

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Fifth Year.
Vol. V., No. 38.

Toronto, Thursday, August 2nd, 1888.

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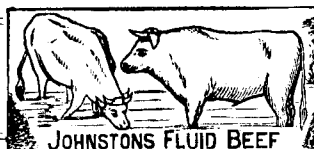
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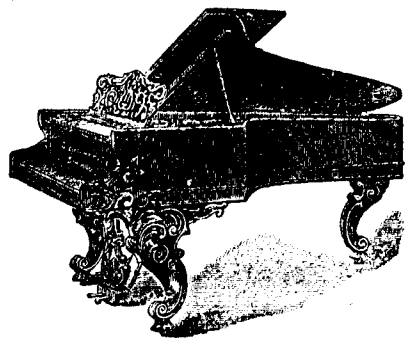
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

Few will dispute the proposition that a nation, like an individual, should regard the spirit as well as the letter of its agreements. Is Canada doing so in the matter of the canal tolls? The Acting Secretary of the United States Treasury reports to the House of Representatives that the Order in Council of the Canadian Government, authorizing a refund of 18 cents of the 20 cents per ton paid by vessels passing through the Welland Canal to those which pursue their voyage by way of the St. Lawrence River and Montreal, operates as a discrimination against American ports, railways, canals, and vessels. It is clear that if the order did not have that effect it would fail to accomplish its object. If it operates also as a discrimination against certain Canadian vessels and ports, that fact cannot atone to the United States for the injury done to her commerce, though it may suggest a doubt as to the wisdom and fairness of the regulation, even from a Canadian point of view. Since all the advantage accruing to the United States from this provision of the Treaty of Washington depends upon the absence of any such discrimination, actual or virtual, it is no wonder that the regulation in question is complained of as a violation of good faith. It is no answer to this complaint to say that the order applies alike to Canadian and American vessels, and so does not infringe upon the letter of the compact. The question is whether it honourably regards its spirit. Congress has, probably, the means of effective retaliation in connection with the St. Clair Flats Canal, and seems disposed to use it. If so, the Canadian Government will have to give way in the end, as it did in the free-list affair. But it would have been, to say the least, more dignified, had Canada interpreted more broadly her obligation in the matter, and observed it from a high sense of honour, instead of acting only on compulsion, through fear of retaliation.

It is alleged, *per contra*, that the United States Government has, on more than one occasion, in its dealings with Canada, given to treaty obligations the narrowest and most literal interpretation. This certainly was done in the case of the famous tax imposed on lobster cans under the agreement to admit lobsters free of duty. It is alleged that, even now, in the matter of the reciprocal use of canals, that Government, in failing to

secure for Canadian vessels the use of the Champlain, Erie, and other canals, on the same terms as American vessels, has come short of fulfilling its engagements in their spirit and intent. If this be so the case is one for remonstrance, and, if necessary, protest, or open retaliation. But the remonstrance in such a case would come with double force from a Government whose own observation of the terms of the treaty had been such as to challenge comparison. Whatever other nations may do, Young Canada cannot afford to allow her escutcheon to be tarnished with even a suspicion of sharp practice in international dealings.

THE arguments urged by the Republican Senators of the United States against the ratification of the Fisheries Treaty have certainly not been remarkable for breadth of view, or freedom from prejudice, or international goodwill. They have not in all cases been free even from *ad captandum* appeals to the petty dislikes and purblind passions of some of the worst elements in American society. But it cannot be denied that there is much force in one argument on which speaker after speaker has dwelt. The treaty lacks the element of finality. It does not remove but rather intensifies the danger of future misunderstanding. We have from the first pointed this out as the great defect of the document considered as an attempt to settle the dispute. As Senator Dawes said, it is not a treaty of peace. It is full of the elements of strife and contention. If ratified, the occasions for dispute and ill feeling would probably multiply rather than decrease under its operation. From this point of view the probable refusal of the Senate to ratify it cannot be regarded as an unmixed evil. If that refusal should happily lead to some more comprehensive and less equivocal arrangement in the future, some agreement which may be accepted as a final settlement of the whole dispute, both countries will be well repaid for waiting a little longer.

WE have never been able to understand why the British Government should be so anxious to secure the repeal of the system of sugar bounties which prevails on the continent. From England's free trade point of view the payment of those bounties by the French, German, Austrian, and Russian Governments must be beneficial rather than otherwise to the British people. It gives them cheap sugar at the expense of foreign nations. Not even from the protectionist point of view does the system work any harm to Englishmen. On the contrary, statistics seem to show that the sum total of their industries is swelled rather than decreased by the cheapness of sugar. The manufacture of preserves and other articles into which sugar enters as the raw material has been greatly stimulated. Sir Thomas Farrar maintains that in this way the effect of the continental sugar bounties has been to give employment to a larger number of hands than were employed in the closed sugar refineries. Sir Thomas argues, with much force, that so long as foreign nations are willing to make the people of Great Britain a present of tens of millions of dollars every year, as represented by the decreased price of sugar in consequence of their bounties, it is unwise on the part of the British Government to attempt to induce those nations to restrain their generosity.

AMONGST the abounding innovations of the time one of the most remarkable is the movement in educational circles in the direction of industrial training in the schools. Quietly, but swiftly, a revolution is being wrought in the minds of educators that will tell most powerfully upon the general weal a generation hence. Old ideas in regard to the proper work and mission of the school are passing away and new ones taking their place. The public school of the future promises to be a very different institution from that of the past and the present. The universal and exclusive reign of the text-book is nearing its end, to be succeeded by a *regime* under which all the faculties of the pupil, the physical as well as the mental, will be called into play, with a view to their training and development. There is no reason to believe that the mind will be in any sense the loser under the new order of things. Experienced and thoughtful educators will not hesitate to accept the testimony of those who, after actual experiment, are declaring that the development of brain-power, which alone has been considered true education, is accelerated rather than retarded, when half the

time hitherto devoted to it exclusively is given to the training of the hand and the eye, and all the perceptive and active powers. Under the old system, the system that is still in vogue in most of our public schools, the waste of time and nervous energy is prodigious. There can be little doubt the new system, when wisely wrought out and administered, will give the country which adopts it virtually a new race of men and women. Not only will the young people of both sexes go forth from the schools better prepared to take part in the struggle for existence, but they will also be better prepared for all the higher uses and enjoyments of life. With every faculty trained to activity and on the alert, the world will be found to abound in objects of interest and beauty which now appeal in vain to the dormant faculties of the great majority. The multitudes will no longer be of those who, having eyes, see not. Such is at least the dream of the enthusiasts of the new education. Those who are at the head of the systems of public education in the Provinces will do well to enquire into it, as some of them, we observe, are doing.

THE great increase in the number of Italian children promenading the streets of our cities with their harps and violins, has given rise to well-grounded suspicion that the "padrone" system is now in vogue in Canada. These poor little wretches are probably sent out by heartless task-masters who make a profit out of the proceeds of their begging expeditions. Save on the grounds of humanity it makes little difference whether they are in the employ of masters who have hired or purchased them, or are sent out by their own parents. In the latter case natural affection may, perhaps, be relied on to some extent to save them from the worse cruelties inflicted by those who have no other than a sordid interest in them. Be that as it may, the social and moral results of such systematized begging are sure to be of the worst description, and a rigid enquiry should be instituted by the civic authorities, or the Government. In fact the question of the influx of pauper immigrants is fast becoming one of the most perplexing, and should be carefully investigated. In the United States the evil has become so great and threatening that a Congressional Committee has been appointed to consider it, and is now pursuing its investigations in New York City. The geographical relations of the two countries make it highly desirable that the States and Canada should have a common policy in regard to such matters, and it is surprising that no attempt has hitherto been made by the statesmen of the two countries to reach a mutual understanding and agreement. Friendly diplomacy should be equal to the task. It is true that all legislation looking to the restriction of immigration should be viewed with suspicion and carefully scrutinized, nevertheless the time is probably near when stringent legislation will be a matter of necessity. In some respects the pauper problem is more serious than the Chinese problem, for the Mongolians, however objectionable in their modes of life, do not often become a tax upon public charity.

FROM semi-official sources comes a statement which seems to admit that, as we suspected, the trouble with the Skeena River Indians had its origin in the neglect or failure of the proper authorities to come to an agreement for the transfer of the Indian title. This omission is wrong in principle and may prove dangerous. It should be remedied at the earliest possible moment. From every point of view it is desirable and right that treaties should, if possible, be made, and no rankling sense of injury left to inflame even the feeblest tribes. Few will, at this day, care seriously to dispute the abstract right of the aboriginal tribes to ownership of the soil in their respective localities. Their claim is based upon substantially the same ground as that of any first settlers whose prior occupancy is generally regarded amongst civilized peoples as giving them an indefeasible claim to the land occupied. Were it not so, as a mere matter of policy it would be vastly wiser and better to purchase the Indian claims in every instance where it is possible to do so; rather than incur the hostility of a race whose tribes may always be reckoned on as faithful allies, but vindictive and deadly enemies.

THE people of Manitoba and the North-West are no doubt watching with interest, not unmingled with anxiety, for developments in connection with the railway policy of the Greenway Cabinet. If, as seems widely believed, negotiations are really in progress for the transfer of the Red River Valley Road and the connecting links yet to be built to the Northern Pacific, there is ground for apprehension as to the result. To many it will be a relief should the denial, alleged to have been authorized on behalf of the Northern Pacific, that it has any intention of extending its operations beyond the boundary, prove well-founded. Experience has shown that competition between two great corporations affords a poor safeguard against excessive charges for railway service. In view of the peculiar and

unequivocal character of the agitation which carried the present Manitoba Government into power it is hard to believe that they will put the interests of the farmers of the Province again in jeopardy by handing the grain carrying trade over to the tender mercies of any railway company whatever. The immense importance of the business to the farmers of the prairies could not be more strikingly set forth than in the calculations of Mr. Greenway, Lieutenant-Governor Royal, and others who should be well-informed, that the surplus of wheat for export from the Province and Territories will this year reach the magnificent total of 20,000,000 or 22,000,000 bushels. A difference of a few cents a bushel on such an output would amount in the single season to no insignificant sum.

THE *Forum* for August has an article by Judge Love, of Iowa, designed to prove that the United States Republic provides a much better system of checks against the evils of party prejudice and popular whim than the English. Has not Judge Love chosen an unfortunate moment to promulgate his views, and suggest the application of experimental tests? What was the influence, one is constrained to ask, which caused the United States Senate to delay nearly three months before confirming the appointment of Mr. Fuller to the office of Chief Justice of the United States? His qualifications in respect to both character and ability are generally admitted to be of the highest, and that high judicial office should, if any, surely be above the reach of party prejudice or jealousy. Why is it that Dakota is unable to obtain admission into the Union as a State, though in population, intelligence, means of communication, and general resources the Territory is unquestionably above the minimum that has hitherto been insisted on? Can Judge Love maintain that party fears and machinations have nothing to do with inflicting this injustice upon a Territory? What one would like to have Judge Love's candid opinion on—is the real animating motive of most of the "buncombe" speeches that have recently been delivered in the United States Senate against the ratification of the Fisheries Treaty. Have party prejudice and popular whim had absolutely nothing to do with these? And, not to multiply illustrations, what does Judge Love, as an impartial judicial authority, think has caused the long delay of the United States Government to submit to impartial arbitration the questions raised by the high-handed seizure of Canadian fishing craft by her revenue cutters on the high waters of Behring's Sea? Has the pressure of party exigencies nothing to do with the denial of international justice in this case? There are many excellent features in the American political system which we are glad to admire, but when we are asked to concede it the palm in the particular respects indicated, we must beg to be permitted to select some other ground of praise.

A SOMEWHAT remarkable strike has recently been brought to a happy ending in England. The girls employed in Bryant and May's great match factory in East London, struck for redress of certain grievances and, strange to say, though they were wholly unorganized and weak, belonging to no Union and without funds for maintenance, they succeeded in getting the dispute settled on terms with which they appear to be perfectly content, if they do not even surpass their hopes and expectations. Thus, as the *Spectator* says: The first serious effort of the women of East London to better their condition has ended in victory. This satisfactory result seems to have been due in the first instance to the efficient and most creditable intervention and aid of the London Trades Council, though, as before said, the striking girls were altogether outside the Trades organization. Much also was no doubt due to the reasonable and conciliatory spirit shown by the directors of the Company. Amongst the conditions embodied in the terms of settlement, in addition to the removal of the grievances complained of, are an undertaking on the part of the Company that no girl is to be discharged or singled out in any way for the part she has taken in the strike, and its consent to encourage the formation of a Trade Union among the girls, "in order that any just grievances they may have in future shall be represented directly to the heads of the firm, and not, as in the past, through the foreman." The circumstance is, in some of its aspects, encouraging in relation to the possibility of good relations between capital and labour. It shows that as two parties are required, proverbially, to make a quarrel, so when both parties are disposed to do the right, serious quarrels may soon be brought to a happy ending. In describing the circumstances the *Spectator* significantly remarks that "the action of the Directors seems to have been entirely free from the common fault of those who are involved in trade disputes—the determination to stand by what they first said."

THE Session of the National Prison Association recently held in Boston seems to have been well attended by those most competent to discuss the im-

portant questions submitted. The leading idea present to the minds of most of those who took part in the deliberations was that of prison reform. In the past it has not perhaps been sufficiently considered by those having to do with the management of prisons that all convicts may be divided into two distinct classes, and that the mode of treatment should be modified in accordance with this classification. These two classes are the incorrigibles, who have either been born without the power of moral self-control, or have lost or destroyed that power, and those who are criminals, not from temperament or heredity, but from circumstances of education, association, stress of poverty, etc. In regard to the first class, public opinion seems to be reaching the conclusion that chronic restraint is reasonable and just and that it is as wrong to leave the morally as the mentally insane at liberty. In regard to the second class, both the interests of society and the dictates of religion and humanity demand that every influence and effort should be brought to bear for their reformation. The experiments being carried on at Elmira, Concord, and other prisons in the United States are all directed to this end, but these institutions are still in the experimental stage. Amongst other matters under consideration was that of the adoption of the Bertillon system of registration. This is recommended by the Congress. The adoption of this system would mean that "every criminal in the United States and Canada shall be registered, with his essential characteristics so defined as to make it impossible to mistake his identity if he should again come before a criminal court in any part of the country." The great utility of such a system in the prevention of frauds, as well as in the treatment of criminals with a view to reformation is obvious.

APROPPOS to the question of prison discipline, it is evident that the best system of management is in danger of being greatly impeded by the opposition of the trades' unions to convict labour. One of the messages submitted by Governor Hill to the State Legislature in the special session he recently summoned, called attention to the fact that a large part of the convicts in the prisons of the State were in absolute idleness, and that all would soon be so unless some substitute were provided for the contract system which had been abolished. The contract system is no doubt indefensible, but the new law passed under pressure of the unions, which provides that the labour of the prisoners shall not be used in the production of any articles to be sold in the general market, and that no motive power machinery of any description shall be used, must effectually hamper every effort directed towards either making the prisoners self-supporting or permanently reforming their characters. There is undeniable force in the objections urged by the labour unions against the unequal competition of skilled convict labour. But in frustrating well-directed efforts to lessen the cost of prisons and penitentiaries, and at the same time to send forth the convicts at the expiration of their terms with improved characters and a capacity for self-support, workingmen surely stand in their own light. The criminal as the enemy of society is the enemy of the workingman, no less than of everyone else, and he, like others, has to help to support and punish him. The worst and the most expensive use that can be made of the convict is to confirm him in his criminal habits. The best and highest use of a prison is to reform him and make him a man and a citizen. Enforced productive labour is the most effective means to this end. Surely some way must be found by which the prisoner may be usefully employed and taught without injustice to the honest workman.

BOULANGISM as a thing to conjure with has evidently lost its power in France. M. Floquet's sword-thrust proved too much for the bit of by-play which had been for months past verging on the serio-comic. M. Boulanger's ignominious defeat in the Departments of Dordogne and Ardeche, where he had thrown himself into the contests in a spirit of bravado, makes, in all probability, the end of the noisy but inglorious career from which so much was expected by the excitable crowd which is ever ready to follow at the heels of a demagogue. And now to cap the climax of his humiliation the convalescent General's reappearance on the public street, though carefully heralded and studiously demonstrated, fails to create more than the slightest ripple in the streets of excitable Paris. Here the curtain drops, probably forever, unless some unforeseen incident should bring him another opportunity. But yesterday and half Paris would have rushed to do his bidding, now scarcely a paltry three hundred can be found to do him reverence.

ALTHOUGH, as a matter of course, the public know nothing certainly of the nature of the communications which may have passed between Emperor William and Prince Bismarck on the one hand and the Czar and his trusted diplomats on the other, it seems quite improbable that any

formal agreement looking to future action, or inaction, was reached. If the impression of an *entente cordiale* between the two monarchs was produced, the chief end of the interview was probably attained. Should the rumoured visit of William II. to Alsace-Lorraine take place, his Russian tour will derive its chief significance in its relation to that event. If France can be led to despair of the active sympathy and co-operation of Russia, she will find herself pretty much at the mercy of her more powerful neighbour. Nor is the rumoured intention of the German Cabinet to insist on a reduction of the French armament wholly without verisimilitude. There can be no doubt that the strain on German resources involved in keeping up the present armament is immense. So long as a good understanding exists with Russia the necessity of keeping up that strain is entirely of French imposing. Seeing that the French preparations can have no other than their avowed aim of one day regaining the lost Provinces, and avenging the humiliations of the never-to-be-forgotten defeat, it would be but a reasonable thing, from the German point of view, to demand that these preparations cease, and the French army be reduced to a peace footing. Such a demand would be very galling to French susceptibilities, but necessity knows no law. If, moreover, Germany should accompany the demand with a proposal to reciprocate by a simultaneous reduction of her own forces—and she could scarcely do otherwise—the chief sting of the demand would be perhaps drawn. For the sake of all concerned such a consummation is to be devoutly wished.

PUNISHMENT AND REFORMATION.

THE admirers of the late Mr. Carlyle, unless they are sheer fanatics, must often have been pained by his utterances on the subject of the weak and the oppressed. His contempt for certain classes of reformers and philanthropists, although sometimes not without some measure of justification, was frequently unjust, fierce, unworthy of a man of his mental and moral stature. His *Vae Victis* was too often almost heartless. Those who were toiling for the emancipation of the slave deserved a better designation than that of Nigger-philanthropists. Men who were toiling on behalf of the sinful and suffering might plead that they were not altogether wasting their time.

Let it not be supposed that we are advocating the cause of mere sentimentalism and sentimentalists. There is no greater foe to real philanthropy. Sentimentalists gush, but they seldom work; and even when they have a good cause they are apt to repel others, by whom the work might have been done. But we cannot forget that "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"; and we believe that the principles of the Gospel are entirely supported by the testimony of experience and by considerations of common sense.

Some time ago, conferences on the subject of the treatment of criminals were held in Toronto, but they did not seem to be very successful. Quite lately a very interesting meeting of the National Prison Congress was held at Boston, at the opening of which a noble sermon was preached by Dr. Phillips Brooks and interesting and significant speeches were delivered by ex-President Hayes, Col. Edward J. Russell, and others. Doubtless, those who are most deeply interested in this question will procure the report of the whole session of the Congress. For the present we must content ourselves by drawing attention to some of the aims of the Society and the methods which find favour with its members.

To begin with, there is not a particle of sentimentality in the utterances of the leaders of this movement. All their judgments and statements are based upon recognized principles and ascertained facts. At the very foundation of the whole is laid down the principle that the end to be sought is the good of society. The safety of the people at large is the highest law. If any particular method of dealing with the criminal class can be shown to be most productive of good on the whole—to have the greatest tendency to secure the well-being of the community, without flagrant injustice to the offender—that method should be adopted.

Such a theory is evidently distinguished, on the one hand, from the weak sentimentality which is ever ready to pity and shed tears over the condemned criminal, while it forgets the injury inflicted on the victim and his friends. On the other hand, it is distinguished from the principle of vengeance which says, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." We are rather surprised to find Dr. Phillips Brooks speaking as though such a kind of vengeance were an attribute of Almighty God. For the entire purpose of God is a loving purpose, and His aim can only be the good of His creation.

Having recognized this principle as the end of all punishment, it becomes a matter of experience to determine in what way men may be most effectually deterred from crime; in other words, how society may be best

protected from evil doers. How shall men who are tempted to do wrong be convinced that it is better not to do wrong—persuaded to abandon evil-doing and cultivate habits of virtue and conformity to law? It is in answering this question that the law-makers of the world have graduated their punishment so as fairly to correspond with the gravity of the offences. Thus, on the whole, it is decided by civilized communities that it is better that a murderer should die; not merely because this punishment has a directly deterrent effect, but because the inflicting of a less penalty might indirectly be injurious, by lowering the sense of the value of human life.

One point greatly insisted upon by prison reformers and labourers in the reformation of the criminal, is the importance of discrimination between offenders, the recognition of the differences between one criminal and another. Some of them are almost hopeless, others are far from hopeless. It would be absurd to treat these different classes as though they were all alike; and yet this has been done to a very great extent in our ordinary prisons, and the consequence has been that young lads who have gone into prison with hardly any strong tendency to crime, sometimes scarcely more than unfortunate, have left the prison confirmed criminals. Justice, charity, common sense, the public good, all alike cry aloud against a system so mischievous and so irrational.

The Reformers begin at the beginning—at the sentences, at the punishment inflicted upon the offenders. The ticket of leave system recognizes the principle of shortening the time of confinement, if the conduct of the prisoner has been satisfactory. But it is proposed to carry this principle further, by making the punishments in certain cases indefinite as regards their duration and even their nature. If it can be made fairly clear that it will be, on the whole, better for society, as well as for the prisoner, that his term of confinement should be abridged, then he will be allowed to go free under certain conditions.

Perhaps even more important than this provision is the plan of classifying the prisoners, so as to assign to them the kind of companionship that will be least hurtful to them and the kind of work for which they are best suited. Society has no right to destroy the good which exists in those who have been guilty of a first and perhaps a comparatively slight offence. And yet something like this has continually been done by the herding of different classes promiscuously together. Moreover, a great deal of the work to which prisoners have been set has been of a degrading, depressing and useless character. It is now proposed to make the work of the prisoners a means of education, so that, when they are released, they may not only be able to carry on some trade, but may have been so disciplined in habits of order and regularity that they may have better prospects of success.

If it should seem to any one that this is making prison life too pleasant, a moment's reflection will show that the loss of liberty, the necessity of living under strict rules imposed by authority, the obligation to do stated work at the bidding of others—these and other limitations and restrictions will constitute a penalty of no slight severity for persons who have lived ill-regulated lives. Besides, it is not merely mercy to the fallen, but an enlightened regard for the public good which requires that every effort should be made so to discipline the inmates of our prisons that, at their leaving them, they may be induced to live industrious and respectable lives instead of returning to prey upon society.

By such means as these even the fallen may be convinced that there is still more than a chance, that there is a good hope for them. Nay, even the hardened may be softened and made to feel that it is better to cease to do evil and learn to do well; and it will be no small gain if any small number (and it is believed that the number is not now small) can be brought to resolve, when they regain their liberty, to avoid the kind of life to which, otherwise, they would naturally and almost necessarily have returned.

One other thing is especially contemplated by our prison reformers, and that is the caring for the prisoner after his discharge by providing that he shall have a chance of earning an honest livelihood. It is perfectly well known that this is the greatest difficulty of all in the way of reforming those who have fallen into crime. There have been many most sad and distressing cases of men who have come away from the prison with the earnest desire and purpose to abstain from evil, and honestly to labour for their maintenance. But they had no character, and no opportunity of acquiring one. People were afraid to employ them when they either knew nothing about them or else were acquainted with their antecedents. No one could be blamed for such a refusal. And therefore it becomes necessary that some arrangement should be made by which the discharged prisoner should be looked after without feeling that he was an object of suspicion, and that such measure of confidence should be entrusted to him as should at once be safe for his employers and a means of encouragement to himself.

When we are asked whether Christianity has done anything for the world, and whether we are growing better or worse, there are a great many facts on both sides of the argument which need to be taken into consideration. But at least we may affirm that in respect to our general principles of legislation and in the matter here considered of our dealing with the criminal classes, a more human and a more Christian spirit has begun to penetrate our modes of thought and action. And this, too, as we have pointed out, is a wiser spirit. The old, inhuman, savage way of looking upon an offender—often even an offender against a most unrighteous law—as a being who had no rights, who might not only be deprived indefinitely of his liberty, but might be brutally treated, tortured and killed—this spirit has almost passed away; and the spirit of Him who giveth liberty to the captives has come in its place. To every association and to every effort originated for the purpose of promoting this spirit, we cannot but wish God speed.

THE PROMISED LAND.

O'er wastes of sand,
With lagging steps, and straining eyeballs dim,
That strive to pierce the far horizon's rim,
Into the Promised Land;
Thro' days thirst-haunted, nights of torrid gloom,
Searching the wild where never blossoms bloom,
For the aspiring hand:
Not thus was wont to fall the tropic blaze,
In the glad morn of Time, when hope was young,
And all of fame, and all of future days
Shimmer'd like pearls on strings of errant fancy strung.

Up Arctic steeps,
With curdling blood, and feeble limbs that flag,
Feet heavy as the throbbing hearts they drag
O'er frozen-furrow'd deeps;
Thro' days of snow and frost-tormented nights,
Under the pulsing play of Northern Lights,
The life-drop chilling creeps:
Not thus was noon, not thus the golden morn,
Not thus the silver eve to buoyant youth,
Ah, me! The promised rose without the thorn!
Ah, me! The lie she reaps, where Promise scatter'd truth

Avernus dread
Yawns up for ever from the vales below,
Untouched by e'en the sunset's roseate glow;
Parnassus rears its head
Far, far above the purpling mists of night,
Reflecting yet the morning's beams of light,
Faint flushed with rosy red:—
Earth swung between—whereon the dreamers stand,
Weaving the warp and weft of fabric fair,
Fair fancy's web around the Promised Land,
Foredoom'd, too soon, alas! to fade in outer air.

Down-fallen hopes—
Mistaken youth—deluded hours of trust,
That took the shade for shine, that treasur'd rust,
Despairing manhood copes
With days, faint-hearted, nights of broken rest,
Ever the sunset in the paling west;
From dark to dark he gropes,
But not across the Promised Land of Spring,
Sweet idle wild of leaf when life was brave,
And all the birds were larks upon the wing,
That since have piped their lay o'er Fame's untimely grave.
Brantford. W. H. MORRISON.

LONDON LETTER.

FROM among my letters of this morning this one from Scotland may interest you:—

"Heather and brown rushing burns, blue hills and bright sunshine," writes E. K. P., "lovely lochs with strange birds hovering about them; little ragamuffins in the roads without shoes and stockings, and girls with red plaids over their shoulders and bare heads. Here and there a good collie and some capital Skye terriers with blue-grey coats, and in the shops huge packets of Dundee Rock. This country is supposed to be that of the scene of the terrific battle of Mons Grampius, between the Romans and the Caledonians ages ago. Every place is a blair or a cairn, the one word meaning battle, the other burial place; and Stormont, the little loch nearest here is the place of the stour or foray. They found a Roman soldier in full armour in the bog about sixty years ago, and there is a craig called Craig Roman to this day. Yesterday I went to see a curious old castle, not a big one, called Newton Castle, belonging to the Macphersons, with the oddest rooms, and a secret staircase down which a green lady moans and glides. There's a ghost in this house where I am staying, the ghost of an old gentleman in a red coat. I've seen his portrait, but as yet have caught no sight of him. A White Lady haunts Ardblair, and not far off there is a glen boasting the spectre of a black dog. Years ago it appeared to a farmer, tugged at his coat, and said 'follow me.' It ran before the farmer till it came to a skeleton. 'I murdered that man, and must run like a dog till he is buried,' said the black dog, so the ministers and elders of the kirk went out from here, took up the skeleton and put it decently into the graveyard, since which occurrence the ghost has ceased to appear. At Clunie Loch lived the Admirable Crichton, and here is another romantic place called Craighall, the Rathays' house, built on the top of a rock rising 214 feet above the Erich river, and to which you can only approach by the land side. When we went out on the drawing-room balcony we looked straight down on the river dashing along in a sort of rocky chasm. It is the *Tully Veolan* of Sir Walter Scott, wise folk say; anyhow here he used to stay. The Lansdownes have a celebrated beech hedge at Meikleour, the highest in Europe: it is cut straight; the foliage is as thick and even as a wall, and I drove yesterday to see it, feeling like a dwarf as I stood beside it. How the rain came down in the Trosachs! I stopped at Inverness and went to Culloden Moor, where they've marked out the graves of the clans, but have put one stone only to mark the English graves, and

have, moreover, erected a tablet on a cairn, 'To the memory of the brave Highlanders who died for their country and Prince Charlie,' but have said nothing about their having been beaten. The old woman in the farmhouse on the spot is grand-daughter of the woman who was there the day of the battle. The grand-mother was sleeping in the recess when a cannon ball passed through the wall just above the counterpane; it knocked a pot into the middle of the rooms, breaking it to pieces, and passed out at the opposite window. She pointed to another pot, and said it was boiling over the fire on the same day, when a Highland soldier rushed in with his hand blown off, and thrust the stump of his arm into the burning embers to stop the bleeding. She was a canny old body, and told me they often turned out bones with the field work all round her shieling. There was an idiot in the cottage, and the old wife called her 'an object,' and said, when I asked if it were a sick child, 'Nae, nae, she's just an object; but we must nae mind the Almighty; 'tis Himself does it a'.' At Glamis I heard the children of the late Lord Strathmore were never allowed in the castle till grown up, but lived in an adjacent building. There are swarms of ghosts at Glamis; pignies are often seen, and there's a White Lady who warns you of your approaching death." . . . It's a trick worthy of Mr. Flack, of the *Reverberator*, to copy, without permission, private letters, and my only excuse, if it can be called an excuse, is that to be printed is an operation to which E. K. P. is very well used.

My correspondent's example will be followed, and the town will soon be empty, for everything of consequence is over, including the Public Schools Match at Lords' and the Silver Fête. As regards the former, it is always one of the most charming sights imaginable, and this year I think was exceptionally successful, owing to the brilliant ideal weather. Quantities of pretty young girls, little maids of fifteen or so, in flapping Leghorn hats, short skirts and wide sashes, were gallantly escorted over the grounds by bright-eyed Sixth Form lads in tall hats and magnificent ties and flowers, while their elders, unwilling to brave the heat, remained under white umbrellas on the top of coaches, in big barouches or landaus, or wandered slowly under the friendly shade of the trees. This is the place at which to see the beauty of youth to perfection, where every voice you hear rings with all sorts of excited careless happy tones, where nearly every face you see is fresh and round and blooming. Dress is always simpler than at any other London function, for no one puts on grand garments in which to watch cricket, and the consequence is that you are struck with the admirable effect it is possible to produce with just cotton, cambric or muslin, and a skilful arrangement of embroidery. And dress is so pretty this year, so becoming to these girls who, growing up under exceptionally careful conditions, with tennis, walking and riding *ad libitum*, have developed such an extraordinary length of limb. These wide shady hats, not unlike those affected by the charming old-fashioned young ladies Leech drew for us in the crinoline times, these narrow skirts and long ribbons knotted at the side, suit the majority of tall, lithe damsels, who have all adopted this style of costume as if it were a uniform. At the end of the match a handful of Harrow boys could not resist throwing themselves with a war whoop of triumph on to some Etonians, in spite of Dr. Weldon's order that there should be no fight, and for five minutes or so a whirlwind of umbrellas and sticks flew against "top" hats amid the yells of the vanquished and the hurrahs of the victors. Two of the Harrow masters being caught against their wish in the storm, the excitement was speedily and ignominiously stopped, and the aggressors, under arrest, were marched back to Harrow there and then, not being allowed to return to their respective homes for the customary *excuse*.

All day long the great balloon hovering above the gardens during the Silver Wedding Fête—quite the best affair of the kind, by the way, that has ever been seen in London—tempted adventurous folk, but comparatively few availed themselves of the privilege of a sail up into the air, the attraction of the conservatory proving too engrossing for most of us to leave. Here were charmingly arranged stalls suited for all our tastes. If you preferred flowers and the Quality, the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Gosport and Lady Forbes were ready to sell you Carnations at five shillings each, or sprays of Orchids for fabulous prices, and so much were these ladies in request, they had to summon a policeman to their aid as body-guard, who called "Pass on, please, pass on," to the lagers, at intervals, an order no one attempted to obey. Did you require Art, Sir Frederick Leighton was there to whom to apply, or Mrs. Du Maurier who, helped by her daughters and Miss Millais, successfully disposed of all manner of etchings, engravings, and Bartolozzis, good, bad and indifferent, a hundred guinea fan, on which eighteen of the principal English artists had drawn and signed beautiful little sketches, being raffled for at this stall in a spare half-hour. There were garden hats to be bought, work bags, china, screens, the usual medley of bazaar articles; fruit sent by the Queen from Osborne, a sketch of Princess Louise; Mrs. Bancroft, having as helper, Miss Ada Rehan amongst others, sold aprons and cuffs once worn by her on the stage; opposite, some staid white-capped nurses, belonging to the Victoria Hospital, for the benefit of which the fête was organized, gravely dispensed their wares. Fancy dress is never considered correct; no one who is anyone, adopted any eccentricity of costume, beyond the light blue ribbon and silver badge, and though two or three dismal gentlemen, disguised as Pierrots, attempted to twang a little feeble music from their mandolins, on the whole they and their ridiculous garments were looked coldly on by the critical audience. Out in the gardens the cool air was refreshing after the scented stifling heat of the conservatory, and here the various entertainments, including a genuine roundabout, which seemed to be considered almost as good fun as the Switchback, and a delightful Richardson's show, were patronized by the smartest of smart crowds, who gravely rode the wooden horses to the tunes from the orchestra, or crowded the

first rows of the booth and applauded *The abduction of Bianca*, in the most spirited fashion. Little children, in many-hued flying skirts, twisted ribbons round the Maypole; older children had their fortunes told by necromancers, living, for the time-being, in a huge wedding cake; others again listened at the theatre to songs and recitations from Grossmith and Co. The scene on two of the four days was, owing to the weather, of the brightest, most picturesque description, and to the end, after Mrs. Bernard Beere had sold her last cigar, and Lady Randolph Churchill her last bottle of champagne, the aspect of the place was still that of a fashionable rout, and not at all that of an ordinary Fancy Fair.

I was told three pieces of gossip under the shadow of the blue and white hangings draping the stalls which by now I am afraid, you too will have heard. First, Mr. Whistler is going to marry Mrs. Godwin, widow of the architect, and daughter of Phillips the sculptor. Secondly, Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, Cambridge, is engaged to Miss Agnata Ramsey, whose wonderful triumphs of last year you will remember, and thirdly, Leighton is to be made a life peer, which I think—but, I am afraid, my advice will not be asked on the subject, so I shall refrain from giving it. Only, if Reynolds was content with a knighthood, surely Leighton's already won baronetcy should be honour enough for the painter of such faces signed by the President, which have hung on the Academy walls these many years.

The mention of Reynolds reminds me that some of Barry Cornwall's and Mrs. Proctor's books were sold the other day in the painter's great studio of his house in Leicester Square,—that comfortable old house which now belongs to Puttick and Simpson, the auctioneers, and which is well worth a visit. As you go through the hall you can see into the panelled dining-room, where you have often been in the spirit at those delightful huffer-mugger dinners of which Nollekins tells in the *Life of his Master*, and passing up the staircase with its wrought iron railing of uncommon design, you come to the little ante-room of which Miss Thackeray speaks in *Miss Angel*, and which leads to the studio. Over the door a copy of Nollekin's bust of Johnson still frowns down on the visitor, and inside the room, in the glare of the clear cool light, a hundred figures from that wonderful society which the enchanter, armed only with a mahlstick wand, a sceptre made of a paint brush, gathered about him, turn to look at you as you enter,—the wraiths of Lady Wentworth and Angelica flit from phantom portrait to phantom portrait as Sir Joshua, through his silver-rimmed spectacles, gazes, admiringly, at the sweet weak face of the sensitive little painter from over the seas. But, taking up more space than do the charming ghosts of the wits of long ago, are the frequenters of auctions, who are sitting in judgment over the bundles of books, none of them very valuable, over the autograph letters, none of them very interesting, belonging to the dead poet and his dead wife, and "going, going, gone," and the tap of the hammer are a cry and a sound harsh enough to scare into silence the talkative brilliant company from beyond the Styx, the great folk, by the side of whom, even the most ignorant, most flippant of us have stayed a moment, fascinated by the flashing glances of this one, listening to the bewitching eloquence of that. I remember seeing Mrs. Proctor one year at Whitby, and finding her a hard-faced old lady in a brown wig, full, at that time, of indignation at Carlyle and his slighting mentions of herself and her husband in the "Reminiscences" which Froude was then bringing out, the result of that indignation being a small pamphlet, written by the clever clear-headed lady herself, in which she set forth the real state of affairs between the uncouth disagreeable Scotchman and the London-couple who had helped him so much, and to whom, apparently, he had been so grateful. To-day we bargain over her volumes, and read her collection of letters, carrying off with us the first edition of that particular author whose talk happens to please us, or a sheet or two of writing from the hand of this painter or poet with whose work one has been tolerably familiar all one's life, and I don't think any of us remembered much about the late owners of these things. Then when the auction was over I wandered down the shallow stairs again into the sunshiny square and saw Sir Thomas Lawrence at his windows (who wants to find this unequal artist at his best should look at a fine portrait of his in the hall of Christchurch, Oxford) and Hogarth cutting jokes with Tothill and Forrest on his doorsteps, and yonder, at the gates of that there stood the chariot and outriders from the Court of Frederick, Prince of Wales. A canary flies from branch to branch of the limes, and poor Sir Joshua tries to catch his little friend in vain; if you listen you can hear the low talk of the chairmen as they lean over the railings and watch the crossing of the swords between Castlewood and Mohun. Personally I cannot imagine a much greater punishment than to be exiled from this wonderful city, where, as you turn from your books, the very houses continue the stories for you, a city in which the voices of our great writers are no stronger than the voices of the streets. WALTER POWELL.

A LOVE of adventure is inherent in all, more deeply implanted in a coterie of bolder natures to whom the less highly endowed in this respect owe the voyages and explorations that have enlarged geographical bounds and extended a knowledge of animals and flora; that have colonized countries, built cities and widened commerce; that have created new people, new interests and all the infinite consequences of an expanded horizon. The love of change, chance of testing faculty and force, and of laudable curiosity are factors that, influenced and coloured by temperament, age, and condition occasion agitations in politics and religions that lead to national advancement and individual advantage. To them were due the knights-errant, crusades and minstrelies of the mid-ages, and to them the reformations, revolutions, wars, discoveries, inventions, progress, culture and conquests of later eras are also indebted.—*The Current*.

MONTREAL LETTER.

While the paupers' patronesses in their airy country houses are busy with needle and brush, and the concocting of "magnificently feminine" plans to secure Mr. C. P. R. Jones' bank notes at some prospective fancy fair, while "a friend of poor children, a most grateful mother, as proof that she deeply appreciates all the superior luxuries wealth gives her, sends the F. A. F. twenty-five cents, being the proceeds of three little hand-painted birch-bark canoes she has sold," come with us to visit the objects of so much solicitude, ere sweltering court-yards and vault-like habitations know them no more, ere they have at length drawn their allowance from silk purses and collection plates.

My friend was on the lookout for a model. Now the most picturesque of our community are undoubtedly poor French Canadians; but you might as well try to persuade these that vaccination makes far less havoc among men than persistent refusal to let warm water have its perfect work, as to conquer their holy horror of "posing." What would *le bon Dieu* and *Monsieur le Curé* do to them? The amateur artist had offered such substantial rewards as only amateur artists can; all in vain. Once he did persuade a timid old char-woman that being painted *en costume* was not really any worse than being photographed. She yielded, but her prayers and fears were very pathetic afterwards. Oh! provided the family never, never heard of it. Yet *had* she done wrong? Perhaps not, still there certainly seemed need of *Monsieur le Curé's* absolution. My friend must consequently search among the compatriots of Titian's beauties and Raphael's cherubs. So we went together with a charming Signorina as interpreter, to interview the smiling, lazy organ-grinder, the thin, sharp-voiced newspaper vendor in their dirty homes, You who have only seen Irish and English poor crowding our hideous lanes, cannot imagine what pretty bits of Rome, of Naples, even unpoetical Montreal boasts. Signorina seemed to know the Italian Canadians very intimately, yet not so intimately, however, as to be quite sure who might, and who might not have adopted our prejudices. It was all the better, for we got a glimpse of no less than four families, who had come respectively from Milan, from Rome, from Naples and from Sicily. Though my friend cared little about these facts, preferring indeed the Sicilians to all, emigration agents may be interested to learn the Milanese cabinet-makers and restaurateurs were by far the most prosperous and enterprising, as they are in their native land; that the Romans and Neapolitans piped and strummed for a living, while the poor Sicilians sold papers. Of an estimable French dame whose Italian *homme* working ten hours every day in *notre* "Meeson's" *à nous*, had secured three small rooms and a wife, we say nothing. She was blessed above the average; but let me show you the microscopic apartments of our mutual enemy, the street musician. Is it a pawn-shop, that all mentionable and unmentionable articles of clothing hang from ceiling, over screen, over chair? Ugh! how stifling! The tiny room has been subdivided by bedraggled curtains, leaving only a narrow space through which we can pass to a back kitchen. Three women, four men, and children *ad infinitum* infest this hovel. One quick, dark-browed *donna*, with white head dress, gaudy shawl, and doubtful jewels, will tell our fortunes. Then a cage is brought out where three little nerveless, green birds hop about languidly. They have had enough of the farce to-day, but no, they must come forth again and pick "a planet of fortune" from the bewildering row of multi-coloured papers.

"Is this how you gain your living?"

"Si, by tramping about de streets all day."

"And your husband, what does he do?"

"Ah! my husband! ha, ha, my husband iss vary good! Listen!"

Then we hear heavy snoring from the room above us.

"He drinks," she says, growing red and laughing coldly.

The other women seem to have their hands full with their *bimbi*, and the men, lazy reprobates, find organ-grinding in Canada as profitable as any other artistic profession!

"Models? you want us as models, do you say? No, no, *grazia*, Signor!"

The amateur had begun to despair, when Signorina finally bethought her of the Sicilians. Nobody but Italians could inhabit that bright pink house with the pale green shutters. At the end of a court it stands, where the sun beats fiercely down all day long. Blue sky, golden light, and vivid colouring, isn't this delightfully Neapolitan? And see, that is Neapolitan, too, that huge bunch of piled-up vegetables, the monotonous fare, month in and month out. Then tumbling, crawling, laughing on a rickety gallery, such exquisite little St. Johns, such bewitching "holy children." Their mother comes out and meets us with pretty apologies. We have come so unexpectedly, and, you understand, there being no ante-room, she has not had an opportunity to keep us waiting half an hour till she performed her toilette. We insist everything is infinitely better so—furiously hot kitchen, where some unsavoury vegetable soup simmers on the fire, chaotic bed-room, and unwashed imps. Since we are English, these Italians are Protestants, but methinks I espy through the chinks of a door a Madonna of the Sacred Heart. Never mind, surely the poor can afford to be eclectic in religious matters. Now Signor Amateur with candy and pennies strives to win the favour of the three-year-old coquette, who holds down her lovely curly head after a fashion an older Signorina might envy. But we are not obdurate. The large, timid eyes look up suddenly, and as suddenly they are hidden by the tiny hands. However, that glance has sufficed. Meanwhile I talk with the mother. She seems intelligent enough, and tells me how her husband gained sufficient to support them last year; but now, how he is dead, and the elder children must sell newspapers turn about on the streets. Yes, Italians when they are ordinary

labourers, and not lazy, can get on very well, "Only it is not good for de head-work here," adds our friend, Signorina. By this time, the artist having made his arrangements, little St. John and his sister agree to come and pose till—the promoters of fancy fairs, charity balls and impromptu collections shall have discovered what balance is due to the poor.

Apropos of Monsieur Beaugrand's *Mélanges*, and his interesting sketch of journalism contained therein, Monsieur Sault mentions a rather interesting way to study history. Having become thoroughly acquainted with facts through the *Chronicle* you must look for *the roots of the flowers* in the daily papers.

I glean from *La Minerve* some information concerning the Montreal branch of Laval University. In 1865, it appears, its foundation was prohibited. In 1878 Pius IX. revoked this decision, and with many compliments for the Holy See the institution was opened. Some five years ago Leo XIII. decreed no one should interfere with Laval's rights. Is Monsieur Mercier, he who holds the cross of the Order of St. Gregory, not braving this decree? Finally in 1886 Rome proclaims that only united to the Montreal branch will she give the name of Catholic to Laval University.

Mr. Aitken and not Aikin is the artist's name mentioned in my last letter.

LOUIS LLOYD.

LOVE'S PHASES.

Love has a thousand phases. Oftentimes

For very joy of her own life she weeps;

Or like a timid, wistful child she creeps

To sheltering arms; or like a spirit climbs

The white heights scaled by poets in their rhymes—

Imagination's lone and splendid steeps—

Or drifts with idle oar upon the deeps

Of her own soul to undiscovered climes.

Hers is the rapture of the martyred saint,

The exaltation of the mother when

Upon her breast her baby softly stirs

For the first time; and every morn doth paint

On every rock, and tree, and stream, and glen,

Some inextinguishable look of hers.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

CANADA'S GREAT RESERVE.

JUST one hundred years ago Sir Alexander Mackenzie discovered the great river of the north which now bears his name, and, strange as it may seem, the civilization of the nineteenth century has failed to follow up the discovery of this mighty river and add to our knowledge of the "great lone land" which it drains. While numerous discoverers have penetrated the jungles of Africa and every school-boy knows about the Congo, it is rather humiliating that our knowledge of our own great northern country is practically *nil*. Every school-boy is drilled on every river of any importance in Europe, Asia, and Africa, while in our own country we have a river greater than any river in these three Continents, but about which our average school-boy scarce knows the name. We have a grander river than the Mississippi, and the Amazon, of all the rivers of the world, is our only peer. So says the report of the Mackenzie Basin Committee of the Senate. To give an instance of the sad lack of information, even in our own school geographies, I may mention one of them states that the Canadian-American chain of lakes, that is the chain extending from Lake Superior to Lake Ontario, constitutes one-half of the entire fresh water lake area of the globe. The report to which I have just referred gives the lacustrine area of the Mackenzie Basin (and all within our own country) as probably exceeding that of the Canadian-American chain. This certainly betrays a woeful ignorance of our own country, and it can perhaps scarcely be wondered at if there is found a lack of national spirit in young Canadians when they are taught in our schools, where, above all things relating to our own country, a national spirit ought to be inculcated, to believe that the greater portion of our country is an uninhabitable, barren, icy-cold region.

I do not propose in this article to treat of the varied resources, present and prospective, of the Mackenzie River region; such a description would necessarily be brief and, therefore, uninteresting. It will be sufficient in this short article to single out one item of wealth which constitutes the present and only great article of commerce in that territory requiring no development.

Whatever may be said as to its future, as to its undeveloped resources, as to its suitability for an agricultural population, there can be no question as to the great wealth in the shape of fur-bearing animals of various species which find in that immense territory a congenial habitat. Nowhere in the world is there reputed to be such a large and valuable fur-bearing district, if indeed it is not the last remaining fur preserve of the world. By reason of the exclusiveness of the fur trade its extent and commercial importance is rather difficult to ascertain. Our fur clothing is a very important article of comfort, and yearly becoming more so in our severe winter climate and in other countries where the climate is similar; but few know where the furs come from, what kind of animal they are taken from, and as to their method of manufacture. Every Canadian ought to feel a just pride in the fact that the beaver coat and

cap which he wears and with which he courts the rigours of the climate are the product of our own land. Our furs are the envy of the world, and yet what do we know about them, or what benefit have they been to us more than if they had come from a foreign country? The turning of this natural wealth to the best possible account, having due regard to its conservation and increase, should then become an important question for Canada to deal with.

As is well known, our fur territory is now open; that is to say, it is a free hunting ground for anyone who chooses to go in. Formerly the Hudson Bay Company claimed possession of Rupert's Land by right of a charter granted by Charles II. As a result of investigations by the Imperial Parliament into the resources of what is now Manitoba, and its fitness for settlement, all rights of the company were purchased in 1869 by the Imperial Government, the consideration being £300,000. Since then the fur trade has been carried farther north, to what is now known as the Mackenzie Basin. The Hudson Bay Company, however, are yet virtually the masters of the situation owing to their thorough organization and large amount of capital at their disposal, although they have no monopoly. They have a regular system of trading posts established throughout the entire country to the polar sea, an enterprise which, if report be true, is eminently profitable. Millions of dollars worth of furs are annually sold in Europe from this territory, but the singular part of it is that though Canada is the possessor, she doesn't derive one cent of revenue from it. But it is not only a question of revenue to the Government; it is a question of life and death to the Indians, for their final disappearance from the Continent will probably follow the extinction of the fur-bearing animals. Happily the policy of the Hudson Bay Company has been a very humane one towards the Indians, and the company is also credited with a policy which seeks to prevent a too speedy destruction of the fur-bearing animals, especially in districts where they control the trade; but where they come in contact with other traders there is a wanton destruction and the traffic with the Indians is carried on in a most degrading fashion. As competitors press into the North, as they inevitably will if allowed, a very short time will elapse until we shall have to lament the entire destruction of our fur trade, and with this we shall probably be forced to face an "Indian problem" in its direst and most dreadful phase. There is no guarantee under free trading in furs that the bloody feuds between the rival fur companies in the early days of the Red River Settlement, into which the Indians were drawn, will not be repeated on a far greater scale in the farther north. The Hudson Bay Company is not a philanthropic institution by any means: it is a purely business concern and a well and honourably conducted business as far as their dealings with the aborigines are concerned. True they have endeavoured to keep the country in the dark and prevent its settlement, but where is the Company that would do otherwise under similar circumstances? It is true that a work of Sir George Simpson was suppressed by the Company because it spoke of the country as being fit for settlement, and Sir George was afterwards compelled to eat his own words when he became a stockholder in the Company. But whatever may be the ultimate destiny of the great Mackenzie Basin, Canada has a manifest duty to perform—to protect the riches there, not only for their great commercial importance but also for the sake of the Indians, who but a few years ago held undisputed sway over the entire Continent of America, and of whose sad history the last chapter will soon be written.

The Select Committee of the Senate which sat during the late session of Parliament on the resources of the great Mackenzie Basin has done good service to the country in drawing attention to our great northern reserve. In the report which they presented to the House they recommended amongst other things the leasing of our fur bearing territory. I have thought it would be instructive as well as interesting at this time to give the following information relative to Alaska, since its acquisition in 1867 by the United States, which I have gleaned from the works of various writers and travellers.

When Secretary Seward's proposal for the purchase of Russian America was taking definite shape the wits found it an excellent subject upon which to spend their surplus supply of humour and ridicule. The territory was characterized as a "land of valuable snow and merchantable ice; its chief products were icebergs and furs, and the future settler would cultivate his fields with snowploughs?" The treaty was called "the Polar Bear Treaty," "the Esquimaux Acquisition Treaty." It was proposed to call the new territory "Walussia," "American Siberia," "Zero Islands," and "Polario." Of the Secretary of State's dinner parties at this time one wicked scribe wrote, "there was roast treaty, boiled treaty, treaty in bottles, treaty in decanters, treaty in statistics, treaty in military point of view, treaty clad in furs, ornamented with walrus teeth, fringed with timber and flopping with fish. Icebergs on toast, etc." The following extract from a Democratic newspaper will give an idea of the strong opposition that was encountered: "Congress is not willing to take \$10,000,000 from the treasury to pay for the Secretary of State's questionable distinction of buying a vast uninhabitable desert with which to cover the thousand mortifications and defeats which have punished the pilotage of Andrew Jackson through his shipwreck policy of reconstruction. The Treaty has a clause binding us to exercise jurisdiction over the territory and give government to 40,000 inhabitants now crawling over it in snowshoes. Without a cent of revenue to be derived from it we will have to keep regiments of soldiers and six men-of-war up there and institute territorial government. No energy of the American people will be sufficient to make mining speculation profitable in 60° north latitude. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of the territory are absolutely worthless." However, in spite of opposition the Treaty was ratified and the United States became possessed of the territory. It embraced an area of 580,107 square miles, the con-

sideration being \$7,200,000, or less than two cents an acre. It has been charged that this territory has been lost to Canada through England's inactivity or neglect. This is scarcely correct; England did desire to become possessed of it, and made overtures to Russia to buy it, but Russia was unwilling that England should become possessed of a second Gibraltar; they preferred that it should fall into the hands of United States. That this quiet and peaceful conquest, generalised by Mr. Seward, and which cut off Canada's nose so to speak, has been a valuable one to the United States is now abundantly proven.

After the bargain was sealed and the gold paid over to Russia, capitalists in the United States immediately turned their attention to their new acquisition, which then received the name of Alaska or *unknown land*, and satisfied themselves that there were other resources there than icebergs and snow. The Alaska Commercial Company was formed which secured a lease from the United States Government for twenty years, which gave them a monopoly over the territory. This arrangement has proved so satisfactory to both parties that the Government is making nearly ten per cent. yearly on their investment, and the company is said to be rolling in wealth. The two tiny islands, St. Paul and St. George, called the Seal Islands, are themselves paying yearly four per cent. on the money invested in the purchase of the whole territory. The wisdom of the United States in leasing these possessions to a responsible company is evident in another way: Not only do they derive a large revenue from them, but under the wise provisions of the lease the wealth of the territory is not diminishing, but is yearly increasing. In the case of the seal fisheries of the islands referred to, the lessees, the Alaska Commercial Company, are restricted to a catch of 100,000 seals a year, and under this limitation it is said that the seals are increasing in numbers, while at the same time the company is "riding on fortune's topmost wave." By the time the present lease expires, which will be in 1890, there bids fair to be a lively scramble as to who shall secure the next lease, and undoubtedly the Government will be able to make better terms for themselves. These fisheries are the more important since the Alaska seal is now the only seal in the market, the seals in other parts of the world, having had no government protection, have been so persistently hunted that they have now become practically extinct. From the islands of South Georgia and Desolation, 2,400,000 were annually taken until within the last twenty years, when a seal can scarcely be seen there. It is said a San Francisco furrier sent a schooner down a few years ago and only three seals were taken. Of course it will be remembered that the seal is only one, although the most important, fur-bearing animal in Alaska, this single inhabitant of icebergs bringing into the United States treasury about \$300,000 annually, besides adding to the comfort and adornment of human beings in different parts of the world.

The history of Alaska affords an instructive lesson to Canada in dealing with her own northern reserve. Her fur territory is perhaps three times larger than Alaska in area, and many times more valuable. It is there that all the finer furs of commerce, with perhaps the exception of the seal, are found. The Hudson Bay Company, that gigantic, rich, mysterious corporation, have for two centuries been the real possessors of this territory. They alone can tell the real value of these possessions. The history of the H. B. Co. would be the history of the North-West part of Canada. Mr. H. M. Robinson, in *The Great Fur Land*, gives the following figures relative to the extent of the trade of the Company:

Of Pine Marten, or Hudson Bay Sable, the annual export of the Company is 120,000 skins; of the Fisher, 12,000; of the Mink, 250,000; Raccoon, 520,000; Red Fox, 50,000; Cross Fox, 45,000; Silver Fox, 1,000; Beaver, 60,000; Wolf, 15,000; Land Otter, 17,000; Wolverine, 1,200; Bear, 9,000; besides hundreds of thousands of rabbits, and perhaps 2,000,000 musk-rats. The Marten is the most important in the list. Its value is given at \$15. Fisher, the same price. It passes current that in former days the trade value of a musket was as many Marten skins piled up as would reach the muzzle of the gun standing on its butt. It is evident that in this case the poor Indian was sadly worsted in the trade. The Mink which was at one time so fashionable and which was nearly exterminated on that account, is not much sought for now. The Beaver, whose covering is worth about \$10, is one of the staple articles of commerce. Although the Beaver trade is still enormous, a number of years ago when it was exclusively used in felt and other hats nearly three times the number were annually exported, and had the fashion not changed by the introduction of silk for the same use, it is more than probable that the Beaver would have been exterminated. The Silver and Cross fox have the most valuable fur, their covering being worth from \$40 to \$50. Nothing is here said of the Buffalo, the Musk Ox, and other less important fur-bearing animals, but the above are the staples.

We have seen how the Buffalo has been ruthlessly hunted until now it is almost extinct so far as its commercial value is concerned. Naturalists search for their bones where not more than a decade ago the Buffalo roamed in countless thousands, attracting the daring hunter from distant parts of the world, who strewed the plains with carcasses, leaving them to rot while he sped on the exciting and bloody chase. It would have been an easy matter to have put some check upon the wholesale slaughter of the Buffalo when they were in their prime, which would have preserved them; and that this small trouble and expense would have been abundantly repaid is now only too evident.

The Musk Ox is an animal but little known, inhabiting the extreme north. It is a good deal like the Buffalo in size and shape, and has a valuable robe with long shaggy hair. It is to be hoped that this animal which is said to be a very beautiful and interesting one, will not share the fate of the Buffalo.

Galt.

J. DRYDEN, JR.

SAUNTERINGS.

PERHAPS nothing is more characteristic of the movement in fiction of the last decade than its vigorous trend in the direction of translations. The foreign element in the fiction of the average country-town public library used to consist almost exclusively of "Les Miserables" and "Selections" from Balzac, with possibly a translation of "Manon Lescaut" which had slipped in by the inadvertence of the board of directors, or the somewhat limited acquaintance enjoyed by these gentlemen with the French classics. Perhaps it is not much better now, for the country-town library is slow of assimilation and its directorate apt to be of the opinion that all foreign literary matter emanates directly from the devil; but there is at least the opportunity to-day for its shelves to be replenished with the very boldest and best of the novelists working under the various independent theories of their age and country. The readers of such libraries may lay themselves under the spell of almost the whole of the incomparable "Comedie Humaine"; they may know the grace and penetrating charm of Daudet; the throbbing realism of Flaubert; may read between the lines all the subtle philosophy of Georges Sand in the light of her passionate life. A whole new set of ethics in fiction may be revealed to them in the novels of Tolstoi. Tourgenieff they had in English before, and half a dozen other notable Russians are available in French. These two great foreign schools absorb three quarters of the interest of the reading public, but the thought of any number of isolated novelists belonging to other countries reaches our public—of Germany, Italy, Spain, Scandinavia, even of Japan. Popular interest in books of this sort has risen to a height which must astonish the publishers, accustomed as they have been to find a prejudice instead, arising from the unfamiliar names, the unrecognizable social situations, the foreign character-ideals of other than Anglo-Saxon fiction makers. The average novel reader likes above all a book in which his imagination will permit him to feel at home, a book in which the people talk as he would like to have talked, and act as he would like to have acted, and a book which makes any number of sacrifices of the probabilities in order to arrive at an orthodox and comfortable conclusion. At least, that is what the average novel reader used to like. And he could not bear the foreign novel because he never could get into relation with it. But his taste appears to be undergoing a change—a conversion to catholicity.

This tendency to the introduction of foreign literature has been made the basis of an argument that deduces intellectual poverty at home. It is not a fair deduction. The last decade in England and America has produced no Balzacs or Tolstois yet recognized, but it must be remembered that Balzac and Tolstoi are of no decade, but each of his century. And we have plenty of native books that compare more than favourably with the minor foreign productions borne in to our shores on the wave that brings the greater ones. It is not necessary either to suppose that because people are reading foreign books they are not also reading home productions. There is no exclusive principle of that sort in literature. The more widely the taste of the people is developed in these matters the keener and readier their appreciation of the things which are at hand. It is certainly pleasanter, and I think juster, to attribute this new and growing interest to the love of travel which has been so increased by the cheap, quick and easy modern means of going abroad, to the object lessons of commerce which throw so strong a light upon domestic and social life other than ours, and to the expanding perception and delight in process which is one of the characteristics of the better literary taste of the age, and which is abundantly gratified in the observation of foreign methods.

Whatever its cause, the result of the admission of these new influences upon the minds of fiction-makers in English must be an interesting one. We have no business rashly to conclude that our novelists were subject to them before, in the original, with all the additional potency of the foreign vehicle for the foreign idea. If the average novelist is much of a linguist, his work, adorned as it often is with the most commonplace of conventional foreignisms, fails to show it. It would be much more reasonable to conclude that he is not usually a university graduate, by the same token and for much the same cause he is not usually versed in the languages. The average novel does not represent so much stock in popular interest to its author, upon the dividends of which he can enjoy American comforts at home and European luxuries abroad, pay his taxes and educate his family. A W. D. Howells may enchain the multitude, and go and live sumptuously in Florence on the income from his books, acquiring Italian enough to make him a critic of the poets of that country. A Robert Louis Stevenson may lead it with a torch into regions of psychical darkness unexplored before, and reap the wherewithal to travel to the United States and add all the various dialects of American to his list of lingual acquaintances. But W. D. Howells and Robert Louis Stevenson are not producers of the average novel. A fair type of that class might be taken from among working journalists, professors, lawyers or doctors, men whose efforts in fiction are put forth chiefly to supplement a main income from another source, and are not at all necessarily indicative of either the desire or the opportunity for lingual accomplishments. The work of an author of this class must be influenced more or less, according to his receptivity, by this new insight into foreign ideals and their treatment. He will miss the subtlest part of the art in the adaptation of the native word to the native uses, but the force of the central idea and the significance of the episodes that cluster about it cannot fail to impress him. The effect of this will not be found in any change of his human and other material, for the average novelist must employ, to be successful, always that which lies close to hand, but in the way in which he regards his material, and the use to which he puts it. And as the great body of society is more affected in

its principles and purposes by the average novel than it cares to admit, the effect there will also doubtless reward the observer.

It is not pleasant to note the more frequent occurrence of the novel with theological aims to serve. Before the prejudices awakened by "The New Antigone," in Roman Catholic interests, have quite subsided, comes *Robert Elsmere*, in the interests apparently of a kind of Christianity without Christ. This last book is of a literary stature to attract the attention of two such eminent critics as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Andrew Lang, who have both reviewed it, although Mr. Lang's article does give one the impression that it was Mr. Gladstone's action in the matter that drew the later reviewer's wondering attention to the novel and led him to believe that it was worth while to record a different opinion. The theological romance always starts with a fair-seeming resemblance to all other romances. If the doctrinal bias of any of its people is disclosed, that of the author is not even hinted at until the reader is well under way, and has allowed himself the luxury of absorption in scenes and events that are new to him. Then by degrees is unfolded the motion of the book, at first almost casually, then with detectible system, finally with all the passionate sincerity of apostleship. And with conviction upon this point comes to the reader a sense of being treacherously used. He has taken up this romance in the belief, if he has gone to the trouble of believing anything about it, that it shares the prime purpose of all fiction to him, that of amusing the oft depressed human product of civilization. He wouldn't have objected to some large general aims of a lofty character in connection with the amusement, that he should be uplifted by contemplation of heroism or stirred by imaginary contact with generosity. But this interference with his own private and unassailable convictions of dogma, this gratuitous instruction in matters where he firmly believes his education complete, above all this trickery whereby he has been induced to enter an argument, in which there is no personal satisfaction in talking back, he very naturally resents. He leans back in his chair with an air of irritation, and says "Bah!" The interjection explains his state of mind, and it is not a pleasant state of mind to feel one's self liable to as the result of any chance romance that may form one's summer indulgence.

Mr. Lang's preference for taking his theology "neat" is a preference he shares with a good many people. One does not easily think of an essayist more popular in his likes and dislikes than Mr. Andrew Lang. As children object to finding a rhubarb powder in a teaspoonful of raspberry jam, so do we object to finding tenets *perdus* in the seductive pages of our romances. They are not easier to take that way either. As we remember of the other experience, the bitter always stays on our tongues to be swallowed at leisure, while the sweet is quite spoiled by the mixture.

Fiction seems determined to broaden its scope in all directions. Its encroaches upon metaphysical, scientific and economic ground within the last few years have been marked. Imagination alone would form most insufficient capital for the novelist of to-day. And it is quite excusable should take some false steps.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

M'GILL UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I am very glad that, at last, one of the Governors of McGill University has broken the silence with which that body has ever met criticism of their actions. Mr. Hague's letter is perhaps an augury of better days, when questions affecting the University will be frankly discussed and decided, as the balance of reason is, not as the prejudices or desires of one man dictate.

An outsider, to understand the government of McGill University, must know the Principal. He must see in him, not only the entertaining lecturer, the pleasant host, but the man of unusual ability, of great ambition, and unyielding will, the man who is able to call to his aid resources of tact and craft and shrewdness, which would be the making of any politician. Do not suppose that this is any fancy picture. Sir William himself once boasted, in a public address, that, had he accepted the invitation given him in his early manhood to enter the field of politics, he would have climbed into a position infinitely more lofty, in the eyes of the world, than the one he now holds. For forty years this man, who has had the moulding of the great University he presides over, has swayed it as completely as any despot ever ruled a people. Most of what he has done for it, he has done wisely. Such a man could not do otherwise. But now, new ideas of education are crystallizing into methods, and he clings to the old with the same intense conservatism that has made him conspicuous in natural science as the defender of threadbare theories. The man who broke up a united congregation, because the majority proposed the innovation of an organ, will not readily accept any reform so fraught, in his eyes, with risk as co-education.

Mr. Hague has explained what he thinks necessary of the constitution of the University as follows:—"The duties of the Governors are, in the first place, to administer the property, endowments, and finances of the College; secondly, to make appointments to all offices therein; and thirdly, to frame statutes for its government. Purely academic functions, and all matters relating to the educational work of the University, are in the hands of a much larger body, almost all of whom are distinguished educationalists."

He falls into a very obvious contradiction. Surely the appointment of professors, and the framing of University laws, are "purely academic functions," and should be within the jurisdiction of "the much larger body," known as the Corporation. Such a re-arrangement of powers, with

an increase of the graduate representation in the Corporation from eight to twenty, would satisfy every demand that has been made upon the University by the graduates. Then McGill's government would be a real republic, not a dictatorship presenting the outward appearance of a republic.

The Board of Governors all have votes in the Corporation, and although, as a rule, they are conspicuous by their absence in the latter body, yet whenever there is likely to be a close division, and the position of the Principal has to be sustained, Sir William marshalls in these worthy gentleman and they vote as one man *i.e.* as the Principal. Take an instance. During the co-education controversy, the *Star* had all the members of the Corporation interviewed as to their views with regard to the question. To everybody's astonishment, the Governors were found to have no views on the subject. For this they gave various excuses. One said very frankly: "We leave all such matters to the Principal. We have enough to do in looking after the College finances." Yet, subsequently, all these voted against co-education.

In discussing this question, Mr. Hague says, "there are very great differences of opinion among educationalists" and "I will venture to say that the opinions of mothers, with regard to their daughters, and of fathers with regard to their grown up sons, is as much entitled to respect, when considering the question of their co-education, as is the opinion of those whose business it is to teach." Both these assertions are true, but as to the difference of opinion among educationalists, Mr. Hague will remember that the *Star* obtained, and published, the judgment upon the system, of the head of every prominent co-educational institution on this continent, and in every case, it was favourable to co-education. The opposition was purely theoretical, and came altogether from persons who had no experience of co-education. Then again, no effort was made to obtain the opinion of the parents of the students, which Mr. Hague insinuates would have been against co-education. In these arguments, has not Mr. Hague been guilty of both the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, which, with a touch of pedantry, he attributes to "Algonquin."

He falls into the latter error again, when he discusses the case of Dr. J. Clark Murray, of whom it gives me pleasure to say that, in my college days at least, he was the most popular of the professors, and that his lectures did more than those of any other to stimulate the students to thought and study. Mr. Hague says, "there has been good reason to believe that it (the present system of separate classes) has been held up to scorn and ridicule before the very ladies, who have been studying under its provisions, and before other bodies of University students." So the honest loyal gentleman was censured on a "there has been good reason to believe." Was there no trial, no opportunity given the accused to rebut the charge? Mr. Hague must be blind to make such a shameless statement, and then go on to talk about the "high sense of duty and responsibility," which impelled the Principal to take the course he did.

Winnipeg, July 23.

W. H. TURNER.

ACROSS THE YEARS.

I LOOK across the years and see
A smileless face stare back at me;
Wide, hungry, mute, pathetic eyes
Where deep a world of longing lies;
Low waving locks of careless silk;
Lips reft too soon of mother's milk;
Cheeks pale and wan, where never blood
Poured forth in joy its rosy flood.
I look across the years and see
This smileless face stare back at me.

Thou saddened child that grieved to miss
At night and morn a mother's kiss
What hast thou learned in all these years?
To smile when most thou needest tears?
To look beyond the loved and lost—
To count the conquest, not the cost?
To veil the pathos in thine eyes
When life too great a burden lies?
Safe shall thy secrets guarded be
For I alone do hold the key.

EMILY McMANUS.

ROBERT ELSMERE.*

"ROBERT ELSMERE" has at last reached Toronto, and we joyfully acknowledge that the realization of hope deferred has not been disappointment.

The reviews of this book have been seemingly innumerable, and we opened *Robert Elsmere* with a well defined dread that our judgment might be prejudiced or our pleasure fore-stalled. We can say at once that no extract and no summary can give an adequate idea of the enjoyment and profit to be obtained from the six hundred closely printed pages of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's work. With regard to the reviews on *Robert Elsmere* that have already appeared, we find, after a week's devotion to the work itself, that the clear impression of the original has served to dim our recollection of all criticisms except Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Nineteenth Century* to which we shall occasionally refer.

**Robert Elsmere*. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. 600pp. \$1.50.

The story opens in a Westmoreland village, where Mrs. Leyburn the widow of a clergyman, is living in retirement with her three daughters, Catherine, Agnes and Rose. With the arrival of Robert Elsmere on a visit to the Vicar of Long Whindale we are face to face with the two principal characters of the story, which may be said to consist of a minute study of the religious beliefs, doubts and compromises of Elsmere and his wife Catherine Leyburn. The other characters, whatever their influence on Elsmere's opinions, are distinctly subordinate.

Elsmere, when we meet him, has been just appointed to the living of Murewell in Surrey, which was in the gift of his cousin. The sketch of his career at Oxford is chiefly interesting as supplying the reasons that lead him to enter the Church, and as introducing us to Grey and Langham, who were to influence his life at Oxford and afterwards.

Grey the high-souled layman, preaching in word and deed a religion uncramped by creeds, was a man eminently fitted to impress on the undergraduate mind the lofty teaching of his belief, teachings to be recalled in all the force of his very words during the troubles of after-life. Langham had not the same influence on Elsmere after his Oxford days, but he takes up a larger part of the book than Grey, owing to the attraction he exercised on Rose Leyburn. The personality of this handsome cynic is not beautiful. Undoubtedly a man may cynically prefer the companionship of his books to any human society that can be offered to him; he may in course of time become so warped and narrowed that he feels it a hardship to emerge from his study and take an interest in living men; he may honestly acknowledge to himself, after winning the love of a beautiful girl like Rose, that it would be cruelty to her to keep her to her promise, and better to jilt her within twelve hours, to retire to Oxford and his books—seemingly without regret and without conjunction. Such a character may be possible, but we hardly think so; it most certainly is unpleasant and leaves a painful recollection.

We will briefly state here, with reference to Mrs. Ward's portrayal of character, that Rose, the musical, the headstrong beauty, with her auburn hair and her violin; Flaxman, who is sufficiently an aristocrat to be a thorough English gentleman; and the 'Squire—are the most consistently drawn of the minor characters. Elsmere's portrait is somewhat blurred. Catherine and 'Squire Wendover, who fills a large part of the canvas, we must leave for later consideration.

Mrs. Ward has given us some pages of very pleasant reading in the courtship of Elsmere and Catherine. We have many luminous descriptions of the changing aspects of nature in the bosom of the Westmoreland hills, where her moods seem to answer to, or to mock, the passions of the heart.

When the scene shifts to the peaceful rectory in Surrey, we again see clearly each feature of the landscape, each tender outline in the sky: for Mrs. Ward has great wealth of language and illustration, and the power of unobtrusively impressing her surroundings on the mind.

The first year of settlement at Murewell was one of perfect peacefulness and love in the rectory, joined to high endeavour and adequate performance in the parish of twelve hundred souls. Elsmere and his wife perfectly supplemented each other for the work they set themselves to do. The enthusiasm and personal magnetism of the husband were eminently fitted for the planning and initiation of improvements in his parish, while Catherine's exquisite, unquestioning faith and patience gave him fortitude and encouragement in difficulties and delays.

So we have a chronicle of success: epidemics contended with, distress relieved, scientific clubs, reading-rooms, all the undertakings that a clergyman can desire to infuse vitality into his teaching.

Near the rectory was Murewell Hall, the property of a Mr. Wendover, a leading Agnostic, and the author of the "Idols of the Market Place" and "Essays on English Culture"—the first, an attack on Christianity; the second, on the English system of education. In the Hall was one of the finest libraries in England, and the Squire, who was abroad, had written to Elsmere, on his appointment to the living, asking him to make free use of it. It is from this time that we may date the commencement of Elsmere's difficulty in accepting the main dogma of Christianity. He had planned a work on the "Makings of France," which necessitated an exhaustive study of the decay of the Roman Empire. This led to the consideration of the value of testimony. As history depends upon testimony, so the value of any history written, say in the third century, will depend on how the third century historian interpreted the facts on which he built. Did he interpret them as we should interpret them? Langham drew Elsmere's attention to the vital importance of this consideration, on which, as he said to himself—for he did not say it to Elsmere—the whole of orthodox Christianity is at stake.

Now, it happened that the great undertaking of the Squire's life was a "History of Testimony"; and it will be readily understood that, on his return home, Wendover should have a great, even a paramount, influence in moulding Elsmere's opinions. It is true that it was tacitly agreed between them that there should be no reference to Christianity in their conversations, no questionings of its dogmas; but to a young historian like Elsmere, the help of the man who was one of the greatest living authorities on his own particular period of history, was invaluable. If Elsmere unconsciously began to question some of the tenets of Christianity it was because he worked on the Squire's lines in his historical work and weighed the value of testimony, not because Wendover directly attacked his breast-works. And here we are at direct issue with Mr. Gladstone, who blames Mrs. Ward for giving all the argument to the attack, as he calls it, while Elsmere has not a word to say in defence of the beliefs of a life-time. As we remember, Wendover only attacks Christianity openly on one occasion, when he gives a *resumé* of part of his great work to a Catholic priest in Elsmere's presence. But Elsmere's faith was already undermined, he could

listen to the counter-arguments of the priest; arguments which would have been his own a few months before, but which he recognized with despair to be his no longer.

If Mr. Gladstone were right in this, surely Mrs. Ward would be convicted of a mistake in art. Men are not robbed of their cherished beliefs by controversy; they lose them they know not how: doubt is in the very air, and the seed of doubt is sown all unobserved, to grow into a tree that will smother the poor weakling of their faith. Then comes the controversy, and they know they have changed sides.

It was a blow to Elsmere to resign his living and the Church, but his great trial was the agony which his renunciation caused his wife. The character of Catharine, a Puritan without the Puritan's picturesqueness, is analyzed with great power. To her the endeavour to harmonize her love for, and faith in her husband with her passionate devotion to Christ, was a struggle of life and death. When we recall her face, we are apt to dwell on the firm mouth that hardens into lines of opposition to all laxity of doctrine; we see in her the repellent mysticisms of her father. Yet, if she is narrow in doctrine, she is large-souled; perhaps more loving than lovable. "Robert, I cannot put it out of my head. I cannot forget it, the pain of the world," she cries to her husband in her weakness after the birth of their child; adding a minute later, "And to think that there are men and women who in the face of it can still refuse Christ and the Cross, can still say this life is all! How can they live—how dare they live?" In these two passionate cries we see the woman: full of sympathy for all pain and suffering, and unable to comprehend how it is possible to realize the pain and suffering and yet deny the Christ.

On the very next page we have her husband's cry in the dark. "And Christ the only clue, the only remedy—no other anywhere in this vast universe, where all men are under sentence of death, where the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now! And yet what countless generations of men had borne their pain, knowing nothing of the one Healer. He thought of Buddhist patience and Buddhist charity; of the long centuries during which Chaldean or Persian or Egyptian lived, suffered, and died, trusting the gods they knew. And how many other generations, nominally children of the Great Hope, had used it as the mere instrument of passion or of hate, cursing in the name of love, destroying in the name of pity! For how much of the world's pain was not Christianity itself responsible?" Those who have had opportunities of tracing the slow evolution of doubt, not in themselves alone, but in other men; those who have known Renan, or other teachers of his school, and their disciples face to face; those whose privilege it has been to have laid bare before them the religious history of a soul from its first hesitating doubt of Christianity to its final rejection; these will recognize that the few words we have quoted depict faithfully the first promptings of unbelief in many a mind.

By others than Elsmere, "God's purposes are seen in other proportions, Christianity seems to them something small and local. Behind it, around it, including it, they see the great drama of the world, sweeping on, led by God, from change to change, from act to act. It is not that Christianity is false, but that it is only an imperfect human reflection of a part of truth. Truth has never been, can never be, contained in any creed or system."

Mr. Gladstone virtually accuses Mrs. Ward of being an ardent propagandist. It may be so, and yet her book is, from another point, only the statement of a fact. A friend of the present writer has told him that the last picture in his mind, as he falls asleep at night, is of humanity marching, a gray and mighty army, from infinite to infinite, in darkness save for a beacon held on high here and there in the distance; the torch of Socrates, of Buddha, of Mahomet; the beacon of Jesus the brightest of them all. He was a Christian who had forsaken Christianity and was waiting for Elsmere's "New Brotherhood of Christ."

We shall not follow Elsmere through the details of his work in the East end of London to its fitting crown, this "New Brotherhood of Christ." The partial estrangement between husband and wife was finally charmed away, and Catherine, while clinging to her faith, was able to join in the London work as she had done in that at Murewell. "She had," in Mrs. Ward's words, "undergone that dissociation of the moral judgment from a special series of religious formulæ which is the crucial, the epoch-making fact of our day."

We must refer the reader to the book for an account of this final surrender of Catharine's, and for the beauty and peace in the midst of turmoil of Elsmere's last days. He had found a field worthy of his great talents and energy, and, like all enthusiasts, he forgot to husband his strength until it was too late.

Is *Robert Elsmere* a book calculated to harm Christianity in any way? We think not. It will not shake any belief that is firmly rooted in judgment; it tells no new thing to those who have doubted and returned to the faith.

On the other hand, it will do incalculable good if it impresses, once and for all, on those who have the welfare of the church in their keeping, that if they are to preserve our faith with the assurance of its further growth, they must face the fact that it will be questioned as other things are questioned, and that they must refute argument by temperate argument and not by easy accusations of blasphemy. If any so-called "New Brotherhood of Christ" is to take the place of Christianity it will be because many men, after rejecting the dogma of Christ's divinity have attained to a juster and more beautiful estimate of the character of Jesus. The fact is, these men paint more exquisite portraits of Jesus the man, than we do of Jesus the son of God. Let us learn from the enemy. We may gain something by studying Renan's picture of Christ; by listening to Elsmere's addresses to his East end mechanics.

The Christian religion will not spread by the power of sheer dogmatic assertion; it needs something more even to hold its own.

Mr. Gladstone says he has noticed "that those who reject the Christian dogma have a very low estimate both of the quantity and the quality of sin; of its amount, spread like a deluge over the world."

This may be so, but, at least these men are not blind to the misery existing in the world and they are not slow in their endeavours to mitigate it. If there is a wide-spread revolt from Christianity, may it not be that Christianity fails from want of adaptability to the times or through the fault of its professors?

It is worth while to read *Robert Elsmere* in the hope of finding the remedy. J. R. W.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE ON AUTHORSHIP.

THERE is a period, in the writing of every book, when it seems impossible it should ever be finished. What has gone before seems bad, and what is to come is either a blank, or it promises to be worse than the beginning. An apathy, a paralysis, settles upon the worker; he wishes he had taken up butchering or liquor selling for a living. Every day that he postpones the completion of his task it appears more hopeless; his mind is gloomy, his conscience oppressed, he haunts his study, but effects no more than a ghost might; he draws pictures on scraps of paper, reads books that do not interest him, or even plans out work that can only be executed at some indefinite future opportunity; at last his final moment of grace expires, and he sits down in desperation and plunges his pen into the ink-stand. The work goes on, and then he wonders how he could have imagined any difficulty. The word "Finis" is written, and he experiences an uplifting of the spirit.—*America.*

THE FALL OF THE TREES.

I HAVE been in the wild green wilderness,
A wood of many ages, leagues away
From human home, when a tremendous storm
Was giving its long warning in the signs
Which every woodsman knows. We sat in peace
In the canoe dug from a single tree,
Well in the water and far out from shore,
For none at such a time will trust to trees,
Since lightning strikes them when they shelter men;
And as we sat and watched the wide spread clouds,
I heard from time to time, long miles away,
Deep, dull and thundering sounds, like cannon fired
In a ravine, which makes them heavier
And yet prolongs the roar. An awful sound
To one who knew that no artillery
Was in those lonely dales, and that no flash
Had shot as yet from heaven. It was the noise
Of ancient trees falling while all was still
Before the storm, in the long interval
Between the gathering clouds and that light breeze
Which Germans call the Wind's bride. At such time
The oldest trees go down, no one knows why,
But well I know from wood-experience
That 'tis before the storm they mostly fall,
And not while wind and rain are terrible.
'Tis wonderful and seen ere every storm:
Our great old statesmen died before the war.

—Charles G. Leland.

THE GROWTH OF LUXURY.

PROSPERITY encourages luxury; luxury is enervating and encourages sloth; luxury tends to produce, and in the world's history has often produced, national decay. Now the growth of luxury for the last half century has been very great and very general. We do not merely mean that the rate of living has advanced. This of itself is not necessarily to be deplored in any class, and in some classes is a matter for serious congratulation. That an agricultural labourer, for instance, should be able to procure more food, better clothing, better housing and better education for his children than he could fifty years ago is a matter to rejoice over, and a state of things to secure by every proper means. What we mean is, that the scale of comfort deemed necessary by every class has enormously grown. Take the upper classes. The great houses throughout the country are administered in a style the increase of which is quite disproportionate to the growth of income to their owners. The expenditure on far-fetched foods and most *recherché* wines, the most costly amusements, has vastly developed. And the tendency is ever upward. Young men beginning life try to start where their fathers left off. Some quarter of a century ago there was a discussion in the newspapers as to the prudence or otherwise of young persons in the upper classes marrying on an income of three hundred a year. Three times that income would be now considered inadequate by the critics who conducted the discussion.—*Quarterly Review.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE KING OF FOLLY ISLAND, and Other People. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 339 pp.; \$1.25.

This collection of charming short stories, nearly all of which are reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*, *Scribner's*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, contains many idyllic sketches of New England life and character. "Mère Pochette," the last in the volume, is a story of French-Canadian village life, which indicates very clearly that if the author did not find her types in some New England manufacturing town, she must have pursued her character studies on this side of the line. All the stories display keen observation, deft handling of commonplace material, and a capacity of such considerable range that we think Miss Jewett might attempt more ambitious work.

THE UNITY OF THE TRUTH IN CHRISTIANITY AND EVOLUTION. By J. Max Hark, D.D. New York: J. B. Alden.

Dr. Hark, in his preface to this small book of 290 pages, justifies its appearance on the ground that he has often been asked to recommend a work "short enough for busy people to read, yet comprehensive enough to explain the essential principles of Christianity and of Evolution, and to show their true relations." A need for a short summary of this kind may undoubtedly exist, notwithstanding the many works touching on the subject, and the author has performed his task well. The chapters are headed: God, Providence, Prayer, Man, Sin, Salvation, Religion. The third of these is interesting in the light of a recent newspaper controversy. The book is in large type, well printed, and tastefully bound.

TENTING AT STONY BEACH. By Maria Louise Pool. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is a very entertaining description of the experiences of two ladies who ventured to take a summer holiday on Stony Beach without any male "protectors." There is, of course, a good deal about the inconveniences and difficulties they encountered, and the ways and methods by which they made themselves tolerably comfortable, but a very considerable portion of the book is made up of descriptions of the many types of character which the adventurers met with in their outing. It is a capital book to take with one for a holiday excursion. Many of the annoyances and difficulties that must be inevitably met by an inexperienced holiday-seeker, may be avoided or overcome by the knowledge gained in the perusal of such personal experiences as are told in this volume.

SUBSTANCE AND SHOW, AND OTHER LECTURES. By Thomas Starr King. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

These lectures have reached a sixth edition, and thereby would appear to have justified their claim to appear in book form. The late Mr. Whipple's introduction probably explains the demand for the reprint of lectures which were mostly delivered over thirty years ago. The name of a clergyman who, in addition to being a powerful preacher, was generally considered instrumental in saving California to the north before the war, is sure of kindly remembrance in America. The lectures on "Substance and Show," and the "Laws of Disorder," are pleasant and well written examples of the platform oration so common in the States. If there is nothing new in those on Socrates, Hildebrand, and Books and Reading, they are at least fresh and lively reading.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Vols. I. and II. London: Smith, Elder and Company. New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company. About 300 pp. \$1.50 per volume.

These are the first volumes of a complete edition of Mr. Browning's poems. The first volume contains "Pauline" and "Sordello"; the second "Paracelsus" and "Straford." In a note to a preface reprinted in the first volume Mr. Browning says:—"I have simply removed solecisms, mended the metre a little, and endeavoured to strengthen the phaseology—experience helping, in some degree, the helplessness of juvenile haste and heat in their untried adventure long ago. The poems that follow are again, as before, printed in chronological order; but only so far as proves compatible with the prescribed form of each volume, which necessitates an occasional change in the distribution of its contents. Every date is subjoined as before." This is, so far as we know, the first authorized edition of Browning's works at a price within the means of all who wish to make an intimate acquaintance with the writings of one of the foremost poets of the Victorian era.

IN NESTING TIME. By Olive Thorne Miller. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company. 269 pp. \$1.25.

"Very few people have the least idea what wild creatures are like. Their notion generally is to shoot them, and then pick them up for examination." This unquestionably true opinion is part of a quotation from Jean Ingelou, printed on a fly-leaf of the volume before us, and it is an opinion with which we heartily concur. The author of this book has been in the fields and woods; her eyes have been keen to observe "the ways and manners" of the feathery inhabitants of the hedges, groves and forest, and her ears have been open to hear their warblings, their cooings, their notes of warning and their cries of terror. In this little volume the author describes the form, colour, appearance and habits of a great many familiar North American birds from the "baby" stage to their full development. Many of the birds described are natives of Canada or annual visitors, and to those who take an interest in bird life we cordially commend this very interesting little volume.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Williamson and Company, Toronto, a copy of the *Guide to Muskoka Lakes, Upper Magallowan, and Inside Channel of the Georgian Bay*. This neat little book of 127 pages is made up chiefly of extracts from newspapers, periodicals, and private letters, descriptive of the Muskoka and Parry Sound Districts. In addition to this, there are railway and steamboat time tables, with tariff of tourist fares, list of ticket agencies, an hotel and "Guide" directory, a summary of the fish and game laws of Ontario, and hints as to camping outfit and suggestions to camping parties. The *Guide*, which is illustrated and has an excellent map of the Districts, is distributed gratuitously by the Muskoka and Nipissing Navigation Company, and copies may be obtained on application to the publishers, or to Mr. J. A. Link, the Company's Secretary, Gravenhurst. The tired who seek rest, the vigorous who love sport, and all who want a holiday, should feel indebted to Mr. A. P. Cockburn, Managing Director of the Navigation Company, who may be called the discoverer of Muskoka, and whose energy and enterprise have made it a favourite summer resort for rest, sport, and pleasure seekers all over the continent.

"MAMMON," by Maude Howe, is the complete novel in *Lippincott's* for August.

"ROSCOE CONKLING," with a portrait and other illustrations, "Personal Recollections of General Grant," and "About Philadelphia in 1750," are some of the more interesting papers in the *Magazine of American History* for August.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for August will not disappoint its readers. "The Landmarks of History," by the editor, and "Round About England," are continued. Rev. R. Walter Wright contributes a sketch of Longfellow, with a portrait of the poet, and Prof. F. H. Wallace, B.D., has a paper on "Christianity and Other Faiths."

THE August *Scribner* has stories by Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, Maria Blunt, Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry James, and F. J. Stimson. The article on "American Locomotives and Cars," by the well-known expert, M. N. Forney, and Prof. Shaler's paper, entitled "Rivers and Valleys," are full of information and exceedingly interesting.

THE August number of the *Atlantic Monthly* has a varied and attractive table of contents, which comprises fiction, poetry, travels, education, art, literature, and politics. The articles, "Literature in the Public Schools" and "Can School Programmes be Shortened and Enriched?" are of importance to educationists here as well as in the United States.

Le Canada-Français, a quarterly review of Religion, Philosophy, History, the Fine Arts, Science and Letters, published under the direction of a committee of Professors of Laval University, worthily represents the culture and literary activity of the French-Canadians. The most eminent writers of the sister Province are contributors to its pages. The July number has several articles of interest to Canadians of both races, and the historical value of the "Documents inédits (sur l'Acadie)," continued from previous numbers, can scarcely be over-estimated.

THE first paper in the July *Contemporary* is an enquiry into "The Future of Religion," by Émile de Laveleye, which is followed by a severe criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's attitude towards the Liberal Party, by Rev. J. Guinness Rogers. Other papers of interest are, "The New Departure in Education," by James Runciman; "The Impartial Study of Politics," by Prof. Seely; "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," by Rev. Sir George W. Cox, Bart.; "The Fair Sex at the Salon," by Mrs. Emily Crawford, and "British Interests in Africa," by J. Scott Keltie.

AN unsigned article, on "Our True Foreign Policy," opens the July *Fortnightly*. The writer strongly urges the necessity of largely increasing the fighting strength of the navy, and completing the organization and equipment of the army. M. Henri Rochefort contributes a paper on "The Boulangist Movement." Mr. Swinburne writes on "The Miscellaneous Works of Ben Johnson," and Mr. Andrew Lang has a very interesting paper on "Lucian." Other articles are "Pawnbroking in England and Abroad," by F. Mabel Robinson; "Goethe in Italy," by Prof. Dowden; "Custom," by Edward Carpenter, and the "Ethics of Kant," by Herbert Spencer.

THE *Forum* for August opens with an article on "The Trial of Popular Government," in which Judge James M. Love compares the British and American systems, finding, of course, a manifest superiority in the latter. Social, economic, and political questions are discussed by such writers as Edward Atkinson, Geo. W. Cable, Judge Kelley, and G. R. Blanchard, the last of these writing in favour of railroad pooling. Rev. John Snyder, in an article of considerable power, argues for a reform in funeral customs. This number completes the fifth volume of the *Forum*, and, as we mentioned last week, the ensuing volume will have a department of literary criticism, which will add much to the value of this deservedly popular publication.

IN *Harper's* for August, Lafcadio Hearn's interesting papers on the West Indies are continued, and Mr. H. Rider Haggard's short story, "Maiwa's Revenge," is concluded. "The Leather Bottell," an old poem, furnishes Mr. E. A. Abbey with subjects for a number of clever illustrations, one of which is the frontispiece. "The Montagnais," by C. M. Farnham, with a dozen engravings, gives a vivid sketch of Indian life east of the Saguenay, and "A Cheswick Ramble," by Moncure D. Conway, is full of interesting antiquarian, historical, and literary information. Mr. Howells and Mr. Black contribute additional chapters of their novels, "Annie Kilburn" and "In Far Lochaber," and Jane G. Austin has a short story, entitled "Pride and Pride."

THE *Nineteenth Century* for July opens with a paper on "The Elizabethan Settlement of Religion," by Mr. Gladstone; Sir William Wilson Hunter has some valuable comments on the labours of "Our Missionaries," especially in India; Prof. Tyndall writes "A Story of Our Lighthouses"; Mr. Frederic Harrison contributes "A Few Words About Picture Exhibitions"; Lord Armstrong criticises "The Vague Cry for Technical Education," and makes some practical suggestions worthy of serious consideration; Mr. H. H. Champion in "The New Labour Party," says some kindly, sympathetic, yet warning words on a subject of almost universal interest; The Bishop of Columbo has a paper on "Buddhism," in which he treats of "the Buddhism of the Sacred Books as preserved in Ceylon and as there interpreted"; Lord Eustace Cecil criticises the administration of the War Office, and pleads for an immediate reorganization of the Departments; and M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, concludes his paper on "Local Governments and County Councils in France."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA. Vol. VI. Bravo—Calville. 514 pp.; Half Morocco, 65c. VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES. By Samuel Kneeland, A.M., M.D. Boston: D. Lathrop Company.

WITH THE IMMORTALS. By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. 300 pp.; \$2.00.

IS PROTECTION A BENEFIT? A Plea for the Negative. By Edward Taylor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 274 pp.; \$1.00.

STUBBLE OR WHEAT? A Story of More Lives Than One. By S. Bayard Dod. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Company. 264 pp.; \$1.25.

THE STORY OF TURKEY. By Stanley Lane-Poole. The Story of the Nations Series. New York: Putnam's; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 373 pp.; \$1.50.

PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMIC PHILOSOPHY. By Van Buren Denlow, LL.D. New York: Cassell and Company; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company. 780 pp.; \$3.50.

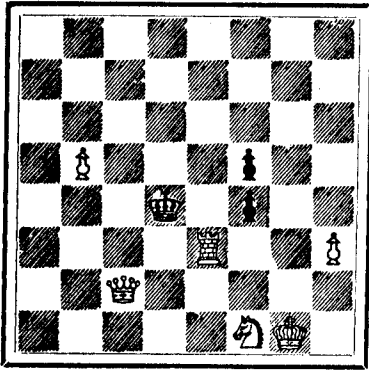
THE IRONMASTER: Or, Love and Pride. By Georges Ohnet. Translated from the 146th French Edition. Canadian Copyright Edition. Toronto: William Bryce and Company.

MISSOURI: A Bone of Contention. By Lucien Carr. American Commonwealths Series. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 377 pp.; \$1.25.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XV. Diamond—Drake. New York: Macmillan and Company; London: Smith Elder and Company; Toronto: Rowse and Hutchison. 454 pp.; \$3.75.

CHESS.

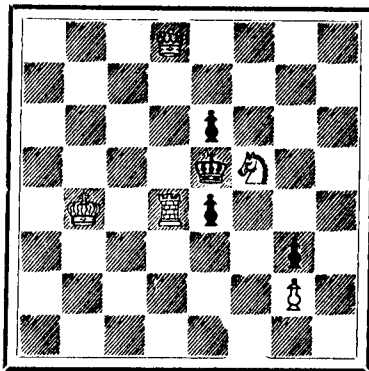
PROBLEM No. 275.
By J. DOBRUSKY, Prague.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 276.
By DR. GOLD.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 269.

White.

Q-Q B 4

In this problem the P should be on Q 6 instead of K 6.

No. 270.

White.

1. B-Q B 8

2. R-K 1 +

3. B x Q mate

Black.

Q-Kt 1

Q-K 4

If 1. Q x Q

2. K moves

3. B x R P mate

With other varieties.

One of three simultaneous games played at Havannah by Mr. Morphy, blindfold, against Mr. Sicre; from *Illustrated London News*:-

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

MR. MORPHY.	MR. SICRE.	MR. MORPHY.	MR. SICRE.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	12. P-K 5	Kt-Q 2
2. Kt-K B 3	P-Q 3	13. B-Q 3	Kt-K B 1
3. P-Q 4	P x P	14. P x Q P	Q-Q 1 (c)
4. B-Q B 4	P-K R 3 (a)	15. K R-K 1	B-K 3
5. P-Q B 3	P-Q B 3	16. Kt-K 5	Kt-K B 3
6. Castles	P x P	17. B x R	Q Kt x B
7. Q-Q Kt 3	Q-Q B 2	18. B-Q B 5	K Kt-Q 2
8. Kt x P	P-K Kt 4	19. Kt-K Kt 4	P-Q Kt 3
9. B-K 3	B-K Kt 2	20. Q-K Kt 7	Q Kt-K B 1
10. Q R-Q B 1 (b)	B x Kt	21. B-Q 4, and Black resigned.	
11. Q x B	R-K R 2		

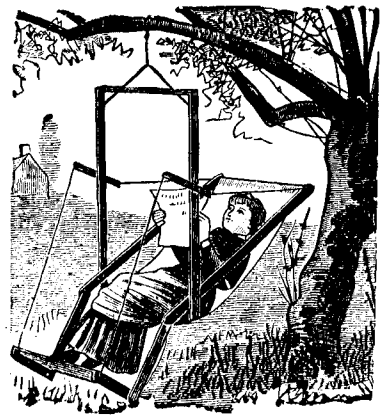
NOTES.

- (a) Messrs. Morphy and De Riviere who have devoted much attention to this opening, concur in opinion that the best play for the defence at the present crisis is 4 Kt-K B 3, or Kt-Q B 3, either of which, according to their analysis, conduces to an even game.
- (b) Threatening, as Mr. Joumond indicates, 11. Kt-Q Kt 5, P x Kt; 12. B x K B P +, Q x B; 13. R x B +, K-K 2; 14. R-Q B 7 +, etc.
- (c) He dared not take the Pawn on account of 15. B-Q B 5, etc.

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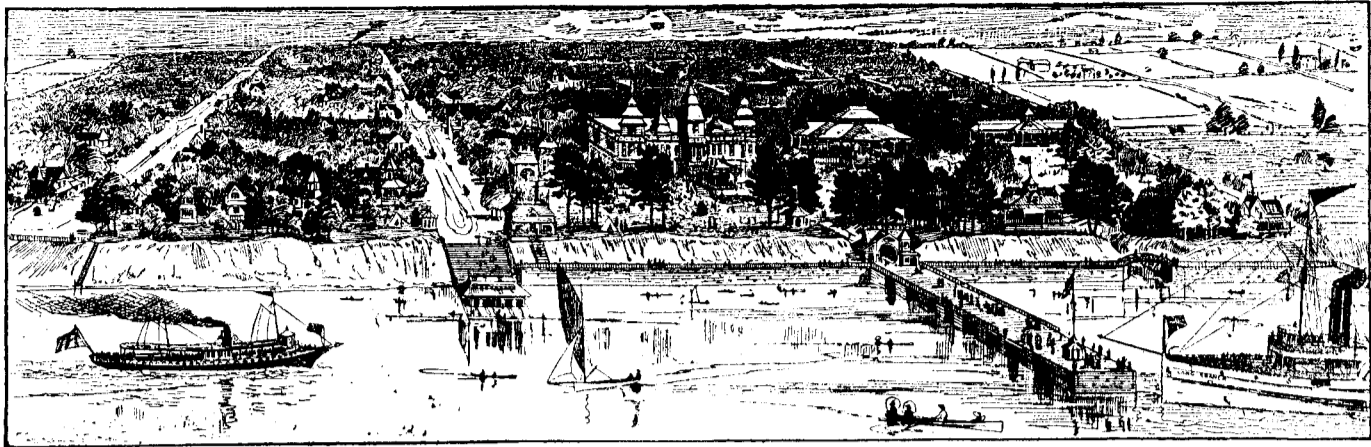
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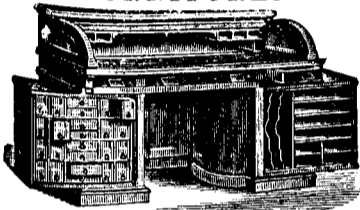


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