

THE WEEK:

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Toronto, April 28, 1886.

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GOLDWIN SMITH, Chairman, JAS. L. HUGHES, Secretary.
March 15, 1886.

THE WEEK.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 23.

Toronto, Thursday, May 6th, 1886.

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SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE.*

It is with a feeling approaching to despondency or weariness that one takes in hand a new book, especially of two goodly octavo volumes, on the well-worn subject of the Bible and science, without forgetting the admirable contributions made in former days toward a mutual understanding between these two teachers, such as the works of Chalmers, Hugh Miller, Buckland, and many others. It must be confessed that there is some danger of overdoing the thing. Moreover, when we consider some recent essays in order to reconciliation, notably Mr. Gladstone's controversy with Professor Huxley, we do not find ourselves in a more hopeful condition as to the end of the conflict. In a great measure our anxieties, as far as they might concern the work now before us, have been removed by its perusal.

Dr. Reusch is "Professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Bonn." We are not told whether it is Roman Catholic or Old Catholic, for both are ably represented at that university. It is most probable that our author is a Roman Catholic; but, however that may be, he is a scholar, a thinker, a writer, such as any communion might be proud to own.

If there are still any Christians disquieted by the fear that in some way the discoveries of science are at variance with the teachings of Scripture, they cannot do better than read this book by Dr. Reusch. We imagine that there are fewer and fewer of these every year; but even those who are troubled by no anxieties of the kind will find here a firm, clear, and reasonable statement of the principles which should govern such an inquiry; a large amount of very interesting information respecting the earth and its inhabitants, and a set of conclusions drawn up with great care and candour, so that it is difficult to believe that any genuine man of science could seriously quarrel with this theologian.

Dr. Reusch points out once more—what has so often been set forth—that the Bible was not written to teach us science; and that many of the apparent contradictions between the Bible and Nature result from our misunderstandings and misinterpretations. "The object of supernatural Divine revelation is never the extension of our profane knowledge, and therefore the Bible is nowhere intended to give us strictly scientific information. This statement is by no means new, and cannot be regarded as a concession wrung by Natural Science from Theology in modern times; on the contrary, we find it in the book which was used as a compendium in all theological schools throughout the scholastic period; namely, the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard. "Speaking on behalf of Theology in general," he adds "and exegesis in particular, we are firmly persuaded that an honest and lasting union with Natural Science will surely be attained if the followers of the latter will, for their part, meet us with equal candour and placability."

Without going into minute detail we may indicate briefly the principal topics which are dealt with in these volumes. We have the various theories of the six days described and examined, and this at very great length, occupying nearly one-half of the entire work. Then we have an account of the Deluge, in which the results of scientific inquiry are compared with the teachings of the Bible. Next we have a chapter on spontaneous, or equivocal, generation. Then a careful examination of the theory of descent with special reference to Darwin's teachings on species. This is followed by three lectures on the unity of man, one on the duration of life in the first age, one on the antiquity of the human race, one on the prehistoric periods, and a concluding lecture on lake dwellings and other prehistoric antiquities. With regard to the six days, the author first dismisses the literal interpretation, and also the modified form of this interpretation which is known as the "Theory of Restitution." On this, which was first suggested by Dr. Chalmers, the author adopts the language of Hugh Miller, who says: "We are led also to know that any scheme of reconciliation which would separate between the recent and the extinct existences by a chaotic gulf of death and darkness is a scheme that no longer meets the necessities of the case. Though perfectly adequate forty [seventy] years ago, it has been greatly outgrown by the progress of geological discovery, and is, as I have said, adequate no longer." In the Concordist Theory—that the days represent periods in creation—there is something very fascinating, and there is, on a superficial survey, a great appearance of truth. But it cannot be said to hold good universally or even to an extent sufficient to justify us in using it even as a kind of rough working theory; and the author, after passing the various theories in review, finally adopts the "ideal interpretation of the six days."

"According to this theory, the six days do not signify six consecutive periods, but six chief moments of God's creative activity which can be logically distinguished from each other—six divine thoughts or ideas realized in the creation. That all which has been created has been created by God, and according to the will of God, is a religious truth which must be asserted as decisively and distinctly as possible in the narrative of the creation. This is accomplished by the enumeration of the separate creative and world-forming acts of God. The length of time occupied by the realizing of the separate Divine acts and the completion of the whole creation is of no religious importance, and we need not therefore expect to find any information about it in the Biblical account of creation; nor are we justified in asserting that such information is to be found in the designation, 'six days.'"

In regard to the theory of descent, he shows conclusively that whatever probabilities may be connected with Mr. Darwin's hypotheses as to the origin and transmission of species, they are still unproved, to which it may be added that, in the atheistic or pantheistic sense (which was not Mr. Darwin's) they are incapable of proof. In connection with this subject we cannot help drawing the attention of the reader to the numerous illustrations afforded by Dr. Reusch of the reckless manner in which Haeckel brings forward ill-attested facts in support of his theories. This writer, one of the most offensive of all who have assailed the supernatural order, is perhaps the least scientific in the true sense of the word. He can never resist the temptation to make a point against the Bible even when he has to misrepresent the facts, as he often does.

The lectures which deal with the unity and the antiquity of the human race are of peculiar interest. With regard to the form of these questions he points out that however much the different races of men may differ from each other, their resemblances are so great and deep as to constitute them one species and to lead to the belief of their common origin. If the races of mankind were hybrids, they would be sterile, but this is not the case. Besides this fundamental quality of a distinct species, there are other points of resemblance, such as the anatomical form of the body, the liability to sickness, limit of age, normal temperature of the body, average rate of pulse, periodicity of some of the functions, etc. "Such similarity is never found in the animal world, in the case of the different species of a genus, but only in the case of varieties of a species."

In speaking of the antiquity of man and of the prehistoric period, the author recalls a number of instances in which geologists have made the greatest mistakes as to the length of time required for some of the formations under the earth. For this and other details, however, the reader must be referred to the book itself.

WILLIAM CLARK.

* Nature and the Bible: Lectures on the Mosaic History of Creation in its relation to Natural Science. By Dr. F. H. Reusch, of Bonn. 2 vols. 8vo. T. & T. Clarke, 1886.

NIGHT.

At peaceful hours like these, how sweet to glide
 In floating pinnace o'er the rippling tide,
 With gentle hand to ply the impelling oar,
 And view the nightly beauties of the shore!
 Like some fair child her mother fears to wake,
 The moon seems slumbering on the placid lake,
 Rocked in the stillness of her dreamless rest
 By every breeze that heaves its crystal breast.
 With peerless cups the opening lilies shine
 Like white-robed queens or fabled nymphs divine,
 Whose amorous deeds full many a minstrel told
 When inspiration struck the lyres of old.
 Then wandering Fancy gave celestial power
 To tinkling-stream and dewy-petalled flower;
 In every fount some light-haired Naiad dwells;
 'Tis Echo's voice that animates the dells,
 And from the chambers of her ocean cave
 The Nereid's music floats upon the wave.
 Thus oft of old the nymphs in frolic played
 In limpid streams, or coursed the moonlit glade;
 While jocund mirth impelled the sportive throng
 To measured dance or sweet enlivening song.

—FRANCIS HENRY WOOD: *Echoes of the Night.*

MUSIC IN ONTARIO.

In the days now past, when Ontarians were engaged chiefly in conquering the wilderness and making homes for themselves, little time could be given to the study of music. The daily life of a people compelled to labour hard to secure a livelihood and a home in a new and rough country, is not conducive to that state of mind in which artistic ideas are likely to germinate or develop. Not until a community has reached that stage of progress when Nature has been conquered, when it is no longer necessary to devote all available energy to caring for the needs of the body, and when leisure for recreation and amusement is possessed by the majority, can general cultivation of musical taste and executive ability be looked for. Ontario's material progress, however, has been rapid. Her people are now in a position to devote time and energy to the cultivation of science and the fine arts. Their love for music is inherited from ancestors who were citizens of music-loving countries. There has, therefore, of late been considerable advance in the cultivation of musical taste. The peripatetic "professor" who paid a flying visit to the village and taught "singing school," and closed his term with "A Grand Performance of the sublime cantata 'Esther,'" is a well-remembered personage. But he does not flourish as of yore. The day of such songs as "Mollie Darling," "Put Me in My Little Bed," is gone, and now they are seldom heard. From the "singing school" and the reign of the trashy sentimental song there has been, in this Province, a remarkable and pleasing advance in the cultivation of music among the people, and in saying this the singing of such songs as "Oh, Dem Golden Slippers," and the like, by certain classes at the present day, is not left out of account. This advance is evidenced in the existence in Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, St. Catharines, Guelph, Brantford, London, and other cities and towns, of large musical societies, composed for the most part of enthusiastic amateurs, who give of their time and money for the sake of studying and performing the grandest works that have been written. Some of these societies have been in active life for years. The list of works given within recent years by the Toronto and Hamilton Societies includes many of the standard oratorios, and the people of these cities have had an opportunity of listening (within a very short time of their first performance at the festivals for which they were specially written) to the latest and best oratorios and cantatas by modern composers. In Ottawa the "Messiah" and works of lesser importance have been given; in London the "Creation," and various cantatas; in Guelph and Brantford the "Messiah" has also been performed, and in St. Catharines portions of the "Creation" and Barnett's "Ancient Mariner" have been given. At the present writing, Toronto possesses the Philharmonic Society, under F. H. Torrington, the Choral Society, under E. Fisher, the Vocal Society, under W. Haslam, and other societies of lesser magnitude, and also a professional string quartette, in connection with which a series of very successful concerts, known as the "Monday Pops," has been given during the present season. Hamilton has the Philharmonic Society, under F. H. Torrington, the Musical Union, under R. Thomas Steele, the Orchestral Club, under J. E. P. Aldous, and the Arion Club (male voices), under F. W. Wodell. London has a Philharmonic Society in a quiescent state, and the Arion Club, under W. D. Birks; Guelph, the Choral Society, under W. Philip; St. Catharines, the Choral Society, under A. M. Read; Brantford, the Mendelssohn Society, under Prof. Garratt; and Ottawa, a Choral

Society, under (I think) J. W. F. Harrison. Ontario has been fortunate in that for years band music has been popular in nearly every town of any importance. The 13th Battalion band of Hamilton, 7th Battalion band of London, Queen's Own band of Toronto, 27th Battalion band of Sarnia, Guelph City band, Waterloo band, Bowmanville, Preston, and other bands have of late years given each season a series of popular concerts, on each programme of which has appeared an overture by some composer of good rank, or selections of a high-class character. The steady progress of these bands toward greater excellence, and their choice of the best grade of selections, cannot have failed to educate public taste. The Toronto Choral Society is now at work upon Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," the Philharmonic Society is rehearsing "Mors et Vita," Gounod's latest work, the Hamilton Philharmonic Society has just performed "Samson," the St. Catharines Society is preparing Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," the Guelph Society has begun the rehearsal of Bennett's "May Queen," and Costa's "Naaman" has been spoken of in connection with the Brantford musicians. Add to this list of works in preparation the fact that arrangements for a gigantic June festival in Toronto are well under way, that a Saengerfest, at which Haydn's "Creation" is to be the principal work, is being arranged for August, at Berlin, under the direction of Theo. Zoellner, and that a great band competition for the same month is talked of for Walkerton, and it will be acknowledged that (although the list of organizations is confessedly incomplete) the people of Ontario, judging by the public efforts of citizens of leading cities and towns, have reached a stage of intellectual and art progress where the love for the best in music is widespread.

Yet it would be unfair to assert that the existence of the organizations spoken of, and the frequent performance of high class music, show that the people of Ontario are equal to their privileges and opportunities. It is the enthusiasts who keep these societies alive prominently before the public and up to the times in the character of the selections performed. Those who have for years carried the burden of debt incurred by some of these societies, and spent valuable time in persuading their fellow-citizens to give of their means for the support of large musical organizations,—others who have brought from abroad to our cities and towns artists of high rank to give public performances, and been obliged to meet from their private funds large deficits because of lack of patronage—and yet others who have played and sung classical works to unappreciative audiences who apparently wondered "what it was all about," afterward loudly applauding a tricky performance of a fantasia upon some well-known air, or a quartette by performers upon the instrument commonly known as the "mouth-organ,"—will another tale unfold. But musical taste is a thing of growth, and in order to its development there must always be in a community some in advance of the majority, ready to work as missionaries for love of art, and spend time and money without immediate or adequate return.

These missionaries and the organizations they support are hindered in their work by the injudicious style of criticism characteristic of the Ontario press. It is perhaps too much to expect that the critical writing on art matters in the press of this Province shall, in breadth of treatment and general style, be so far in advance of general culture as to rank with that of the press of older countries, such as Germany and England. Yet part of the mission of the press, professedly, is to mould public opinion and lead public thought, and if the journalists of Ontario (who have done so much for their country at great self-sacrifice) could be led to see the real purpose of criticism as considered from a musician's standpoint, as well as from that of the newspaper publisher, the work of cultivating the public taste for the good in music, would be greatly advanced. How is it possible that people shall come to estimate musical works or performances at their true value while newspapers continue systematically to publish a series of indiscriminate puffs, and call their work criticism? All these extravagant statements certainly cannot be true, and one result of the "general admiration" style of criticism is that when a really great artist or work comes before him for consideration the critic finds himself high and dry upon a barren shore which is strewn with the mangled remains of words that have been wrecked in the attempt to describe "the superlative excellence of Miss Jones's singing of 'Tit-for-tat,'" or Signor Brown's "magnificent performance of 'Robin Adair' as a violin solo upon four strings." The critic having exhausted the English language in his remarks upon local or amateur doings, is sorely at a loss for words to set forth the merits and demerits of a genuinely artistic effort. Indiscriminate criticism—criticism not based upon knowledge and tempered by breadth of view and a charitable spirit, whether in praise or censure, is bad, both for performer and public. Human nature is so constituted that if Mr. Jones is told by his newspaper that his playing of "Fairy Wedding Waltz" was "so excellent as to make it advisable for Rubinstein to look to his laurels," he is apt

to endeavour to make himself believe that the critic knows more about his abilities than he does himself, and to settle down into that state of self-satisfaction which is the tomb of all progress toward real excellence. Then, too, the journalist has a duty to the public to perform—for the people look to him for reasonably accurate information as to the merits of a performer or work. The influence and prosperity of a newspaper is limited by the extent of the confidence the public has in its policy and utterances. If the public is systematically misled in any one direction—in musical criticism, for instance,—the more intelligent will discover it, and their influence will certainly be adverse to the journal which has so far deceived them. The critic has also to consider that it is not just that a performer who has devoted much time, thought, and talent to his work should be disposed of by a paragraph, the phrases of which have often been used to indicate the qualities of some performance of which even the tyro knows enough to judge that it is far surpassed by the one last spoken of. I do not argue or believe that Ontario newspaper men are incapable of good writing on art subjects. What I do say is that newspaper proprietors, in justice to their readers, to artists, and to themselves, should place the department of art criticism in capable hands, and then support their critics against the attacks which people who are self-seekers, and too ready to impute dishonourable motives, are sure to make upon them.

Another obstacle to the rapid spread of musical culture in Ontario is the weak, sentimental, trashy character of Protestant Sunday-school hymnology. When, years ago, Bradbury and Root, and others in the United States, first published the collections of Sunday-school hymns which marked the introduction of the special "Sunday-school" hymn, and led to the virtual banishment of the church hymnary from the Sunday-school, they accomplished an evil work, whether considered from a religious or musical standpoint. As poetry and music calculated to exert a good influence upon the little ones—as good poetry and music—the namby-pamby ditties, adaptations for the most part of negro or minstrel melodies, wedded to weak poetical effusions which tell of "A Home Over There, Over There," "There are Angels Hovering Round," or "Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land," can no more compare with the rugged yet tender lines of the grand old hymns to be found in the hymnaries of the Protestant churches, set to tunes founded upon the magnificent chorales of the German churches or the equally inspiring strains composed by the old English writers of church music, than can the wailing of the sickly infant be compared with the powerful yet well-modulated tones of the orator. The type of hymn brought into common use by Moody and Sankey, and adopted by the host of their imitators, has also had a most pernicious effect, making the greatest of mysteries and most holy things common, lessening the reverence of the children for the Deity, and preventing the growth of a love for the really good and beautiful in poetry and music. It will take years of good instruction to overcome the influence of an early training in the use of these Sunday-school hymns. Yet who that has heard a band of little ones pealing out the strains of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah," and noted their intense emotional feeling, as their little throats swelled into that glorious "Hallelujah! King of Kings and Lord of Lords," but has felt that here of a surety was a grand illustration of a power of good music allied to genuine sentiment? The Sunday-school should be rid of the "Golden Harps," "Song Crowns," "Sparkling Diadems," and a thousand and one Sunday-school hymn books thrust upon the market by mechanical hymn-makers, and a return had to the church hymnary, if the coming generation is to advance as rapidly in musical art as could be wished.

I think the time has come when the establishment, upon a large scale, of a thoroughly equipped Conservatory of Music is a necessity in this Province. Such an institution would help the spread of true ideas of music, furnish a standard of musical teaching and criticism, and would help rather than compete with the large number of capable teachers now resident in the Province. Whether it would be a financial success is a problem. That it would do a good work there can be no question, and were it established there would then be no more excuse for sending our young students to New York, Philadelphia, or Boston for a thorough musical training any more than now exists for passing by Toronto University, and sending our young people to American universities to obtain a liberal education.

I take a hopeful view of the present state and prospects of music in Ontario. Those qualities which made the nations to which our fathers belonged the leaders in musical culture should and will have their effect on us, and as we have progressed in commerce and general education, so I believe we shall advance in musical culture.

F. W. WODELL.

M. WADDINGTON once told "a certain Eastern sheikh" that France would protect him when he was in the right. "That is not enough," quoth the Oriental; "we want you to help us when we are in the wrong also."

A PARIS PENSION.

THE Frenchman is a sort of *bureau de placement* personified. No matter whether one comes to Paris to improve one's mind, one's body, or one's toilet, he is ever ready with recommendations, and has at his command a score of professors, doctors, and tailors. Your own particular physician is always sure to be a charlatan, and your singing master an ignoramus. Alas that the foreigner should so soon catch this spirit; and we, ere long, find ourselves persecuted not only by the Gaul, but by our fellow Saxon.

No.—was a charming pension, but our little friend, Mr. Harmonicus, had discovered another, which he assured us was an earthly paradise. It was on the fifth *étage*, naturally, but of a most beautiful house, situated on the banks of the Seine. The entrance to this mansion was superb: the grand staircase of coloured marble, the concierge's room, princely; but nothing can so well describe the charms of this pension as the erudite landlady's card—(Authentic.) :—

MADAM JEAN B—, —,
Diploma from Academy.

First-class Family Home. Boarders for learn French.
Furnace, lifts in house.

No.—, Avenue M—.

No.—, you see, had decided attractions.

There are certain peculiarities which Parisian pension-keepers possess as a genus. Whether these are real or factitious, they are, nevertheless, flaunted before the eyes of every stranger, upon whose lack of insight the Frenchman flatters himself with astounding complacency. You will invariably find that your landlady is the granddaughter, the niece, or second cousin of a count. She has lost her fortune—but any amount over a franc is a fortune in France—during the dreadful war of 1870, and finally she and that Jack-of-all-trades, her husband, not to break entirely with all their old habits of elegance and luxury, are pleased to permit a few friends to share their *vie de famille*, that they may not be forced to retire to more humble quarters.

No.— is saved by its situation. The view from the windows of that now famous fifth *étage* is unsurpassed in Paris. On the other side of the place or square, facing which the house stands, flows the Seine *Sous les mille jalots assise en souveraine*. To the west, rising like a rampart against the sky, the hill of Meudon, dotted with white villas; to the south, that vast sea of houses above which towers the domes of *Les Invalides*, and the Panthéon; and far away to the east, through a veil of mist, Notre Dame; to the north, the heights of Montmartre; and one has only to walk out upon one's balcony to view this magnificent panorama.

In Paris there are artists and artists. The Frenchman, the Russian, the Swede manage to be quite happy in the tumble-down old *pensions de famille* of the exterior boulevards, or the funny little rooms of the Latin quarter, but with the worthy Saxon it is another thing. If he is *exigent* at home, he is ten times more so when abroad. Then, with most of the Americans who come to Europe to study, art is not a matter of bread. They may have to put their talent in the market some day, but they inwardly hope and pray that hour may never arrive. In the meantime they are in Paris, and their life at times reflects some very pretty day-dreams. But alas! the rushes of cold reality are not infrequent.

Our pension was a perfect nest of artists. But this had its disadvantages. Imagine eight pianos, two violins and five *cantatrices* all going at once. No wonder the occupants of the *étages* revolted. Alas for the musician who dared to strike a chord after nightfall. If his room happened to be on the court, his efforts were instantly drowned by cries, from garret to basement—"Down with the wretched instrument!" "To the guillotine, the violin!"

Dinner-time was one of our few moments of respite. Then gathered in the dimly lit dining-room, a heterogeneous mass indeed.

At the centre of the table sits the landlady, with eyes and ears always on the strain, smiling, rusé, coquettish, a mass of pose. Opposite, her husband, ever ready to talk of things he most ignores, but prudently changing ground when a stronger foe comes on the field. Coward in all things, awkwardly polite, he is the type of a certain class, a class fortunately not large.

We have the proud sensitive Dane, the sarcastic little Swiss governess, the thoughtful, shiftless Russian, with her eternal "*que faire!*" the argumentative little English correspondent, who plays at an unended game of cross-purposes with the world in general, and his pretty *vis-à-vis* in particular—four sisters, Americans, whose conversation has more than the usual amount of dashing assertion, condemnation and aplomb. With these latter and a few others, we form the Saxon colony, the despair of our hostess, who sighs to the British correspondent—"Alas! that I cannot understand your beautiful *langue*." (Her mind truly French, ever turns to the same

point.) "Imagine if one of your countrymen were to write to me in English, 'I love you,' alas, I might read it, 'I love you *not*.'" "True," replied the Britisher coldly, "Then, I suppose if he were to say, 'I love you *not*,' you would translate it, 'I adore you.'"

Sooner or later, at every meal, some unfortunate individual throws the apple of discord into the midst of the assembly, by a wretched remark which instantly leads to a fiery international discussion. In such cases, the solitary Canadian—and thus should it always be—sits smilingly upon the fence. It is not the *American*, but the *Americaine*, who has gained the Frenchman's heart. It is interesting to see how this storm in a tea-pot resembles the tempest on the sea. Our poor Britisher often stands alone, but his coolness and causticity, as usual, bear him through. If one would find out the real cause of Anglophobia, so prevalent, alas! and for which a Pasteur will be hard to find, we must look beyond the patriotism of flowery phrases, do *rn* into the long grass where a little green snake lies coiled.

Our discussion is not over, but dinner is, and they unceremoniously put out the lights, so we are forced to rush back to work, each one as he goes down the hall instinctively humming a national air.

L. L.

THE OFFICE AND INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

If men are apt to lean rather to the "business" side of things, to think too exclusively of "what will pay," to be satisfied with general rules, and careless if these bear hard on particular cases, the fit office of women is to keep alive ideals, to speak for a wise generosity as the best economy, and to insist that general rules are but conclusions from the wide observation of individual cases. If an able woman, with a kind heart and an accurate mind, will take trouble to investigate the details of any subject of social interest, the whole country will listen to her; such names as Miss Nightingale, Miss Octavia Hill, and the late Mrs. Nassau Senior will occur to everyone. But ordinary women can, if they will, exercise each in her degree and her own range the same kind of influence as those distinguished women. That kind of influence is germane to the natural constitution of women, and suited to the main conditions of female life as marked out by their bodily, mental, and moral characteristics.

Nor need this influence be confined to social questions, though no doubt it will in the main be so. Wise women will offer their opinion with diffidence where (as in foreign politics, for instance) they can have but a very imperfect knowledge of data, and probably also strictly limited powers of estimating what they do know. But if they are able to take intelligent interest in (say) the foreign affairs of the country, it can but be to the good that they should discuss such subjects with their male friends and relations, and bring to bear those characteristics of feminine minds which, as I have tried to show, have a true value in counselling the masculine. But surely the more careful they are in thinking and speaking, the more they will recognize that questions of peace and war, trade and commerce, belong as appropriately to the masculine minds as questions of household management, the care of children, and the care of sick belong to feminine.

In few words, if I might hazard definition in so large a field, I should say that the fitness of men is to discern the larger issues of life and conduct, to connote facts, to infer principles and lay down rules of action; and the fitness of women, to care for the daily needs and claims of individuals, which, trifling as they may seem to triflers, make up a large part of life to the dutiful—to raise the sympathies, the charities, and (in the widest sense) the grace of life to the same level of importance as its necessary business, its necessary rivalries, contentions, ambitions. And what I would urge is this, that the entrance of women into the strife of the political arena would be their adventuring upon controversies with which, by nature and necessary habits of life, they are unfit to deal, and would, moreover, hinder, if it did not extinguish, the exercise of their proper womanly influences.

It will probably not be denied that women have, as things are now, immense influence in this country's affairs. It was acknowledged by Mr. Mill, in his book on *The Subjection of Women*; but, as he there urged, he desired that they should through the franchise exercise with openness and a sense of responsibility a power which they now exercise irresponsibly and unavowedly. It is of course with extreme diffidence that I challenge any dictum of Mr. Mill's; but I cannot help asking on what grounds it can be held that the sense of responsibility has any natural connection with the parliamentary franchise. To judge by experience old and new, the sense of responsibility is conspicuous rather by absence than presence in large numbers of the male electorate; while it would be hard to find better examples of its power than among the dutiful though unenfranchised women. The sense of responsibility is deeper and older than representative

institutions, popular government, or any of the other political means which it is now the fashion to adore as if they were ends in themselves: it is, in fact, the end to which all the machinery of franchises and legislatures is addressed, and experience proves that it can flourish under very diverse political systems. As things are in England, it is not more deficient in women than in men. Conscientious women will exercise their influence, be it what it may, conscientiously, the selfish will exercise it selfishly, and the careless carelessly, or not at all. And the relative proportions of these classes would not be likely to alter because women got the power of shouting out questions to candidates at political meetings, and filling up voting papers in the polling booths.—THE HON. MRS. CHAPMAN on *Women's Suffrage*, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

BERLIN robbers are a tribe apart. They never oppose any resistance to the police on being arrested on suspicion. Besides, they live—till "wanted"—on the best terms with the constables, and the latter know them by their sobriquet, as well as by their baptismal name. Each robber practises a "speciality," according to M. Klausman. Thus the "robbers of the dead" are not Burkes or Hares, but professionals who light on a drunken man asleep at night on a public seat in the streets and relieve him of every article of clothing, even to his chemise, and so ably as not to awaken the sleeper, while replacing him as naked as a worm.

In Berlin, the upper rooms of the houses are devoted to laundry purposes. As there are no house-porters, the thieves ascend the common staircase as noiselessly as a wolf, force open the laundry door by a pressure of the knee, and, in the twinkling of an eye, bundle up the family linen and decamp as silently as Arabs. Another lucrative calling is relieving a passing parcel's delivery van of a few of its packages, with the dexterity of a pick-pocket. The loot is at once passed into a neighbouring receiving-house. The worst calamity that can befall a vagabond is to have to sleep in a co-operative casual-ward; here a certain number of lodgers are put inside a kind of poultry crate, which is then locked; they have planks and bars for bed and bedding, and hence are called "roosters." The end kept in view by a Berlin outcast is to be a man of peace; to avoid receiving a sentence of more than two or three months in prison, and to arrange this accident so that it will square in with the dead season, and be for him a repose.

ESCANDE, recently deceased, was a type of French Journalism of the most extraordinary kind. He was since fifty years connected with the press, and during that period wrote more than Voltaire, or say Emile de Girardin. He was born at Castres, according to M. Fournell, in 1810, and his class-mate at Toulouse College was the father of Paul de Cassagnac. Possessed with the "demon of journalism," he came to Paris at the age of twenty-four. In politics he was an extreme royalist, and remained so till his death. He retired from active journalism after the Commune. One of his first important articles led to a duel between Emile Ollivier's brother and De Ginestous, when the former was shot. Escande was a *lusus naturæ*, a deformity from head to foot. Quasimodo was beautiful in comparison with him. He was the ideal of a hunchback; he was humped both at back and chest, so he was called the "dromedary;" his skull was long, ending in a point like a sugar-loaf; the head sank into the shoulders; the ears pointed like deer's; arms, long and knotty, but strong as a gorilla's. He fought several duels. Fingers covered with thick hair—sign of strength; voice, piercing and screechy. But the head of this zig-zag body was intelligent, and possessed an eye that dazzled like a basilisk's. His lips were those of a cynical *gamin*. Strange, his appearance inspired neither railery nor pleasantry, and, further, it was dangerous to indulge in either.

He was ten years editor of the *Gazette de France*—the oldest established journal in the realm—and in ideas to boot. He was everything; his activity and fecundity were extraordinary; his faculties of assimilation were astonishing. He had enormous "go" and power of work; invaluable as a collaborator, though not an amiable *confrère*. He was as sober as a camel. He arrived the first in the morning at his office, breakfasted on a cup of chocolate, ate nothing till he left, and he was the last to depart in the evening. No subject ever disconcerted him. He would produce "copy" by the yard, and boasted to be able to strike off an article on the intricacies of the Eastern question, or upon the manufacture of lucifer matches with equal readiness.

And it was perfectly true. No article ever displayed incompetency. Cerberus might be three gentlemen in one, but he was an encyclopædist. At a table, where his head seemed scarcely to rise above the edge, he would write incessantly during twenty-four hours; if by some fatality when going to press, three columns were required to stop a gap, he would stand beside

the foreman, dash off copy, and, when told enough, he stopped short, and the last phrase was duly in its place. Like Thiers, he wished to do all; he felt offended if requested to take an assistant. It was neither celebrity nor fortune he coveted, but he had simply the passion for writing, as others have for gambling. The odor of printers' ink intoxicated him. He had nostalgia for the editorial room. And when he left the office, he commenced anathematizing his profession, suspecting that he would there "leave his bones." But he not the less brought home with him an armful of the afternoon papers, and passed his evening perusing them. Next morning he was at his post before nine o'clock, with the punctuality of a king.

Escande held the theory that a newspaper was not made for subscribers, but the latter for the journal. He would keep writing for months about a subject, and if a "constant reader" threatened to stop the paper on account of too much of the good thing, he would continue writing on the subject with greater frenzy to get rid of the heretic. Escande was as amiable as a bull dog; occasionally he had sallies of formidable fun—like Gambetta, and often he exploded like a canister of mitraille—sweeping all before it. He always wrote with his hat on his head, as tightly screwed down as if a coffin lid. He explained that his deformity was due to an attack of rheumatism when a baby, and of rickets when a boy. He never left the last word to an adversary. Escande died in full combat on the field of battle, at the age of seventy-five: "*Here reposes,*" might truly be written over his grave; for it was said he died in order to "rest." And suddenly too—so as not to lose a single hour in his daily work. Escande, like the Jacobites, might well have for motto—"Semper fidelis."

GEORGE SAND only became acquainted with Balzac in 1831, after she scored her first success with "Indiana." He was then poor, wearing himself out, like Scott, to pay off publishing debts. He received her in his "Villa," a rented summer house, in a large garden, and by candle-light, although it was noonday. Balzac, like De Quincy, had paroxysms of composition, and closing shutters, wrote several days and nights in succession. He confessed to George Sand ideas came to him more rapidly than he could pen them: he was a tree overlaid with fruit. He promised to interpret "Rabelais" for her, but the result was she ordered him off before half an hour. They became friends again, and he gave a dinner of reconciliation, when he wore his gaudy silk dressing-gown, and lit her part of the way home with a taper and a silver candlestick, his head bare. In 1844, when Balzac published his "Beatrice," the artistic and intelligent heroine therein portrayed had for model the authoress of "Indiana." He said of their respective talents: "You seek man as he ought to be; I take him as he is. Both of us are right, the two roads lead to the same end. I idealize my coarse creations, their ugliness and idiotcies; I impart to their deformities frightful and grotesque proportions. You cannot know such things. Continue to idealize the lovely, the beautiful, and the simple—that's woman's rôle." The followers of Balzac—the Zolas, Flauberts, and even Daudets, the modern novelists, are faithful to idealizing the hideous and the filthy.

ZERO.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DISALLOWANCE IN MANITOBA.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—An editorial article in THE WEEK of 8th April on the "C. P. R. and the Monopoly Clause," is the occasion of my writing this letter. It seems to be a rooted impression among public writers and speakers that there is in the contract with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company a stipulation which gives that company a monopoly of railway traffic between Manitoba and the United States for twenty years. Now, the fact is that, as far as the old Province of Manitoba is concerned, *there is no such stipulation.* For the twentieth time let it be repeated that the clause which provides that for twenty years the *Parliament of Canada* shall not charter any railway to run across the border, only applied to the North-West Territories. It could not apply to Manitoba, which had had a separate provincial existence for over ten years, any more than to Ontario. The Parliament of Canada could not legislate away the rights of any province secured by the B. N. A. Act—an Imperial Act. The Parliament of Canada *did not assume* or attempt to legislate away the rights of any province. They merely agreed that as far as *their* powers went, they would not set up any competing railways in territory still under their control. One of the rights secured to the provinces by the B. N. A. Act is the chartering of companies to build railways from any one point in the province to any other point therein. One of those points may be a point on the very border of its territory, yet the charter would be clearly within its *exclusive* legislative authority, and nothing but the arbitrary exercise of the power of disallowance vested in the Dominion Government could prevent the construction and working of the railway between such two points. Nothing can be clearer than this. It was never pointed out more clearly or emphatically than by Sir John Macdonald himself in the debate on the C. P. R. contract,

in the memorable words; "We cannot check Ontario, we cannot check Manitoba," when the Opposition objected to the clause on the ground that it was giving a monopoly. I cannot believe that when Sir John made use of that language he had the remotest intention of ever using the power of disallowance to "check" Manitoba, as he has since done. Otherwise he would have been guilty of the basest deception. I acquit him and his colleagues of any intention to deceive at that time. But that language certainly implied a promise that he would not in the future interfere to "check" Manitoba in the matter of railway competition. We all know how that implied promise has been kept. Manitoba has been "checked," and "checked" over and over again, and has received a set-back from which she has not yet recovered.

It is strange that so many of the writers in independent papers, like THE WEEK, the Montreal *Witness* and the Winnipeg *Star*, seem to have the same erroneous impression with regard to the clause in question. The Ministers themselves have never urged that the so-called monopoly clause affects Manitoba in any way, or that it in any way pledges the country to prevent railway competition within the old Province of Manitoba. The leading Conservative newspapers, such as the *Mail* and the Montreal *Gazette*, have repeatedly pointed out the same thing. Look at the speeches of Sir Charles Tupper and Hon. Thomas White in Parliament and you will find the same thing there. Not a word of the alleged necessity of disallowance to keep faith with the C. P. R. What an absurdity then to talk of negotiating with the railway company for the abrogation of the monopoly clauses as respects the old Province of Manitoba! They have no such clause to abrogate, and I, for one, very strongly object to giving them money or anything else without a consideration. As far as regards the North-west they have a monopoly clause, but if it were abrogated to-morrow, will the North-west secure railway competition? By no means necessarily, for after you have induced the company for a great sum of money to give up their monopoly clause, are you sure that the Dominion Government, as at present constituted, will not as effectually as before prevent competition by disallowing local charters without any consideration at all, as they have done in Manitoba? Their promises and assurances in the past, in this matter, have been broken repeatedly, and

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

The Manitoba settler, from whose letter you give extracts, knows well what he is talking about. Up here in the North-West the hardy pioneer begins farming life with many advantages of soil and climate over the settler in the wooded districts of Ontario. He has not to "wrestle with stumps" for many, many years before he can put his one hundred or two hundred acres into crop. His roads are easily made. In most districts he gets all the hay he wants for the cutting. Game is abundant, the air is firm and bracing, and the skies bright. There are some drawbacks also, which no government can remove or mitigate; such as the want of trees in many parts, the intense cold of a portion of the winter, the distance from markets, the long railway haul, and the early autumn frosts which sometimes damage his wheat. The natural advantages, however, far outweigh the *natural* disadvantages. But our paternal Government at Ottawa, for purposes of its own, have put heavy artificial burdens upon the people here, in the shape of the Railway Monopoly kept up by Disallowance, and the heavy duties on imports. The effect of the former is to unnecessarily increase freight rates, and so add to the price of everything the settler has to buy, whilst diminishing the price of everything he has to sell in the same proportion. It is not necessary to show how the N. P. enhances the price of everything the settler has to buy. He is thus handicapped in both ways for the supposed benefit of the Dominion as a whole, and he is expected to be patriotic, to make the sacrifices cheerfully, and to do nothing to "embarrass poor Sir John." It appears to me to be a policy very short-sighted on the part of the Dominion.

They ought to know that Canada can never become a great and populous nation until these great prairies are filled up; and that the true way of getting people to come here and to STAY, and to recommend their friends to follow, is to make the yoke easy and the burden light. They should not expect a too immediate return on their investment. The old man must give the boy a chance to grow, and develop, and not expect too much work from him until his muscles and sinews are stronger. The boy has been taunted with asking to be "spoon-fed," but if you tie up both the hands of the young giant how otherwise can he be fed?

They tell us we are ungrateful because the Dominion has given us a through railway at an enormous cost, and we should not grumble at paying our share. What are the facts? The people of Manitoba would have been better served to-day if there had been no through line built yet. In that case we would have had two or three lines connecting us with the States besides the line to Port Arthur, which would have been finished by the Government anyway, as indeed it was.

But Sir John having assured the people in the East that the entire cost of the railway would be defrayed out of the land sales, first took away all of our public lands—thus depriving us of that source of revenue enjoyed by the other Provinces—and then, in order to meet the heavy expenditure caused by his own policy, imposed a tariff that is especially burdensome to the people here. Add to that the burden of this Railway Monopoly gratuitously imposed by Disallowance, and it is wonderful how Manitoba prospers at all. But she does. Even now, in spite of all that I have pointed out, matters are looking brighter, this city is growing again, many new settlers are coming in, and the clouds of dull times are lifting. How much brighter then would be our prospects, how much more rapid our progress if we only had the boon of railway competition, and if the burden of an almost prohibitive tariff were removed.

GEORGE PATTERSON.

Winnipeg, 20th April, 1886.

The Week.

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THE citizens of Toronto will have read with pleasure the letter of the Mayor, announcing his ability to relieve all genuine distress, through the operation of the various charities, and his determination, in consequence, to suppress mendicancy. It is not his intention to dissuade any one from personal attention to cases of necessity; but he advises that where proper personal inquiry into a case cannot be made, the case should be referred to the Mayor's office. This is a wise recommendation; and if the Mayor's office, or some similar department of the municipal government, could be made to fill the office of a central bureau for the organisation of charity, it would be of great benefit to the deserving poor. In general, private charity is a thing to be discountenanced rather than commended, for, however honourable to the giver, it not infrequently is but ill bestowed. Not the most deserving of help are they who loudly make their wants known: the most deserving are precisely those who shrink from doing so; and to reach these should be the first care of a relief organisation. The organisation of charity and the organisation of relief work, should go hand in hand. It is satisfactory to know that Mayor Howland is not only eminently qualified by personal sympathy for this work, but has also taken it in hand vigorously. That the poor themselves will greatly benefit by his action we take his letter to be good evidence. Especially admirable is the passage about mendicant children; it is hard to refuse a dole to a child, even if one knows that most probably the child is but the hand of a drunken father or mother; for there is generally a doubt, and one naturally would rather err in charity than in hardness. But this hesitation has no place when the case can be referred to where just charity will be with certainty dispensed; and although this may occasionally involve a little personal inconvenience, the waste of money and sympathy that it saves will repay the charitable, and greatly enure to the advantage of the poor themselves.

It is to be hoped that some member will adopt the suggestion of the Hon. Mr. White, and bring the Beaty-Woodworth scandal before the House. This indeed is the proper place for the trial of the case; and the Railway Committee have done quite right in refusing to stop a much needed railway because some Members of Parliament had been speculating on its bonuses and land grant. Reprehensible as this conduct is, it does not affect the merits of the North-West Central Railway enterprise, which should therefore not be prejudiced. As Mr. Hall pointed out, this one particular railway could not fairly be made the battle-field whereon the question of principle involved in Members of Parliament receiving public benefits through companies with which they were connected was to be fought. The proper place for this is the floor of the House; and there some member ought to carry it at once, that the country may know exactly how well or ill its conscience is reflected by its representatives.

THE exchange of land for cash effected between the Government and the C. P. R. relieves the latter from an unproductive asset of over seven million acres of land, and adds nearly ten million of interest-bearing debt to the liabilities of the country. Such a large permanent addition to the debt, involving an increase of taxation of nearly \$100,000 per annum, cannot be regarded with satisfaction: it may be that the land is worth the money—it would be worth much more to the country if immigrants could be induced to occupy it; but placed as the country now is, with so heavy a debt and with such enormous tracts of land to dispose of, Mr. Blake did well to protest against increasing both in this manner. The Company borrowed the money in cash and undertook to repay it so, mortgaging this land as security for the repayment; and the security ought not to have been taken over in lieu of repayment unless the liquidation of the debt otherwise had become impossible. But the repayment by the Company of so large a sum as twenty million in cash shows conclusively that this was not the case. If able to pay twenty million down, the Company must be regarded, from a commercial point of view, as perfectly good for a debt of ten million more, especially as tangible security was held besides the Company's bond. But the evil is that while the members of the Government and the Company are connected by the tie that naturally attaches

the created to the creator, business between them will not be conducted on commercial principles: there is too much inclination on the one side to go out of the way to ensure success to this monumental undertaking; too much disposition on the other side to take undue advantage of so friendly an attitude.

THE case in favour of at once increasing the export duty on Canadian logs is so strong that it is surprising some private member does not call attention to it, if Government continues inactive. According to the *Lumberman's Gazette*, of Bay City, Mich., a Colonel Jeffers—who has bought 500,000 acres, or twenty townships, of standing white pine in the Georgian Bay District—says he purposes to carry the logs over Lake Huron and saw them in Michigan. "We are Michigan men, and hope to make our purchases enure to our people here. Notwithstanding our investments in Canada, we still stand by protection for Michigan lumber." And in the same paper another gentleman, the Hon. Mr. Weston, criticising the Morrison Tariff Bill, says: "We now admit Canadian logs free of duty. On the north shore of Lake Erie the Canadian saw-mills are in ruins, but the mills at Tonawanda, N. Y., are employing thousands of American workmen, manufacturing Canadian logs towed from the Erie north shore. The Saginaw mills are running out of American stock, and already they are looking to Georgian Bay for Canadian logs to cross the Huron Lake and keep their mills and men at work." There is no doubt, we think, that the new Tariff Bill now before Congress will share the fate of the old one. If it should reach the Senate, a canvass of that body in the past few days has shown that to a man the Republican majority are against it. In fact, the Michigan lumbermen control the action of Congress in this matter; therefore the United States duty on lumber will not be removed. Logs imported into the States are free; but the duty on lumber is \$2 per M. and the present Canadian export duty on logs being only \$1 per M., direct encouragement to the extent of \$1 per M. is given to the American lumbermen to leave the Canadian saw-mills in ruins. But this is precisely one of those cases where the most rigid theoretical Free-trader may conscientiously practise a little Fair-trade. By this he will the better attain his cherished end, without doing any injustice to his principles. Manifestly the Free-trade here is all one-sided, to the ruin of the mills on that side; while their competitors are building up cities, and employing thousands of workmen manufacturing what under real Free-trade would be manufactured in those ruined mills. If the Americans will not adopt Free-trade in lumber, a much heavier export duty ought to be at once put on logs. This would tend to the recovery of our ruined saw-milling industry; and if even full success in that were not attained, it would at any rate add largely to the revenue, at the expense wholly of foreigners, and at a time when increased revenue is much needed.

WHAT the Knights of Labour most need just now are counsellors with more disinterested views than the demagogues that have been attracted to the Order by the promise of notoriety and profit its rapid growth affords. We suppose that, in time, leaders of capacity will be thrown to the surface by the internal working of the organisation. It is improbable that half a million men of a class that has to work its way through life do not contain rather more than less of the average amount of human talent, latent perhaps, but still there, only waiting for occasion to develop it. That occasion may be found in the present strikes and the distress they are surely bringing on the working-classes with a gravity out of all proportion to their effect on employers. Workmen are in fact fighting a battle so unequal that success to them is next to impossible. They are using up all their resources while the employers are suffering merely an inconvenience. It is estimated that there are 60,000 men now on strike in the States, and employment for a further 100,000 men is withheld because the owners of capital will not place it at the mercy of men who show neither justice towards others nor good sense in regard to their own interests. Capitalists are not obliged to employ their capital as workmen are obliged to keep at work; for by non-employment capitalists lose only their profits, and can fall back on their capital, while workmen in losing their earnings lose their whole livelihood. And, too, it is only after a protracted idleness that the capitalist really suffers; for at first a strike may actually benefit his interests by enabling him to clear off old stock at enhanced prices, whereas the full effect of non-employment is at once felt by the workman. Take, for instance, the effect of the present strike in the States, at St. Louis, where the disturbance has been greatest. The volume of business there in the whole month of March was actually 4 per cent. greater than in the same month of 1885, when no strike existed. In one week, however, it was 2.4 per cent. less than in the corresponding week of last year, showing that while the working men on strike were earning nothing, Capital did more than 97 per cent. of its usual business, its earnings being diminished by but a trifle.

THE news of the last few days from the scene of the latest strikes in the States is most lamentable. In Chicago 35,000 men who were earning wages a few days ago are now idle, and in Washington 10,000 more threaten to go out. And all for what? That the trades they are connected with may be handicapped and depressed by the enforcement of an eight-hour law, which, as is shown in the last number of *Bradstreet's*, cannot, from the nature of things, be enforced on nine hundred men out of every thousand workers in the States. Agricultural labour, cattle and sheep growing, horticulture and fishing, blast furnaces, gas-works, bakeries, restaurants, paper mills, railroads, and many other similar employments, cannot come under the operation of an eight-hour law without absolute destruction. The only trades such a law could reach are those where large numbers of workmen are collected together for the purpose of attending machinery, such as cotton and woollen mills, rolling mills, boot and shoe factories, and the like. The employés in these form, as we say, a proportion of about one in ten to the other trades; yet all other trades are now called upon to pay this one class the increased cost shorter hours of labour will add to its manufactures. How is the *quid pro quo* to be given?

It may be doubtful, as alleged by some American papers, commenting on the President's recommendation of a Commission of Labour,—it may be doubtful whether Congress has the power to interfere in labour disputes unless asked to do so by the State Governments. There is no existing domestic danger, say they, with which the State Governments are not able to cope; and protection against domestic violence, which the Constitution provides for, was only to be afforded upon the application of the State authorities. But then, on the other hand, these differences between Labour and Capital in the States are largely the result of the action of Congress in fostering huge monopolies by its protective tariff, and therefore it is hardly right that Congress should unconcernedly ignore its responsibility. At any rate, wherever the legal right lies, it is surely better that a Federal Bureau of Arbitration should be charged with the amicable settlement of what is growing to be a national danger than that separate States should deal with it piecemeal; for this must be futile in any case where, as in a railway strike, several States may be affected by the one dispute. True, it is not wise to lower the sense of local responsibility; but when the dispute is interstate, the Federal Government, as the sole power whose authority covers it in whole, would appear to be the most competent to deal with it.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is unquestionably right in his view that as sovereign States the South could not have been guilty of rebellion against the North. But they were certainly guilty of rebellion against the Federal Power which the Colonies set up in place of England when they had won their independence of her. This Federal Power is in fact the successor of English rule,—what was substituted for England when the Union was formed; and, to constitute it, the several States again parted with a portion of the sovereignty wrested from England. As regards, then, this new created Power, the several States of the Union are not sovereign States, and the South in declaring their independence of it were just as guilty of rebellion as were the Colonies in declaring their independence of Great Britain. Neither in this second rebellion nor in the more successful one that preceded it, was there any adequate cause for rebellion: in resisting it, the North was only following the earlier example of England, an example of political depravity which has afforded both alike such abundant material for a century of Fourth of July orations; but none the less, opposite as the cases are, the result of both one and the other rebellion must be admitted to have made for the progress of English-speaking peoples; and it would no doubt be better that, as the *London Telegraph* advises, Mr. Davis, at any rate, should allow the past to sleep.

THE engineer sent out by the French Government to inspect and report on the Panama Canal works appears to have done the first part of his task in an honest and thorough manner. Stories are told of the means adopted by M. C. de Lesseps to give the enterprise such an appearance in the eyes of the Government inspector as might induce him to report favourably; but this gentleman appears to be a shrewd, hard-headed, reticent man of business, who saw at a glance through the ruse of setting hundreds of men busily at work loading cars with earth (some of which were found on close inspection to have grass growing on the tops, they had been laden so long,) and through the general holiday aspect of affairs, assumed for the occasion, but which was little consonant with the serious workaday occupation of canal digging. Nothing appears to have escaped the quiet, keen observation of the engineer, who, impregnable to M. C. de Lesseps's descriptive eloquence, worked his way steadily and faithfully through his task till he had finished; and if now the French Government authorize the projected

lottery of \$120,000,000 it may be taken, we believe, that the enterprise is not in the deplorable position represented. In this case a terrible financial disaster will have been averted from France—a disaster that has been predicted as the greatest of the nineteenth century. It may of course be, and perhaps is, the case that the enterprise, while not so bad as has been represented, is yet very far from having the roseate hue ascribed to it by M. de Lesseps; and in this case it seems the French Government may possibly, while refusing the loan decide to assume the liabilities and assets of the Company, and finish the work. But this, though it avert the dreaded financial disaster—which would be nothing less than a national one, and therefore to be averted if possible,—may on the other hand involve France in serious political complications with the neighbouring South American Republics and with the United States. It is altogether a bad business, and must at best heavily tax the financial or diplomatic resources of France.

Nor content with the discussion of projects for the political re-organization of Great Britain, American newspapers have now taken Canada in hand. A late issue of the *Boston Herald*, as we learn from the *Halifax Chronicle*, has an article under the heading of "Home Rule in Canada," displaying much knowledge of our affairs and a very just appreciation of them. With this and its conclusions we are not, however, just now concerned. There may be a decided lack of common interest among the people of the Dominion; disintegration may have been prevented only by a lavish expenditure of money for local improvements; Confederation may not have been of the slightest service to the Maritime Provinces, beyond giving some of their public men, as leaders in the Government of the Dominion, a personal importance that they could not have acquired in the Provincial Assembly,—with all this we are not at present concerned. What we have to remark on is the totally opposed principle applied by American writers when discussing the case of Ireland and that of Canada. For Ireland, it is asserted, the position of a State in the Union, or a Province in the Dominion, is the cure for all her troubles, and the *summum bonum* of statesmanship, yet in discussing the case of the Confederation of the Provinces we are assured that "to be permanent and satisfactory, a Confederation of this kind must give to the people of the States or Provinces which compose it political or commercial advantages which they would not otherwise have enjoyed." But what political or commercial advantages that Ireland does not otherwise enjoy would be conferred on her by Mr. Gladstone's much vaunted Bill, which reduces Ireland from an Imperial position to a Colonial one, banishes Irishmen from the Imperial Parliament to a Local House at Dublin, and prohibits any Irish interference with trade and fiscal matters?

THE Parnellites have already settled the *personnel* of the future Irish Ministry, and it is noteworthy that this is to include a Minister who shall have charge of the relations of Ireland with the Irish in America; that is, an Irish Minister is to be appointed to arrange Irish business with the deadliest enemies of England, through, let us say, the agency of O'Donovan Rossa as High Commissioner at New York. The reservation of foreign affairs to the Imperial Parliament being thus repudiated by the Nationalists, Ireland, it seems, is to be placed under the protection of the American Irish; and as without doubt, all the other revolutionists in America, of whatever nationality, will with them flock to the safe shelter of Ireland—whence they can more conveniently carry on their schemes in Europe—we shall probably see England embroiled with every Power in Europe, on account of the doings of the Nihilists and Socialists in this hotbed of revolution, over which she has lost all legal control.

THE Easter recess has been used by most of the members of the British House of Commons in communicating with their constituents on the subject of Home Rule; and in the debate that will ensue on the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's bill being moved on Thursday, the chances, if any, of its reaching the committee stage will soon become evident. Many long speeches and several important ones have been delivered during the past week. Lord Hartington at Rosendale disappointed that class whose sole idea of statesmanship is to oppose revolution by revolution, as though revolution of some sort were now unavoidable; Mr. Jesse Collings—whose influence with the newly-enfranchised rural labourers is a factor in the situation that cannot be ignored—has indicated quite plainly that that influence will be cast against Mr. Gladstone's schemes; and the dissatisfaction of the Scotch Liberals with schemes that give Ireland exceptional rights of self-government has developed into positive opposition. On the other hand, and seemingly to meet this opposition, Mr. Morley has announced in a speech at Glasgow that if the principle of granting Home Rule to Ireland be admitted, the Government is quite ready to drop any

or every detail of its bill—which is as much as to admit that Mr. Gladstone has introduced a bill designed to revolutionise the Constitution, so immature and badly constructed that in no part will it bear discussion. If a private member had done this it would have been bad enough; but for a Minister of the Crown to lend such a bill the weight of his name and authority!—knowing, too, that by his reckless profligacy he renders the future Government of Ireland under the ordinary Constitution almost impossible.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Manifesto will not help the scheme he has at heart. He is an old man, having the respect of a great part of the nation, but that is not a sufficient reason, as he seems to think, why the nation should, to save him from disappointment, break the history of a thousand years and shatter the Empire. Till lately, Mr. Gladstone had also the confidence of the whole Liberal Party, who followed him faithfully in many a doubtful campaign; but, because the great bulk of the veterans now refuse to rush after him and his new recruits over this precipice, he can see nothing in them but the spirit and power of class. His references to the Land Bill and Home Rule for Scotland and Wales are ill advised, and will hardly have their anticipated effect of frightening in the Irish landlords, or alluring Scotland. His contrast of a Cabinet determined in its purpose with an outside political arena undetermined, is, in the light of the known subserviency of every mind in the Cabinet to their chief, and the national opposition to his wild scheme, rather *mal trovato*. The Manifesto, issued secretly on the eve of the reassembling of Parliament, is altogether so futile that it suggests the desperate throw of a losing hand. It is in fact one man and a worshipping "class" against a whole nation.

AFFAIRS in Greece still wear a threatening aspect. The ultimatum of the Powers demanding instant disarmament has been replied to evasively: for answer a private agreement, previously made with France alone, has been produced as evidence that Greece had without respect to the ultimatum already decided to disarm, on the understanding that her rights under the Berlin Treaty would form the subject of after arrangement. But this private arrangement with France the Powers justly regard as no reply to their ultimatum, but rather an avoidance of reply; and therefore they still maintain a threatening attitude. What the outcome will be no one can guess except perhaps such as are in the Russian councils; but evidently the game is not yet played out.

GADBAN EFFENDI, at some early period of his life, was in delicate health; and his malady settling in his nose, brought about the total loss of that feature. This misfortune was mitigated by the adoption of a paper substitute, which answers uncommonly well and never turns blue on frosty mornings. But of course it is not a thing to take notice of or talk about. Yet, when Gadban Effendi was going to Stamboul last January with the Prince's message to the Sultan, a passport was given him by the Bulgarian Foreign Office, which contained his *signalement*, of which one of the items was "*Nos: Postiche*." This brutal precision irritated Gadban very much. He demanded an audience of the Prince, and insisted that the passport clerk should be dismissed. Prince Alexander, with his wonted grace of manner, soothed the wounded spirit of the diplomatist; and on taking leave of him was so anxious to be polite that, forgetting the peculiar disabilities under which Gadban Effendi laboured, he presented him with a valuable silver snuff-box.

MR. MUDIE has confided some interesting particulars about his library to a writer in the *Leisure Hour*. He orders 600 copies in advance of new works by Miss Braddon, Ouida, and several other popular novelists. In other cases only a few copies are ordered; the supply being regulated according to the demand. Of "Enoch Arden" he ordered 1,500 copies, and of the "Idylls of the King" 1,000. There is little demand for poetry nowadays, except, it seems, Mr. William Morris's. The interest in biographies is very short-lived. Gordon is "forgotten" already; Froude's "Carlyle" is hardly ever "wanted"; Cross's "George Elliot" is "beginning to pall." The magazines most read are the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, and the American illustrated magazines; 250 copies of each of these are taken. 3,000 copies of "Livingstone's Travels" were ordered, 2,000 copies of "Essays and Reviews," 3,000 copies of each of George Eliot's novels, and 2,000 copies of the Queen's last book. As many as 1,000 copies of a "shilling dreadful" have been taken. Subscriptions vary from £1, 1s. to £500; the latter being paid by public institutions. Some 1,000 parcels are sent to country and colonial subscribers weekly; and London is divided into 170 districts, each with its supply of carts.

THE *American Bookmaker*, speaking of the sensational headings in which the newspapers of the United States indulge, says:

The reporter brings in an article which he has headed "Deceived by a Confidence Woman." This expresses the idea well enough, and would catch the eye. In the olden time the heading would have been: "Police Court. A Countryman Robbed." The city editor looks at the copy . . . and knows at once that it is too long. He strikes out the word "Confidence." It is now too short, as it contains only sixteen letters. He changes it to "Deceived and Tricked." This has eighteen letters, but is still too short, and the editor sees that the title must be entirely abandoned and a new one constructed. After much meditation he evolves "Bitten by a Female Shark," and is pleased with it. It exactly fills the line, excites curiosity, and is sufficiently near to what the article contains to justify its use. . . . A few days ago a paragraph which appeared in five morning dailies about the exportation of apples to England, red ones having the preference, was headed substantially alike. The importation was not alluded to by the editors, but they said: "Rosy-Cheeked Apples liked by Englishmen"; "Red Apples Best Liked"; "Rosy-Cheeked Apples given the Preference," and so on. The novelty in the paragraph is what the head contains, but not its information. . . . So great is the importance attached to heads of this kind that the *Chicago Times* keeps a man for no other purpose than to enrich them and make them astonishing.

We have occasionally wondered that some enterprising American does not start a newspaper containing nothing but head lines. We are sure many Americans read nothing else in their papers. And now it looks as if this idea is in the way to be realized.

As an appendix to some observations in our issue of a fortnight ago on a tirade that appeared in the April number of the *North American Review* against "English Rule in India," we print the view of Baron von Hübner, an Austrian diplomat, on the matter. After enumerating (in his book, "Through the British Empire" the advantages conferred upon the populations by British rule, he replies to the question, What has wrought all these miracles?—

The wisdom and the courage of a few directing statesmen, the bravery and the discipline of an army composed of a small number of Englishmen and a large number of natives led by heroes: and lastly, and I will venture to say principally, the devotion, the intelligence, the courage, the perseverance, and the skill, combined with an integrity proof against all temptation, of a handful of officials and magistrates who govern and administer the Indian Empire.

In the same book the Baron incidentally makes a good argument in favour of Imperial Federation:—

England will keep her colonies as long as Parliament grants the necessary funds for maintaining a fleet strong enough to ensure her naval preponderance. If once the colonies and the coaling stations are lost, it is at least doubtful whether such funds will be voted in time of peace; England will then lose, gradually and imperceptibly, what she calls her dominion of the seas. In other words, if England loses her maritime preponderance she loses her colonies. If she loses her colonies she loses her preponderance on the seas, and with that the high position she now occupies in the councils of Europe. It is within this circle that the grandeur of the British Empire is comprised.

UNDER the heading "Extraordinary Prophecy by an Irish Novelist," the *King's County Chronicle* of Parsonstown, Ireland, says:—

The following extracts from Charles Lever's Irish work "The Knight of Gwynne" may be noteworthy at the present time. On page 132 the Knight, in answer to Lord Castlereagh, says—"That's a point your Lordship has not touched upon, but I'll tell you. The demagogue, the public disturber, the licensed hawker of small grievances, every briefless lawyer of bad fortune and worse language, every mendicant patriot that can minister to the passions of the people deserted by their natural protectors,—the day will come, my lord, when these men will grow ambitious; their aspirings may become troublesome; if you coerce them they are martyrs, conciliate them and they are privileged. What will happen then? You will be asked to repeal the Union, you will be charged with all the venality with which you carried your bill, every injustice with which it is chargeable, and with a hundred other faults and crimes with which it is unconnected. You will be asked, I say, to repeal the Union, and make of this rabble, these dregs and sweepings of a party, a Parliament. You shake your head. No, no, it is by no means impossible; nay, I don't think it even remote. I speak as an old man, and age, if it have many deficiencies as regards the past, has at least some prophetic foresight for the future." Again, on page 134, the Knight says, "In the Lower House politics will become a trade to live by, and the Irish party, with such an admirable market for grievances, will be a strong and compact body in Parliament, too numerous to be bought by anything save great concessions. Englishmen will never understand the truth of the condition of the country from these men, nor how little personal importance they possess at home. They will be regarded as exponents of Irish opinion; they will browbeat, denounce, threaten, fawn, and flatter by turns; and Ireland, instead of being easier to govern, will be rendered ten times more difficult, by all the obscuring influences of falsehood and misrepresentation." Is not this a true prophecy?

AT HER BEST.

"SHE's at her best to night" they say,
Watching the boards whereon she steps,
Lightly and gay ;—she, waxing sad,
A shadow in her eyes, forgets
'Tis but a play.

The piece runs so :

Her child is claimed by death, stern foe,
And when she sees him lying there,
She gives a cry of keen despair,
They looking on, in their delight
Exclaim "How well she acts to-night."

They do not know her child is lying ill.
Alone, waiting for her to come ;
They cannot guess what pangs her poor heart fill :
—Now it is over, and she hurries home.
Home—call it home? A garret bare.
Yes, it is home—her child is there.

She holds sweet bouquets in her arm,
Her triumphs, valued for *his* sake,
"My child" she cries in vague alarm
"I have returned—look up! awake!"
No movement, none. Ah! vain she cries
And tries to ope his lifeless eyes.

The sweet bright flowers around them lie
A contrast to such misery,
Shown by the rising moon's fair light.
Ah! yes—"She did her best to-night."

FERRARS.

AN AFRICAN MONT BLANC.

IT WAS reserved for Mr. H. H. Johnston, F. R. G. S., to penetrate the mysteries of the "Monarch of African Mountains." The first glimpse of Kilima-Njaro was obtained long before the party reached its base. And here it may be proper to explain that this name is given to the whole mountain-mass, which consists of two huge peaks and a number of smaller ones, just below the third parallel south of the equator. The highest of the peaks is called Kibô, is eighteen thousand eight hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, and is always covered with snow on the top, and occasionally down to the altitude of fourteen thousand feet. This is, so far as is at present known, the highest mountain in Africa. The twin-peak, Kimawenzi, is sixteen thousand two hundred and fifty feet high, and although above the snow-line, is not continuously snow-clad. The whole mass is of volcanic origin, and the two peaks are the craters of extinct volcanoes. Approached from the south-east, the mountain has the appearance of lonely isolation, and presents a truly remarkable spectacle, with its peaks towering to the clouds and its glittering snow-caps. It was not until the thirteenth day after leaving Mombasa that the party entered the state of Mosi, ruled over by the chief Mandara. This little kingdom is of about the same area as London, and is on the lower slope of the mountain, between three and four thousand feet above the sea. Splendid views are obtained from it over the plains below, and its condition is anything but one of savagery. The agriculture is of a high order, and the people, although nearly naked, are both intelligent and industrious. Finding that the feuds between the Mosi people and the other mountain tribes were a bar to his progress through Mandara's country, Mr. Johnston withdrew, and negotiated treaties of peace and commerce with one of the rival potentates whose territory extended nearer the summit. Before doing this, however, he had to retire to a place called Taveita, through which he had passed on his way to Mandara's. Of this place he says: "From the day of my first arrival up to the time of my final departure, it seemed to me one of the loveliest spots on the earth's surface." Taveita is a sort of trade centre of the district, and is ruled over by a senate of notables, called the "Wazêc," or elders, who preserve law and order, and arbitrate in disputes between the resident natives and the nomadic traders. Its population is about six thousand. From Taveita, Mr. Johnston negotiated with the chief of Maranû, a State rather larger than Middlesex, on the south-eastern flank of the mountain. After many preliminaries and much changing of presents, he was at length admitted into this kingdom, and had positively to crawl into it through the defensive stockades which it seems the custom in this country for the separate peoples to erect around their domains. Between the kingdom of Maranû and the summit of Kibô there lay no opposing tribe, so that, having obtained guides, Mr. Johnston was, after a little delay, enabled to continue his journey to the snow. The route crossed a fine river, and lay at first through a smiling and fertile country, with signs of cultivation and flourishing banana-groves up to an altitude of five

thousand five hundred feet. Shortly after that cultivation ceased, and a healthy district was reached, with grassy knolls and numerous small streams of running water. The ascent was very gradual, and the first night was spent in camp at six thousand five hundred feet. Leaving this, a dense forest was reached at seven thousand feet; then a district of uplands thickly covered with moss and ferns, studded with short gnarled trees, and teeming with begonias and sweet-scented flowering shrubs, but with few signs of animal life. At nine thousand feet, the region was clear of forest, and merely covered with grass; but higher up, the woodland began again, and water became very abundant. The third camp was formed at ten thousand feet, and here the party encountered a terrific thunderstorm and rainfall. It was succeeded by a fair and serene morning, leaving the two snow peaks in full view against a cloudless blue sky. At this point Mr. Johnston resided nearly a month, actively prosecuting his collecting and observing, and preparing for the final ascent. Then, one day, with three followers only, he started for great Kibô. For some two thousand feet higher, vegetation is abundant; and even at twelve thousand six hundred feet the party struck a pretty little stream, on the banks of which were patches of level greensward and abundance of gay flowers, while the spoor of buffalos was also observed. Bees and wasps were still to be seen at this high altitude, and bright little sunbirds darting about. But beyond thirteen thousand feet vegetation was seen only in dwarfed patches, and the ground became covered with boulders, lying in confused masses, with occasional huge slabs of rock, singularly marked like tortoise-shells. At thirteen thousand six hundred feet the last resident bird was noticed—a species of stonechat—although high-soaring kites and great-billed ravens were seen even higher up. At fourteen thousand one hundred and seventeen feet, the Zanzibari followers were thoroughly done up, and began to show unmistakable signs of fear of the "bogey" of the mountain, so they were left to prepare a sleeping-place for the night, while Mr. Johnston continued the ascent alone. At fifteen thousand one hundred and fifty feet he reached the central connecting ridge of Kilima-Njaro, and could see parts of both sides. The "Monarch" however, was veiled in clouds. "At length," he says, "after a rather steeper ascent than usual up the now smoother and sharper ridge, I suddenly encountered snow lying at my very feet, and nearly plunged headlong into a great rift filled with snow, that here seemed to cut across the ridge and interrupt it. The dense mist cleared a little in a partial manner, and I then saw to my left the black rock sloping gently to an awful gulf of snow, so vast and deep that its limits were concealed by fog. Above me a line of snow was just discernible, and altogether the prospect was such a gloomy one, with its all-surrounding curtain of sombre cloud, and its uninhabited wastes of snow and rock, that my heart sank within me at my loneliness. . . . Turning momentarily northwards, I rounded the rift of snow, and once more dragged myself now breathless and panting, and with aching limbs, along the slippery ridge of bare rock, which went evermounting upwards. . . . The feeling that overcame me when I sat and gasped for breath on the wet and slippery rocks at this great height was one of overwhelming isolation. I felt as if I should never more regain the force to move, and must remain and die amid this horrid solitude of stones and snow. Then I took some brandy-and-water from my flask, and a little courage came back to me. I was miserably cold, the driving mist having wetted me to the skin. Yet the temperature recorded here was above the freezing-point, being 35 degrees Fahr. . . . The mercury rose to 183.8. This observation, when properly computed, and with the correction added for the temperature of the intermediate air, gives a height of sixteen thousand three hundred and fifteen feet at the highest point I attained on Kilima-Njaro." When he returned to the camping-place, Mr. Johnston found that his three followers had deserted him, being thoroughly terrified, and certain that the white man had perished on the lonely heights.—*Chambers's Journal.*

LORD BROUGHAM, in characterizing the oratorical genius of Grattan, says that "Dante himself never conjured up a striking, a pathetic, and an appropriate image in fewer words than Mr. Grattan employed to describe his relation towards Irish independence, when, alluding to its rise in 1782 and its fall twenty years later he said: 'I sat by its cradle—I followed its hearse.'"

WHEN Dante was at the court of Sig.della Scala, then Sovereign of Verona, that prince said to him one day: "I wonder, Signor Dante, that a man so learned as you should be hated by all my court, and that this fool (pointing to his buffoon who stood by him) should be so beloved." Highly piqued at this comparison, Dante replied: "Your Excellency would wonder less if you consider that we like those best who most resemble ourselves."

A SNATCH.

For the tender beach and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will ;

But this you must know, that as long as they grow.
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

—THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, in *Macmillan*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AMIABILITY OF BEARS.

WHEN Bruin is pursuing anyone his attention is easily diverted, and many have escaped from his clutches by throwing a bundle or knapsack down when he is advancing upon them, for while he stops to examine it they gain time and distance. They play all sorts of antics ; an Indian traveller says that in one of his journeys some brown bears kept in front of his palanquin, tumbling about and playing as if expressly to afford him amusement. Climbing is a great delight to them, and one day one of them was seen ascending a scaffold for his own pleasure. At first he proceeded cautiously, examining the strength of all the joists ; at last he reached the top, which was 120 feet high. He seemed much pleased with his exploit, and after being applauded by the workmen he carefully descended in safety. The brown bear of Siberia may be considered the most good-natured of his tribe. Mr. Atkinson, who travelled in that country, relates that some peasants had one day lost two of their children, between four and six years of age. As soon as it was discovered that they had wandered far away, the disconsolate parents set off in search of them. Having proceeded some way through the wilds, they caught sight in the distance of a huge animal, which as they drew nearer they saw was a brown bear, and what was their horror to see within its clutches their dear lost ones. But their dismay was soon changed into amazement when they beheld the children running about, laughing round the bear, sometimes taking it by the paws, and sometimes pulling it by the tail. Bruin, apparently amused with their behaviour, treated them in the most affectionate manner. One of the children produced some fruit, with which he fed his shaggy playfellow, while the other climbed upon his back, and sat there urging the strange steed to move on. The parents gave way to cries of terror at seeing, as they thought, the danger to which their little ones were exposed. Whereupon the boy slipped off the bear's back, and the animal, hearing the sound of the parents' voices, left the children and quietly retreated into the forest.—*The Month*.

AN INCIDENT OF WATERLOO.

The common story was that Cambronne, surrounded by the English cavalry and summoned to surrender, answered, "La Garde meurt mais ne se rend pas." The old General, to use his own language, said that was "d—d humbug!" The fact, as I remember the story, was this. It is well known that, at the end of the day, our Guards, with whom were brigaded some of the German legion, were lying down, half-concealed, only a few hundred yards from the French, before the last charge, when the Duke of Wellington, or, as some now affirm, Lord Seaton (then Sir John Colborne), said, "Up Guards, and at them." Cambronne was some way in front of his troops, reconnoitring on foot. Halkett determined to make a dash at him. He set spurs to his famous English hunter and made believe that he was run away with. One of our officers (I forget his name) had really been run away with, a short time before, right into the French cavalry lines, and had been taken prisoner. No doubt the enemy thought Halkett was run away with, for nobody shot at him. They thought they would have him safely without powder. The ruse succeeded. Halkett came up with Cambronne close to the French lines, seized him by the aiguillette, turned that side to the French, so that they dare not shoot for fear of hitting their General ; and so he brought his foe, at a round gallop—the grand general, who had the credit of saying, "La Garde meurt mais ne se rend pas"—puffing, and blowing, and shaking, as Halkett said, "with abject funk," back to his own lines, and delivered him to the provost-marshal.—REV. C. ALLIX WILKINSON: *Reminiscences of the Court and Times of King Ernest of Hanover*.

THERE is a drawing of the head of Charles I. in the library at St. John's College at Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance, resemble the lines of an engraving. The lines of the head and the ruff are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer.

REFERRING to the statement of the affairs of the Confederation Life Association, made at the annual meeting the other day, it will be seen that the death claims amounted to only \$83,000 against a premium income of \$380,000. This speaks most eloquently for the judgment shown in the vital part of the Company's business, the selection of risks. The whole statement is, however, evidence of good management. The assets have increased a quarter of a million dollars during the year ; and the general business, as shown by the net number of policies in force and the amount at risk, shows a steady increase.

EASTER OFFERINGS.

EASTER DAY in the afternoon, and the bell of St. Stephen's Church, on College Street, is ringing a cordial welcome to "one and all, both great and small," but particularly to the small, for at half-past three o'clock the children's service is to begin, and although parents are invited to attend, the children are the heroes (and heroines) of the day. This, the little ones seem to comprehend, for they come flocking from all sides, and even when the pretty church is nearly full, the cry is still, "They come." Very pretty indeed the church looks ; the Font is decorated with flowers, and there are flowers on the Altar, while a spirit of fragrance seems to pervade the whole building. What a large assembly of children, and how happy they appear ! Surely St. Stephen's must be a favoured parish, or the church must be a favourite, to have so many youthful members in attendance. From the sedate lassie of fifteen, down to the toddling youngster of three, they are all there ; all eager to take part in the service, and to lay their Easter offerings upon the plate, when the time for the collection comes round. A large gathering of happy children must always form a pretty picture, but when, as on this occasion, they have assembled in God's house for prayer, there is a greater charm about them than usual. Some of the very little ones, perhaps, hardly know why they are there, but are nevertheless perfectly contented to be there, and to watch the movements of the older children, who are more experienced than they. One tiny mite stands on the seat of a pew with her thumb in her mouth and surveys the congregation, with large blue eyes in which wonder and approval are sweetly blended. Every now and then the chinking of money is heard, for the "mission boxes" are all being brought in to-day, and the children are vastly proud of the wealth they have accumulated for the benefit of the heathen. Well they may be, for many little acts of self-denial have been practised by them, to help swell the funds in their possession : pleasure trips given up, toys dispensed with, candies forgotten ; all that the money thus saved might go in the mission box. One little girl actually went without sugar during the whole season of Lent ; not that there was any necessity for her doing so, but because she said she could then feel that the price of the sugar was her very own to give, which feeling would never have been hers had she merely put in the box whatever was given her for that purpose by her elders. Think of that, children ! For forty whole days, to have no sugar in your tea, no sugar with your porridge ! And think of it, parents too ! How many of us are there who would care to deny ourselves as that child did ? The sounds of the bell have ceased, the rich tones of the organ vibrate through the church, and all are quiet as the Bishop and the Rector enter, and move to their places. Soon the clear voices of the children are raised in the glad Easter hymn, "Jesus Christ is Risen To-day," and then the service proceeds as usual. The collection is the great event of the day, for, although every child has not a mission box, each one is possessed of at least one cent, which is to be given as an Easter offering. When I say each one, I must except the few who have been unlucky enough to drop their money, and to see it roll away out of reach. There are always some among the junior members of a congregation who do this, though it is difficult to understand why it should be so. The adventurous spirits who are to take up the collection now commence to hand round the plates, and the chinking of money begins in real earnest. Mission boxes are piled one on the top of another, and soon both hands are needed to support their weight. The little child with the useful thumb, who has been tightly holding a penny in her disengaged hand during the whole service, is so overcome by the sight of the piles of boxes, that she forgets to lay her coin upon the plate, though it has long been the desire of her heart to do so. At length the collection is finished, and the plate bearers, staggering under the weight of their burdens, march up the aisle together. The Bishop commences his discourse ; he reminds the children of Whose resurrection they are celebrating this day, and tells them that, though it is hard for them to realize that the dead can rise again, they may see all around them, in the simplest growths of nature, how life springs out of death. The children are attentive, and endeavour to answer the questions put to them from time to time. Some of those at the bottom of the church, however, have their attention distracted a little by a small boy, who, tired of sitting still in his pew, has worked his way out to the aisle, and now stands looking about him. He is evidently considering what to do next, when his hand is seized by an elder sister, who hurries him from the church. Almost immediately they both return, when the small boy is ignominiously hustled into a back seat, where, under the awful supervision of the bell-ringer, he sits in fear and trembling. The discourse ended, another hymn is sung ; then some disperse to their homes, while others remain to take part in the baptismal service, which is to be the concluding feature of the afternoon.

V. F. M. B.

MUSIC.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE first concert of the Toronto Vocal Society, which took place in the Pavilion Music Hall on the evening of Tuesday, the 27th ult., deserves more than a mere announcement of the event. A small but well-trained chorus of fifty-five ladies and gentlemen, under the conductorship of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, sang a number of part-songs with a precision, finish, and beauty of effect, which would have done infinite credit to any of the old-established choral organizations of the country. It speaks well for the ability of the conductor, that after one season's rehearsals the chorus should have showed a command of the various gradations of tone-power, such as is rarely heard except in part-singing by professionals. The effects obtained, while well-defined, were perfectly legitimate and free from exaggeration. The audience were delighted with the performance, and succeeded in forcing an encore of Mr. Leslie's arrangement of "Scots wha hae"; and in fact had they been given their way, nearly every number would have been repeated. The Society was assisted by Mr. Godowsky, solo pianist, whose artistic playing has already been noticed in these columns, Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thomson, solo vocalist, and Mrs. Adamson, violinist. Mrs. Thomson sang the ballad "I'm alone," from Benedict's "Lily of Killarney," with much sweetness of voice and in a charming and unaffected style. The selections given by the chorus were Balfe's "Vive le Roi," Macfarren's "Break Break," Stewart's "Bells of St. Michael's," Gounod's motett "Come unto Him," Macfarren's "The Hunt's up," Leslie's "Scots wha hae," Bishop's glee, "The Winds Whistle Cold," Sullivan's "Hush Thee, my Baby," and Hatton's "All is still."—*Clef.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES. By H. Rider Haggard. Rainbow Series of Original Novels. New York: Cassell and Company, (Limited). Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Thanks are due to the Messrs. Cassell for re-publishing in so convenient a form as their Rainbow Series a cheaper edition of this remarkable book. "King Solomon's Mines" is absorbingly interesting, its pages are filled with thrilling adventures and striking situations, relieved most agreeably by touches of true humour. The work, which we observe to be based on an Afghan legend, is so well done that, notwithstanding the appearance in it of a woman who must be at least four centuries old, we cannot yet, after lately reading it, divest ourselves of the belief that these wonderful things really happened and that the treasure-house of Solomon with its stone chests filled with diamonds and gold is actually in existence. And this effect we take to be a strong evidence of the artistic construction of the story.

AUNT RACHEL. A Rustic Sensational Comedy. By J. D. Christie Murray. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

"Aunt Rachel" is a most pleasingly told story of English country life. The story has a plot turning on the misfortune and fortune of two pairs of lovers, in each of whose case a certain letter was written that went astray, in the one case causing the separation of the lovers for a quarter of a century, to be re-united through the writing of the second letter in the other case. This is very well developed, and the characters, with the characteristics and humours of a midland county village, well drawn and portrayed. The only exception perhaps is a parliamentary candidate, who seems *de trop*; but even he has his use in bringing out the fine character of Ruth, the second heroine. The story is admirable, and we hope to meet Mr. Murray again.

CALIFORNIA, from the conquest in 1846 to the second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. A study of American Character. By Josiah Royce (American Commonwealths; edited by Horace E. Scudder.) Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is one of a series of works wherein California is reached. The history of that State is told by Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard. It is a stout volume and shows evidence of much patient research by the writer. His description of the gold-seekers in 1848-49, their life, and the struggles made by the better sort among them to maintain public order, are graphic and very instructive reading. The work is mainly a history of California for the period 1846-56, during which the United States obtained control of the Territory; and we should say it is as good a history of that period as exists. Prof. Royce has evidently read very widely; and his book is well written.

SPLINTERS; OR A GRIST OF GIGGLES. Toronto: Carswell and Company.

In this volume we have an extensive collection of the best, we think, of the humorous stories that travel in the newspapers from end to end of this continent. The selection is a very good one, and may raise many a hearty laugh or afford a wholesome diversion from more serious employment for an odd half hour or so.

We have received also the following publications:—

- LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. May. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company.
- OUTING. May. New York: 140 Nassau Street.
- MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. MAY. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
- MAN. March. Ottawa.
- PANSY. May. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
- LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. May 1. Boston: Littell and Company.
- NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. May. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
- CENTURY. May. New York: Century Company.
- CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. May. Toronto: William Briggs.
- BOOK BUYER. May. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- ANDOVER REVIEW. May. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
- ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. May. New York: Macmillan and Company.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. E. A. ABBEY returned to Europe on Wednesday week, having made arrangements to continue his connection with Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Mr. F. D. Millet was Mr. Abbey's companion; he will spend the summer and fall in England.

It is not generally known that Thomas Stevens is making his wonderful bicycle ride around the globe as special correspondent of *Outing*. He requests his friends to send all letters until further notice to Delhi, India. He will probably go from there to Calcutta.

A NEW edition of Octave Feuillet's novel "Aliette" (*La Morte*) will be issued during the present week by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. It will be recalled that so great was the popularity of this work upon its appearance in Paris that it passed into its fiftieth edition within two weeks of its publication.

AN English edition of "Massacres of the Mountains," published by the Harpers in the United States, will be brought out in London by Messrs. Sampson Low and Company next week. Two other of the Harpers' recent books—namely, Mr. Ham's "Manual Training" and Mrs. Gregory Smith's novel, "Atla,"—have also been published in England.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROS. are about to issue an American edition of Lord Ronald Gower's "The Last Days of Marie Antoinette," and also a new volume of Balzac's novels. An interesting announcement by the same firm is a story entitled "Golden Mediocrity," by Eugenie Hamerton, wife of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the English author.

THE success of Mr. Walter Pater's book, "Marcus the Epicurean," has apparently encouraged him to undertake another work somewhat in the same field of literature. His new volume will be a romance, the time of action being the sixteenth century. The scene is laid in France. The publishers will be Messrs. Macmillan and Company.

MISS RHODA BROUGHTON'S novel, which was announced to appear some time ago in England, and also an American edition under the title, "Peggy and Prue," has been withheld, and it will not now be published before the fall season. Upon the advice of the publishers, Miss Broughton has changed the title to "Dr. Cupid," which comes perilously near the title of the late Professor Swift's story, "Cupid, M.D."

SOME interesting sketches of famous women have been written by Sarah K. Bolton, which will be put into a book and published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company, of New York, with the title, "Girls who Became Famous." There will be in all twenty sketches of celebrities, among whom are Lady Brassey, Jean Ingelow, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Florence Nightingale, Miss Alcott, and Mrs. Stowe.

AN anonymous novel is announced by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Its name, "Face to Face," gives the hint that it will touch the questions of labour and capital. The author is said to be an experienced writer. The Scribners have secured all the books written by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and will begin at once the publication of a uniform library edition of her works, beginning with "That Lass o' Lowrie's" and "A Fair Barbarian."

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S new novel, "The Mayor of Castorbridge," has undergone a thorough revision by the author since its publication in serial form. There are few men among modern writers who devote so much time and care to the reading and re-reading of their proofs as does Mr. Hardy. "The Mayor of Castorbridge" has not only been revised but a part of the plot has been altered. The book will be published by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company in their *Leisure Hour* series within the present month. The same firm are preparing Mrs. Adelaide Sargent's new novel, "No Saint."

WHEN Dr. Holland wrote his story, "Nicholas Minturn," which was published some ten years ago in *Scribner's Monthly*, he was taken to task by newspaper critics for describing a steamship disaster which, it was said, was as ridiculous as it was improbable. It may interest these critics to know that the report of the wreck of the *Oregon* and the scenes described in "Nicholas Minturn" are wonderfully, almost identically, alike. If "Nicholas Minturn" had been written ten years after, instead of ten years before, this chapter, it would certainly have been said it contained an account of the loss of the *Oregon*.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, who will sail for Europe on April 22 on the *Catalonia*, accompanied by his married daughter, Mrs. Sargent, says in a recent letter: "My visit will be of several months' duration, the greater portion of which I shall spend in England, with a part of the time on the Continent. I have no literary projects to occupy me during the visit. I go for impressions, not for expressions. I wish to see places and persons—places I have not seen for more than fifty years, persons few of whom I ever met on the other side of the ocean, for the generation I left in 1835 is almost gone. All our plans are somewhat uncertain, and will be determined by various circumstances."

IN the new number of the *Book Buyer* a rather flattering portrait of Mr. Brander Matthews is given as the frontispiece. Mr. Matthews began to write before he was out of college, and has followed the profession of authorship with remarkable diligence ever since. He has a system of keeping facts, notes, and memoranda of interesting incidents, in pasteboard envelopes with a regularity which would have delighted Charles Reade, and most of his stories have been developed from these clippings and notes. Invariably, Mr. Matthews tells his stories to several friends before finally committing them to print, and in this way many important changes and improvements have been suggested to him.

A "SLIGHT unpleasantness" between the English houses of Routledge and Cassell has arisen, which will remind American readers of a long-fought strife between two great houses on this side of the ocean. The trouble between Messrs. Routledge and Cassell has grown out of a dispute over the services of Mr. Henry Morley. Mr. Morley had been engaged by the Routledges to edit their "Universal Library," but a tempting offer from the Cassells induced him to accept the editorship of the "National Library," which soon contained still cheaper editions of books in the "Universal Library." Messrs. Routledge retaliated by starting the "World's Library," and now Mr. Morley is spending a large part of his leisure in trying to make peace between the firms.

The circulation of *Outing* has doubled since it came under the new management. We are not surprised at this, for the country needs a live out-door Magazine like *Outing*.

ALDEN's *Liberty Magazine*, which, beginning with the month of May, was transformed from an octavo Monthly into a handy, small quarto weekly, has taken other steps in the line of progress. No. 4 of the weekly issue appears in new and larger type, and also with the addition of a handsome cover. In its new appearance it becomes one of the most attractive magazines in the field, while it is beyond rivalry in economy of cost, \$1.50 per year. From the amount and quality of the matter it presents it is commonly considered even superior to the great four-dollar monthlies.

The numbers of the *Living Age* for April 24 and May 1 contain "Home Rule: Precedents, A 'Nationalist' Parliament," by W. E. H. Lecky, and "Three Attempts to Rule Ireland Justly, *Nineteenth Century*;" "Newman and Arnold," and "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood: A Fight for Art," *Contemporary*;" "The Province and Study of Poetry," *Macmillan*;" Humours of Travel, *Temple Bar*;" "Dorothy Osborne," *English Illustrated Magazine*;" "A French Fishing Expedition," *Gentleman's*;" "A Night Raid on Donegal Smugglers," *Chambers's*;" "A Primitive Parson," and "The Republic of Andorra," *St. James's*;" with instalments of "The Haunted Jungle," "Victor Graham," and "A Legend of Another World," and Poetry.

In *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* for May, the serial story, "Taken by Siege," takes the reader to one of the famous masked balls at the New York Academy of Music. "A Bachelor's Blunder" is as bright and clever and interesting as ever. This promises to be the best of Mr. Norris's novels. Julian Hawthorne contributes one of his most ingenious and fantastic stories, "Prof. Weisheit's Experiment," and Andrew Lang, a delightful skit on ghosts and ghost stories, "In Castle Dangerous." Joel Benton's essay on "The Poetry of Thoreau" is subtle and thoughtful. The poetry is supplied by Austin Dobson, Louise Chandler Moulton, and James B. Kenyon, and the Monthly Gossip contains the usual miscellany of entertaining chit-chat.

An important feature of the May number of the *Century* is an article, "Post-humous Notes, by General McClellan," containing memoranda for an account of the days between the Peninsular campaign and Antietam, which the soldier had begun to prepare for publication when death suddenly overtook him. These memoranda were found on his desk the morning after his death, and are undoubtedly the last literary work performed by him. A fac-simile reproduction of the last words written is given in the article, which consisted of a warm tribute to the "Army of the Potomac," the men of which army he characterizes as being "fit subjects for the greatest efforts of the poet and the painter." Written on the concluding scrap of memoranda, these words are supposed to have been the last written by him. The article is profusely illustrated, and accompanied with an introduction by William C. Prime, General McClellan's literary executor. This will be followed by a supplementary paper on General McClellan in the series of "Recollections of a Private."

The May number of the *Overland Monthly* will contain an unusual number of high-class stories and sketches. One is an impressive and fantastic story, "In Favilla," by a new writer. There is also "Biscache Bill," a story of the Andes, by Sybil M. Bogue, a favourite contributor to the first series of the *Overland*; a story of the "Fruit Vale Camp Meetings," by Mary Grafton; and several other Pacific Coast Stories, making one of the most readable numbers ever issued. It will also contain an article on "High Licenses," by Geo. A. Moore, with local statistics; "A Study of Prison Labour in the two California Prisons," by Robert T. Devlin, State Prison Commissioner. Among the sketches, one, "The Martial Experiences of the California Volunteers," by Edward Carlson, will attract much attention. It will contain, also, literary notes and poems of unusual merit, including Judge John S. Hager's translation of "Dies Ira"; also several sonnets by new writers. And among the characteristic features of the *Overland* are: strong papers upon social, industrial, historical and economic subjects; short stories of character and adventure—new writers with something to say; out-door studies, breezy and picturesque, pioneer reminiscences and tales of the mining camps; serial stories of California and Mexico during the current year; the best thought of the literary and political leaders of the far West.

The contribution that will attract first attention in the *May Magazine of American History* is the scholarly paper of Rev. Isaac S. Hartley, D.D., on "Horatio Seymour." This is accompanied by an admirable steel portrait of the distinguished subject. In the second article, "Historical Colorado," which is quaintly illustrated, Mrs. Hodges presents a stirring account of the progress of that young State within the past twenty-eight years. Following this Charles Dimitry writes pleasantly of an "Old House in New Orleans." Nothing in this varied and captivating number, however, is more entertaining than Paul L. Forde's "History of a Newspaper." It will be news to many that the old *Pennsylvania Gazette*, started in 1728, is still flourishing under another name in Philadelphia. A well-written article of special importance to all historical students is "The March of the Spaniards across Illinois," by Edward G. Mason, of the Chicago Historical Society. In the Civil War Studies General William Farrar Smith concludes his critical papers on "Shiloh;" General Alfred E. Lee writes charmingly of "The Battle of Cross Keys"; and Mr. W. G. Waller describes his "Trip to Canada with Jefferson Davis" in 1867. A feature of great interest in this number, under the general title of "Reprints," is a series of extracts from the private correspondence of Gibbon, the historian (then a Member of Parliament), relating to American affairs, 1774-1783. The Notes and other departments overflow with choice reading. This May issue is assuredly one of the best numbers of this popular periodical ever printed. Typographically it is a model of excellence.

The *North American Review* for May contains the first of two articles by Gen. Beauregard, in which he gives an account of his famous defence of Charleston in 1862, 1863, and 1864. Gen. Joe. Johnson will next describe "The fall of the Confederacy." Frederick Douglass sees as "the future of the Coloured Race Absorption." He thinks then "the negro will only appear finally as the Phœnician now appear on the shores of the Shannon, in the features of a blended race." An article entitled "Our House of Lords," (one of the No Name Series,) describes the Federal Senate as the institution in which the "feudal or undemocratic principle was entrenched," and argues for its reorganization on the basis of the "equality not of States but of men." "Ship-building vs. Ship-owning," by Capt. John Codman, is a plea for permitting American citizens to purchase foreign built vessels in order to secure to them their legitimate share of the carrying trade of the world. "Statesmanship Old and New" is a rollicking assault on Professor Sumner of Yale, by Gail Hamilton. It is in her liveliest style and will be read with a keen enjoyment by every one, and especially by protectionists. "In Strikes and Arbitration" Mr. Powderly advocates the lessening of the hours of labour so that the toilers may have more time in which to learn the science of self-government. He also advocates the establishment of joint boards of arbitration. "The Hours of Labour," by Edward Atkinson, is a criticism of Mr. Powderly's article. He holds that the hours of labour have been shortened from thirteen and fourteen hours to ten and a half per day, and that the pay has increased from \$175 to \$290 per year. Mr. Atkinson shows that the workingman injures himself more than he injures anybody else impeding production.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION—FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The uniform success of this Association has made it an agreeable task for the Directors to submit the Annual Report, and to meet the Policy holders and Shareholders from year to year. The experience of the past year, 1885, has only varied from that of previous years in so far as the results in some very essential points have been even more satisfactory.

Your Directors regret that the apparent determination to secure business at any cost, exhibited by many competing Companies, and which arose probably to a large extent, at least in native institutions, and from the introduction of plans which relieve the Companies working them from the responsibility of paying immediate profits, has led to a degree of extravagance in the securing of new business, which must have a serious effect upon the balance sheet of the Companies. Your Directors conceived that a due regard to the interests of existing Policy holders would not permit them to pay for business more than it was worth, and that a smaller new business, with a well cared for balance sheet, would be better for both existing and incoming Policy holders. The result has been a slightly decreased volume of new business, but, on the other hand, again reduced.

1,491 Applications for Assurances, amounting to \$2,497,012, were received and considered. Of these, 1,335, for \$2,339,012, were approved, and 7 lapsed Policies, for \$8,028, were revived, making the total approved 1,392, for \$2,297,038. 103 Applications for \$205,000 were declined, and 3 for \$3,000 stand deferred.

The year closed with 8,333 Policies, for \$13,009,716 of Assurance, on the books.

The Death Claims continued to bear testimony to the care exercised in the selection of the risks. There were 47 Deaths, calling for (including Declared and Interim Bonuses) the gross sum of \$87,525.33; under fifty-three Policies. \$5,000 having been re-insured made the net Death Losses \$82,525.33. It is worthy of mention that no less than \$20,977 was paid on Deaths due to accidental causes, and that Claims to the amount of \$24,157.40 were reported in or for the month later date, all were placed and provided for in the year to which they belonged. No claim to our knowledge, arising in 1885, remains unpaid or unprovided for.

The Financial Statements which accompany and form part of this Report do not call for any remark. They exhibit the transactions of the Association in a thoroughly clear and simple manner. The two Auditors have continued to give close attention to the monthly audit, and it must be a cause of entire satisfaction to all concerned in the Company's affairs that two capable gentlemen have been appointed with such remuneration as will admit of their giving sufficient time to the thorough and complete checking of the operations of the Association.

It will also be a source of sincere gratification that the Fourteenth Annual Report shows that the Association possesses a cash income from premiums of \$330,733.15, and a cash income from interest and rents of \$85,968.78, forming together \$416,701.93, while the cash assets have reached the large sum of \$1,676,334.68,—and if the subscribed, but unpaid, capital be added, as some companies are now doing, the assets are \$2,596,344.68.

It will be no less gratifying to the Policy holders to observe the magnificent surplus of \$282,199.11 over all the liabilities, including current unpaid accounts; but if the subscribed, but unpaid, capital be included, and the liability to the Stockholders excluded, following the practice of other companies, as above, the surplus, as security to Policy holders, is \$1,285,161.06.

Your Directors have decided to further popularize the policies of this Association by changing the quinquennial period from the arbitrarily fixed year to that of the quinquennial year of the intervals of five years, without waiting for any particular year, and thus do greater justice to the policy passing out of existence in the interim.

It affords your Directors great pleasure to bear testimony to the continued faithfulness of the office staff, as well as of the present staff of general and local agents.

J. K. MACDONALD,

Managing Director.

W. P. HOWLAND,

President.

CASH STATEMENT

1884.	Cash on hand and in Banks.	RECEIPTS.	\$56,076 24
-------	----------------------------	-----------	-------------

1885.	Dec. 31.	Premiums	REVENUE ITEMS.	
		Paid in Advance		
		Interest	\$380,088 22	
		Rent	644 93	
		Repayment of Investments	84,468 80	
		Agents' Balances	1,499 68	
		From Sundry Sources	208,819 70	
			142 37	
			907 01	

Dec. 31st, 1885.	EXPENDITURE.	\$732,647 25
Expenses for year		
Re-insurance	\$ 82,573 16	
Surrendered Policies	4,417 66	
Death Claims	net 13,183 40	
Matured Endowments	net 63,671 67	
Dividends to Stockholders	1,144 00	
Taxes on same	8,000 00	
Annuities	134 20	
Profits to Policyholders in Cash	2,692 30	
Profits in Reduction of Premiums	2,477 52	
Commissions on Loans	9,891 51	
Rent	539 00	
Taxes	2,374 78	
Interest paid on overdrafts, etc.	607 25	
Insurance Superintendence	270 18	
Agents' shortages assumed as a loss written off	332 85	
	1,087 78	

Fire Premium, etc., paid for Mortgages	INVESTMENTS.	\$425,332 13
Erskine Church Account		
Sundry Advances, Current Accounts, etc.	\$1,082 79	
Cash on hand, \$181.40; in Banks, \$89,706.37	1,254 97	
	1,632 24	
	89,947 86	

BALANCE SHEET.

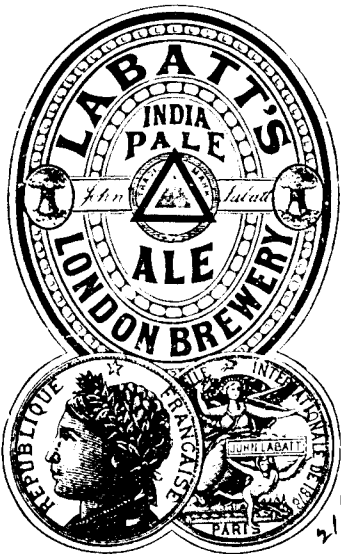
Dec. 31st, 1885.	ASSETS.	\$732,647 25
Debentures (Par Value)		
Mortgages	\$166,539 00	
Real Estate	1,125,042 22	
Loans on Stocks and Debentures	56,023 27	
Government five per cent Stock and Savings Bank Deposit	31,755 00	
Loans on Company's Policies	4,658 18	
Agents' Balances	50,144 84	
Quebec Government Tax (in Suspense)	249 23	
Sundry Accounts	890 00	
Furniture, \$2,485.54, less ten per cent. written off for year \$248.54	1,810 56	
Fire Premiums, etc., repayable by Mortgagors	2,237 00	
Cash on hand	2,047 27	
Cash in Banks	181 49	
Premiums in course of collection (reserve thereon included in Liabilities), of this the sum of \$38,865.21 is covered by short date notes	89,768 37	
Quarterly and half-yearly premiums on existing policies due, subsequent to Dec., 31st, 1885. (Reserve thereon included in Liabilities)	77,215 73	
Interest due and accrued	20,130 39	
	47,610 14	

Dec. 31st, 1885.	LIABILITIES.	\$1,676,334 68
Assurance Fund (including bonus additions)		
Annuity Funds	\$1,273,806 35	
	11,354 71	
Less for Policies re-assured	\$1,285,161 06	
	16,661 31	
For Temporary Reductions	\$1,268,499 75	
Lapsed Policies, value on surrender	13,741 90	
	2,101 48	
Losses by death, not due (since paid)	\$1,284,343 13	
Premiums paid in advance	10,448 65	
Declared Dividends to Policyholders	644 93	
All other accounts, including Medical Fees, Directors' Fees, etc.	656 41	
Sinking Fund to meet maturing Debentures	7,524 50	
Surrendered Policy waiting majority of beneficiary	576 13	
Paid up Capital Stock	207 22	
Held to cover cost of collecting premiums outstanding and deferred on Dec. 1st, 1885	80,000 00	
Surplus	9,734 60	
	282,199 11	
	\$1,676,334 68	

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

We have made the usual thorough audit of the Books of the Association for the year ending 31st December, 1885, and have examined the Vouchers in connection therewith, and have compared the above Statement and Balance Sheet with the same, and found the whole correct. We have also examined the securities represented in the Assets, which are safely contained in the vaults of the Association (excepting the Securities held by the Dominion Government amounting to \$83,855.00 par value), and found them in good order.

JOHN LANGTON, } Auditors.
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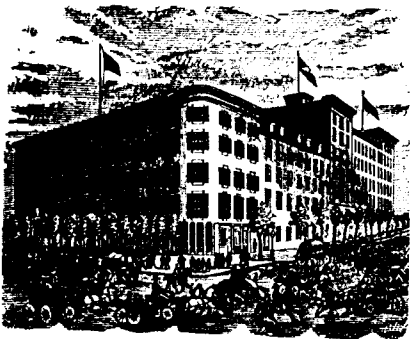
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