

THE WEEK.

Vol. I. No. 30.

Toronto, Thursday, June 26th, 1884.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 7 cents.

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The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, POLITICS, AND CRITICISM.

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

BEFORE the issue of our next number the Provincial Capital will be *en fête* and the town will be beset with throngs of sight-seers come to witness the Semi-Centennial celebration of Toronto's incorporation as a city. What amount of enthusiasm the citizens themselves will manifest remains to be seen, though a whole week's delirium, in the summer solstice, is, we fear, likely to be too much of a tax on the not over-emotional nature of a Toronto populace. Civic rhetoric, no doubt, however, will be effective to keep up excitement; while the glory of municipal pageantry may be trusted at least to lure the small boy into the streets. Semi-Centennial demonstrations, we cannot help thinking, are a little absurd, as are those domestic weaknesses, which modern society encourages,—the wooden, the tin, and the china wedding. They suggest the idea of a premature explosion of feeling, akin to the defect in the mechanism of a fire-lock, which has a tendency to go off at half-cock. Could we have whispered into the ears of our city fathers to postpone their "Gog and Magogery" for another decade, they and the citizens would then be in a position to make high holiday over the centenary of the founding of the town—a more notable and interesting event. But the city is now committed to the affair, and "loyalty to the chief magistrate," or rather, ex-magistrate, calls for the due exercise of civic emotion and a becoming display of civic pride. The demonstration may not be regretted if it contributes in any degree to the fostering of a healthy public spirit and the inculcation of national pride in the breast of youth.

In the commemoration of the settlement of the U. E. Loyalists in Canada, Toronto, however, has legitimate excuse for the manifestation of civic fervour; and, no doubt, this feature in the celebration will receive its meed of honour. The War of Independence over, Sir Guy Carleton and his red-coats set sail for old Albion, and Washington returned to his estates on the Potomac, what scenes heaven was the witness of in the incoming of that loyal band of Britons among the solitudes of Upper Canada, only the silver-tongued orator is competent to say. With the beaching of their boats on the pebbly shores of the lake, the country began its national as the town began its industrial and social life. To send memory back to these times is to rain dew on the patriot soul and stir it to the depths. Only a hundred years, and lo, what a change! But fifty, and how much has been accomplished! Could the city be re-peopled with its old townsmen—the familiar characters of its muddy streets—how little they would know of the place! The Strachans, the Robinsons, the Sherwoods, the Allans, the Baldwins, the Boultons,—with those thorns in their flesh, the

Gourleys, the Mackenzies, and their turbulent following—were they to re-appear, how wistfully would each of them look for the old marketplace, the lounging-steps of the old fashioned Court-house, the spectral corridors of Russell Abbey,—and rub his eyes at the wonder that has arisen in their stead! The seine drawn up on the beach of old York, the island a desolate marsh, the town full of pit-holes, with its open creeks eating their way through the streets, the dear old Meeting-house, with the hour-glass at the preacher's side,—things now wholly of the vanished past, and all but faded from the memory. Is it said "happy the people whose city has no traditions?" Reverse the aphorism, say the old men, and we will give it assent.

We give below the concluding and summarizing portion of Goldwin Smith's Brighton Lecture on the Conduct of England towards Ireland, which some of the angry partisans of Mr. Blake are describing, evidently without having seen it, and on the faith of an Irish-American version of its contents as "denunciatory," intended to inflame English hatred of Ireland, and composed for the purpose of "stirring up or aggravating mutual hatred"—as if anything could be more calculated to stir up and aggravate ill feeling of all kinds than the calumnious and almost delirious pictures of English conduct and sentiment towards Ireland which Irish nationalists are in the habit of drawing. It is further suggested on the same trustworthy authority that the "diabolical" object of the Lecture was to "harden the English heart against the wise remedial legislation which Mr. Gladstone was then preparing," though the Land Act had been passed five months before the lecture was delivered and is repeatedly mentioned by the lecturer who expresses his conviction that "the same hands which have given disestablishment and the Land Act are ready to give any feasible and rational measure of Home Rule."

Be not weary of well-doing. Remember, in half a century of popular government, how much has been effected, what a mountain of abuses, restrictions, monopolies, wrongs, and absurdities has been cleared away. In face of what difficulties has this been achieved! what prophecies of ruin have all along been uttered by reaction or timidity, and how one after another have those prophecies been belied! In the case of England and Scotland, the fruits of a Liberal policy are visible in a wealthier, a happier, a better, a more united, and a more loyal people. In the case of Ireland they are not yet so clearly visible; yet they are there. The Ireland of 1882, though not what we should wish her to be, is a very different Ireland from that of the last century, or of the first quarter of the present. Catholic exclusion, the penal code, the State Church of the minority are gone; in their place reign elective government, religious liberty, equality before the law. A system of public education, founded on perfect toleration of all creeds, and inferior perhaps to none in excellence, has been established. The Land Law has been reformed, and again reformed on principles of exceptional liberality to the tenant. Wealth has increased, notwithstanding all the hindrances put in the way of its growth, by turbulence; the deposits both in the savings' banks and in the ordinary banks bear witness to the fact. Pauperism has greatly declined. Outrage, on the average, has declined also, though we happen just now to be in a crisis of it. Under the happy influence of equal justice, religious rancour has notably abated; the change has been most remarkable in this respect since I first saw Ireland. Influential classes, which injustice in former days put on the side of revolution, are now at heart ranged on the side of order and the Union, though social terrorism may prevent them from giving it their open support. The garrison of Ascendency, political, ecclesiastical, and territorial, has step by step been disbanded; an operation fraught with danger, because those who are deprived of privilege are always prone in their wrath to swell the ranks of disaffection, which yet has been accomplished with success. If the results of political, religious, and educational reform seem disappointing, it is, as I have said before, because the main question is not the franchise, or the Church, or the public school, but the land. With that question a Liberal Parliament and a Liberal Government are now struggling; while its inherent difficulties are increased by Tory reaction on the one side and by Fenian revolution on the other. Of all the tasks imposed by the accumulated errors and wrongs of ages, this was the most arduous and the most perilous. Yet hope begins to dawn upon the effort. Only let the nation stand firmly against Tory and Fenian alike, and against both united, if they mean to conspire, in support of the leaders whom it has chosen, and to whose hands it has committed this momentous work. If separation even now were to take place, what has been done would not have been done in vain. Ireland would go forth an honour to England, not a scandal and a reproach, as she would have been if their connection had been severed sixty years ago. If any one doubts it, I challenge him once more to compare the state of Ireland with that of any other Roman Catholic country in the world. But of separation let there be no thought; none at least till Parliament has done its utmost with the Land Question and failed. Let us hope, as it is reasonable to hope, that where so much has been accomplished, the last and crowning enterprise will not miscarry. Settle the Land Question, and that which alone lends strength to political discontent, to conspiracy, to disunion, will be gone. Passion will not subside in an hour, but it will subside, and good feeling will take its place. The day may come when there will be no more talk of England and Scotland governing Ireland well or ill, because Ireland, in partnership with England and Scotland, will be governing herself, and contributing her share to the common greatness and the common progress; when the Union will be ratified not only by necessity, but by free conviction and good will; when the march of wealth and prosperity will no more be arrested by discord, but the resources of the Island will be developed in peace, and the villas of opulence perhaps will stud the lovely shores, where now the assassin prowls and property cannot sleep secure; when the long series of Liberal triumphs will be crowned by the sight of an Ireland no longer distracted, and disaffected, and reproachful, no longer brooding over the wrongs and sufferings of the past, but resting peacefully, happily, and in unforced union at her consort's side. The life of a nation is long, and though by us this consummation may not be witnessed, it may be witnessed by our children.

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

News has been simultaneously, and through the same channel, received by the Government organs, of the brilliant success, and by the Opposition organs of the disastrous failure, of the Canadian loan. The inference, of course is, on the Government side, that Sir Leonard Tilley is a prodigious financial genius: on the Opposition side that he is a dotard. The simple truth is that in being enabled to borrow money at a little under four per cent., which is the net upshot of the transaction, Canada has shared in reasonable measure the benefit of that general reduction of the rate of interest which is going on, and unless there should be some great destruction of capital by war or some unforeseen absorption of it in great works, is likely to go on over the whole commercial world. With the progress of the means of production and of the habit of saving, both of which advancing civilization brings, the accumulation of capital increases and the rate of interest and of profits consequently falls. Thus nature does, through the operation of economical law, that which the social revolutionist proposes and has attempted, though in vain, to do by means of public plunder and the guillotine. The use of capital is being continually afforded to those who used it on easier terms, and profits are continually being transferred from the capitalist to those whose labour he employs. Nothing arrests this beneficent tendency but war, the waste of capital by idle luxuries and fiscal follies, like the commercial system and Protectionism, which, by interfering with freedom of exchange, and therefore with the proper direction of labour, retard the increase of production. Government organs, while they boast of the success, are disposed to ascribe the want of success to the malignant machinations of the Grand Trunk and of the Grit party. The sorrows of the Grand Trunk have always been an adverse element in the English market. That British investors are much prejudiced against us by the jeremiads of the Grits is not likely: the jeremiads of the party out of power in the United States do not prevent them from buying American bonds. The English have a party Government themselves, and they perfectly understand that it is the business of an Opposition to show that the country is going to ruin. Canadian Tories did not think it necessary to change their language or to be silent because Sir Richard Cartwright was negotiating for a loan. Party supersedes patriotism; that is the law of the system and its inevitable result. It is probable that if our credit stands somewhat lower than that of the United States, and even, as we are all grieved to learn, than that of the Isle of Man, it is because our Government is engaged in an enterprise of vast magnitude, which has recently made additional demands of alarming magnitude on the treasury, and of which nobody clearly sees the end. In one quarter it has been suggested that commercial interests in England have been seeking to revenge themselves on Canada for the N. P. This is most unlikely. By imposing heavy duties on goods you do not make the dealers in them your friends: but the British manufacturers set little store on the Canadian market, and they certainly would not combine for the purpose of crying down a loan. When such thoughts, however, find expression, we see once more how small is the value to England of the name of political supremacy compared with the liabilities which it entails. Its favourable effect even on the sentiment of Canadians towards the Mother Country is evidently far from unequivocal.

THE somewhat doleful picture drawn by Mr. Mercer Adam in *The Week*, of the state and prospects of Canadian literature, has called forth an answer from journalists who seem inclined to think that a dead level of common-school education and rustic intellect, dominated by party organs, and presenting a pretty good field for the book-peddler, is about the most desirable condition which a community can attain, and that those who aspire to anything beyond must be wanting in good sense. It is certainly possible to speak in too desponding a strain. Canada is in this as in other respects trying, on a provincial basis, to support the character of a nation; her people are above the English average, and fully up to the American average of intelligence; but her literary area, excluding the French, and allowing for the isolation of the Maritime Provinces, is small. Our expectations therefore must be bounded. Perhaps if, setting aside Massachusetts and New York, which have in them special centres of literary life, we compare Canada with any other State of the Union, she will not have much reason to hang her head. Yet there are special disadvantages under which Canadian intellect labours. The Canadian who thinks of entering on a literary career, can look forward to no copyright which can be of much use to him, and the consolatory expectations held out to him by Mr. Adam's critic of vending something through the peddlers implies that his productions shall be of no higher class than those which the peddler vends. It has been already noted that our book-stores, the supplies, in

other words, of food for the Canadian intellect, suffer fatally by severance from the centre of distribution. But we have also been without anything in the shape of a literary periodical of our own, in which a writer could imp his wing for the more arduous flight, or that class, numerous in every educated community, which, without having capacity or leisure to produce a book, writes well on subjects of current interest, could find a receptacle for its thoughts. In addition to all this there has been the absence of national spirit, to which may be ascribed the failure of every attempt to produce a national anthem or song. Canada has double the population of Switzerland, but she has no *Ranz des Vaches*.

THE simple-minded heathen who made himself an idol of wood or stone probably did himself less moral harm than does a nation which, having made an idol of some demagogic incarnation of its own passions, prejudices and cupidities, says to it "Be thou my God." But ethical considerations do not influence Presidential elections, or rather they influence them in an inverted way. Mr. Blaine's name is received with hallelujahs: he is Jingo, Protectionist, Anti-Chinese, and an embodiment of every Magnetic principle: in England he would be the divinity of the Music Halls, in the United States he is the man of the people. Of him and the Republican nominee for the Vice-Presidency, General Logan, a man moulded of a congenial though somewhat coarser clay, it is said by the *Chicago Current* that "blended as an entity of leadership, it is not easy to discover in them negative qualities; they are regal in positivism: they represent all the arrogant opulence of victories innumerable by arms and ballot, and measures in a nation without peer." If such are the transports of one of the most highly cultivated of journals, what must those of the uneducated enthusiast be? Let Deity look to its throne. The charges of corruption which have been brought against Mr. Blaine, so far as their nature can be estimated in the cloud of assertion and counter-assertion, do not seem, even if they can be substantiated, to be really very grave. It is the nature of the party and demagogic system, by a fatal process of selection, to lift unscrupulous politicians to the head of affairs; and those who are unscrupulous in politics are sure not to be delicate in anything else. A moderate amount of laxity must in almost every case be endured; and it does not appear that in Mr. Blaine's case the amount has been excessive. The prospect of a policy of "regal positivism," that is, of disturbance and violence, is incomparably more serious. The safeguards against this are the genuine ability of Mr. Blaine, and the revival, when the frenzy of the political prize-fight is over, of good sense among the American people. Mr. Blaine, however, is not yet elected, nor if Mr. Cleveland is his antagonist, as now seems likely, is his election certain. Normally, as the votes are counted in Presidential elections, the Republican party has proved itself the stronger. But the Independent Secession appears to be considerable, especially in Massachusetts and other Eastern States. Whether the rank and file of the Secessionist can be induced to persist in abstention, or to vote for the Democratic candidate when the party banners are unfurled, when the trumpet sounds and the rapture of the strife begins, will very soon be seen. On the other hand General Butler has accepted the nomination of anarchy and scoundrelism; and though the assumption is not complimentary to the Democratic party, it appears to be taken for granted on all hands that whatever force he draws with him, will be subtracted mainly from that side. Something, so far at least as the Republican Secessionists are concerned, will be determined by the Democratic choice of a candidate. Mr. Cleveland is not a very distinguished man; but as Governor of New York he has shown himself strong, solid, honest; and he has earned the highest of all passports to the confidence of good citizens, since he has given offence to Tammany. The Democratic party has acquired a singular reputation for blundering. Its great blunder, as well as its great crime hitherto, has been its comprehension of a large element of rascality.

THE Franchise Bill has passed the perils of Committee in the Commons and now knocks, with unwelcome hand, at the door of the House of Lords. The leader of that House, Lord Salisbury, has already taken up his ground. His position is not anti-democratic; it is on the contrary, decidedly democratic, and betokens on the part of this haughty, though not unbending, patrician, a complete surrender to the principle of government, not only for, but by the people. "We Conservatives," he says in his speech at Plymouth, "do not object at all to the extension of the suffrage; we do not in the least desire to keep out any of our fellow-citizens who wish to come within the limits of the franchise; but we do protest against your altering the balance on one side and not altering it on the other." "It is not," he adds in the same speech, "the mere extension of the suffrage to which Conservatives object, but they object to the effacement of the power

which has been hitherto confided to the farmers, unless corresponding measures are taken for insuring a due representation to the Conservative classes and the Conservative school of thought in all classes throughout this country, for which purpose a thorough and far-reaching measure of redistribution is quite as necessary as a measure of reform." The Bill, in short, is to be opposed, not because it makes the will of the people too supreme, which was the ground of Tory opposition to Reform Bills in the days of old, but because, unless accompanied by a redistribution of seats, it will not produce a faithful representation of popular opinion. Lord Salisbury even gives us a new and democratic version of the proper function of the House of Lords, which he says is to reject the measures of the Commons when they do not carry with them the approval of the nation. The duties of the Order, according to him, are tribunician rather than aristocratic. In proving this, historically, his Lordship labours under some difficulties arising from the general conformity of facts to a different theory. The only two examples which he is able to produce are the rejection of Fox's India Bill and the rejection of the Whig policy with regard to Ireland, the first of which was followed by the defeat of the Fox-North Coalition, and the second by the defeat of the Melbourne Government at a general election. But the Coalition fell partly by monarchical intrigue, partly by its own general unpopularity, and the Melbourne Government owed its overthrow at the polls, not specially to its Irish policy, but to its administrative weakness, the growth of the Conservative reaction, and the towering ascendancy of Sir Robert Peel. In devising schemes for the proportionate representation of parties and schools of thought Lord Salisbury is pursuing a chimera. What he and all statesmen who recognize the ascendancy of the democratic principle have to do is to organize democracy, which in England at present is chaotic, and to provide it with real safeguards, analogous, but superior in validity, to those with which it is provided in the United States, in place of those monarchical and Conservative elements of the British Constitution which have ceased to exercise any real power, though they continue to fill the political imagination and confuse the political mind. Lord Rosebery brings forward a motion to increase the efficiency of the House of Lords by giving it something of the character of a Senate, and including in it intellectual distinction of various kinds; had his motion been accepted it would have greatly strengthened the moral position of the Lords in the coming struggle; but Privilege never reads the hand-writing on the wall: it always prefers destruction to self-reform. The resolution of these bodies is, however, not apt to be on a par with their obstinacy. They are composed of men of pleasure, who are seldom inclined to defend principle at the risk of their lives, or even at the serious risk of their dinners. The French aristocracy, when the hour of peril arrived, ran away and left its king to the guillotine. The British aristocracy has always succumbed after betraying its hostility to reform. Had the Lords the other day mustered courage to throw out the Arrears Bill, as they threatened, and gone before the country saying that, come what might, they would have no share in taxing loyalty to pay blackmail to rebellion, it is highly probable that they would have been victorious, certain that they would have done themselves honour. But the pecuniary interests of some of them were involved in the Bill; and Lord Salisbury, having valiantly taken up an advanced position, and bid his trumpets sound the charge, suddenly, looking round, beheld his legions in full retreat. It is not unlikely that we may see the same comedy played a second time on the same boards.

AGAIN, notwithstanding all prognostications to the contrary, Female Suffrage has been defeated in the British House of Commons, and by a very large majority. In vain did some of the Conservative leaders strive to impress upon their followers the expediency of following the tradition of Lord Beaconsfield, who always voted for the measure, in the persuasion, which is evidently shared by Sir John Macdonald, that the female electors would be Tories. The hope of additional votes was not strong enough to prevail over the fear of social revolution. All who rightly appreciate the gravity of the proposed change will, at least, rejoice that it has not been made on party grounds, and by a medley of Radical Revolutionists, Parnellite Obstructionists, Conservatives angling for female votes, and other Conservatives wanting to tie a stone around the neck of the Franchise Bill. The profound importance of the question is at last seen: all the foolish and unworthy banter which once greeted it is swept aside; serious journals treat it as one different in kind from any ordinary extension of the Franchise; and its supporters argue in its favour, not on the ground that all fear of its consequences is futile, but on the ground that when the Married Woman's Property Act, and other measures of that description have already "revolutionized the foundations of society," it is idle and illogical to shrink from revolutionizing the superstructure.

Another most notable feature of the struggle, was the line taken by *The Queen*, the English lady's newspaper, which after paying the proper tributes to the intellectual ability, and the earnestness of the ladies who have got up the movement proceeds in this strain:—

The question as to the views of the great majority of women on the subject of female suffrage is one which is strongly disputed. The advocates of the change say that women in general wish for votes. Doubtless many of the more energetic women of the day do aspire to their possession, but that the great body of women do so is, to say the least, an unproved assumption. With the majority of women marriage is the great object in life; that attained, their cares are the management of their households and the education and training of their children. The strife of politics married women naturally leave to their husbands, who represent them at the polling booth. That the right to vote, once granted to single women, could be long withheld from those that are married, is an absurd supposition—in fact Miss Simcox's letter proves that not only the giving the vote to married women, but the entry of ladies into Parliament, and the sweeping away of "all the time-honoured disabilities of sex," is contemplated with complacency by the advanced school of female thinkers.

That these proposals represent the views and aspirations of the great majority of women may be fairly doubted. The struggle of party politics has no attraction for them, and in spite of all the organised agitation that has been arranged, the women of this country have not, as a body, made any attempt to gain the franchise. The interests of women have not been neglected in the legislation of recent years. Questions affecting them have had their full share of attention, and in some respects the law has been strained in their favour. The old laws which pressed unjustly on women—and many did so—have either been repealed or amended, and there is no valid claim they could bring before either House of Parliament that would not receive immediate attention. Whether their interests would be better served if they possessed votes is problematical; and whether the interests of the nation and of the family would be promoted, if women possessed all the rights and responsibilities of men and "the disabilities of sex" were swept away, is still open to doubt.

This is precisely what the "Bystander" has already ventured to maintain. The number of women who desire, or to whom it would be possible, to be masculine, and to enter into masculine walks of life, who desire, or to whom it would be possible "to come out of the Egypt of dependence and sentiment" into the arena of rough competition with man, must be small; hardly larger perhaps than the number of women who wish to engage in male pastimes, go with the men to the smoking-room, and put off other restraints of social delicacy. But for the sake of those few the general relations of the sexes would be changed, the privileges of all women would be placed in jeopardy, and all alike would forfeit their claim to a chivalrous protection without acquiring those powers of self-defence which nature, persistently disdainful of radical theories of equality, confines to the stronger and coarser sex. By refusing to introduce women into politics the House of Commons asserts not the intellectual inequality of the sexes, but the fact that their spheres are distinct, and that political government, like police and national defence, belongs to the sphere of man. The decision can be taken as disparaging only by those who deem the functions of political government far superior to those of the wife and mother.

In the question of University Consolidation, the tide is at the flood, and if the opportunity is missed it is not likely to recur. The feeling that the decisive hour had arrived made those who were specially interested in the matter to hurry to Convocation the other day, to hear what the Chancellor of the University of Toronto, with whom the initiative presumably rests, would say. What they heard, however, was, that the Chancellor "would be delighted if a plan should be brought forward which was adapted to all the necessities of the situation, which was not inconsistent with the fundamental principles which each held, and which should promote a real and cordial union of interest and sentiment in the establishment and perfecting of the new system proposed." To a plan which is perfectly unobjectionable no large-minded man will object. It is clear that the Chancellor is not going to be the motive power on this occasion. His reserve may be easily excused: a leading politician, with the fortunes of a party in his hands, has, in the first place little time to devote to schemes of university improvement; in the second place, he is naturally afraid of bringing himself and his party into collision with any of the denominational interests involved. The stress of the situation now falls on the Minister of Education, who seems to have zeal, though unluckily he has not special knowledge of the subject, and on the Vice-Chancellor of the University, who seems to have both.

THE wave sometimes recedes though the tide is advancing. In Belgium, Clericalism, after being for many years worsted in its perpetual struggle against Liberalism, has at length gained an electoral victory, and will apparently get the Government into its hands. The cause of this revolution seems to have been the excessive violence of Liberal propaganda in the matter of public education. There are members of the Church of Voltaire who are not less persecuting than the members of the Church of Loyola, though perhaps in point of humanity the guillotine is an improvement on the stake. The party of reaction in Belgium rests on the foundation, not only of priestly influence, but of Flemish nationality, the affinity of which is not to the French or Walloon portion of Belgium,

but to Holland, and which was reluctantly dragged into the revolution of 1830. If the Clerical party, finding itself in power, ventures on strong measures of reaction, a fierce conflict will ensue, and it is not unlikely that the Liberals, if hard pressed, may stretch out their hands for aid to the neighbouring Republicans of France. The wave recedes, but the tide is advancing. Hitherto, in taking the French census, all who professed no religion have been set down as Catholics, Catholicism being the State religion. But the census has now, it seems, been taken on a different principle, and, as the result, it appears that there are seven millions and a-half of Frenchmen who profess no religion at all. As De Musset says, "Voltaire may rejoice in his grave, for his generation has come at last." But if there had been no religious persecution, no dragonnades or execution of Calas, there would have been no Voltaire; and if the Liberals in Belgium had been temperate in their use of power and respected the ancestral faith of the people, there would probably have been no Clerical reaction.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

UNHAPPILY for the large numbers of Torontonians who delight in sailing, rowing, swimming—and, indeed, for all other residents—their beautiful Bay is at present in the most unsanitary condition. The cool lake breezes, which it has been customary to speak of as grateful and refreshing to the heated citizens in the dog days, have of late been heavy with foul gases, and constitute an element of great danger to the public health. To a considerable extent this is the result of the large numbers of dead and decomposing fish which from various causes have for some days covered the Bay and Lake; but those who are accustomed to the Bay can tell that the water has been getting steadily dirtier year by year—a result to be deplored, but not to cause astonishment, bearing in mind the amount of sewage that is constantly pouring into it. As if this were not enough, the city is gradually closing the Eastern Gap, with the ultimate intention, it is said, of making the Island a peninsula, and thus arresting the only means of purifying the Bay. The sole salvation of this sheet of water, from a sanitary standpoint, is the current that is set up by the wind driving the Lake waters across from the Eastern to the Western Gap, or *vice versa*, and to close one of these outlets would be suicidal—would make the Bay little better than a stagnant pond. The rôle of raven or alarmist is not an enviable one; but it is unfortunately only too apparent that if the pile-driving at the Eastern Gap of the Bay is continued, and the sewage is not diverted, a serious epidemic must result sooner or later.

THE Royal Canadian Yacht Club have just revived the old custom of placing their craft for one day in each week at the disposal of lady friends, as was done in the days of the "Ripple" and the "Geraldine." The Club has decided on devoting each Tuesday afternoon to ladies' sailing, and a committee has been appointed to arrange that all fair guests calling to go out on those days will be conveyed on board some yacht for that purpose. As the boats will manoeuvre together, the bay on Tuesday afternoon may be expected to present a gay appearance. At the termination of the "cruise" the ladies will be invited to take refreshments at the Club House.

ARRANGEMENTS for a lawn tennis tournament in Toronto have been completed. It is to take place on the Lawn Tennis Club's grounds on July 1st, and will be open to residents in Canada. The club will offer prizes for gentlemen's singles and doubles, and several matches will be arranged to come off during the tournament. It is intended also to have gentlemen's and ladies' (mixed) doubles. Entries have been received from London, Ottawa, and other places, and it is understood that other Toronto clubs will send competitors. The tournament will not interfere with the one fixed for September, which will be open to all comers.

THE "Amateur Fox Hunt Club" met on Hanlan's Island on Saturday, for what was pleased to be advertised as an afternoon's "sport." Possibly the novelties of the proceedings may have attracted many, as ladies were also present; but the sport—or, to call it by its right name, murder—witnessed will surely prevent such a scene of absolute cruelty again desecrating a place indissolubly connected with the name of a man renowned for fair play in all sport. For the amusement of these noble sportsmen (!) two bag foxes were carried across. The "pack"—why are there no mongrel names for mongrel sports?—was a most incongruous one. Dogs of all breeds, and dogs of no breed at all, for once met together on terms of equality, and sad to relate, dogs that have graced with honour the show bench were entered for degenerate sport like this. It is true the poor victims were given a few moments' law, then the yelling and yelping crew poured

after them, and soon the butchering was accomplished. We are told by a Toronto daily that the trophies of this noble hunt are to be seen in a King street hotel! It was but lately we had occasion to allude to a diabolical scene in New Jersey, where a fox which, having had one leg broken in a trap, was turned out for similar "sport," and because it would not, or rather was unable to, run, had turpentine poured over it! Is Canadian fox hunting, which at its best is but in its infancy, to degenerate into acts of cruelty like this? It is bad enough to turn out a bag fox, even in what some might term a legitimate manner, before a pack of hounds; at least, where woods or cover abound, it has some chance for its life. But what chance has a poor animal turned out of a bag on a spot which, like the Island, is without a vestige of cover, and where its every movement is visible? Pigeon-shooting is doomed in England on account of its cruelty, but pigeon-shooting at its worst never equalled the barbarous cruelty of hounding to death a poor animal, which for centuries has been associated with the noblest of Anglo-Saxon sports. It is to be hoped, in the cause of humanity in general, and for the sake of fox hunters in particular, no further meets of a similar nature may be recorded.

IN the Toronto sporting programme of Saturday the great difficulty was to decide what kind of sport to patronize. Those who favoured the lacrosse grounds were enabled to witness a stirring match between the Torontos and Caughnawaga Indians, in which the former were victorious by two games to one, though it is to be regretted that the match was again characterized by rough play, in which free fighting was once more indulged in, a member of each team being very properly ruled out. On the bay, both the Toronto and Argonaut Boat Clubs held their annual Club Spring Fours, over almost the same course—an arrangement, which seemed to give especial satisfaction to the friends of both clubs, who assembled in large numbers in response to the invitation to the "At Home" given at either boat-house, as a constant succession of heats was kept up through the afternoon, and some good contests were witnessed. In cricketing circles, the great attraction was the Upper Canada College "At Home," when a most interesting match was witnessed between the Residents and Non-Residents, by which the former, thanks to the magnificent batting of E. R. Ogden, pulled off the match by seven wickets. For the losers, A. Gillespie proved a tower of strength, but he had no one to back him up. For the intermediate lacrosse championship at Montreal, the Young Shamrocks defeated the Ontarios, of Toronto, by three games to one, the play, like that at home, being especially rough.

THE Toronto Conference of the United Methodist Church is now in convocation. A pleasant sign of the times which cannot fail to be appreciated by those interested in the Protestant Church is the visits of delegations from both the Presbyterian and Anglican Churches to their brother ministers now assembled. Though the differences which separate the three bodies cannot be ignored, yet the points of similarity are much more important and vital. In the present state of the Church the divers creeds which may be the distinguishing characteristics of either body need not be seized upon as subjects of animosity or irate discussion. The hearty reception accorded the visiting representatives, and the brotherly wishes extended on either side, would surely go far to dispel the truth of the words of Cowper, which in many instances, with the broad veil of Charity so often wanting, were unfortunately too frequently verified.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
Yet friends who chance to differ
On points which God has left at large,
How freely will they fight and charge—
No combatants are stiffer.

It must also be remembered that John Wesley, the great founder of the body which bears his name, was, at one time, an Anglican minister, and up to the time of his death he retained a profound love and esteem for the time-honoured Church of England.

A CANADIAN ANTHEM, written and composed by Mr. Kerrison, will be performed at the concert to be given by the Toronto Choral Society during the coming Semi-Centennial celebration. The first verse is as follows:

God preserve our native land,
Fair Canada the free;
May His right hand
Protect our land,
And guard her liberty.
Then shall each valley,
Each mountain and plain,
Sing in glad chorus
The grand refrain:
Canada, fair Canada,
God's blessing rest on thee,
May His right hand
Protect our land
And guard her liberty.

THERE were sixteen failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, as compared with seventeen in the preceding week, and with twenty-eight, eight, and eight respectively in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. In the United States there were 187 failures last week reported to Bradstreet's, as against 178, 137, and eighty-five during the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. About eighty per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

SAYS the *Chicago Current*: "Since the Dominion of Canada was organized under the British North American Act of 1867, the confederated provinces have contrived to run up a debt of about \$250,000,000, or to be accurate, \$254,159,104. It was increased by \$50,000,000 at the last session of the Dominion Parliament, which was chiefly occupied dealing out subsidies to allay provincial jealousies. This is very bad for a country with a population of less than 4,500,000. What the Dominion seems to need is more people; but they do not come very rapidly. They go away, however. There are 700,000 Canadians in the United States."

MR. W. HENRY BARNEBY is the author of a book just published on "Life and Labour in the Far West," and some of his opinions on Manitoba matters may be worth quoting as those of an "outsider." Needless to say, Mr. Barneby has visited the great North-West Territory, and thus writes of Winnipeg: "Winnipeg, however, has a future before it—in fact it is looked upon as the great city for the whole of the North-West, while it is believed that any investment in land which could be made at a fair price within ten or twenty miles of the town would be of much ultimate value. Meanwhile the streets, though wide, are not half made. The soil is a black loam of very considerable depth, there is some small scrub wood about, but this, of course, would all plough out if the land were cultivated. The winter lasts about six months, and usually commences with November, January and February being the hardest months. June is considered to be the rainy month. Thunderstorms are not frequent, and mosquitoes are not particularly troublesome." Speaking more at length in a subsequent chapter concerning Southern Manitoba, Mr. Barneby gives it as his opinion that, while a great deal of the soil is undoubtedly of first-class quality and far superior to anything he saw in the North-West territory, it is mostly a grazing country, and that stock-raising would be more profitable than wheat-growing, which, according to the present system of farming at least, must collapse in a few years. The land is not so deep nor so suitable for wheat as that in the Red River Valley, but for stock-raising it has in many parts great advantages, both from its undulating character and the number of its ponds and creeks. The present settlers have not enough capital to invest largely in stock, and should they ever come to possess it, our author thinks that their land is so cut up with ploughing that it will be impossible to keep the cattle off the crops without doing a great deal more fencing than would have been necessary had the farms been judiciously laid out at first. As regards these crops themselves, wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes grow most luxuriantly upon the land when first broken, and for from one to four years afterwards, according to the depth of soil. Potatoes, especially, do exceedingly well. Mr. Barneby hardly ever saw a bad crop in all Southern Manitoba.

NOT only is there a difficulty in finding masters for many old established pack of fox-hounds for the coming season in England, but there is an unfortunate spirit of opposition to the sport springing up in the breasts of the farmers. English agriculturists, as a rule, are not wise in their philosophy. Not so many years ago, those of them who had been cultivators of hops agitated for the repeal of the hop duty. As a result, the market has been glutted with those of foreign growth, and the burden of the duty would gladly be borne again by the growers at home. So it is likely to be with fox-hunting. It is only when it is put down that its opponents will begin to reckon what they have lost in doing away with so important a market as that caused by hunting. Some idea of the money spent may be gathered from the annual table, just published. Independent of stag-hounds and harriers, there are now in England over one hundred and fifty packs of fox-hounds. These packs will give some five hundred meets per week, and allowing that each costs as many times £600 as it hunts in a week, we get a total of £300,000 as an approximate amount needed to keep the various establishments going. Now, add the amount spent to those riding to hounds on the purchase, keep, shoeing and necessary saddlery. Say that there are but one hundred men to each hunt, and that they have but two horses a-piece, valued at the low figure of £50 each; that gives 15,000 men with 30,000 horses, and their value one and a-half millions of pounds. The keep of these horses amounts to a very large sum, which either directly or indirectly finds its way into the farmers' pockets. The employment of labour in connection with these hunts must also be

considered. There are huntsmen, kennel-huntsmen, whippers-in, stablemen, feeders, and a host of subordinates, all causing a vast sum to be circulated every year, much of which would, were it not for hunting, be spent abroad in a more pleasant clime than that usually associated with an English winter.

MR. SPURGEON, last week, reached his fiftieth birthday, and the occasion was made use of by his numerous friends and admirers to present to the reverend gentleman a substantial purse, as a slight recognition of his long and arduous services in the cause of Christianity. Probably no man of the day, no matter to what persuasion he may belong, has awakened so much enthusiasm in the cause of religion as the now shining light of the Baptist creed. This enthusiasm is by no means confined to his own congregation, or even to the metropolis, where his chief labours are directed, but radiates throughout the whole civilized world. The works published by the great Baptist divine are translated into every known language. Like many other illustrious divines, the present preacher of the London Tabernacle met, at the outset of his career, difficulties of no ordinary nature. Scorned, despised and scoffed at, even by men who, like himself, professed to be God's ministers, he has surmounted every obstacle, and the records raised by him in his career will mark an everlasting testimony to the work he has accomplished, in both the cause of religion and education.

FROM recent accounts given of the progress of the Panama Canal works, it would appear that M. de Lesseps is pushing on with characteristic vigour. Already twenty-three sections of the line have been opened, and workshops on the most complete scale have been run up at convenient intervals. The population is growing at a remarkable rate. There is, we are informed, "a perfect mania for building." The process of excavation is that which is, of course, of the greatest interest, and it is going on with great rapidity. Six powerful dredges are being constructed at Philadelphia. Blasting must first be resorted to when schist or gneiss is encountered. As one example of the metamorphosis caused by all this activity and outlay of money, the town of Colon is instanced. It was a miserable little hamlet in 1880, but is now a prosperous town, with brisk trade and swarming streets. The company has spent between six and seven millions sterling during the last three years and a half, but not even the major part in strictly canal operations. M. de Lesseps is very sanguine as to the results of his great exertions and enterprise, and if no hitch should occur, his confidence will, no doubt, prove well founded.

COMMENTING upon the ill-judged action of the Duke of Richmond, and others with protectionist proclivities, in the matter of discouraging the importation of cattle into England on the pretence of stamping out disease, the *Liverpool Mercury* says: "Two can play at the game of excluding cattle. America has retorted upon us by a severity of quarantine which is in some instances almost prohibitory; and the Herefordshire farmers are bitterly complaining of the blow dealt to them. That is not all, the tariff has nearly doubled in twelve months; and the result is to make the farmers of many of our agricultural counties very anxious about the future."

IN the course of a recent trial in one of the civil courts, the fact was revealed that Signor Foli is not Signor Foli, but Mr. A. J. Foley. The absurdity of Italianising homely names has often been exposed, but never more vigorously than by Mr. Santley's refusal in his early operative days to be christened Signor Santelli. Mr. Foley should adhere to his meek admission of name and nationality. His fine voice and artistic method will continue to sustain his reputation.

OUR able contemporary, the *Chicago Current* is mis-informed when it reports that Mr. Sims Reeves, the world-famed tenor, has "only the wreck of a voice to bring to America." As the result of the exceeding care Mr. Reeves has taken of his voice, he sings almost as well to-day as he has any time during the past fifteen years. It is in the recollection of many even "on this side" that, upon an occasion three years ago when the Reeves, *père et fil*, sang at the same ballad concert in St. James' Hall, London, the universal verdict was, not alone that Sims Reeves was, despite his age infinitely the better singer of the two, but that he was then just as capable of doing justice to a tenor song as he had been at any previous period of his career. It is well known in the profession that had Herbert Reeves fulfilled his father's expectations, he would have been kept persistently before the public as the recipient of his father's mantle; and the latter artist would have retired "full of honours." The son, however, despite all the prestige which his father's name gave him, was unable to

hold position as a leading tenor, and as the paternal coffers were none too full, Mr. Sims Reeves has had to continue accepting engagements.

A FIRM of English publishers have just published a volume which politicians will like to read. It is Mr. Disraeli's two works, the first about himself, "What is He?" and the second his "Vindication of the English Constitution," in letters addressed to Lord Lyndhurst. They are prefaced by a sketch of Lord Beaconsfield's career by Mr. Francis Hitchman, which would be quite as interesting and somewhat more telling if it had not too much of the air of superfine superciliousness. The pamphlet "What is He?" contains Mr. Disraeli's early declaration that the restoration of the aristocratic principle of government is utterly impossible, and that the democratic principle must be made predominant by the repeal of the Septennial Act and the adoption of the ballot. In his "Vindication of the English Constitution," published in 1835, he also proposes to appeal against those who call themselves "the people" to the nation. It is all curious reading, and goes far to justify the clever mountebank theory which so long in the English mind accounted for all Lord Beaconsfield's inconsistencies.

CLERICAL EDUCATION AND STUDY.*

WE have reason to believe that there still exists a tolerably large class of religious people who profess to despise learning as a qualification for the Christian ministry. We do not for a moment imagine that these people quite understand what they mean by their jealousy of theological and still more of scientific knowledge among the clergy. They certainly have not the slightest notion of carrying out their theories into all the departments of religious knowledge; still less would they apply them to other departments of thought and action. We fear they would hardly employ a lawyer or a doctor because of his piety, when they knew him to be ignorant of law or of physic. Nay, more, they would consider theological ignorance to be very disgraceful in a minister, if it happened to be ignorance of their own favourite tenets. It is only knowledge outside the limits of their own creed which they regard as useless or dangerous, for of course that is carnal knowledge, lacking the consecration of their peculiar Shibboleth. These people are like-minded with the Caliph Omar who burnt the Alexandrian Library. In the view of that commander of the faithful, the Library was useless if it contained only what was in the Koran, and mischievous if it contained anything contrary to it. In either case, therefore, it was proper to burn it.

We have some reason to fear that the number of these religious disparagers of learning is more considerable than is generally supposed; and what they lack in numbers they make up in zeal, so that we fear many of the clergy are discouraged, and deterred from pursuing studies which are absolutely essential to their usefulness, by having it impressed upon them that such labours do not pay, are perhaps more of a hindrance than a help, and in any case that their time might be spent more usefully. This is a very real and pressing evil and danger. It may be quite true that a great deal of good may be done by ignorant and uninstructed men and women. We have no very minute knowledge of the success of the Salvation Army, but we are willing to hope that many are benefited by its peculiar methods of work. But we should certainly not conclude from this that a procession headed by a brass band and a drum would therefore be the best organization for the evangelization of the world.

What are the complaints respecting the religious condition of the present age, which seem most serious and alarming? We hear it said on every side that the Christian Church is letting go the thoughtful, the studious, the intellectual—nay, worse, that in many congregations the attendance is made up chiefly of women, and that men are conspicuous by their absence. And this is said, and apparently is in a good measure true, not of one communion or another, but of every form of Christianity which prevails amongst us.

Shall we better this state of things by having the ministers of religion worse educated than the members of other professions? Shall we get men to respect religion by saying that it flourishes most where its teachers are most ignorant? Few would go so far as that; but in fact, the prejudice against learning in a Christian minister must rest upon some such theory. It is a cruel wrong to teachers and taught. The clergy have temptations enough to neglect their studies. For most of them, overwhelmed as they are with practical work, it needs more self-denial and resolution than most men possess, to tear themselves away from the ordinary routine of life, and devote themselves to regular, continuous, systematic study, even of their Bible and their Greek Testament, to say nothing of those subjects—such

as Church History and Theology—which cannot be disregarded without loss by every Christian teacher.

These remarks have been partially suggested, and immediately occasioned, by examining a list of books put forth by the Princeton Theological Seminary for the guidance of Christian ministers in getting together a theological library. It is very pleasant to see that the college of the great Jonathan Edwards, now so worthily presided over by Dr. McCosh, sets before its students a standard so high as that which is represented in this catalogue. It is especially gratifying to find that the authorities do not think it necessary to confine the reading of the students entirely to books which take their own side in church questions. Naturally and properly the principal treatises recommended upon the controverted subjects support the Presbyterian view; but there are a good many which advocate the principles of other Christian communities.

In the first place the range of subjects is very considerable, although all of them are nearly or remotely connected with theology. Most of the books mentioned are in English; a very few are in Latin; we have not remarked any in any other language, although a good many are translated from the German, and a few from the French. The selection is so good that no minister of any denomination would go far wrong in buying any or all of the volumes here recommended, as far as his means would allow. This being so, we may do some service by noting a few of the omissions which have struck us in glancing over the list. Some of them may perhaps be inevitable, but others are less intelligible. It is possible, however, that some books may have escaped our notice, as they may fall under various heads, and indeed the principle of classification is not in all cases quite clear.

Among the "collected works," all that are mentioned have a good claim to their place; but we are rather surprised to find the names of Flavel and Mason beside that of Owen, while John Howe is ignored. Among the Episcopalians we are less astonished to find only the names of Leighton and Taylor (Hooker is mentioned elsewhere); but Hall and Barrow and some others that we could name might have been included. Among the apocryphal books, Tischendorf's edition of the spurious Gospels, Acts, Revelation, etc., should certainly have been mentioned, and perhaps Hilgenfeld's "New Testament outside the Canon." Among introductions to the Old Testament we should have had the work of Bleek; his Introduction to the New Testament is mentioned. Under Acts or Apostolic History, Lewin's book on St. Paul should be mentioned.

Passing on to "special topics," under the head of "Inspiration," we have neither Lee nor Row, whose works are certainly superior to those given. Under Philology, while we have Cremer's excellent Dictionary of New Testament Greek, we miss the no less excellent and more complete, if more condensed, Dictionary of Grimm. Under "Prophecy," the books given are all good, but surely the very remarkable work of Davison should not have been omitted. It may be a little old-fashioned, but it is the work of no ordinary mind. An omission which greatly surprised us was Reuss' "Theology of the Apostolic Age." Certainly Reuss is not quite orthodox; but he is a writer whom no theologian can safely ignore, and this work of his is one of peculiar ability and interest, with a great deal at once of German depth and of French lucidity.

Passing on to "commentaries," we think those of Kalisch on Genesis, Exodus, and Leviticus, should have been mentioned. It is true that Kalisch is a Jew and a rationalist; but we imagine that his books cannot be ignored. We miss further Cox's very interesting history of Job. By some accident Delitzsch's admirable commentary on the Psalms is left out (his books are generally mentioned). We also miss Cheyne on Isaiah, Dean Plumtre's most interesting book on Ecclesiastes, and Dr. Pusey's work on Daniel.

It was hardly worth while to give Barnes' Notes, and we were a little surprised not to find Morison's valuable commentaries on St. Matthew and St. Mark. We think, too, Olshausen's commentaries are quite worthy of mention. Under the "parables" we ought to have had Bruce and Goebel. Under Romans and Corinthians, Beet's commentaries should have been named; and certainly Hengstenberg and Lange are insufficient representatives of the Book of Revelation.

It would be easy to supplement the lists in many other places. Thus we miss the names of Crawford and Ritschl, as well as Magee, under the heading of the "atonement," those of Hoppin, Brooks, and Bautain under the "pulpit," and among writers of sermons we miss such names as the Anglican Magee, and the Baptist Maclaren, preachers who have not their superiors in England.

While, therefore, we regard this catalogue with satisfaction, as a useful guide to ministers in forming their libraries, it will be seen (and the list of deficiencies could be greatly enlarged) that there is much that might be added. Indeed, if such additions should seem to swell the collection to an

* A List of Books intended as an aid in the selection of a PASTOR'S LIBRARY. Princeton Theological Seminary. Robinson, Princeton, N. J.

unreasonable extent, some of those given might be omitted; or still better, the practice observed of putting an asterisk before the most important volumes might be carried a little further, by which means the less important books might be reserved for future purchases. C.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY AND PARTY POLITICS.

THE Church moves as well as the world, and it is a noticeable sign of the times that an overture, condemnatory of the execrable spirit which has taken possession of our party politics, has obtained for itself a hearing in the highest court of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. It was not the most respectful hearing that might have been tendered to it. The subject was novel in that place, and many, evidently, did not quite know how to treat it—whether to laugh or cry over it. Few of the leading spirits of the venerable court condescended to notice the matter, and those who did, notably Messrs. Macdonnell and Pitblado, are deserving of much commendation for their frank, manly utterances. But that the matter has been mooted at all amid such surroundings, the principle conceded that religion has something to do with politics, and the duty of the Church recognized in regard to putting down lying and slander among politicians as well as other classes of people, are by no means unimportant matters for congratulation.

The overture brought before the Assembly sets forth, in very temperate language, the undeniable moral mischiefs wrought by an intense and unscrupulous party spirit in politics. That it is doing much to undermine the love of truth in our country, producing a vast amount of strife and bitterness, and seriously hindering the love and good-will that ought to prevail in a Christian land, are serious allegations, but true, every word of them. The sacrifice of independence of personal character and opinion to party allegiance is another important phase of the matter, constituting an evil of no small magnitude in a professedly free country like ours. These topics are fully as worthy the attention of a great church court as most of the questions usually brought before such bodies, and much more so than many on which a large amount of time is apt to be wasted. The speeches of Rev. Messrs. Armstrong and Moore, in support of the overture, were sensible, to the point, and worthy of more serious attention than seems to have been accorded them.

It would have been well if a more clear-headed and less impulsive orator than Rev. W. S. Ball had led the debate which followed. Speaking on the spur of the moment, as he usually does, he made some strange statements and moved a queer amendment. In view of the well-known fact that the late Hon. George Brown always aimed to make the *Globe* a good Presbyterian paper, and considered that he succeeded so well as to render any other Canadian Presbyterian journal needless, it is rather extraordinary that Mr. Ball should affirm that Presbyterians are not at all extravagantly strong in the expression of their political opinions! He used to think the Grits possessed with the very devil of political depravity. What change has come o'er the spirit of his dream that now he looks upon them as doves when compared with the serpents that hiss and show their fangs on the other side of the party lines? Mr. Ball's amendment proposed to "communicate with other religious bodies to ascertain if any steps can be taken to obviate the evil." What need for this action on the part of exponents of a Bible which commands the putting away of lying, seeks to diffuse peace and good will on earth, and bids every man "prove all things," and "be fully persuaded in his own mind"? The Assembly did but show its good sense in voting so absurd an amendment down, and in passing a resolution urging the duty of "fostering in the community a more judicial, patriotic and charitable feeling with regard to all matters affecting the politics and government of the country."

It is not likely that this will be the last of the matter. Truth has always been remarkable for its echoes, and so much of it on this subject as found a voice in the recent General Assembly will reverberate and "stir the silences" all over Canada. Surely all ecclesiastical bodies will have something to say about it. In the recent Presbyterian discussion care was taken not to condemn party as such, or to trace the evils recognized and condemned to the necessary influence of machine politics, but more thorough and careful attention to the subject will convince thoughtful and candid minds that the system itself is to some extent responsible, that the evils deplored are not merely incidental, but inherent, and that the only way to bring our political machinery into line with truth, righteousness and individual freedom, is to reform it altogether.

W. F. C.

MR. FROUDE has abandoned his projected tour through America and Australia. The last volumes of his Carlyle biography will be ready in October.

LITTLE DRESSED-UP DOLLS.

So we call them, poor children! half in regret, half in scorn, that the silly mother has put her main care and thought upon their finery. But this does not express the whole pitiful case. They are not dolls, and the little hearts are apt to be aching under those wide white collars as really and as frequently as those under the diamonds and point lace.

I know two little girls who always look like rose-buds. Fresh, crisp hats and ruffles give a bright appearance. But if you ask one of them, quietly sitting apart, to go play with your other little guests, she shakes her head: "Mamma says she'll punish me if I tear my dress." The other, a most active-minded looking, tiny creature, about seven, said one day in cold blood, with the deliberation of a worn old man: "I wish I was dead." "Oh, why do you say that, my dear child!" "Because I am so tired." Life was one weary care-taking. Some day, probably, she will love dress well enough, and be all too willing to sacrifice herself for it—childhood's happiness lost, and life's holiness of aim lost too! If their mother were to see this, she would never suspect that I was speaking of her children. She thinks they are contented and fortunate.

The single rule which I have seen enforced upon very small children, not to sit on the floor, does great harm—far more harm than the white dresses all winter can do good. The resolution and experience of a grown woman does not make her go and carry a big chair from the other end of the room whenever she is tired and needs it; and a child watched and kept routed up from the carpet, will stand for half hours together, day after day, through its shifting plays, the little weak ankles suffering, and the forming constitution strained.

Moreover, the unhappiness is not confined to "over-dressed" children; many who are quite simply clad are over-dressed for their means, and equally to be pitied for the anxiety which they endure. Their clothes are made, perhaps quite unconsciously to the well meaning-mother, the prominent thought and fear of their lives, especially on all occasions when they must wear their good ones.

I heard an elderly mother, not a very lenient one, either, on the clothes subject, say that she took great care not to find fault about mishaps which came to light on getting home from little trips and frolics, because she had such painful recollections of how her own good, but strictly careful, mother had spoiled all these pleasures of her childhood by the scolding, or worse, which she grew to expect as a certain greeting on her return. The thin, old best dress was torn, the ribbon lost, the shoes which had been so difficult to get were scratched, and the hard-driven mother's lynx-eyed inspection always found something to overthrow her patience.

There may be stringent circumstances in which regard for children's future life-long interests requires the keeping up of a decent appearance even at the cost of suffering; but even here be careful how you put on the screws of misery. Character is so much more important, and so much easier made or marred, than prospects. An understanding throughout the family of the real state of the case, would do much to rouse them to care, and to make them womanly and manly in the highest sense, as well as in this practical matter; and penalties rather as reminders than as punishments would be less bitter.

In the great majority of our American families, the effort is made to dress as well as possible. Is it wise? Is it as elevating as it seems to be? as elevating as effort bestowed in some other directions?

The exact question lies here; whether it is best for you to dress your children as well as you can, or best to leave the margin of energy which you may save from that to give them a little extra home happiness, more training of their morals, and an example which will not have such a strong appearance of worldliness.

MARGARET MEREDITH.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

It is undeniable that in certain of the most distinguished of American poets exists a marked deficiency in the sense of form, in symmetry of construction, and in finish. Poe was master in all the magic of rhythm, a wizard conjuring potently with musical balance of words. Longfellow, in his riper work, displayed fine technical skill. Stedman and Aldrich have hardly a living superior in matters of pure technique, in the essentially artistic qualifications of a poet. But these stand out as exceptions. Sometimes it looks as if the idea were of supreme importance, and to be developed at all hazard, while the medium of expression is handled with a trace of impatience or contempt. In the minor poets much more than this is apparent. One feels too often that their reverence for their art is scanty, that they have a disdain of careful and devoted labour, perhaps no perception whatever of the need of recasting, of polishing, of perfecting. An idea, an emotion, an incident, or a romance is forced into ill-fitting garments of crudely constructed verse. All deficiencies in the manner, should such be

acknowledged to exist, must be compensated for by the value and beauty of the matter; which value and beauty themselves may chance to be all but non-existent. And at best, how rarely is it realized that in so subtle a creation as song half the matter indeed is the manner. Body and soul are by no means so thoroughly made one as are language and thought in poetry; by no means so potently do they act and re-act upon each other as do the word and the idea in song. It would be genius sublime indeed that could afford to display itself always in slovenly verse. But the fact is that in slovenly verse sublime genius is hidden, not displayed. Great poets, it is true, have written slovenly verse; it was just then their genius was at fault.

A young poet therefore who is essentially an artist, reverencing deeply his art, and master of all its technicalities, should attract our most earnest regard. Such a poet is Mr. Edgar Fawcett. Never falling into the snare of sound for sweet sound's sake only, his pregnant lines are nevertheless harmonious as though his sole aim were harmony. Like Keats, he is enamoured of fine phrases. His phrases, too, like those of Keats and unlike those of many verbal gymnasts, are really fine, ring true, have a solid substance to them. The fine phrases that Keats loved, full of sweetness and colour, and perfume and music, are scarcely even akin to those sonorous collocations of words which one of the greatest of living poets delights sometimes to string for us, which not seldom seem to us

"Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong."

Mr. Fawcett's phrases are moulded with nicest skill; he makes them rich and delicious, fit to be rolled under the tongue; but each has a reason for being; each is vitalized with an idea. All through Mr. Fawcett's volume published in 1878 under the name of "Fantasy and Passion," is perceptible this high technical skill, this mastery of words, and above all this subtle essence of poetry. Certain lines bring a feeling of velvety richness on the lips repeating them. For example:

"Within her vaporous robe and one dim hand
Much asphodel and lotus doth she bear."

Of which the last line is one that the tongue is reluctant to let cease. The sonnet containing these lines is entitled "Sleep," and was written for a picture. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it has but one superior in the whole range of English pictorial sonnets. It has greater unity, is less exclamatory, than that marvellous one by Rossetti, "For a Venetian Pastoral," which is surely the most perfect sonnet-music in the language. This poem will serve to display very many of Mr. Fawcett's characteristics. Here in are well instanced the artistic perfection of rhythm, the well-linked music of language that he knows how to create. As a colourist also his faculty shows itself. He has a clear appreciation of values; his quietest and most subdued tone is instinct with the glow of vitality. Here, too, we perceive the definiteness and reach of his imagination; the clearness of his vision and of his rendering of the vision; his excellent sense of proportion.

Not alone in the sonnets, but in that charming group of songs entitled "Minor-chords" is Mr. Fawcett's symmetry of design displayed to advantage. Each of these poems, however brief, is complete, rounded and justly developed. Most of them being the outcome of close and loving study of this or that of the surrounding objects of nature, dramatic intensity is not herein to be looked for; but intensity and keenness of search—these are well evident. Nor is it here we should expect the utterance of passionate thought; though one or two of these small master-pieces are aglow with heat of passion held in check. They are filled, too, with the charm of suggestiveness; scarcely a poem but brings some new thought; some strange analogy, to haunt the brain after reading it. Instance the following stanza from "A Tuberosc":—

"Or did the moon, through some sweet night long dead,
Her splendour shed
On some rich tomb, while silence held its breath,
Till one pure sculptured blossom thrilled and grew
Strangely to you,
Cold child of moonbeams, marble and white death!"

Or the following beautiful fancy:—

"Down in the dim swamp, firefly throngs
A brilliant, soundless revel keep,
As though beneath their radiant rain
Another Danaë slept her sleep!"

But for proofs that Mr. Fawcett can interpret, not only external nature even in his subtlest manifestations, but also the palimpsest of human passion and thought, we must turn to that division of his work entitled "Voices and Visions." "The House on the Hill," the initial poem of this division, is a form of song in which success is difficult. It is an episode of passion and heart-ruin under the common light of the present day and life. In form and subject not unlike some work of the younger Lytton, it is as much superior to that clever writer's productions as sincerity, simplicity, and strength might be expected to make it. There is never a cynical touch to make one ashamed of his emotion, or the hollow ring to remind one that his breathless sympathy is all for the fiction of a poet's idle brain. There is no raving, no attitudinizing; but the story is briefly told, with vigour and directness, and its pathos of governed pain is deep and enduring.

—And let him keep my hand, as I said
"The truth is better. Good-night! Good-bye!"

What seem to be so far Mr. Fawcett's most ambitious efforts are "Jael" and "Violante," in blank verse. These are eminently strong and impressive dramatic poems, worthy of most attentive study. Perhaps somewhat more impressive than pleasing—save that penetrative imagination and forcible utterance of necessity give pleasure to the intellect; they stimulate thought and conjecture, to a high degree. "Violante" reminds one some-

what of Rossetti's splendid poem "The Last Confession." "Jael" is grandly conceived, disturbing and then satisfying the imagination. It represents a sumptuous development of woman, inexorably self-held in stern restraint. The sinewy verse, admirably adapted to the subject-matter, is slightly marred, however, by the prevalence of redundant syllables giving the lines a restless and tumultuous character.

—"close

I have drawn the curtains of my tent and shut
Heaven's vague supremities and the twilight moon,
Palm-gilding, from mine eyes. I would that doors
Of massive metal dulled your grateful songs
To me, lying prone, veiled with my loosened hair,
An agony in my thoughts, and loathing life."

* * * * *

"Thou knowest of how the quick pulse ruled my heart
When Sisera was near, yet how I have made
Face, form, and gesture one cold courtesy
Of decorous matron-hood severely pure,
Acting until the last my virtuous lie,
Feeling the insolent animal in my veins
Gnaw at its bonds with fiery teeth. . . ."

* * * * *

"Sing on,
Barak and Deborah, bless the Kenite's wife,
Who thrust the deadly nail in Sisera's brow,
Who strove to free not Israel, but herself;
Who failed. . . ."

But the poem, in some respects the most remarkable of the whole collection, is a short lyric entitled "Behind History." The unrestricted praise which is so often applied to Browning's "My Lost Duchess," may with justice be applied to this. It is in a high degree forcible, keen in analysis, intensely dramatic, polished *ad unguem*, pure from all obscurity in spite of its exquisite compactness; and indeed, for so many excellences quite so excellently combined, one may make long search elsewhere.

"I am the Queen they hold so pure,
They will carve my tomb one day, be sure,
With marble praise that shall endure."

In this Queen the flood of a fierce and tyrannous passion rises against the rock of her indomitable pride. The flood, as is usual with floods of this sort, prevails against the rock, overwhelms and covers it. But the tide ebbs more swiftly than it rose; and the rock, taking pitiless vengeance, stands apparently inviolable, as before. There is contained in this poem what most writers would require a volume to render. By masterly suggestiveness and lucidity of expression Mr. Fawcett has included every thing; he has taken in the whole world of a surging and destructive passion. Yet the marvellous condensation is accomplished apparently with perfect ease, with no trace of the "labour to be brief."

To mention merely a few more poems representing the variety of Mr. Fawcett's powers, let me call attention to the grim weirdness of "D'outre Mort"—desire surviving death; the cruel gorgeousness and stealthy tropic heat of "Tiger to Tigress"; above all, the tender human pitifulness, the long-drawn lamenting music, the inexpressible loneliness of the lovely "Cradle-song." A "Barcarolle," though somewhat artificial, has a delightful lilt. "A Souvenir" is delicious slow music; and "One May Night," is brimming with richness and soft passion and warm colour. In this poem, as in one or two others, we are reminded that Mr. Fawcett has studied systematically the genius of Mr. Aldrich. But the poetry of Mr. Aldrich, truly exquisite and jewel-like at its best, is occasionally, I think, refined to the verge of finicalness. This perilous verge Mr. Fawcett shuns with care.

The foregoing extracts and comments have shown Mr. Fawcett crowned already with brilliant and solid achievement, the author of work endowed with strength, subtlety, and sensuousness. Possessed also of the singing-voice, the artist's intolerance of slovenly workmanship, and an unerring sense of proportion, Mr. Fawcett should fulfil the most sanguine expectations. His defects have not been dwelt upon here, because, unlike his excellences, they are distinctly of the minor sort. A few of his lyrics lack their full share of inspiration, having been written perhaps more as a metrical exercise than under strong compulsion of creative desire. Here and there, also, a pet word gets more than its share of attention. But matter for blame, on the whole, is conspicuous chiefly by its absence.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M.A.

THE CHURCHES.

A MOVEMENT which has made considerable progress in England has been introduced into Canada. The White Cross Army has for its object the promotion of purity, and fostering true respect for woman. A branch has been organized in connection with St. Thomas Church, Hamilton.

DOM SMEULDERS, the Papal delegate to Canada, has paid a visit to Ottawa, where he presided at the convocation of University College, laid the corner stone of the new building, and made several addresses. It is hinted that the solution of the Laval difficulty will be brought about by making Ottawa the seat of the chief Catholic educational institution in Canada. The Pope is supposed to favour this plan.

THE Spurgeon jubilee must have been very gratifying to the minister of the Metropolitan tabernacle and his many friends. In addition to the many kind things said of him by the Earl of Shaftesbury, and others, a cheque for \$22,500 was handed him which will be expended exclusively

on objects for the good of others. Though Mr. Spurgeon has, for some time, been in feeble health he is still in the zenith of his intellectual and moral power.

THE impression is by no means uncommon that sympathetic and effective Christian work can best be accomplished among the lowest classes by those of limited education who belong to that position in the social scale. Professor Macdonald, of Ormond College, Melbourne, in a recent address, believes differently. He says that the fullest theological training, other things being equal, gives special fitness for labouring successfully to raise the fallen. He is of opinion that it is the tendency of all really sound and generous culture to make men exalt what is common to humanity above whatever is merely accidental or restricted.

A NOTEWORTHY occurrence has taken place in the relations of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches of Canada. They have been sending delegations to each other to convey Christian and fraternal salutations. A large and influential deputation, from the Diocese of Toronto, visited the Presbyterian General Assembly during its meeting in this city. Venerable Archdeacon Boddy and the Hon. Edward Blake conveyed the friendly regards of the Synod, and met with a most cordial reception. Rev. Professor McLaren responded on behalf of the Assembly. The visit was returned, and the same thorough cordiality greeted the Moderator, Clerk, and other prominent members of the delegation who gracefully paid their respects to the Synod of Toronto.

THE various district conferences of what is now the United Methodist Church have been held. The unity is more than nominal. Methodism, in Canada, is now homogeneous. No jar disturbed the harmony of the amalgamated churches. Their representatives have been busy perfecting the organization. Methodism has an important work to do in this Dominion, and the union now consummated will enable it to accomplish that work all the more effectively. The Toronto Conference has received the congratulations of the English and Presbyterian Churches on the realization of so auspicious a union. These manifestations of good-will surely indicate the growth of a larger Christian charity than was common in the past. It is a hopeful sign that the days of sectarian bitterness and ecclesiastical jealousies are passing away.

THE proposed solution of the religious education difficulty is one worthy of calm consideration. It would be a great misfortune if this should be rendered impossible by its being dragged into the arena of political controversy. Most thoughtful people, in all the churches, recognize the great importance of religious and moral training of the youth of the land. Surely it is possible to agree on selected passages of Scripture to which no denominational tinge can be imparted, for reading and study in our public schools, leaving all denominational teaching where it rightly belongs, to the churches, Sunday schools, and families. The other suggestion, that on certain days the ordinary teaching be shortened that an opportunity for moral training might be afforded to the children in the public schools, due care being taken to enforce strictly the conscience clause, is also worthy of unbiased consideration. Certain it is that the existing regulation, permitting religious instruction after school hours, is a meaningless encumbrance on the Statute book.

BISHOP BRYENNIS the discoverer of the MS. of "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," for further information, having been applied to by the editor of the *Andover Review*, sent a reply written in Greek, of which the following is a translation:

"The library in which the manuscript was discovered belongs to the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, where the Patriarch of Jerusalem resides when on a visit to Constantinople. It was during the seventeenth century that Dositheus, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and one of the benefactors of the Holy Land, began to collect these manuscripts, augmented since by his successors. In perusing the catalogue of manuscripts my attention was particularly attracted to this one because of its contents; in fact the Synopsis of the Old and New Testaments, by St. John Chrysostom, was the oldest treatise contained in the whole catalogue. But knowing by experience that every manuscript very often contains several treatises written by different authors, and that only the first of the series is marked on the outer sheet, in turning over the leaves I discovered Clement's Epistles and, last of all, the *Διδαχὴ*. These are the only details of the discovery."

ASTERISK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A FRAGMENT" is not quite suited to these columns, and will be returned on the author sending his address.

"REDIVIVA."—If M. J. wishes this MS. returned, will he please send his address?

AMENDED SPELLING.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—The spelling reformers are clamorous, as your correspondent, Dr. A. Hamilton says, "for a fair, square fight;" and to prepare the way, he comes into the arena with a mild illustration of the proposed orthographic changes which are the destined blessings of happier times. Meanwhile will you permit a peaceable enquirer to note his difficulties.

Dr. Hamilton, in the amended spelling of his exemplary letter, spells *of* *ov*, *show* *sho*, *those* *thoz*, *will* *wil*, *risked* *riskt*, *reasonable* *reasonabl*, etc. I find in his letter such words as *fonetic* *orthografi*, *markt*, *letrz*, *simpl*, *alfabet*, etc., and I am assured by him that the result is a great economy in the number of letters used. It saves twenty-four letters in a hundred sounds. No doubt this is a great matter when sending a message by telegraphic or ocean cable; but I fail to see the gain as I stumble through Dr. Hamilton's strange "orthographi," and with an effort discover the meaning disguised in such queer forms of once familiar words.

What strikes me is this: If all our old familiar books, our Tennyson and

Longfellow, our Wordsworth, Cowper, Goldsmith, our Scott and Dickens, were to be suddenly reprinted in this fashion, what a mystification and universal grief would result! Yet if the next generation is to be educated in "fonetic orthografi," all books printed from the days of Milton to our own will be equally obscure to our children. A friend has just shown me a specimen of Milton's "Paradise Lost" as printed in the *St. Louis Phonetic Teacher* for November 1880. It shows what will be our great gain by this wonderful economy, in the saving, as Dr. Hamilton says, of one fifth "made up ov silent and other letz."

At wons on th' eastern clif ov paradize
He lights, and tu hiz proper shape returnz
A seraf wingd: six wingz he wore, tu shade
Hiz lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each sholder broad came mantling o'er hiz brest
With regal ornament; the midl pair
Girt like a stari zone hiz waist, and round
Skirted his loinz and thighz with downi gold
And colorz dipt in heven; the third hiz feet
Shaded from either heel with fetherd mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stud,
And shuk hiz plumz, that hevenli fragrans filld the circle wide."

—*Paradise Lost*. Book V., lines 275—287.

The next article following this is headed: "Vagariz of Ordineri Speling;" but I must say that to plain men like me, the ordinary spelling has this charm, that we can understand it at a glance; whereas when I read of Milton's "Rafael" with "hiz stari zond waist," and "hizloinz and thighz skirted with downi gold and colorz dipt in heven," I have no difficulty in discovering the great loss which such "vagariz of ordineri speling" create for me; but I have not yet been able to find out any gain worth talking of. The spelling reformers have been at it, to my knowledge, for more than forty years, but the "Fonetic Nuz" has failed to induce the other Foxes to cut off their tails.

SENEX.

THE CULTIVATION OF UNSETTLED LANDS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—The cultivation of land in Canada may be said to be the fountain and foundation of its prosperity, and any measure having more especially the object of its cultivation with knowledge and understanding must be beneficial in its character. There is still in the Northern portion of Ontario a large quantity of unsettled land which is capable of cultivation, and the sooner it can be brought into that position the better, but it is probable that owing to its northerly position there may not be that inflow of settlers that is desirable.

I have heard that some few years since the Ontario Government, with the view of inducing settlers, tried the experiment of clearing a small portion of land on 100 acre lots, and building a small log house and barn thereon, in one of the townships; placing the cost thereof on the land, and to be paid back by instalments; but largely through the incompetence of the settlers it did not succeed. The plan I now wish to propose is as follows, viz: The Ontario Government to do as they did before in the way of clearing the land, and building the house and barn on 100 acre lots in a township; and if a settler comes with money in his hands, to buy right out, sell to him, because as a rule he will be a thrifty man, but otherwise where credit is required, let the sales be made only to married men who have worked on a farm in Canada for at least two years, and who can bring testimonials from their employers for faithfulness and ability.

The advantages of this system over the indiscriminate one, I conceive would be that you would have a class of settlers calculated to make the township a very successful one, and would be the means of inducing many of those who are now occupying their time unprofitably at other various callings to turn their attention to agricultural pursuits, as well as bringing more working agriculturists from other countries.

AN OVER FIFTY YEARS SETTLER IN CANADA.

POLITICAL.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—The anxiety and caution shown by the party press to steer clear of discussing the question of Independence are less edifying than amusing. Owing to Sir Richard Cartwright's recent reference to the subject, the Tory press evidently expected the Grits to lead off in favour of a change in the constitution. The latter have proved themselves too wary or too timid to expose themselves to the obloquy certain to be heaped upon them by their opponents should they venture to wander from the orthodox path so far as to hint at the necessity for any radical alteration in the present state of political existence. An irresponsible, anomalous Senate; a Government entirely controlled by greedy rings, and an ultramontane hierarchy; a number of dissatisfied Provinces continually demanding "better terms" under threats of secession; and an enormous, ever-increasing debt, chiefly incurred in the construction of unremunerative works to give effect to imperialist ideas, present a miniature of the system under which Canada suffers and may, apparently, continue to suffer with the consent of the wire-pullers and officials of both parties, and of that party, in particular, whose leaders may chance to be in power. It is well that, apart from monopolist rings, the official class and all whose interest it is to perpetuate existing misrule, there is a large moiety of the population who earnestly desire to escape from a ruinous and degrading species of government even though it might be found necessary to sacrifice imperial control to obtain their object. Independence, none should forget, has been proposed by Canadian statesmen, both Grit and Tory, even at periods when the country was comparatively well governed. Sir Richard Cartwright's hint concerning it is but the latest, and made at a time when the necessity for a great change is infinitely greater than ever before. Under all the circumstances, had Sir Richard gone further, even to the length of suggesting an equitable and amicable union with the great Republic, he would have been fully justified in the opinion of intelligent, honest men of all parties who are justly disgusted with existent corruption and mal-administration. Annexation has been strenuously and ably advocated by Conservatives whose arguments were answerable neither by the loyal, *par excellence*, the favourers of Independence, nor

the champions of protection to home manufactures. They sought separation from England and union with the United States as a means of giving this country a full share in the trade and progress of our continent, whilst strengthening England's hands by freeing her from the burden and danger of having to defend a distant, sparsely settled colony with a frontier stretching for thousands of miles along the borders of a very powerful and ambitious, though kindred, nation to whose demands Britain has, in her anxiety for Canada's safety, yielded much, as in the case of the Ashburton and Washington treaties and the settlement of the Alabama claim. Among other sound reasons given for desiring union with the United States, such as the abolition of the customs' line and rapidly enhanced real estate, is the following: "In place of war and the alarms of war with a neighbour, there would be peace and amity between this country and the United States. Disagreement between the United States and her chief, if not only, rival among nations would not make the soil of Canada the sanguinary arena for their disputes, as under our existing relations must necessarily be the case. That such is the inevitable condition of our state of dependence upon Great Britain is known to the whole world, and how far it may conduce to keep prudent capitalists from making investments in the country, or wealthy settlers from selecting a foreshadowed battle-field for the home of themselves and their children, it needs no reasoning on our part to elucidate."

In view of Canada's prospects, blighted by mis-government, and of the Mother Country's prospects, menaced as she is by war and troubles in Ireland, Africa, Asia, and elsewhere, whilst she is tied down to the protection of this colony, the arguments adduced in favour of peaceful separation are more applicable now than ever. Congress contains many who are friendly to England and to the idea of a grand Anglo-Saxon union, whose ranks would be materially strengthened by an addition of the members from Canada, who would, assuredly, carry with them sentiments of love and veneration for the old land. Great Britain, the United States, Canada and the glorious cause of peace and freedom would all gain immensely by Annexation. DEMOS.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—“Does any one think that Canada can obtain immigrants so long as she is a colony?” asks “A Canadian Nationalist” in a recent number of the WEEK. I may be allowed to answer that there are some, at all events, who do expect to see immigrants settle in Canada, notwithstanding our dependent position. People who settle in a new country, generally do so with the idea of cultivating the land, and living by what they can raise from it. If “C. N.” can prove that more grain could be grown to the acre under a Republican Government than under the present system, it would be well for him to publish the information. Perhaps he has discovered an objectionable quality in colonial soils which tends to diminish their fertility. It is probably owing to the pernicious influence of this “Copyright Act” that many people are totally ignorant of the injury that is inflicted upon us by the “English Shipping Laws.” Before “C. N.” published this interesting article, many Canadians believed that the English people understood the subject of shipping nearly as well as Americans, and that the British Mercantile Marine was greater than that of any other nation in existence. But there is another matter in regard to which we have been kept in ignorance. It appears that the Privy Council, which we have been accustomed to regard as an honest and impartial tribunal, has been habitually employed to “impoverish our people and cheat them out of their rights.” Some old-fashioned people who read this article might feel inclined to ask the writer to mention a few instances in which the Privy Council had given corrupt or unjust decisions. Having learned the nature of the evils which we endure from British tyranny and oppression, it is very satisfactory to read further on that our bondage is nearly at an end, and that our independence is to be accomplished as soon as convenient, after the demise of Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Leonard Tilley. We can then enter upon a glorious career of prosperity and intellectual development, unrestrained by any fears of the Privy Council or the British Copyright Act. Canada will then take her place among the nations of the earth. We shall then be citizens of a great Republic, with a population and political importance about equal to that of Portugal or Sweden. Our position as compared with other nations might not perhaps be pleasing to our national vanity, for we might rank as a seventh-rate power, and not a very strong one at that. Moreover, we have a somewhat aggressive neighbour to the South of us, possessing more than ten times our strength; who would not hesitate to gobble us up if it suited his convenience. But what signifies so small a matter as a foreign invasion in comparison with the miseries which we now endure from that terrible Copyright Act. It is evident that British connection must go, and that Canada must become a Republic. It is true that our Republic will not be very large, either in wealth or in population, but those of us who delight in contemplating prospects of vast extent can direct our attention to the length of our boundary line, and the rascality of some of our politicians. J. P. M.

BENEATH THE OLD ELM AT THE VICARAGE GATE.

In a storm-shelter'd valley, the North Sea's refraining
Croons a lullaby soft to the bob-o-link's call,
And the wild piercing scream of the bittern's complaining
Is hush'd, for the shadows of eventide fall.
Oh! how peaceful the scene, when all Nature is sleeping,
(Save the Monarch of Night, and his horn-crested mate)
And merr'y alone, her fond vigil is keeping
Beneath the old elm at the Vicarage Gate.

There the ivy-clad walls, and each time-beaten gable,
Shelter'd lives where affection and peace were entwined,
And Virtue was loved, nor was Duty a fable,
Where the Graces of Home are forever enshrined.
There the woes of the sufferer found kindly redressing,
And the latch was ajar, even early and late,

Aye, and often was heard the poor wanderer's blessing
Beneath the old elm at the Vicarage Gate.

Ah! so exquisite, too, on the lawn heavy-laden
With the sighs of the hawthorn and sweet mignonette—
When the shy whisper'd “Yes,” from the lips of the
Seal'd a love that was pure and untinged with regret,
And the clasp of the hand, and the true lover's token,
Whilst the cloud-stricken moon would her splendour
As she veil'd from outsiders the vows, all unspoken, abate,
Beneath the old elm at the Vicarage Gate.

In that far away valley, fond memory lingers,
And dwells on the forms that are gone evermore,
But oft, in the gloaming, their shadowy fingers
Are beckoning on to Eternity's shore;
And Hope, from the past, an effulgency borrows,
To lighten the path of the pilgrims who wait
For the meeting with those who once mingled their sorrows
Beneath the old elm at the Vicarage Gate.

H. K. COCKIN.

A RECOLLECTION.

ONCE in my dreams I trod through moonlit places
And groves where sang sweet night-birds amorously:
Far over wastes where paled the daisies' faces
Until I stood before a boundless sea.

A mighty ruin of fallen arch and storey
I saw there, desolate upon the lea,
But time had yet not wasted all its glory:
One figure reigned there—'twas the form of Thee.

Carven it was in stone of fairest Parian,
And wrought, I thought me, by Praxiteles;
The strength it had of sculptures worked in Darien,
The grace and beauty that are Italy's.

Years afterwards, the time you well remember,
That statue living, robed in white, I saw,
Fair as the moon at evening in September,
And moulded like a goddess without flaw.

Your queen-like head you bore like Cleopatra,
In Grecian knot was tied your soft, brown hair,
Your breath was like a soft pulse of Sumatra
When scent of spice-groves fills the summer air.

Your nose was straight, keen-cut, so chaste and Grecian,
Your eyes were blue, just like the summer sea,
Your neck so white, in pose it was Venetian,
Your face so sweet, alas,—a mystery.

TORONTO.

J. E. COLLINS.

CARLYLE'S FIRST LOVES.

I.—“BLUMINE.”

“SARTOR RESARTUS” belongs to that perennially interesting class of books in which the inner life, or part of the inner life, of one whose genius has cast a spell over men, is revealed to us under some artistic disguise, mystical, symbolic, lyrical, or dramatic; books not avowedly autobiographical, but truer and more spontaneous than acknowledged autobiographies ever are. To this class belong Schiller's “Robbers,” and Goethe's “Werther,” perhaps also Shakespeare's Sonnets; but “Sartor Resartus” differs from these, and is perhaps unique, in combining the thoughts and revelations of a great and original thinker on all the problems of the world which have perplexed philosophers since the ages of thought began—autobiography and philosophy alike enveloped in a brilliant cloud of wit, imagination, and satire.

It is, however, only with the autobiographical part we are concerned just now. In it we may read much of Carlyle's inward and outward history for the first twenty-five years of his life; his deepest experiences and most impassioned emotions are there revealed, wrapped in various veils, but with the life-blood of reality tingling and throbbing underneath. All, as he says of the printed matter devoured by the young Diogenes, is “history in fragments, mingled with fabulous chimeras, wherein also is reality.” It is true that he tells us not to trust “Sartor” in details, as it is not fact but symbolical myth; yet he has acknowledged the actual truth of many of its incidents. The picture of little Diogenes trotting to school one bright summer's morning beside the good Father Andreas is an actual transcript, he says, of what happened to himself, and all who compare the description of his childhood, its surroundings and circumstances, in his “Reminiscences” with that given of Teufelsdröckh's childhood cannot fail to see how much of one is drawn from the other. Teufelsdröckh's sufferings from the boys at the “Hinterschlag” Academy, his experience at the “Nameless” University, we know from what he has told us, were Carlyle's own; and he emphatically states that the sudden spiritual emancipation which came to Teufelsdröckh in the Rue

St. Thomas de l'Enfer occurred quite literally to himself in Leith Walk as he was returning from his daily bath. In the chapter entitled "Getting Under Way," many of Carlyle's actual experiences may be discerned through the symbolical utterances in which he has clothed them. "That in 'Sartor' of the worm-trodden on, and turning into a torpedo is not wholly a fable," he says, "but did actually befall once or twice, as I still with a small, not ungenial, malice, remember." And though he has made no confession that the romance of Teufelsdröckh's love for Blumine was his counterpart in his own life, we find proof in the "Reminiscences" that it was no fable but an absolute fact, invested in 'Sartor' with that poetical halo in which first love would certainly surround itself in a nature of such intense feeling and vivid imagination as Carlyle's. Nearly fifty years after, he tells the story in the "Reminiscences" in more prosaic form, but with an almost audible sigh for that old romance then "quite extinct."

And now we must entreat forgiveness if in giving such an epitome of this idyl of Carlyle's youth as seems necessary for our purpose, we are inevitably compelled to mutilate and mar its beauty. Those who wish to read it as it ought to be read may find it in the fifth chapter of "Sartor Resartus."

"We seem to gather," writes Teufelsdröckh's supposed editor "that Blumine was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's cousin; high-born, and of high spirit, but unhappily dependent and insolvent; living perhaps on the not too gracious bounty of moneyed relatives. Teufelsdröckh's first meeting with her, was at a certain fair Waldschloss, where he had gone officially one lovely summer evening. Invited to take a glass of Rhine wine, he was ushered into a Gardenhouse where sat the choicest party of dames and cavaliers embowered in rich foliage, rose clusters, and the hues and odors of a thousand flowers. Among them glanced Blumine, there in her modesty, a star among earthly lights. Hers was a name well known to him; herself also he had seen in public places; that light yet so stately form, those dark tresses shading a face where smiles and sunshine played over earnest deeps; but all this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inaccessible, almost without reality. And now that rose-goddess sits in the same circle with him; the light of her eyes had smiled on him; if he speak she will hear it. Surely in those hours a certain inspiration was imparted to him; such inspiration as is still possible in our late era. The self-secluded unfolds himself in noble thoughts, in free glowing words; his soul is as one sea of light, the peculiar home of truth and intellect, wherein fantasy also bodies forth form after form, radiant with all prismatic colours. He ventured to address her, she answered with attention; nay, what if there were a slight tremor in that silver voice, what if the glow of evening were hiding a transient blush. At parting the Blumine's hand was in his; in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again which was not contradicted; he pressed gently those small, soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily or angrily withdrawn.

"Day after day they met again; like his heart's sun she shone upon him. 'She looks on thee, she the fairest, noblest; do not her dark eyes tell thee thou art not despised? The heaven's messenger! all heaven's blessings be hers!' Thus did soft melodies flow through his heart, tones of an infinite gratitude; sweetest intimations that he also was a man; that for him also unutterable joys had been provided. In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laughter, tears, and often with the inarticulate, mystic speech of music, such was the element they now lived in; in such a many-tinted radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient light-bringers, must our friend be banished, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine! was there so much as a fault, a caprice, he could have dispensed with? Was she not in very deed a morning star? Did not her presence bring with it airs from heaven? Life bloomed up with happiness and hope. If he loved her? *Ach Gott!* his whole heart and soul and life were hers. He knows not to this day how in her soft, fervid bosom the lovely one found determination even on heat of necessity to cut asunder these so blissful bonds.

"One morning he found his morning-star all dimmed and dusky red; the fair creature was silent, absent; she seemed to have been weeping. She said in a tremulous voice they were to meet no more. We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since they were in vain. 'Farewell then, Madam,' said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes. In wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined; their two souls, like two dew drops, rushed into one, for the first time and for the last! Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss! And then? Why, then,—thick curtains of night rushed over his soul, as rose the immeasurable crash of doom, and through the ruins of a shivered universe was he falling, falling towards the abyss!"

In his "Life" of Carlyle, Mr. Froude quotes a passage from a notebook of Mrs. Carlyle's in which she says: "What the greatest philosopher of our day execrates loudest in Thackeray's novel, finds indeed 'altogether false and damnable' in it—is that love is represented as spreading itself over our whole existence, and constituting the one grand interest of it, whereas love—the thing people call love—is confined to a very few years of man's life; to, in fact, quite an insignificant fraction of it, and even then is but one thing to be attended to among many infinitely more important things. Indeed, so far as he (Mr. C.) has seen into it, the whole concern of love is such a beggarly futility that in a heroic age of the world nobody would be at the pains to think of it, much less to open his mouth upon it." Upon this Mr. Froude remarks: "A person who had known by experience the thing called love would scarcely have addressed such a vehemently unfavourable opinion of its

nature to the woman who had been the object of his affection . . . but with love his feeling for her (Miss Welsh) had nothing in common but the name." That Carlyle was never in love with Jane Welsh seems quite certain, but that he had actually experienced "the thing called love," for some one else, that he had loved deeply, passionately, those who read the story of Blumine can scarcely doubt. In it he describes that wonderful passion in its most exalted form; not only its magnetic attraction, its mystic longing for perfect union with the beloved, its fever of doubt, its delirium of hope, but its heavenly inspiration, bringing light, and joy, and emancipation in its train. "He loved once," we read of Teufelsdröckh, "and once only; for as your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one love, if even one. First love, which is infinite, can be followed by no second like unto it." With Carlyle, as with Teufelsdröckh this love had ended in cruel disappointment and the bitterest mortification. "Let any feeling reader," writes Teufelsdröckh's editor, "who has been unhappy enough to experience the like, paint it out for himself, considering only, that if he for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress underwent such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufelsdröckh's have been with, a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil Blumine!" How the rough course of this love changed the whole current of Carlyle's being; into what stormy seas and perilous quicksands he was driven, till the wreck of his whole life seemed imminent, we may read in "Sartor Resartus," told in myths and symbols, but with a solid kernel of truth under each, nor is there anything more gloomy and despairing in the mental condition of Teufelsdröckh than Carlyle tells us of his own in those three or four miserable years after he left Kirkcaldy. "*Acti labores,*" he says in his "Reminiscences;—" "Yes, but of such a futile, dismal; lonely and chaotic kind, in a scene all ghastly chaos, sad, dim and ugly as the shores of Styx and Phlegethon, as a nightmare dream becomes real! No more of that! It did not quite conquer or kill me, thank God!"

"Carlyle could not write a novel," says Mr. Froude, speaking of an attempt which he had once made in that direction. "He had no invention. His genius was for fact; to lay hold on truth with all his intellect and all his imagination. He could no more invent than he could lie." And as fact we must accept the story of Blumine.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF F. D. MAURICE.

In the early summer of 1856 my father moved to a much larger house—No. 5, Russell Square. Since his three nieces had come to live with him in March, 1854, the house in Queen Square had been inconveniently small. His habits had, in some respects, undergone a considerable change since he came to London. From all parts of the world people who had heard of him through others were continually asking to be introduced to him. His universal habit on these occasions was to say, "Could you come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning?" I don't think the invitation was ever given without a certain shyness and hesitation, as though it was something of a liberty for him to take to ask any human being to come to his house. He was always an early riser. Hardly ever later than six a.m., often much earlier than that, the sound of the splash of the cold tub, which, summer and winter, down to the end of his life, he invariably took both the first thing in the morning and the last at night, was to be heard, and a curiously pathetic almost agonized "shou-shou" followed, which seemed to tell that, for a frame that was kept so low as his by constant brain-work and a somewhat self-stinted diet, the shock was almost a penance endured rather than enjoyed. Immediately after dressing he settled down to work at whatever his special task for the time might be, though very frequently if anyone came into his room, at all suddenly, the result was to make him rise hurriedly from his knees, his face reddened, and his eyes depressed by the intense pressure of his hands. The Greek Testament, open at some special point which had occupied him at the moment he knelt down, lay on the chair before him; but as he rose the spirit seemed to have come back into his face from the far-off region to which it had been travelling, and there was just the hint in the face of an involuntary sadness and almost of reproach that the spirit should be recalled from the intercourse it had been enjoying. About twenty minutes to eight, with a small party from home, he started for the service at Lincoln's Inn, and was back about nine for breakfast. In the earlier days at Queen's Square his breakfasts when he had friends with him were merely gatherings of men, his sister Priscilla having been completely confined to her bed. He was always at his best at a breakfast at which he had gathered various friends. The very variety and, sometimes, almost incongruity of the guests who came to them gave scope to the unlimited sympathy and sympathetic power which enabled him to draw out the best of each. Whatever was the most interesting topic of the day in politics, literature, or any other region, was sure to come uppermost, unless there was some more special subject that closely concerned his particular guests.

It was a very great relief to him to compose his books by dictation and to avoid the labour of mechanical writing. His usual manner of dictation was to sit with a pillow on his knees or hugged tightly in his arms, or to walk up and down the room still clutching the pillow or suddenly sitting down or standing before the fire with the pillow still on his knees or under his left arm, to seize a poker and violently attack the fire. When, however he took into his own hands, for looking over and correction, a passage which he had either written or dictated, the chances were very strong that half at least of it would be torn out, or erased and re-written. All his

manuscript is full of verbal corrections, erasures and re-writings on each separate page, and whole sections of each of the MSS. books are torn completely out. He never could be satisfied with the expression he had given to the thoughts he wished his words to convey.

I believe that his articles in the *Politics for the People* must have contained some of the earliest protests in vigorous language against the absolute mischief and wrong of promiscuous almsgiving. Nevertheless, the habitual beggars very soon discovered that there was no house at which they were more sure of successful plunder. He heard the beggar's story. He protested against the wrong they were doing in begging. He made earnest appeals to them against their course of life, and then he went upstairs to his wife, and confessed to her that he had thought that in this particular instance it was better to give something. Not unfrequently he had to go to her for money to give them, and often returned to find that the beggar had disappeared with a coat, hat or umbrella.

Though he was usually very silent about these experiences, there was one story which he was rather fond of telling. Some Frenchman who had come to him with one of the regular, decayed gentleman-foreigner stories, to whom he had finally given half-a-crown, left him disconcerted by remarking on receiving the money: "*Monsieur je suis humilié*," i.e., at the smallness of the sum.

That of which it is hardest to give any adequate impression is the "stealth" of his "doing good" in all kinds of little ways all day long, in the small details of early life. If anything went wrong he was sure, by some ingenious process or other, to make out that he, himself, was the only person to blame for it.

CHECKS UPON DISHONESTY.

THE *July Century* contains an editorial on "Dishonesty in Commerce and Politics," from which the following remarks are quoted:—

"The most powerful check upon dishonesty would come, of course, from an increase of the genuine religious spirit, from a deeper love of ideal virtue, and an endeavour, so far as humanity can, to reach it. Whenever in the history of mankind such a sentiment has existed, and men have tried, in obedience to their own higher impulses or to some great teacher and exemplar, to reach a higher standard of life, mere material good has ceased to have that commanding importance which in most men's eyes it is apt to have. There is no reason to doubt that what has always proved true in this respect in ages past would prove equally true in our own time, if by any means the right impulses could be more deeply stirred than they are now in the hearts of men.

"Another antidote to dishonesty would be the cultivation among business men of the true business ideal, which consists in a sincere and hearty devotion to the commercial interests of society and the intelligent management of the world's commerce, and not in the mere accumulation of wealth for one's self. Even now this spirit prevails among many of our capitalists, and their example is powerful in making dishonest practices much less frequent than they would otherwise be. Such sentiments as these, if once highly developed in a community, would put a powerful check upon dishonesty in all its forms, and men guilty of it would become the scorn and detestation of their neighbours, and not, as is sometimes the case now, objects of admiration.

"But we need also to cultivate the intellectual interests of humanity, which contribute so much to raise men above sordid pursuits and the temptations that attend them. The love of virtue and of the general good is never so strong as it should be, and needs all the support it can get from other agencies; and nothing will serve so well for this purpose as the cultivation of the higher pursuits of the intellect. A deep interest in the things of the mind tends to lift men above the passion for gain, and leads them to regard wealth as a means to those higher things, and not as an end in itself. True lovers of science, art, and philosophy, while they know better than other men do the real value of wealth, never treat it as the great object of life's aim, but always as subordinate to intellectual and spiritual good. To be sure, all men cannot devote their lives to such pursuits; but there is no reason why all should not take an intelligent interest in them, and thus counteract the engrossing passion for material good which now corrupts the conduct and wears out the lives of so many."

ECCENTRIC PEOPLE.

HALF the people who are called eccentric deserve to have a much worse epithet applied to them. Here and there a man or woman is found whose oddities of opinion and erratic conduct are genuine, and the outcome of some real inborn twist in their mental and moral disposition. Such persons are generally tolerable, and sometimes very likable, their idiosyncrasies serving as a gentle entertainment rather than as an annoyance to us. We feel that they are quite unaware of their own queerness, which is the result of a native incapacity to comprehend the ordinary conventions of society. But there are other people whose eccentricities are not, or ought not to be endured. They are not innocently ignorant, but wilfully disregarding of a reign of law in the social world. The world's judgments are no doubt superficial, and therefore very commonly defective or false; but the world's conventions—that is, its rules tacitly agreed on for the preservation of the order and decency of social intercourse—are on the whole respectable and to be observed. But the unendurable "eccentric" prides himself upon being a law to himself in these matters. He likes to know that his acquaintance are saying of him, "Oh, that is Mr. B.'s way, you know. He is not like other people; he always does and says just what he pleases." And the notable fact is that so many persons are imposed on by this absurd affectation that they will let certain

behaviour pass for independence and originality which is nothing but simple rudeness, the expression of egotism and ill-breeding.—*July Atlantic.*

MARJORIE'S KISSES.

MARJORIE laughs and climbs on my knee,
And I kiss her, and she kisses me.
I kiss her, but I don't much care,
Because, although she is charming and fair,
Marjorie's only three.

But there will come a time, I ween,
When, if I tell her of this little scene,
She will smile and prettily blush, and then
I shall long in vain to kiss her again,
When Marjorie's seventeen.

Walter Learned, in the *July Century.*

WILD FLOWERS OF IRISH SPEECH.

EDUCATION in National Schools tends to foster the florid turn of speech which seems to be ingrained in the Celt. This inborn tendency leads them to incorporate in their vocabulary the imposing polysyllables met with in the course of their reading, with results that are often truly comic. A well-known agent in the neighbourhood I speak of had occasion to borrow a pony from a farmer. "Ye may have him, an' welcome, Sor," said the man, adding, "but ye must use him very *écónómically*." We were never certain whether there was an intentional joke in the statement of his claim by an eccentric neighbour who, asserting that his donkey had been killed by our mastiff, sought compensation for what he called its *assassination*. I well remember how puzzled we were for a while when an old protégé of ours, who combined a literary turn with considerable skill in trout-fishing, came with a request that we would spare him "a condim shsgraphée." By this we discovered at last that he meant a condemned, i.e., useless, geography-book. Single words often assume a curious sound from the native habit of pronouncing them as written, as in the case of *sword*, where the "w" is sounded; from the intrusion of a parasitic letter, as "yer wortship," a "shoot of clothes;" from the inability to pronounce an initial "th," as in *tatch*, *troat*; or from grotesque mispronunciation, as in "pump-tually," for punctuality, "brekquest," for breakfast.

As an instance of the last, I may give the remark made to me by a car-driver, a great "character" in our parish, who, in describing some steep cliffs, stated that "if ye looked down over the edge, ye'd be very apt to get a sudden *stagnation* in yer head." He evidently thought the word had much the same meaning as staggers. Some of their sayings are highly graphic. Expressing my fear of a down-pour to a boatman, I was reassured by the remark, "Och, 'tis only a shmall drhop of perspiration out of the clouds." This same gift, however, of picturesque and descriptive speech has been of late years a notorious obstacle in the way of obtaining correct information on the burning question of the day. The clever car-drivers have been one of the curses of the country. In fluency and humour they are so far in advance of those in the same walk of life in England, that these qualities have been taken as the measure of their accuracy; and their stories have only too often been regarded as trustworthy evidence by correspondents, commissioners, and visitors. They have a word to say on every subject, and their version of a disputed question has often been adopted as correct by strangers, to the utter neglect of the maxim *audi alteram partem*. A Killarney guide once described the winter employment of his class as the invention of stories to entertain the English and American tourists with during the next summer, a characteristic confession which many visitors will hear without surprise.

The following anecdote will serve as a specimen of the power of repartee possessed by this tribe. A gentleman, overhearing a car-driver asking an exorbitant fare of an unsuspecting foreigner, expostulated with him on his audacious misstatement of the tariff, concluding with the words, "I wonder you haven't more regard for the truth." "Och, indeed, thin, I've a great dale more regard for the truth than to be dthragging her out on every palthry occasion," was the reply.

The Irish bull flourishes in Munster as freely as in the other provinces of Ireland. By far the best exponent of this form of speech was a country doctor, now, alas! gathered to his fathers. Conversing with a friend about the high rate of mortality then prevailing, he remarked, "Bedad, there are people dying who never died before!" Speaking of a neighbour who was a daring, rather than an expert, mariner, he related how his yacht had "stuck fast and loose in the mud." Again, at a meeting of churchwardens, when it was debated whether the pew of a gentleman who had seceded to Revivalism should be retained for him or not, the doctor urged that it should, adding as a reason, "'Tis unbeknownst but one of his ancestors might want it." Perhaps for concentrated inaccuracy of statement nothing can surpass the following sentence, which occurred in an account of a burglary given in an Irish newspaper: "After a fruitless search, all the money was recovered, except one pair of boots." Surely Mr. Matthew Arnold will not quarrel with the lack of lucidity which gave this and the following to the world: "Our most famous jig-dancer came by his death in a faction fight at a village fair. An inquest was held, at which a verdict was brought in that he met his death by the visitation of God, under suspicious circumstances."

There is a great deal of unconscious humour in the description of their sufferings given by rustic patients. One applicant for relief said he had "a great bilin' in his troat, and his heart was as if ye had it in yer hand, and were squeezin' it." Another, who declared that, "saving your presence,

his stomach had gone to the weight of his ribs," must have been an interesting pathological study. A third was "troubled with contrary spits tangled round his heart"—in other words, with an accumulation of phlegm. As stated above, when they are ill, our peasant neighbours go the rounds of the country houses, convinced, so far as remedies go, that there is safety in numbers. The connection between the disorder and the remedy demanded is not always very obvious. A small and ragged gossoon took up his stand on our doorstep this summer, and when interrogated as to the motive of his coming, replied, "Please, mam, me mother's lying down, an' I want some tay and sugar." Sitting at my writing-table, I overheard the following appeal made by a barefooted woman in a voice of dolorous pitch: "Please, your honour, I'm Kate Shea, that lives up by Mrs. Welch's, an' I'm in great disthress. I fell down yesterday, an' bruk five of me ribs under me right breast, an' for the blessing of God, could ye spare me a thrife?"

Malaprops, often closely related as they are to bulls, are not specially confined to Irish soil. A quiet young English lady was overheard the other day by the writer asking an Oxford undergraduate where he was going to spend his Christmas *vacuum*. Still, it is by no means improbable that Sheridan's famous creation had an Irish prototype. The following remark, made by the old doctor mentioned above, may serve to conclude for the present these specimens of Irish speech. Alluding to a recent and mysterious event, he devoutly exclaimed,—“The ways of Providence are unscrupulous!”—*Milesian, in the Spectator*.

THE MILLING INDUSTRY OF CANADA.

WHILE the Finance Minister is absent in free trade England trying to borrow more money for this protected country, while Dominion notes cannot be redeemed for want of the necessary specie, and the banks are threatened with the withdrawal of the Government desposits; while our cotton and sugar industries are suffering from over production, and we have to reduce, if not abolish, the tolls in order to get business for canals that were before being operated at a loss, one would suppose that nothing more is required to demonstrate the fact that the boasted fiscal panacea for all our ills had not proved quite successful. But if further evidence is required, it is supplied by the fact that the National Policy has utterly paralyzed the milling industry of the country. The duty of 15 cents per bushel on wheat is approximating 50 per cent greater than the duty on flour. The effect of this has been to give the millers on the other side of the line an advantage of about 20 cents per barrel over Canadian millers, with the result of great additional industry in milling on the American side, while half the Canadian mills are idle.—*St. John Daily Telegraph*.

ROSSA'S RESOURCES.

W. P. HANLEY, of Bruneau Valley, sends "2 dols. for your paper and 1 dol. for dynamite" to help to tear "London or Dublin Castle to pieces." The writer hopes Rossa will "not forget Red Jim, and Coleman the Mayo fiend." Mr. Hanley concludes thus:—"You can rely on me; I will back you both up as long as I can command a dollar. All I am afraid of is that I will be too old to take a hand in the blood-spilling. It may be wrong for me to say it, but I delight to look at my enemy's claret flowing. I can look at it with a mind as placid as when I look on water running in a brook."

Joseph O'Doherty and John Campbell, of Washington, say:—"Enclosed find bill of exchange for 7s. 9d. for dynamite or coal oil to help to blast or burn the old pirate of the world. If you have any trouble in cashing the bill, give it to Patrick Ford; he will cash it for you. He knows its origin."—*United Irishman*.

THE makers of the platform adopted by the Republican National Convention seemed to have been determined to omit no doctrine or sentiment which they imagined might be favoured by the people of the United States. This anxiety to please everybody was manifested very strongly in the plank touching State sovereignty, where, strange to say, the doctrine which the Democrats usually affirm as their particular property is set forth as strongly as possible. "The National Government is supreme within the sphere of National duty, but the States have reserved rights which should be faithfully maintained and each should be guarded with jealous care, so that the harmony of our system of Government may be preserved and the Union kept inviolate." It is apparent that this is a retreat from the Republican position of the last two decades. In 1860 and in 1856 the Republicans proclaimed States Rights, but for twenty years they have been saying that it was very disreputable and un-American to hold that doctrine. The *Current* refers to this approach by the Republicans to the Democratic platform because it furnished evidence that there is not much difference between the parties now, except on the Tariff. The Democrats have acquiesced in the centralizing processes of the Republicans to a great extent, and the Republicans acquiesce in the Democratic dogma of States Rights! The parties being in this position, it requires no prophetic power to predict that there will be, ere many years, a disintegration of one or both of the great political parties, or a reorganization of the parties on new lines.—*Chicago Current*.

SOME jackanapes writes an abusive letter to *The Record* blaming it for the action of the Park Commission in allowing Sabbath concerts of sacred music at Fairmount. We indulge the fancy that perhaps *The Record* had something to do in bringing the thing to pass. That far, jackanapes is right; but what a mean soul he must have to wish to deny so simple and

innocent a pleasure to his fellow-creatures. This fellow would take the hum from a humming-bird because it goes about its business and makes a noise on Sundays!—*Philadelphia Record*.

THE city council of Belleville having refused to allow telephone poles in the principal streets of the city, the telephone company threatens to withdraw its business from Belleville. There is no danger of the company carrying out the threat; it is simply a little of what the uncultured call "bluff." It is pleasant to know that there is one city council in Canada that has "sand" enough to object to disfigurement of the best streets by the ungainly telephone pole.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

LACROSSE is worthy of all the encouragement it has been accorded, but if the support it has hitherto received is to be continued, it must be on the ground that it is a gentlemanly as well as a manly sport.—*Manitoba Free Press*.

THE PERIODICALS.

"MANHATTAN" possesses an especial interest for Canadian readers in the July number. J. L. Whittle contributes an excellent paper on "The Earl of Dufferin," with a striking portrait, which does duty as a frontispiece. Mr. Whittle briefly traces the ex-Governor-General's life and career up to the period when he became Her Majesty's representative in Canada, and generously eulogises his administration of Dominion affairs. In concluding a hasty sketch of Lord Dufferin's diplomacy at St. Petersburg, Constantinople and Egypt, Mr. Whittle writes: "Whether he continues to hold the tangled skein of Eastern politics, or undertake the government of the Indian Empire, or returns to resume his work in Home politics, there can be little doubt that, with his conspicuous abilities and the ripe experience which twenty years' public service has secured him, he will one day hold the highest rank in the councils of his country." "Fair Verona" is distinctly the work of one who is enthusiastically fond of the scene of Juliet's romance. The paper is tastefully illustrated by Walter H. Souter and Charles H. Stephens. Louise Chandler Moulton is the author of a capital article on the life and works of the poet O'Shaughnessy. The future of "Riverside Park" is sketched by Martha J. Lamb, whose contribution is liberally illustrated. Frank R. Stockton has a capital story on "Plain Fishing." J. Parker Norris shows very good reasons why Shakespeare's grave should be opened; Frank Vincent, Jr., discourses on "White Elephants," and Margaret P. Jones on "The Ancient Water Supply of Constantinople." John Bernard, with the assistance of some notes by Lawrence Hutton and Brander Matthews, "retrospects" the American stage in a third article. "Najan" thoroughly sustains its anonymous interest, and chief amongst the poetry is a sonnet by Chas. G. D. Roberts, entitled "The Sower."

THE *Century Magazine* for July is a literary and artistic treasury. The frontispiece is a life-like portrait of John Bright—how excellent can only be known to those of us who have often seen the great "Tribune." T. H. S. Escott has an accompanying article, which adds to a careful analysis of Mr. Bright's life and career several amusing and characteristic anecdotes of the celebrated English radical. "The Klu-Klux Klan, its origin, growth and disbandment," is a valuable historical contribution by Rev. D. L. Wilson. Some additional comments upon the same subject in "Topics of the Time" are very apropos. Julian Hawthorne writes in a pleasant manner of "Scenes of Hawthorne's Romances." S. G. W. Benjamin's "Cruise of the Alice May" is brought to a conclusion. Frank R. Stockton and Julian D. Whiting have each a good, complete story. "Academical Degrees, especially honorary degrees in the United States" is the subject of a paper by Ex-President Theodore D. Woolsey; and Eugene V. Smalley discourses of the United States Patent Office. "Struck by a Squall" and the numerous illustrations accompanying Julian Hawthorne's article are exceedingly high class.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* opens its July number with a short readable story by W. H. Bishop, entitled "Choy Susan," in which Pacific coast adventures and love-making form the leading attractions. The serial, "In War Time," sustains interest and promises to make a successful novel when completed. "The Haunts of Galileo" are described by Mrs. E. D. Bianciardi. The classic article is "The Under-world, in Homer, Virgil, and Dante," by William C. Lanton. O. H. Darward tells, in an attractive manner, how that his hero was "Beaten by a Giaour." Harriet Waters Preston writes of the "Gospel of Defeat." "Bird-Gazing in the Mountains," by Bradford Torrey, "A Cook's Tourist in Spain," "The Growing Power of Chili," and "Chimes, and How They are Rung," are also included in the contents, as well as poems by Mr. Aldrich and Eliot C. True, and seven essays in the "Contributor's Club."

"DESCRIPTIVE AMERICA" is a "Geographical and industrial monthly Magazine," the first number of which was issued in May. It is published by Geo. H. Adams and Son of New York, under the editorial supervision of L. P. Brockett, M.D. Each number is to contain a new map, that which appears in the initial issue, being of the State of Colorado. In his "Salutatory" the editor finds an ample *raison d'etre* in the fact that, owing to the extremely rapid growth of the great Republic, there are hundreds of towns and even counties which are not indicated on any known map or in the latest gazetteer. A magazine taking constant note of the constant expansion of the country, he maintains, has become more than a *desideratum*—it is an absolute necessity, and with the assistance of his publishers he will attempt to "fill the bill." We heartily wish the new venture the success it deserves, and shall watch with interest each

successive issue. In the number before us the topographical features—the mountains, lakes, parks, forests, rivers and streams; climate, natural divisions, soil and vegetation; irrigation, forests, geology, minerals, zoology, birds, and general industrial features, of Colorado are exhaustively treated. Added to this are the editorials, original and contributed articles, selections, and historical notes, occupying thirty large pages.

LITTEL'S *Living Age*, for June 21st, contains the following collections: James Hope Scott, A Mysterious Dwelling, Fashionable Philosophy, Henry Greville's Diary, Moonlight and Floods, Arminius Vambery, Dr. Goodford, Earthquakes in England, Wild Flowers of Irish Speech, Five Letters of Pope, The Abandonment of Wind Power, The Coins of Venice, etc.

"THE CONTINENT" for June ought not to have been overlooked so long. It is simply marvellous how the most enterprising publishers can afford to give so much good reading matter beautifully illustrated at the price. Here are some thirty subjects, varied in matter and style, many by well-known writers, filling 128 large pages of excellent letterpress, and all at a nominal figure. 'Tis not in mortals to command success, but surely the proprietors of the *Continent* have done more—deserved it.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MACMILLAN & Co., are issuing a new and revised edition of their valuable Educational Catalogue, which embodies, besides their own comprehensive list, the Clarendon Press Series and Pitt Press Series of Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

ALPHONSE DAUDET'S new novel, "Sappho," is a sad ruin of the pleasing illusion that there was one clean French author. Edward King says he "quite out-Zolas Zola, and fairly enters upon the domain so long gallantly inhabited by Paul de Kock."

THE copies of "The Shakspearean Show-Book" which Scribner & Welford have imported are said to be the first offered for sale outside of the show at Albert Hall. Only seven thousand were printed, and the book will soon be "scarce" in England, if it is not so already.

WE are glad to hear that Professor Seeley is engaged in the preparation of a second and enlarged edition of his admirable work, "The Expansion of England," perhaps the most useful book that has been issued of late years. The new edition, it is said, will contain a chapter on Egypt, and a reply to critics such as Mr. John Morley and Professor Goldwin Smith, the Prophets of the Contraction, as Professor Seeley is the Prophet of the Expansion, of England.

PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY'S "Universal Library," now being published at frequent intervals by George Routledge & Sons, is to be enriched by a number of extremely well-selected works during the present year; among them are Herrick's "Hesperides," Colderidge's "Table Talk," Chapman's translation of the "Iliad," Johnson's "Rasselas," and many other standard literary works. This library promises to be an invaluable compendium of the classic literature of the world.

S. W. GREEN'S SON, of New York, announces the publication at an early day of the "Evolution of a Life," being the memoirs of Major Seth Eyland, containing the record of the author's personal experience in the war as Captain of the First New York Mounted Rifles, Provost Marshal, and Judge Advocate, with new and interesting anecdotes about Lincoln, Grant, McClellan, Scott, Butler, Joe Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Horatio Seymour, President Arthur, and others.

IN view of the Commencement Season, Macmillan & Co. are issuing a new and revised edition of their valuable Educational Catalogue, forming a volume of over 100 pages, 12mo, embodying, besides their own comprehensive list, the well-known *Clarendon Press Series* and *Pitt Press Series* of Oxford and Cambridge Universities. As containing works by men of the highest eminence in the educational world, this catalogue should have much interest both for the profession and for the earnest student.

IN regard to the report that the Comte de Paris has suspended his work on the "History of the Civil War in America," Messrs. Porter & Coates, who are the authorized publishers of the work in this country, say they are positive it is a misstatement, and will have it officially contradicted. They know that Comte de Paris has the manuscript of Volume VII. (French edition) ready, and all the material for Volume VIII. (French edition) in such condition that he can finish it at an early date. These volumes will be translated and published by the American publisher on the same day they are issued in France, and will make the fourth volume of the American edition. The work will be completed at the earliest moment after he has digested all the material necessary to do so.

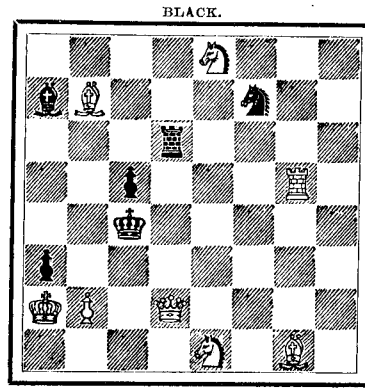
THE *Art Interchange* of June 19 contained designs for a dish and a half dozen fish plates. These designs show marine plants, fishes and shells arranged in a charmingly decorative way. A design in colour for sofa pillow decoration, by the Boston Society of Decorative Art, is also given. A unique design of oak leaves and acorns, for the larger dishes of dinner service, and an exquisite woodland scene, "The Ruined Abbey," by Lalanne, are also to be found in this issue. In Decorative Notes is given some interesting information as to novelties in pottery, porcelain, glassware, vases, lamps, screens, yach pillows, photograph frames, sachets, birch bark calendars. In Notes and Queries department questions are answered relative to pastel painting. Kensington painting, siccatis de Harlem and siccatis de Courtray, decorative arrangement of peacock feathers, embroidery, the celebrated Duran palette sketching on linen and brass work.

CHESS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 22.

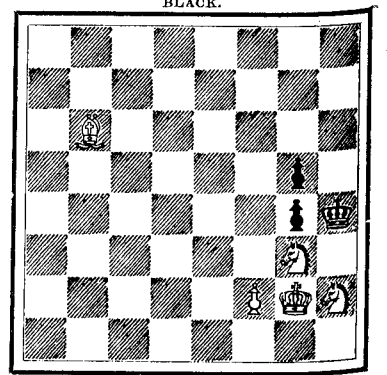
By CHAS. W. PHILLIPS.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 23.

By CHAS. W. PHILLIPS.



White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 14.

1. Kt to R 4 if 1. K takes B, 2. Q takes P ch 2. K takes Q, 3. R mates, if 2. K moves 3. Q mates, if 1. K B 3 2. K B 6, 2. K moves 3. Q mates. Correct solutions received from E. B. G., Montreal; H. J. C., London; W. B. M., Detroit; G. S. C., Toronto; L. C. C., Arnprior.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 15.

1. R B 5 1. any move, 2. Kt Kt 5 2. any, 3. R mates. Correct solution received from E. B. G., Montreal; W. A., Montreal; H. J. C., London; L. C. C., Arnprior; W. B. M., Detroit; G. S. C., Toronto.

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM AND SOLUTION TOURNEY.

We again draw the attention of our readers to the problem and solution tourneys which we are about to inaugurate.

"THE WEEK" PROBLEM COMPETITION.

Through the liberality of an esteemed correspondent who insists on being nameless, we hereby offer a prize of six dollars in chess material for the best three move problem contributed to THE WEEK, on or before the 15th September, 1884.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Problems to be direct, unconditional three move mates never before published.
2. Each competitor to enter as many problems as he pleases.
3. Joint compositions barred.
4. Rectification of problems allowed to closing date.
5. The problem on a diagram with motto, and having solution on the back in full, to be mailed in an envelope, addressed Chess Editor THE WEEK, Toronto, and a simultaneous envelope bearing inscription "Problem Competition," containing motto, name and address of the sender, to J. H. Gordon, 111 St. Patrick St., Toronto. The problems to be exclusive property of THE WEEK until the award of judges.
6. Want of compliance with any of the above rules will debar problems from competition. The standard of award will be: Difficulty, 15; Beauty, 15; Originality, 15; Variety, 10; Economy, 10; Correctness, 10. The judges' names will be given in a future issue.

"THE WEEK" SOLUTION TOURNEY.

For the most complete set of solutions and criticisms of problems published in THE WEEK commencing with the issue of July 3rd, 1884, and ending with the issue of October 30th, 1884, we offer a prize of five dollars in chess material, and for the second best, a prize of four dollars in chess material.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No prizes will be awarded unless at least eight competitors enter.
2. Solutions and criticisms to be mailed within two weeks of date of issue, to Chess Editor, THE WEEK.
3. Marks for solutions will be awarded as follows:—For two move problems, 2 points; for 3 move problems, 3 points; for 4 move problems, four points, with an additional point for every indispensable variation of White's 2nd move. For second solution, further points will be awarded in the same way. The criticisms must be short and to the point.

GAME No. 15.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, Played at New Orleans, May 12, 1884.

Philidor's defence.

Mr. J. McConnell.	Dr. Zukertort.	Mr. J. McConnell.	Dr. Zukertort.
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P K 4	1. P K 4	13. Kt takes Q P	13. B Kt 2
2. Kt K B 3	2. P Q 3	14. Castles (Q R)	14. P takes P (g)
3. B B 4 (a)	3. Kt Q B 3 (b)	15. Kt K 6 ch 1	15. B takes Kt
4. P Q R 3 (c)	4. P K B 4	16. Q takes Q P ch	16. K K 1
5. P Q 3	5. Kt K B 3	17. B takes B	17. Kt Q 4
6. B K Kt 5	6. P K R 3 (d)	18. Q Q 7 ch	18. K B 1
7. B takes Kt	7. Q takes B	19. B takes Kt (h)	19. R Q 1
8. Kt Q B 3	8. Kt K 2	20. Q takes Kt P	20. Q B 5 ch
9. Kt Q Kt 5 (e)	9. K Q 1	21. K Kt 1	21. B takes Kt
10. Q Q 2	10. P Q B 3	22. Q takes B P!	22. B B 3
11. Kt B 3	11. P K Kt 4	23. B takes P	and Black resigns.
12. P Q 4	12. P takes Q P (f)		

NOTES.

- (a) A continuation favoured by Mr. Boden, is generally held inferior to 3. P to Q 4. Of late, however, some strong players, notable among them Mr. Blackburne, we believe, have shown a predilection for the text move.
- (b) 3. B to K 2, introduced by Harrwitz in his match with Loewenthal, is more usual and apparently stronger.
- (c) Evidently to provide a retreat for the Bishop, should the adverse Knight attack from K 4, but 4. P to Q 4 seems preferable either in this or White's next move.
- (d) Here once again 6. B to K 2 appears best.
- (e) A well-timed advance. White has now secured a marked advantage in position.
- (f) Would not 12. Kt to Kt 3 instead have been a much stronger reply?
- (g) Too covetous by half, and seemingly quite unprepared for the pretty stroke of play with which his opponent at once replies.
- (h) Even 19. Kt x Kt would have been safe, as Black had nothing but a few unavailing checks. Indeed, the latter's game has been most seriously compromised, if not defenceless for some time past.

NEWS ITEMS.

ZUKERTORT is in San Francisco. MR. JOHN RYAN has won the Championship Tourney of the Manhattan Chess Club in such style as to win the encomiums of Herr Steinitz. THE current number of the Brooklyn Chess Chronicle is to hand, and is filled with good games and racy news items. The Problem Department, however, seems a trifle neglected. There are only four problems given each month, and this month one of them, a four mover, can be done in three. We cull from our contemporary some interesting items. THE Manhattan Chess Club proposes to hold a summer Handicap Tournament. IN the Elmira Telegram's Correspondence Tournament Mr. Thowalter, of Kentucky, stands first, Mr. Anderson next. MR. Wm. SHAYER has won the Danites (N.Y.) Chess Club Tourney with the fine score of 194 won and 24 lost, Dr. Raymond second, Mr. A. Simis third. AT the inauguration of the Amiens Chess Association, M. Rosenthal played ten simultaneous games, winning all. The end position of one of these is very pretty, and the final play elegant. White (M. Rosenthal), K Kt 1, Q Q 1, R K 2, Kt K B 3, B K R 3, P's Q R 2, Q Kt 2, Q B 2, K B 2, K Kt 2, K R 2. Black (Amateur), K K 1, Q Q R 5, P's Q R 1, K R 1, B K B 1, P's Q R 2, Q Kt 2, Q B 2, Q 3, K 4, K Kt 4, K R 3. White having to move played 1. Kt takes K P, Black replied 1. B K 2, and after 2. R K 4 2. Q takes R, White mates by force in six moves. WE learn on the authority of the Cincinnati Commercial that Messrs. Zukertort and McConnell played in all 22 games during the former's visit to New Orleans. Score—Zukertort, 14; McConnell, 5; drawn, 3. We give one of the games above. MR. STARBUCK, one of the strongest players in Cincinnati, is dead. IN the Loewenthal Cup Competition in London, Mr. Minehin has won with a score of 6; Mr. Wayte, second, with 5; and Mr. Gattie Hind, with 3.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.

Catarrh is a mucous-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of ureberle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxo-moza, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON,
305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada,

and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.

Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son :

DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours, with many thanks,
REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

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CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal January, 1884.

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For circular, address

E. R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D.,
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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1884.

THE SHARPLESS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. In steel. *Frontispiece.*
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The five admirably edited departments—Notes, Queries, Replies, Historical Societies, and Book Notices—occupy some thirteen of the handsome closing pages of the work.

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Commencing on Monday, June 30th, and until further notice, a Pullman Car will leave Toronto by the 7.50 p.m. train daily for Kingston wharf, for the accommodation of parties wishing to take the steamer at that point.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
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MONTREAL, June 2nd, 1884.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for a Breakwater, Port Arthur," will be received until MONDAY, the 30th day of June next, inclusively, for the construction of a

BREAKWATER

Port Arthur, Thunder Bay,

according to a plan and specification to be seen on application to John Niblock, Esq., Superintendent Canada Pacific Railway, Port Arthur, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 22nd May, 1884.



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