

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Eighth Year.
Vol. VIII., No. 12.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1891.

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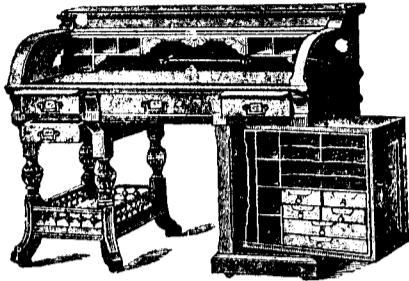
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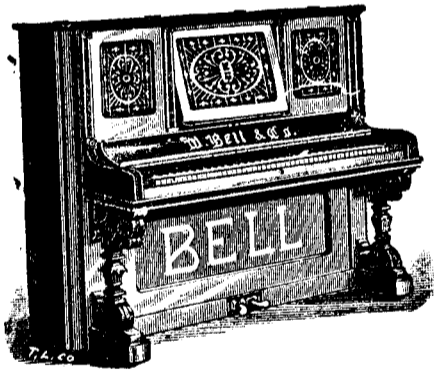
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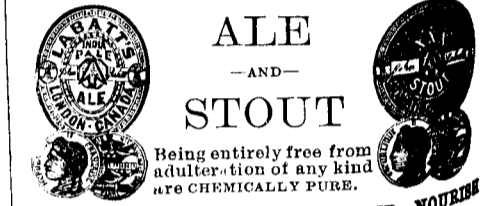
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AMONG the most interesting comments in our English exchanges, dated a couple of weeks ago, are those upon the Scotch railway strike. That the strikers made serious mistakes in their conduct of the struggle, and that some bad men amongst them, or unprincipled hangers-on, wrought grievous injury to the cause by their misdeeds, is admitted on all hands. The contest, too, seems to have been very unequal from the beginning. But, on the other hand, the facts brought to light during the progress of the struggle show beyond all controversy that the men have cruel grievances and wrongs. The publicity given to these facts, and the feeling thereby aroused in the breasts of British lovers of fair play, of all classes, afford a pretty good guarantee that something will be done in the near future to remove those grievances and remedy those wrongs. Hence the railway men are pretty sure to reap future victory as the outgrowth of present defeat. This was strikingly suggested in the tone of a recent debate in the House of Commons on a motion of Mr. Channing's. The coincidence of the debate with the crisis of the strike was accidental, as Mr. Channing's notice of motion had been given some weeks before. According to the statistics brought forward by Mr. Channing the directors of the Scotch lines, though the worst, are not the only offenders. On twelve English and Welsh lines, he said, 33,179 out of 55,278 men worked over twelve hours a day during September, 1889. There were 69,825 cases of duty for upwards of fifteen hours, and 7,341 for upwards of eighteen hours. The minor railways were even worse. The North British, in Scotland, in September, 1887, employed 554 engine-drivers over eighteen hours a day, and in September, 1889, the number had increased to 927, while between March, 1888, and March, 1890, the number rose from 514 to 1,016. It is no wonder that Mr. Channing "denounced the conduct of the North British directors as 'deplorable and discreditable,'" and that "not a word was said in their defence during the night." Although the Government opposed the motion, several of their supporters frankly declared their intention of supporting it. The President of the Board of Trade finally sought to secure its withdrawal by announcing that he would be prepared to move a resolution affirming that the hours of railway men are excessive, and that a select committee should be appointed to consider whether, and how far, legislative restriction

should be applied. Mr. Channing's motion was, nevertheless, pressed to a division and lost by a majority of but seventeen. Sir Michael Hicks Beach afterwards announced that he would put a motion on the paper for the appointment of the committee. Notwithstanding the reluctance of Parliament to interfere in the relations between employers and employed, it is clear that such interference in the case of railway men will shortly come. The only wonder in the case of the railways, which exist by public charter, which are invested with extraordinary rights over private property, and upon which the safety and convenience of the travelling and mercantile public so largely depend, is that regulation by the State is so slow in coming. To say nothing of the cruel advantage taken of the necessities of labourers, it is evident that the employment of engine-drivers eighteen hours a day is fraught with frightful risk to travellers, and should not be permitted in any civilized country. It should be added to the statements of fact, that the refusal of the Scotch directors to hold any communication with the delegates of the Union was vigorously denounced.

CONCERNING the fierce political struggle now in progress, there is little that is new to be said. The leaders of the Government party, whilst urging the desirability of entering into fresh negotiations for a renewal of the old reciprocity arrangement, on which the plea for dissolution was based—though on an ampler scale—are more and more directly challenging the unrestricted reciprocity advocated by their opponents, as involving disloyalty to the Mother Country, destruction to Canadian industries, and subservience to Washington with annexation as its outcome. It has been noticeable from the first that the press supporting the Government never took kindly or heartily to the idea of the proposed unrestricted reciprocity. Hence, as we anticipated, the contest is now being fought out on these distinct issues. The leaders of the Opposition seem to gather confidence as the struggle goes on, and are becoming more aggressive in putting forward the merits of their one panacea for all the financial ills which afflict the country. Nor are there wanting indications that their policy has taken a deeper hold upon some of the constituencies, especially the rural constituencies, than was at first supposed. While the leaders on both sides profess to be confident of success, there seems really to be no means yet available of making a forecast of the result that can be regarded as in any degree reliable. It may be that nomination day, which is drawing near, will afford some clue to the probabilities, but it is more likely that the morning of the fifth of March will find the whole country in a state of profound uncertainty as to the result. One somewhat unusual sign of the intensity of the struggle and the importance of the issue is the fact that cases of the crossing over of men of some influence from one camp to the other are quite common, a fact which adds much to the uncertainty of the situation.

IT is in one respect an advantage that the real issue between the two parties has become so clearly defined. If the country must be periodically convulsed by these great party struggles, it is far better that the battle should be waged for what is regarded on the one side and the other as a great principle, or a policy of vital importance to the prosperity of the commonwealth, than that it should degenerate into a mere scramble for office between the Outs and the Ins. But it is, nevertheless, to be deplored that there is already abundant evidence that the appeal is to be, in many cases, more to prejudice and passion than to principle. The speeches made at the great Liberal meeting of last week in this city were in many respects argumentative and able, yet those of Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. S. H. Blake were marred by the necessity under which they found or fancied themselves placed, of retorting the charge of disloyalty upon their opponents by raking up mistakes made by certain public men so long ago that the many years of loyal service intervening should have consigned them to oblivion. On the other side the Government speakers might do well to consider whether a cry of disloyalty which may be so easily interpreted as implying that the Mother Country requires Canada to sacrifice her own prosperity and progress, from regard to the

interests of British manufacturers, is not adapted to weaken rather than strengthen the sentiment of loyalty to British connection. It is, moreover, to be borne in mind that Great Britain has never intimated, so far as publicly known, that she asks or expects any such sacrifice. A still more reprehensible feature of the contest is likely to be, we fear, the expenditure of large sums of money in questionable ways, and the wholesale bribery of constituencies by the promise of large public expenditures, a method which has already been reduced almost to a science. Whether the Opposition, who have complained in previous elections of lack of funds, have really at their disposal the large sums of money with which rumour now credits them, we have no means of knowing; but such cases as that in which a body of supporters of the Government in Montreal pledged themselves to raise a hundred thousand dollars as one contribution in aid of their party, suggest the fear that the possession of unlimited funds will not fail to prove a source of temptation and danger, and one is disposed to regret that neither party has had the courage to incorporate the adoption of the British method of limited expenditure as a plank in its platform.

IT speaks well for the growth of *esprit de corps* among journalists that so large a number of representatives came together at the meeting of the Press Association the other evening, in a time of intense political excitement. The influence of the periodical press in the formation of public opinion and morals in these days is unquestionably great, and whatever tends to raise the profession to a higher level is worthy of every encouragement. That such is the tendency of the Association is sufficiently evident from a perusal of the proceedings. The President, Mr. Andrew Pattullo, of the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*, might well congratulate those present that so many held the interests of the Association above those of the politicians. Among the various subjects which came up for discussion, that introduced by Mr. Ross, of Ottawa, in his paper on "Type-Setting and Casting Machines," is of special interest because of the revolution which is pretty sure, sooner or later, to be brought about in all the larger printing offices by the perfection of these machines. Another interesting discussion was that concerning the use of plate-matter. The question here seemed to be one between economy and individuality; the objectors urging with a good deal of force that the quality of individuality, which should characterize every newspaper, is being destroyed by the stereotyper. Mr. Houston's paper on journalism dealt with the question of qualification for the profession, and took a middle ground between the views of those who contend for a wholly practical preparation, and those who would have chairs of journalism in colleges. The latter experiment, it may be remarked in passing, seems, for the present at least, to have failed where it has been tried, probably for want of students. There are various questions touching the ethics of journalism, to which the Association would do well to turn its attention at an early date. Those concerning the character of advertisements, and the devices sometimes used, with the evident intention of leading the unwary reader to mistake a paid-for reading notice for an editorial commendation, suggest themselves as illustrations. No one who has had experience of the inducements offered for dishonest journalism can doubt that there is a field of usefulness for Press Associations in cultivating and maintaining a high sense of honour and dignity in the profession.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S grievances and sorrows are multiplying. If late despatches are reliable, to her disaffection to the Mother Country is now added a deep sense of exasperation against Canada. According to the despatch, resolutions have been unanimously adopted in the Legislature, after an animated discussion with closed doors, reciting the course and conclusion of negotiations entered into with the United States Government, with the consent and approval of the British Government, looking to reciprocal trade between the Island and the United States. It is further stated that, though strongly urged by Newfoundland, the British Government has up to date declined to ratify the Convention, which was concluded, and on December 16th last accepted by Secretary Blain

on behalf of the United States Government. As the United States Government has no power to ratify a treaty, and as the Senate which has such power has not been consulted, the foregoing agreement must have been made, we suppose, as contingent upon the Senate's action. The resolutions further declare, it is said, that the House is aware of the interference of Canada in relation to this matter, and regards the same as a menace to the independence of the Colony, and an attempt to make it subservient to the Dominion. If the facts are as alleged, we cannot deny that our fellow-colonists have some reason to be angry. However strongly we might deprecate such an arrangement between the Island and the Republic, we cannot put ourselves in our neighbour's place without sympathizing with her in protesting most vigorously against any sacrifice by the British Government of her interests, in deference to the wishes of Canada. If the case be as reported, it is not improbable that there is some connection between the action taken by the Canadian Government to secure delay in the ratification of the Convention and its own proposals looking to a reciprocity treaty for the Dominion. Nevertheless, we can readily understand how keenly we Canadians would resist any successful interference of the Government of Newfoundland with any treaty negotiations between ourselves and another nation. Nor is it easy to see that Canada's superiority in population and influence in any way affects the principle involved. It may be, however, that the action of the Newfoundland Legislature, even if correctly reported, is founded on suspicion rather than on knowledge, and it is but fair to suspend judgment, pending the explanations that will, we suppose, be made at the proper time by our own Government. It is not easy to see how Canada's interests could be affected in any such way as would justify her interference, by any commercial arrangement that might be entered into between the neighbouring Colony and the United States, and it is no less difficult to believe that the British Government would do injustice to one Colony in deference to the wishes of another.

A SIGNIFICANT argument was used by Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, in addressing the Conservative nominating convention at North Hastings the other day. After a somewhat elaborate defence of the course of the Dominion Government in refusing to disallow the Jesuit Estates Act, the Minister proceeded to point out how awkward would have been the present position of the Government in relation to the demand for the disallowance of the Manitoba School Act, had it not on that occasion taken its position firmly on the ground of Provincial Rights. Supposing, said he, that the Government had disallowed the Jesuit Estates Act, could it, in justice to the Roman Catholics of the Dominion, have refused to disallow the Manitoba School Act? Could not his Grace Archbishop Tache have gone to Sir John Macdonald and have said to him: "At the instance of Ontario you interfered with an Act of the Quebec Legislature which affected our people; we now demand that you disallow the Act of the Protestant Manitoba Legislature, which interferes with our rights?" The argument is perfectly valid. Once admit that the Provinces have no legislative rights which the Dominion Government is bound to respect, if for any reasons of so-called public policy it may see fit to override them, and there is no longer any guarantee of the harmonious working of the Confederation. But apart from the broader principle involved, this utterance of one of the responsible Ministers of the Crown, though somewhat non-committal, can hardly be regarded otherwise than as an intimation that the Manitoba Act will not be disallowed. Should the contrary policy be pursued, and that Act be vetoed before the expiration of the year within which such veto may be used, not only the Conservatives of North Hastings, but the friends of unsectarian schools throughout Canada, would have good reason to complain of the bad faith of Mr. Bowell. At no time, and certainly not in a crisis like the present, when the whole country is on the *qui vive*, can a member of the Government escape responsibility for his public words. It is true that Sir Hector Langevin, the Minister of Public Works, did, some months ago, in addressing a Winnipeg audience, make use of language which seemed equivalent to an intimation that the Act in question would be disallowed. It is no part of our duty to attempt to reconcile the apparently conflicting statements of the two Ministers. But however desirous the Minister of Customs may just now be of pleasing his constituents in North Hastings it seems highly improbable that he would lightly or insincerely make a statement which is capable of being

used with so much effect against the Government, during the present campaign in Quebec.

OUR thanks are due to our correspondent, Mr. Thomas Cross, of Ottawa, for the extracts from the German Emperor's second speech on Education, and the accompanying remarks, which appeared in our correspondence columns last week. We have certainly no desire to disparage the young Kaiser or to under-estimate the work he is doing in the high position in which he has been placed through no merit of his own. The career of William III., up to the present time, is remarkable. History has, perhaps, a few instances, but they are exceedingly few, in which a young man, on succeeding to the Monarchy of a powerful nation, has so happily falsified the promise of his youth and the prognostications of his critics. Considering the temptations incident to such a position and such an environment, the people of other nations, as well as his own countrymen, may readily forget whatever seemed unfilial in his conduct during the too brief reign of his lamented father. In view of the same considerations we may well overlook, too, the marvellous egotism which so seriously mars whatever is admirable, even in the speech from which our correspondent quotes. Were we a German citizen we could not, we confess, so readily so far overlook the contradictions in thought which are apparent in the passage which the Kaiser quoted with approval from the *Hannoverscher Courier*, or accept the limitations it imposes upon that freedom of thought which is generally esteemed one of the best fruits of political development, as to find in it the education which makes good citizens. The ideas of education which lead one to admit that "the fullest liberty must be granted to the teacher in presenting the relations of the melancholy past," but immediately to add in effect that only he whose liberty of thought leads him to stand "on the ground of Monarchy and the constitution" is fit to be a teacher, and which make him refuse to consider how these two contradictory propositions stand related to "a studious care for the formation of character and of independent thought and judgment" are, we confess, so foreign to our conceptions of liberty that we fear we should be incapable of doing them justice. That freedom of thought which is conditioned by the premise that the subject must think just as the hereditary Kaiser, be he a wise man or a fool, may happen to think, will not be accepted by many in the last decade of the nineteenth century as indicating a very advanced stage of political evolution. It may be that the German people "bow their necks meekly, generation after generation, to a system of government with so much of monarchical and military despotism in it," because they are "well educated" according to the Kaiser's ideas, but hardly we should think because they are intelligent. We may not stay to enquire whether the people of Germany have really reached a higher plane, either politically or ethically, in the process of evolution, than those of Great Britain. Nor shall we stay to point out the glaring injustice which is so often done to the United States, in forgetting or ignoring the fact that it has been for a quarter of a century the sink into which have been freely poured the offscourings of Europe, and the really wonderful work it has done, or rather begun, in teaching these the rudiments of self-government. But we cannot conceal our inability to understand how that work of evolution, which our correspondent rightly says must be looked to for sound political development, can be possible under a system which, instead of relying upon use and practice, nature's methods of carrying on the developing process, for the perfection of the self-governing faculty, chooses to leave the direction of the affairs of the State in the hands of any one man, even though he be a gentleman of the highest type in a certain conventional meaning of the term. Nature's path of development leads usually through effort and struggle and conflict, such as, in the sphere of intelligence, are the outcome of responsibility. Her methods do not favour the continuance of leading-strings beyond the point of absolute necessity.

THE action of the Czar of Russia in returning the Guildhall Memorial pleading for more lenient treatment of the Russian Jews is one of those events concerning which one scarcely knows what to think or say. The very fact of sending such a memorial has, of course, a flavour of interference with the concerns of another nation, and an implication of reproach, such as any Monarch or Government is naturally disposed to resent. Russian correspondents of English papers, wise it may be after the event, deplore the

fact that this expression of British sympathy has but aggravated the already intolerable hardships and sufferings of the wretched Hebrews. The Jews themselves, it is said, bitterly regret the well-meaning but injudicious expression of sympathy which has resulted so disastrously to them. And yet had those influential and representative Englishmen who signed and forwarded the memorial contented themselves with the thought that they could do nothing, and refused to put forth the only effort in their power on behalf of the sufferers, it is very likely that they would have been still more worthy of censure. The snub thus administered to the Lord Mayor of London and other Englishmen in high places is certainly a severe and exasperating one, but it is not of the kind which can be diplomatically resented, albeit the British Prime Minister was the medium through which it was conveyed. That the incident will have its effect on the feeling of Englishmen towards Russia can hardly be doubted, and it is conceivable that the soreness thus caused might have results of a very serious kind in the case of certain future contingencies. In a broader sweep of speculation, the incident suggests startling questions as to the possibility of permanent peace and friendship between a nation capable of such barbarities, and the freer and more enlightened peoples of Europe. If the revolution does not first come from within, it is pretty certainly only a question of time when a Government so despotic must come into contact with its more merciful and refined neighbours until the one or the other shall be shattered by the shock. Meanwhile a little ray of hope has fallen upon the dark lot of the poor victims of intolerance through the noble action of the wealthy Jew who is making provision for the transportation of large numbers of his oppressed fellow-countrymen to the United States, where they are to be cared for during the regime necessary to enable them to acquire the language and the power of self-support in the great Republic.

THE Tithes Bill has at last passed Committee in the British House of Commons. The debate on this Bill presented some very curious features. For instance, the clause of the Bill which relates to the remission of a portion of the tithe under certain circumstances was assailed simultaneously from both sides of the House. The Government proposal was that when the tithe exceeds two-thirds of the annual value of the land all tithe in excess of that amount should be remitted. On the one side it was urged on behalf of the farmer that this remission was insufficient, and a motion was submitted that "one-half" should be substituted for "two-thirds," in the clause in question. On the other hand, the opponents of the Bill denounced all proposals of remission as simply grants to that extent made to a class at the expense of the nation. The tithe, it was urged, is national property, and as such should be a first charge on the land, taking precedence of every other charge, even that of rent. Sir William Harcourt, in his characteristic style, was very sarcastic at the expense of the friends of the tithe. Some of them were prepared, he said, to rob the Church to the extent of one-half its claim, in the given cases, and others to the extent of only one-third. In order to understand this attitude of the opponents of the Establishment, Canadians will need to bear in mind that the most vehement enemies of State Churchism do not wish to see the tithe remitted, as that would, they claim, benefit only the landlord, who holds the land subject to tithe as a legal impost. They desire to see the tithe maintained in its integrity as the property of the nation, but the proceeds of it alienated from the support of a Church, which in Wales is only that of a small minority, and devoted to some purely national use. Sir M. H. Beach defended the Government proposal as a compromise, and it was carried on a division. Mr. Morgan, on behalf of the Welsh members, who had fought the Bill with great pertinacity, must have a subtle sense of humour, for he subsequently proposed that Wales should be exempted from the operation of the Bill, though, as every one knows, it was framed and is being passed for the especial benefit of Wales. The Government, and other friends of the Establishment, no doubt hope that the Bill, making the tithe collectable from the farmer, instead of from the peasant occupier, will reconcile the latter, by blinding him to the fact that the money will still be taken out of his pockets, as the landlord will, no doubt, add it to the rent. The attitude of the opponents of the Establishment makes it clear that the question of disestablishment is one of time only, and in Wales, at least, of a comparatively short time.

QUESTIONS of coinage, currency and banking are just now receiving a good deal of attention in financial circles on both sides of the ocean. The latest information from Washington makes it pretty certain that the free coinage Bill will be reported upon adversely by a majority of the House Committee, and will fail to pass the House of Representatives. The many who anticipated great financial disturbance and mischief from the operation of the Bill will now breathe more freely. Meanwhile a good deal of interest has been aroused by a recent speech made by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, at a recent banquet of the Leeds Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Goschen's reputation makes him an authority on financial questions whose opinions carry weight beyond the confines of the United Kingdom. He is profoundly impressed with the narrow escape of the Kingdom from a great financial convulsion, at the time of the Barings Bank crisis, a few months ago, and thinks the country owes a profound debt of gratitude to the Bank of England for its action in helping it through that crisis. The credit of England was saved not by the Government but by the banks. At the same time he points out that the stock of gold in England, available in such an emergency, is much smaller than in other great nations, and that its smallness is a source of danger. The Bank of England has only £24,000,000 in bullion, while France has £95,000,000, Germany £40,000,000 and the United States £142,000,000. It is true that this discrepancy is to some extent offset by the fact that the amount of gold in circulation in England is vastly greater than that in any other country, ranging according to different estimates, from £65,000,000 to £110,000,000. But, in Mr. Goschen's opinion, the gold thus circulating in the pockets of the people is not, to any reliable extent, available in times of crisis. Mr. Goschen's speech contained two practical suggestions, in the shape of precautionary measures which might be adopted to guard the country against the recurrence of such dangers. He advocated the formation of a "second reserve," in connection with the Bank of England, or a separate stock of gold, not to be used save in cases of emergency. He also thought that the joint-stock banks should co-operate in some such scheme, in order to guard themselves against danger in a time of crisis. Speaking of the proposed issue of one pound notes, to the amount of say £20,000,000, to take the place of sovereigns in the pockets of the people, Mr. Goschen was opposed to thus sacrificing the gold circulation, unless such a gold reserve as he suggested were thereby created, for times of crisis. Twenty millions of pounds in such a central reserve would be, he argued, better than thirty millions in general circulation, for the reason that it would be easier to get at. *Bradstreet's* of February 14, in concluding a review of Mr. Goschen's speech, says it is noteworthy for the following reasons:—

In the first place it is an official recognition that the position of the Bank of England is no longer what it has been. In the next place, it is a recognition by one who speaks both with the authority attaching to eminence as a financial authority and that of official responsibility, that the English gold reserve is inadequate, a fact insisted upon by many students of currency and finance in England, notably by Mr. Charles Gairdner in a recent address before the Institute of Bankers in Scotland. Finally, the address makes it plain that there is no necessary connection between an abundance of gold in circulation and an adequate gold reserve, since England has the one and has not the other. This latter is a conclusion which deserves the attention of those who argue from a financial crisis to a deficiency in the circulation of coin.

SECRETARY BLAINE'S grand scheme of reciprocity with American republics is making some progress. His commercial treaty with Brazil is now an accomplished fact. In consideration of the free admission into United States ports of Brazilian sugar, molasses, coffee, and hides, the Government of Brazil agrees to admit into all its ports, free of duty, a number of American agricultural products, salted pork and fish, cotton-seed oil, coal, and iron. The Government of Brazil also agrees to construct and equip railroads. There is also a second Schedule of articles upon which American producers are to receive a reduction of twenty-five per cent. of the tariff now in force. It is said that of \$9,000,000 worth of goods now annually exported from the United States into Brazil more than one-third consists of flour. The removal of the ten per cent. duty upon this is, therefore, considered among the most important of the concessions gained by Mr. Blaine's scheme. It appears, moreover, that under the twenty-five per cent. reduction clause will be embraced lard, now taxed in Brazil twenty

per cent. and cotton clothing now taxed thirty per cent. The reduction stipulated for will, therefore, give the United States an advantage over other countries of five per cent. in the tariff upon lard, and of seven and a-half per cent. in regard to cotton clothing. The conclusion of this treaty is regarded as a brilliant success for Mr. Blaine's policy. It will, we suppose, render abortive any negotiations by our own Government, looking to an increase of trade between Canada and Brazil.

THE German Emperor is still maintaining his consistency as the friend and protector of the workingman in his struggle with capital and monopoly. In a recent speech he is said to have criticized the influence which the protectionists' unions had been able to bring to bear on the former Government, and approved of the action of Minister Maybach, in giving the contract for rails for a Government railway to an English firm, in order to break the "corner" which the combine had attempted to make. On the other hand, if it be true as reported, that he proposes to prosecute Prince Bismarck and his organ, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, in order to stop their persistent criticisms of the Government policy, he will but show how far he yet falls short of any broad conception of the rights of free speech and a free press. The newspaper in question certainly draws pretty heavily on the public credulity when it declares that Prince Bismarck's motives are purely patriotic, and his strictures in no degree due to the less worthy motives to which they are so naturally ascribed. If it maintains the defiant attitude it has assumed, the progress of the struggle will be watched with interest. It is not probable, however, that the Emperor will incur, without serious second thoughts, the popular resentment which would be aroused by any act having the appearance of an attempt to restrict the freedom of the press. He has already had some experience in that line.

FRENCH VS. ENGLISH.

VERILY there is a choice and variety in the apples of life. When we go to the tree to pluck a fruit that may be sent to the reader, and that shall seem round and rosy enough in itself to put no strain on our letter-writing powers, are we not tempted, on the one side, by the history of our friend, the young Roumanian vagrant Schachné, who came to us the other day, buried in his huge Russian overcoat, and asked us, as the culmination of an unconsciously most humorous series of courting-adventures, to get him a *love philter*? And are we not tempted, on the other hand, by the pathetic high romance of that old French correspondence we have seen, which unfolds, in faded characters, the fall of a noble line in one of those tragedies paralleled only by the story of Francesca da Rimini? And there are the claims of our wife's grand scheme for importing tulip bulbs from Holland for home use! But at last we choose to be content with a bough more within our reach and an apple entirely different.

Some days ago in the parlours of a Montreal house there met a group of some fifteen representative young French and English professional and business men, whose object was to form an association for the frank discussion of the relations of the two peoples in the Dominion and the Province. The association was easily formed, and the evening at its close was pronounced a marked success. A young English manufacturer, the originator of the idea, opened by quoting from a New York *Forum* article, which condensed the late charges of the *Toronto Mail* against the French.

"Is it true," it was asked, "that you French-Canadians look in the future to the establishment on the banks of the St. Lawrence of a separate State, Roman Catholic and French speaking?"

"We do," replied one.

"Not in the slightest," said another.

"This division of sentiment should show you," remarked a third, "that you make a great mistake when you take it for granted that we French-Canadians all have the same opinions. My friends will agree with me that they represent a greater divergence of opinion on almost every subject than exists even between any of them and you."

"Perfectly so," rejoined another. "I differ from my friend who has just spoken, in the fact that he is an extreme Radical, while I am confessedly an Ultramontane Conservative. There could be no greater divergence."

"Except on the point that you all have the French feeling?"

"Quite so, but party lines are so strong amongst us that we are always divided."

"Yes, and into several sections," said another. "So-and-so, you are an advanced Liberal, I suppose?"

"I am."

"And you, So-and-so, are a Conservative?"

"Certainly."

"You are Ultramontane?"

"Quite so."

"While I, the fourth, used to be an ardent Radical but confess I have tempered some of my views and am now a moderate Liberal."

"There is but one division," the Ultramontane affirmed. "Those who obey the church and those who do not—the latter are as far off as Protestants. The test would be, I think, the question of secular schools."

"How do you stand on that question?" asked an English merchant.

"I am in favour of secular schools," pronounced a Radical. "Abolition of all teaching of religion."

"Do we understand then that there is a party of you who agree with us English on secular schools?"

"Except," cried a fiery little Nationalist, "that you want the language to be English! Are you willing to make the language of the public schools *French*?"

Here was a poser. The Saxons were uncomfortable; they squirmed, but there was no satisfactory reply made.

"I am one of those," put in another, "who say let religion be relegated to the home, and let all citizens meet together and mingle during their youth. That is, in fact, one of the questions on which the French-Canadians are to-day most divided."

"I do not go so far as that," remarked one, "but let religion be limited in some way."

"How would it do," interposed an Englishman, "as has been suggested by some Americans, for an hour to be set apart after the secular exercises, when the minister of each denomination would take charge of and instruct his quota separately?"

"A very good idea!"

"Not for me," mildly replied one of the Ultramontanes. "I confess to you freely I hold the first and controlling element in a child's training should be religion, and my church is to me the only authority on that. It must have complete control."

"But the principle on which a common system of secular education is based," remarked one of the English section, "is that in a democracy such as ours each man becomes one of the rulers of the State, that is to say, of you and me. It is therefore my right to see that your education is one which will fit you to rule me. I have a right to see that you do not rule me ignorantly nor with prejudice, but that you shall do so equipped with the latest information and an acquaintance with your fellow citizens."

"You can be educated your way; all we ask is to be educated in ours," answered the Ultramontane.

"Then," said the previous speaker, "to act quite logically, if Catholics hold to this separatist plan of education, their fair course is to withdraw from politics."

An absorbing discussion followed respecting the anti-vaccination agitation of a few years ago, during the small-pox epidemic. It was finally agreed, all round, that a return of this craze was now impossible. It had been chiefly due to the very clever and influential Dr. Coderre, who has since died. This led to discussion on the growth of information among the race, and especially of the circulation of newspapers, which has enormously increased within the past ten years all over the Province. The night-schools of the Mercier Government also came in for mention, and one asserted: "There is not a more ambitious people than the French-Canadians."

"Let some person impeach the English for a change," an editor of the *British* quotham suggested.

"A remark of one of our French *confrères* here once struck me greatly," an Englishman replied. "He said he was brought up in a small town in Ontario, where there was a considerable population of French-Canadians. 'Now,' he said, 'what I have noticed is that if there is but one Englishman in a town in the Province of Quebec the people do their best to put him into some office; for instance, they elect him as mayor. But do you ever see the Ontario people do that for any Frenchman? Never!'"

"I fear the impeachment is true," we admitted, "but what is the reason of it?"

"Do you not think the reason is," said one of our shipping merchants, frankly, "that the Englishman is apt to be more fitted, by his education and ability, to hold such a position? Is he not usually the large employer of labour or manager of some important business?"

"I do not think he is more fit," laconically replied the Nationalist.

"But are not your French taking from us all the offices in the Court House, the City Hall and so forth? Are you treating us fairly in these things?"

"We are having our revenge," cried the Nationalist.

There was a laugh all round.

"As to those small positions of \$500 and \$600 a year, it seems to me it is another reason which governs," said a Liberal, "your young men are not satisfied with such small salaries; our people marry younger than yours do, and, when one is a married man, he must take what he can get; he has his family on his shoulders and cannot pick and choose."

"I think on the contrary," the Ultramontane commented, "it is because our people are more religious and less careful about the bodily life."

"I don't think it is religion at all," retorted an advanced Liberal, scornfully. "What do most of those fellows care about the Church?"

"We have three hundred in our factory," said the manufacturer, "and we rather prefer the French as employees, but we find that when a workingman or working girl has made about \$5.00 or \$6.00 in a week that whether trade be pressing with us or not we cannot get any more work out of them. They say: 'We have all we want with this amount, we prefer to stop and have a good time.' That, it seems to me, is the solution."

Many other matters were gone over in a similar way. "Well now," an Englishman asked, "what prospect is there of a fused nationality in Canada?"

"None," exclaimed the Nationalist, "only if you want to become French. You will not do that."

"We see none," said several of the others.

"I think we will finally see a French Catholic State here, that is my belief," one added.

"It is possible in any case to cultivate good-will and an understanding of each other—such would be a just step towards removing prejudice," said another.

"The trouble is not prejudice, but ignorance on both sides," put in the youngest Englishman present.

"Did you hear what this gentleman said," cried a Frenchman, "the trouble is not prejudice, but only ignorance!"

"If we were all Protestants," the most advanced of the French Liberals affirmed, "we would be one people in fifty years. The trouble is religion. Look at all our men who have become Protestants—they speak French but their language is English."

"I think it possible if we had secular schools," said the most thoughtful of the French group, who had been meditating since the question was raised.

But I shall break off here. The movement is a significant one; it throws much light on the questions at issue and the meetings are to be continued.

Montreal.

ALCHEMIST.

PARIS LETTER.

THE last week of January in France is devoted to the "conscription"—if that term can be applied—now that the new law compels every man when twenty-one years of age, legally and physically qualified, to be a soldier, and to serve at least one year under the flag, and at most three. Formerly there was the excitement of chance about the working of the human lottery, when, plunging the hand into the bottom of the bag, the eligible and the liable might draw a "good" number, that would exempt him from active service; or a "bad" number, which would condemn him to five years' barrack life.

Following the baptismal register, all young men, on arriving at their majority, receive an official notice to present themselves—if in the rural districts—at the chief town of their canton, or at the town hall, if in a city, on a designated day and hour, to draw their number. High and low must obey, the duke as well as his valet, Jack as well as his master, the artisan as well as the humblest workmen. It is an odd medley of costumes: mashers, labourers, clerks, civil servants, students—now including the theologians, tradesmen, etc.; for all come generally in their Sunday clothes—broadcloth and top hat, white and blue blouses and caps. The "boys" make a day of it after the ballot; they place in their hats or caps their number drawn, printed on a morsel of paper, having a coloured patriotic ornamental border. Next linking arm in arm they march half a dozen abreast singing, shouting, laughing and dancing; others hire cabs and vans in which to execute their antics. The police have orders not to interfere with these harmless roysterers, who prepare to present their breasts to the bullets and bayonets of the enemies of France.

The drawers of the lowest numbers are selected for the navy. According to physique, the conscripts are told off for the cavalry, artillery, line, commissariat, ambulance, etc. The members of the Baptist faith, who prefer to be shot, rather than shoot down a fellow-creature, are exceptionally allocated to hospital duties. None can shirk the ballot; unjustified non-appearance means desertion, for once summoned the conscript comes under the military code. Desertion is next to unknown; it is a stigma on the family of the culprit, whose members are the first to hand him over to the authorities. Besides, to aid and abet a deserter involves from two to seven years' imprisonment. When arrested the deserter can be sent to the Punishment battalions, of which there are three categories in Algeria, and his military service can be increased from three to six years. He will further have that black mark recorded on his *casier judiciaire*, which will ever after shade his life's career. "One sad losel soils a name for aye."

Fourteen days after the ballot the conscripts present themselves at the military depôt before the Council of Revision. This is a board composed of ordinary officers and army surgeons. In an ante room each conscript strips off his civilian clothing, is measured and weighed, and then appears before the Council, where the surgeons examine his constitution. If pronounced sound, the other officers allot him to that branch of the service they think best. Only those who volunteer earlier than twenty-one years have the right to select a particular branch of the army. Students, business men, and those who desire to marry early, thus volunteer; for it may be said, as a rule, no young man can marry in France till he has completed his twelve or thirty-six months' service under the flag. The conscript who has been accepted passes into another room, where he dons his uniform.

The refused retire to a different department and dress in their own clothes, and receive a notification to either present themselves in six months, or that orders will in due time be sent them. The rejected comprise conscripts incapacitated by tuberculosis or physical defects. Many of the latter are retained—as in war time they are good for clerking duties or employment in the military stores and factories, and so take the place of more stalwart men.

Simultaneously with this providing of the rank and file by the conscription, the officers are being prepared to command them. Every Frenchman, with unimpeachable antecedents, is eligible for every professional and official station—for happily there are no classes in France. Those who feel competent to pass the entrance examination to the military, naval and engineering schools, have only to formulate their demand to be allowed to compete. If successful, they will be gratuitously admitted for two years to the colleges to be technically instructed, and on passing their final examination will receive commissions. They join the service for life. Should they change their mind when leaving college, and prefer a civil career, they must refund the State the cost of their technical education. The income of French officers does not allow of any mess extravagances, and the commanding officers take good care their subordinates shall not incur debts.

After putting in their flag service, the soldiers duly pass into the Reserve and Territorial armies, which comprise 26 military contingents, following the age of its members, and that are called out at stated periods for 28 and 14 days' drill. France adds annually to her land and sea forces, 220,000 men. In case of war, did she call out all her contingents, she could have an army of 4,500,000 men. In 1890, Paris alone contributed 19,627 conscripts; of this total 1,729 were rejected as unfit—afflicted with defective sight, phthisis, hernia, and scrofula. Of the 17,898 selected, 976 were graduates, 195 classified teachers, 13,000 knew the three R's, and only 365 were illiterate. In the 26 contingents it is calculated that 386,000 Parisians alone, there figure.

The municipal council intends to build a Medico-Legal Institute on the plans submitted by Professor Brouardel. It will cost 3,000,000 frs., and will stand on the site of the stables of the old archiepiscopal palace, near Notre Dame. A wing of the institute will form the new morgue. The present morgue is totally inadequate to meet its ordinary increasing wants, but, above all, it does not afford either the accommodation or facilities for the study of medico-legal science. Its whole administration requires to be recast, as it suffers from a dual control. The Prefect of Police reigns there, but it is the Faculty of Medicine that governs.

There was a time when the morgue was not the scientific help-mate of justice that it is at present, and when it was managed by a single porter-clerk, whose duties were so few that it was said he had to kill time by playing a piano in his office, and cultivating flowers, salads and strawberries on the window sills. In 1835 the morgue received 283 bodies; now the annual number is 900.

In the morgue there is an amphitheatre capable of accommodating 100 graduates in medico-legal science, and in the fourth year of their studies, lectures are delivered three times a week by Dr. Brouardel and his two assistants on crime-deaths—a technical instruction that no hospital can give. Formerly several bodies were placed in a vehicle and conveyed to a cemetery for interment; it was a hideous pile of freight; now each corpse has its own hearse, the morgue paying 14 frs. for the transport to the crematory.

ever loss or damage to their property. When Poland came under the domination of Russia the Jews became outcasts. The strictest laws were enacted to limit their rights. Under the iron grasp of Nicholas and his general, Muravieff, called at that time "the hangman" the limited rights of the Jews were trampled under foot. Nicholas wanted to convert the Jews and the Poles to the Greek Church. He did not succeed in converting the first. The Russian police then made more proselytes to the Greek Church than the missionaries and the people. This explains why at the present day half of Russian Poland is converted. It was a question of life or death. Under the Emperor Alexander II., some strict laws against the Jews were removed. The Jews began to breathe more freely. Such new hopes however, as they may have begun to indulge, fell with Alexander's assassination. Justice seemed to have been also assassinated. The Jews have been chained in the abominable laws of the barbarian Count Ignatieff, the favourite of the retrogressive despot, Alexander III. The cruelties perpetrated upon this people seem incredible. The charges against the Jews in Russia are lacking the basis of truth. The Jews have fought in Russian wars, they have laid down their lives for her. Like the rest of the population, they are liable to conscription into the army, but unlike them they are not allowed promotion. Their condition is most deplorable; debarred from pursuing legitimate vocations, oppressed by heavy special taxes, confined to over-crowded districts and harassed by many annoyances, they are even persecuted when they try to make a living by the only few means left to them. In an address delivered in Philadelphia by Coroner Fred Levy, of New York, the speaker said: The situation of the Russian Jews is becoming so horrible and unbearable that they would probably all leave Russia if permitted. Their choice is between baptism and suicide. Numbers choose baptism, others death in escaping across the frontiers, and how many select suicide, the world, outside of Russia, will never know. Remonstrances would not be apt to produce much influence upon the Czar who would regard them as impertinent interferences. The great meeting at the Guild Hall, London, was answered by a decree increasing the severity of anti-Semitic law and therefore it is believed that the Czar is personally determined to break the race down in Russia. Though apparently the Russian Government seems to be quite impervious to foreign influence or foreign remonstrance, yet foreign opinion is a power dreaded by the despotic Government. The more cruel the laws enacted and the stricter their enforcement the clearer is the proof that the Government does not feel secure; a Government that is strong need not have recourse to such barbarities.

Are the Jews the only class who suffer? No. The iron despotism and the degrading tyranny of Alexander III. and of the sordid group that surrounds him, harshly threaten all classes and compel them to smart under the Russian knout. The state of affairs going on in Russia is most deplorable. Look, what a Russian weekly paper, *Hedelya*, writes of the great mass of the people, the peasants: "The most respected students of Russian life bear witness to the fact that so far from the people becoming as in West European countries, better fed, better housed, better instructed, and more civilized year by year, it is painfully evident that the unmistakable process of decomposition has set in among the Russian peasantry, the drying up of the material and moral sap, the process of demoralization. Neither in Europe nor in any civilized country of the whole world is a people to be found poorer than the Russian people, more grossly ignorant than the Russian people, who dwell in more primitive dwellings than the Russian people, or who till the ground with more primitive implements. Even such pagan countries as China and Japan, with their well-informed inhabitants and high standard of agriculture, have far outstripped our Russian people. Our peasant with his plough and wooden harrow, that seem to have been handed down from the age of Bronze, and with his benighted ignorance and carelessness loses three-fourths of the possible harvest. Among the peasants, epidemic diseases are continually raging to such an extent that competent medical authorities declare that they carry off as many lives yearly as if cholera were perpetually in our midst. The terrific mortality among children is accounted for in the custom of giving infants sour black bread wrapped up in a rag to suck—a barbarity not practised even by the non-Russian tribes on the Volga. The astonishing lack of elementary education manifests itself with the frightful spread of drunkenness and degrading disease. It is notorious that these two scourges were the main causes of the degeneration of Australian and other savages. In Russia among our own people, painful though it be to make the admission, something extremely suggestive of this process is now taking place. We will say nothing of drunkenness, in which, to use an expression of Dostoevsky's, our people 'is rotting away.' Things more horrible still may be in store for our people from such disease. Spread throughout the length and breadth of Russia, it has in many places infected the whole population. Dr. Maslovsky, for instance, writes from the Government of Tambov: 'In some places every man, woman and child, or nearly everyone, is infected, and it is impossible to prevent its spread by any conceivable measures.' How can you cure a disease so catching when all the members of the peasant family eat out of one platter, sleep in one bed and where the same coat and the same felt boots pass from one member of the family to another. The zemsky doctors of the Government of

JEW AND PEASANTS IN RUSSIA.

BY A JEWISH EXILE.

FOR a long time, but especially during the last decade, attention has been much attracted in all parts of the civilized world to the condition of the Jews in Russia. Prominent writers and travellers have written of their wretched state, telegraph despatches of anti-Semitic riots are frequently published and the tales of Jewish refugees are confirmed in all essential points by disinterested observers.

At present despotism binds Russia. In its most galling bonds called laws it twines harshly round all the various members of the political whole of the nation. But Jews and Peasants are the only classes who have to bear the sufferings of all other classes in addition to their own.

The previous and later outbursts of persecution the Jewish subjects of the Czar had to suffer have aroused in nearly every civilized country feelings of the deepest indignation. If people of this continent can be aroused by the starvation of Ireland should they not as keenly feel for the wrongs inflicted upon the millions of highly-gifted intellectual, and, on the whole, highly-endowed moral, but defenceless, Jewish race. It may be questioned whether Russia can claim a place among civilized nations. The Russian nation though nominally Christian is for the most part without morality. Their civilization is but a thin film insufficient to conceal a barbarian and cruel nation and though many of them are capable of miraculous fortitude and of almost supernatural devotion to a cause or to a leader, yet for the mass of them, the ten commandments have no existence. Russia, by her treatment of the Jews, has isolated herself from the civilized world. One may say that Jews as strangers had to suffer in a country of political disability. But the Jews in Russia are not strangers there; they principally inhabit Lithuania, White Russia, Little Russia, generally those regions which anciently formed a part of the Polish Dominion, and where they established themselves under the Polish protectorate and were employed by the Polish nobility in almost every position of responsibility. They are excluded from Russia proper, with certain exceptions. In many of the towns and provinces where they cannot remain legally they do live but are liable at any time to be ordered to remove at what-

FEBRUARY 20th, 1891.

Kursk, at the fourth medical congress, resolved that: 'Recognizing the fruitlessness of the efforts made to stay the spread of the disease, the Government zemstvo be requested to release all zemsky doctors from the obligation of making any.' From the effects of drunkenness, insufficient nourishment, heavy work out of all proportion to their strength, and disease, even the physical type of the Russian peasant is obviously degenerating. More than ten years ago, Professor Janson, in his 'Comparative Statistics,' called attention to the lamentable fact that the great Russian race was degenerating, even if compared with the non-Russian tribes of the Empire. And this the erstwhile powerful gifted branch of Slavonic colonists, the founders of the mighty Empire, are degenerating into a weak effete race of beings, devoid even of the capacity for progress." Such a state cannot, however, last for ever, nay, not even for a long lapse of future time; more especially now, when the people become more awake to self-consciousness and are thus wounded to the quick by the divers agencies that oppress and grind them. What may be the future of revolution in Russia? It will bear a mark of its own, as does everything connected with this people. "If some day the socialist propaganda," says Emilia Bazan, "shall make itself heard in the country villages, and the peasant lend an ear to those who say to him: 'Rise, make the sign of the Cross and take thy hatchet with thee.' Then Russia will show you a most formidable insurrection, and that world of country folk, patient as cattle, but fanatical and overwhelming in their fury, once let loose, will sweep everything before it. Nothing will appease or satisfy it. The constitutions of Western lands they have already torn to pieces without perusal. Now one can perceive a smouldering agitation among the people manifesting itself occasionally in conflagration, anti-Semitic outbreaks and frequent agrarian crimes."

M. RAVITCH.

68 Pearl St., Toronto.

WORDS BY THE WAY.

My love, I have no great
Wise song to sing you;
No vow to consecrate
Nor pledge to bring you;
No honour high and rare
That might renown you;
No love-gift fine and fair,
No crown to crown you

Only, mavourneen, a pilgrim forever,
Roaming the world, winning happiness never,
Still would I keep thee—ah! smile if thou hearest,
Deep in my heart with a love-bond the dearest.

Had you been desolate
And unbefriended,
Our ways might wayward Fate
And Love have blended.
But Life has drawn you, sweet,
By paths undarkened;
I pass your happy feet
With words unhearkened.

Only, mavourneen, a pilgrim forever,
Roaming the world, winning happiness never,
Still would I keep thee—ah! smile if thou hearest,
Deep in my heart with a love-bond the dearest.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

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SOME ASPECTS OF ENGLISH THOUGHT AT
THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the importance of the French Revolution as an epoch-making era in European, and we might add in American, history. It completely changed the map of Europe and America. During the Napoleonic wars, which were its outcome, every kingdom in Europe, with the sole exception of Great Britain, was the scene of violent commotions, of invasions, of battles. Ancient dynasties disappeared never to reappear; new republics were established on the model of the French; these, in their turn, were succeeded by still newer kingdoms, set up by the world-conqueror Napoleon, ruled by his puppets, and owing him allegiance; and again, when the catastrophe came, and the great warrior was safely on his way to St. Helena, all these new-fangled states, Batavian and Parthenopæan republics, kingdoms of Rome and of Westphalia, disappeared once more from the map of Europe, almost without a trace, certainly without regret. Nor was the map of Europe the only one which was changed during the period of war which followed the French Revolution. When the French hordes had overrun Spain and the authority of the Spanish Bourbons was limited to Cadiz and a few seaports, the Spanish colonies in Central and Southern America, encouraged by Napoleon, first agitated for political autonomy and presently achieved it, while the House of Braganza, driven from Portugal by the same invaders, took refuge in Brazil, which presently, by an amicable family compact, was erected into an independent empire. Thus when the ferment had subsided, and Greece, the last country to be touched by the fever of Revolution, had achieved her independence, the map of Europe had been so changed from what it had been before

the French Revolution that it would have been impossible, we believe, to point out any Christian country in the world (Great Britain always excepted) which had not modified its frontiers, dynasty, constitution, or all of these, in consequence of this great upheaval.

But the effects of the French Revolution were greater than this. It not only changed the map of Europe, but it revolutionized the arts and sciences. The old-fashioned ways of diplomacy were powerless as against the unscrupulous methods of the French republic; the generals of the old school, brought up in the traditions of Louis XIV., were in despair when they stood face to face with a commander like Napoleon, who neither marched nor counter-marched according to scientific rule, but who literally threw his regiments at them with an irresistible onset. Even those who stayed at home and took no active part in the struggle were insensibly affected by the revolution in France. Questions hitherto dormant were called into life, passions unsuspected before were summoned into activity, fresh fields of interest opened out before the thinker; thus, not only for political and military science, but for literature, art and religion, the Napoleonic wars form a decisive epoch. We date everything modern from the French Revolution.

The French Revolution owed its initiation to Anglo-Saxon example. The kings of France had aided the British Colonies of North America in their successful revolt against the Mother Country. There is not the least doubt that the influence of America reacted upon France, and that the first germs of liberty came to Paris via Boston and New York. Under these circumstances it was not strange that the progress of thought in France and the violent changes resulting from it should react again upon the Anglo-Saxon mind and produce great changes in the features of thought and expression current among Englishmen.

Perhaps the first department of literary activity to feel the effect of the great bombshell which had so disastrously exploded at Paris was British poetry. In the hands of Dryden and Pope, the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton had been polished and refined to its utmost capacities, and the poetic fervour of Spenser brought within the bounds of a most rigid decorum. Dryden and Pope were masters of their arts, and poetry did not resent the shackles which they imposed upon her. Their successors were not so successful. Addison and Goldsmith were writers of prose more than of poetry; poverty, infirmity of temper and the laborious compilation of a dictionary heavily weighted the poetic genius of Johnson; Thomson and Young *et hoc genus omne* made correctness of diction the shroud in which to enfold the corpse of the muse they had done to death; and the English poetry of the eighteenth century would have died of inanition if it had not been for the fresh impetus which was given to it by the French Revolution.

It is extremely interesting to trace the different effects it had upon men's minds. It shocked some and delighted others. It sent some raving, it set others moralizing. It originated the poetry of the English "Sturm und Drang" on the one hand, and the contemplative school of the nineteenth century on the other. Byron and Shelley were amongst those whom the French Revolution stirred up to a frenzy of delight. Both of them were boys when the Reign of Terror was at its height, both were brought up amidst the sounds of battle. It must have been very hard in those stirring times, when Empires fell in a day to the armies of Bonaparte and fleets disappeared in an hour before the cannon of Nelson, for a boy to escape the contagion of the time and not to fall a victim to its influence. The torrent of liberty (it would perhaps be better to call it license) swept both Byron and Shelley away with it. Yet it is strange to observe the difference between the two men. Byron rejoiced in the liberty which resulted from the French republic. He was delighted to see the conventional bonds broken which had hitherto held down society. He rejoiced in the blows that were dealt at the old conservative morality, above all, in those that were dealt at the moral side of religion. And yet he had no quarrel with religion intellectually. That which galled him in religion was not the limits which it imposed to his speculations, but the strict bounds within which it strove to confine his practice; and he welcomed the new freedom of thought because it gave, or seemed to give, a moral sanction to his licentiousness. It gave a moral sanction of some sort indeed, but it did not satisfy either the intellect or the conscience. Hence in Byron we have two opposite tendencies. In one poem he will speak with scorn of religion and of the most sacred themes of the Christian faith. In another he will become the poet of the faith which he once despised. So we get the Vision of Judgment on the one hand, and on the other the Hebrew melodies:—

I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm;
There is a power upon me which withholds
And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself
The last infirmity of evil.

—Munfred.

The result of this two-fold tendency is "Childe Harold." In "Don Juan," Byron is altogether under the influence of the Black Horse to which Plato likens the earthy and sensual parts of the human soul. In "Childe Harold" the Black Horse and the White Horse are pulling in opposite directions, and Reason, the charioteer, has not got the command of his steeds. "Childe Harold," says

the *Edinburgh Reviewer*,* "is a sated epicure—sickened with the very fulness of prosperity—oppressed with ennui and stung with occasional remorse; his heart hardened by a long course of sensual indulgence, and his opinion of mankind degraded by his acquaintance with the baser part of them. In this state he wanders over the fairest and most interesting parts of Europe, in the vain hope of stimulating his palsied sensibilities by novelty, or at least of occasionally forgetting his mental anguish in the toils and perils of his journey. Like Milton's fiend, however, he 'sees undelighted all delight,' and passes on through the great wilderness of the world with a heart shut to all human sympathy—sullenly despising the stir both of its business and its pleasures—but hating and despising himself most of all, for beholding it with so little emotion."

Shelley was affected in a very different way. To him freedom meant not so much a desire to get rid of moral restraints as a yearning of the soul to shake of those trammels which revelation seemed to place upon free thought. The reader need but consult the notes which Shelley himself appended to some of his poems to see the force of our remark. In some senses the most poetical of all our poets, the impetus which set Shelley singing, came from the intellectual and spiritual negations of the French Revolution:—

The babe is at peace within the womb,
The corpse is at rest within the tomb.
We begin in what we end.

Byron and Shelley (and we might add to these Keats, who had he lived seemed destined to fill a high place in our English literature) had many imitators but have left no successors. The *Monthly, Quarterly, Eclectic* and *Edinburgh* reviews of the first two decades of this century are full of criticisms of works written in imitation of the author of the "Bride of Abydos," or of the "Prometheus Unbound." But when the ferment of European society subsided the poets of the "Sturm und Drang" found their vocation gone as well as their inspiration, and neither Byron nor Shelley can be said to have survived their own generations. We read them and we enjoy them, but they do not move us to action.

Whilst Byron and Shelley and their imitators were being carried away by the exuberant freshness of the intellectual and moral license engendered by the Revolution, the same phenomena sent other men in a different direction. A new school of poetry and thought arose in England, a school which likewise owed its original inspiration to the passions stirred up by the Reign of Terror, but the whole drift and tendency of which was entirely opposite to that of Shelley and Byron.

When looking on the present face of things,
I see one man, of men the meanest too!
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
With mighty nations for his underlings,
The great events with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great;
Nothing is left which I can venerate;
So that almost a doubt within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length
Seems at the root of all things. But, great God,
I measure back the steps which I have trod,
And tremble, seeing, as I do, the strength
Of such poor instruments; with thoughts sublime
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

—Wordsworth, 1803.

Southey and Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell and Rogers are perhaps the most conspicuous names in this connection. Lamb belongs to the company of the "Lake-ists," not indeed as being one of them, but, as their satellite, playfully laughing at their eccentricities and shedding over their solemn seriousness a genial glow of kindly humour. Southey, Wordsworth and the rest were the founders of a great school—a school which has been brought to perfection in our own times. Tennyson and Browning are their legitimate successors and have perfected that which was but an imperfectly understood tool in their hands—introspective analytical poetry. Southey and Wordsworth are not much read as poets now; we doubt if the ordinary reader ever reads a line of Rogers or more than a few passages from Coleridge. Campbell's patriotic songs survive, but how many readers are there familiar with the "Pleasures of Hope" or "Gertrude of Wyoming"? At the commencement of this century, however, Southey and Wordsworth were powers in the literary world and both had readers and admirers all over the kingdom. It was not that men were blind to their faults. The critical faculty was very strongly developed among our grandfathers, and there was no lack of merciless critics who ruthlessly exposed every one of their weak spots. The *Edinburgh Review* begins a savage attack on the "Excursion" with the words "this will not do," and on that text preaches a long sermon on the poetical shortcomings of William Wordsworth; other reviews follow in the same strain, accusing him of childishness, carelessness, conceit, want of political insight, etc., etc., and a reviewer of Peter Bell frames a poetical epitaph in honour of the poet:—

This is the last of W. W.
The world will not again trouble you, trouble you.

With regard to Southey the opinions expressed are very similar. We have now open before us an article on his *Roderick*, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1815, and it is full of expressions like these: "This, we should be tempted to say, was little better than drivelling, and certainly the folly of it is greatly aggravated by the intense solemnity in which it is conveyed. . . . But the worst fault by far . . . diffuseness . . . verbosity . . . fanatical tone" etc. In his laureate capacity he fared much worse

* *Ed. Rev.*, February, 1812.

at the hands of his critics. A writer in the *Monthly Review* for 1817, commenting on his "Carmen Nuptiale," a "lay of the laureates" declares that had Mr. Southey been capable of expressing his real feelings in Latin, he would have exclaimed:—

"O, fortunatum natum Me Vate Regentem," and that, whilst other conceited laureates have had moments of self-abasement, such laudable feelings are entirely foreign to Mr. Southey; and the critique closes with the following sentence: "For ourselves, we have not enjoyed such a laugh before, even at the merry season just passed, and as we cannot withhold the like enjoyment from our readers, we shall leave them to the undisturbed perusal of the concluding unrivalled specimen of infantine childishness, combined and seasoned with the happiest full-grown vanity."

And yet, in spite of all their faults, Southey, Wordsworth and the rest had a more lasting and a better influence than Byron and Shelley. They gave the public what was wanted at the time. The stirring events of the time had solemnized men's minds and turned them from the frivolities of the eighteenth century to the consideration of those deeper questions which have taken such a firm hold of the men of this age. People wanted to be preached at, and Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge came with their sermons just at the right moment. They are not much read now (life is too short to read everything), but their influence still remains. They are the founders of the modern school of poetry; they are the men who taught us that the interest of an epic lies not so much in the stirring events it records, nor in the supernatural machinery which is introduced into it to facilitate its action, as in the purely human sympathies and interests which gather round the heroes, in Hector smiling upon Astyanax and laying aside his helmet so as not to frighten him, in Helen fascinating, even in the hour of her greatest weakness, in Priam kneeling as a suppliant before Achilles, in the recognition of the returning Ulysses by his faithful dog. In "Joan of Arc" and "The Excursion," we have the precursors of that which may be called the perfection of the purely human epic—"The Idylls of the King."

Whilst both the romantic school and the "Lakers" were thus riding their hobby-horses to the death, a new writer arose who united in him the excellencies of both. It is wonderful how little Sir Walter Scott seems to have been affected by the movements in which he lived. That he was interested, and deeply interested, in contemporaneous events, we know from other sources. But he had the great power of so completely throwing himself into the background when writing that his personality scarcely once appears in his writings. It was here that he had the great advantage over all his contemporaries. Byron's poems are poems about himself. The hero may be called Childe Harold, or Don Juan, or Manfred. There is no doubt that whatever name he may bear, the hero is the writer himself. Hence to have read one of Byron's greater poems is, in a sense, to have read them all. But the "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion" and the "Lord of the Isles" are not thus connected. The author is distinctly not describing himself, but a real hero, different from himself, when he relates the adventures of Fitz James or Lord Ronald. "Mr. Scott" (we are quoting from a review published in 1808)* "is probably the most popular poet living in this country, even in an age distinguished for poets of various and eminent talents. Without presuming to depreciate him in comparison with any of his less fortunate contemporaries, we may attribute a portion of his fame to the felicitous circumstance of his style and subjects being peculiarly calculated to fascinate two classes of readers, the one very select and the other very numerous, who are not generally attached to the Muses; we mean the "Black Letter Men" and the "Novel Readers" of the age; the admirers of Border antiquities and the lovers of romantic adventures." Byron's scenes were laid at Corinth and Abydos, on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. Southey's were occasionally in France, but generally in some very unknown country. Wordsworth's heroes were shepherds and waggoners. Scott's were noble knights and ladies, indeed, but they were British, and patriotism at home ranged itself on the side of Scott. In the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, Aeschylus pleads that he inculcated bravery into the Athenians by his *Septem contra Thebas*. No, says Dionysus, who is acting as judge, you made out that the Thebans were braver than the Athenians. Aeschylus was unpatriotic. Byron was cosmopolitan. Scott was a Briton.

The most numerous readers of Scott's poems were, as we have just seen, the novel-readers. It was possibly this circumstance that induced him to forsake poetry and take to writing prose romances. He seems to have done so with considerable diffidence; it was long before he ventured to put his name to those novels which came out under the collective title of the "Tales of My Landlord"; or, to own paternity to "Waverley." Yet there can be no manner of doubt that he did right. He could not see what others saw at the time; but had he foreseen that "Waverley" was a new departure in the history of novel-writing, and that after "Waverley" the English novel, to be worthy of its name, must be a much higher and more careful production, he would have had no diffidence about adopting the career of a novel-writer. The success of "Waverley" was phenomenal. "It is wonderful," says the *Edinburgh Reviewer*,† speaking of the third edition, "what

genius and adherence to nature will do in spite of all disadvantages. Here is a thing obviously very hastily, and in many places very unskillfully, written—composed, one half of it, in a dialect unintelligible to four-fifths of the reading population of the country—relating to a period too recent to be romantic and too far gone to be familiar—and published moreover in a quarter of the island where materials and talents for novel-writing have been supposed to be equally wanting; and yet by the mere force and truth and vivacity of its colouring, already casting the whole tribe of ordinary novels into the shade, and taking its place rather with the most popular of our modern poems than with the rubbish of provincial romances.

"The secret of this success, we take it, is merely that the author is a man of genius, and that he has notwithstanding had virtue enough to be true to nature throughout, and to content himself even in the marvellous part of his story with copying from actual existences rather than from the phantoms of his own imagination."

We have hitherto considered only the literary phenomena of this period. But the religious phenomena are far more striking than even the literary ones, though in some senses analogous to them. The atheistic and immoral spirit embodied in Byron and Shelley took another shape in the fierce attacks upon religion which characterized the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. The Christian sentiment was alarmed, and the religious portion of the community roused itself to fresh activity in combating the evil. Not that Christianity had ever lacked defenders in England. The divines of the eighteenth century were all of them great apologists of Christianity. But they had satisfied themselves with proving that Christianity was true; what to do with it when proved to be true did not lie within their province. After the French Revolution the social dangers of the age became prominent and Christian apology took more practical forms. This was the great age of societies—Bible societies—societies for educating the poor—societies for evangelizing the heathen. The Church (we use the word in its widest sense) seemed determined that henceforth it would defend the faith by deeds rather than by words. And if amongst English-speaking nations to-day Christianity is more securely settled than it was a century ago; this is due very largely under God, to the determination then taken.

But practical though English Christianity became in the beginning of the nineteenth century, we must not forget its intellectual phenomena. The tendencies were various yet well defined. One tendency found its expression in the Lake School. To their honour, Coleridge and Wordsworth had striven to be comprehensive, and their views, boldly expressed though they were, were based on wider conceptions of life. The evangelical societies were formed on somewhat similar principles. They aimed at embracing men of various views and denominations and of uniting them in common work. The Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London Missionary Society all started with this idea. On the other hand, the antiquarian interest evoked by Sir Walter Scott's novels turned men's minds to the glories of the mediæval Church, and with that British feeling, which was so strong in both Scott and his readers, to the glories of the mediæval English or British Church. The historical position of the Church of England began to be examined in such a way as it had never been examined before.

In the meantime a third section—more spiritual, but not so practical as the rest—were turned by the course of events to the study of prophetic writing. In the wars and rumours of war which were all around them, they thought they saw the signs of the coming end, and they searched diligently to see if these things were so or not.

In the first twenty years of this century these tendencies were not yet developed. In the next two decades they had reached their maturity. One and the same year saw three events take place which, unimportant from a worldly point of view, are full of significance to the religious thinker. In 1833 the Evangelical Alliance was founded; in the same year was commenced the publication of the "Tracts for the Times." The same year (the reader will perhaps smile) saw the calling of the Irvingite Apostles. All of these movements have had honourable histories, but how different have been their issues and influences!

The Evangelical Alliance has been essentially popular. It is of the kind to commend itself to the mind of the ordinary Protestant layman. It is above suspicion of Popery or Sacerdotalism, and at the same time it gives to the *disjecta membra* of Protestantism "that thing which by nature they cannot have," a common platform for associated enterprise in the fields of philanthropy and evangelization. As a means to an end it has done much to lessen asperity and harmonize divergent views. It has certainly been an important factor in our religious life as a whole people.

We look back upon the Tractarian movement and we find that in its origin it was as unpopular as the Evangelical Alliance was popular. It was the work of scholars and recluses; it was not understood by the common people, the masses hated it. It has been characterized by patience and perseverance (I might almost say obstinacy) in the maintaining of its positions. Bitterly condemned wherever it has been not known or half known, it has nevertheless succeeded very largely in popularizing itself, and when fearlessly worked out to its legitimate conclusions has always succeeded in obtaining a respectful hearing, if not in procuring conviction. It has changed the face of the Church of England, and at the present moment there are thousands of priests, men of

average ability and average honesty, men of more than average zeal and self devotion to whom the principles advocated by the Fathers of the English Counter Reformation are the very vital principles of all spiritual life.

The Irvingite * movement on the contrary has been to outward appearance a failure. It has been purely spiritual in its aims and methods, whilst, to the Evangelical, religion has been to a great deal mixed up with emotions and with those practical works of piety which spring from them, whilst the High Church man has sought to find an intellectual basis for his belief in carefully searching the records of Christian and especially of Catholic antiquity; while the Evangelical Alliance has appealed to the Englishman's horror of foreign sacerdotalism, and the High Churchman to the Englishman's love for the English inheritance of Churchmen, the Irvingite has appealed to nothing of the sort.

As a body they have taken no part in philanthropical movements (however active some of them may have been as individuals); they have never been consumed with a desire to evangelize the heathen, deeming perhaps that their fellow countrymen, and especially their religious fellow countrymen, stood in greater need of spiritual enlightenment; they have never written any books of merit; they have been too Apostolical and too sacerdotal to associate with Protestants; they have been too little historical to be admitted by any historic Church into communion. And yet a careful study of the growth and development of this particular body will well repay the student of spiritual phenomena. Commencing with the confused utterings of excitable ladies, appearing first as a body of disordered fanatics without order, regulations, ministries or even doctrines, they have developed into one of the most orderly communities in Christendom. They have furnished themselves with a very beautiful Liturgy, with reverent services, with singularly full orders of ministry and a most systematic provision for the support of the sanctuary. Their members are noted for quietness, sobriety, and a veneration for properly constituted authorities. They do not proselytise from other bodies to any very serious extent, and they know nothing of the Gospel of noise. It is difficult to obtain any certain information about them. They publish few books except for private circulation and their church documents, collections of prophecies, etc., are religiously guarded. But to the man who takes interest in these things the study of Irvingism (not from the testimony of its foes only, but from the combined testimony of friend and foe) will be found to be most instructive and interesting.

We have come so far, too far, perhaps, for our readers' patience, but not nearly far enough for the comprehensiveness of our subject. We have said nothing of modern research and philosophical enquiry, nothing of our modern essayists, nor of that practical science which has so completely revolutionized our modes and views of life. To do justice to these and to show how in most cases the impetus which first set them in motion or which gave to them new life came from the upheaval of the French Revolution is a work that would fill a folio or at the very least a ponderous quarto.

NON OMNIA POSSUMUS OMNES.

THE RAMBLER.

A PLEASANTER surprise than a dark-brown paper package well tied and sealed—my friend was not stingy of her red, red wax—and bearing two magic London stamps—could not have awaited me the other day at the little room near the Post Office. The sender wrote that the volume had seen a hundred years of London fog—and I think it must have—it wears such a delightfully musty and mellowed air. "Picked up at a Brompton book-stall"—the "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, with Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By James Boswell, Esq." Printed by Henry Baldwin, for Charles Dilly, in "The Poultry," 1785. I am glad to renew my acquaintance with big Samuel and little James, for it is some years since I read the work, and how could one enjoy it better than in this old and battered cover, with the antique lettering and the wide margins! True it is that books manufactured a hundred years ago were intended to last. This book hath vitality enough left in its thick firm sheets and its noble cover for twenty modern publications. 'Tis a book to say a grace over, following dear Charles Lamb's well-known advice.

Frederick Greenwood, one of the cleverest—in the true sense of the word *clever*—of London journalists, has started a new periodical, the *Anti-Jacobin*. His admirers, who are presumably his intimate friends, conspire to call him a second Labouchère. He certainly has wit, readiness and power of expression, but is not likely to grow so notorious as Labby. Does the *New Review* go on, and does it prosper? How is the *Review of Reviews*, likewise the *Universal Review*? The suspension of the *Philadelphia American* was, I suppose, a surprise to many, and it is to be regretted in some ways, for the critical matter was very good. Of the publishing of many journals there is no end. We should therefore stand very fast indeed by those which survive. The cultivation of literature upon a little oatmeal (*vide* Sydney Smith) and the founding of the

* F. D. Maurice, Kingdom of Christ. Vol. i., p. 211. *segr.*: has some very judicious remarks on the character and work of Mr. Irving.

* *Eclectic Review*, 1808, p. 407.

† *Edinburgh Review*, Nov., 1814.

Edinburgh Review in 1802, is a famous starting point in English chronicles. The publication of the *Tatler* was another, on the 12th of April, 1709. The *Spectator* appeared on March 1, 1711, then came the *Guardian*, the *Lover*, the *Reader*, the *Rambler*. The latter was first issued on March 20, 1750, and continued till March 14, 1752. Its largest sale seldom exceeded 500 copies. The style was turgid and heavy, the matter almost altogether ethical. But the seed was being sown, which within one short, but quickened, alert century was to produce such myriad results. It is commonly heard among us that nothing published in England to-day in the way of periodical literature can compare with what our friends are doing in Boston and New York. Well—at least in quantity the English do pretty well. They have the two *Macmillans*, the *Cornhill*, *All the Year Round*, *Newbury House*, *Longmans*, *Temple Bar*, *Murray's*, *Blackwood's*, *Atlanta*, all the "Cassell" magazines, to say nothing of the great quarterlies and heavy reviews, the purely literary papers, and the very large and important section of literature devoted to the young and to sacred subjects. This is a fair list. And I have not touched upon the world of fashion which demands its cultured journals and reads them too—isn't it Lord Randolph Churchill who likes the *Lady's Pictorial*? I should like to take the *Nineteenth Century*, *Punch*, the *Pall Mall Budget* and *Blackwood's* regularly the year round. I know the four make a curious whole, but well primed with these one might resist both stagnation and fatigue. There would be no worried looking through and over to see what was worth reading; there would be no necessity for sifting, as it were.

The week is a busy one. Curious—how among all the rumours of electioneering with which the town is rife—one hears only of Sir John! As a man among men, as a man for men, as a leader of men, he has no equal in Canada, and had he lived in other countries doubtless his peculiar gifts would have still followed him. There is a sentiment about him which refuses to be ignored. Said an individual lately: "I would rather have an audience with Sir John and come away defeated, balked of my purpose whatever it was, than be given a post which I coveted and valued by anyone else." That is to say—the Chieftain possesses that power of creating a glamour which is essential to all leaders of faction or community. When perfect command of temper is united to geniality, then the character is indeed fitted to govern. The genial man is usually hot-headed. If he be quick to make a friend, he will also be prone to exchange a friend for an enemy. But when the virtues of the amiable and merry Hibernian are combined with the astuteness and coolness of the "canny Scot" then, as in the case of Canada's Grand Old Man, we have that unique instance of the power to hold which is distinctly remarkable in his case.

The war between the Ibsenites and anti-Ibsenites continues to rage. William Archer regards Ibsen as almost as great a man as Shakespeare, while George Sims leads the Philistines. A remarkable circumstance is that the greatest admirers of Ibsen are said to be among the actors. The chief success, however, of the London winter season has been gained by Mr. Jones' very sensational play entitled "The Dancing Girl." The plot, as condensed for us by several leading journals, seems neither original nor attractive, but the success is undoubted. I expect it is human, strong and true. A play must be these three things. He—Mr. Jones—is now styled the English Sardou. This reminds me that once in New York, a well-known theatrical manager showed me the desk in which were stowed away such manuscripts and printed plays as had come into his possession during long years of association with a leading theatre. Four drawers were marked "G" and eight were labelled "F."

"I get most of my new pieces out of those drawers," said this candid gentleman (I wasn't given to rambling at that time, and he did not object to telling me some of the tricks of his trade), "G" stands for German and 'F' for French. I have a capital man at work nearly all the time upon these comedies, farces, vaudevilles, etc., and he is competent to turn out anything the public clamours for, from old English comedy to Fulton Ferry burlesque."

I have since been told the same thing by actors. It appears to be the rarest of all gifts—that of being able to produce an entirely original play capable of being staged and acted legitimately and properly, without obliteration, expurgation or alteration. I am glad to hear that D'Oyley Carte is announced to produce Edward Solomon's new comic opera at the Savoy Theatre in April. The subject of Mr. Solomon's latest work is "Eastern," and as yet unnamed. Mr. Solomon—by the way, I thought he was dead—has or had a charming gift of melody and is about the only English composer of light opera worthy to succeed Sir Arthur Sullivan. I recommend everyone to go this week and hear the delightful music of "Claude Duval." Of course I haven't seen the company. The "Corante," if properly danced, is very pretty, and there are various well-written numbers.

Dr. Ogden Jones is quite right to correct what was a badly-constructed sentence, conveying a wrong impression. The following items may interest my readers at large as well as those working in the field of medical science. Dr. Koch is no early riser; on the contrary, he only gets up at nine o'clock, unless there be some particular reason for commencing his day earlier. He takes a long time to

dress, as he is very particular, and makes his toilet at once for the day. Instead of drinking coffee for breakfast Dr. Koch takes a thick soup made of flour, into which he breaks an enormous quantity of toasted black bread. After this simple meal, he repairs to his laboratory, which he does not leave till two o'clock. At this hour dinner is served. It consists of soup, roast meat, and a light pudding. He takes his soup after the pudding. On the stroke of three a white horse from the livery stables stands before his door. On this animal the professor trots briskly off to the Thiergarten. This ride, for which he wears a rather peculiar riding suit, and an enormous slouch hat, lasts about an hour. The rest of his time till eight in the evening is devoted solely to study. At the supper, as sumptuous as the dinner is simple, there must always be three or four sorts of meat. Dr. Koch drinks during his meal large quantities of soda water. After his supper, and sometimes during his supper, he receives the visits of friends and acquaintances with whom he remains in lively conversation till midnight.

THE COMING OF SUMMER.

GRIM Winter rose and girded on his sword
To battle with the world; at each swift blow
The wind hissed cold, and at the sound abhorred
Birds ceased their singing and the river's flow
Stayed in its course; the sun's warm glow
Reached not the flowers thro' the air's dark frown;
The last leaves perished, and the crystal snow
Paled the soft bosom of the earth so brown
And all her pulsing life was frozen down.

Within Time's wondrous palace of past years
Nature sat grieving on her ancient throne;
Her furrowed cheeks were wet with scalding tears,
And from her wrinkled mouth 'scaped many a moan;
For she was brooding on delights long flown,
When all was bright and happy, and the land
Flourished in fruitfulness, and there was known
No sign of sorrow, ere stern Winter's hand
Gave right of spoil to all his ruthless band

"Ah me!" she cried aloud in accents sad,
"That ever son of Time should work such woe,
And he of all the offspring I have had
The eldest, unto whom my love did go
Like streams that meadow margins overflow
With rainy surfeit for the thirsty earth;
Whom I had hoped from childhood would upgrow
Rich in high thought, bold deed and noble worth,
And yet Woe's curse fell on him from his birth.

"And woe is mine, and fills my bitter cup,
When through the land I watch him yearly start
With that cold steel which freezeth all things up,
And Death for ally with his dernelful dart
And foul Disease in train. Ah! break my heart!
I dare not view the wreck that he hath done;
My soul hath felt enough of sorrow's smart,
Would God had finished all He hath begun,
Since all my best works perish one by one."

In simple beauty Spring knelt gently down,
Kissed the sad tears from Nature's care-worn face,
Smoothed from her thoughtful brow each troublous frown
With tender hands, that left of pain no trace,
And then upstood in modest maiden grace,
Saying, "Behold! mine hour hath come to me;
I go to make my love a resting-place
Against his coming from beyond the sea—
A throne most fitting for his sovereignty."

Then Nature smiled, and knew all would be well;
"Fare forth, dear Spring, sweet daughter and delight;
In thy brave hands I place a potent spell,
To put fierce Winter's pillagers to flight;
With this thou shalt bedeck the meads all bright,
And fill the woods with sounds of music rare,
While endless coming beauties shall alight
From every breeze that stirs the perfumed air,
To fill the world with joy beyond compare."

So Spring walked forth into the icy cold,
And as her first soft footfall touched the earth,
A joyous thrill on everything took hold,
And from the spot a snowdrop white had birth;
Then a bold robin piped across the dearth
Of frozen land a loud defiant sound,
When Winter knew his power was little worth,
And sped him forth to higher vantage ground,
With all his yelling rout fast flying round.

At every step of Spring new flowers sprang up—
Pale primrose, blue-bell, crocus many-hued,
Lily and cowslip, daisy, buttercup—
Among the new-green grass in floral feud,
Each with the soul of rivalry imbued,
Till holts and meadows far from east to west
Shone like a scene of Paradise renewed,
Or some king's wedding feast, where every guest
In brilliant splendour strives to pass the rest.

The birds set up a chorus of glad song,
Watching their nests among the shady trees;
Insects in quick innumerable throng
Made live the earth and air; gold-laden bees
Scorned the fine butterflies that flew at ease
Among the blossomed beauties of the fields;
The strong young leaves defied the assaulting breeze,
Spreading the brightness of their verdant shields
To guard the nursing fruit that Autumn yields.

Noons came and went, full of increasing bliss,
With nights wherein soft dews began to fall
Upon the sleeping land, like love's warm kiss;
The morning sky wove splendours over all,

And every sunset was a festival
Of blazing colour; till a pale young moon
Peered through the upper blue with languid face,
And led the laughing herald-hours of June.
That told of Summer's coming all too soon.

Where the thin moonbeams cast their joys along
A verdured vale of rapturous delight
Spring caught the echoes of the heralds' song,
And saw the flow'rets in the dead of night
Lift up their watchful faces, glad and bright,
And heard the birds soft singing thro' the shade;
Singing for Summer and the morning light;
Then sank her soul within her, and afraid
She watched the circuit that the fast moon made.

Away she sped in haste to her far home,
Time's palace, reared on Truth's eternal base,
Whose walls miraculous and wondrous dome
Wore scenes of beauty frescoed on their face,
And carvings magical great thoughts did trace
Through all the ages; there from her high seat
Nature smiled welcome with refulgent grace;
But Spring her sobbing breasts began to beat,
And fell down swooning at her mother's feet.

As Death, unseen, poised high his vengeful dart,
And Nature knelt beside Spring's fallen form,
Night's outer curtain 'gan to wave and part
Before the sun's first breath, so bright and warm;
The diamond dew to rainbows did transform,
The flowers raised up their heads to their full height,
The breeze bore on its wings a music storm,
As every bird sang forth in full delight
And loudest strain the sighings of the night.

And Spring, revived a little, moved her head,
And to her mother said, in accents mild:
"Before he comes, alas! I may be dead;
O hasten to him, mother, for thy child,
And give him this, I plucked it in the wild,
And tell him ere King Death his mantle throws
I would he kissed my lips, and on me smiled.
O haste thee, mother mine! take this white rose,
And bid him come my dying eyes to close."

With her last word the golden door swung free,
A blaze of sunshine scattered all the gloom,
Sweet music rolled in a voluptuous sea,
The radiant air was filled with scent and bloom,
And Summer stood, the bravest-hearted groom
That ever bride had waited for and won;
But Spring lay like an image on a tomb,
Her too-short pilgrimage already done,
Her blue eyes closed, her latest breath begun;

And as her soul forsook its frail abode,
Golden-haired Summer, with a cry of pain,
Across the threshold of Time's palace strode,
With tears that fell in showers like to rain,
Calling on Spring to come to life again.
But tears could not disturb her last repose,
And all the calling of his heart was vain.
Summer still thinks of Spring—his grief he shows
When golden raindrops fall upon the rose.

SAREPTA.

NEHILAKIN: A TRADITIONAL STORY OF OKA NAGON.

TO write a story, an authority has said, in the first place a person must have something to write about, and in the next must write that something properly. In relating the legend of Nehilakin there is plenty to tell, but to do justice to the beauty and wild grandeur of the scenery of the place where the events narrated are said to have occurred, or to invest the legend with the romance and poetry of the original native narrator, is a difficult task.

The winter had set in with unusual rigour; snow lay deep on the ground, covering the herbs and grass with a spotless mantle. The extreme cold had bound the great lake in icy chains. The deer were driven down from the mountains into the valley, and in their track came wolves and coyotes innumerable. But the deer though plentiful were thin and poor, and the Indians though capturing many could only eat a few; still the love of hunting is so strong in the Indian heart that the young men could not refrain from needless slaughter.

Among the hunters there was none so eager as Nehilakin. The icy crest that had formed on the incumbent snow, and cut like a knife the slender legs of the deer as they bounded through it, was not harder or colder than his heart; he hunted for the joy of killing and killed for the pleasure of destruction.

The old men, well knowing the consequences of indiscriminate slaughter, counselled the younger members of the tribe to refrain from killing game they could not eat; the young men, with the exception of Nehilakin, bowed in submission to their elders. Nehilakin, though he spoke not, listened with cold, glistening eye and scornfully curled lips, when the aged Hapkin warned the youths that if they abused the good gifts of the Great Chief some dire punishment would follow, and earnestly besought them to think what the suffering of the tribe would be should a scarcity of game result from their recklessness.

Moonlight is beautiful at all times, but in the winter it is transcendently beautiful. See how the silver flood of light breaks over the dark mountain tops, illumines the lofty pine and darting downward dances on the frozen, glassy lake; all is silver where the moonbeams play, else were all dark and drear.

Surely there is enchantment in the moonlight; look at the phantom shadows of the rocking pines how ghastly

they appear as they flicker over the sparkling snow; but look up at the pines themselves; they are covered with rare crystals of frost, and each crystal glistens like a precious gem. A soft, sweet, stillness seems to wrap the whole earth; it even penetrates the heart of man, causing him to lift his eyes to the heavens above, where the waning moon is just rising from behind the rugged mountain peaks, and the great giant Orion stands ready in the south for combat with the fiery-eyed Taurus.

The deep red glitter of Aldebaran is surely reflected in the heart of Nehilakin; though all about him is still and cold, his heart is burning within his breast, and as he strains the saddle girth of "Suppelma," he scarce notices that his fingers adhere to the icy, iron ring. Why should that grumbling old Hapkin grudge him his sport? If punishment betel him, would old Hapkin feel it? Was it worse to slaughter half-starved deer in the winter and end their sufferings, than to nap beaver in the summer when they were enjoying life? Nehilakin frowned, shook his head, and urged his horse forward towards a wooded slope, where he dismounted and tied him to the limb of a tree; then, stealing stealthily along with his eyes fixed on the untrodden snow he soon discerned tracks of a herd of deer, keeping within the long shadows of the trees he eagerly followed the tracks. A crisp rustling sound soon warned him to halt and examine his rifle; the sound came nearer and as his eyes sought the direction from whence it came then he became aware of the presence of the deer. The leader, a stately buck, advanced close to where Nehilakin stood; its eyes were fixed on his, and the expression of its face was almost human. Nehilakin raised his rifle, but ere he could place his finger on the trigger a strange giddiness seized him; he could hear the sound of mocking laughter, his rifle fell from his hands and he reeled forward, stretching out his hands to save himself, and lighted not on his hands but on his hoofs—his sinewy arms and long slender fingers had undergone a strange transformation; they were no longer human, they were the limbs of a deer. His body too had changed, he was no longer a man among men, but a deer belonging to the herd he had seen. With the changed body came a change of spirit; the once fiery fearless man looked timidly around him, the very wind moaning through the waving boughs startled him, and a dim fear of hunters haunted him, and his bewildered brain was dazed. Then a sound of horror fell on his ears, like the voice of a man in anguish and misery. The whole herd seemed to recognize the cry, and with a bound darted towards the stately buck, their leader; the buck threw back his antlered head with a proud air and putting himself in the lead bounded onward, followed by the whole herd. Nehilakin tried to follow, and although his trembling heart beat loudly he managed to follow—though far behind.

The cry came nearer and nearer; the hunter was now the hunted; nearer scounded the frightful howl and Nehilakin turned his head, and he could descry a large body of wolves rapidly gaining on him. Forward bounded the unfortunate Nehilakin in hopes of catching up with the herd; his eyes stared, his tongue lolled out of his mouth, foam gathered round his lips, his flanks heaved, as he plunged wildly through the crusted snow, now breaking through the frozen crust cutting his slender limbs, now stumbling in his haste. Nearer came the wolves; he could almost feel their burning breath, as they pressed closer and closer snapping at his haunches. A large black wolf now springs forward and plunges his fierce fangs into his legs, now another is springing at his throat, and then the whole pack is on him, struggling, fighting, tearing. Nehilakin's brain swims, a darkness descends; then slowly it clears off, and he finds the wolves have left him and are devouring something close to where he is lying; he looks cautiously around, the wolves are tearing and mangling a large deer; while he looks a savage desire seizes him—he longs to join the bloody banquet; he springs to his feet, shakes himself, no not himself, not a man, not a deer, but a wolf—a wolf with a ravenous desire for blood. He darts forward among the mass of snarling, fighting wolves, and begins tearing and bolting down morsels of the slaughtered deer. He sees another wolf has succeeded in tearing off a rib—in a moment he is on him and they tumble over and over in a giddy whirl of combat, biting and tearing one another, making hair fly in every direction, whilst a third wolf daringly thrusts his nose under them, and snatches the bone of contention. The banquet of blood is ended—gorged and weary the wolves disperse, some to seek repose, some to seek more prey. Nehilakin would fain have sought shelter of a clump of bushes, but as he went thither a large eagle that had been circling about swooped down on him and burying its long talons deep in his back, began to tear off large morsels of skin and flesh; in vain the tortured wolf sought to dislodge the torturing fiend on its back, the eagle continued to tear at the quivering flesh, until the liver was exposed; then as the eagle made one fatal dab, Nehilakin felt his spirit rise from torture and enter the eagle. Then came another change of disposition, a desire to rise and mount the heavens and soar nearer the glorious Sun, he relinquished his hold of the mangled carcass, he flapped his strong wings and rose, circling gradually upwards—he went no man knows whither.

The friends of Nehilakin, finding he did not return to the camp, went in search of him. They tracked his horse to the tree where it was tied; there they found the track of his moccasins and followed on until they came to his rifle lying on the ground where he had dropped it. Then his tracks became those of a deer—still they followed; the deer

tracks ended and those of a wolf took their place, the wolf track was followed till it was lost in an eagle's; then the eagle's tracks were lost where it had flown away, for nought more could be seen save the untrodden, spotless snow.

This story was told by an Okanagan Indian. I only wish that I could repeat it as graphically as he told it to me.

SARAH LOUISA ALLISON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A REMARKABLE DIFFERENCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

DEAR SIR,—The writer of the article in THE WEEK of the 6th inst., headed "A Remarkable Difference," is in error in stating that the repeal of the Scott Act in Portland "was due to that city having become a part of St. John, which had refused to adopt the Scott Act."

As a matter of fact, when the cities of St. John and Portland became one, the Provincial License Act, which is almost identical with that of Ontario, was being very effectively administered in the old city of St. John, while in Portland the Scott Act was ignored, and tavern-keepers were selling everywhere without let or hindrance. The astuteness of the lawyers in availing themselves of technical objections, more or less serious, was the chief cause of this unhappy state of affairs, though it might be fairly claimed that this was not the only cause. After the union of the cities the liquor traffic in the wards comprised in the former city of Portland remained beyond the control of the police until eventually an election was held in those wards with a result adverse to the continuance of the Scott Act. The desirableness of having uniformity of method in dealing with the trade within the entire area of the city had great influence with many advocates of temperance in determining their votes, but it cannot be doubted that some were influenced by the provisions of the Provincial Act. For instance, it is within the power of the ratepayers under the License Act, in any district, to refuse to sign the petition of any applicant for a license in the district, who, if unable to obtain the signatures of one-third of such ratepayers, cannot obtain a license.

That this provision is effective is apparent from the fact that no license to sell liquor is issued for Carleton on the western side of the harbour in St. John.

Feb. 13, 1891.

I. ALLEN JACK.

SIR MONIER WILLIAMS ON BUDDHISM.*

THE first chapter of this book, which was originally delivered as the "Duff Lectures" at Edinburgh in 1888, and in its revised shape has come to be accepted as perhaps the most complete English book on the Buddhist religion, contains introductory observations, such as the relation of Buddhism to Brahmanism, the connection of Buddhism and Jainism, and the general statement of the many-sided task which lies before the writer who undertakes to expound the religion of Buddha to the West.

Having thus, as it were, introduced the subject, the author comes in the second chapter to the life of the Buddha himself, the personal founder of a world-religion, the teacher whose person has left as deep and permanent an impression on the belief of his followers as Mahomet left upon the believers of Islam, or as the Man Christ Jesus has left upon the Christian Church in all ages. Having thus described what may be termed the Gospels of the Buddhist New Testament, Sir Monier passes on to the "Acts and Epistles," tracing in one chapter the growth of the Buddhist Scriptures, and in the next giving us a description of the Buddhist monastic system in its origin and later developments.

These three chapters having set before us in order the three permanent things through which salvation comes to the Buddhist believer—the Buddha, the Law and the Priesthood—we are next brought to a most interesting chapter on the philosophical doctrines of Buddhism.

In this we are shown how the doctrines of the Buddha are really based on Brahmanic teaching. There are always open for the Hindu, says Williams, three ways of obtaining salvation—the way of works, the way of faith, the way of knowledge. So long as the authority of the Brahmins is left unquestioned, the Hindu may take which he likes of these ways. The Buddha took one of these ways to the exclusion of the others, and called his teaching the way of *Bodhi* ("enlightenment"), as opposed to the way of the *Veda* ("knowledge by Revelation"), as though to imply that by intuition, inner consciousness, self-enlightening intellect, man can attain to a saving knowledge of the truth. What was the path thus pointed out? There are two causes of the ubiquitous human misery (both Brahmanism and Buddhism are pessimistic), lust and ignorance; and the cure for the two-fold misery is also two-fold—the suppression of lust and the removal of ignorance. This was the Buddha's teaching, but it did not originate with him; it was the common teaching of Brahman philosophy both before and after his time, and more especially of the Vedanta and Sankhya schools of philosophy.

Intimately connected with these four great truths about misery and the removal of misery is the general

* "Buddhism in its connection with Brahmanism and Hinduism, and in its contrast with Christianity." By Sir Monier Williams, New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company.

question of causation. In this point the Buddha was an Agnostic: "It is not proved that there is a God." But in this point, too, the Buddha had had precursors, for in the Sankhya system we find the same negation as exists in Buddhism. Among the Brahmins there were two divergent schools of thought holding divergent views about the personal spirit in man and the personal spirit in the universe, and "the real fact was that the divergence of the Buddhist doctrine from the Brahmanical, as stated in the Upanishads, was not greater than was to be expected from the difference of belief between the two systems in regard to the existence of soul." We should not forget that there was an agnostic Brahmanism as well as a deistic one.

In the next chapter—which treats of the Buddhist morality, which is deservedly ranked so high as a system—Monier Williams points out its total divergence from morality as understood in the West. If there is no world spirit to impose laws of morality, there is no sin, and as an ulterior consequence no duty either to God or to one's neighbour. Man's whole aim as a moral being must be to avoid actions which will bring demerit to himself, to do such good deeds as will increase his own stock of merit and bring him gain in the end. Thus we say in the West—taught by a law higher than Buddha's—that a man who is a householder has certain duties to his family, and that he must stay in his place and do his duty by those whom he has brought into the world. The teaching and example of Buddha were not so—they taught that a man's duty was only to himself; that salvation comes, not through one's duty, but by avoiding one's duty; that salvation only comes to those who can give up all their home and national ties, and devote themselves exclusively to their own salvation.

Candour compels us to admit that some of Christ's teachings might be taken as pointing the same way. "A man," we are told, "cannot be Christ's disciple, unless he hate his father and mother and wife and children." But to this there is in the Christian morality a significant addition, "yea and his own life also." And this "hating" of one's own belongings is something very different from the selfish isolation from the world which Buddha recommends. It is tempered in the Christian teaching by the command that except a man look after his own family and provide for them, he shall be an outcast and reprobate.

With the expulsion—probably peaceful as Monier Williams thinks—of Buddhism from India, we come to a change in the doctrine. In India, Buddhism became gradually merged in the Vaishnavite and Saiva sects of Hinduism which surrounded it. In Thibet, in China, in Japan it developed by its marvellous power of adaptation to local circumstances and human needs—and from the Agnosticism of Indian Buddhism we get the theistic and polytheistic systems of the "Greater Vehicle." This "theistic and polytheistic" Buddhism he shows to have been gradually developed by a process of first canonizing and then deifying the saints, sages and great men of the Buddhist Church. But though this will account for some of the Bodhisattvas, it does not account for them all.

Some of the Bodhisattvas of the Mahayana or Great system were merely quasi-deifications of eminent saints and teachers. Others were impersonations of certain qualities or forces; and just as in early Buddhism we have the simple triad of the Buddha, his Law and his Order, so in Northern Buddhism the worship of mythical Bodhisattvas—other than Maitreya—was originally confined to a triad, namely, (1) Manju S'ri, 'he of beautiful glory'; (2) Avalokites'vara, 'the looking down lord'; often called Padmapani, 'the lotus-handed'; (3) Vajrapani or Vajradhara, 'the thunderbolt handed.'

Of Buddhism as it appears in Japan we have very little notice. Sir Monier Williams does indeed point out that, though Japanese Buddhism is "Great Vehicle" Buddhism, and recognizes the Scriptures of the Northern Canon, it has nothing in common with Lamaism as it appears in Thibet and in some parts of China and Mongolia. It is in some senses a peculiar development suited to the national wants and aspirations of the people among whom it came. Then there follows a short description of the Monto and the Nichiren sects. The latter half of the book contains a great deal of well-arranged information on Buddhist worship, formularies, sacred places and usages. It is too exclusively drawn from Indian sources to be of any practical service in the study of Buddhism in the Far East.

In a volume of lectures written for delivery in a Christian Church it was perhaps unavoidable that the contrasts between Christianity and Buddhism should be made especially prominent, still we should ourselves have preferred to have seen, instead of contrasts, affinities. In teaching that which is the higher truth it is not necessary to demolish the lower truth. The Christian apologist of the early days of Christianity did not destroy the teaching which he found. He came as his master came, "not to destroy but to fulfil." For the Jew, the Christianity of the New Testament was founded on the Judaism of Old. For the Greek and Roman, the splendid wisdom of the Christian philosophy was founded upon the heathen wisdom of Aristotle, Plato and the Stoics. Other men laboured, the Christian entered into their labours, and the best Western wisdom of to-day is really the result of the Spirit of Christianity working upon the substructure laid by heathen research.

To-day we come to the East, and we find around us elaborate systems of religion and philosophy. Are we to destroy or to fulfil?

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

BELIEF IN GOD: its Origin, Nature and Basis. By Jacob Gould Schurman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.25. 1890.

This volume contains the Winkley Lectures of the Andover Theological Seminary for the year 1890—one of those useful foundations similar to those of Bampton and Boyle in England, which have produced so many admirable volumes in defence of the faith. The subject of the present volume is, of course, fundamental, and it here receives no unworthy treatment, which is to say a great deal. The lectures are six in number, and deal in succession with "Agnosticism," "The Logical Character of Belief in God," "The Origin and Development of Belief in God," "Belief in God as Cause or Ground of the World," "Belief in God as realizing Purpose in the World," and "Belief in God as Father of Spirits." The author's fundamental position is shown in the remark: "The fashion of this world passeth away, and despite its present frown I see no alternative to our ascription of self-consciousness to the one ultimate reality whose existence science obliges us to assume. For that reality must, to say nothing more, be so constituted that it shall be a unity in the midst of change. And this condition is satisfied, so far as our knowledge extends, only by self-conscious spirit, of which we are immediately aware in our own inner experience." The whole series of lectures may be said to be an exposition of these statements—the establishment of a belief in a Supreme mind which is cause or ground of the Universe, and which is visibly realizing its own purpose in the universe, and which, or rather who, is finally recognized as Father; and here the philosopher makes over his work to the theologian. There are many passages in these lectures to which we should like to direct the attention of our readers, and there are some few statements which we should feel constrained to criticize. Of the former kind we may mention passages as at p. 136, p. 154 (with some excellent remarks on the atomic theory), p. 196, p. 249. Of the former there are not many, but we may note some remarks at p. 82, which may be true for aught we know, but which we could not state with the certainty which the author manifests. Again, at p. 128, referring to Carlyle's opinion that his own generation was intensely self-conscious, the author says it "was of course like every other," which we do not at all believe. But these are small matters. The book is clear and strong and helpful.

THE SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STATISTICS OF RAILWAYS IN THE UNITED STATES TO THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1889.

This is an exhaustive and detailed statement contained in a volume of near 600 pages. It shows that the railway mileage of the United States on June 30, 1889, was 157,758.83 miles. The previous year the railway mileage was 149,901.72 miles. The increase is said to be due not wholly to new mileage, but is in part accounted for by the addition to the railway list of 117 private roads. The new mileage thus accounted for is 1,008.41 miles, leaving 6,848.70 as the length of new line brought into operation. Included in the mileage reported the number of bridges is found to be 40,600—of which 17,042 are constructed of wood, 8,185 of stone, 11,838 of iron, and 3,535 a combination of wood and iron. Tunnels to the number of 649, with an aggregate length of 608,012 feet have been reported, and trestles to the number of 117,271, with an aggregate length of 26,615,877 feet. Adding to the total what is called the "unofficial mileage," 8,084.20 miles of second track, 721.98 miles of third track, 530.91 miles of fourth track, and 31,715.15 miles of yard track, sidings and spurs, it makes a total length of track of 191,001.40 miles, and assuming the same ratio for unofficial mileage as for mileage for which reports have been received, it would swell the length of track to 200,249.79 miles. According to States the greatest length of track is in Illinois, which has 9,829.48 miles. Kansas, Iowa, Pennsylvania and Texas follow. The least mileage by States, outside the district of Columbia, which has but 30 odd miles, is Rhode Island, which only possesses 214.63 miles of railway. Delaware has a mileage of 305.69. The report shows that the 99 per cent. of the railway mileage is adjusted to two gauges of railway, the 4 feet 8½ to 4 feet 9 inches, and the 3 feet narrow gauge. Independently of stockholders, it is estimated that the railway industry of the United States provides a living for 3,000,000 persons. During the year the number of passengers carried was 472,171,343. The number of tons of freight carried was 539,639,583. The average gross earnings per mile of railways reported to the Interstate Commission was \$6,290, an average net earning of \$2,087. The returns show an increase in gross earnings over the preceding year, but a decrease in earnings per mile of line. During the year the total number of killed and wounded under the three heads, passengers, employees, and other persons, was 26,309 as against 25,885 for the preceding year. It is estimated that railway accidents are the cause of one death for every 357 employees, and one injury for every 35 employees. In England the ratio is one death to every 875, and one injury to every 158. In the United States one passenger is killed for every 1,523,133 carried, while in England only one out of every 6,942,336 is killed.

"AGRICULTURE in Public Schools" is the name of a small pamphlet containing an important and instructive

We find in Confucius a moral teacher, perfect as far as this world is concerned. Not as perfect a moral teacher as Christ, but one who *as far as he goes* is almost identical with him. We are not the enemies of Confucius—Confucius properly treated is the advocate of Christ.

So in Buddhism we have much that is of avail for Christian purposes; a substructure which we do not seek to destroy but to fulfil.

We begin with the life of Buddha, and we remember that the arguments for the genuineness of the Buddhist tradition rest upon much the same evidence as the arguments for the genuineness of the Christian traditions with respect to the Christ, the veracity and authenticity of manuscripts, the uniformly expressed belief of disciples, the points attacked by unbelievers. We therefore accept the Buddha as a historical fact in the same sense as we accept Christ as a historical personage.

There is a striking resemblance between the life of the two in their outward aspects; there is also a striking divergence in internals. The one obtains enlightenment from within, the other gets light from without, from His Heavenly Father.

Buddha—self-enlightened—is an Agnostic. That is a sound logical position. A man left to himself cannot find out God. He can but say, "I have no means to determine whether God exists or not."

Leaving God out of the question for the moment, the mind of man goes on working on that which it has before it. Modern Agnostic Science—Agnosticism is not necessarily anti-Christian—has achieved splendid triumphs; it has established the great scientific fact of Development. Development, we are told, is nothing else than the Buddhist Karma, the ceaselessly working law of Cause and Effect. It is quite true. Modern Science and Ancient Buddhism can go hand in hand. Christianity as yet has no cause for quarrel with either. It can afford to wait patiently for future developments.

We trace the further progress of Buddhism and we find that it does not abide in Agnosticism. "Development," we have been told, "accounts for everything but itself": Karma explains a great deal, but fails to fully satisfy the needs of man. Hence came, among the Buddhists and mystics, the necessary development of embodied ideas. Unable to rest in Agnosticism, and unprovided with a special revelation of the Unseen, Buddhism invented for itself deities or quasi-deities to whom the heart could yield the homage which it yearns to give to some one or something.

So we come to those beautiful Creations of the human mind; Amida, Lord of Life and Light unbounded; Kwannon, or Avalokites'vara, the Lord that looked from Heaven—or in the Bhagavadgita, the incarnate Krishna.

These things are the testimony of the human mind as to the need of a revelation of God in whom alone intellect and heart can rest satisfied. Surely, the Christian can build on this foundation.

The Buddhist has his Amida, his Kwannon—the Christian has his Amida and Kwannon also. But the one worships in ignorance, the other knows whom He worships. The Amida and Kwannon of Buddhism are myths, inventions of man, suited to human cravings, but *absolutely without historical foundations*, unless we are prepared to admit the theory, which after all has much to recommend it, that we have in "Buddhism," both agnostic and theistic, a special teaching from God suited to the needs of the people of India and China, and leading them from strength to strength till they can come to be presented before the God of Gods in Zion.

Christ—a historical personage as clearly proved and substantiated as the Buddha—is a genuine Kwannon, "a lord that looked down from Heaven to behold and visit His people." In the revelation which He gave is the true revelation of the genuine Amida—the Lord of Life and Light—"dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto," but extending His mercy to all men.

The "theological" ideas of Northern Buddhism and of Christianity are in idea one and the same; the difference between them is this: the one has developed its ideas from its inner consciousness; the other has the historical facts which correspond to those ideas, and which are therefore the completion of them.

So Buddhism is but the pedagogue leading us to Christ, from misery to bliss; from the knowledge of man to the knowledge of the Perfect Man; from the Trinity of three Persons—will, reason, emotions, which exist co-equal and co-eternal in every man—to the perfectly balanced Trinity of the Godhead who is the beginning and the end of Creation.

ART NOTES.

ALEXANDER POPE'S latest work is the portrait of a fine Holstein cow, which is of large size, with a handsome black and white hide. The artist painted his subject in broad sunlight, making some fine effects of light and shadow, and producing a very successful work.

PRINCE VICTOR of Hohenlohe has completed the plaster cast of the life-size statue of the Princess of Wales subscribed for by English ladies. Prince Victor is said to have succeeded in producing a striking presentment of the princess. She is presented in the doctor's cap and gown belonging to her Dublin musical degree.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has sent to a friend in Liverpool an account of his various journeys in the Holy Land in search of local details for his great picture of "The

Triumph of the Innocent." It was on the plain of Philistia, "about Samson's country," that he secured the back ground and surroundings which were to determine the finished character of the composition. On his first journey he met many native parties, in all of which there were features to be gathered of use for his object, as in the manner of loading the ass, the articles forming the load, the posture adopted by women in riding, the fashion of carrying tools used for the man's trade—when he was a handicraftsman—and the habit of saving the shoes when the traveller was not in a place where his feet might be defiled. Then there was the way of wearing the costume. When at last the artist had found the group of trees over the water-wheel which is in the central part of the picture—it being full moon at the time—he unpacked a portable canvas, and sat throughout the nights painting this in complete form. These first steps being completed, Mr. Hunt returned to Jerusalem, there to work upon the large canvas, until, having gradually ascertained what further he wanted, he took another journey to the land of "the sloping firs" which figure on the right of the picture, and there encamped, painting this portion of the work.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

"SHIPWRECKED" (*i. e.*, "Schiffbrüchig") is the somewhat sensational title of a new opera just completed by Paul Geisler, and to be brought out by the indefatigable Hamburg impresario, Pollini.

A STORY is told that when acting at the Haymarket, Badderley quarrelled with Foote and challenged him to a duel with swords, upon hearing of which Foote exclaimed: "Oh! the dog! So I have taken the spit from my kitchen and stuck it by his side, and now the fellow wants to stick *me* with it." Badderley had been cook to Foote. His culinary and comic arts are alike commemorated by his singular bequest.

THE Hamburg Stadttheatre orchestra has been furnished with new string instruments, all of them made after Stradivarius models by Zacharias Zach, the Vienna instrument maker. The effect at a recent first rehearsal is said to have been particularly pleasing and homogeneous. Gericke once had the same idea for the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Higginson is said to have been willing to try the experiment, but it was never done.

THE London Royal Academy authorities have just adopted a much needed reform by appointing a lady as one of the professors. At the Royal College and the Guildhall School of Music the absurdity of training women as teachers and then forbidding them to teach at the institution at which they have studied has always been recognized. The Royal Academy has now also reverted to the good old custom, and Miss Kate Steel, who was a pupil of Mr. Randegger, and is a highly gifted teacher, has accordingly been appointed a professor of singing.

THE latest success in Paris is "Ma Cousine," a comedy by Henri Meilhac. Gabrielle Rejane has the principal role. Throughout the first act she does not rise from the sofa on which she is seated when the play opens, but no one seems to notice the fact, so constantly does she vary her graceful poses. In the second act she plays a pantomime, after the fashion of "Le Pierrot Prodigieux"—a version of which is to be done by Ada Rehan next year—and introduces a cancan which she learned from "La Goulue," the famous *danseuse* of the Moulin Rouge.

A PARIS correspondent says of Sardou, the great French dramatist: "Sardou has few friends. The only way to gain his favour is to feed him with flattery. His wonderful success has transformed the timid, hard-working writer of other days into a colossal egotist. In manner, he is brusque and dictatorial. All the artists at the theatre are afraid of him, for he is the most arduous of taskmasters during a rehearsal. Only the 'divine Sarah' can tame this dramatic bear. She goes to him for ideas, but she does not allow him to order her around. What has aroused the ire of Parisians lately is his reply when asked his opinion of Lamartine, whose statue has just been unveiled with great pomp and ceremony. 'I've got other things to think about than the eulogy of Lamartine,' said Sardou; 'he played us a bad turn in 1848. In a republic with three consuls, Lamartine, Hugo, and Danton ran off to the savages.'"

ON Friday evening last a song recital was given at the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists, which reflected great credit upon those who took part in it as well as the ladies to whom the audience were indebted for the artistic enjoyment afforded them. Mr. Francis Fisher Power's voice is a baritone of exceptional purity and richness of tone, which by judicious training and the superb command which its possessor exercises over it produces an effect that must be felt to be adequately understood. Mrs. Gerrit Smith is the possessor of an admirable and well cultivated voice. Mrs. Blackstock's rendering of the accompaniments, as well as the instrumental selections, was deserving of high praise. Mr. Blackwood's violin solos were also well rendered. At the conclusion of the recital, the Hon. G. W. Allan gracefully conveyed the thanks of the audience to Mrs. Blackstock, who we may be permitted to add is by her generous and zealous devotion to literature, and music and art, setting an example to the community, which it would be well for Canada if more of her wealthy sons and daughters would follow.

address delivered before the Ontario Teachers' Association, by Mr. J. E. Bryant.

Knowledge, the encyclopaedic magazine published by John B. Alden, New York, continues to bring its weekly quota of fresh and useful information on the great variety of subjects which come within its scope.

THE *Scientific American* upholds its reputation as one of the most useful journals issued in the United States, in its beautifully illuminated and admirably written "Architects and Builders Edition" of this month.

THE *Illustrated London News* of the 7th inst. has a striking profile sketch from life of the late George Bancroft from the pencil of Carl J. Becker. The issue of the 14th presents us with Winchester, in the great schools of England series.

Book Chat for February contains a review of "Some Recent French Books," selections from current American and English books, and the usual reviews and indices of periodical literature which make it always a welcome visitor to all who are interested in the current literary life.

"To the East Westwards" in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for February is one of those instructive and authoritative articles by which Sir George Baden Powell, M.P., is doing so much good to Canada and the Empire. "British Guiana" is another very interesting article by Sir Charles Bruce, K.C.M.G.

THE February *Wide Awake* has a ballad by Mary Bodley, the subject of which is a Crusading Ancestor (and his heroic wife) of our able representative at Washington, Sir Julian Pauncefote. The other poems of the number and the stories are in keeping with the character of this popular publication for juveniles.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S "Nikolai Palkin" in the February *Cosmopolitan* will add nothing to his literary fame but will throw fresh light on some of his more peculiar sociological and religious views. Among the other articles of this magazine for this month many are highly interesting, notably, "Châteaux in Touraine," "Prince Talleyrand and His Memoirs," "Amateur Portraiture in Photography," and "Gambling Sharps and Their Tools." All these are profusely illustrated.

FEBRUARY'S *Forum* contains much interesting matter. The political articles on "The Vanishing Surplus," by Senator Carlisle, and on "The Government and the Indians," by Hiram Price, are timely. The two scientific articles, both by well-known men, are suggestive and full of thought: Dr. Maudsley's "The Physical Basis of Mind," and Major Powell's "The Four Modes of Life." The formative influences of this number consist of autobiographical reminiscences in the education of Professor Gildersleeve.

THE *Methodist Magazine* contributes its share to the Wesley Centennial Celebration by a special number. Among its articles are: "Footprints of Wesley," with many engravings; "Last Days of Wesley," by Luke Tyerman, with portrait; "Mother of the Wesleys," by Dr. Potts, with portrait; "Wesley and Methodism," by Dr. J. O. Clark; "Wesley as seen by his Contemporaries"; "Wesley and Literature," by Dr. Punshon; "Methodism in the Eighteenth Century," by the Editor; Symposium of Methodism, by leaders of modern thought.

Cassell's Family Magazine for February begins with the instalment of the serial, "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers." A poem to "The Queen of the Ice" is followed by a paper on the "Census" and a ballad in humorous vein, called "The Manger," by James F. Sullivan. "Memories of Milan" is a bright paper on that attractive city. "Their Mysterious Business" is the title of an amusing story about artists and their "pot boilers." "The Key-note of Dinner" is by A. G. Payne. There is also a paper full of sound advice on "How to Choose a House."

"THE Portraits of John Ruskin" ushers in the February number of the *Magazine of Art*. The famous art critic is depicted from the tender age of three and a-half years to his vigorous prime. The frontispiece is a photograph of Sir J. E. Millais' portrait of Ruskin. "The Proper Mode and Study of Drawing" is by W. Holman Hunt, illustrated by the writer. Another paper describes "Mr. Brocklebank's Collection at Childwall Hall," including one full page illustration after Millais, called "The Wolf's Den." "Belvoir Castle and its History" is carefully written by F. Stephenson. Harry Furniss contributes a paper on "The Illustrating of Books" from "the Humorous Artist's Point of View." "Alfred Hunt," the popular English painter, is from the pen of Frederick Wedmore.

THE *Arena* for this month is a notable number, notable not so much from the subjects discussed, but from the manner of discussion. Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace once again argues on behalf of "Phantasms of the Dead," taking strongly to task the Society for Psychical Research. Many will agree with his strictures but few with his conclusions. M. Camille Flammarion writes an interesting paper on "New Discoveries on the Planet Mars." Mr. Davis argues for the "State Control of Railways." Mr. John Welch has some very telling sentences on the "Mosaic Account of the Fall." The rest of the periodical is largely occupied with those many sided questions which in this number appear under the various titles: "Morals and Fig-leaves," "Woman's Dress," "Deplorable Social Conditions," "Masculine Immorality," "The Age of Consent," etc.

Blackwood's for February is teeming with bright, timely and instructive articles. "The Royal Stuarts and their Capital" is a discriminative review of Mrs. Oliphant's "Royal Edinburgh" and "Relics of the Royal House of Stuart," the introduction by Dr. Skelton and illustrations by William Gibb. "Yankee Homes and Buffalo Haunts" is a graphic globe-trotting narrative by Captain Andrew Haggard. "Lord Houghton" is an appreciative review of the biography, by T. Wemyss Reid. Helen Zimmern gives a philosophic present day examination of "Political Crime and Revolution," by Professor Lombroso of Turin. "An Evening with Schliemann" vividly depicts the striking personality of the great archaeological explorer whose death was a loss to the world. Other contributions sustain the interest of the number.

FICTION opens the bright pages of the *Quiver* for February. "The Old Quince Tree" is the title of the story, a love story of course. "An Address to Members of the Metropolitan Police Force" is by the Lord Bishop of Rochester. "A Chinese New Year" is described with pen and pencil. The serial story, "Sifted as Wheat," grows in interest. The paper on "God in the Book of Nature" is full of suggestion. "From Santa Claus" is the title of a pretty little story; then comes a poem by George Weatherly called "Noël." "Self-Restraint" is by Rev. J. Stephen Barras. The Rev. Newman Hall contributes a paper entitled "Is It Well With Thee?" "Work in the Master's Name" describes missionary work in the New Hebrides; and Mrs. Henry M. Stanley illustrates a poem called "Water Cress!"

THE Seventh Annual Report of the Toronto Public Library shows a surprising advance in the instructive and recreative work of this admirable public institution, all along the line. The abolition of customs dues, the visit of the chief librarian to England and its excellent results, the success of the city branches; and the large acquisition of old, rare, and valuable books—many of which have a most important bearing on the varied phases of Canadian life in by gone days—are subjects of congratulation. The Report is a substantial proof of the usefulness of our Public Library, and of the efficiency of the librarian, Mr. Bain, his assistants, Mr. Davy and Mr. Haultain, and the other officials; as well as of the sound judgment and public spirit of the board of management and their able chairman of last year, His Honour Judge McDougall.

THE Canadian Institute begins a new series of transactions. Without saying that its contents are superior to its predecessors, the present number is undoubtedly more attractive. Last summer the Institute held a special meeting at Niagara and the result is shown in the contents, "Newark in 1792," and "The Hurons," by D. B. Read, Q.C. "First Legislative Work of Upper Canada," by Wm. Houston; "Survey of Niagara Township," by Dr. Canniff; "Slavery in Canada," by J. C. Hamilton, and an excellent article on two Frontier Churches, by Janet Carnochan. These are papers of permanent value and make this volume indispensable to a Canadian library. The Diary (all too short) of Governor Simcoe's journey to Lake Simcoe, kept by the late Hon. Alex. Macdonell, shows that Lake Simcoe was so named after Captain Simcoe, R. N., and not his brother, the Governor, as is generally supposed. The communications on Canadian Ornithology and the abstract of those published by the Institute during the last forty years show painstaking research.

PERHAPS the article to which most readers will at once turn in the *Contemporary Review* for February will be "The Ethics of Wine-Drinking and Tobacco-Smoking," by the great literary Russian reformer, Count Leo Tolstoi. The count holds that "The consumption of these products is, beyond all doubt, highly pernicious, is fraught with terrible evils, the reality of which are admitted by all, evils that work the ruin of more men and women than are laid low by all the bloody wars and infectious diseases that decimate the human race." This is a sweeping statement and the great Russian proceeds to his proof by argument, personal experience and observation, by illustration, and anecdote, and inference which lead him to conclude "that by far the greatest part of all that is done in this world of ours, both by those whose profession is to guide and teach others, and by those who are thus guided and taught, is done in a state of ebriety." This may be true of Russia. But then, thank Heaven, Russia is not the world. The remaining articles are of interest and are ably written.

Outing for February is a thoroughly representative number from first to last. Osbert Howarth, who was sent by *Outing* to the Azores on a cycling tour with rod, gun and camera, gives his interesting experiences. Every lover of adventure or foreign scenes will be delighted by Howarth's story of the *Outing Expedition* in Mid-Atlantic. Rowing at Oxford furnishes, in an illustrated article, an attractive picture of college life in England. "Curling" finds an enthusiastic chronicler in G. E. Gordon. "Turkey Tracking in Canadian Snow Fields" is from the facile pen of Ed. W. Sandys, and in fishing the Silver King, Mortimer Murphy, puts before his readers another of the popular sports of Florida's delightful winter. C. A. P. Talbot, who contributes the Azoff article, has had residential and official opportunities of which he has availed himself. Zu Beckler's article on wolf hunting on the northern slopes of the Pyrenees relates to last year's hunt. John L. Anderson writes of a shooting adventure in South China. Mr. Walter Camp reviews the past season of college

football, and J. Parmly Paret, lawn tennis in 1890. "The Active Militia of Canada" papers are concluded. In fiction the piece de resistance is the wonderful story of Edgar Fawcett, "The Pink Sun."

CLYDE FITCH contributes the complete novel to the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is called "A Wave of Life," and the scene is laid in New York City, the author's own home. The characters are drawn from among the fashionable and literary people of that metropolis. The story is full of cleverly-managed scenes and bright and sparkling dialogues, and has a strong and bright and sparkling interest. R. H. Stoddard contributes a delightful paper upon the poet-painter, Thomas Buchanan Reid. This article is one of a series of papers upon American authors, which Mr. Stoddard is contributing to *Lippincott's Magazine*. "The Mountain Mirage" is the title of a strange and thrilling story of adventure told by Joaquin Miller. The name of the clever and versatile society woman who writes under the *nom de plume* of Julien Gordon appears twice upon the table of contents of this number. In an article entitled "An American Kew," Julian Hawthorne advocates the establishment in America of botanical gardens, akin to the Kew Gardens in England. Charles Howard Shinn, in an article entitled "West of the Sierras," gives an excellent idea of the rapid growth and development of the State of California. "The New Theory of the Universe," an article by Charles Morris, discusses a theory based on meteoric aggregation. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Frank Dempster Sherman, Maurice Francis Egan and other poets contribute to this number.

A PORTRAIT of the subtle and renowned diplomatist, whose historic figure looms so largely before the eye of the literary world at the present moment, forms the frontispiece of the February *Century*. The representation of the youthful Talleyrand is striking and effective, and adds greatly to the intensely interesting paper which accompanies it. The prompt and popular presentation of these memoirs by the *Century* to its readers is one of the most signal triumphs of United States' energy and enterprise, in the field of literature, which the epoch which gives its name to this magazine has seen. The California series continue their interest and are of historic value. Edward Eggleston successfully launches "The Faith Doctor." Théodore Rosseau and "The French Landscape School" are discussed in an article with adequate illustrations by Charles de Kay. The life of "Sister Dolorosa" ebbs out into the fathomless sea of eternity with touching pathos from the rocky wave-washed shore of the leper settlement at Honolulu. Mr. Rockhill continues his record of Thibetan travel. And the great advocate of Imperial Federation, Mr. George R. Parkin, contributes one of his forceful and masterly papers entitled "The Anglo-Saxon in the Southern Hemisphere: the Workingman in Australia," which for keenness of insight, breadth of comprehension and power of philosophic comparison adds to his reputation as perhaps the greatest living authority on the political, racial, and geographical status of the varied yet united people who form the British Empire. Of the poems Edward E. Stevenson's "Anglomaniac" in sentiment and spirit is all that it should be. Such a poem is a credit to its author's heart, head and nationality, and atones for many a narrow and ungenerous creed that has visited us from across the border. R. H. Stoddard's sonnet to George B. Butter is rather self appreciative, while "A Monody on the death of Wendell Phillips," by T. B. Aldrich, is decidedly Whitmanesque. The short stories are well told and the number on the whole is excellent.

IN the *North American Review* for February, the Count of Paris, Maj.-Gen. Howard, Maj.-Gen. Slocum and Maj.-Gen. Doubleday unburden themselves on another of the time-worn war topics, "Gettysburg Thirty Years After." Surely the peace loving citizens of the United States will soon have sufficiently satiated the readers of their review and magazine literature with the "pomp and circumstance" of their internecine strife. It is sad to see a family quarrel. It is even sadder to see, for a quarter of a century after its close, the skeletons of the dead drawn from "their dread abode" and, ever and anon, put through their dismal facings by their surviving relatives. Does it not forcibly recall to our readers Mrs. Allison's vivid narrative in our last number of the sepulchral habits of our Indians in the interior of British Columbia. Cannot Speaker Reed, who contributes the next article on "A Deliberative Body," or Major McKimley call a halt? In the article last mentioned, the Speaker makes the statement that "In America like progress has been made as in England in the work of reducing popular government to a farce." Sir Charles Dilke analyzes "The Talleyrand Memoirs." The girls who do not marry are put through their facings by Mrs. Kate G. Wells. An article worth reading is "The Jamaica Exhibition," by Sir Henry Blake, Governor of the Island. Mr. Homer Greene gives the world a poser in the query, "Can Lawyers be Honest?" In "Fair Play to the Indian," George Truman Kercheval arises as another of the "Cloud of Witnesses" who have proclaimed the awful truth to the civilized world, that the George Kennans of the United States have within the limits of their own native land the amplest field for the exercise of all their philanthropic ardour, and moral heroism, and in the same field Mr. John D. Barry can find without research one of the most striking exemplifications of the timely subject which he discusses, "The Brutality of Man."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE *Evening Telegraph* is a new Montreal paper which cannot be said to support the Conservative party.

THE American Academy of Political and Social Science will shortly issue a translation of Prof. Meitzen's great work on Statistics.

EDWARD BELLAMY is about to start a weekly Nationalist newspaper in Boston to be called the *New Nation*. The first number will appear this month.

MR. WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE has in press a volume of poems called "Songs of the Human," which, we doubt not, will heighten its author's reputation.

THE venerable French author, Jules Simon, does the greater part of his writing while in bed. He lies flat on his back, and writes on a tablet of paper held above him.

HARPER AND BROTHERS have in course of publication an important series of works on Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers. That on "Sir Robert Peel" is nearly ready for publication.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY announce "Adventures on the Mosquito Shore," a book of travels written in a popular form by E. G. Squier, at one time U. S. Minister to the Central American States.

MRS. WILLIAM MORRIS, wife of the London artist, poet and Socialist, is said to be the most beautiful woman in the world. She goes out but little, and is rarely seen by the multitude who visit her husband.

W. CLARKE RUSSELL, whose sea stories have such remarkable dash, breeziness and out-of-door freedom, has long been a hopeless and well-nigh helpless invalid, chained to an indoor existence in an inland town.

THE first instalment of "Some Familiar Letters by Horace Greeley" will be a feature of the March number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. This is a remarkable series of letters written by Horace Greeley to an intimate friend.

A NEW volume by Mr. Aldrich, "The Sisters' Tragedy, with other Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic," will be published shortly by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Also a new volume by Bret Harte, containing "A Sappho of Green Springs," and other stories.

"ACROSS East African Glaciers" is the title Dr. Meyer has given to his account of the first ascent of Mount Kilimanjaro, one of the most important events of recent African exploration. It will be published immediately in this country by Longmans, Green and Company.

UNTIL quite recently the old Essex Head Tavern on the Strand, London, which was one of Dr. Johnson's favourite resorts, has been kept by two Misses Fielding, who were descendants of the author of "Tom Jones." Now, however, the old building is to be pulled down.

GEORGE MEREDITH, the English poet and novelist, is of very delicate constitution, so far as outward signs can be depended upon, but he has a magnetic personality, although he speaks with a rather unpleasant drawl. He writes in a small house separated from his residence, and usually spends several hours each day in this retreat.

Public Opinion, the eclectic weekly of Washington and New York, has just announced the offer of three cash prizes of \$150, \$100, and \$50 respectively, for the best three essays upon the question: "Is any extension and development of trade between the United States and Canada desirable; if so, what are the best means of promoting it?"

ROBERT CLARKE AND COMPANY, of Cincinnati, have reprinted "Withers' Chronicles of Border Warfare," printed in 1831; "Haywood's Civil and Political History of Tennessee," printed in 1823; "Haywood's Natural and Aboriginal History of Tennessee," of same date, and "Venable's Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley." All works of historic interest.

WE have received some excellent pamphlets published by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, comprising the following: "Dairy Farming and Ranching," "100 Farmers Testify," "The Canadian North-West," "Free Farms," "A Scotch Farmer's Success," and "British Columbia." They contain a vast amount of useful information, secured by special commissioners, and contain numerous illustrations of farming operations, etc., upon the prairies, also a great number of letters from settlers.

MR. JOHN MACLEAN, whose death has followed so closely on that of his son James, recently referred to by us, was one of the clearest and ablest editorial writers in Canada. The policy of protection so well known as "The National Policy" found in him one of its earliest and most forceful advocates. Mr. Maclean's articles on economic and financial questions were amongst the ablest that have been written on those questions in the range of Canadian journalism.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce two important works, "Poole's Index to Periodical Literature," New revised edition. In two volumes, royal octavo; and "Hannibal," a history of the Art of War among the Carthaginians and Romans down to the Battle of Pydna, 168 B. C., with a detailed account of the Second Punic War. With 227 charts, maps, plans of battles and tactical manoeuvres, cuts of armour, weapons and uniforms, by Theodore Ayrault Dodge, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel United States Army, Retired List. Of this latter work it is said that like the "Alexander" of the same author, this book narrates the military achievements of its hero, and

contributes very distinctly to an understanding of the origin and growth of the art of war.

A DISCOVERY of importance has been made in the National Library at Cracow. Dr. Torembovich has found a number of manuscripts of Spanish songs, romances, comedies and novels hitherto unknown, and dating from the sixteenth century. They include twenty-six "pliegos sueltos" of songs upon the themes of love and the Moorish wars. The public library at Prague possesses a few books and manuscripts of this kind, but Madrid has absolutely nothing in this department of Spanish literature. Among the most remarkable of the manuscripts which have come to light is a poem upon "The Child King Boabdil, El Rey Chico, Who Lost Granada." The Academy of Science at Cracow intends to publish full details of the discovery, which is likely to excite great interest in Spain and in literary circles everywhere.—*London Standard*.

THE meeting of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company, which was held on the 16th instant, was in every respect a satisfactory one. It is gratifying to read the following expressions in the President's report, coming as they do from a competent source and referring to the affairs of a Toronto loan and savings company of twenty-eight years standing: "The standing of the Company being now so well known and appreciated by investors, we have no difficulty in obtaining all the money we require on most favourable terms. The earning power of the Company consequently has never been larger, and we may look forward with confidence to a steady continuance of the same satisfactory returns to our shareholders that have so uniformly characterized each year of the Society's existence." Such statements as these warrant us in saying, that on the showing of these important Canadian financial companies whose interests are intimately interwoven with those of our farmers and landowners, we have just cause to be assured of the prosperity and progress of our country. We observe that the large dividend of ten per cent. has been awarded, after payment of all charges, to the stockholders; and that out of a mortgage security of six millions and a half, one-fifth has been paid back this last year by borrowers. A balance of over thirty thousand dollars was also carried to the contingent account.

MR. E. W. THOMSON'S remarkable letters to the *Toronto World* on the issues of the present campaign are one of its most striking features. Mr. Thomson's rare literary ability, his wide and accurate knowledge of public affairs, and the fact that for many years he has been one of the foremost editorial writers of the Reform press of Canada give to his letters the unusual weight and significance which has caused them to be copied and quoted by the foremost journals and most prominent speakers in Canada at the present hour. To this may be added the fact that Mr. Thomson is a man with an unblemished record as a public man as well as in private life, who, though he is a friend of the United States, is a still greater friend of Canada. The main reply to Mr. Thomson's arguments so far presented seems to be, the assertion, that he was discharged from the position of chief editorial writer of the *Globe* by Sir Richard Cartwright. Mr. Thomson has replied in a public letter that this is false, and that he resigned his position on the *Globe* for reasons closely connected with those, which he is now publicly urging upon his fellow-countrymen. Neither the *Globe* nor any of the Liberals have so far contradicted this reply. The truth seems to be that Mr. Thomson is simply giving the public the benefit of his wide knowledge of the politics and public affairs of Canada from the standpoint of an independent volunteer in the campaign, and is attacking the policy of Sir Richard Cartwright by enunciating the principles of an orthodox Canadian Liberal.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Boldwood, Rolf. Colonial Reformer. \$1.25. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Burnham, J. Hampden, M.A. Canadians in the Imperial Service. \$1.50. London: W. H. Allen & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Corbett, Julian. Sir Francis Drake. 60c. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Davis, Harriet Riddle. Gilbert Elgar's Son. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Farrington, Margaret Vere. Fra' Tippe Lippi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Houghton, Geo. The Crystal Button. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Jerome, K. Jerome. Told After Supper. \$1.00. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Jephon, A. J. Mounteney. Emin Pasha. \$3.75. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- Litchfield, Grace Denio. Little Venice and Other Stories. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Morris, Wm. News from Nowhere. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- O'Donnell, Jessie F. Knickerbocker Nuggets. Love Poems. Vol. I, II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Preston, Margaret J. Aunt Dorothy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Paull, Mrs. Geo. A. Prince Dimple. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Squier, E. G. Adventures on the Mosquito Shore. 50c. New York: Worthington & Co.
- Smith, Goldwin, D.C.L. Canada First. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

TO MINE OWN COUNTRY.

O COUNTRY mine, Canada, beautiful maiden,
Stayed, in thy course, with irresolute feet,
Where the path from the forest, all gloom-begirt, laden
With odours of pines, and the upland road meet!

Behind are the perils thy wisdom eluded,
The foes that thy courage undaunted hath slain,
The clearings, once giant encumbered, denuded,
And broad acres greening or golden with grain.

Think not of the past, with its echo of gladness,
Its flush of achievement, its portion of pain,
Its dawning day darkened with noontide of sadness
And April sun breaking through cloudlets of rain.

Why pause when before thee the highway is rounding,
To rise to the prairie to sweep to the lea,
With deep restful valleys and rivers abounding,
And mountains whose purple heads flush o'er the sea.

Take heart and push onward! The morning is waning,
The noon with its shadowless glory is near—
Still trust in the God who hath led thee, disdaining
The thought of disaster that prompts thee to fear.

No longer a child of the forest, a woman
Whom destiny waits with a sceptre to sway,
Go bravely to meet or the friend or the foe man,
Who welcomes thy coming or stands in thy way.

And He who is Lord of the forest and fountain,
The sweep of the prairie, the swathe of the sea,
An Ancient of days, when the scour of the mountain
Was rent by the storm-cloud's incarnadined glee.

Who sitteth supreme o'er the nations forever,
Shall guide thee to greatness and shield thee from shame,
Shall crown with completeness each honest endeavour
That's done in the truth and the trust of His name.

Kingston, 1890.

REV. PROF. K. L. JONES.

OUR OWN CANADIAN AXE.

WHAT have artists against the Canadian or narrow chopping axe that they should misrepresent it so grossly? We never yet but once saw a true picture of one, and that was in *Harper's Weekly* about a year ago. It was in a Canadian camping scene by Frederic Remington, the most accurate of American artists.

But even he seems to be losing his grip on the axe, or else the engraver does him an injustice, because, in one of his latest pictures of the Pine Ridge trouble, he represents an American soldier in the act of chopping the frozen ground; the axe head is not so badly drawn, but the handle is a monstrosity. No one but a "Jap" could work with such a thing.

The Canadian chopping axe and the lumberman's hewing broadaxe are tools or implements, which, when properly made and hung, are perfection in themselves—they cannot be improved on; but who ever saw one correctly drawn in a picture?

It is a wonder that the English cling to their antediluvian pole axes, with the exception of such men as Gladstone who have become old enough to know the beauty and adaptability of the Canadian weapon of offence and defence.

We have seen pictures with correctly drawn axes in them go to the hands of the engraver, only to become a gross libel on the intelligence of a man who would handle such a thing. It is a disgrace to a Canadian artist or engraver who cannot produce the likeness of an axe.

It is the national weapon, the symbol of our people. Its force and strength are emblematic of our national physique. Like the sword it is the forerunner of civilization. Its voice has rung in the darkest groves of our magnificent forest domain. It was the *multum in parvo* of the settler and pioneer; with it he made everything fashioned out of wood. With it he felled the loftiest forest monarch, or cleft open the skull of a wolf or bear with calm impartiality. At close quarters it is a terrible weapon, its short razor-like edge bites through bone and joint with resistless force.

When the U. E. Loyalists landed on Ontario shores, and saw the impenetrable primeval forest stretching endlessly before them, they must, like Constantine, have seen a sign in the sky: an axe with the legend: "By this sign conquer."—*The Manitoba Liberal*.

HARES, THEIR HAUNTS AND HABITS.

DURING the summer months, hares live largely in the standing corn. When this is cut in August, they seem at first much alarmed at the loss of their accustomed cover. In parts of Suffolk where woods were scarce they used generally, when harvest was ended, to pass the day in hedgerows; sleeping under the stumps of thick thorn bushes, where hollows are formed by the dry earth gradually dropping into the ditch. If alarmed they sprang across the ditch, not like a rabbit, who almost invariably doubles up the bank and bolts out through the hedge. After a few weeks, they abandoned the hedges for the turnips and rough ploughs. Woods always hold them

unless the winds are high, when they move to the sheltered side of a hill. The rustling of the trees prevents their hearing the approach of an enemy, and this danger outweighs the security they find in the cosses. If snow falls heavily, they will often lie until they are completely buried, and spend two or three days in a semi-torpid state. Their warm breath keeps a tiny hole open. In fact, they make what the Eskimos call an "igloo," like the female polar bear. If only a few inches fall, they are exceedingly wide awake, knowing how clearly they show on the white surface. Then one can see what long distances they travel at night, and also how close they come to villages. Even when not pressed by hunger, they will frequently visit the labourers' cabbages; and if the snow is deep they come regularly if not disturbed, and sometimes pay the penalty by being snared in their passage through the hedge. From their tracks in the snow one can judge their pace. They have three ordinary rates of speed, which differ as much as those of a man walking, running a long-distance race, and sprinting over a short course. The first is the ordinary leisurely hop, with the back always more or less arched, when the different times at which the feet are placed on the ground can easily be seen; the second is a fast gallop with the ears pricked up, the hind legs coming well under the body. When chased by dogs they use their full speed, but rarely at other times. The ears are then laid flat back, and the length of the stride is increased so much that the hind feet can be seen nearly straight out behind the body.—*Chambers' Journal.*

KINGLAKE.

THE historian of the Crimean War, the "brilliant" author of "Eothen"—to use an adjective taken from the preface to "The Crescent and the Cross"—died in the fulness of years. In the stately, if too-studied, diction of the first volume of the history Mr. Kinglake drew two portraits—the one of the Third Napoleon, the other of the *Times* "Company"—which made their mark and will live. His passport to literary renown will ever remain the book in which he told the "Splendour and Havoc of The East." The head masters of our public schools, in their hours of idleness and fresh from the "tug of war," should read again the chapter entitled "The Troad," in which the old Etonian tells the story of his childish love of Homer in the English of Pope, and how "line by line I clasped the 'Iliad' to my brain with reverence as well as with love." He goes on to contrast the "dismal change" from his mother's dressing room to a buzzing school, where "their meagre Latin, with small shreds and patches of Greek, is thrown like a pauper's pall over all your early lore." "Eothen" was written in 1844, and Lord Beaconsfield, when he spoke so cynically of "coffee-house babble," must surely have forgotten the passage in which Kinglake describes the ride from Semlin to Stamboul. "There being no 'lions' we ought at least to have met with a few perils, but the only robbers we saw anything of had been long since dead and gone; the poor fellows had been impaled upon high poles, and so propped up by the tranverse spokes beneath them that their skeletons, clothed with some white, wax-like remains of flesh, still sat up lolling in the sunshine, and listlessly stared without eyes." Historic Belgrade still remains, but the Ottoman's hold on the fortress—"austere and darkly impending high over the vale of the Danube"—is a thing of the past. Hardly less striking is the contrast presented by the Cairo of to-day with the narrow and crowded streets of the Cairo of the Plague—that fell "master of the city" during the whole time of Kinglake's stay. "Immutability," says Eliot Warburton, "is the most striking characteristic of the East." Nowhere has the fundamental difference that ever has existed and ever will exist between the restlessness of the West and the repose of the East been more brilliantly portrayed than in the classic pages of "Eothen." Octave Feuillet is said to have made a practice of reading through the Waverley novels every winter. The masterpiece of Kinglake, in which the prose of fact is set off and adorned by the glowing colours of fancy, is well deserving of a like tribute at the hands of all true students of modern English literature.—*Manchester Examiner.*

MULREADY AS TEACHER.

WITH regard to the personal character of the man, it may be well to add the testimony of the writer, who often sat beside him in the Life-school at the Academy, to his undeviating kindness and courtesy. That a man whom all respected as an artist should become the personal friend of many students was due much less to his remarkable talent than to his geniality and friendliness. Drawing in the schools of the Royal Academy for more than fifty years, he had by his side the latest admitted draughtsman capable of study from the living model. The youths of twenty and the man of seventy, a world of time and thought lying between them, occupied the same bench and drew from the same model. In a quiet, unostentatious way the "Visitor"—such is the title of the Royal Academician who, in his turn, has charge of the school—would rise from the bench and pass from student to student, correcting the drawings they produced. A man capable of teaching never fails to have a large number of pupils; consequently, "Mulready's nights" at the Academy were fully attended and eagerly enquired for long ere they came about. His industry was thorough, his life a long education.—*Memorials of Wm. Mulready, by F. W. Stephens.*

THE WESTERN CANADA LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPY.

The 28th annual meeting of this Company was held at its offices, No. 76 Church Street, Toronto, on Monday, Feb. 16, 1891. The Managing Director, Mr. Walter S. Lee, acted as secretary and Hon. Speaker Allan presided. The following financial statements were read and with the Directors' Report were unanimously approved of and passed on motion of the president, seconded by Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.G. :

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders the twenty-eighth annual report of the Company's affairs. The funds of the Company have been actively employed during the whole year and at satisfactory rates of interest. The character of the mortgage securities in which the Company's funds are invested is best shown by the fact that, on a total of over six millions and a half, the large sum of one million three hundred thousand dollars, or about one-fifth of the whole amount invested in mortgages, has been paid back by borrowers during the year. The result of the year's operations shows that the profits after deducting all charges amount to \$182,343.79, out of which have been paid two half-yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, amounting together with the income tax thereon to \$152,014.87. The balance, \$30,328.92, has been carried to the Contingent Account. The amount placed with the Company in debentures and on deposit during the past year has increased to about four millions and a half, and with the exception of a comparatively small amount maturing within a short period all the debentures held by investors in England now bear interest at four per cent. The balance sheet and the profit and loss account, together with the auditors' report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN, President.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WESTERN CANADA LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY FOR THE YEAR ENDING ON 31ST. DECEMBER, 1890.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS.	
Liabilities.	
To Shareholders :	
Capital Stock	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve Fund	750,000 00
Contingent Account	115,932 87
Dividend, payable 8th January, 1891	75,000 00
	\$2,440,932 87
To the Public :	
Debentures and Interest	\$3,328,494 15
Deposits and Interest	1,127,834 66
	4,456,328 81
	\$6,897,261 68
Assets.	
Investments	\$6,690,140 83
Office Premises, Winnipeg and Toronto	120,979 92
Cash in Office and in Banks	86,140 93
	\$6,897,261 68
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Cost of management, viz., salaries, rent, inspection and valuation, office expenses, branch office, agents' commissions, etc.	\$ 49,692 99
Directors' compensation	3,820 00
Interest on deposits	44,860 94
Interest on debentures	133,637 52
	\$232,011 45
Net profit for year applied as follows :	
Dividends and tax thereon	\$152,014 87
Carried to Contingent Account	30,328 92
	182,343 79
	\$414,355 24
Interest on Mortgages and Debentures, Rents, etc.	\$414,355 24
	\$414,355 24

WALTER S. LEE, Managing Director.

TORONTO, Feb. 4, 1891.

To the Shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company : GENTLEMEN.—We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company for the year ending on the 31st December, 1890, and certify that the above statements of Assets and Liabilities and Profit and Loss are correct, and show the true position of the Company's affairs. Every Mortgage and Debenture or other security (with the exception of those of the Manitoba Branch, which have been inspected and examined by a special auditor) has been compared with the books of the Company. They are correct and correspond in all respects with the schedules and ledgers. The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS, } Auditors.
FRED. J. MENET, }

The President then said : The report and the statement of the Company's affairs, which have been placed in your hands and which have just been read by the Managing Director, are, I venture to think, so satisfactory that I need not occupy your time by commenting at any length upon their details.

It will be seen that the amount of money placed with the Company by investors is larger than at any previous period—in fact it nearly reaches the maximum we are entitled to receive under our charter. These funds we have been able to keep actively employed and at slightly increased rates of interest.

The standing of the Company being now so well known and appreciated by investors we have no difficulty in obtaining all the money we require on most favorable terms—the earning power of the Company consequently has never been larger, and we may look forward with confidence to a steady continuance of the same satisfactory returns to our shareholders that have so uniformly characterized each year of the Society's existence.

Our Manitoba business during the past year has been extremely satisfactory, the repayments on our loans being 25 per cent. over last year. We feel it to be due to our manager at Winnipeg, Mr. W. M. Fisher, to state that the great increase in our business in Manitoba, as well as its satisfactory results, are largely owing to his untiring zeal and energy.

The directors would desire also to acknowledge their obligations as in past years to the Company's representatives in Great Britain, Messrs. Morton, Rose & Co., and Messrs. Bell, Cowan & Co. of Edinburgh, for their unvarying care and attention to the interests of the Company.

Messrs. E. G. Gooderham and A. G. Lee were appointed scrutineers and the retiring directors, Messrs. Geo. Gooderham, Alfred Gooderham, George W. Lewis and Walter S. Lee, were re-elected. These gentlemen, with the Hon. G. W. Allan, Thomas H. Lee, Esq., and the Hon. Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.G., constitute the full board. At a subsequent meeting of the directors the Hon. G. W. Allan and George Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected president and vice-president respectively.

"A STITCH in time saves nine," and if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of future possible sickness.

EVERYBODY KNOWS that at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months of close confinement in poorly ventilated stores, workshops and tenements. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier ever produced. It is the only medicine of which "100 doses one dollar" is true.

THREE STATELY SISTERS.

THE *Empress of India*, the first of three magnificent twin-screw steel steamships built for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, by the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, at Barrow-in-Furness, England, for the Trans Pacific trade, left Liverpool on January 8, and on Monday, January 12, at 8 a.m., arrived at Gibraltar. The second, the *Empress of Japan*, is expected to sail on April 15. In connection with these trips, tickets will be issued for the trip round the world for the small charge of \$600, including staterooms and meals. They are all destined for the Trans-Pacific Mail Service between the port of Vancouver, B.C., and Japan and China. They are superbly appointed for passengers, will contain all the latest improvements and appliances of marine architecture, and exactly alike in every particular. The three vessels are contracted to do 18 knots on the measured mile, and 16½ knots on a 400 miles' sea trial, and are specially constructed to carry troops and guns. In the design of these vessels the greatest possible attention has been paid to strength, subdivision, and general means of safety, no expense being spared by the C.P.R., or by the builders, to make the vessels in every respect equal to the very finest afloat. They are to be propelled by twin-screws. The hull is subdivided by twelve transverse water-tight bulkheads; of these, three forward and two aft are without doors of any kind, while the remaining seven have specially constructed water-tight doors. The four boilers supplying the engines with steam are placed in two compartments. Arrangement is also made for the protection of the engines by coal in the event of the vessels being taken up as armed cruisers. The dimensions of the vessels are : length over all, 485 feet; between perpendiculars, 440 feet; breadth moulded, 51 feet; depth, moulded, 36 feet; tonnage, 5,700 tons gross. They are lightly rigged with pole mast, and fore-and-aft canvas, and their form, both under and above water, is of such symmetry and fineness as to insure their easily attaining the high speed required. The arrangements and fittings for passengers are of the most complete and luxurious kind. On the promenade deck aft is a large smoking-room, and forward, the library and special staterooms, all panelled in hard wood. Above the promenade deck are carried ten lifeboats and two collapsible boats, all fitted with patent lowering and disengaging gear. At the forward end of this deck are the captain's quarters, a chart-room and wheel-house. On the upper deck is a large dining saloon, with galleys and pantries attached, and on the other side are some dozen special staterooms, while on the other are the quarters of the officers and engineers. Further aft is the steerage smoking-room and various other quarters. The remainder of the first and second-class passenger accommodation, consisting of unusually large staterooms, is upon the main deck, on which also provision is made for 500 steerage passengers. The vessels are lighted throughout by electricity, and are thoroughly ventilated by a series of electric fans, each of three feet in diameter and delivering about 400,000 cubic feet of air per hour. The vessels will carry in addition to their large complement of passengers about 4,000 tons of tea, and are especially designed with side ports and side hatches, arranged with a view to the speedy reception and delivery of cargo. The armament of the ships to be supplied by the Admiralty will consist of the latest type of 47 in. guns, which will be taken out in the vessels and stored at Vancouver and Hong Kong, so that in the event of an emergency and ships can be fully armed and made ready for their cruiser duties in the space of a few hours.

Rheumatism

Is of two kinds, acute and chronic. The former is accompanied by high fever, and in the swollen joints there is intense pain, which often suddenly changes from one part of the body to another. Chronic rheumatism is without fever and not so severe, but more continuous and liable to come on at every storm or after slight exposure. Rheumatism is known to be a disease of the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla has had great success in curing it. This medicine possesses qualities which neutralize acidity, and purify, enrich and vitalize the blood.

ENTIRELY CURED.

"I had attacks of rheumatism which increased in severity. I took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am pleased to say the rheumatic pains ceased, my appetite and digestion became better, and my general health greatly improved. I am firmly convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, as I have felt no recurrence of this blood disease."—Wm. Scoon, Geneva, N.Y.

N.B.—If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all Druggists. \$1.00; six for \$5.00. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

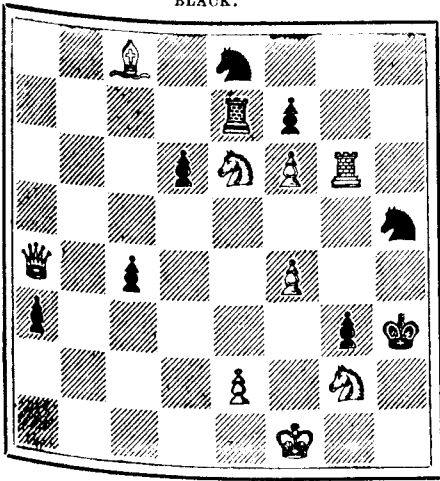
100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

CHESSES.

PROBLEM No. 541.

By Dr. C. Schweve.

BLACK.



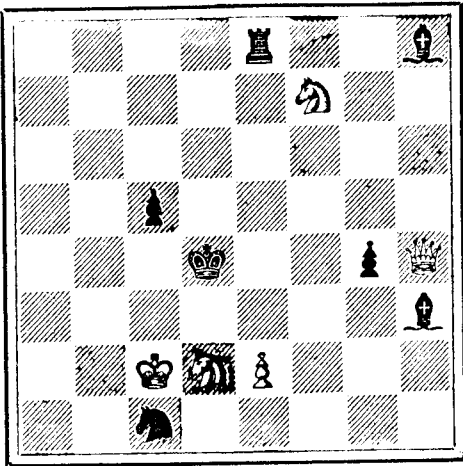
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 542.

By C. B. Collins.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 535.
White.
1. P-B 4
2. Kt-B 2
3. P-Q 4 mate.

Black.
1. K-B 4
2. P-K 6

No. 536.
Q-R 7
NOTE.—In this problem there should be a White Knight on White Q R 4 instead of a King.

GAME PLAYED IN THE GUNSBURG AND STEINITZ MATCH AT NEW YORK.

EVANS GAMBIT.

I. GUNSBURG.	W. STEINITZ.	I. GUNSBURG.	W. STEINITZ.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	13. Kt-B 4	Q-B 1
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	14. P-Q 6	B x P
3. B-B 4	B-B 4	15. Kt-Kt 6	Q R-Kt 1
4. P-Q Kt 4	B x Kt P	16. Q x R P	Kt-Kt 5 (b)
5. P-B 2	B-R 4	17. K Kt-R 4	Kt-K 3
6. Castles	Q-B 3 (a)	18. B x Kt	Kt x B
7. P-Q 4	Kt-R 3	19. Kt-B 5	Kt-K 3
8. B-K Kt 5	Q-Q 3	20. KR-Q 1	B-B 2
9. P-Q 5	Kt-Q 1	21. Kt-R 8	R x Kt (c)
10. Q-R 4	B-Kt 3	22. Q x R	K-Q 1
11. Kt-R 3	P-Q B 3	23. R x P + (d)	K x R
12. B-R 2	B-B 2	24. R-Q 1 +	resigns

NOTES.

- (a) This, and the following line of defence, is the invention of Mr. Steinitz.
- (b) Mr. Steinitz played here in his cable game against Tschigorin Kt-K 3. He, however, considered Kt-Kt 1 to be Black's best move at this stage of the game.
- (c) He has no other choice.
- (d) A worthy finish to a masterly conducted attack.

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Will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste and decay of the body.

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AYER'S are far superior, as a cathartic, to any that are furnished by the pharmacopœia.—Geo. P. Spencer, M. D., Unity, N. H. **I have taken Ayer's Pills for twenty years, and am satisfied that, had it not been for them, I should not now be alive. By their use I have been enabled to avoid the bilious diseases peculiar to this climate.—M. Johnson, Monterey, Mexico.

AYER'S have been used in my family APILLS over thirty years. We find them an excellent medicine in fevers, eruptive diseases, and all bilious troubles, and seldom call a physician. They are almost the only pills used in our neighborhood, and never fail to give perfect satisfaction.—Redmond C. Comly, Row Landing, W. Feliciana Parish, La.

AYER'S are sugar-coated, safe and APILLS pleasant to take, prompt in their action, and invaluable for the relief and cure of Headache and Constipation. **For several months I suffered from Headache, without being able to remove the trouble by medical treatment. I finally began taking Ayer's Pills, determined to give them a fair trial. They benefited me very much, and speedily effected a complete cure.—Mrs. Mary Guymond, Flint Village, Fall River, Mass.

AYER'S cured me of Dyspepsia after APILLS I had given up all hope of being well again. I was sick for a number of years with this complaint, suffering also from Headache, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, and Debility, and was unable to work. Ayer's Pills were recommended to me. I took them, and, in one month, was completely cured.—Roland L. Larkin, Harlem, N. Y.

AYER'S are a sure cure for Liver APILLS Complaint. For months I suffered from this disorder, and was, for a long time, under medical treatment for it, but grew worse continually. Nothing seemed to help me until I finally began taking Ayer's Pills. After using four boxes of this medicine, my health was restored.—E. L. Fulton, Hanover, N. H.

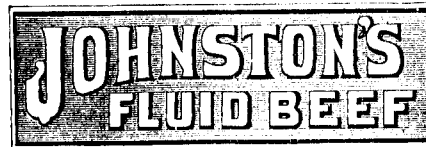
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But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a *guaranteed* remedy in the nearest drug store.

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,
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