majority of the people of Canada have not heard of it," the *Christian Union* says: "THE WEEK is unquestionably a better representative and reporter of Canadian sentiment than the *Telegraph*, and we must accept its report on this subject, reinforced as it is by private letters, as conclusive." Our New York contemporary is wrong, we think, in seeking to modify this admission by saying that "it would be a mistake to suppose that because there is no movement toward annexation, there is no sentiment tending in that direction. We have been favoured with a copy of a letter addressed to its editors by J. Herbert Mason, Esq., President of the "Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company," who is well known to our readers as one of our most prominent citizens, and one whose business relations over a great part of the Dominion eminently qualify him to express an opinion upon the subject. In this letter Mr. Mason not only fully endorses the statements of THE WEEK, but says, referring to the *Christian Union's* statement and the remark it ascribes to a "Boston Clergyman," to the effect that the Canadians are loyalists in public and annexationists in private:—

I have good reason for knowing that the statement is unfounded, as also is, I believe, the extraordinary statement of the "Boston Clergyman," which would make out us Canadians to be a nation of hypocrites. It seems incredible to me that such misconceptions can be entertained by intelligent people so near our border, who could so easily ascertain the true facts of the case. If there were any considerable number of people among us in favour of annexation, their sentiments would find public expression. In no country is greater freedom of speech practised on all subjects, and if annexation or any other constitutional change were desired, we know well that there is no power on earth which would interfere to prevent it.

Mr. Mason further says: "I claim to be well informed as to the sentiments of the Press and have travelled in, and have a large personal acquaintance throughout Ontario, Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and can safely say that not one Canadian in twenty, or even in fifty, has any desire for or belief in the ultimate absorption of this country into the American Union. The question is far

outside the sphere of practical politics and is scarcely ever referred to." We are pleased to note that the *Christian Union*, which unquestionably represents the sentiments of a very large and influential class of the best citizens of the Republic agrees with THE WEEK, and believes that in so doing it reflects the opinion of the citizens of the United States who have any opinions upon the subject, "that friendly relations and reciprocity in trade are all that is, at least for the present, desirable between these two countries." "We each," it well says, "have political problems in hand quite sufficient for our energies, and can solve them better separate than as a united people." The modifying clause, "at least for the present," is, of course, the *Christian Union's*, not THE WEEK's.

REFERRING to the fact that the New Brunswick Government is sending an agent to England to promote the immigration of farmers to that Province, and to the further fact that the Dominion Government proposes to use the money voted by Parliament last session for immigration purposes, or a part of it, in the payment of bonuses to agricultural immigrants from the Mother Country settling in the North-West and British Columbia, a Maritime Conservative paper enquires why the older provinces should be excluded from the benefits of this appropriation. The *Montreal Herald* emphasizes the question as pertinent and practical. "The older Provinces," it says, "have contributed freely and ungrudgingly in men and money for the benefit of the North-West. In some sections their agricultural population has been seriously thinned out by the removal of people to settle in our western country. Of the special grant for immigration purposes the greater proportion will be supplied by the older Provinces, and yet they are to be debarred from the benefits of that expenditure. If it be a wise and justifiable policy to pay bonuses to induce farmers from the United Kingdom to settle in the North-West and British Columbia, why should it not be considered a just as well as justifiable policy to bonus such immigrants to settle on the many vacant farms to be found in Quebec, Ontario, and the Maritime Provinces, vacant because their occupants have gone to the North-West?" The point is, it seems to us, well taken. We are not, we confess, convinced that the bonus policy, or indeed the assisted-immigration policy in any shape, is a wise one, especially as it is impossible to take any satisfactory guarantee that the immigrants so assisted, or their children, will not sooner or later go, as so many have formerly done, to swell the population of the United States. But, apart from that consideration, it may be seriously questioned whether the very fact of proffering aid to emigration to a given country, or of promising a bonus to actual settlers in it, does not tend to create a suspicion in regard to that country, which goes far to counteract the effect of the special inducement offered. If the country really has all the advantages ascribed to it, the prospective emigrant might very naturally reason, it should not be necessary in these days of great movements of European populations to pay people for sharing those advantages. Certainly the most desirable classes of immigrants are those who either have means of their own sufficient to make the trifling assistance offered of no importance, or those whose self-reliant energy and pluck will not permit them to lay themselves under obligations of the kind indicated. All Canadians believe that all that is needed in order that Canada should become the favourite land for European immigrants is that its resources should become known. Would not, then, whatever sum can be spared for immigration purposes be more profitably devoted to spreading the facts concerning its climate and resources, and bringing such facts properly authenticated to the notice of possible emigrants of the classes we need? But if the policy of bonus-giving is to be adopted, it is hard to see any sufficient reason for applying it exclusively to the North-West and British Columbia. It can hardly be questioned that the Dominion, as a whole, derives as much gain from the presence of a good immigrant settler in New Brunswick, or Ontario, as in the North-West. The greater difficulty and expense in reaching the latter should, perhaps, be taken into the account, but this would at most justify only a grading of the bonus, not absolute discrimination against the older Provinces.

SOME speculation has been caused in political quarters by the fact that Hon. Robert Bond, Colonial Secretary of Newfoundland, has visited Washington twice within a few weeks. He has declined to make any statement touching the object of his second trip, but as that of the first is known, it is generally assumed that his second mission has the same end in view. He is said to have stated on the first occasion that he had been authorized by the Imperial Government and the Government of Newfoundland to proceed to Washington for the purpose of submitting to Sir Julian Pauncefote a proposal for reciprocity between the colony and the United States, and to take such further steps as he might deem necessary to secure the adoption of the scheme. He further stated that, acting on these instructions, he had submitted to the United States Government, through the British Minister, a proposition to the effect that American fishermen should have the privilege of entering the harbours of Newfoundland at all times to purchase bait on the same terms as Newfoundland fishermen, and of trading and selling fish, oils, etc., subject only to such customs duties as are imposed upon Newfoundland vessels similarly employed, together with the privilege of the winter frozen-herring fishery without restriction; and that in return the United States should admit free of duty the products of the Newfoundland fisheries and the crude and unmanufactured minerals of the island. Pending negotiations some questions of considerable interest were raised by an article in the *New York Tribune*, which is believed to represent the views of the Government of the United States on such matters. The gist of this article was that the reciprocity under consideration, if arranged for, must be exclusive. The right to take bait must be granted to American fishermen only, not to those of Canada or France. It would thus appear that the French shore claims must be disposed of as a preliminary to the completion of the contemplated arrangement. This suggested another question, as put by the *Mail*, "Will it (the British Government) sanction an arrangement under which Canadian fishermen would be denied in British territorial waters rights conceded to the fishermen of a foreign nation? Will it allow Newfoundland to give the United States free access to her fisheries whilst shutting a neighbouring colony out from them?" The *Mail* evidently regards this as impossible, though it might not be easy to show why the Mother Country, which freely permitted Canada under reciprocity to discriminate against herself, should be more careful of our interests than of her own. The question is not likely, however, to be brought to a practical test, since a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland holds that under existing laws, neither the Crown nor its officials has power to exact or receive a moneyed consideration for the privilege conceded by the license. It is alleged, therefore, that not only will the Newfoundland Government be obliged to refund thousands of dollars collected as fees for licenses from American and Canadian vessels, but that it will be estopped from proceeding farther in the matter of the Reciprocity Treaty, as the bait privilege is the chief inducement the Island Government has to offer, and Americans are not at all likely to pay heavily for a privilege which they can have for nothing.

WHAT are the results to civilization, to mankind, of the Stanley exhibition? This question is suggested afresh alike to the practical and the philanthropic mind by the visit of the renowned African Explorer to Toronto. Stanley has given his own estimate of the immediate results in the closing paragraph of his lecture. Some important geographical discoveries, the opening up of an immense country of unknown resources, above all the concentration of the united efforts of four European Governments, Great Britain, Germany, France, Portugal in exploring this great country. The ultimate and probably not far distant consequence must be the opening up of the habitable parts of the continent to commerce, the extermination of the abominable slave trade and the setting free of the millions now held in cruel bondage to Arab and other taskmasters. For obvious reasons we say nothing of the primary object of the expedition—the rescue of Emin Pasha—who as it proved was rescued against his will and possibly by the use of questionable strategy. No one can say that the great work described is not, apart from this, worth all it has cost and may yet cost in suffering and blood. If there be any question it must be on the ground which some have taken that the evils introduced by our so-called civilization and especially by the traffic in the poisonous whiskey and other vile concoctions which are so fatal to all that is manly in the

native character are really worse than the slave trade and barbarism combined. But no lapse of time can rob Stanley and his brave comrades of the immortal honours due to the master spirit who planned and led the Expedition, and to those who toiled and dared and suffered with him. All this being granted, it is none the less due to the honour of the British nation that an exhaustive judicial enquiry be in some way made into the conduct of the expedition, and the parts borne by the respective officers, living and dead, to whom the reputation of the British race for justice, magnanimity and humanity was in a manner entrusted. It seems unfortunate that the British Government has decided that it can have nothing to do with an enquiry in which the honour of British officers and the British nation is so deeply involved. One feels disposed to revolt from the conclusion which logically follows, viz.: that an expedition may be organized and led by British soldiers into an unappropriated country and may there inflict the most revolting cruelties upon unoffending natives, and yet neither the British nor any other Government or people upon earth have any right to enquire or punish. On what ground, one may query, did Britain send her ships to blockade the coast of Zanzibar before it came under her sway in order to put a stop to the slave trade? On what ground do her cruisers capture or destroy slave-traders in neutral seas and set the wretched captives free? Surely there is some way in which Parliament, if so disposed, could make the necessary investigation so as at least to clear the innocent and brand the guilty with the stigma of a nation's righteous indignation. Again, looking at the matter from another point of view, and taking Stanley's own account as reported in the *Mail*, is it not a most humiliating fact that of ten British officers selected for the expedition five should have proved deserving of the severest censure, and at least two of the five have been guilty of deeds so atrocious that all the records of cruelties perpetrated by the most heartless and rapacious conquerors in all ages when clothed with irresponsible authority, scarcely furnish a parallel. If these be the facts ought not this to be the last of such voluntary expeditions? But if the Government of a civilized nation is bound to prevent the fitting out of hostile expeditions from her shores against peoples with whom she is at peace, surely the same authority might be justly exercised, in cases in which the lives and well-being of unoffending savages are at stake. Some less objectionable means of carrying on the work of exploration must evidently be found.

PUBLIC attention in England during the last week has been concentrated upon the Parnell affair to such an extent that the cables have been monopolized by it, to the almost complete exclusion of other topics. When the news of the result of the O'Shea divorce trial was announced it was evident, as we intimated at the time, that the alliance between the Gladstone party and the Irish Home Rule party could not be continued, with Parnell as leader of the latter. The event has fully justified the forecast, whatever may be the issue of the struggle, just now going on between the supporters and the opponents of Parnell, in the Irish Party. Parliament and the British public are to be congratulated on the evident strength and genuineness of the feeling of moral revulsion which is at work to cast out the disreputable leader. To have condoned so flagrant a disregard of the fundamental principles of social morality—principles whose observance is necessary not only to the well-being but to the very existence of virtuous society—would have wrought untold injury to the moral fibre of the national character. Parnell, himself, and a few like-minded logicians may argue that his Parliamentary supporters have nothing to do with his private life, but only with his efficiency as a political leader, but, happily, respectable politicians, and much more the respectable voters in their constituencies, are much more disposed to be guided by their moral instincts, than by nice logical distinctions in such cases. The matter for surprise is not that Mr. Gladstone and his Parliamentary lieutenants should have at once taken the firm stand they have done, but that Parnell, himself, should have made it necessary for them to take it. Though, as we have more than once said, certain admissions coolly made by Parnell in his evidence before the High Commission, taken in connection with other facts in his political history, had long since destroyed all confidence in his truthfulness and honour, we had still given him credit for a measure of sincerity in his professed patriotism. We, therefore, really supposed that, when the question became one of personal self-effacement, or the destruction of all hope of

attaining in the near future the object for which he had founded his party and brought about the alliance with English Liberals, he would not hesitate to retire into the background. The idea that he would fight openly and desperately to retain the position of leader, when it was obvious that that position meant ruin to the cause, seemed scarcely supposable. The result must have been a surprise to many, revealing as it does the leader whose fine talents and consummate strategy had gained him a position and influence almost unique, in the light not only of a man impure and treacherous in private life, but of one utterly and unscrupulously selfish in the work to which it was supposed he had given whatever of heart he had at any time possessed.

IT is, we suppose, scarcely worth while to speculate in regard to the outcome of these exciting events in their bearing upon the future of British politics. There are contingencies upon which the results will depend, about which it would be useless to make guesses at present. Suppose that Parnell is formally deposed from the leadership by the majority of the Irish members, and another leader chosen in his stead, will Mr. Gladstone still feel bound to continue to make Home Rule for Ireland the great object of the brief period of public life which is, in the nature of things, all that can remain to him? If he and his English coadjutors are sincere, as we are bound to believe they are if we deem them men of honour, in their convictions that Home Rule is the only hope of the permanent settlement of the Irish question, their obligations to work for that end cannot be changed by the fact that one Irish leader has proved himself unworthy of respect and confidence. Should Parnell be sustained, or should it otherwise become clearly apparent, on the other hand, that there remains no possibility of the attainment of Home Rule for many years to come, or should Mr. Gladstone, for any other reason, feel himself freed from all obligation in the matter, what will be the effect upon the disunited English Liberals? With the abandonment of Home Rule, the prime cause of the division in the party would be removed. What more natural than that political affinities should begin to reassert their power in a reunion, immediate or gradual, of the disunited fragments of the once great Liberal party? This not very improbable result depends, of course, largely upon the nature of the alliance between the Tories and the Liberal Unionists. Have the latter placed themselves under any obligations, explicit or implied, to the Government party, such as would make their immediate abandonment in any way dishonourable? Without the key to the solution of such questions, the materials for opinion or forecast in regard to the next developments are wanting. Meanwhile the situation is not only full of interesting and exciting possibilities, it is also fraught with consequences of great importance to the well-being of the nation.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S Annual Message to Congress is a lengthy document, covering an unusually wide range of subjects, most of which are of special interest only to citizens of the Republic. After the manner peculiar to United States Presidents, he not only summarizes the leading facts of the last year's administration, and recommends new measures to Congress, but, in the more important matters, undertakes to assign reasons for the views he holds and the course he recommends. The paragraphs in the Message most interesting to Canadians are those in which he intimates that there will be no modifications of the McKinley Bill, and that further correspondence touching the Behring Sea affair will be laid before Congress. Some of the newspaper correspondents say that the first of these announcements was a surprise to Democrats and tariff reformers, but it is not easy to see how they could reasonably have expected anything else. It is true that the condemnation of the measure at the polls was very emphatic, but seeing for how short a time it had been in operation, it is evident that the Government would have only stultified itself, and made a bad matter worse, by attempting any hasty changes before the Bill is fairly in operation. To have done so would inevitably have had a disturbing and depressing influence on trade, and would have supplied the Opposition with material for forging new weapons against it. President Harrison, however, waxes bold, and, while admitting that "its permanent effects upon trade and prices still largely stand in conjecture," claims that already the volume of imports is increasing instead of diminishing under its influence, and prophesies that instead of limiting exports it will enable the nation to "secure a larger and more profitable participation in

THE FUTURE OF CANADA—I.

foreign trade," and to "recover a proportionate participation in the ocean-carrying trade of the world." It is, of course, possible that both these things may take place, but to believe that they will follow as the results of the operation of the McKinley Bill argues a sublime faith that the operation of the ordinary laws of cause and effect will be suspended or reversed in the interests of the great Republic.

THE longest paragraph in the address, and the one which probably foreshadows the severest struggle of the session, is that in which the President discusses the Federal Elections Bill, and defends in an elaborate argument the right of the Federal Government to supervise Congressional elections. "The need of such a law," the President says, "has manifested itself in many parts of the country," and, he suggestively adds, "its wholesome penalties and restraints will be useful in all." The gist of his argument is that the constitutionality of the law has been affirmed by the Supreme Court, and that so far from being a new exercise of Federal power, and an invasion of the rights of States, it is directly in line with a number of measures of the same general character, by which the Federal authorities have long asserted their right of control over the details of Congressional elections. The cases specified certainly give some logical support to this contention. None the less we may be sure that the Bill will meet with most strenuous and bitter opposition by the Democratic party. It is significant that the Republican senators, foreseeing clearly that the so-called "Force Bill" can be got through the chamber only by the strongest exertion of party force, are said to have already prepared a plan by which to effect such changes in the rules of the Senate as may be necessary to facilitate their purpose and prevent the successful use of obstructive or "dilatatory" tactics. The quarrel is, in one sense, a purely domestic one, yet onlookers in other nations, who are watching the development and trend of republicanism in the United States, will scarcely fail to find in the passage of such a Bill a fresh indication of the tendency towards centralization, which is seemingly one of the chief dangers to which democratic institutions are exposed.

THE great victory gained in the recent elections in Italy by the party led by Premier Crispi may be regarded as having a two-fold significance. It is, in the first place, another severe blow to the hopes of the Catholic party, which had for the first plank in its platform the restoration to the Pope of his dignity and authority as a civil as well as spiritual sovereign. The Papal Kingdom was to comprise a territory to belong exclusively to the Pope's jurisdiction, and to be administered either by himself in person or by those to whom he might depute authority. The fact that Premier Crispi was able to secure the election of supporters in four out of the five constituencies into which Rome is divided augurs ill for any early restoration of the temporal power. Again, Italy, like Greece, has her national aspirations, whetted by the memory of departed glories. At least there is a band of Irridentists within her borders who are casting longing eyes across the Adriatic to Trieste and the Istrian and Dalmatian coasts, which are peopled in part by men of Italian stock and are peopled in part by men of Italian stock and speech, and have some remote historical connection with Italy. Considerable alarm has been felt in Austria from time to time lest the Irridentist agitation should some day gather sufficient strength to threaten these possessions. The Opposition had, it is said, lately begun to coquet, in a timid way, with Irridentism, and even Signor Crispi himself had, at one time, been suspected of maintaining a less resolute attitude towards it than either Germany or Austria could approve. The recent visit of General Von Caprivi, the German Chancellor, to Milan, and his very cordial reception by Premier Crispi, seem to have allayed any fears that might have been entertained concerning Crispi's prudence and pacific intentions. It is hinted, indeed, that the German Chancellor may have asked and received from him satisfactory assurances in this regard. Be that as it may the most cordial relations seem to have been established or confirmed during General Von Caprivi's visit, and he is believed to have returned home fully satisfied in regard to the loyalty of the Italian Premier and Government, and the solidity of the triple alliance. The signal success of Signor Crispi at the polls has therefore, no doubt, had the effect of dispelling any fears that may have arisen in either Germany or Austria as to popular feeling throughout the allied kingdom.

Oh, how small a portion of earth will hold us when we are dead, who ambitiously seek after the whole world when we are living.—Philip, King of Macedon.

MUCH has been written and spoken on the above theme, but the last word has not been said, and will not be for many a long day. As time rolls on, and circumstances, like the fabled form of Proteus, are ever changing, opinions modify, and chaotic theories take on definite shape. It must be obvious to all thoughtful and observant minds that no satisfactory forecast of the future of Canada has yet been made. Every plan suggested has its radical and fatal defects, and we are left to ask: "Whither are we drifting?" That we are drifting, that our position is not one that has the element of permanence in it, is quite obvious; but neither of the landing places yet suggested seems to possess the characteristics of that "quiet haven where we would be."

Our present colonial status is not satisfactory. We feel that we have outgrown it; and are qualified for larger and better things. The place is too strait for us. We want and must have more elbow-room; not as to landed area (we have abundance of that), but in the direction of self-government and national independence. We are tied by too many leading-strings to Britain, and dearly as we love our mother, determined as we are to cling to her, we feel that she must lengthen our tether, and give us more complete mastery of ourselves than we have at present. Large as is our heritage of liberty, it is rather that of the minor than that of the full-grown man. But when the feeling that we are too much "cribbed, cabined, and confined" comes over us, we are in danger of too hastily assuming that we possess all the birthright of freedom that is possible to us while British connection is maintained. That this is a mistake, we shall try to show later on; meantime, it may be well to glance at some of the radical and fatal defects of those plans for our future, the suggestion of which has grown out of dissatisfaction with our present.

Canadian independence is one of them. It is the not unnatural aspiration of young Canada, which, like Longfellow's

Youth who bore through snow and ice
A banner with this strange device—
Excelsior!

is eager to scale the Alpine heights with an enthusiastic ardour which does not pause to consider the perils of the lofty altitude sought to be reached. We are not yet strong enough to venture on independence. It is beset with risks, which, if we are wise, we shall decline to take at present. Our confederation of provinces is too loosely-jointed; it is not yet firmly enough knit together to make the experiment of independence a safe one. We cannot stand the cost of an army and navy, or the various other expenses incident to a fully-fledged nationality. We are deeply in debt already, in consequence of expenses necessitated by our rapid growth, and must have time to recover our breath, and recruit our resources, before we venture out farther into the financial deep. Retrenchment and economy are the duties of the hour, and must be practised if we are to prosper. Beside all this, our close and peculiar juxtaposition to the great Republic renders independence hazardous. While the bulk of the people of the United States cast no covetous eyes across our borders, their politicians have a greed of territory, and think it the "manifest destiny" of Canada to become, sooner or later, part and parcel of the United States. Not until the Monroe doctrine is abandoned by American statesmen and politicians will it be safe to talk about an independent Canada. Our neighbours across the lines are individually friendly with us, but there was more truth than poetry in Hon. O. Mowat's remark in a speech not very long since, that, as a nation, they are hostile to us. Mr. Blaine's ill-concealed anger that Canada should be treated as a party entitled to a voice in the Behring Sea negotiations disclosed a spirit which might easily make demonstrations of a troublesome kind were we a solitary and unprotected people. In such a defenceless condition, it would be easy to find or make a pretext for the appropriation of this country.

Imperial Federation has been proposed and pictured forth in brilliant colours as the grand panacea for our political ills. There is no denying that, in some aspects of it, the dream is a pleasing one, but a dream it is, not likely, or possible, to be ever materialized. It implies a central parliament, with representatives from all parts of the British Empire. Upwards of six hundred members are needed to represent the constituencies of Great Britain in the English House of Commons. How many would it require for the whole Empire to be represented? It would be indeed an unwieldy ship of state—a political Great Eastern—which no statesmanship could navigate. There are limits to the size of governing bodies, as well as to practically navigable vessels. As the *Great Eastern* exceeded the ship limit, so would the Great Central Parliament of Imperial Federation transcend the limits of a legislative body. Then the interests would be so multifarious and conflicting, that such a Parliament would have to be in session all the time, and its work would be never done. Moreover, all the representatives from outside the "tight little island" would be representatives of colonies, and so the colonial status would be crystallized into permanence. "Desirable, if practicable," is the best that can be said about Imperial Federation, and that "if," like many another, is a fatal one.

Annexation is another cure-all which has been prescribed, and it is curious with what fluctuations of opinion it is alternately advocated and denounced in various quarters. There are, no doubt, many Canadians to be

found, who, if they spoke out their secret thought, would express themselves as favourable to this forecast of our future. But there is something in the very air of our free country that represses and rebukes the idea. The public and still more the private, sentiment of our people is against it. It is useless to pooh-pooh this feeling, and say it is nothing but sentiment. If there is anything mightier in this world than sentiment, what is it? Only the power that creates and sustains it. And what is that?

The very power that moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source.

It is resistless in its operation, for

That power preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

Every fibre of a truly British heart rebels against annexation. The U. E. Loyalists from out their gory graves, though dead yet speak, and forbid the bans! The colonists who won this fair domain from secession and spoliation, who planted and defended the British flag in these northern climes, left, as a sacred legacy to their children, an inheritance never to be alienated, and there blends evermore with their memories a feeling not to be uprooted, which is determinately averse to the handing over of this great Dominion to the dominance of the Stars and Stripes. If this sentiment had no living root it might be exterminated, but it is the top-growth and fair blossoming of a tap-root which is too deep-down and too strongly-imbedded in the soil to be got rid of. It is the outcome of conviction that Republican institutions are too loose and vague in their influence on the human mind to ensure the highest form of national stability and prosperity; and that a constitutional monarchy, wisely limited, is invested with characteristics of steadiness and permanence such as do not belong to any development of republicanism the world has ever seen. The immense patronage in the hands of an executive having only a brief term of power; its irresponsibility to the people while in office; the quadrennial upheaval of the whole nation to elect its chief magistrate; the elective judiciary; the power of the mobocracy; the constant under-working of secret political leagues; and many other evils that cannot here be enumerated, have created a deeply-seated preference for British institutions, such that no temptation of temporary commercial advantages is at all likely to disturb. Without claim to prophetic mantle or ken, one may safely predict that Canada will never be annexed to the United States.

WARFLECK.

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

HISTOIRE DU PEUPLE D'ISRAEL. By Ernest Renan. (C. Levy.) This is the third volume of the work on which M. Renan has been engaged for six years. The second appeared three years ago. The fourth and concluding volume will comprise the history of the Asmonéens, the name given to the Macchabees from their origin-town, Asmon, which belonged to the tribe of Simeon. That volume will thus bridge the cycle between ancient Judaism and the *Vie de Jésus*. To criticize the erudition of M. Renan, one must be a Renan. To estimate his philosophy, to weigh his conclusions, to examine his style, these are within the province of every intelligent person. It must be borne in mind by those who dissent from the great writer that he leaves nothing to chance. There is no "scamping" of work with Renan. For months he will be occupied investigating authorities and methodizing his notes; next, he will write out the book in his head, and when these are accomplished, he retires to his country residence in Bretagne, with the Atlantic Ocean for landscape, and commits to paper what his prodigious memory has magazined. Then he returns to Paris, hands the manuscript to his publisher, and next he massacres the printers by exacting as many as seventeen proofs.

Not content with these precautions and conscientious minuteness, M. Renan begs the reader to remember that the formation of judgments upon men is only possible in those historic periods, rich in documents and close to our own times. And even then illusions are possible, so that each phrase of his book ought to be qualified by a "perhaps." The more of the latter the reader employs the better (writes M. Renan) will my thoughts be understood. Many who read Renan's books admire, meditate, and hold their tongue. That attitude will be more than ever observed on the present occasion. The second volume terminated at the struggle between the two peoples which formed Palestine-Judah and Israel. The third volume opens after the destruction of Samaria. The kingdom of Judah now remains alone. Jerusalem subsists, and within its walls is concentrated all the moral life of the Jews. Social and moral problems crystallize into a fixed religion, not of a local, but of a universal character, and begets the Prophets. But what tribulations are in store for that little people, what martyrs must be sacrificed ere events synthesize and blossom into the Advent of Christ.

Jerusalem, though conqueror of Samaria, is doomed to experience her fate. The people of Israel were led captive to Nineveh; now the Jews will be led captive to Babylon, for the supremacy of the East has passed from Nineveh to Babylon. This captivity was in a certain measure profitable to Judaism; it humbled the pride of the captives, who formed the *elite* of the nation; it compelled them to keep alive the ideas sown by Isaiah, and to maintain the sources of pity, humility and faith perennial, by corresponding with their poor co-religionists left behind. The exiles were maintained in touch with the poor, taught

to view them as the true and the sole friends of God; their national pity was concentrated, while "founding that edifice, which under the name of Judaism, Christianity and Islamism has served till this day as the shelter of humanity." The desire to return to Jerusalem, stimulated by the Prophets and vivified by the Canticles, elevated the captives' soul, increased their confidence in God, and consequently exalted their faith. It was in captivity the Jews learned, developed and matured that code of doctrines, embracing universality of religion, morality and socialism, and which they brought back with them to Jerusalem, when, taking advantage of the victories of Cyrus, they rose against their oppressors. It is with the entry of the Israelites into Jerusalem that the book closes, corresponding to a period of 450 years B.C.

The third volume is written in a more austere vein than is common to M. Renan's fascinating pen. The powerful drama he describes displays less of that pleasing unctious which forms so charming a feature in his style; his sentences lack much of that melodious ring and swing that lulled and lured the reader onward. "Perhaps"—to utilize the adverb of doubt as he recommends—M. Renan felt that his grave subject might be compromised in its historical value were he to employ any insinuating, intoxicating music to enable judgments and sympathies to enter more readily into the mind and heart of the reader, who otherwise would remain recalcitrant to their reception.

It is to be regretted that M. Renan, in his endeavour to make the unknown known, continues to employ illustrations from and comparisons with analogous situations and characters derived from contemporary appearances. He pained not a few in the two preceding volumes by comparing Solomon's Temple to Notre Dame de Lorette. He now compares King Joiakim to Louis Philippe; Jeremiah to Félix Pyat, the journalist; Ezekiel to Jere-Hugo; and the Jews in captivity to the Communists transported to New Caledonia, corresponding with their friends in Paris. And last, not least, it seems that the "Egyptian alliance" in the time of Hezekiah was for Judea what the Franco-Russian alliance is to-day for France. The Muscovites and the Gaul would do better to ask: where is Hezekiah, where is Egypt, now?

J. W. GÖTTE. By A. Baumgartner. (Fribourg-Baden.) M. Baumgartner is an acknowledged authority on German literature, and has made Göthe's "Life and Works" a specialty. This is a new and revised edition of his book devoted to the great German poet, and the three volumes are remarkable for presenting no diminution of the author's hatred and belittlement of Göthe. As a man, a moral agent, and an intellectualist, he condemns Göthe. His works, no matter how expurgated, are unfit for youth, and questionable for mature age. He also asserts that Göthe lacked depth of sentiment, moral beauty, and the goodness springing from religion. He possessed no high ideal of existence, but thought only of pleasures and of culpable loves.

Germany has long ago pardoned Göthe for his holding aloof from the misfortunes of his country. The parties that then attacked him, glorify him now—save M. Baumgartner. The latter appears to forget that the mission of Göthe was to think, and that he better served his country by his writings than by experimental statesmanship. Wieland described Göthe as a "demi-god"; but the First Napoleon said better: "*vous êtes un homme.*" As to the creation—as does M. Renan—a whole volume would be required to analyze it. Göthe's aim and ideal was "more light" for the world, as they were his last words in his curtained death-chamber. Göthe was an intelligible, seeking to put itself in harmony with the world; the effort was beyond his, beyond human means. As a man, he never injured anyone, and it was his boast to have never walked in the road of envy. The author has the cardinal defect for a biographer—absence of sympathy with his subject.

The magazines are chiefly devoted to African subjects, and so present nothing new.

THE GEOLOGICAL RECORD.

THERE is still a large body of people who refuse to accept or examine the evidences of science until they are supposed to accord with "revelation," and have been stamped with the approval of theological orthodoxy. To this class of people the works of Sir William Dawson, stamped as they are with earnest, religious thought, and marked by high scientific attainment, appeal with peculiar force. Many of his readers, moreover, obtain their only ideas of science from popular presentations like his; and it is to be regretted that so many popular works, not excluding Sir William Dawson's, should be the means of conveying false impressions of scientific truth. In his latest work entitled "Modern Ideas of Evolution, As Related to Revelation and Science," there is one instance, at least, of this which is worth noting. With the main purpose of the book and its methods it would be impossible to deal in the compass of a short article; but it may be possible to illustrate its methods, not unfairly, by reference to a single specimen. If it can be shown that the general argument is seriously unreliable at a vital point, and that a negative one, evolution (which Sir William Dawson combats) is not necessarily established, but a certain reserve and caution in accepting his scientific statements may be given currency.

The fourth chapter of "Modern Ideas of Evolution" is headed "The Apparition of Species." The use of the

word *apparition*, as explained by the course of the chapter, implies something more than the fact that in the successive geological formations there is an appearance and a disappearance of the fossil remains of specific forms of animal and vegetable life. It implies also that these apparitions are indicative of distinct creational acts as opposed to any process of derivation by a law, or series of laws, of nature conveniently expressed or summed up in the word *evolution*. It ignores, and therefore virtually denies, in short, the validity of the arguments which have been marshalled to prove that the geological record is an extremely imperfect one, and that, therefore, the absence of the great bulk of "intermediate forms" is almost a necessity.

In that epoch-making chapter in the "Origin of Species" (so far as geological science is concerned), entitled "The Imperfection of the Geological Record," Mr. Darwin, after summing up the evidences, said with his characteristic frankness:—

"But I do not pretend that I should ever have suspected how poor was the record in the best preserved geological sections, had not the absence of innumerable transitional links between the species which lived at the commencement and close of each formation pressed so hardly on my theory."

With the mass of evidence, however, that he was able to present to the common sense of every practical geologist, he could afford to be frank. What geologist is there to-day who does not know that that record is an extremely imperfect one—who does not realize the causes which have rendered it so? So experienced a geologist as Sir William Dawson can hardly be unaware of the considerations on which the view is founded. Why does he ignore them in a chapter which professedly deals with the chain of life in geological time? Would he have his non-geological readers believe that there are no gaps in the succession of our sedimentary formations, by denudation or otherwise; that metamorphism, which often extends over vast areas and through masses of rock representing enormous lapses of time, is of no account in destroying links of the chain, and that the conditions favourable to the embedment of organic remains are proportionally greater than the unfavourable? The non-geological reader will gather such impressions from Sir William Dawson's "Modern Ideas of Evolution," and will naturally conclude that they "press hardly" on the theory of evolution, but he will have gathered very false impressions of the course of geological history.

"For my part," says Mr. Darwin (and his words are full of truth to the thoughtful field-geologist), "I look at the geological record as a history of the world imperfectly kept, and written in a changing dialect. Of this history we possess the last volume alone, relating only to two or three countries. Of this volume, only here and there a short chapter has been preserved; and of each page only here and there a few lines. Each word of the slowly changing language, more or less different in the successive chapters, may represent the forms of life, which are entombed in our consecutive formations, and which falsely appear to us to have been abruptly introduced." ("Origin of Species." Chap. x.)

Thirty years ago that was a comparatively new view even to geologists, and there might have been then some excuse for a sceptic on evolution to doubt its general truthfulness. But there is no such excuse to-day; and it is regrettable that an able and influential science teacher should, for the sake of opposing a theory that may be trusted to live or die on its own merits, appeal to the "ignorance of past times."

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Richmond, Que., Nov. 3, 1890.

SONNET.

My sister—dead! No life where all was life!
And yet no silver thread amid the gold;
That quietly form cast in beauty's mould—
Shrunk—gaunt, as if some power in hopeless strife
With death had fought for you, until the knife
Of that relentless felon cut and carved
T' the bone, and month by month you dwindled, starved
Mid' boneless love where Plenty's horn was rife.
So when fell blight has struck the well-sapped stem
The rose, the garden's queen, fades, withers, dies,
And vain for her the sunshine and the dew!
No more will incense-breathing buds begem
The fated tree; beneath the bounteous skies
She falls where once in loveliness she grew.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE RAMBLER.

IT is occasionally a deprivation to be unique. When I say this, I by no means imply that I am a whit better than anyone else, only different from the majority. I was thinking of this the other day when taking a favourite ramble in the Park. As I walked about alone I said some very pretty things out aloud which I cannot very distinctly remember, but which I am about to collect as coherently as I can. For instance, it seemed to me that in the barren wintry afternoon landscape were more elements of satisfaction and beauty than in the same scene under blue of July skies or during September's glories. And surely in this thought I was unique, for so few see anything of compensation in the landscape shorn of leaves and bereft of green. But as I looked, first of all I saw

great sheaves of feathery twigs showing flexible and black against a pale bluish-gray sky, then the rugged outlines of the grotesque oaks, then soft bright blue clouds of vaporous smoke rolling along the ground where the men were burning piles of last year's leaves, and lastly an immense silver day-moon in the east sailing in a sulphur sky. There was plenty of colour, summer-lovers to the contrary, but it was bestowed in bright touches, in points, in tips, just as you will see in the works of French realists of the first rank. And this brings me to say that I believe my taste for out-door phases in autumn and winter and early unformed spring is the natural and happy result of the subtle art of this matchless French school. Think of English landscape-painting, of English illustrative art of any kind, and tell me if there be any appreciation of the dull day, the "useful trouble" of the rain, the leafless bough, the dusty street, the common, often ugly (at first sight), aspect of the natural world in the dreary half of winter! Is it not rather a world of greenness, swelling pastures and Cuypp-like cows, the picturesque in some form, mills, waterfalls, forest trunks rich with moss, heather and golden gorse, with bits by the sea, youthful beauty enhanced by a setting of azaleas or honeysuckle, all that is rich, or rare, or grand, or valiant, or beautiful? I know, I know—so it should be, but—once in a while I come across one of those Paris studies, a dripping sky, a city pavement, a man in blouse, looking wistfully up at a theatre placard unconscious of the rain, or a line of rusty railings between you and a tunnel of leafless black trunks, and two old friends meeting beneath that once canopied, once bird-haunted avenue of misty green—well, these are the pictures that manage to inform a dreary world with significance and beauty, at least to me.

Because it can never have been intended that for one-half the year the world was to go branded, stigmatized, despised and avoided as an ugly thing, a thing to be dropped, shunted, resented, "cut dead," *en effet!* The beauty of the snow, of course, is entirely another matter. Most people see that. Its purity, its crystalline sparkle, its faculty, like the ivy, of draping every ugly object with its own soft masses, disguising, transforming, yet outlining, well, it is clearly out of place to begin talking about the snow, the beautiful snow. I started, I think, by careening my neck a bit, and saying something silly about being unique.

Perhaps in the follies of æstheticism this latent germ reposed. The beauty of ugliness. The pleasure of pain. The sweets of bitterness. The raptures of renunciation. These were some of the stock-in-trade aphorisms of the Sect. You may be sure that much reading of Ruskin contributed to this end. But while we may hate dark, dull drawing-rooms and Pompeian dining-rooms, "dirty greens" and demoniacal reds, limp, draggled garments and faded effects generally, we may yet suffer ourselves to look for and find much that is beautiful in the arrested growth of nature. These half-tints, half-colours, vivid patches of summer's green visible under autumn's brown, stray leaves of divinest, purest yellow, lying face downwards upon a muddy sodden bed, gleams of a peerless blue among clouds of wintry gray, one solitary nest in the forks of a lonely poplar—all this has its meaning, its use, its place. It is strange that some see neither use nor beauty, fitness nor significance.

You see, there is no end to Nature. I might construct three columns every week out of similar phases and phenomena, and yet always find something new to observe and say. But since everyone may not be of my mind I will stop.

I did not go to hear Stanley. Strange to say, with the actual presence of the intrepid explorer in our city, some of the interest attaching to him vanished. Stanley in Africa—the discoverer and friend, disciple and successor of Livingstone; or, Stanley in Africa—in distress, *quasi*-starvation and personal peril; or, Stanley in England, travel-stained, heart and head weary, resting after incessant labours both of brain and body; or, Stanley in Westminster Abbey, the pale and distinguished hero of the hour, turning, as he leads his bride to the altar, for one look where Livingstone lies—all these pictures are heroic. But—Stanley in a private car à la Lillie Langtry, rushing through America at the rate of \$3,000 a night, and chatting familiarly by the way with newspaper men and paragraphists, is a different sort of figure. It is perfectly reasonable and legitimate, I know, and a great explorer has probably as much right to a kind of triumphal progress and illimitable prospects of lucre as a prima donna or an actress, and yet—the act vulgarizes, so to speak, the personality and experiences of the man.

I hope I am loyal to the good old Mother Land. I think I am, and I am quite sure I never mean nor wish to be anything else. But I cannot endorse the following poetic gem:—

APOSTROPHE TO THE UNION JACK!

FOR THE EMPIRE.

Emblem of Liberty! All hail!
Men shed their blood for love of thee, and die for thee, in every land
and every sea!
Peace follows in thy train, Plenty smiles 'neath thy protecting folds,
thou thrice bless'd flag!
Incarnation of all that is noble in the efforts of mankind!
Royal winding sheet, for valour on the field!
Earth's happiest flag! Heaven's signet ring!
Fit festoon for the Cross of Calvary!
As the waves of fear and doubt break on the rockbound shores of
Truth, so break the taunts and sneers of foreign foes at thy
bless'd base!

Kings salute thee, nations bow down before thee, slaves look up to thee, and lo, their fetters fall!
Emblem of Freedom the wide world o'er! All hail! All hail!

Dundas, November 13.

RUSSELL FRASER.

The question before versifiers is: What is this new form? Gleeson White does not authorize it; Austin Dobson has not used it. I have never seen it before. Let the Dundas bard "up" and speak. It does not rhyme. It does not scan. Yet in imagery it is rich. "Heaven's signet ring!" This, by some prosaic minds might be regarded as a "mixing" of metaphors, but the next line promptly occurs to divert the attention to a still more happy figure: "Fit festoon for the Cross of Calvary!" The question before versifiers, I repeat, is this: What is an Apostrophe, and why must it be couched either in poetic prose or prosaic poetry?

Achates went away very much pleased on the whole with the surroundings of my unworthy self. He was particularly interested in a rather striking *plaque*, very different, I can tell you, from the ordinary home-decorated affair a long way after Doulton. A large disk of heavy earthenware closely covered with crude, but not hopeless designs in blue and green and yellow. This curious article was brought from Morocco by a son of the famous Haliburton, or "Sam Slick" of other days, and is remarkable, inasmuch as it is the work of the modern natives or nineteenth-century Moors. The effects of this rude colouring and imperfect design are, however, perfectly satisfying to the eye at a little distance, and I would rather face it upon my drawing-room wall than the most exquisitely tinted arrangement of blossoms and birds. There is character in it, nationality, interest.

LOVE THE CONQUEROR.

It was nearly dark when the bells were ringing for evening song in Wellminster, for the day had been dull and the time of year was December, and though it was scarcely three o'clock in the afternoon darkness had descended and lay brooding over the Cathedral City.

But, even so, there was light enough to see how beautiful was the old structure. The mistiness of the atmosphere added but another charm to it, softening its hard outlines so that the gray stones seemed to blend with the gray surroundings and make one harmonious whole. There had been much shaking of heads at the incongruity of styles which marred the perfectness of the building, a little Norman here, a little Gothic there, early Gothic, late Gothic—then a touch of Tudor; but all critics were agreed on one point, that the whole was beautiful.

And if the Cathedral was beautiful in itself, its surroundings were no less so. It lay in the midst of green fields, girt in by hills that rose and fell softly. There was nothing hard, nothing abrupt in the landscape. Seen from the hills on a sunshiny day, the Cathedral lay like a jewel sparkling in its setting, a thing of beauty, with meadows encircling it, and patches of green trees rising above it. The place was most lovely in spring; but so balmy was the Wellminster air that even in December the hedges were not entirely leafless and gave a pleasant sense of verdure for the eyes to rest on.

Inside the Cathedral brooded a mysterious gloom. Service was held in the choir, which was sombre with black oak and lit by many candles. On this dark December day the white-robed choir, singing full-throated, added their quota to the almost sensuous beauty of the place.

It was a place to dream in, without doubt, but Wellminster was not given to dreaming. Perhaps in the whole city there was but one visionary, one enthusiast, that one was Ruth Deland, a daughter of one of the vicars-choral.

Whether her dreams had carried her it was easy to see, for at the first note of the anthem she sprang to her feet and a look of almost divine rapture came into her pale face. It was not a beautiful face: it was too thin for one thing, and the dark fiery eyes brimful with longing seemed as if they had burned themselves into her head; but still it possessed more real beauty than many a one with comelier features. A flush crept into it as the music rose and fell; her throat strained and throbbled as if she would fain have sung too; but she pressed her two lips closely together, muttering, with tightly clasped hands: "Keep me from idolatry, O Lord." And as the last notes died away a little sigh escaped her almost involuntarily; she threw herself on her knees and prayed passionately, heeding nothing round her, losing consciousness of her identity in the fervour of her pleadings. And when the organ pealed out the end of the service she arose, with the look in her eyes of one who has seen deep into things holy. She stumbled out of the choir, a tall, slender, young thing still steeped in her dreaming, until the friendly nod of the verger brought her to herself. "Waiting for your father, miss?" he asked. "Yes," she answered almost absently; "there he is." Even in the gathering darkness her quick eyes had discerned her father. Deland, deprived of his surplice, was a common-looking man enough, red-faced and grizzled hair; a man who looked not discontented nor happy, but simply apathetic.

"I shall go to the station now, Ruth," he said with an effort to seem bustling, "to meet Crispi. I have told them (with a motion of his hand towards the dispersing choir-boys) of Crispi's coming, and they are mad with excitement; but you had better go to the Close and see that all is ready to receive him."

"Yes, father," she answered, softly, and the tones led one to suppose that she could not have said "no" to anything; but her face had saddened at her father's speech and she walked along pensively until she reached the quaint old Close where all the vicars-choral resided. She looked at it lovingly; familiarity with it had not dimmed her sense of its beauty, which her quiet nature led her so fully to appreciate. Indeed the dreaming town with its atmosphere of gentle decay harmonized well with the sober old-fashioned garb she wore and the tranquil, almost spiritual, expression of her face.

Meanwhile Deland had reached the station which always seemed an anachronism. The trains themselves appeared oppressed with the same idea. They always crawled into the station slowly, slowly, as if they came under compulsion, protesting; and when they departed the engine gave an indignant snort, glad to leave the ancient city that was so much out of harmony with trains and bustling life. Truth to say there never was much traffic. The people who came were mostly sight-seers, and knowing that they had but one sight to see, the Cathedral, they did not bring much bustle with them. But this was not the time of year to bring sight-seers, and the few farmers who made use of the train for the monthly market did not lend much animation to the traffic. On this occasion, however, there was a very different passenger; a small, lean, brown-faced man enveloped in a fur-lined overcoat, with great diamond rings flashing on his thin hands that he with foreign gestures stretched out to Deland.

"Here I am at last!" he said briskly. "But what a crawling train! Let us walk a little, Deland; I'm tired of sitting still."

"Just the same as ever, Crispi!" said Deland. "Not one day older, I do believe!"

"Humph!" returned the other reflectively, "I cannot say as much for you. How is the voice?"

Deland shrugged his shoulders. "There is nothing left of it, nothing. If I had anything to live on I would give up the pretence of singing; but as it is, I may be thankful I am still a vicar-choral."

Crispi did not answer; perhaps he did not agree with his friend. "But there is stuff in the choir; you told me of two boys?" he asked anxiously. Deland smiled. "That's all right, Crispi," he said. "You have not come for nothing."

It was quite dark when they reached the Close. Crispi looked around him curiously. "It's a strange old place, this," he said. "Good to stay one night in, I should say; and yet I don't dislike it. It has an atmosphere of its own—a place to shut up close in one's memory, to dwell upon when one wants to think of something quiet, something peaceful; a place to moulder down to one's grave in." A boy passed by whistling a chant. The Cathedral bell tolled out the time as if corroborating Crispi's words. Then the two men paced along silently—Deland racking his brains to find something which might interest his friend, Crispi equally at fault. They had reached the Close when suddenly through the mist-laden air there rang out a voice so pure, so clear, that Crispi started. "Great heaven! what have we here!" he cried, and looked around him excitedly.

"It is only Ruth, singing," answered the father. The song is hackneyed now, yet still fresh with the impress of genius. Ruth was singing "Angels ever bright and fair," and her bell-like voice, breaking through the heavy air, calling upon the old slumbering echoes to testify with her to the eternal beauty of the angels, was laden with such fervid piety that it revealed the secret of the girl's heart. The song betrayed such a love of all things divine, such a longing for the knowledge of the hidden perfectness which can never be seen by mortal eyes, that it was even more touching than it was beautiful. Deland, who knew his daughter well, was stirred by it out of his apathy. Crispi, who recognized nought in it but the most consummate art, was nearly wild with excitement. He stood in the damp night air, oblivious of all save one thing, this beautiful voice. When she had finished, he drew a long breath. "You have grounded her well, my friend, but I—I will finish her education! Europe will ring with the fame of this beautiful soprano. Was this then your surprise for me?"

Deland said nothing, but, opening the door, entered the poor little sitting-room, which looked snug enough now with its bright fire. Ruth had left the piano and was standing, kettle in hand, absorbed in the mysteries of tea-making. There was a great deal of seriousness in her manner, but then she did everything seriously.

Crispi fixed his eyes on her eagerly and scanned her anxiously. "Figure good," he muttered; "slight, but the chest is all right; a little pale, but then there is always rouge." Ruth looked at this strange visitor of her father's with astonishment; she could not utter the few words of welcome she had prepared, but Crispi was not backward.

"Miss Deland," he cried, "you are superb." This but affrighted Ruth the more; she turned to her father with a questioning gaze.

"Never mind now, Crispi," he said in an undertone. "You do not understand Ruth; you will frighten her to death; forget her singing!"

A gleam of intelligence shone on the other's face, and his manner changed. "I am so delighted to see you," he said effusively; "so glad to see your dear father again. You do not remember me, do you? You were but a little child."

"No," Ruth answered, simply; "I have no memory of you. But you must be tired. Will you have some tea?"

Crispi liked the girl's unaffected manner; it was dignified, and she was not shy. He kept on talking common-places for a while, but after some time he could no longer restrain himself from speaking of the subject nearest his heart. "You sing, Miss Ruth?" he asked. "Though it is scarcely fair to you to put that question, for I have heard you."

Ruth did not answer, but turned towards her father. The bright blood mounted to her pale cheeks, and receding left them paler. Crispi gazed in astonishment at the pair. What was the mystery of Ruth's voice? Most women would have been proud to own it.

"Ruth sings to me sometimes," said Deland in a hesitating manner; "but she has strange ideas concerning singing, Crispi. Indeed she was angry with me for telling you of the two choristers; she would rather you left them where they are."

"But I will make their fortunes if they can sing, Miss Deland," he said eagerly.

"How can you?" she asked simply.

"By teaching them, introducing them to agents who will get them engagements for concerts and operas!" answered the little man glibly. "You have no idea how much money a tenor can earn in opera; and as for a soprano like yours!" He stretched out his arms as if his words would be powerless to express how much a soprano could make by her voice.

"How will that benefit them?" asked the girl.

"How?"

"Yes," she answered. Crispi noticed that her cheek was beginning to glow, and the red blood showed warm under the delicate clearness of her skin. "See!" she went on. "This is what I think of singing. It is right to tell you at once; we shall be better friends afterwards when you know it. Perhaps I may say rather that I *know* it than *think* it. It is this. God gives us, who sing, our voice. Nothing that man can do can make it. It comes straight from God, and it should be poured out to God. I would fain sing in churches, did I not think that too much music might prove a snare and draw my thoughts from Him. But to man, and for man, I will not sing. And I think it is cruel of you to lure away these lads who are but on the threshold of life, making their beautiful gift a source of danger to them. Let them use it, as now, in the service of God. They are not, as I am, easily touched by the mere love of the music, against which I pry as against idolatry; but do not bid them don a dress which is not theirs, and strut about a stage professing to be characters which they are not."

The girl's eloquent appeal moved her father. He took her soft, though somewhat toil-stained, hand in his and stroked it. But on Crispi it produced no apparent effect save that he said suavely: "Very well, my dear, very well!" But he raged in his heart; and when he retired to his room he wondered to himself alternately how he had been able to refrain from laughing at the strange ideas of this pretty Puritan, and how he had kept himself from denouncing the narrow Calvinism that condemned all that was beautiful in art on the ground that the love of the beautiful belonged to the flesh and must therefore be hurtful to the spirit. Yet he could not divest himself of a certain admiration for the girl as an upright, honest, gifted woman, though he swore a big oath, bigger than the dimity-curtained bedroom of the Close had heard for many a long day, that he would gain her yet. But he knew he must act warily.

The days passed monotonously but not unpleasantly in Wellminster. There was no sound abroad but the voice of the Cathedral bells calling to prayer, and the chiming of the church clock telling the slow hours. The talk was all Cathedral, and still it was not unpleasant to Crispi; for one thing he had an object in view; for another, he could not help feeling the peaceful charm of the place. The little lean-faced foreigner was an artist at heart, and all harmonious things held a fascination for him.

He felt the charm strong upon him one day when he and Ruth were sitting on a fallen tree in a sheltered place on the hills. The pair had grown fast friends in those few days. He sedulously avoided talking to her of anything but music and that of the severest kind, for this strange girl seemed to have no curiosity to learn aught of the outer world. Her world lay here, where all was quiet and mellowed and old. It was the kind of day that often chances in December, almost warm, the sky a clear grey, the clouds very high and moving but little. The kind of day that flushes suddenly into a glow at sunset and fills the air with a soft rosy hue, causing as it were the very stones to give out warm colour, though it was too early in the afternoon as yet to talk of sunset.

They were a curious couple as they sat side by side on the fallen log. Crispi, all subdued fire and energy; Ruth, with clasped hands like some latter-day saint, steeped in a subdued ecstasy of exaltation. They were both gazing at the city at their feet (the Cathedral itself seemed almost blue against the grey sky) and at the gentle hill-slopes beyond, that fell in soft undulations to the pasture and moorland. The almost leafless trees made dark patches upon the distant hills. Ruth, seeing all this with her eyes, had soared far beyond it in her mind. Crispi spoke first, but more softly than was his wont.

"I can imagine," he said, "that one would get to love this place, but all the same it is not good for a man. Man must live, not vegetate. This place dulls the faculties."

If one did not put a strict guard upon oneself, one would become like the unthinking beasts of the field."

Ruth flashed a look at him. "How could one," she asked, pointing to the Cathedral, "with that before one?"

"One gets use to it," answered Crispi. "One gets used even to a beautiful thing when it becomes part of one's daily life. Your father now takes his day's work at the Cathedral as if he had nothing to do with it. He sings as a bricklayer builds a house."

"How do you mean?" asked Ruth, startled. Crispi was unfolding a new thought to her, and it troubled her.

"I mean this," answered Crispi, watching her narrowly. "Your father sings by mere force of habit now. I think if he did not, he would cease singing altogether. You, who know what is meet for the service of God, must feel that your father's voice is now no fit offering to bring to Him; although," he continued, still watching her, "I think you take too narrow a view of the influence of music. I do not mean profane music," he added quickly, with a little smile that it was well Ruth did not see, "but of sacred music. That ought not to be for God alone. There are evil passions in man, my child, of which you know nothing, that music will drive out. But that concerns you not at all. Your father is tied down here until he dies. You will not move hence."

There was a little silence which Ruth broke tremulously. "Will you tell me what you mean," she asked, "exactly what you mean? Do not try to soften it or alter it. Dear father! I know he must be getting old; but I didn't think, I had not noticed—" here her voice broke and perforce she was silent.

"Nothing, nothing," said Crispi hastily and made a motion to rise, but Ruth stretched out her hand to prevent him. "I am no child," she said firmly, "to be put off with your nothings. You have said some things that will make a difference in my life. First, that my father sings by rote; and, secondly, that his voice now disgraces his calling. Do you mean that he ought not to sing?"

"I mean," answered Crispi, "that according to my theories he ought not to give up a sure income for a few qualms of conscience. But that if I thought as you do, I should feel his singing to be desecration. Far better would it be that you should choose singing for a profession, using your fresh beautiful voice to bring man nearer to God, than for your father to continue in the Cathedral because he makes his living there. That is what I meant, Ruth, and if I hurt you I cannot help it—you wanted to know."

"Yes, I wanted to know," said Ruth quietly.

Then for the first time Crispi looked at her. His conscience smote him when he noticed the pallor of the girl's face, the lines of pain around the sensitive mouth. He began to be a little ashamed of himself, and tried to make excuses.

"Do not think of my words, my dear," he said cheerily. "You are a good woman, and must know more about this than I do. Put it from you."

"I cannot, I must not," she answered vehemently. "Don't you see that I *must* think of it? I should be despicable if I did not."

The pair had a very silent walk home after this. The sky had become suddenly irradiated with a beautiful crimson glow, and Crispi, who loved warmth and colour, seemed to give it most of his attention although he now and again glanced at Ruth's face furtively. A queer fancy took possession of him. He wondered to himself what strange transformation the magician Love would make in that pure, saddened face. A downright human love might make an artist of this saint, might set loose the imprisoned soul within her. But would it ever come to her?

"Mr. Crispi," Ruth asked as she opened the gate that led from the Close to the house, "will you let me bring the result of my thoughts to you at some other time? You have given me much pain, but I am afraid you have spoken the truth."

And this closes the first chapter of Ruth Deland's life, if life it could be called. She felt strong within her two opposing emotions. One was that her father had nothing to bring to the service of God, was nought but a workman earning his wage—and that scarcely honestly; the other that she ought not, should not, could not degrade her voice by singing for hire. Music was too great a temptation as it was. If Ruth had been a Romanist her course would have lain clear before her, her vocation been pronounced; but she was not—and meanwhile she and her father must live, although she had to still many qualms of conscience.

She felt sore, too, at leaving Wellminster, the pretty peaceful country town and the quiet ways of her childhood and girlhood, to do that which she considered not right in itself though it was more right than what had been done. Crispi, having gained what he wanted, was generous. He desired the honour and glory of bringing out a new soprano more even than the money to be made out of her; and when he set out to return to his beloved Italy, Deland and his daughter were ready to accompany him. We shall say good-bye to this land of fog and mist. You shall see colour and feel warmth. Why, there is music in the very winds that blow across my lovely land, the sun's own darling!" he cried excitedly.

"We are not soaked in mist," the girl answered vehemently; "we have colour too. In the spring the woods are bright with flowers, such pretty flowers," she added with a catch in her voice. "In the summer there is the ripe yellow corn; and in the autumn the berries and the flaming leaves are like little tongues of fire—and it is England, and I love its greyness—its soberness."

Then the tears would not be gainsaid and ran down the girl's pale cheeks, but for all that she never murmured. She had chosen her path and must walk along it cheerfully, dark as it was and beset with dangers. She could not feel any joy at the life that was promised her, though to most girls the prospect would have been more than alluring. Crispi rented an old palace from the last of the Princes Stornello, where he was used to pass the summer. It lay embowered in sweet gardens and was guarded by the blue Albanian hills. He told Ruth long stories of the loveliness of the old house and of the glories of its sculpture gallery, but Ruth resolutely resolved to shut her ears against such allurements. Perhaps in her inmost heart the girl was conscious of a side to her nature which she tried hard to ignore—that love of the beautiful which lies embedded deep in all artistic natures, which is in itself the foundation-stone of them all. But she wrestled against it as against an evil thing, and turned a face of marble towards all that Crispi promised. For all that the little foreigner did not despair; he had lived long, and knew woman.

The clear moonbeams were streaming down on the Palazzo Stornello, transmuting its white stone front into resplendent silver, bringing out the different tones, almost the different colours of the trees. The air was heavy with dews and the sweet scents of the vine and the rose. Some subtle, indefinable influence had crept in and made itself one with the night, the wondrous moonlit summer night. The moon itself, great, colourless, and imperturbable, seemed changelessly fixed in the blue sky, its white light so cruel and cold, so grandly heedless of the sorrows of the world upon which it looked with such unconcern. It was all so still, too, only the chirp of the insects and the languid twittering of the birds, too much exhausted by the great heat of the day to burst forth into exultant strains. Later on the nightingale would come out, but not yet.

Ruth, in her high white dress and with her serene pure profile—and old-world Diana strayed into the nineteenth century—was strolling up and down the old marble terrace that was now all broken down and held together by the clinging ivies. She was fighting with all her might and main against the soft seductions of the summer night, feeling at her heart that horrible throb of pain that presaged defeat. For conscience' sake, and yet against her better judgment, she had come hither. And to what end? That she might only steep her soul in the sweet bitterness of enjoyment and give herself up to the idolizing of what was purely beautiful? She wrestled with herself, trying to bring before her the narrow little life that had satisfied her at Wellminster; she tried to lull her awakening senses to sleep with memories of the perfectness of her life of meditation in the old Cathedral City. Had she only come hither to satisfy her craving for the perfect thing with mere beauty? God forbid!

And as she stood and wrestled with herself there suddenly arose a sound so strangely, so enchantingly beautiful that she felt her resolutions forsake her and her being quiver with delight. It was nothing else than the sound of a violin being played in a masterly fashion; and as the full notes streamed out into the summer night, Ruth felt a sudden longing burn within her. A longing that she too might give utterance to something beautiful, something that would stand midway between the pain and the joy of the world, and soothe the one while exalting the other. Unconsciously she drew nearer to the room whence the sound issued. They drew her on like the singing of the Sirens in the old days; she stood fascinated and gazed at the player. She had known who it was; a young friend of Crispi's, an amateur, who had come to stay at the Palazzo Stornello for a few days.

He had seemed to her an ordinary young man enough, dressed in the latest fashion, who had talked of nothing but stocks and investments to Crispi during dinner, and who had (so she thought) looked upon her as upon one of Crispi's latest, and perhaps not least profitable, investments. And yet he was making the air vibrate with this beautiful music of his, that was neither like the singing of the angels nor the sound of the human voice, but something akin to both and infinitely moving. Ruth, fascinated beyond her powers of self-control, drew near to the window and looked in. Crispi was at the piano; his lean face looked leaner, his bright eyes more bright for his enthusiasm. He too, then, had been touched by the finger of the gods. Her own father was standing near the piano, his apathetic face troubled by a curious expression of searching for something that was clouding his memory, for a feeling perhaps that he had known in his young years and that was now dimly returning to him. The player himself stood erect playing composedly with no fire or enthusiasm, only with a look of conscious mastery over his instrument that was very fine to see.

No one noticed Ruth. The music continued, now wild with pain, now calm with the quiet of a great despair; and when it ceased a sigh of suspense ended broke from the girl. She was standing at the window immovable as a statue; an exquisite rose-flush had stolen into her face, and the very severity of her profile had, as it were, relaxed.

Crispi looked at her. For him the interest had ceased with the music. He loved it, but with a strangely impersonal love; it was just art to him, to be admired for art's sake, not a soul's revelation as it was to Ruth. For the first time in her life she had caught the sense of the place which the beautiful takes in the order of the world, and of the part it might be made to play. Crispi looked at her and understood. He saw now with one glance that

he would triumph, and latterly he had despaired of Ruth's ever singing as he had dreamt she might sing. Her voice was always pure and beautiful; but it was the voice of a nun at prayer who had never known human pain and sorrow.

"Ruth," he said, "play Signor Gemma's accompaniment. I can listen better when I am away from the piano."

Ruth in her docile way walked to the piano. There was a little mist before those erstwhile untroubled eyes of hers that had been wont to look so straight into the heart of things holy. "Very well," she said softly, and was preparing to do his bidding when an untoward accident occurred.

The candles at the piano were flaring unsteadily, blown hither and thither by the gusts of a soft wind that had arisen with the deepening night. Ruth leant over to get the music, and as she did so her light draperies were wafted across the flickering lights. Before anyone had realized what had happened, her dress was blazing—she uttered one wild cry—then stood as if turned to stone. In one instant Gemma had dashed his violin to the ground, had seized the panic-stricken girl and was crushing out the flames with his hands. It was bravely done. Crispi, who was no coward, rushed to the rescue with a rug which he flung around her. It was all the work of a moment, and Ruth was lying on the sofa, Gemma looking ruefully from his burnt hands to his broken violin, Deland bending over his daughter in an agony of suspense.

"She is not much burnt," said Crispi quietly; "not at all hurt, I should say; not so much as you, Leonardo, but she was frightened that is all."

Not quite all. It was not only the fear that made Ruth faint. She opened her eyes after a little and sought Gemma. "You have saved my life, Signor," she said faintly. "I thank you with all my heart."

When Ruth awoke the next morning it was with the consciousness upon her that she had passed through some very important epoch of her life, though she could not exactly define in what its importance lay. She kept her room for three days, more because she did not like to face either Crispi or Gemma than because of any great pain. Indeed, she was wonderfully little burnt. But on the fourth day Crispi sent for her for her usual singing-lesson. She sang nothing but a few exercises and a little of Handel; she was afraid to sing out lest Crispi should discover some new ring, some strange thrill which she knew had crept into her voice. Whether he knew it or not, he made no comment; perhaps he was afraid of frightening her.

At the end of her lesson she summoned up courage. "How is Signor Gemma?" she said shyly.

"His hands are badly burnt," answered Crispi. "He will stay here until he is better."

"Then he cannot play?" asked Ruth.

"Of course not," said Crispi almost crossly; "besides, his violin is cracked. It is a pity too, it was valuable."

Ruth looked up in dismay. "I am so sorry. It is my fault, you know," she said piteously; but Crispi only grunted.

"His father was a banker and left him a fabulous amount of money. He can afford to lose even a good violin."

"But his poor hands!" protested Ruth.

"They are getting better," answered Crispi, shortly. Perhaps he thought it was dangerous to show himself too sympathetic.

That afternoon Ruth betook herself to the mouldering old sculpture-gallery. The day was hot, oppressively hot, and the very shade of the trees in the garden seemed laden with heat. The sculpture-gallery was comparatively cool, and the girl liked dreaming among the stained, chipped marbles, trying to picture to herself what the world was like in its young days when men made these images to worship them. She had taken a book but could not read. Still the same Ruth, easily impressed by the beauty of her surroundings with firm convictions as to right and wrong, she was thinking drowsily of the feelings that had prompted men to fashion these once beautiful things. Was it a feeling of devotion which led them to represent their gods as lovely to look upon, or was it beauty alone they worshipped? And she, herself, was she not drifting to the same state? But she was not allowed to continue her musings. The heat had driven Leonardo Gemma to take refuge in the gallery. He had wondered a little what had become of Ruth these three days, but had refrained from asking for her although he had thought of her much. Her pure, cold, northern beauty had fascinated him. He had a sort of conviction that one day she too might catch fire; and he would fain be the one to kindle the flame.

Ruth gave a little cry when she first caught sight of Gemma's bandaged hands. "I am so grieved," she murmured; the words would not come quickly, but the tears rushed into her eyes. "Those hands of yours that made such beautiful music! To think of their being useless and all through my fault; and then you must have suffered so much pain! Can I do nothing for you?" She looked at Gemma appealingly; all her shyness had vanished.

"It was not in the least your fault," answered Gemma quietly; "and it is not to every man that it is given to save the life of a great singer."

"At least let me dress your wound for you; I have quite light cool fingers," begged Ruth impulsively.

Gemma smiled. "No; you would so hate the sight of them; you only like what is pleasant to look upon," answered Gemma. "But you can do very much for me; you can talk to me and tell me all about your home in

England; and then you can sing to me, because I can no longer make music. And you must not think my hands will take long to heal; a week will see them better."

Ruth flushed. She would fain have refused to sing, but could not.

"I will do what I can for you," she said. "You saved my life, and I owe it to you."

"You owe me nothing," answered Gemma, "but what you are willing to give. What were you musing about when I entered the gallery?"

Ruth hesitated a little before she replied. Could he solve her doubts for her? She felt a sudden temptation to ask him, to confide in him.

"I was thinking—" she said slowly, looking at him anxiously. "It is so difficult to put into words, but my thoughts were something like this. When I was at Westminster, I would not sing or listen to music because I felt that it was in me to love what was beautiful for beauty's sake. Perhaps it was a narrow creed, but I seemed to love God less for loving beauty more. But now that I am here, all seems different to me. Things seem right that once I thought were wrong, and all things take a different place in the world to me. When you played the other night, it seemed the very perfection of loveliness in holiness. And yet what was there of God in it?"

"God created all things beautiful," answered Gemma. "A beautiful sound is the speech of God."

"Yes," protested Ruth; "but we use it for the service of man."

"You forget," answered Gemma, quietly, "that God created man with all his faults and longings. They are human faults and longings; and the service of God is the service of man."

After that talk in the picture-gallery Ruth became much more at home with Gemma; indeed, they soon grew to be inseparable companions, and Ruth, who had never known what it was to come in contact with any one who would think out problems for himself, soon grew to lean upon Gemma, to bring him all her doubts and longings. He satisfied her, and when a fortnight had passed she grew to dread his approaching departure more and more. She never stopped to ask herself why. She had never dreamt of loving, of being loved like most girls do. Her nature had been so steeped in the worship of things holy that human love was almost unknown to her.

She sang to Gemma constantly. Her voice had never given her so much pleasure as now when she used it to while away the time for him. For all that, she knew and perhaps he understood, that she never gave utterance to the fervour and yearnings within her. There was always something repressed about her singing, as if she feared to give voice to her own true self.

Gemma's hands were nearly well; indeed he could have used them had he been so minded, but he loved Ruth's care of him. Ruth herself watched their progress with a feeling of mingled fear and hope; she wanted them well for his sake, but she also wanted him to have an excuse for staying on.

They were strolling in the gardens one afternoon. A kind of brooding heat, forerunner of a storm, made the air dense and heavy. The sky was darkened except when lurid clouds broke up the gloom. Both Ruth and Gemma felt the oppression of the atmosphere. "I am going to leave the day after to-morrow," said Gemma shortly and suddenly, and fixed his eyes upon Ruth. The girl was so taken by surprise that she could not dissemble. "So soon," she faltered; and then she continued bravely: "I shall miss you."

"Will you?" he asked. "I am glad."

They were both silent for a little after this. "You must play to me to-night," said Ruth. "I must hear you play once more before you go."

"If my new violin has come," he answered. "Are you afraid of thunder, Ruth?"

"I am not afraid of any storms," answered the girl. "On the contrary, I like to watch them."

They turned towards the house, not many moments too soon. The sullen thunder was growling, the lightning began to be more vivid, and great drops were falling from the sultry clouds. It was a terrible scene. Ruth, who had not imagined anything worse than an English thunderstorm, suddenly lost all control over her nerves. She nearly screamed when a flash lit up the gardens and was followed by a great crash of thunder. Nearer and nearer she drew to Gemma, feeling a security in his proximity that she could not understand. At first he had talked lightly of many things to keep her thoughts from the scene, but gradually the awe of the elements came over him too and silently they watched it together, and in some strange fashion they both felt drawn more closely to each other by this very silence.

All the afternoon and part of the evening the storm raged. It was nearly ten before the rain ceased and the low muttered growl of the thunder died away in the distant hills. Crispi and Deland were still lingering over their wine; Ruth and Gemma were in the drawing-room. The girl was still pale and a little agitated; Gemma was very silent.

"I am going to play to you to-night," he said more softly than was his wont, "and you shall sit still by the open window and take in the scent of the freshened grasses."

Ruth obeyed, and Gemma began to play. His hands had not lost their cunning. The sounds he drew from his violin were softer, more love-laden than ever. What it was he played Ruth did not know.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly, when the last note had died away, and he answered very quietly, not looking at her at all, "It is the most beautiful love-song in the world. It is Beethoven's 'Adelaide.'"

"A song?" she asked, and her face flushed. "A song! Then I can sing it."

"If you will, I will play for you."

Then Ruth took the music with her trembling hands and commenced. Of course she stumbled over the new words, but that mattered not, for the music had crept into her soul so that the meaning of it was plain without need of words. Her voice swelled and vibrated with the passion she had so long suppressed; clear and full it unconsciously proclaimed aloud the triumph of Love.

Crispi heard it from the next room and realized two things—that this was the voice he had dreamed of, and that he had lost his pupil for ever. But Ruth herself sang on, losing her identity in the passionate strains of the world's most beautiful love-song. And when the last long-drawn sigh, *Adelaide!* fell from her lips, her eyes suddenly met Gemma's. She had betrayed what she had not known herself; she scarce knew it now indeed, but her lids fell under Gemma's burning gaze.

"Come with me into the garden, Ruth," he whispered, and as in a trance she followed him.

Then, in the quiet peacefulness of an evening after storm, under the beams of a moon struggling to free itself from clouds and therefore less placid than usual, with all the rain-awakened scents of the flowers making the air fragrant round them, Gemma told Ruth his tale of love, told her the sweet time-worn story that men never tire of telling, to which women never tire of listening, told her how Love the Conqueror would destroy all the tangled web of her doubts and would teach her to love God through love of man.

And Ruth listened—and believed.—*Alan Adair, in Macmillans for November.*

REVELATIONS XVIII. 22.

"No more at all in thee," the solemn knell
That early rang the Babylonian woe,
Forever down the ages sounds to show
The lords of Mammon, who make earth a hell,
The limits Heaven assigns them, to foretell
Their certain, sudden, final overthrow.
The tolling words recur as blow on blow
Shall purge God's Temple where they buy and sell.

O vainly in that retribution hour,
Shall wail the mourner and recount the loss
Of industry's choice fruits free scattered then.
Unhallowed gains won by Satanic power
Like fairy gold shall shrivel into dross,
Nor buy their meanest chattels—souls of men.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CANADIAN NATIONAL LEAGUE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Is not the time ripe for the formation of a Canadian National League, with this object, the promotion of a distinct national feeling friendly to a connection with the British Empire, consistent with our self-respect, and hostile to the surrender of our territories and privileges and liberty, to United States schemers by what is called Annexation?

Admission to the league, which would be open to women as well as men, would be granted on the applicants signing this pledge: "I, —, hereby promise that I will do all in my power to promote the interests of the Canadian nation, and prevent as far as I can Political union with the United States." I propose that there should be branches in all the large towns in Canada. Public dinners should be held simultaneously all over the Dominion on Dominion Day or the Queen's Birthday, at which speeches might be made by our leading statesmen and others. The badge should be a small beaver or maple leaf in silver which could be worn, unobtrusively, on the inside of the coat; or we might have a flower as a national emblem, to be worn by all members on Dominion Day, just as the Primrose League in England makes use of the primrose. There should be branches of the society in the States and England, the duty of which would be to extend friendliness and brotherhood to compatriots in a strange land. A slight annual subscription, say twenty-five cents, should be made by all members to cover the cost of a printed roll of membership, and, if sufficient, the publication and circulation of tracts and the delivery of lectures relating to Canada in furtherance of the national idea. Other more definite aims might be taken up in time, such as the erecting of monuments to our national heroes, etc., irrespective of creed or race.

Do let such a league be begun; I am sure it would take with our young men. Let some influential people begin its formation at once in Toronto and Montreal. It might be inaugurated by a dinner in Toronto at which Sir John Macdonald could infuse into it his spirit and enthusiasm. At any rate let us hear what you think of the scheme.

F. G. SCOTT.

Drummondville, P. Q.

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND SUBWAY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—When this Province entered Confederation in 1873, the Intercolonial Railway was under construction, and the Canadian Pacific Railway only contemplated. Messrs. Pope, Haviland and the writer were appointed delegates to meet the Government at Ottawa and arrange the "Terms of Confederation." One of the greatest difficulties which presented itself was to find a remedy for our want of connection with the mainland; our harbours being frozen up for nearly one-half the year, it was thought we should be unable to participate in the great benefits arising out of the building of the great arteries of inter-provincial trade, which have since connected the remaining Provinces of this wide Dominion. This question was very fully discussed in all its moods and tenses. The result was the Dominion Government promised to give us "continuous communication" with the other Provinces, and so as no misunderstanding should hereafter arise on this point, the following was inserted as one of the "Terms of Confederation": "Efficient steam service for the conveyance of mails, and passengers to be established and maintained between the Island and the Dominion, winter and summer, thus placing the Island in continuous communication with the Intercolonial Railway and the railway system of the Dominion."

In pursuance of this obligation the Dominion Government have provided summer accommodation by a contract with the P. E. I. Steam Navigation Company, and also provided a winter steamer, which has been unable to carry out the "Terms of Confederation" viz.: "continuous communication" owing to the difficulties of ice in our winter navigation. This has been a source of great loss, as well as great drawback to the general prosperity of our Province, which contains one million acres of fine farming land. Our farming is carried on after the "Scotch system"—"rotation of crops"; as a consequence, we have amongst other agricultural products a great surplus of roots, mainly potatoes for export. Our fall season for shipping, owing to early frost sealing our harbours, has to be done in a hurried manner, and consequently we have to put this product on an overloaded market and sell at a sacrifice and loss, whilst our more fortunate neighbours on the mainland have their crop housed, and only sell it as the market require.

An examination of the Dominion Blue Books of last year shows the average price of potatoes throughout the different Provinces to be as follows: Ontario, 65.2; Nova Scotia, 52.5; Manitoba, 47.1; New Brunswick, 46.0; Quebec, 45.0; P. E. Island, 26.5, or an average of 47 cents per bushel.

It is estimated we are sellers of potatoes to the extent of about four millions of bushels per annum, and looking at the above quotations from the Blue Books it will be at once apparent we are losers on this one item alone of about \$800,000 annually.

To remedy this state of affairs I have proposed and am advocating a subway across the Northumberland Straits of six and a-half miles from Carleton Head in P. E. I. to the Money Point in N. B. Across this whole distance there is a bed of shale of about fifty feet in thickness, resting on the bedrock of carboniferous sandstone, and pronounced by competent engineers to be more easily worked through than the strata through which the great St. Clair tunnel has been built. In connection with the summer and winter mails of this Province the Dominion Government is at the present time expending the sum of about \$200,000 per year.

I am aware that many of your readers look at this subway matter as one involving a very large expenditure of money for such a small population, etc. With your permission it will be my duty in my next letter to disabuse their minds on this point, and to endeavour to prove to them that the present outlay will be quite sufficient to build the P. E. I. subway.

GEORGE W. HOWLAND.

Charlottetown, Nov. 20, 1890.

A SHORTER WORKING DAY.

IS it right that hours of work should be limited; and, if so, how many hours should be allotted to work? The old saying on this point runs:—

Eight hours' work, eight hours' play,
With eight hours' sleep, makes one good day.

So it does, and there is an immense amount of sound common sense in these two lines. Supposing that meal times are included in the eight hours' play, the sanitary teacher has little to add, little to take away from the rule in its general application. In the garden of the world no one need be obliged to do more work than can be done in eight hours if the work were carried out on a scientific and proper system. Unfortunately it is not, and is not likely to be for an age or two, so that we have to meet a big difficulty in the face and to do the best we can to help to lessen it. As a matter of health, the rule is good. Whose fault is it that it is not generally applied? One says tyranny is the faulty cause; another says necessity. We may admit, in some instances, necessity; but I should say that the fault, pretty universal in its nature, is based on ignorance or thoughtlessness rather than on systematic oppression or absolute necessity. I spot one illustration here. Why should shopkeepers be forced by all classes, rich, middle, and poor alike, to keep their places of business

open for more than eight hours a day? Who is benefitted by the notion which every tradesman seems to have that it is the duty to beat every other tradesman of his sort in the plan of keeping his shop open to the public to the last possible moment, and beginning again at the first possible moment? The man does not like it. Those employed by him do not like it. It is the outside public who demand it and will have it. The draper, as one of the outside public, will have it of the grocer; the grocer of the baker, the baker of the butcher, and every sort of liquor seller. Was there ever such an absurdity? There are a few who never can shut up. But how few! Name the policeman, the fireman, the sick nurse, and that most taxed of all living men, the family doctor, and how many more need be employed beyond eight hours out of the twenty-four in constant daily work? What a grand thing it would be to lessen pressure of business to this extent? In some instances it would cause the rate of mortality to go down as certainly as the barometer goes down when the pressure of air is taken off the mercury. And what a grand example it would be, affecting for the best all sorts and conditions of men? What healthy habits it would produce, what economy? Think of buying all provisions under the light of the sun instead of the flare of gas, paraffin, or naphtha! Look at a purchase made in the light of the morning by the side of one made in the light of the night! Why, I tell you, working men and women, that there are persons who keep what they could not sell in the daytime in order that it may be sold at night, for the simple reason that customers cannot see so well then what they are buying; and I am sure you must all have observed that well-to-do people never go out at night to buy if they can help it; that their great stores close early, and that the transaction is followed by better health in buyer and seller alike. The old curfew bell that made everybody shut up at one fixed hour was a good bell for many reasons, no reason more than that it carried with it the sound of health. We want a new and still earlier health bell in these times; not one rung by legal order, but by good feeling, good sense, and common humanity; a bell that should not sound to the ear, but should ring in every heart. Taking it all in all, we may keep our minds on eight hours as a fair time for work. We may consider justly that a person who works hard and conscientiously for eight hours has little to be ashamed of, and that, for health's sake, he has done what is near to the right thing; if he take an hour to get to and from work, two hours for meals, three hours for reading or recreation, and one hour for rising and going to bed, including in this the daily bath which is so essential to health, he is in good form for good health. It matters little then what his occupation may be, since that laying out of time is time well laid out for mind and body. I am quite aware that in the present state of things this rule cannot be made absolute, and that eight hours is rather to be taken as a standard than as a rule. It may be accepted as not positively necessary in other classes.—*Dr. W. B. Richardson's Address to Working Men at the Sanitary Congress, Brighton*

SONG.

THE night is here, my love,
The jewelled night;
Mid trees the glow-worms move,
Soft sparks of light.

Upon the infinite sea
Strange languors sail;
An odorous mystery
Wraps hill and vale.

While mountain-shadows meet
The spreading lea—
Ah! were I at thy feet,
Thy smile on me!

This dusky-golden night
Should whisper low
The secret whisp' and bright
The ages know.

J. H. BROWN.

ART NOTES.

LOVERS of Canadian art will find a treat provided for them in the exhibition of Mr. G. Reid's paintings, now on view at Matthews Bros.' Studio, 95 Yonge Street. Mr. Reid's fame is by no means confined to Canada; to this fact the merited success of the justly celebrated "Story"—a Paris Salon picture—testifies. Mr. Reid's work is bold in conception, realistic in treatment, and his subjects are distinctively Canadian. His work well evidences the progressive strides which art is making in Canada, and we may well expect from his maturer efforts still nobler illustrations of the artistic genius of our country.

MR. TENNIEL would probably be surprised to hear that his figure of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," in *Punch*, is taken for a caricature of the present Governor of the Bank of England. The only resemblance to Mr. Lidderdale is in the spectacles through which the old lady glowers at the repentant gamblers who figure before her as small boys with cards held behind their backs. We must do Mr. Tenniel the justice to say that, if he wanted to suggest his portrait, he would have drawn a far better likeness of the capable Governor of the Bank.

JOHN LEWIS BROWN, the distinguished French *genre* painter, chiefly of military, sporting and other scenes in which horses play a conspicuous part, is dead, at the age of sixty-one. He was awarded medals in 1865, '66 and '67, and received the Cross of the Legion of Honour in 1870. For nine years he was a member of the Society of French Water-Colour Painters.

LEIPZIG is to be the first town to erect a monument to Richard Wagner. A sketch for a monument has been made by Professor Schaper, a distinguished Berlin sculptor, and this has received the approval of the committee appointed to manage the affair. The statue will be placed somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood of the Old Theatre. It is, of course, fitting that the composer's birth-place should be the first town to erect a statue in his honour.

THE greatest works of art and literature are, perhaps, produced only when the artist is in sympathy with his age, and when his work is merely the expression of the emotions and longings, the unconscious aspirations of a whole generation. The work of such a happy artist is naturally unself-conscious and impersonal; it does not need the commentary of biography. Such, however, is not possible to-day, and may never be possible again till the social millennium. We are still living in a period of revolution, the battle is still waging for the freedom of individuality from the social fetters of medievalism, and the most impressive art and literature of our day is, therefore, necessarily assertive and denunciatory, violent in some measure and intensely personal.—*New York Critic*.

It is somewhat amusing to find Sir Coutts Lindsay's latest scheme given out as something original. As a matter of fact, it is quite old. Five years and six months ago (to be exact) we recommended such an enterprise, and showed how it might be carried out. "The Circulating Picture Loan Society" was to be on the principle of Mudie's Library. "In consideration of an annual payment, subscribers will be entitled to the loan of one or more pictures by living artists of every degree of talent, according to the amount of their subscription. These pictures would be changed from time to time—say, every three or six months, as the subscriber's taste or the terms of his contract might dictate. A list of artists and their works available for circulation would be published by the company periodically." Thus we wrote in May, 1885; and now, behold, the idea is to be carried out! But is there not some fear that such a company, if its dealings with the fashionable be not kept secret, would discourage picture-buying in about the same proportion as it popularized picture-hiring.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

"THE CHARITY BALL" has had a deserved success, as has also the Duff Opera Company, which will be replaced next week by Henry Irving's version of "Faust," in which Mr. Lewis Morrison will be the chief attraction.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

QUITE a large audience assembled on Saturday afternoon last in the Young Men's Christian Association lecture-room, the occasion being one of the regular students' afternoon recitals. Miss Bella Geddes opened with Rubinstein's Barcarolle in A; Miss Edith Meyers followed with Raff's "La Fileuse"; Miss Mary O'Regan sang with expression Gottschalk's "Loving Heart"; Miss Mamie Hogg played Chopin's bright Valse, Op. 64, No. 2, C sharp minor; Mr. W. C. Palmer did justice to Tosti's "Song of a Life"; Miss Kathleen Stayner then played Chopin's Ballade, F Major, Op. 38; and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A. T. C. M., closed with Grieg's "Norwegian Bridal Procession."

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE College Hall on Monday evening last contained a large audience who had gathered to hear Mr. W. O. Forsyth's Piano Recital. Mr. Forsyth's programme was extremely well chosen, and consisted of a number of the shorter lyrical compositions of Schumann, Liszt, Raff, Henselt, Joseffy and others, which may properly be regarded as examples of completeness of form and purity of thought. The Joseffy serenade and the Raff number were particularly noticeable. Mr. Forsyth's playing was in full accord with the quiet musical character of his numbers, which he played with great delicacy and expression. He was ably assisted by Miss Mary Hewitt Smart, soprano, who sang two ballads in good style, and Mr. August Andersen, who played Spohr's "Barcarolle" for the violin with excellent effect. Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F.C.O., England, will give an Organ Recital at the College on December 11.

MR. H. A. LAMBETH's Scotch Choir will give their first concert at Shaftesbury Hall this evening. Mr. Lambeth's reputation as one of the first conductors and organists of Scotland and the brilliant record of the vocalists who accompany him, give promise of a vocal and musical triumph.

It has been announced that the quarrel between W. S. Gilbert and D'Oyly Carte has been arranged, and they will again collaborate with Sullivan in the production of opera in the Savoy Theatre.

RETURNING from Australia by way of Suez, the famous baritone, Mr. Santley, will make a pleasure-trip through the Holy Land, and undertakes next spring a professional tour in Canada and the United States.

RUBINSTEIN has been upsetting the usual authorities as to some points in his life. They mostly agree in making November 30, 1830, the day of his birth; he makes it November, 16, 1829. He also denies that he was a pupil of Liszt, from whom, he says, he never got anything but a dinner and some good advice.

PHILADELPHIA has a musical prodigy. Master Arthur Hartman is his name, and he is seven years old. He made his bow to an audience a few evenings ago, at St. George's Hall. He played a selection from De Beriot very skilfully, and also the Hungarian Hymn, and the Kossuth March, with execution marvellous in one so young.

EDWIN BOOTH was fifty-seven years old on 13th November, and it was celebrated at the Lyceum Theatre, in Baltimore, where, with Lawrence Barrett, he was performing. The suggestion was made, and it met with general approval, that every auditor on that evening bring flowers, and that at the conclusion of the performance, the floral contributions be banked on the stage. The result was an ovation of a very touching kind.

AN international electrical exhibition is to be held next year at Frankfort, at which music is to play a novel and an important part. A large number of telephones will be fitted up in the buildings, by means of which visitors will be enabled to hear not only the concerts given in the Palmen-Garten, but also concerts at neighbouring towns, Homburg, Soden, Wiesbaden, etc., and it is even hoped to provide visitors with an opportunity of hearing the performances at the opera houses of Mannheim and Munich.

IN response to the invitation of Miss Enid Leslie extended to the newsboys of Philadelphia, upwards of one thousand boys assembled at the Park Theatre on a recent evening, to witness the performance of "Prince and Pauper." The newsboys retaliated by presenting the charming little actress with a magnificent basket of flowers, accompanying which was the original subscription list showing the individual contributions. One enthusiastic youngster averred that he had gone without his supper in order to contribute his mite.

THE human voice is falling into derision; its cultivation is becoming more and more a matter of theory and experiment, while the graces of the singer are receiving a mistaken admiration, which, if kept up, will confuse the public as to what singing is. There is so much dabbling in vocal study, and so little resolute determination to learn to sing, that it is no wonder the most popular teachers are those who teach style. Style is the last thing the vocal pupil should take up. Let him give his voice a technique, by months and months of drill, refine the natural restrictions to tone which are born with everyone of us; then perhaps we may have a modern illustration of the legend which is related of Porpora and a pupil: after working on one page of exercises for four years the pupil asked the teacher (it may not have been the first time) when he would become a singer; the old master said he was already one. Haste is the one thing that stands opposed to perfection in any field of endeavour.—*Boston Musical Herald*.

COUNT VON MOLTKE was, in his youth, a most zealous violoncello player, and his instrument is still a great favourite with him. He takes, however, a great interest in music in general. Among other musicians who are sometimes visitors to the Count is Dr. Joachim, who is especially welcome in the music-loving family of the field marshal. Count von Moltke's nephew and aide-de-camp, Major von Moltke, who lives with his young wife in his uncle's house, is himself an excellent 'cello player. Whenever musical soirées are held in the little music-room the Count's family does not retire to rest till far into the night. The field marshal makes himself comfortable on a sofa and gives himself up to thorough enjoyment. The few guests who are present smoke. When the Count has finished his cigar he has recourse to his snuff-box, which, together with a long, red silk pocket handkerchief, he holds in his hand. The violoncellist and pianist are long since tired, for they have already played four sonatas and several smaller pieces, but the old gentleman makes no signs of retiring. Suddenly Schumann's "Evening Song" is struck up and a smile lights up the Count's features. He has understood, rises and bids them a hearty good night. He is especially fond of Chopin's music.—*London News*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE CENTURY ATLAS AND GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. Edited by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., F.R.S.E., etc. London: John Walker and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

This atlas is one of the books which it is a positive pleasure to examine and notice. When we consider the scope of its subject matter, and the remarkably clear, comprehensive and altogether satisfactory manner in which it covers the ground, we are gratified that we live at a time when the scientific skill of the eminent geographer by whom it has been compiled was conjoined with the exquisite technical workmanship of the publisher who has issued it at a price so surprisingly low as to be within the reach of the poorest scholar or the humblest mechanic. It not only gives beautifully clear and accurate plates of the important divisions of the world, but provides valuable information on such kindred topics as astronomy, winds, currents, rainfall, temperature and commerce, and appends a descriptive gazetteer of 35,000 names as well.

AT AN OLD CHATEAU. By Katharine Macquoid. (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper Brothers.

This is the story of a lovely French girl who lives "in an old chateau" with her mother and an aunt. She is sought, unsuccessfully, in marriage by an English gentleman, a fine young fellow, who finds that she has been married sometime before the death of her mother, and with her consent. The interest is slight, and the writing only passable.

KIRSTEEN. By M. O. W. Oliphant. New York: Harper Brothers.

This is a reprint story of a Scotch family which takes us back seventy years to the time of the rule of the East Indian Company, in whose service both the lover and brother of the heroine held commissions. "Kirsteen" is one of the many good novels of this favourite authoress, having more incident and less "wordiness" than some of them and keeping up the interest to the end. The hero, Ronald Drummond, is a brave and faithful soldier. The account of his death in battle is one of the most beautiful passages in the story. "Kirsteen" is a noble character, strong and steadfast. We strongly recommend this book to all who admire a refined and natural style, expressed in good English.

THE COURTSHIP OF DINAH SHADD, and other stories. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Harper Brothers.

This book is a collection of short stories by an author whose name is now so well known as to be a recommendation in itself, and to render praise unnecessary. The scenes are all laid in India, and those who are familiar with that country will fully appreciate the vividness and accuracy of his descriptions, or rather suggestions, of Indian life, manners, customs, scenery, etc. His stories have, in Mr. Lang's words, "brevity, brightness, observation, humour and pathos," and their originality is very remarkable. Mr. Kipling has evidently had a wide and varied experience of "all sorts and conditions of men," and we may add of women, too, in all parts of India. We regret that he cannot give us a higher idea of Anglo-Indian life, but that is not the fault of the writer.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE. By H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. Toronto: William Bryce.

This is No. 79 of Bryce's Library, a reprint of a tale created by its authors after the fashion of the celebrated literary partnerships of Ereckman, Chatrian; Besant and Rice; *et al.* To those who are familiar with the bold and vivid imaginings of the unique and popular novelist who is the senior partner of the firm and the refined scholarship of the well-known critic who is the junior partner, the part contributed by each is by no means hard to discern. If the present venture lacks the charm of unity, it presents the novelty of diversity of style and treatment in a single story. Though we cannot pronounce it a success, it is by no means uninteresting. It is a tale of the land and the times of the Pharaohs, though it has a decidedly Homeric flavour.

HOW FRENCH SOLDIERS FARED IN GERMAN PRISONS. By Canon E. Guers. London: Dean and Son.

This is an account of the visit of Canon E. Guers to French prisoners in the hospitals and camps in Germany. His first pages describe his journey across Switzerland, and the strange career of King Louis II., of Bavaria. He visited Barvaria, and was there arrested as a spy, and, being court-martialed, was exonerated, but having infringed orders was expelled from the country, two gendarmes politely conducting him to the Swiss frontier. He afterwards travelled about from town to town in Germany. He complains bitterly of the attempt to Germanize the people of Alsace-Lorraine, and says: "By putting the axe to the root of the tree—that is, with its Germanization of the schools—Germany hopes to succeed at last." The whole work is very Gallic in its style, and possibly a countryman of the author might experience some pleasure and interest in its perusal, but to an Englishman it is rather uninteresting.

SIX MOIS DANS LES MONTAGNES-ROCHEUSES COLORADO, UTAH, NOUVEAU MEXIQUE. By H. Beaugrand. Montreal: Granger Freres.

Monsieur H. Beaugrand travels in search of health, and following him through the highways and byways of Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico, we gather much profitable information of the mineral and agricultural resources of the localities visited, and of the customs and traditions of the natives. The stories of Indian life, and the many delightful legends narrated by him, cannot fail to be appreciated. The accompanying map of the author's travels, and numerous illustrations of the majestic scenery through which he passed, with quaint drawings of ancient *reliques* from the noted cliff-dwellers of Mexico, greatly enhance the value of the work, and aid to a better comprehension of the strange scenes arrayed before us. M. Beaugrand has well recounted the varied information collected while journeying through "un océan de Montagnes." A book of this description would not be perfect without a chapter on the well-known cowboys, so a spirited account of their equestrian difficulties is recorded and illustrated near the end of the volume. We heartily

congratulate our brethren of Quebec on this admirable addition to our literature of travel, and can fairly say that it has enhanced the reputation of its talented author.

A REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE. Edited from the Survivor's own narrative by J. A. Wilkinson. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Were the truth of this thrilling, eventful and dramatic tale not emphatically vouched for by its editor, the reader would without hesitation consider it to be a narrative constructed on the plan of Defoe's immortal creation and sufficiently varied from it to give it an air of verisimilitude and bring it more in line with the conditions of modern life. The narrator with five companions, three of his own sex and two of the opposite, are wrecked in the Southern Ocean and land upon a small uninhabited island in an almost destitute condition. The chief actor is a man of resource who has been schooled by a life of hardship and adventure, whilst his companions are comparatively inexperienced and unfit to cope with the dangers and difficulties which now beset them; and their open contempt for him as a social inferior, through a long period of trial, illness and privation, develops in their social intercourse, bickering, hatred, thieving and often blows; and this strained condition of life results in the end in the tragic death of one of the party at the hand of the narrator. The varied fortunes of this ill-assorted company illustrate the extraordinary ingenuity and self-helpfulness of the chief actor as contrasted with the incapacity, dependence and helplessness of the others. The book contains a plan of the island and a chart showing its location. Mr. Wilkinson may well be complimented on the enterprise and ability which have added to the literature of extraordinary adventure this remarkable and exciting narrative.

THE REIGN OF TIBERIUS OUT OF THE FIRST SIX ANNALS OF TACITUS; WITH HIS ACCOUNT OF GERMANY AND LIFE OF AGRICOLA. Translated by Thomas Gordon and edited by Arthur Galton. Camelot Series. London: Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company. Price, 35 cents.

The introduction to this book begins with a life of "Tacitus." It then deals with the principles on which this selection from the Annals has been made. "I have omitted, says the editor, some chapters . . . but I have retained every chapter which preserves an action or a saying of Tiberius. . . . I trust I have maintained the unity of my selection by remembering that it is to be a history of Tiberius." Next come biographical notices, brief but useful, of Tiberius and Sejanus. We notice that the editor is here not quite one in his conclusions with Tacitus. He believes that Tacitus had not sufficient means of knowing the interior life of the court of Tiberius and that consequently his picture is overdrawn. Nor again is he quite at one with the translator; Gordon extols the Republic at the expense of the Empire. The editor points out with justice the many claims that the Empire has upon our gratitude.

The introduction closes with a notice of Gordon the translator (obit 1750) whom Bolingbroke seems to have described as the "best and worst" of the English writers of his day, and with a few necessary critical remarks.

Gordon's translation is extremely readable; "he has grasped the broad meaning of his author and caught something of his lofty spirit." The division into chapters is not preserved, and passages *not ad rem* are omitted. The book is not meant for a "crib," but will be found very serviceable to the general reader. It is well got up and clearly though closely printed.

PINE, ROSE AND FLEUR DE LIS. By S. Francis Harrison (Seranus). Toronto: Hart and Company. 1891.

This is one of the prettiest and daintiest volumes that we have taken in our hand for many a day, and its contents are as charming as its appearance. The snatches of music which are found on its cover and at intervals throughout the volume are a kind of outward and visible sign of the inward nature of the book. It is musical, and even deliciously musical, throughout—not with music of a mystic Wagnerian character, although everywhere we feel the breath of the present—but musical as with the song of birds and the fall of waters.

Truly it cannot be said that the age of poetry has passed away, or that this can be no growth of our new world, when Canada in the nineteenth century can produce a volume like the one before us. We have said that the book is full of music, and our ears are so filled with this that we are tempted to forget the thoughts which are so gracefully and melodiously set forth. But it is not easy, it is not possible to abandon ourselves to the mere influence of sound when we are arrested by a voice and by words. We have here not merely a singer, but a seer, one who can carry us away down the great river "from flat Ontario" on through the rushing waters, until we are weary of water, "tired of the tumult and turmoil of water around us," and bring us "longing for land" and "glad to get ashore" where

Brown pine tassels bestrew the floor,
With the red birch fit for peeling.

So do we live among all the objects that the poetess sets before us that we almost forget the music which was delighting our ears, and become absorbed in the moving panorama which is created and kept in life by the realistic power of the writer. And yet again it is no mere realism

that we have here to do with. It is no prosaic photography which gives us a dead world as representative of a living one; it is life and love and poetry, it is the vision of human life as it is seen by clear eyes, guided not only by a well-disciplined judgment and an artistic taste, but by a sympathetic heart. This series of poems entitled "Down the River," would suffice to make a very considerable poetic reputation. Quotation is not easy, for fragments give no real notion of the beauty, coherence, symmetry of the whole. We venture, however, to give a few lines not quite in the vein of the greater part of the series. It is a scene at Ste. Scholastique, and the subject is a novice about to take the veil:—

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil—they're
On the country road, in the ghastly town,
Anear and afar and everywhere.

When Nanon sets a spray in her hair,
Or pins a rose on her home-spun gown,
The World, the Flesh, and the Devil are there!

And no one escapes the triune snare,
Nor Faust, nor Fool, nor King, nor Clown,
Anear and afar and everywhere.

They weave and whisper and never spare
Either labouring man or man of renown
The World, the Flesh, and the Devil—they're
Even within the wall four-square.

We have here not merely the power of clear and energetic expression, but spiritual teaching which too many readers will, perhaps, scarcely recognize. As we pass from the Pine to the Fleur-de-Lis, so we pass from both to the Rose; and one of the most striking poems in the volume is given to the land of the rose, and shows a power in the writer which would hardly be revealed by her other work. We can quote only the first two stanzas:—

VICTORIA REGINA.

All through London's mighty maze
Rolled the tide of jubilee,
From her dark and sordid ways
Came the children out to see
England's Queen of fifty years
Beat the heart and fell the tears,
As with martial fire and blaze,
Pomp and pageantry and praise
Rolled the tide of jubilee.

All along the mighty maze
Rolled the Pageant of our Queen.
There was not in ancient days
Fairer Pageant ever seen.
Withered, hangs the Tudor Rose,
All the glimmering past but shows
Faded in the glorious blaze
Of these late Victorian days—
Roll the Pageant of our Queen.

Of another kind, showing the same grace of thought and expression, are poems like the one headed "Of ye Hearte's Desire"—a poem, we may say, the beauty of which is totally independent of its quaint spelling. This one tells of the manifold desires of men, and of the one absorbing passion of the speaker:—

Wythe some it is shippes and golde;
Wythe some it is palaces faire;
Wythe some it is blossoms that folde
Theire beautie away fromme the aire;

and so forth; but

None of these wyshes are myne,
Lovers who guess my plight,
Reading between each line,
Lo, ye have guessed aright!
Only my hearte's desire
To feel that my love forgives,
That his hearte will never tire
Of loving me while he lives!

It is not necessary to inform our readers that Seranus is one of the most valued contributors to the columns of THE WEEK. But this thought was hardly present to us as we turned these charming pages. We know, as we pass from poem to poem, that we are listening to a not unfamiliar voice; but the interest of this volume is independent of such associations. We are satisfied that our readers will not accuse us of having raised their expectations too high. The publishers may justly be proud of this beautiful little volume.

Lippincott's Magazine for December comes to us with "An Army Portia," by Captain Charles King, U. S. A. This is a powerfully written story dealing with the late war, and has the advantage of being told by one who was himself present and went through it. A touching poem, entitled "Uncrowned," is contributed by Daniel L. Dawson, inscribed to the memory of Fitzjames O'Brien, who died January, 1887. "A Glance at the Tariff," by Joel Cook, will serve to enlighten some as to the theory of the McKinley Act. This number also contains an article, "The Bermuda Islands," by H. C. Walsh, descriptive of these well-known winter resorts. Book-Talk is as interesting as usual, as is also a short article on "The Autocrat of the Drawing Room," referring to "Society as I have found it," by Ward McAllister.

We have received Volume XXV. of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia," a work now approaching completion. Among the countries, states, and cities we find treated in this volume are: Montenegro, Montreal, Moravia, Morocco, Naples, Nassau, and Netherlands. In biography, we have Montesquieu; Montgomery, the poet; Moody, the evangelist; Sir Thomas More, author of Utopia; Gouverneur Morris, John Lothrop Motley, the historian; Murillo, Napoleon Bonaparte, Neander, Nelson, and other eminent men. Among the topics of general information, we notice: Moon, Mormons, Mortality, Motion, Music, Nationalism, Navies. The subjects have been well brought down to date, and there are numerous illustrations.

THE serial, "The Wooing of Christabel," opens the December number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* and is concluded in this number. The paper on "Waterlow Park—Past and Present" gives us two pictures of Andrew Marvell's cottage. "Somersetshire Superstitions" follow, and then "What Happened at Ridgeway-on-Sea." Michael T. Eastwood sets forth the advantages of knowing how to speak other tongues than our own, and some practical hints are given on "The Art of Cameo Cutting." "Racing an Arab: An Adventure in Syria" is graphically described by David Ker, after which we find a poem "The Organist," by Matthias Barr. Altogether, this is a fine number of Cassell's justly-popular magazine.

THE frontispiece of *The Quiver* for December is a fine coloured lithograph called "A Daughter of Sympathy." The Countess of Meath opens the number with an illustrated paper, "A Woman's Thoughts on Travel," which contains many practical hints. A new serial, "Waiting to be Claimed," by the author of "Monica," is begun in this number. "God in the Book of Nature" is an interesting paper on wasps and their ways. "Christian Social Life" is discussed by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, and is followed by a story, "The Spending of Jessie's Holiday." The series on "The Shield, the Sword and the Battle" is begun and is followed by a paper on "The Cheerful Man." "Fighting Invisible Giants" is a talk with children by the Rev. John Telford. In "Poor Mr. Ferrers," which follows, we have a very human story. Another serial, "Sifted as Wheat," by E. Neal, is begun in this number.

THE *Andover Review* for December. This number opens with an article on "Influence of Modern Psychology and Theological opinion," by Professor T. Ladd, showing the prevalent attitude of this modern science towards agnosticism and religious knowledge. This is a well thought-out and carefully-written contribution. Miss Agnes Maule Machar concludes her article on Thomas Erskine, entitled "Leaders of Widening Christian Thought and Life." "What is Reality?" is an article on Evolution by Rev. F. H. Johnson, an interesting enquiry as to the agreement of theism and evolution. The editorial department contains several short notices on "The Overthrow of Polygamy," "A Contribution to Christian Theology," and "The Summer Excursion of an Orthodox Editor." "Notes from England" are written by Mr. Joseph King, M.A., while an outline study of "Social Economics" is supplied by Professor Tucker. The number is replete with sound and interesting matter.

THE December number of the *Magazine of American History* opens with a paper on "The Ancient Town of Fort Benton, in Montana," with picturesque accounts handsomely illustrated of early navigation of the upper Missouri River, and "David Hartley and the American Colonies," by Joseph W. Hartley, of New York. A portrait of David Hartley, England's Signor of the Definitive Treaty of Peace with America, forms the frontispiece to the magazine. Following these we have "The Institution of Thanksgiving Day, 1623," by Jacob Harris Patton, A.M.; "La Salle's Homestead at Lachine," by John Fraser, of Montreal; "A Typical Old-time Minister, the Reverend Benjamin Tappan," a sketch by Rev. D. F. Lamson; and of shorter articles, "President Garfield's Silent Journey"; "Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer surrounded by Buffaloes, or Camp Life in Kansas Twenty Years Ago"; "A Cluster of Christmas Poems for the Household," and some valuable hitherto unpublished letters. This number completes the twenty-fourth volume of this periodical.

IN *La Revue Française* for November the two-part story by Adrien Remacle opens well. M. Gustave Droz article "Meres et Filles," shows charming penetration, charmingly expressed. We have not seen a more delicate drawing of the relation of mother and daughter than the passage commencing "Elles s'amient . . . sans musique." But the whole thing is worthy of the author of "Monsieur, Madame et Bébé." We are really sorry to see the last of M. Paul Bourget's "Pelermage," which is written with that French lightness of touch that lends a charm to the most slender, or hackneyed subject. M. Pailleron's sketch, "Les Poetes de College," is a gem in its way. Among other things we have in it an instruction entitled "Recette pour paraître malade sans l'être," or, to put it in English, "How to sham sickness with success." We have not met with this prescription before, but it seems good enough to recommend to any school-boy who will take the trouble to look it up and translate it. The last contribution to this number of the review that we have to notice is M. Normands' comedy in one act, "Les Yeux Fermes"—the three characters in which were created by the two Coqueleins and Mme. Barretta. Would that we had been there to see!

THE frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for December is an etching by James Dobie of Geo. Frederick Watts' masterpiece, "Fata Morgana." Another notable illustration of this number is "A Distinguished Member of a Humane Society," engraved from Sir Edwin Landseer's famous painting by P. Kahdemann. It is the picture of "Paul Pry," a splendid Newfoundland dog. The opening article of the number is "Warwick Castle and Its Art Treasures," which is fully illustrated. This is followed by a paper on "The English School of Miniature Art," which also is fully illustrated. Claude Phillips continues his papers on "The Modern Schools of Painting and Sculpture as Illustrated by the Grand Prix at the Paris Exhibition." A most entertaining illustrated

article is that on "A Great Painter of Cats," by M. H. Spielmann, being an account of the celebrated Dutch painter, Mme. Henriette Ronner. A portrait of Mme. Ronner shows her to be a strong-featured woman past middle age and not unlike Rosa Bonheur in appearance. Mr. Wm. Black contributes an article on "The Illustrating of Books," from the author's point of view. "The Salting Collection of Oriental Porcelain" is from the pen of Lindo S. Myers. Then come the notes.

THE December number of the *North American Review* brings to a close the 151st volume of that ancient and honourable periodical. The editor has increased the number of pages from 128 to 144. The opening article is a review of "The Recent Election," by Senator Carlisle, of Kentucky, who sums up the reasons for the great Democratic victory. Algernon Charles Swinburne's "Victor Hugo: en Voyage" is a review of the last published volume of Hugo's posthumous works. Under the caption "A Topic for Christmas," Sir Lyon Playfair, K.C.B., M.P., discusses the question of International arbitration and shows what marked progress has been made in the settlement of international disputes without resort to war. "The Future of Warfare" is next taken up by Captain E. L. Zalinski, U.S.A., who considers, among other things, the use of smokeless powders. The Marquis of Lorne writes entertainingly of "The Partition of Africa." Mrs. Burton Harrison contributes a paper on "Maidens and Matrons in American Society." A short article by Erastus Winan on "Over-Production in Securities" has special reference to the recent monetary disturbance. Dr. Paul Gibier, the well-known director of the New York Pasteur Institute, who was formerly a pupil of Dr. Koch, discusses that famous professor's newly-celebrated discovery of a cure for tuberculosis. Other interesting articles complete a very interesting number.

THE December *Arena* celebrated the opening of its third volume by appearing in a handsome new cover of pearl gray background, printed in deep blue and silver. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Count Tolstoi made from a photograph taken from a life-size painting of the Count. The opening paper is on "The Christian Doctrine of Non-resistance," and embodies the views of Count Tolstoi and Rev. Adin Ballou as set forth in an extensive correspondence. Rev. Minot J. Savage contributes a paper entitled "Then and Now," which will be enjoyed by every reader whether grave or gay. Prof. N. S. Shaler appears in a strong paper on "The Nature of the Negro." A broad-spirited and able paper by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, the well-known pastor of Plymouth Church, is on "What is Christianity?" A full-page portrait of Dr. Abbott accompanies his paper. A. C. Wheeler, better known in the dramatic world as Nym Crinkle, writes a capital critical paper on the late Dion Boucicault. Helen H. Gardener appears in a contribution entitled "Thrown in with the City's Dead." President E. B. Andrews, of Brown University, writes ably on "Patriotism and the Public Schools." Prof. Wilbur L. Cross, Ph. D., contributes an interesting sketch of Ibsen's great poem entitled "Brand." Hamlin Garland has a story of merit entitled "A Private's Return." The department of editorial notes contain a timely paper on "Conservatism and Sensualism, an Unhallowed Alliance."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. NICHOLAS P. GILMAN is writing a new volume on "Socialism and the American Spirit."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON in his new novel, "The Wrecker," will, it is said, make a good deal of the *Calliope* hurricane incident at Apia, the capital of Samoa.

THE price of Mrs. Harrison's new book "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis," now ready at Messrs. Hart and Company, King Street West, has been definitely fixed at \$1.25.

DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER has an important book in the press of the Baker and Taylor Company, New York, entitled "How to be a Pastor." It will appear very soon.

TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS, by announcement of G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, will begin to be issued with the new year. The first volume will be eagerly looked for.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY have issued what is styled "The Grozelier Portrait of Emerson." It is said to be "one of the finest likenesses of Emerson ever made."

MR. DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON has written an elaborate essay on "The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature," which will prove, no doubt, a very able contribution to the genesis of the novel.

PRINCE BISMARCK is still at Varzin, enjoying excellent health. He is working most zealously at his memoirs, with the assistance of Herr Lothar Bucher and his private secretary, Dr. Chrysanter, but it will take some time to complete them.

THE new *Educational Review* will be issued by Henry Holt and Company, New York, on 1st January next. On the contributors' list are the names of many of the foremost educational thinkers and writers of the age. We hail its advent and wish it every success. The field it enters is one of surpassing interest to progressive educators.

BISHOP BARRY, in the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Loyalty of the Colonies," speaks eloquently of his personal experience and impressions when he was in Sydney, at the time of the preparation and despatch of the expedition to the Soudan, and he has some pertinent remarks on Inter-

colonial Federation. The whole article is good and altogether *ad rem*.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have in press "A Dictionary of Classical Mythology, Religion, Literature, Art and Antiquities," a revised edition of Dr. Seyffert's work by Messrs. Nettleship and Sandys fully illustrated. The first part of "The Dictionary of Political Economy," which Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S., is editing for this firm, will appear in January next. It promises to be a very exhaustive and authoritative work.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, the poet who is most frequently mentioned as Lord Tennyson's successor as Poet Laureate, is a small man, quite short of stature, with a very large head covered with a crown of hair that is dangerously near being red. He is sharp, quick, and alert in his movements, with a nervous look and an absent-minded air. He is a brilliant talker who is fond of receiving visitors, and entertaining them with dissertations upon all sorts of subjects. He can talk on one theme as well as on another, but is quite fond of doing all the talking himself. He is an old bachelor who boards with friends. As a word-painter, a combiner of sounding phrases, put together in a peculiarly musical manner, he has never had a superior.

THE creator of Mrs. Partington, who had been for years confined to a wheeled chair in his home at Chelsea, and yet kept the keenest interest in passing events, died recently. A more bright and genial spirit, one more filled with the very milk of human kindness, cheerful under the burdens of advancing years and strict confinement, is not often encountered. Mr. Shillaber has been since his retirement from active journalism in 1870 the Boston correspondent of the *Hartford Post*, and his letters, signed "The Old Man with the Cane," were illuminated with the cheerfulness that made him so warmly loved by his friends. His career as a writer had ended, but nothing could quench his joy in life and his interest in his kind. Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber was born in Portsmouth, N.H., July 12, 1814.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY have published a work of the first importance as a contribution to historical literature in "The Genesis of the United States," by Alexander Brown, member of the Virginia Historical Society, the American Historical Association and Fellow of the Royal Historical Society of England. It treats of the momentous period in history of our race on this northern continent included between the years 1605-1616. Mr. Brown is a fearless writer, of unusual ability, and well-balanced historical judgment, and is a most exhaustive investigator of remote historical data. In the present work important documents, discovered by him in the secret archives of Spain, will contribute their quota to history of the period dealt with. The same firm announce Vols. IX. and X. of the Riverside Edition of Lowell's works, continuing the poems and completing the edition.

"CARMEN SYLVA" begins her literary work before it is day. She disturbs no one, neither his Majesty nor even a maid. She lights her own lamp, and works until the sun brings more light. Were we to cite all her Majesty's published works they would be legion, and many others remain in the sacred precincts of her boudoir. The "Tales of the Carpathians," the libretto of an opera, a volume of "Thoughts," "Roumanian Poems," "Jehovah," "Mein Ruhe," and many others have been fully appreciated and translated into various languages. The opera "Neaga," the libretto of which was written by "Carmen Sylva," was performed with great success at Stockholm. The scene of the opera lies in Roumania, and convicts who are condemned to pass their lives in the salt mines are introduced. Peasant life is admirably depicted throughout, and the national costumes to be worn on the stage were sent from the Elizabeth School at Bucharest.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Taylor, Isaac, M.A., Litt, D., Hon., LL.D. The Origin of the Aryans. London: Walter Scott.

Thompson, Daniel Greenleaf. The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature. London: Longmans Green & Co.

Tillier, Claude. My Uncle Benjamin. Boston, Mass.: Benjamin R. Tucker.

Wedmore, Frederick. Life of Honoré De Balzac. London: Walter Scott.

"ERYGMATOSCOPE" is the somewhat formidable name given to a most ingenious appliance devised by M. Trouve, to facilitate the inspection of the geological strata pierced by the boring tool. The apparatus consists of a powerful incandescent lamp inclosed in a cylinder, one of the hemicylindrical surfaces on which constitutes the reflector; while the other, which is of thick glass, allows the luminous rays to pass through it, and light up the successive strata whose observation is required. Arrangements are made for raising and lowering the instrument with ease, and it gives excellent results down to a depth of over 600 feet, though successful operations can be made at a much greater depth by the use of a more powerful lamp. It is stated that an expedition which has been sent out to the Mozambique coast by the Portuguese Government, in search of coal and other minerals, has been supplied with erygmatoscopes.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AN AUTHOR'S DISTRESSES.

OH! where are the letters this morning?
Pray, John, have you heard the door-bell?
I've finished my early adorning,
And eaten my breakfast as well.
I thought that he surely would send me
Some sort of a word in reply;
Good fortune will never attend me—
I think I had better "say die."

I've sent him my stanzas and sonnets,
My "Travels in Eastern Thibet";
My views on the latest new bonnets,
My Ode and my sweet Triolet;
"Adventures of Pat in a Hovel,"
Statistics of crime and disease;
The whole of that beautiful novel,
"The Marriage of Duchess Louise."

I've sent him my "Essay on Rousseau."
My "Thoughts on the Close of the Year";
"Advice to a Bride for her Trousseau,"
"Remarks on the Brewing of Beer."
I've written on one side the paper,
And numbered the sheets every one,
I've worked till the light of the taper
Has paled in the light of the sun.

If he only would write and decline it,
'T would not seem so terrible—quite!
Does he think my own sense will divine it?
Oh, why won't that Editor write?

The Other Side of the Question.

Just hand out the waste-paper-basket;
Here's Alfred Arundel again
With "Pearls from a Moyen-age Casket,"
And "Lives of Unfortunate Men."
Here's Brown's psychological story,
In twenty-two chapters at least,
"The Life of an Old-fashioned Tory,"
Re-told by an Anglican Priest."

Five papers on Cardinal Newman,
And three on "The Hypnotic Craze,"
"The Altered Position of Woman
In these Super-civilized Days";
Miss Fol-de-rol's latest new lyric—
Ten verses—and all of them bad,
Strange ethics and science empiric,
And art and religion run mad.

Step over to Smithers', and tell 'em
To send their man round to the door;
We've lots of clean foolscap to sell 'em—
'Tis ten times as cheap as before;
And write—to contributors only—
"The Editor's gone to Peru;
He wants to be silent and lonely;
He won't read a scrap that is new.

"His magazine's fill'd to o'erflowing
Till May ninety-eight shall be here,
And while your new fancies are growing
You'd better keep out of his sphere."

—C. J. Blake, in *London Literary World*.

FROM A FRONTIER CHURCH TO LITERATURE.

THE time spent in a frontier ministry I look back upon with considerable satisfaction. The habit of ready speaking, the training in the art of meeting emergencies, the intimate knowledge of human life in its rudimentary conditions: are these not as well worth learning as the art of scanning Virgil, the list of ships in Homer, or Caesar's method of building a military bridge? More than this, the years of my ministry brought me into acquaintance with frontier preachers, and it is the privilege of a lifetime to have known a company of men so sincere and disinterested as most of these were, and to have participated in their labours. But there were, as I said, two manner of men in me, and my literary tastes and scholarly ambitions were ever rising up to protest that I was better suited for some other field. I was indeed continually cultivating habits of mind that tended to unfit me in some degree for the work I had chosen. From the highest motives I risked my life in crossing prairies afoot to preach in undaubed cabins with the thermometer below zero, but I often carried a volume of poetry, a scientific book, or perhaps a tome of French dramas along, to beguile the other man in me. Then, too, there was already growing in me that critical habit of mind which is apt to be so fatal to dogmatic beliefs, and thus to cut off religious enthusiasm for ground. In these years I wrote occasionally for *Methodist* and other periodicals. I remember particularly a paper on Beranger and his songs which I published while trying to evangelize the red-shirted lumbermen on the St. Croix. When in 1866 ill health drove me for the third time from the ministry, and I accepted the editorship of the "Little Corporal," I was fairly launched in a humble way in literature. It is no part of the purpose of this paper to recite the steps which followed. But when,

in 1870, I began to win attention and favour by writing novels illustrative of life in the great interior valley, I was only drawing on the resources which the very peculiar circumstances of my life had put at my disposal. Is it Herder who says: "My whole life is but the interpretation of the oracles of my childhood?"—*Edward Eggleston, in the Forum.*

STRYCHNINE AN ANTIDOTE TO SNAKE POISON.

DR. MUELLER, of Victoria, in an interesting letter addressed to Lord Lansdowne, Governor-General of India, claims to have discovered the secret of snake-poisoning. Dr. Mueller's theory is that snake poison suspends the action of the motor and vaso-motor nerve-centres. It is merely a dynamic action, and does not destroy tissue. It follows almost as a matter of course that the proper antidote is something that stimulates and increases the functional activity of these nerve-centres. And this remedy is strychnine. "It is applied," he writes, "by subcutaneous injections of ten to twenty minims of the liquor strychnine and continued every fifteen minutes until the paralyzing effect of the snake venom on the motor and vaso-motor nerve-cell are removed and slight strychnia symptoms supervene. The quantity of the drug required for this purpose depends on the amount of venom imparted by the snake, and may after the bite of a vigorous cobra amount to a grain or more, since more than half a grain has been found necessary to neutralize the effects of the bite of the tiger-snake, a reptile much resembling the cobra in appearance, but not imparting nearly as much venom. Strychnine and snake-poison being antagonistic in their action, I have found invariably that large doses of strychnine produced no toxic effects in the presence of snake-poison, until the action of the latter is completely suspended. These effects in their initial stage, manifested by slight muscular spasms, are patent to any ordinary observer, and perfectly harmless. They pass off quickly, and are an unfailing signal that the antidote is no longer required and the patient out of danger. Though fully aware of the unfavourable results of experiments with the drug on dogs made at Calcutta and London as well as in Australia, I was nevertheless so fully convinced of the correctness of my theory that I administered the antidote fearlessly to persons suffering from snake-bite, to a few at the very point of death, with pulse at wrists and respiration already suspended, and in every instance with the most gratifying success. This success has been equally marked in the practice of other medical men in nearly all parts of Australia, more especially in Queensland, where the most venomous of our snakes are met with. Owing to the general adoption of my method, deaths from snake-bite are now events of the past in Australia, and occur in rare instances, where from ignorance, neglect, or the impossibility of procuring the antidote in time it is not applied." It is quite possible of course that, although the remedy invariably succeeds in case of snake-bites in Australia, it may not be equally potent against our more deadly cobra and krait. Nevertheless it is well worth trying, and we hope that experiments with it will be made in India.—*Allahabad Pioneer.*

A PLEA FOR FAIRYLAND.

IN this age of materialism there is but little room for belief in the old heroes and in the stories of their heroic deeds which have been a delight and an inspiration to past generations. Historical iconoclasts have pulled down many of the world's idols from the pedestals on which they have stood so long, or else have striven to show that they were only figures of common clay; and we have been asked to surrender Sir William Wallace, William Tell, Joan of Arc, Jessie Brown of Lucknow, and all the heroic figures that crowd the Walhalla of the ages, to the domain of legend and imagination. In a similar spirit teachers who seem to think that knowledge is simply the possession of a long array of facts have started a crusade against the tales which have so long been offered to childhood, and would banish fairyland forever from the nursery. There may, it is true, be but scanty room in the world now for the elfin creatures who once found their home in the buttermilks and daisies, for the gnomes who dwelt in the hearts of mountains, and the giants who strode over moors and valleys. Queen Mab's chariot would be crushed by one of the myriads of feet that night and day are crowding almost every spot of earth; Will-o'-the-Wisp has had to fly before drainage and cultivation, and the steam derrick can do more than a whole army of toiling brownies. And yet life is so hard, so real, so neutral in tints, that to take away the legend and the fairy tale would rob humanity of many a pleasant memory and sunny thought. There are few men and women, no matter how much they may have been scarred in life's battles, who do not occasionally revert with a tender emotion to the days when the realm of the ideal was to them a living reality; when the world was peopled with superhuman creatures of wondrous power for good or for evil. If the age in which we live is to keep its freshness it cannot afford to lose these memories. Jack the Giant Killer, the Babes in the Wood, Little Red Riding Hood, the Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots, and all the quaint creations that march in procession through story books, ever living, ever radiant, cannot be taken away without leaving a void that not all the learning of the century can fill. Let the children be taught knowledge, but spare for their sakes the fairy tale.—*Philadelphia Record.*

PHYSICAL EXERCISE FOR LADIES.

MRS. GARRETT ANDERSON, M.D., presided at a numerously attended meeting, principally of ladies, in the Hampstead Vestry Hall, Haverstock Hill, at which Miss R. Goodman, a teacher of calisthenics and gymnastic exercises on the Chreiman system, delivered an address on "The Importance of Physical Culture." With the assistance of some of her young lady pupils she went through an exhibition of musical drill and calisthenics. At the conclusion of the exercises, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., said that she was sure that all present, like herself, had felt extreme pleasure in witnessing the beautiful exhibition Miss Goodman had given them. She thought it would be a good thing for many "old fogies" if they could acquire a tenth of the skill and muscle possessed by those young people. For her own part, she was frequently urging ladies of thirty, forty, and fifty years of age to take physical exercise. It would do them good to play at ball half an hour a day. She quite endorsed all that Miss Goodman had said about the extreme value of these physical exercises, and especially those of the varied and gentle kind they had just seen. There was nothing in them too violent to be other than good for growing muscles or even only moderately strong ladies. Miss Goodman had said that Englishwomen could not walk well, but she would ask Miss Goodman who walked better? Neither American nor Australian girls walked better than English girls, though they—and particularly the Australian girls—danced a great deal better. The Germans and the French did not walk well, either. She thought that the English were at the top of the tree in that respect.

PRINTING "THE CENTURY."

WEB presses for newspapers are common enough, but this press has distinction as the first, and for three years the only, web press used in this country for good book-work. At one end of the machine is a great roll of paper more than two miles long when unwound, and weighing about 750 pounds. As the paper unwinds it passes first over a jet of steam which slightly dampens and softens, but does not wet or sodden its hard surface and fits it for receiving impressions. It next passes under a plate cylinder on which are thirty-two curved plates, inked by seven large rollers, which prints thirty-two pages on one side. Then it passes around a reversing cylinder which presents the other side of the paper to another plate cylinder, on which are thirty-two plates which print exactly on the back the proper pages for the thirty-two previously printed. This is done quickly—in less than two seconds—but with exactness. But the web of paper is still uncut. To do this it is drawn upward under a small cylinder containing a concealed knife, which cuts the printed web in strips two leaves wide and four leaves long. As soon as out the sheets are thrown forward on endless belts of tape. An ingenious but undetectable mechanism gives to every alternate sheet a quicker movement, so that it falls exactly over its predecessor, making two lapped strips of paper. Busy little adjusters now come in play, placing these lapped sheets of paper accurately up to a head and a side guide. Without an instant of delay down comes a strong creasing blade over the long centre of the sheet, and pushes it out of sight. Pulleys at once seize the creased sheet and press it flat, in which shape it is hurried forward to meet three circular knives on one shaft which cut it across in four equal pieces. Disappearing an instant from view, it comes out on the other side at the upper end of the tail of the press in the form of four-folded sections of eight pages each. Immediately after, at the lower end of the tail of the press, out come four entirely different sections of eight pages each. This duplicate delivery shows the product of the press to be at every revolution of the cylinders sixty-four pages, neatly printed, truly cut, and accurately registered and folded, ready for the binder. This web press is not so fast as the web press of daily newspapers, but it performs more operations and does more accurate work.—*Theo. L. De Vinne, in the Century.*

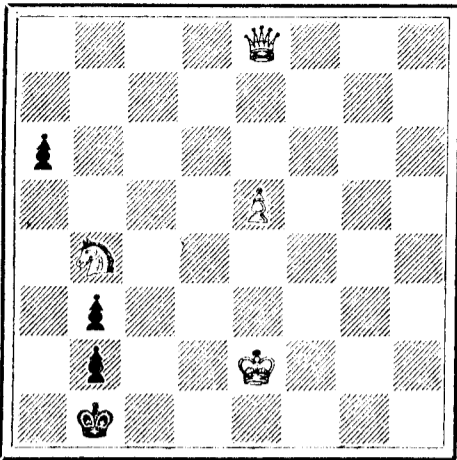
HOW TO PRESERVE THE VOICE.

How to preserve the voice and keep it presumably fresh is almost like asking how to keep from growing old. Some people grow faster than others because they are imprudent and do not take care of themselves. The voice should not be imposed upon, and instead of growing husky in a decade it should remain comparatively fresh for two and even four decades. Patti's voice is a fine example of one that has never been imposed upon, never been forced to sing six nights in a week and once at a matinée. A grand opera singer should sing only twice a week, perhaps three times if his or her physical condition warrants it. Singers should have plenty of sleep, good appetites, nothing to make them nervous, and, if possible, a more or less phlegmatic disposition. The latter they rarely possess to any great degree. Overwork is death to a voice. A singer will not notice at first the inroads that gradually undermine a voice and leave it an echo of its former sweetness.—*Campanini, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

If the gatherer takes too much, Nature takes but of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions.—*Emerson.*

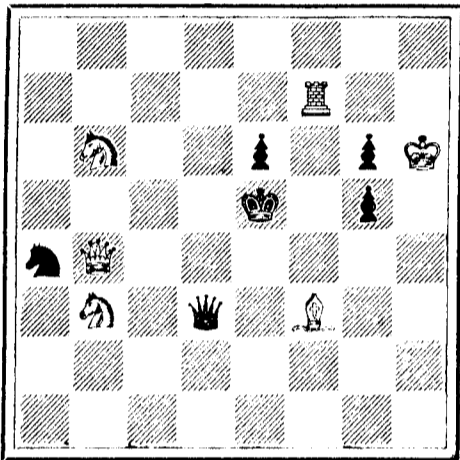
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4. Kt-K R 3	P-Q 4	27. R x R	P x R
5. Castles	B-K 2	28. B-B 4	B-Q 3
6. Kt-Q 2	Castles	29. B-K 3	Q-K B 2
7. P-Q B 3	Q-K 1	30. K-Kt 2	Q-K 3
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9. P-K 3	Kt-B 3	32. R-Q 1	Q-B 6 +
10. P-K B 3	P-Q Kt 3	33. K-Kt 1	B-B 4
11. Kt-B 2	B-Kt 2	34. Q x P +	Q x Q
12. Kt-Kt 3	Kt-Q 1	35. R x Q	B x B +
13. P x P	P x P	36. K-Kt 2	R-B 7 +
14. P-K 4	B P x P	37. K-R 3	R x Kt P
15. P x P	R-B 1	38. R-Q 8 +	K-B 2
16. P x P	B x P	39. R-Q 7 +	K-B 3
17. B x B	Kt x B	40. R-Q B 7	B-Kt 3
18. Kt-Q 2	Q-B 2	41. R x B P	R x Q R P
19. Q Kt-K 4	Kt-Kt 2	42. R-B 4 +	K-K 3
20. Kt-Q 3	P-B 5	43. R-K 4 +	K-Q 3
21. Kt-B 4	Kt-B 4	44. K-Kt 4	R x P
22. Q Kt x Kt	B x Kt +	45. P-B 4	P-Q R 4
23. K-Kt 2	Q-Kt 2	46. R-K 1	B-Q 5

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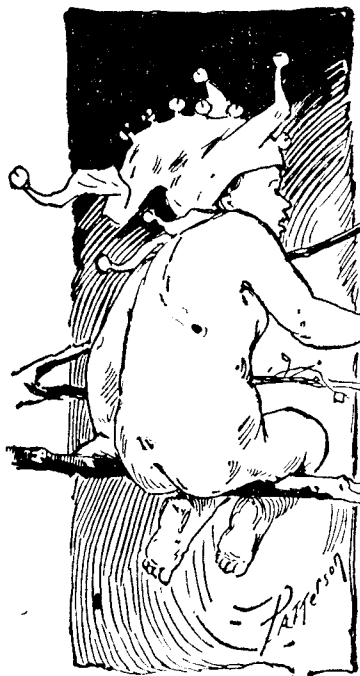
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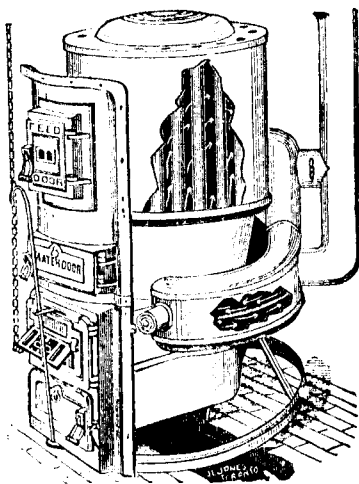
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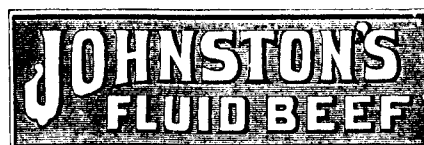
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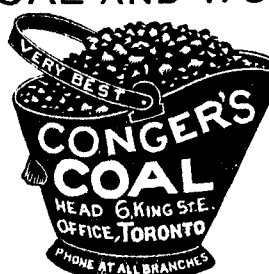
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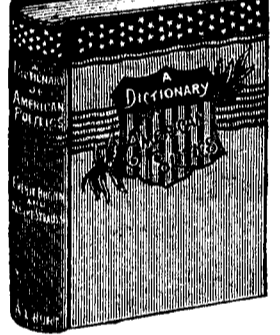
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