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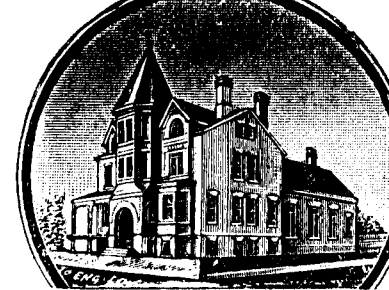
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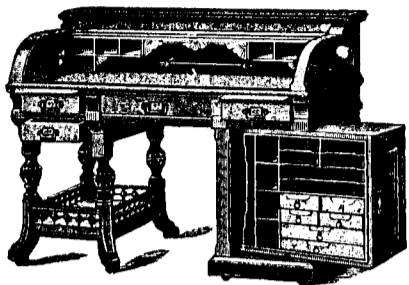
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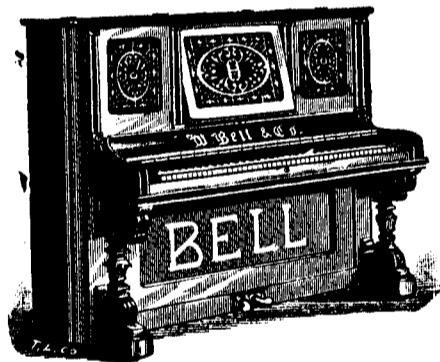
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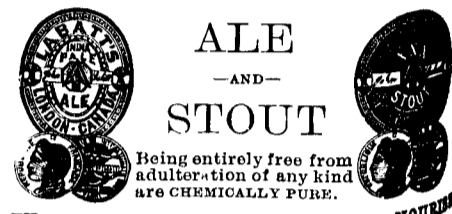
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THE University of Toronto is fortunate in its repeated choice of a Chancellor, who has not only a thorough appreciation of liberal culture, but also both the means and the disposition to aid effectively in bringing that culture within the reach of those who might not otherwise be able to attain it. Mr. Blake's proposal laid before the Senate at a recent meeting, and gratefully accepted, was certainly a noble and generous one. In transferring his subscription of \$10,000, made last February after the fire, for building or other purposes, and adding thereto another \$10,000, the whole sum of \$20,000 to be applied to the endowment of matriculation scholarships, the holders of which shall be exempt from fees during the tenure of their scholarships, he has certainly supplied a powerful incentive and stimulus to literary culture among Canadian students. Very many of those throughout the Province who value higher education not only for its own sake, but for the sake of the advantage it is adapted to bring to the country which fosters it, will unite with the Senate most cordially in trusting that the generous donor may find some adequate return in the attainments of many gifted students who will hereafter owe their successful entry on the University course to their winning in honourable rivalry an Edward Blake matriculation scholarship. The present is no time for raising the question as to whether the encouragement and extension of the competitive system is the wisest and best way in which such gifts can be applied to promote the ends in view, a point in regard to which there may be honest differences of opinion. But it is a fitting time to point out how desirable it is that those who are possessed of means which they wish and pursue to have devoted to philanthropic uses, should constitute themselves the almoners of their own bounty, and the executors of their own wills, rather than trust to the uncertain issues of testamentary bequests. The lesson is emphasized by an event of recent occurrence in the United States. The large bequests made by a millionaire, recently deceased, to various institutions of learning, are, we believe, in some danger of being lost to those objects, through some defects in the legal conveyance. Be that as it may, and there is always some danger of such mis-carriage, there is no comparison in point of generosity or public spirit between the act of a man who parts with his

money for good objects only when he can no longer retain or use it, and the man who voluntarily bestows what he has to spare, while, though it may cost him some self-denial to part with it, he is able to see that it is used for the purposes intended. And if the generosity of the one is vastly larger and more genuine than that of the other, so doubtless must be the inward satisfaction in the bestowal, which is one of the legitimate rewards of all well-doing.

THROUGH some oversight we failed to observe before going to press last week that our able contemporary, the *Canadian Manufacturer*, had favoured its readers, in its issue of January 2nd, with two elaborate articles based upon a paragraph in a previous number of THE WEEK. These articles are a vigorous defence of protection, not as a temporary expedient to give the manufacturing industries of a younger and weaker nation a fair start in the race with those of an older and stronger one, nor yet as the lesser of two evils forced upon the choice of a people by the mistaken economy of a powerful neighbour, but as a policy desirable and wise in itself and conducive to the general prosperity. Now we need not inform our readers that THE WEEK is not and never has been a free trade journal in the sense which our contemporary seems to suppose; that is to say, it has never held that Canada is bound by allegiance to any abstract principle, however sound in itself, to throw open her markets freely to her next door neighbour, so long as that neighbour in return bars out her products by an exorbitant and unfriendly tariffs. On the contrary, THE WEEK has always acknowledged the force of the considerations which led the majority of the Canadian people to adopt the basis of the present National Policy, on the principle that the refusal of reciprocity of trade by the United States, justified and in a manner compelled the establishment of a reciprocity in tariff. That, which we have always understood to be the view of the advocates of the National Policy, is clear and consistent. But it does, we must confess, surprise us that any thoughtful mind, looking below the surface and studying the question on its merits, with all merely accidental and incidental circumstances abstracted, can believe the policy of universal protection defensible and commendable on broad general principles, whether of patriotism, of statesmanship, or of political economy. It will be clearly understood that the observations which follow are made from a theoretical not a practical stand point. The comparison is made between universal free trade and universal protection as a universal policy for enlightened nations.

SUPPOSE a nation has a foreign trade of say a hundred millions a year, importing fifty million worth of foreign products, and exporting fifty million worth of domestic products. According to the theory of THE WEEK and of free traders generally, this would indicate the prosperity of that country. But a change appears, and instead of that country being engaged in the production of a fifty million export it increases its lines of industrial enterprises; and these require the consumption at home of all of the fifty million of its own produce. This change implies that these new industrial enterprises produce fifty million worth of just such things as had previously been imported, obviating the importation of that value of merchandise, and it is clear that this entire foreign trade of a hundred million dollars would thus be wiped out. Would this new situation indicate national prosperity or adversity?

This passage involves, we think, the gist of the argument with which the *Canadian Manufacturer* undertakes to refute the proposition incidentally stated in THE WEEK "that hostile tariffs amongst trading nations tend to counteract each other, and to leave each nation in the same relative position it would have occupied under a system of universal free trade, save that the necessaries of life have been made artificially dear." Let us first try to answer the *Manufacturer's* question, "Would this new situation indicate prosperity or adversity?" That answer will depend upon a variety of circumstances. It is of course implied that the change described is brought about by means of a protective tariff, else the supposition has no bearing upon the point under discussion, for the most pronounced free-trader would delight in all the increased power of both home production and home consumption

which can be gained under normal conditions. The *Manufacturer*, it is true, argues in another place that THE WEEK "ignores the interior commerce entirely." THE WEEK is not, we hope, so absurd. It simply said nothing about interior commerce because it was not discussing that subject. But it recognizes, and is prepared to maintain that, other things being equal, the greater the volume of home production and of home interchange, under normal and healthy conditions, the greater will be the capacity for foreign commerce. We cannot answer the *Manufacturer's* crucial question until we have first asked and obtained answers to a number of subsidiary questions which promptly present themselves. Would the nation lose or gain in intelligence by being cut off from intercourse with other nations. What would be the general effect upon the national character? Would the people as men and citizens lose or gain in individual strength, manly independence and the development of self-reliant energy, enterprise and inventiveness, by having the area of competition forcibly restricted, and by relying upon a protective or prohibitory tariff instead of upon their own skill and industry for commercial success? What is the effect of the restriction of personal liberty of buying and selling and the consequent inducement to smuggling, upon the national morals? National prosperity, all must admit, does not consist wholly in money-making or money-saving. But our space-limits compel us to waive all such considerations, simply suggesting them for the consideration of the thoughtful, and confine ourselves to the economic aspects of the question. Here again we must content ourselves with asking a few leading questions, which will suggest to the thoughtful reader at least the direction in which the answer to the *Manufacturer's* query may be sought and found. What is the cost to the nation of the Government machinery necessary to secure the change described, since laws do not enforce themselves? It is, of course, evident that all those employed, not in collecting the revenue, for there will be, by hypothesis, no revenue, but in guarding the ports and boundaries, will be of the class of non-producers. In other words they will have to be supported by the labour of other citizens, and the *Manufacturer* will hardly deny that the increase of the proportion of this class in a nation means loss, not gain, to the industrial classes. What is the effect upon the prices of the goods formerly exported and of the new goods manufactured to producers and consumers respectively? These producers and consumers, it will be observed, constitute the people whose interests are in question, and it is evident that if these receive either smaller prices for the products they sell or have to pay larger prices for the products they buy, the result is loss, not gain; adversity, not prosperity. Subsidiary to this is the question whether the interchange between buyer and seller is effected at greater or smaller cost for freight, etc. Still further, the fifty millions of goods now produced at home instead of being imported as formerly, must be produced either by a diversion from other industries of the amount of labour necessary, or by the importation of that labour from abroad. If the former then we shall require to know whether the labour so diverted is more or less productive than before. If the latter, which the conditions seem to make necessary, since there is to be no falling off in other productive industries, it will still be in order to enquire whether the labourers so imported add really to the wealth, or to the burdens of the original population; and in either case whether their industry is directed into the most productive and profitable channels.

IT will appear, we think, from the foregoing, that the *Manufacturer's* problem, instead of being so simple as seems to be supposed, is really a very complicated one. Whatever conclusion the reader may reach in a given case, we venture to believe that when he has studied the question in all its aspects he will be ready to agree with us that the thesis which the *Manufacturer* nails to the factory doors with so much confidence, viz., that "when all nations produce all they require for home consumption, and export only such things as other nations require but cannot themselves produce; and when they import only such things as they cannot themselves produce, the acme of national prosperity will be reached," should be re-writ-

ten so as to read, "When each nation produces all such things as it is by nature best fitted to produce for itself and other nations, and imports all such things as can be produced more cheaply and to better advantage by others, the acme of national prosperity will be reached by all." "The nation that manufactures for its self prospers" is, our contemporary thinks, an axiom. But in another part of its article it very wisely amends the axiom by saying, negatively, "The commercial success of a nation does not consist in buying from foreign nations such things as it could produce to advantage at home, nor in selling to foreign nations such things as could to advantage be consumed at home." We grant the axiom in the amended form, but not otherwise, for who would maintain that any nation could win prosperity or commercial success, by producing or manufacturing for itself such things as it could produce only at a disadvantage. True, it may be in a manner compelled to produce them, by the unfriendly attitude or purblind economy of some other nation which could produce them to advantage. But that is another matter. We are assuming universal freedom.

OUR contemporary devotes considerable space to questioning and even denying, at least by implication, our statement that "Commerce is the mother of civilization." "Foreign intercourse," it maintains, "is not a *sine qua non* of a nation's civilization or prosperity," and adduces in support of this contention the fact that more than ninety per cent. of the agricultural products of the United States are consumed at home, and less than one-tenth exported. Now, we have not denied that home commerce as well as foreign promotes civilization, especially if the country be a world in itself like the United States. Still, a nation with the immense foreign traffic that is carried on by the United States, as witness the enormous revenue from its tariff on imports, does seem a rather unfortunate one to refer to in support of such a proposition. But will the *Manufacturer* undertake to deny that the effect of commercial non-intercourse between the great nations of the world would be most disastrous to the progress of civilization? We do not think it will, for though it seems disposed at first thought to do so and even goes so far as to say: "One of the strong tendencies of civilization is towards centralization; by which we mean that the nation that aspires to reach the acme of civilization can only hope to do so by becoming entirely self-supporting or as nearly so as possible," it goes on to controvert our statement that "the logical tendency of protective tariffs, verging more and more towards prohibitive limits, is in the direction of non-intercourse." "In the nature of things Canada, for instance," it admits, "requires many things that she cannot possibly produce—her teas must come from China and Japan, her coffees from Brazil and Java, and her oranges, lemons and bananas from the Mediterranean, the West Indies and the tropics." But we were speaking of tendencies. Suppose that it should be discovered one day that Canada produces some plant which, properly cultivated, would make a tolerable substitute for tea or coffee, would not the logic of protection favour a high tax upon those luxuries in order to shut out the imported article and foster the new industry? Again, there is no definite line separating the articles which Canada or any other country can produce from those it cannot produce. Who knows what might be done by means of hot-houses, and other appliances on a scale sufficiently vast, towards enabling the Dominion to produce any or all of the articles enumerated for herself. Absurd as the suggestion may seem, it is, we make bold to say, legitimate and germane to our argument. The whole question of what shall and what shall not be protected is one of degree. The principle involved is exactly the same as that which underlies every prohibitive tax—and to be logical, all protective taxes should be prohibitive, imposed to keep out a foreign article in order that it may be produced at home. No one would go abroad to buy that which could be procured of as good quality and as cheaply at home, any more than he would send abroad for sale that which he could sell to equally good advantage at home. The very fact that the protective tariff is necessary, ordinarily proves that for some reason or other the thing protected has not been produced to better advantage abroad, and that, if other nations would freely admit to their markets those things that we can produce to better advantage than they, both parties would be gainers by the free exchange. Once more, if our contemporary were strictly logical should it not, seeing that no one of those southern products it named is a necessary of life, advocate the discouragement of their importation, with a view

to the adoption of some home-grown substitute, which we should be sure to find were the foreign article no longer procurable? Let that be done, let Canada become entirely self-supporting and cease to trade with the outside world; let her adopt the *Manufacturer's* principle in its entirety, thus raising herself by her own boot-straps, so to speak, to the "acme of civilization"—which we need not say she has never yet thought of trying to do—let her thus carry our contemporary's theory to its logical result, excluding foreign products, including, of course, foreign books and newspapers, and become entirely self-supporting. The thing could certainly be done. Can any one doubt the effect upon our progress in civilization?

WE have now before us tolerably full reports of the speeches made by the Hon. Chas. H. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and by Mr. Plimsoll, respectively, before the National Club of Toronto, a week or two since. Those speeches are noteworthy, in connection with the very important questions which have arisen touching the transportation of cattle to Great Britain, because of the frank recognition by the former of the need of reform in the methods of carrying on this trade, and the equally frank assurances given by the latter that the removal of abuses, not the destruction of the trade, is what is really aimed at. Mr. Tupper was able, from the fulness of his knowledge of the past history of our commercial marine, to point with a degree of pride, pardonable under the circumstances, to the really good record of Canadian legislation on the subject. He was able to show that in regard to some of the great reforms in the loading and equipment of vessels which were effected in England only after the great struggle which has endeared the name of Mr. Plimsoll to British seamen, the Canadian Government and Parliament were ahead of the British both in time and in thoroughness. Pointing to these facts he could very well assure his hearers in general and Mr. Plimsoll in particular that the Canadian Government was ready, as indeed the action already taken sufficiently proved, to make and enforce all the regulations that could be shown to be necessary or desirable for the proper carrying on of the cattle-transport trade. In so doing he emphasized the point that in order to this it was by no means necessary either to prohibit or seriously restrict a business which is mutually profitable, which has developed with wonderful rapidity and which seems destined to attain enormous dimensions in the future. In connection with the possibilities of development of water carriage on our great lakes and the rivers connected with them, Mr. Tupper was able to quote some striking statistics. The fact for instance that no less than 36,000,000 tons of shipping passed through the Detroit River in the 234 days during which its navigation was open in 1889, more by several millions than passed through the Suez Canal during all the year of navigation, contains food for much speculation in regard to future possibilities. Whether the conditions are such as to warrant us in regarding the Minister's grand vision—which he declares is no dream—of fleets of ocean ships floating in Toronto Bay and dotting the bosom of Lake Ontario, as prophetic of coming realities, it is impossible to judge, without fuller knowledge of the advantages to be gained by such an achievement. The thing is no doubt possible. Whether it will be deemed practicable on commercial grounds may be determined when the fuller information hinted at shall have been laid before the public.

THE *London Advertiser* had, a short time since, a sensible and well-timed article, in which it pointed out that the first object of the Fish and Game Commission should be to enquire how more abundant supplies of fish and game may be provided in the country to supplement the food of the people, and not—as seemed to be suggested by the evidence of witnesses—to find means for gratifying the tastes of sportsmen. We cannot suppose that the Government in appointing the Commission had regard to any smaller or less important end than the economic one of preserving and increasing the value of our lakes, ponds, streams and woods as sources of food supply. Besides this end of protecting and perpetuating what is left of the fish and game, with which nature originally stocked the country so bountifully, the wishes and interests of a few sportsmen sink into insignificance. The history of our neighbours over the border in this matter is replete with warning. As *Bradstreet's* reminds us in a recent article, the Federal and State Governments are now expending large sums of money in re-stocking the inland and coast waters with the fishes of various species with which those waters

originally teemed. This is a case in which the ounce of prevention would evidently have been worth many pounds of cure. We have no doubt that the report of the Commission will show that the same process of gradual extermination has been going on—we hope on a smaller scale and by slower processes—in our own Province. It is very likely that similar measures of re-stocking may have to be resorted to. But it is of the utmost importance, if the movement is to command public confidence and support, that the Commission and the Government should make it clear that the prime object is not to expend the public money in the interests of the few sportsmen but of the many citizens.

WHATEVER may be the future relations between Great Britain and the Colonies, only good can come of a closer acquaintance and an enlarged intercourse. We are glad to see many indications of this, so far, at least, as Canada and the Mother Country are concerned. The rapid growth of the trade in certain Canadian products, such as cattle, eggs, poultry, etc.—a trade which is being stimulated by the McKinley tariff—has opened the eyes of Canadians to possibilities in this direction, of which they previously had but little conception. On the other hand, there are some gratifying indications of increasing interest in the affairs of the Colonies on the part of the people of the Mother Land. The recent proposition that a Canadian jurist of eminence should be appointed a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council may be regarded as one of the signs of the times pointing in this direction. It is true that British journals like the *Spectator* have thrown a wet blanket over the proposal, by relegating it to the dim and distant future on the rather remarkable plea that the population of Canada is as yet too small to furnish a man of the proper calibre. The *St. John, N.B., Gazette*, by the way, made a good point in answer to this when it reminded the *Spectator* of the fact that "there was a party by the name of Edward Coke in England three centuries ago, when England had fewer inhabitants than Canada has now, who still has some reputation as a lawyer, 270 years after his death," and that "Shakespeare and Bacon were contemporaries of Lord Chief Justice Coke." But the idea of such an appointment, wherever it may have originated, is one that is pretty sure to live and bear fruit. *Imperial Federation* of January 1st calls attention to another step gained in the same direction which, "if rather intangible," is yet "one of principle," when the *Times* conceded the point of writing "Colonial and Foreign," in place of "Foreign and Colonial Intelligence." "Within the last two months," it adds, "the leading journal has gone a long way further in keeping up with public opinion in publishing special articles under the heading of 'The Colonies.' It has already published three or four of these. Canada and the McKinley tariff, and the North Queensland separation movement have been very fully dealt with, and various other questions of current political interest, including that of the Commercial Treaties, have received adequate notice. Treatment of this sort in influential London papers is just what is most wanted for educating the public mind upon Colonial and Imperial questions. The new departure of the *Times* is, moreover, the most encouraging sign of the growth of the Colonial question generally in public interest—a growth in fostering which the Imperial Federation League and the Royal Colonial Institute, between them, may fairly claim to have taken the chief part."

TRADE negotiations of some kind are said to be going on between Ottawa and Washington, or between London and Washington through Ottawa. Either the Government of Great Britain is pressing the Government of Canada to make proposals for reciprocity to the Government of the United States, or the Government of the United States is proposing reciprocity to the Canadian Government, and the Canadian Government is consulting the British Government about the matter, or the Canadian Government is proposing some measure of reciprocity to the United States Government, with or without the approval of the British Government, or, possibly, none of all these various things is taking place. This is, so far as we can understand—having no confidential relations with either the leaders of the Government or those of the Opposition, and being therefore largely dependent upon the newspaper organs of both parties for our information in regard to such delicate matters—about the way in which the business stands at present. It is true that when one of the organs announced the other day that it had

"learned from the very best sources that the Canadian Government has recently been approached by the United States Government with a view to the development of trade relations between the two countries, and that our Government has requested the advice of her Majesty's Government on the subject," the public were naturally led to believe that there must be something important on the tapis. But another paper, equally near the "very best sources," has since, we believe, discredited that statement. It is, however, difficult to believe that all these rumours can have been simultaneously set afoot without some basis in fact. There can be, we suppose, little doubt that communications of some kind, formal or informal, have been or are being interchanged between the three Governments concerning some phase of reciprocity. Even this belief is reassuring. All parties must be growing tired of the perpetual disputes about fishery matters, with the constant danger of the serious misunderstanding they involve. It is quite possible that an interchange of views with reference to some form of trade arrangement as a means of settlement may have commenced without it being very clear which of the three parties made the overture. That is a secondary and unimportant matter, so far at least as the people are concerned. Few thoughtful persons in Canada would care to deny that if a treaty of reciprocity could be agreed on, acceptable to the Mother Country as well as to the two parties more immediately concerned, and involving a complete settlement of all questions in dispute between the two nations, it would be a boon to all concerned. It is quite evident from past history as well as from present indications that England would gladly consent to considerable discrimination against herself for the sake of being rid of these vexatious disputes with a kindred nation, with which she desires to be on terms of peace and friendship. Even from the business point of view, considering the vast amount of British capital invested in both the United States and Canada, it would be greatly to her interest to have all standing disputes settled and perfect goodwill restored between the two countries. We do not know whether the postponement of the date of meeting of our own Parliament has any connection with the matter, but there is certainly some reason to hope that better counsels are beginning to prevail, and that these three great branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock may, some day not far distant, join hands in a covenant of perpetual peace and good will.

THERE seems now good reason to hope that the Indian difficulty in South Dakota may be settled without further bloodshed. The indications are that had the same patient and cautious methods which General Miles is employing been adopted before the Wounded Knee outbreak, that terrible massacre might have been avoided. It is true that the Commission which was appointed to enquire into the conduct of Colonel Forsyth in that affair has exonerated him from all blame. Strong evidence is said to have been adduced to disprove the charge that women and children were unnecessarily fired upon. It may be hoped, for the sake of our faith in the progress of civilized humanity, that this is true, though we do not know how the slaying and wounding of so many women can be otherwise accounted for. But, as the *Christian Union* observes, nothing seems to have been said about the unwisdom of beginning the treatment of the Indians by forcible disarming, or to show that a serious attempt to convince them that they were not to be ruthlessly shot down might not have averted the catastrophe. Meanwhile it is agreed on all hands that one of the chief causes of the difficulty in the first instance was the dismissal of a tried and experienced Indian agent and the appointment by the Government, under the pressure of office-seekers, of an inexperienced and incompetent man to the position. Back of all this lay the failure of the Government, either through the dilatoriness of Congress or the dishonesty of the contractors and corrupt officials, to fulfil its promises to the Indians. It is little wonder that a fierce and warlike tribe, in a state of semi-starvation, exasperated by a sense of injury and infuriated by the dread of massacre, should have taken the initiative in an insane frenzy, and with such horrible results.

ONE of the strangest things in the whole history of the Behring Sea controversy is the anger, real or pretended, of certain United States' politicians and newspapers at the action of the British and Canadian Governments in the matter of the application recently made to the Supreme Court. A very curious feature of the outburst is the fact that the parties and papers who have been foremost in

ridiculing Mr. Blaine's pretensions, and assuring him that he has no case, are the hottest in their denunciations of the alleged insult to their diplomatists. It is surely in harmony with all precedents in civilized countries that any one who believes himself to have suffered injustice or injury at the hands of the citizens or officials of any country shall have free access to the courts for redress. Sir Julian Pauncefote is said to have stated that the application to the Supreme Court is simply the latest and most natural step in a regular and normal course of procedure, and that the Government of the United States has long declined to entertain the claims of aliens to damages for acts committed under the authority of the Federal Government until a claimant has exhausted every remedy afforded him by the constitution and procedure of the federal courts. This is an eminently reasonable position for any Government. But it is, so far as we can gather, not the act of the owner of the vessel, but the intervention of the Canadian Government which has given umbrage, though the laws of the United States' courts make special provision for such intervention. It is true that the whole question, of which the capture and confiscation of this sealing vessel is but an incident, is, and has been for years, the subject of diplomatic correspondence. But it would be unfair, indeed, if after the claimant has waited so long in hope of a friendly settlement of his claim, or in consequence of inability to get it before a higher court, the Government of the country of which he is a citizen, may not come to his aid, in a strictly legal action, without stopping to consider what might be the effect of a favourable verdict upon the diplomatic negotiations. Those Democrats who believe that their own Government is in the wrong, and consequently that the owners of the confiscated vessels have suffered injustice, should be glad to have that injustice remedied by a legal and impartial action. Can it be that the anger of those who are raising such an outcry about the insult offered to the Washington Administration may be accounted for on the ground that they fear lest they may be deprived of one of their best campaign weapons? Seeing that the Government of the United States and its supporters have comparatively little to say about the matter, one might almost query whether they might not be pleased rather than otherwise to have the question taken out of their hands and settled by their own court. It might give them an easier way out of the difficulty in which they have involved themselves, than any other now open to them. Mr. Blaine has said that the step was no surprise to the Government. May it not be that he knew more about it than he would now care to admit?

THE ANGLICAN CLERGY AND THE SUNDAY STREET CARS.

IT is some length of time since we referred to the street car controversy, and during that period the question has been debated with a good deal of acrimony by different classes of persons—by the City Council, by the clergy, by the newspapers; and the hardest and harshest words have been spoken by the advocates of what is called the religious side of the question. Indeed to such lengths has this mode of debate proceeded that one of the clergy, at the recent meeting under the presidency of the Bishop of Toronto, actually proposed that they should merely vote and not speak, lest they should say something that they would regret; and a considerable minority voted for that proposition. The discussion showed that there was some reason for the caution.

The speeches at the meeting were in various respects remarkable; and they were, for the most part, expressive of the most violent opposition not only to the running of the street cars on Sunday, but to the submitting of the question to the decision of the people at large. We do not propose, at present, to argue the question of street cars on Sunday. We have on previous occasions indicated, as clearly and fairly as we could, the arguments *pro* and *con*; and nothing has occurred to produce any change in our convictions. At present we restrict ourselves to a few remarks on the debate at the Anglican meeting.

One of the most remarkable features of the discussion was the constant reference to the Fourth Commandment. Now, it is quite true that the Ten Commandments are read in the Anglican churches, and there are some good reasons for such recital. But no Anglican regards these Commandments as exactly binding in the letter, or as forming anything like a complete code of rules for Christian life and conduct. And with regard to the law of the Sabbath in particular, St. Paul says distinctly that we may

without blame regard all days alike, and that no one is to judge us in respect of Sabbaths or new moons.

If it be replied to this, that the Church of England has reinstated the Fourth Commandment, and that she has done this in the exercise of her lawful authority over her own children, it may be said in return, as it was said at the meeting, that the Church of England has given no special restrictions as to the manner of keeping the day. Least of all has she invented artificial distinctions between the righteousness or unrighteousness of private carriages, hired cabs, and public street cars.

In other words, the Church of England and every other Church, and even the Judaizers, have all left the application of the Commandment to common sense, guided by what one of the speakers called the principle of Christian expediency. We say that, in actual practice, although not with logical consistency, this is the principle universally adopted. In argument, however, it is the validity of the Fourth Commandment which is insisted upon, in spite of Whately and Hesse and all the principal writers of modern times on the subject.

But we are not even here touching upon the real difference between the two parties among the Toronto clergy. Not one voice was raised in favour of Sunday labour. Even the running of street cars was scarcely advocated. At the most it was urged that a means of conveying women and children, in the summertime, to High Park would be of advantage to the poorer classes, and that the running of street cars, under certain restrictions, might even lead to the diminution of labour on the Lord's Day. But the main point of difference was the question of referring the decision to the ratepayers or the people at large. These, it was urged, form the proper tribunal for the settlement of this dispute.

What was the answer to this proposition? One gentleman would have had no objection if the people had been Christians. Another denounced the scheme as an appeal to Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics. We have here certainly very noteworthy states of mind. Are we then under the fifth monarchy? Are the Saints actually the rulers of the earth? And, if they are, by what tests shall we know them? by what infallible proofs do they know each other? And these others, who are not "Christians," who are "Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics"—have they no civil rights?

And here we come face to face with the difficulty in which those are involved who refuse to trust "the people." These ratepayers who cannot be allowed to vote on the subject of street cars are the people who control our legislation, our education, and all the external regulation of our civil life. They are actually the people who do indirectly regulate our street car service. We cannot pretend to know the public sentiment on Sunday cars. But if ever it becomes strongly in favour of them, they will run in whatsoever manner the decision may be arrived at. No one, however eager he may be for the change, would force Sunday cars upon an unwilling majority. Very few want them for any reason except that of supposed public utility. It is a little absurd, in the actual circumstances of our times, to denounce the public vote; and the clergy are not well advised when they speak of the impropriety of allowing persons to vote who are not of their own way of thinking. It is quite proper that they should endeavour to give effect to their own convictions; but the very worst way of doing this is to refuse the same privilege to others.

COMBINES.

COMBINES and the remedy of their evils continue to be subjects of universal interest. In Canada the approach of Parliament lends a special interest to the subject, and starts the curious to conjecture what new schemes for the control of Combines have been evolved during the summer in the legislative minds of Messrs. Wallace and Edgar. Mr. Wallace can scarcely be said to have advanced any proposition at the last session of Parliament for the suppression of Combines, or, indeed, even to have avowed his enmity to them, although his appointment of a committee to investigate the subject may justly be construed to that effect. However, whatever may be thought of Mr. Wallace's lax profession or of the remedies he may be suspected of supporting, it remains the fact that the thinking people of Canada are deeply indebted to Mr. Wallace for the vast amount of evidence that was collected before his committee. In rivalry to Mr. Wallace, Mr. Edgar came forward and proposed abolition of the tariff as the only rational and practical method of destroying the rule of Combines. He was confident to an extreme in the virtues of his remedy, but it became tainted with party venom, and the House would none of it. An impartial consideration of Mr. Edgar's proposal must convince one

that the destruction of Combines is not a necessary result of the removal of tariff walls. Because in the first place—Combines exist where there is no protection policy—there is probably no country more subject to the despotic rule of Combines than is Free Trade England. Their existence in England can be attributed to no cause that does not also exist here. Consequently the abolition of our tariff would not rid us of Combines. In the second place, Combines are not necessarily of a national character, *i. e.* Combines are only confined to the limits of a country, because within them the conditions of trade are the same. But in every case where the conditions of trade in different countries have become similar, Combines at once have become international in their operation. Therefore, if the tariff were removed from between Canada and the United States the conditions in all branches of trade would become similar, and consequently Combines would not be destroyed, but would only become more colossal and overpowering.

The means to be employed to prevent the evils of Combines can only be discovered by properly understanding what those evils are. Here it may be stated that Combines are not without their merits. They give a uniformity to the market, and a steadiness to trade that otherwise would not be. It is only to the methods employed in enforcing their rule that objection is taken. Manufacturers of—say furniture—desiring to better themselves, combine for the purpose of establishing a uniform and higher price for their goods, and preventing competition and cutting of prices. Immediately all retailers who seek such supplies are compelled to pay the prices asked, and are further required to enter the Combine before such goods will be furnished. If they refuse to enter the Combine, all supplies are cut off, and the unhappy underseller is rendered unable to carry on his business, unable to sell at prices moderate in profit, and unable to gain an honest livelihood. The despotic refusal to supply unconforming retailers is the source of the evils arising out of Combines. Knowing this, the remedy seems to be apparent. Simply take from the merchant the right to refuse to sell to any person, for its marketable value, any article he may have in stock for sale as a trader. This could easily be accomplished by making refusal to supply customers an indictable offence. Such a method would strike the very root of the evil, and could not fail to produce desirable results. Of course there would be a complaint that the liberties of the subject were being interfered with. But what of that; would it not be preferable that a few manufacturers should have their so-called rights curtailed, than that the host of undersellers should be compelled either to close the doors of their business places, or to grovel under the tyranny of combined wealth? But would any rights of the manufacturer be encroached upon by the application of such a remedy? The manufacturer claims the natural right of disposing of the products of his energy as he sees fit. But has he the absolute right to dispose of his goods as he sees fit? Is it not a right subject to the welfare of the community? The druggist cannot sell his wares without bowing before certain restrictions imposed for the protection of the community. It is the paramount natural right to have the free use of the limbs, but community life places certain limits on even this right, and forbids the use of our limbs to the injury of others. So under ordinary circumstances it is quite natural and proper that the disposition of property should be left to the desires of the owner, but if he abuses this right and seeks to dispose of his property to the manifest injury of others, then just in proportion to the extent and amount of that injury is the community justified in protecting itself by imposing restrictions upon the individual's right. Furthermore such a bit of legislation would not be without precedent. An hotel proprietor, if he has spare room, cannot refuse accommodation to a person who is able and willing to pay for same. Why can he not avail himself of the manufacturer's plea, and say: "This is my bed and my house, and I will let only those whom I please enjoy them?" But place such a right in the hands of a hotel proprietor, and the public would be put to constant annoyance and inconvenience. And yet how insignificant are the annoyances that would thus arise in comparison to the evils of Combines that affect the industry, honesty and very existence of our numerous lesser merchants. The two cases are on the same footing, and why not extend the remedy to Combines? The welfare of the community must be paramount. By combining, the manufacturers have exceeded their community rights, usurped despotic powers, and threatened our democracy. It is full time for the people to assert their collective rights, and demand a limit to the ruining sway of mercantile tyrants. That some active legislation has not been passed to check the widespread evils of Combines can only be attributed either to political parties not desiring to offend their campaign fund-feeders, or to the novelty and suddenness of the spread and dangers of Combines. In charity let us hope the latter to be the reason. Now that the benumbed senses of the community have recovered and the dangers of Combines are naked in all their repulsive features, Parliament can no longer have excuse for not taking decisive steps. What remedy could be more simple in its operation, more effective in its results, and more justly in the interest of the community than that of restricting a merchant's right to refuse his wares to a customer who is willing and able to pay their market value.

W. W. B. McINNES.

Victoria, B.C.

THOUGH we have two eyes, we are supplied with but one tongue. Draw your own moral.—Alphonse Karr.

A MILICETE LEGEND.

[NOTE.—The legend of Gloscap and the Beaver, as told by the Milicete Indians, relates to the River St. John in New Brunswick. The Beaver's dam was the rock through which the river now finds its way to the sea. There is reason to believe that this was not the original mouth of the river. The Beaver's house was what is now called Kennebecasis Island, and the Indian's claim that evidence of its having been built by a gigantic race of beavers can be seen to-day. Rocks are pointed out in some parts of the river valley, which are alleged to have been used as missiles in the conflict between Gloscap and the Beaver. One version of the legend represents the former as having thrown them, another the latter; but in all the versions, differing as they do on minor points, the story is substantially the same. A period of happiness is followed by one of misery, at the end of which a deliverer appears, his coming being followed by great changes in the face of the country, and especially by opening of a new outlet for the river, whereby its lacustrine character was changed to what it now is. What bearing the existence of this legend has upon the antiquity of the Indian race, I will not pretend to determine.—C. H. L.]

THE GOLDEN AGE.

BROAD meadows bordered with elm trees, round hills embowered with maples,
Great fields of corn, silk-crested, whispering low to the soft wind,
Flowing between them the river—Wal-loos-took, the winding—"The highway,"
Islands dividing its course, like shields and sword-blades of emerald.
Moon after moon grew and lessened, bringing no change in the seasons;
Seed time and harvest together were blended in union perennial.
Winter and ice had no place; for even the wind from the pole star
Bore with it odour of flowers, though the sun hung low to the southward.
Men had not learned to hate, each unto each was a brother,
Women were naught but love and children were naught but duty,
Fear had not entered the heart, nor dread of impending disaster,
Each simple life was a hymn to the all-wise Father ascending.
Here dwelt a god-like people—tall, keen-eyed, brown limbed and stalwart;
Muscles as tough as the deer hide woven to make the swift lasso,
Voices like bugle calls ringing, feet as the flight of the red deer,
Gentle, withal, as a zephyr which moves not the face of the lakelet.
Fairer their wives and daughters than any flower in the meadows;
Rounded in form and graceful, with waving tresses of ebony,
Lips like to rosebuds at morn, half-opened, fragrant and dewy.
Limbs whose shapely curvings a bending lily might envy.
Such were the Milicete tribe in the days before Wah-peet, the Beaver,
Came and with ramparts of adamant blocked up the course of the river
So that the pent-up waters covered the cornfields and islands,
Winter perennial clothing the desolate earth with an ice-sheet.

THE REIGN OF THE BEAVER.

Wanderers lost in the forest, hopeless foot-sore and weary,
Remnant of those upon whom fell the wrath of the terrible Beaver,
Gaunt are their forms as of men who live face to face with starvation.
Drawn are their faces with lines by nameless horrors imprinted,
Sneaking their steps as of beasts that prey upon sheepfolds at midnight
Only regardless of that which may stifle the cravings of hunger.
Near by a rock-bordered pool lies a maiden with traces of beauty.
Yet to be seen in her form with its ill-fitting garment of deer skin.
Patient all day she has plodded through tangled forest and marshland,
Tracking a sore-wounded fawn which now stretches lifeless before her.
Wearied beyond thought of hunger she sleeps by the hardly-won
quarry
Whose dying means new life to her—she will eat when her dreamings
are ended,—
Dreamings of happy hours past, before the dread merciless Beaver
Had with his floods quenched all love that burned in men's hearts for
maidens.
And he, bright dreams of whose love parted her wan lips with smiling,
He, who in hours long passed had pillowed his head on her bosom,
Played with her ebony locks while she fondly read in his dark eyes
A story of rapturous love, a promise of life-long devotion,
Seeing her as she lay sleeping, his eyes glazed with terrible hunger—
Armed with a boulder of granite to kill her should she awaken—
Stealthily crept to the pool, and, lifting the fawn to his shoulder,
Back to the depths of the forest slunk, bearing the dreamer's life
with him.
Instead of love there was hatred in every heart indwelling;
Instead of trust dark suspicion and haunting fear of each other;
Pity lay dead 'neath the ice fields, hope died with the flowers of the
meadows;
Only despair, death and hunger were left to the Milicete nation.

Moons came and went and the ice disappeared at length from the hillsides,
Slowly the strengthening sunshine awakened new life in the forest.
Wal-loos-took, now a broad lake, gave food to the famishing people,
And by degrees from the land the curtain of sorrow was lifted.
No longer fearing each other the people gathered together—
Men to consult for the future—women to weep for their children.
Burdened with thought of their sorrow they sat by the lakeside in
silence,
Waiting till Es-cou-na-kaw-witch, oldest of all in the nation,
Named for a tall granite mountain, lifting his head from his bosom,
Uttered these words of counsel, speaking at first to the women:
"Cease ye to wail for your children, happier they who have perished
"Than we who live for new sorrows. Gather ye food 'gainst an hour
"Like that which o'erwhelmed the nation. I and the men folk in
hunting,
"Pitting ourselves for fierce warfare, shall go forth and vanquish the
Beaver."
To the men spake he with sternness: "Let us now cast aside hatred,
"Trusting each other as brothers. Select ye wives from these
women;
"Perfect your skill with the arrow; strengthen your arms with the
ash-spear;
"Then shall we dread Wah-Peet vanquished, pull down the dam he
hath builded."
Then chose they wives from the women, built them snug wigwams of
birch bark
And for a hundred moons daily perfected each art of battle.

Fathoms deep were the waters by the dam that the Beaver had builded,
Fathoms deep and motionless, gleaming like burnished silver.
Light morning mists enveloped each rocky islet and headland
And over all was silence—silence unbroken and deathlike.
Out from the forest no voices carolled to welcome the sunbeams,
Not even the chirp of a cricket, roused from its light, fitful slumber.
Echoes which dwelt in the hilltops long since had ceased to awaken;
Death reigned o'er water and forest, death and the terrible Beaver.
Vexing the placid water with strokes of rhythmical paddles,
Burdened with all the hopes of a weary, sorely-tried people,
Down through the rocky portals which guarded the lair of the tyrant
Came the canoes of birch bark, bearing the Milicete warriors.
Onward they came with arrows hard-pressed against tightening
bowstrings,
Tomahawks ready at hand, closely beside them the ash-spears.
If skill availeth or courage Wah-Peet shall quickly be vanquished,
Wah-Peet, terrific and mighty, who dammed up the life-giving river.
Far from the scene of conflict women kneel by the lakeside,
Watching with anxious heart-beats signs of the water's subsiding,
Watching with throbbing bosoms the first faint signal of victory;
Watching far into the night, yearning to catch sound of paddles.
Yet with the morning sunshine scanning the lonely lake's surface;
Yet with the setting sun patiently watching still to the southward.
Never again shall they welcome those who went forth to conflict;
Never again shall their ears catch sound of returning paddles.
Down by the tide-vexed ocean, down by the barrier of adamant,
Death holds his sway triumphant—death and the merciless Beaver.

None save the women and children were left of the Milicete nation,
Deep as the fathomless ocean the cloud of sorrow upon them,

Deep and black and unbroken, as when a storm cloud at midnight
Covers the high vault of heaven with fold upon fold of dense darkness.
Hearts that erstwhile were hopeful now broke with pitiful anguish.
"Let us die," said each to the other. "In death alone is there safety."
"Why should we live to suffer? Better far that we perish,
"Neither in earth nor in heaven dwelleth a merciful father."
Firmly resolved upon dying gathered they down by the lakeside,
Each woman bearing a child closely embraced on her bosom,
Trusting to find in the water respite from labour and suffering,
Hopeful alone that their corpses might rest on their dearly loved
meadows.

Suddenly out of the moonbeams a form came like none that ever
Trampled the grass of the fields or moved through the silvery water,
Fairer than words can picture, yet vague like the flashing Aurora,
Barring the way to the lake's brink with gesture majestic yet gentle.
Wondering, trembling and fearing the women kneel silent before him
Still their throbbing heart beats to catch his weird words of promise.
Thus spake he with a sweet cadence like to the rippling of water:—

"Moons shall come and moons shall go,
"Summer's sun and winter's snow.
"Moons shall wax and moons shall wane,
"Naught shall break the Beaver's reign
"Till from lands beyond the north
"A deliverer shall come forth,
"Like a bird his course shall take
"O'er the bosom of the lake.
"With a staff that reaches heaven
"Blows unnumbered shall be given
"Like pigeons on a field of grain
"Great rocks shall fall in awful rain.
"The Beaver's dam shall break asunder
"While heaven and earth are rent with thunder."

Sparkling with fringing of silver, yet dark in its centre as midnight,
A cloud intercepted the moonbeams, moving with speed of an arrow,
Then vanished into the ether and shimmering light smote the water.
Again, but the form of the stranger from the sight of the people had
vanished.

Back to their cabins returning neither the women nor children
Slumbered for thoughts of the marvel. Rising at first blush of morning
Hastened they out to the cornfields where grain gleaned like gold
through husks parted,
Plucking the ears which they stored up in pointed ricks cunningly
fashioned;
Then when the shadows of evening rendered it fruitless to labour
Made many arrows with flint tips and bows from the wood of the ash
tree,
Practised the boys with the bowstring, tomahawks taught them to
handle,
Making them swear by their fathers who slept 'neath the pitiless water
To wage war with Wah-Peet the mighty when Gloscap should lead
to the conflict.

Thus came it that in the land where flows the winding Wal-loos-took
Work in the cornfields is woman's, all the men folk being warriors.

THE COMING OF GLOSCAP.

Moons came and went, many hundreds; the sons of those who were
children,
When Wah-Peet, the terrible Beaver, built his dam by the tide-
harassed ocean,
Long since had passed to the realms of silence forever unbroken.
Scarcely a memory lingered of the golden days of the nation;
Only some ancient mother, full of years as of wrinkles,
Mumbled the story of suffering, muttered the story of promise.
Hard was the reign of the Beaver, longer and fiercer the winters
Grew until the weak sunlight failing to ripen the cornfields,
Gaunt famine stalked through the land and smote all the nation with
anguish.

For a brief space in the summer the frozen face of the broad lake
Vanished beneath the black water like a weird flash of Aurora.
Then in canoes all the warriors, even the women and children
Plying the net and the swift spear, drew silvery food from its bosom.
Crowded in countless thousands were gleaming shoals of white fish
Now only found in deep pools, far in the forest's recesses.
And so it came to be told in the homes of the Milicete nation
That, when the ice-field in summer disappeared like a flash of
Aurora—
Now stretching white o'er the lake, now lost to sight 'neath the
water—
Gloscap, bidding his time to come and vanquish the Beaver
Turned the white ice into fishes, for food for his famishing people.

While the soft daylight yet lingered the children gathering fishes,
Swopt from the generous water and gleaming high on the sand beach
Saw o'er the shining water in the glowing track which the red sun
Cast when slowly descending behind the crest of the mountain,
Coming with speed of a swallow a bark most wondrously fashioned,
In it, erect as a pine tree, a form majestic and mighty
Motionless stood, and his head shone round about with the lightning.
At the strange vision affrighted, the children ran to the cabins.
Forth rushed the men with their weapons, followed with haste by the
women;

But when they saw the strange being, coming without stroke of
paddle—
Saw his canoe touch the lakeside and stop like a creature of wisdom,
Saw him, with gesture majestic, scorning their threatening arrows,
Give them a signal of peace, while over the crest of the mountain
Back came the lately set sun, like a slave that waits on its master,
Stood both palsied and speechless, cowering closely together.
Then he, loosing his girdle, that shone like the planets at midnight
When icy breath of the frost king has swept all the mists from the
ether,

Threw it sparkling before them close by the glistening fishes,
Speaking in tones of rich music, while each bent forward to hearken:
"Listen, I come to restore you all that your fathers once cherished.
"Listen, I come to demolish the dam which the Beaver hath builded.
"Once more the Milicete children shall sport on the long-buried
meadows:
"Once more the waving cornfields shall gladden the hearts of the
women.
"This is the hour of vengeance, this is the hour appointed
"Of old, when your grandfathers' grandfathers were slain by Wah-Peet
the mighty."

Calling to mind the sweet promise made to a past generation,
Doubt and fear disappearing, like dew in the light of the morning,
Eagerly clamoured the warriors, burning with zeal to go with him.
But he, with gesture majestic, bade them remain with the women,
And, as the sun, re-descending, vanished behind the tall mountain,
In his canoe re-embarc, disappeared in the gathering darkness.
But o'er the face of the water, like the bright track of a meteor,
Glittered his widening canoe-trail, breaking in many-hued wavelets.

Out from the depth of the forest, with tottering footsteps and feeble,
An old man came, burdened with sorrows and years they had ceased
to reckon,
Sightless, speechless, nor hearing even the loud-voiced thunder.
Greatly amazed were the people to see him come to the lakeside;
Marvelled they more when the voice which many long years had been
silent
Spoke, and the visionless orbs noted the glowing canoe track.
"Gloscap hath come," said he calmly, as one who speaks in a vision.
"I heard his voice in the forest; I see his track o'er the water.
"Your years of sorrow are ended, ended the reign of the Beaver!
"Again shall ye till the broad meadows which lie 'neath the wide
waste of water."
Marvelled they more when, ceasing to speak, he raised his hand
heavenward,
Then like a tree in the forest, heavy with years and with ripeness,
Proned on the earth fell and moved not, only upon his still features
Rested a smile—wondrous thing in that sad-visaged Milicete nation.

Suddenly far to the southward a cloud of ominous blackness
Blotted out star after star and wrapt the earth in its shadow,
Ever and anon its bosom by lightning rent and illumined
While sounds of tumult appalling made the calm night air vibrate

Denser and denser the darkness grew till the terrible lightning failed to disclose to each watcher the form of him who stood nearest; Louder and louder the thunder, till earth seemed all blackness and tumult, and even fear was benumbed and hell itself had been welcome. Heaven and earth seemed together in ruin unutterable blended, and death itself seemed destroyed, and life and time and remembrance. None have e'er measured in hours the length of the terrible conflict. Sunlight at length returning, a chosen band of the warriors, cautiously creeping out from their hiding places in caverns, saw the lake gone—in its stead gleamed the course of a silvery river—Forests up-torn as if whirlwinds had lashed them with merciless fury. Great rocks studding the fields, torn from far distant mountains—Wah-Peet, defeated, retreating, had hurled them against his assailant—While to the northward a black cloud, often serried by lightning showed where the monster had hidden from Glooscap the godlike avenger. But he who worked the deliverance ne'er more was seen by the people; Only against the dark north sky flashes his many-edged sword blade, Guarding his people forever against the fierce wrath of the Beaver. Frederickton, N.B., April 7, 1890.

CHARLES H. LUGRIN.

PARIS LETTER.

THE splendid though severe frosty weather, despite grumbings from a few, gives next to general satisfaction. All who can brave the open air, on regaining their homes, laugh at doctors, and scout the 293 patent medicines, professed incomparable as curatives of winter ills from colds to chilblains. And better, the bracing weather attracts one out, only do not stand to admire either dead nature, or to chat with a friend—keep moving. Those specialists who advocate an Alpine residence as a preventive against consumption will be able to study with advantage the vital statistics of the present winter. Koch had better look to his laurels. Wherever there is a pond or a lake, it is occupied by skaters, and by crowds looking on. Along the borders of the ponds are crescents of live coke, doubtless for the rheumatic, and before which babies in the arms are admitted free.

Not only has the intense cold been a salutary health reviver, but also a purse emptier, and at same time a purse filler. It induces people to go outside doors to shop, and, above all, to promenade through the very attractive fair along the Boulevards. This implies purchasing many of the pleasing nothings that catch the eye, and every shop or booth is a *multum in parvo*. The infallible barometers when business is brisk are the features of the trades-people. When these do not recall an undertaker, or a composition of sixpence in the pound, all's well. Good spirits on the part of dealers attract customers. President Carnot, accompanied by his military secretary, did the booth fair like any other ordinary mortal. The French can thus see their ruler at least once a year, as did their early ancestors their king, when the latter accepted their presents for his civil list, and in exchange promised peace. President Carnot declines gifts, and gives the assurances of peace gratis. Professor Huxley will be surprised to hear that "boothism" dominates at present every other ism in Paris, hypnotism not excepted. And the Salvation Army represents the generous multitude that purchases liberally from the impromptu stores along the foot-paths, and thus saves many a poor artisan and his family from dire misery by taking off his hands his stocks of home-made toys.

Art, like nature, has its due season. We like this annual return of an old custom, and welcome the opening year, as did the ancients, with dancing and music. Only its closet-skeleton consists of the terrible extra income tax levied for New Year gifts. Precedents are of no value; if so, the kissing of a relative after being shaved, and that was considered once a New Year's gift, would save your pocket. A branch of a tree, plucked in the sacred grove of Strennia, was the earliest form of gift; that simplicity exists in the form of offerings of chrysanthemums, oranges—with or without people's names on them—and fire-wood. In 1864, Mme. de Montespan made a present to Louis XIV. of a real *livre d'or*, where all the battles and sieges he won were chronicled in gold letters.

The booths that habitually line the Boulevards, from the closing days of the old to the opening days of the New Year, only date from 1789. Like all French institutions, the fair has had its ups and downs. Originally, it was founded to illustrate the new principle of equality, that the poor trader could, for at least a fortnight in the year, rank himself as a man and a brother, cheek by jowl with the upper crust John Gilpins. He can either hire a wooden hut or run one up himself with a pound of nails and a score of planks—the latter to be taken back at half price. The shanties are eight feet long and high, and five feet wide. To guard against fire, the huts must be three feet apart, ought not to touch the trees; nor can a booth sell the same class of goods as the shop facing it. Two of a trade never agree.

The fair extends over a distance of five miles; but its backbone runs from the Madeleine to the Bastille. It has been called the "Children's Paradise." Just think of five miles of varied toys! That's a real children's treat, and Cook might well organize excursions for little folks to revel in the joys. Foreigners never tire pilgrimaging the five-mile run; a good many notions and ideas are to be picked up, and new delights are constantly being placed on that market. Many of the tenants of these shanties live, move, and have their being in them. Out of admiration for their pluck, or sympathy for their hard lot in cold weather like the present, even the Harpagnons must loosen their purse-strings. Many of the tenants make their own toys during the long summer evenings.

But many also purchase toys from the wholesale manufacturer, and retail them at their own risk. To make up for this venture, everything that can be pledged at the pawn office will be. If the speculation fails, from

a damp, snowy, or wet holiday-tide, that means ruin and desolation; but if the weather be superb, as at present, the result will be a bonanza. The afternoon and the evening are the best hours of sale. There are about 900 booths erected from the Bastille to the Madeleine; two-thirds of these are on the left-hand side, that being the walking or fascinating part of the Boulevard. Round the Bastille, the fair terminates in the sale of oranges; perhaps this is a memento of the wholesale market for that fruit that was once held there, and of the habit citizens had of throwing oranges over the ramparts of the Bastille for the benefit of the poorer inmates.

The Marquis de Villette, husband of Voltaire's niece, *Belle et Bonne* presented a petition demanding the suppression of all *fêtes* because they only favoured hotel-keepers and dram shops. But it was the Revolution that suppressed the festivals, even that of New Year's Day itself, because the giving of presents recalled royalty, which was always receiving, though Lottin, the confectioner, retorted that his goods were all in the three colours. Toys, like bonbons, and the thousand little nothings that constitute what are known as *articles de Paris*, like dress, reflect the moment and live for the moment. Born in the morning they disappear in the evening.

Hence, the importance of symbolizing a reigning actuality. When Montgolfier invented his balloon, fashionable patronized gloves, having painted thereon in *gouache* scenes of balloon ascents, while fans, jewellery, bonbons, cane-knobs, etc., also recalled balloons. Palloy, the contractor for the demolition of the Bastille, had several toy souvenirs, for New Year's gifts, made out of the stones of the famous structure. At the present moment the toy novelty is the "Gouffé trunk," because that bailiff's remains were placed in a trunk after the murder. The toy is a small puzzle-tin trunk, with the request thereon painted in English, French and Spanish, the latter a tribute, doubtless, to Cuba for arresting Eyraud, the assassin, to "open the trunk." This is done by pressing the thumb-nail against the bottom of one of the side ends, when the end shoots out, and the bailiff appears.

At best the new are only the old toys. As Marie Antoinette remarked of fashions, the new is what has been. But the public not the less looks forward to the toy season, as it does to the Grand Prix or a Fourteenth of July review. This is due, not alone to witness the ingenuity of inventors, but the pleasure we feel in thinking of the joy that a novelty will light up in little faces. The windmill, with its four arms put in motion by pulling a string, is a toy only second in antiquity to that other, the human figure. The windmill sells by millions, and costs but two sous. It is the only toy that Germany cannot under-cut in sale. Two large firms in Paris make the windmill exclusively; all is made by the hand. One person shapes the wood, another puts pieces together, a third fixes the string, and a fourth lays on the paint.

Curious to say, the wooden sword and scabbard is exclusively a German product, because cheap. But the drum at three sous, and which is said to crack up patriotism in juveniles, is French. Not so with the leaden soldier; this is a German monopoly. Germany manufactures standing armies for empires, kingdoms and republics, and all these bloated armaments, too, in the uniform of each nation, English, French, Italian, etc.

At the rate of three sous per eight soldiers—cavalry, infantry or artillerists—a nursing can secure quite a formidable army. This leaden *militaire* is eternal, and his passive obedience is of the most absolute kind. He falls out of the ranks without a murmur, and maintains his threatening attitude despite the menaces of the enemy. And the attitudes of the soldiers are so true to fact that they must have been designed by a Neuville, a Bellocourt, or a Detaille. If the spirit of national defence could be upheld by metallic soldiers as it is done by "wooden walls." They must be real architects and landscape gardeners that design those pretty farms and grounds at six sous with trees, and sheep sheltering beneath them; all watched by a shepherd's dog—the lineal descendant of the breed preserved in Noah's ark. Children prefer this rustic simplicity to the "grand castle" toy. In the latter case, mamma will likely tell her little one to wash its hands before touching the Château; similarly as some parents threaten to deprive baby of his mechanical horse if he mounts upon it. Give baby his wooden steed built on the lines of that of Troy; solid on its four wooden legs as a granny's stool that will put up with all the rider's caprices, that will support whip lashings without budging, and that will even allow its tail to be pulled away without a protest from either hind legs or teeth.

In 1840, when France was in a bubble against England on the Syrian question, the audience of the opera demanded that the orchestra should execute the *Marseillaise*. On refusal, the audience sang it without accompaniment. The Police Inspector vociferated: "The *Marseillaise* is not on the bills." "Nor are you either," retorted a god from above.

WOMAN'S mission on earth is something grand and noble, and she should be loved, respected and cared for by all mankind, for her natural disposition should be as God intended, that of love, affection and virtue. (For if she loves a man, she will give her right hand to please him; and if she hates him, she will give her right hand to avenge him.) Thus she lives in one extreme or the other, seldom bringing her judicatory thoughts to bear; and once outside her mission for which she was created, she is justly compared with a hell in the midst of humanity.—Dante.

F'RONEY.

THIRD PRIZE STORY. BY EMILY MCMANUS, ODESSA, ONT.

"F'RONEY! F'rony! Drat the girl! Where's she off to now? Might 'most as well have no one in the house," grumbled the woman. "F'rony, ain't you never goin' to put them children t' bed? And get along there yourself so 's't be up for berry-pickin' in the mornin'."

F'rony came slowly through the low doorway, a slight, supple figure, in short dark homespun skirt and waist. The rippling brown hair drawn smoothly back from the low brow, hung in a single thick braid. The dark oval face had great possibilities of beauty, but just now the mutinous curves of the mouth banished the dimples that would have showed in happy smiles, while the drooping lids half veiled dark sombre eyes.

"Oh! you've condescended to come at last, hev you?" the rasping, quarrelsome voice continued. "Well, jist stop your sulkin' and take th' children, and that lame brat t' bed."

The "lame brat" came in timidly, a certain shrinking hesitancy betokening ill-usage. He was but a child of eight or ten, perhaps, though the small drawn face was no index to the age. One leg, the left, hung withered and useless, so he swung himself painfully along by means of a crutch. His eyes were dark and bright like the girl's, but his hair was a strange contrast. Fair and silky, it hung about his shoulders, and clustered over his brow not unlike a nimbus. How often had Feronia likened it to the glory about the brow of the little child Jesus, as she had seen it in the picture of the "Madonna and Child," which hung in the Church of the Nativity, in the little French village below.

The child hobbled painfully along, keeping Feronia well between himself and the irate mistress of the house.

"Never mind, Dickey boy," Feronia whispered, stooping suddenly to him, "she dassen't touch you while I'm around," and picking him up, crutch and all, in her strong young arms, she ran up the winding stairway and deposited him on a bed in a shabby low room. Half-kneeling, half-reclining, her arms still encircling the boy, she raised a face, terrible in its dark intensity. "It can't last much longer," she said, still in that low, deep, vibrant whisper, "not much longer, Dickey boy! Jack will come, Jack must come soon now, and then no one will dare lay a finger roughly on you! No more knocks then, nor curses, nor food begrudged, Dickey, when Jack comes home! Just think of the toys, and books full of beautiful pictures, and oh Dickey! a chair that goes on wheels like the little boy's at the village! No more old crutches then, Dickey boy, when Jack comes home!" and the girl's face is positively beautiful now, lit up by hope and love, and a great overwhelming tenderness for the ill-used cripple clinging so trustfully to her.

"Won't you tell me all about it when you come back, F'rony?" he asks, as he feels her arms unloosening.

"Yes, yes," she answers, "but say your prayers while I am gone, and ask the good God to watch over Jack, night and day, and bring him back soon, soon."

It is a half-hour later that she finds Dick sitting up in bed, in the pale moonlight, quivering with excitement.

"F'rony! F'rony!" he calls, in a hoarse, cautious whisper, "Jack's a comin'! Jack's a comin'!"

Feronia is by his side in a moment.

"What is it Dickey? What is it?" she says. He draws her down to the low window by his bed, and points excitedly to where a man's figure is plainly outlined against the summer sky.

"I've watched him comin' along the road from 'way 'way down on the flats, and know it must be Jack."

Feronia is gazing with her heart in her eyes.

"Oh, it is! it must be!" she cried. "Who else would be comin' to the Heights at this hour? And look,—excitedly—"he has lit a cigar. Do you not see the red spark? The men about here smoke only pipes."

There is a breathless pause in the low, moonlit room, but each can feel the other quivering.

"I'm going to him, Dickey," Feronia whispers. "I've got my shoes off. I can creep out of the window like I've often done, and swing myself down by a limb of the apple-tree."

She has the window wide open now.

"If only I could go too!" poor Dick sighs.

She kisses him tenderly. "Tis only for a little while, Dickey boy," she whispers, and creeps cautiously out, catches the swaying limb and swings lightly to the ground.

The house stood midway on a gentle slope that overlooked the banks of the Upper Ottawa, a full mile distant. An irregular garden hedged it in on three sides, while on the fourth was an open flat where the cows and sheep congregated in the evening. Beyond the garden a winding path stretched, curving down the slope as if irresolute, till it finally took a decided turn to the left, and so on along the river's edge to S. —, where the old stone church with its melodious chime, and the gaudy new post office were the chief points of interest. For the population was more or less a floating one where gangs of "shanty-men" in winter, and "river-drivers" in spring and summer outnumbered the residents ten to one. To the north of the house lay the "Heights" proper, a strange sombre background, its huge irregular masses crowned here and there with dense forests, and again a rocky peak standing out bleak and bare. There huckleberries abounded and it was in quest of these the household of Le Croix was to go on the morrow. Huckleberries had been plentiful there from

the time when the elder Le Croix, his motherless boy by his side, had climbed this slope and chosen the site for his shanty. The shanty had been built over since, and more modern additions added, but the site was the same and the Heights loomed up dark and grim as of old. That was one reason perhaps why the second Mrs. Le Croix never took kindly to her lonely home. She had a horror of the mountain.

Jack was already a boy of fifteen, and Dick but three, when their mother died. Shortly after the elder son, Labaire, married, and brought to his father's house, Lizette, a sharp-tongued, ill-tempered creature, who set to work at once to correct what she called the children's idle ways. A sudden and harsh change it was for them though their father stood somewhat between them and their new sister's anger. But he died in the following spring and then indeed the children's bright days were over. Jack, a high-spirited lad rebelled, but lingered a little for Feronia's sake.

"Look after Dickey boy"—the mother's pet name for him—he had said to Feronia, herself a child of twelve, "and when I make my fortune I'll come back for you both. Oh yes! I'll come back, never fear." So he left them, and the children had always sustained themselves with the thought, "When Jack comes home!"

And now Jack is here Feronia thinks, as she creeps softly out in the shadows along by the garden wall. She reaches the lane at length and looks back. No sign of anyone, while coming up the road saunteringly is a young man, tall and well-formed, his cigar still between his lips. Not a doubt of his identity comes to the girl. The hour is late, the place lonely. A stranger would not come in that leisurely way, to visit the Heights. And so the astonished young man put out his arm involuntarily to receive the girl who almost threw herself on him, clinging to him with sobs.

"Oh Jack, dear Jack! at last you have come back! I am so glad for Dickey's sake. They are cruel to him, poor little Dickey boy. Dear, dear Jack, you will take me away with you? At last! at last!"

The young man has thrown away his cigar.

"Well!" he says, as soon as he recovers breath, "I certainly am Jack—dear Jack if you like—but I fear you mistake me for some one else."

What a blanched face he sees in the moonlight. The hands fall away from his arm, and go up slowly to her throat. "Not Jack!" she said hoarsely, "Not our Jack," and she stands as one turned to stone.

The stranger is heartily concerned. "I am very sorry," he said, "to be the unwitting cause of your disappointment. Who is this Jack that I resemble? Is he your lover?" he would have said, but she looked too childish and sorrowful, so he substituted brother,—"is he your brother, child?"

"Yes," she said, still holding her throat as if she were choking, "my brother, and Dickey's." She turned to go, but he stopped her.

"You are in trouble. Can not I do something for you?—help you in some way?" She only shook her head. "Unless," she says, hesitatingly, over her shoulder and, coming back a step, "unless you could bring Jack to us."

It is the next day in the hot lull of noon that she has a chance to talk to him again. The horses are tethered lower down; the waggon and various pails and pans for holding berries drawn carefully under shade from the scorching sun. Since early morning they have been heaping the plentiful fruit in their pails, and now the purple heaps look cool and inviting, as having eaten their dinner, the men lie about and smoke in the shade, or sleep when the persistent gnats will let them.

Jack Redmond had briefly explained his errand the night before. A party of campers wished to spend a few weeks picnicking and sketching on the Heights. He had come ahead to learn the lay of the land and find the best spot on which to pitch their tents. Could Le Croix direct him? A breath from the outer world was to sweep over the lonely Heights.

So Jack Redmond joins the berrying-party next morning, and is now resting out of reach of the noon-day sun. He is idly watching Feronia, who is stretched on the grass by Dick's side, fanning herself with a huge fan of leaves he had fastened together.

"Do you know yours is a very odd name," he says. "Who chose it for you?"

"Mother did," the girl answers softly. "I s'pose 'tis an odd name, for when she took me to be baptized the priest said it was no saint's name, and a Christian child must have a Christian name, so they added Mary to it—Feronia Mary."

"Then you know about your namesake, Feronia of old?" Redmond asks.

"No, indeed. Tell me of her," and the dark eyes are opened widely enough now, gazing with a new interest on the young man.

"Long ago in Italy, when the people worshipped gods and goddesses, the great god Pan, the god of Nature, had many followers. Some were Dryads, nymphs of the woods, some were Fauni, some Satyrs, some Naiads, but one of the best loved and most helpful was Feronia, the goddess of orchards and woods. Her temple was built in a grove near Mount Soracte. It was in this temple that slaves received the cap of liberty, and it was said that her votaries could walk barefoot over burning coals uninjured."

Feronia laughed shortly. "I guess I haven't much in common with my namesake," she said. "No one is likely

to build temples to me, or worship me, unless 'tis Dickey," with a fond smile in his direction.

"Why are you so attached to the child?" Redmond asks. "Is he your brother? It is not usual for sisters to be so motherly."

"My mother died when he was only a baby, and I promised her to look after him always. Then father left him to me, too, and so did Jack. He said to care for Dick till he made his fortune, then he would care for us both. Then"—excitedly—"is he not lame, and weak, and abused? They think him only a bother at the house, and Lizette beats him sometimes."

"Beats a little cripple like that?" Redmond cries. "What a hard-hearted wretch!"

"I told her one day I'd kill her if she ever struck him again," Feronia says, her great dark eyes ablaze. Redmond likes to watch the sudden changes of the girl's mobile face. Only an instant ago it was full of deepest love for the little cripple, now it is the dark face of a fury.

One of the berry-pickers has joined the group—a short, dark-featured Frenchman, but Redmond goes on unheeding. "If Jack never comes back," he says, "what then?"

"Oh, he will, he must, he promised," she almost pants. "Dick and I pray every night. The good God would not refuse."

"But it may be years," Redmond persisted. "In the meantime you will marry and not care if Jack comes or not."

"Dat wat I tell her," the Frenchman interposes. "Jack he stay way long, long temps. F'roney she grow, she don't care. Dick he get big, big; he don't care. 'Baire he gruff man. Lizette she one she-devil. F'roney she be sensible, she marry some one to look after her. She"—with an anxious burst—"she marry me!"

"You!" Feronia gives way to a shrill burst of laughter. "You, Baptiste! You talk of marrying! Better wait till you grow up. You are three inches shorter than me. I never could abide a squatty man," and the girl tosses her head in cool insolence, not troubling to note the little Frenchman's rage. "Marry you!" she repeats scornfully, "MAR-RY YOU!"

The Frenchman springs to his feet threateningly. "Yes, you marry me!" he shrieked. "Baire he say you one torment in his house. He give you to me. He say he make you marry me!"

"O, he does!" the girl coolly retorts. "He wants you to starve me to death like you did your old mother."

In blind fury the Frenchman springs towards her, intent on speedy vengeance, but Redmond interposes his burly frame.

"For shame!" he cries. "Would you strike a woman? A pretty husband you'd make! Better learn to control yourself before you think of controlling a wife." He turns to Feronia. "Will you come higher up and show me some of the fine views?" he asks, anxious to get her away from the crowd that was gathering around, attracted by the angry voices.

The girl springs up readily, all the anger vanishing. But Baptiste sees the sudden brightening of that changeable face and cannot let her depart in peace. Hesitating some moments till Redmond's swinging steps have carried him some distance away, he lifts his shrill little voice and calls out an insulting name, so insulting that Redmond rushes back in a white heat, and seizes him by the throat.

"Unsay that!" he shouts. "Down on your knees, dastard, and beg her pardon." The astonished and half-strangled man made a desperate effort to release himself. But feeling that powerful hand only tighten on his throat, he dropped sulkily to his knees. "Unsay it!" Redmond repeats, and the other stammeringly obeys. "Now go," Redmond commands, "and remember I'll pound your miserable little carcass to a jelly, if ever I hear of your annoying her again."

The Frenchman slunk away, muttering threats of vengeance, while Redmond strode on to Feronia, who stood with clasped hands awaiting him, admiration and fear struggling for mastery on her speaking countenance. All her life the girl had been used to threats and rough words, even blows. But now she had a champion, a defender. Redmond appeared in a new light to her. He had actually arrayed himself on her side, and resented the foul name thrown at her. How handsome and strong he looked in his rage, towering there beside the cowering Baptiste. Then she sees the malignant look of the chastised man, and a sudden fear strikes her.

"Oh!" she cries to Redmond, "thank you for defending me, but it was bad to humble him before all those people. He'll never forgive you. He'll work you some injury, mark my words."

"I have no fear of him," Redmond answers lightly. "He knows the grip of my hand too well to venture within reach of it again. And now, where is the famous rock from which we can see the foaming Ottawa?"

They soon reached a large table-like rock that lifted itself a good fifty feet sheer above its fellows, and projected sharply over the edge of the hill. Far below them the encampment lay, a mere speck on the hillside, and the dark clumps of forest all about showed patches of cleared fields between. Below, like a silver thread winding in and out, flashed the river, and just opposite to where they stood it suddenly widened into a broad sheet of glittering water, with an island, a dark speck on its bosom.

"Look," she cried, pointing, "no one lives there, so me and Dick christened it Loon's Island, 'cause we nearly got swamped there once gettin' loons' eggs."

Redmond had taken out a field-glass and was looking intently in the direction she indicated. "But there is some one on it now," he said. "See," handing her the glass.

"Sure enough," she answered after a few minutes' survey. "Somebody is camping there. Never knew anyone to camp there before. Why 'tis not safe with the water so high. Any night a sudden storm might sweep the water right over that place and drown them all out."

"'Tis a small island," Redmond declared, "but I dare say a capital place for duck shooting. By the way"—a sudden idea striking him—"I shouldn't wonder if that is Brown's camp. Yes, he was coming up the Ottawa with a camping-party this month, but I thought he would be later. Yes, that is his party I'm almost certain. How can I join them?"

"Oh, anyone along the shore would set you over," she said. "'Tis not much of a pull in calm weather, but there's an awful current when the wind blows."

"Well, there is no hurry," he decides. "Brown will stay a couple of weeks, at least, and I must see our campers settled here before I go."

The hills were very quiet about them, hushed in the great noon-day heat. Even the trees were motionless, and not a bird's note broke the calm.

"How odd the call would sound now," she said.

"The call?" he asks.

"Yes. Would you like to learn it? You can hear it ever so far." The girl threw her head back, and sent her clear, shrill voice suddenly far over forest and hill, in a strange wild yodel. It awoke the slumbering echoes from the numerous peaks about, and brought back a similar cry from the encampment beneath. Again and again she sent her fresh high voice out over the distance, and as often the cry came back mellowed and spent. Redmond tried it much to her amusement, and his own discomfiture at first, but under her careful directions he soon improved.

"See," standing jauntily before him, "put your hands on your hips, so; throw out your chest, more, more. Draw in a good long breath—not too long—now!" and Redmond found it easier work than at first.

What a deliciously clear voice she has, Redmond thinks, as she amuses herself with various beautifully modulated changes of the yodel. Then he fell to watching the girl, and wondering about her. "How lithe and graceful all the curves of her body are. How haughtily the little head is set on the slender neck. What unconscious grace. If only I were an artist now! And to think she lives among such people. Feronia. What a romantic name! If Helen would only take her in hand." Then his musings took another turn, and he began to whistle softly to himself.

"I must go back now," Feronia says. "I'll get a fine scolding, as it is, for losing so much time."

"Bless me! I'd forgotten all about berry picking," Redmond says contritely; then adds, "Send them to me if they find fault. I'll pay them for your time."

But the girl turns with a great rush of anger over her brow. "Pay for my time!" she cries. "I am not your servant, nor their servant, that you should pay for me."

She walks angrily away, but Redmond hastens to make peace. "How could you think I meant that!" he says. "It is only that I could not bear to have you blamed for my fault."

But she has turned to him already in smiles. "Wretch that I am. To think I could forget even for a moment how you silenced black Bat!"

"Then we are allies again," he says smiling too. "See here is my peace-offering," and he gathers for her a bunch of fully-opened golden-rod, growing in a sunny nook on the hill side.

It was not till the third day after this that his party arrived, and meanwhile Redmond and Feronia had become fast friends. She had shown him the chief points of interest on the Heights—where a great hurricane had uprooted a massive oak; where a rare kind of mountain-bell grew; where a great clump of maiden-hair fern found coolness from a tiny stream that trickled down the hill-side; where a lordly eagle nested; where a curious cave was that Jack had once crept into and found littered with bones—the lair of a wolf, perhaps! And here Feronia the brave had shivered in sympathy with the mere remembrance of that long-gone terror, when Jack had called out "wolves!" to her, in awe-struck tones.

And he grew strangely attached to this girl of many moods, learning to understand her better as he learned more of her hard history.

What perfect days these were for Dick. Redmond made him wonderful whistles out of tender willow boughs and hollow reeds that grew lower down on the flat. Even a rude flute had been constructed that gave forth beautifully clear notes. Then, too, some strange birds' nests had found their way to Dick's collection, and odd shells, and coloured stones. Some beautiful moss flecked with tiny scarlet spots had a place there, too, and Dick was happy.

Feronia saw the strangers arrive with a vague heart-pang. He had been so much her own during these few days, and now others would claim him. She stood apart while the new comers greeted him in hearty, ringing voices. "Redmond, old fellow, how are you? We thought we'd never find you. And the ladies!—Oh!—There is a comical, backward glance, and a chorus of feminine voices. "Of course we missed him! Everybody missed him!" and Feronia sees Redmond helping carefully down from her cushioned seat, a tall, slender girl, in a cool gingham gown, with a wreath of wild

flowers on her shady hat. The girl had a sweet, gentle face, but somehow a shadow fell on Feronia's as she looked. Later Feronia saw these two stroll slowly away towards the high rock—the rock she had so lately shared with him.

That night as she crept into the covered waggon that served her for bed, she took Dick closely in her arms. "Are you perfectly happy, Dickey boy!" she asked.

"I feel like this was Heaven," Dick answers solemnly.

"No scoldin', no work, nothin' but play all day and wachin' the birds and flowers, and he's so good. Oh! ain't he good, F'roney? He's goin' to gimme a flute, a real flute, and some picture books, and a top that goes ever so long. Do you think, F'roney—do you think"—hesitatingly—"that our own Jack is any gooder? Do you F'roney?"

The girl paused. Then a small sob crept upwards as she said: "Our Jack is our very own. He wouldn't leave us for anyone else. He wouldn't—he wouldn't forget us, Dick!"

Dick is puzzled. "Do you think he likes them other folks better'n us?" he asks, anxiously.

"Oh! I'm sure he does; see how he never came near us all evening, and us goin' back to-morrow!"

This, then, was Feronia's hurt. Her last evening of an all too-perfect time had been made a time of torture, of jealousy, of self-humiliation. The girl for the first time in her life had looked in loathing on her dun-coloured dress, her heavy shoes; her browned hands. "How different hers are!" she thought, for with woman's true instinct she had singled out Redmond's betrothed from among the merry crowd of campers.

All unconsciously Redmond had done Feronia a grievous harm. He had sought her out from among the rest, walked with her, talked with her, gathered flowers and berries for her, been as deferential as he would have been to any lady of his acquaintance, and greatest of all he had protected her from the taunts and violence of her would-be lover. She seemed in many ways so like a child, he never seriously thought of the possibility of a woman's heart awakening. And yet an hour had awakened it, and an evening's neglect had taught the girl much of the woman's sad wisdom.

In the morning the camps were all astir, Redmond's friends to move further among the hills, the Le Croix party for home. Redmond had not altogether forgotten Feronia the night before. He had talked of her to his betrothed, Helen Brown, and together they had decided to give Feronia and Dick the pleasure of camping with them. But to his surprise Feronia did not seem anxious to go. He noticed an indefinite change in the girl that pained him somehow.

"I thought it would be so pleasant for you," he says, ruefully, "and for Dick, you know. Think how Dick would enjoy it. Do Feronia"; so the girl yielded at length.

"But I am so—so shabby," she says, tears of mortified pride in her eyes.

"Oh, your clothes are all right," he says, carelessly. "Just the thing for climbing, and tearing through the bushes." So Feronia sees her friends depart, not without some misgivings, and yet with a guilty joy at being near him, so much longer.

The days flew merrily by, excepting that Redmond found Feronia so odd and changed that at times he regretted having asked her to accompany them. Sometimes, indeed, she was so bright and sunny the whole party delighted in her mirth. But Helen tried in vain to make a friend of her; she would not be won over. Still, in her own gentle way, Helen persisted, choosing Feronia for a companion as often as possible. Often Redmond made a slip, and it not unfrequently happened that Feronia slipped away, and left them to themselves, seeing how they forgot her very presence. And so in the girl's wild, untamed heart the seeds of jealousy and hate were planted and like a savage she reaped the fruits.

Redmond had at length decided to visit his friends on the island. Feronia, from her favourite rock, saw him depart, tramping down over the hillside; watched him until he grew a faint moving speck, and finally disappeared from her view. She drew a long breath that had a sob in it. Then stretching out her arms towards the spot where he had vanished, a flood of tender epithets broke from her lips. Her whole being was aglow. The restraints of a week—a lifetime to her—were removed. She was mad for the time. She forgot her surroundings, her past, and her future; the present was a delirious ecstasy.

Something arouses her. She turns. Helen Brown stands by her side. In the revulsion of feeling, a hatred fierce and awful springs up in Feronia's heart. "He was all mine until she came; all mine!" And then a maddening thought flashed: "She is just at the edge of the rock. If I pushed her ever so little who would know but she fell over accidentally?"

Her hands open and shut convulsively. There is something wolfish in the eyes turned on Helen, something that strikes a vague terror to the other's heart.

"What is it, Feronia?" Helen asks faintly; "What troubles you?"

"What troubles me?" There is a mocking laugh, your soft face and fair hair and baby ways. You took him from me. You have done it. I hate you! I could kill you, and I will too!" The girl is an incarnated fury now. Gathering herself together she makes a blind rush,

but terror gives Helen some hint of what is coming. Quick as thought she darts back, turns and flies as if ten thousand demons were after her.

As for Feronia, she had not calculated on missing her prey. The spring had been so violent that, overbalancing herself, she lost her footing and plunged over the edge of the cliff. A breathless moment followed, then she struck a bush, clung to it long enough to break her fall, and rolled, torn, bruised and bleeding, to the bottom of the hill. She was only partially stunned, yet she lay there some time before attempting to move.

"If I had killed her!" she thought, "good God, how he would have hated me! How he will hate me anyhow when she tells him! What horrible thing have I done!" All her anger has vanished now, all her hate. If only she could undo the past! Then it occurs to her that Helen may not find her way back to camp, and may die of fright in the wood. She knows how timid the girl is. "I must find her," she thinks; "it is a long way back."

Bruised and aching she doggedly makes her way up the cliff again. Night is falling, but Redmond cannot have reached his friends yet. She hardly knows just why she calls, but she does call, sending the yodel far and clear over the hillside.

Redmond is nearly at the water's edge when he hears it, and something about the sound startles him, he knows not what. It is Feronia's call certainly, he would know that anywhere. Can anything have happened? He looks upward, but the cliffs stand out against the sky, sombre and still. No sign there. It is a long, weary climb again to the top, but something impels him to make it. He takes the path to the high rock from which he feels sure Feronia called. It is slow, weary work, the upward climb, and night has settled down before he reaches the summit. He peers eagerly around,—no sign of life, no cause for disquiet. Still the odd feeling of danger is upon him, so he is not surprised when an answer comes to the hoarse call he sends forth on the night air. Again he calls, and again the answer comes, not far distant, Feronia's voice. So, calling and listening for the answer, he makes his way painfully enough through the scraggy bushes, and reaches where Helen lay, her head in Feronia's lap. The pale moon is just beginning to light up the scene, and both girls look ghastly. He is on his knees by their side in a moment.

"What has happened?" he asks gently enough, chafing Helen's cold hands. "Are you hurt?"

It is Helen who answers, "I was frightened and fainted, so Feronia could not get me back to camp." But she shudders visibly and clings tightly to Redmond.

"What frightened you?" he persists.

"A silly fancy," she says; but he sees how she still trembles, and is not surprised when she throws herself into his arms with a burst of tears. "Oh, take me away! take me away!" she sobs.

This is not a time for questioning, he sees; so partly carrying, partly guiding, with Feronia's help he gets her back into camp. Here she is speedily taken in charge by the ladies, and got quietly to bed. Then it is that Redmond first notices Feronia's plight. Bruised and torn she stands downcast before him.

"Feronia, my dear little girl," he cries, "you are hurt and yet said nothing of it, but helped me get her back. What a selfish brute I am not to have thought of you before."

He takes her hands affectionately, but that one touch of kindness proves too much for poor Feronia's over-charged heart. Kindness from him! She cannot bear it,—not now. Flinging herself on her knees before him she cries, "Oh, if she lives, will you forgive me? I was mad, I swear I was mad, or I never would have done it. I was sorry and shocked at myself the next minute. Oh, say you forgive me!"

There is no mistaking the truthfulness, the entreaty in those agonized eyes. Otherwise Redmond must think her mad indeed.

"Pardon you! For what?" he asks.

"I didn't do it! I didn't really do it! I only tried to, but she ran away, and I fell over myself. See!" and she shows her bruised arms and torn flesh.

"Tried to do what?" Redmond wonders if this is really his voice, so hoarse is it.

"To push her over the cliff."

"The cliff! What cliff?" He is loosening his hands from her clinging hold.

"The cliff on the lower hill." Her voice is a whisper now.

"Ha!" How unnaturally calm he is. "You tried to kill her! Why?"

But Feronia's head is drooping, drooping till it touches his feet. Her contrition, her self-abasement move him not.

"Why?" he persists doggedly, moving back from her touch, though she drags herself, still on her knees, after him. "Why?" he repeats.

"Why! Because"—in a sudden desperation—"you were so kind to me till she came; then she took all your thoughts; because she had everything and I nothing; because she was happy and I so wretched; because I hated her!" And she springs to her feet defiantly, but cowers away instantly before his look of loathing.

"And so, viper-like, you would sting the hand that did you kindness! You dared to come, a murderess in heart, as a friend to that pure girl! And you ask forgiveness! Forgiveness! Yes, when I see you dying I'll

forgive you. Never till then! Away! before I denounce you!"

But the stricken girl has fled out into the night, he knows not, cares not, whither.

Feronia is at home the next day, and goes about her tasks much the same as ever, only now she never answers back the peevish railings of Lizette. Dull as Lebaire is, he sees that something unusual ails the girl, and silences for a time Lizette's shrill tongue.

"Let the girl be, can't ye?" he growls. "She looks like one in a fever, her eyes so bright and strange, and her queer ways. Or like as not your clackin' tongue is settin' the girl mad! So shut it up I tell ye!" and Lizette sees it the wisest policy to obey.

So Feronia comes and goes at will, not even little Dick keeping track of her now.

F'roney isn't like my F'roney any more," he moans to himself, and tries all his little arts and blandishments on her in vain. Kind and gentle she is to him still, but the wonderful fund of stories that brightened the nights of old are all silent now. No laughter, no songs, no whispers of Jack even. What had come over F'roney? A slow consuming fire was wasting the girl. Lebaire was right, a fever it was. Hundreds and hundreds of times it repeated itself to her aching ears: "When I see you dying, I'll forgive you. Never till then! Never till then!" No wonder she rushed away, sometimes to the rustling wood, sometimes to the roaring water to hide from herself the sound. But in vain. Its persistent iteration maddened her.

The weather had changed. Great banks of cloud wedged themselves into the western sky; the wind wailed among the patient trees; the crows cawed dismally as they flew low a-field; the swollen Ottawa, muddied and foam-flecked swept turbulently on.

The camp on the Heights had broken up some days before. The ladies had returned home; Redmond was with the party on the island. This Feronia knew, and from a sheltered nook would watch for hours, herself unseen, the little island with its merry guests. Sometimes she would watch far into the night, the glimmer of the camp-fire, and hear the echo of the camp-songs borne lightly across the water. Then wearied and faint she would creep back to the darkened house, and up to her own dark room.

But this night, something fascinates her. She cannot leave, cannot tear herself away. A vague rumour is afloat that several dams on the Ottawa are broken, and that the low-lying lands are in danger of an overflow. Certainly the river is rising rapidly, and the foaming, turbulent current has now a dangerous look. No camp-songs float across the water to-night, the wind is too high, still the camp-fire flickers. She has heard of Loon's Island being completely submerged. What if there is danger now? But they have their stout boat and could leave at the approach of danger. Still, if thoughtless they should sleep while the water dashed up and up and so cut them off? She is terrified at the thought, and meanwhile the water is certainly rising.

The moon has broken out now clear and calm from among jagged clouds and shows Feronia an odd sight. Almost at the base of the cliff on which she lies is a sheltered cove. Into this a man is dragging a boat. He succeeds in getting it up high and dry, but not content, pulls it around to the back of the cliff out of sight. He is hiding it, Feronia thinks. She knows the man—Baptiste. Then he springs into a punt that was beached near by, and rows off towards the village. It is rough work, for the waves are unusually high. But Feronia is musing. What boat is that? And why should Baptiste hide it, and trust his life to a crazy punt in such a storm? True, he was keeping well to shore, and yet—like a flash it becomes clear to the girl. That is the boat belonging to the camp on the island! Has the water then got so high as to sweep it from its moorings? Or—maddening thought—has the revengeful Baptiste, knowing Redmond was on the island, stolen it away and so left him to the mercy of the waves, should the water sweep over the place? Stealthy as a cat, she creeps down and reaches the hidden boat. Yes, it is as she feared. She had watched that boat too many times to be mistaken in it now. Her resolve is quickly taken. One last look back to where the house of Le Croix lies dark on the hillside, then she wraps her shawl about her shoulders, crosses it on her breast, and securely fastens it behind. That leaves her arms free. Seizing the boat with resolute grasp, she, mightily tugging, moves it little by little, till she finds the bow in the water.

"He says he'll never forgive me till he sees me dying," she pants, pausing for the final shove, "perhaps he'll forgive me sooner than he thinks," and a last effort sends the skiff out on the clamorous water. She braces herself firmly and adjusts the oars, but a great wave sends the boat half around and drenches the rower. Still she resolutely sets her teeth and forces the boat back into position. It is perilous work, but she never falters.

The moon is in full glory now; earth and sky and water are lighted up with the clear radiance. So is the lonely boat tossing on the waves with its desperate occupant. Ah! this is worse even than she thought. The waves are fearfully high. She recognizes the danger; she had guessed it before she started. Will she ever reach them? Her boat is rudderless; can she make the island in time, if at all? God in Heaven! Where is the island! A hell of waters drenches her and blots out all things. The island! The island! Ah, yes, there is a speck amidst the heaving mass, but how small! Will she be in time to save

them? What madness tempted them to stay? How the water surges! Oh, God! for only five minutes' cessation of this tumult, only one! On and on, there is no turning back now; it is life or death. She looks again. Is she any nearer? Her breath comes short and thick. A ringing is in her ears. She fancies amid the uproar she can hear her heart hammer at her ribs. The island! Is it near or far? *Where* is the island now? She is nearly blinded, choked, deafened, but she hears, ah yes! she hears the yodel she taught him on the mountain. New strength fires her. He has seen her, recognized her, welcomed her, as well he may if ever she reached there. Clear and shrill she sends her voice out, but it is blown back to her by the angry wind. Is she any nearer? Ah, yes, little by little—she can make out human forms now. They have a speaking-trumpet. That is her name she hears; he is encouraging her. What is it he says? How frantically he shouts!

"Look out! Look out!" For what?

She knows the next moment, for a mass of dark objects is bearing down upon her. Heavens! What is it? A vast wave lifts them high above her head, and she desperately forces the boat about. "Back! Back! Back!" she hears. She might as well try to back in the throat of hell! She dimly wonders is hell any more horrible than this. A shock, a crash, a sickening feeling of numbness, and the huge timber-laden wave passes on, leaving her floating but helpless. A jam of logs had caught on the submerged end of the island and were breaking loose; every wave was charged with them, bearing desperately down on her, she was crushed, stunned already, but if one struck the boat sideways, ah then, her hope and theirs was gone.

Another wave higher than the first even. "God!" burst in a shriek from her lips. "Spare the boat! Crush me, but let the boat reach him!" and her cry rang shrilly over the tumult.

Another shock, a pause, and the boat rocks frightfully, but rights itself again. Still the rower keeps the oars though almost useless now. She feels paralyzed, dazed, helpless. Are all her limbs crushed that she cannot move them, and the island so near now? Ah! one minute more! She sets her teeth and forces her oars into the water. Vain, vain, she is indeed helpless. Her hurt is mortal.

Ah! brave swimmer! She sees how he has ventured out through the surf to reach her, but the waves toss him back like a ball. Again he dashes in, and again a surging mountain of waters tears at his senses, but he struggles on. There! there! at hand! high on that wave is the boat. He has it almost now. Thank God! Ah! the timbers again. Mercy God! so nearly saved! He has it now; he has reached her. "You forgive? I am dying!" and the avalanche descends, crash! a hell of bursting waters, and over all the moon still shines in glory!

A PUBLIC READER.

SHAMROCKS were better for an Irish queen;
Yet, being elsewhere than shamrocks grow
One deems it not inadequate to throw
The poor best blossom from one's little green
Before the feet of her who walks serene
Upon her highway, passing to and fro
Among her people, teaching them to know
What wise, grave, true, and sweet things life may mean.

No more upon our baser bodily sight
There breaks the rapture of the brooding Dove;
But here and there are teachers touched with might,
And filled with gifts, devoted from above;
We owe them duty, and they bring us light,
And healing leaves of Faith and Hope and Love.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

CHRISTMASTIDE came to Rome in sunshine, the mild rainy weather of the past few days lasting up to Christmas Eve, when the soft afternoon sunshine struggled out from the clouds, brightening more and more, until it ended in a deep-burning, fiery sunset over behind St. Peter's, that silhouetted the great dome in velvety blackness, against its glow.

But whether it were drizzling rain or sunshine seemed to make small difference to the holiday crowds that filled the streets; Americans and English loitering before the tempting jewellery shops of the Corso, or the Via Condotta, or bargaining for flowers, and great branches of holly, and eucalyptus in the Piazza d'Espagna; Italian mamas and papas, frantically investing in every manner of toy that the shops held.

Sala propounds the query: "Who stays at home and does the work, in Rome?" Certainly that query is not to be answered at this holiday season when all the world is astir, from the pale, sweet-faced Queen, in her carriage with the gorgeous red liveries, at the sight of which all the people uncover; or some portly Cardinal or Bishop, half hidden in the depths of one of the dingy Vatican carriages, with their long-tailed black horses; down to the raggedest little urchin, who has begged a two centessime bit with which to buy a tin trumpet on the steps of the Ara Coeli. All through the night one hears in the street the coming and going of those who attend at the mid-

night or earliest masses, and long before it is daylight on Christmas morning, the soft deep clang of the bells rises up from the city below one; the city that has kept its Christmas tide for more than eighteen hundred years; the city from which so many a dauntless martyr soul has gone up to the Christ Child for whom it died.

The clear saffron sky deepens in colour, St. Peter's dome has caught the rosy glow, the Christmas sun has risen over Rome. All day long it shines in true Roman splendour, gilding the city domes, and the Piucian pines, and flooding every open square and flight of steps, to the great joy of the loungers thereon; flashing sparks of light from every soaring fountain; and lighting up the Italian tricolours that float above the Capitol, as we stand looking up at it from the foot of the Ara Coeli steps; the tricolour, green with the colour of hope for a fair Italian future, red as the blood of those who have died for her liberty. That those last are not forgotten by the Italians is testified by the great wreath of fresh laurels that has been hung around the neck of the bronze statue of Rienzi, the last Roman Tribune, which stands here by the steps where he fell. These steps, as well as the square below, are to-day covered with a moving mass of people. A mass, brilliant with the red and yellow handkerchiefs of the country women, or the blue and red uniforms of the soldiers.

From the moving throng come those discordant noises, which the parents of large families are accustomed to associate with Christmas time, for all the sides of the hundred steps are lined with vendors of toys, among which penny trumpets and whistles and a variety of such instruments of torture predominate.

We follow the crowd up to the great doorway, only open on high festivals, and pause on the portico to look around at the baskets of quaint wares for sale.

Here are endless strings of rosaries, and rows of bright chromos of the Madonna, and wax figures of the Christ Child, in little straw baskets, as well as penny dolls, dressed in the beloved colours, red, white, and green. Here are great slabs of yellow polenta, and slices of a sort of cold plum-pudding which looks about as digestible as the old Roman bricks of the wall beside us.

Standing on this open portico of the church, we looked down on the great square of the Capitol, and the beautiful slope leading up to it, on the stately marble forms of the Great Twin Brethren, and on that noblest of all statues of the noblest of all those who groped their way to good, in the twilight of faith, the great bronze, mounted figure of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

It is of him that Arnold writes: "He is one of those consoling and hope-inspiring marks which stand forever to remind our weak and easily-discouraged race how high human goodness and perseverance have once been carried, and may be carried again."

It is hard, standing here, amongst all the Christmas-tide movement and noise, to realize that, of all spots in Rome, the concentrated associations of the old vanished world, here throng the thickest with the new one that was to replace it.

It was up the site of these very steps that Julius Cæsar climbed, on his knees, after his first triumph, and that the procession of many another Roman conqueror swept to theirs, in the great Temple of Jupiter, built by Romulus in the dawn of Rome. The very words Ara Coeli are a link with that earlier faith, for, according to the legend, it was in that Temple of Jupiter, where the Ara Coeli Church now stands, that on a certain day of the month of October, in the fifty-sixth year of his reign, the Emperor Octavianus Augustus, who had come to sacrifice to Jupiter and to find out who would be his successor to the reign of the world, was met in the portico of the Temple by a venerable matron with a child in her arms, whom she ordered him to worship as He who would shortly come down from Heaven to rule the world.

Augustus, awed by the Heavenly vision, built here an altar, dedicated to the Son of God, and to this present day there stands, under the high altar of the church, an ancient one with the inscription "Ara Primogeniti Dei," which gives its name to the church.

If only a legend, what a touching one it is, linking that dark pagan world, reaching out after knowledge, with the reign of the Christ Child whom we this day worship. How, far more than any Bambino, it makes *this* the Christmas church of Rome.

It was here, sitting in the quiet church while the monks chanted vespers, that the first idea came to Gibbon of his history of the decay of that Roman world, the ruins of which lay so thickly around him. The crowds are thickening so, that it is rather an effort to lift the heavy leather curtain, and to enter the church. And for a second one pauses, bewildered in the rich gloom, by the soft movement and murmur of the crowd. With every lifting of the curtain, a long ray of sunlight enters, drawing blue lines on the haze of the incense, and striking out a ray of light from the silver lamps before a shrine, or from the bright metal of some Carbonari's sword hilt.

Up at the high altar, vespers are being sung by the priest in white festal array, but the service attracts no great crowd; and the soft snatches of music come through the echoing of footsteps as people come and go about the church.

One corner near the door is thronged by a crowd around a low platform where the children make their Christmas recitals. How the fathers and mothers press in and smile and nod to each other and hold up their babies to see their brother or sister perched on their proud

eminence. How interested the whole crowd is in the performance. The children are all, apparently, of the working classes, but there is no shyness or awkwardness about them.

The smaller ones show a delightful simplicity and solemnity; the elder girls with difficulty conceal a smirk of intense satisfaction, but all speak their parts with fluency, and repeat their evidently well-drilled gestures with more or less grace.

One plump partridge-shaped little maiden of about five raises a soft ripple of laughter by the energy with which she wriggles herself from side to side, with the motion of a Newfoundland pup shaking off the water from its sides.

One slim, almost Jewish-looking girl, all but rises into tragedy by the pathos with which, with outstretched arms and upraised eyes, she depicts the woes of the Virgin. But the greatest throng of all is over at the side chapel, where the Bambino which gives its fame to the church lies in state in the Presipio. It takes time and patience to get near, but, even over the heads of the crowd, we can see the arch of ivy, which frames the brightly-lighted representation of the Manger. The landscape and clouds thronged with adoring angels are arranged in wings like a small theatre, and the perspective is not bad that leads up to the life-sized wooden figures of the foreground.

St. Joseph stands with a lily in his hand; groups of shepherds and peasants kneel, or offer baskets of fruit and flowers, to the central seated figure of the Virgin Mary, on whose knees, one mass of sparkling gems encrusting its whole surface, lies the far-famed Bambino. The faithful pretend to see in its tiara-crowned wooden countenance a deep solemnity and mysterious meaning, but I must say that I can perceive in it nothing more than the stolid smirk, common to any row of wax dolls in a window.

I had inspected it more closely before this as a tourist, before whose franc all things open, but to the populace it is only visible at this season, and how they throng and press to gaze at it, and how, above all, the children swarm

Fathers hold up their little ones to kiss their hands to the Bambino; small boys cluster on the vantage ground of the knees of the great seated statue of Pope Paul III., holding on by arm, outstretched to bless, which looks as though it had been polished by generations of such climbers. This Bambino is one of the most sacred objects to the Roman populace, and its history is implicitly believed in.

Carved by a Franciscan monk, in Jerusalem, of wood from the Mount of Olives; painted, in its present gaudy hues, by angels as it slept; when ship wrecked on its way to Rome, floating safely over the waves to Leghorn; arousing the people of Rome, on its arrival there, to an ecstasy of devotion; healing the sick, whom it visited in its coach, when stolen by fraud. Returning at night, with ringings of the bells, and knocking at the great portal of the church, to its chosen sanctuary, having its own household, and wardrobe, and casket of gems, enough to build a founding hospital—such is the Bambino of the Ara Coeli.

When we have seen enough of the recitals and the Presipio, we sit down in a corner to watch the crowd—that varied, fascinating, Roman crowd of which one never tires. Coming and going are stately Roman "grandes dames," followed by their children, with brightly dressed nurses, their heads decked with silver daggers, and long gay ribbon streamers.

Here are clanking, stalwart officers of the Queen's Guard, in their silver helmets, and long, full, dove-coloured cloaks; and the Besagliere of the northern mountains, with their nodding cock's plumes; and the good-looking Carbonari in their handsome black and red uniform.

Wondering, delighted peasants, from the campagna stand, gaping about; the men in their rough blue homespun and slouching felt hat; the women, with handkerchiefs and shawls of innumerable bright tints. Above all, there seems to abound a collection of every religious garb to be found in Rome. Black-clad priests, brown-robed, bare-footed friars, each one firmly grasping his Mother Gamp umbrella; the nuns of the Perpetual Adoration, in their peculiar white and blue dress; white and black Dominicans, the "hounds of the Lord," with a keener, more intellectual type of face. All these are to be seen among the crowd, as well as innumerable files of students. St. Andrew's Scotch students in their dull blue cassocks, the Irish in their black and green, the German in their vivid scarlet—all these, gathered from many lands to have their young minds cast in the mould of Rome, are here to-day.

It is a crowd that one can watch without tiring for longer than one thinks, and when we left the church we found that the sun had sunk in a yellow glow, and the Ave Maria bells were pealing from every tower.

Other sights and churches there were to see and do, but this, the wonderful old Ara Coeli, has remained the most characteristic bit of our Christmas Day in Rome.

ALICE JONES.

Rome, December 31, 1890.

PROFESSOR KIRCHOFF, of Halle, in an article speaks of the anxiety with which scientific men looked for the meeting of the International Conference on degree measurement, for observations seemed to show that a decrease in latitude was in process, implying an alteration in the direction of the earth's axis. The fluctuation observed is probably due to a minute oscillation caused by some change in the internal mass of the planet.—*English Mechanic.*

POETRY AND PROSE.

A THEORY of interest to singers—whether they have or have not, any doubts as to the continuance of literary song—is to be found in the "Science et Poesie" of M. Paul Bourget, a writer who is fast coming into recognition as one of the newly-risen stars of French realism. That M. Bourget is a fixed star of realism could not be inferred from the book of essays of which the above-named "study" forms a part; for the interests of poetry, if not of romanticism, are as ably defended as are those of the dominant school. M. Bourget seems to have that catholicity of sentiment and broadness of perception which enables one to adopt the most opposite standpoints and to see as with the progress of those who are thus variously stationed. The theory to which I have referred is sketched from one of these standpoints, and M. Bourget does not allow himself to dogmatize upon it; one cannot even be sure that he entertains it seriously. It is merely a hint, a side glance, a suggestion by the way, on which it may not be quite unprofitable to waste a moment's thought—and it is to the effect that the line of division, whatever it may be, between poetry and prose is about to disappear. Is not this a suggestion to make one pause and ponder, especially if he have any yearnings after poetic immortality? Democracy and science, says M. Bourget, are creating a new world, a new society, and of this society prose, not verse, will be the proper and peculiar form of literary expression. Forms of literary expression, he argues, like everything else that is human and mundane, come and go, are born and die. Verse has fulfilled its mission; has had its reign. It was the fitting expression of the aristocratic and monarchic ages; and as, in the political sphere, the aristocratic and monarchic idea is being swept before the tide of democracy, so, in the literary sphere, the old order shall give place to a new. Those who go with the tide may be borne onward to success; those who resist it will waste them in futile effort.

Can this theory be anything more than a fantasy, or is it the glimmering of a truth. Surely the instinct of song is not destined to perish; though I am here reminded that by many is considered great, has said almost the same thing as M. Bourget. He finds something even ridiculous in rhyme, and speaks of the "diviner heaven of prose." Now, is it possible to sing in prose? or are rhythm, melody, rhyme, of the essence of poetry? Can a poem be contained in a paragraph? We already know that prose can be poetical, and have heard of prose poems. It is possible to be wise, to be witty, to be passionate or pathetic in prose—but is it possible to be lyrical? And if we cannot be lyrical, if we cannot be rhythmic and melodious in prose, can we be poetical?

Our time is remarkable for specialization of functions; subdivision of labour, to borrow an illustration from the sphere of economics, appears to be the law. Are the aesthetic arts subject to this law? Has the necessity for specialization invaded them also? Could it be possible, for example, that the function of harmonious expression, which has heretofore been shared by the poet and the musician, may, in future, be performed by the musician alone? Shall songs without words and odes become the rule of lyrical and melodious expression, and will poetry be something less or more than it is now, having a sort of prose ether for its all-sufficient medium? Where the drama covered the whole ground, we find the novel successfully disputing possession; and metrical language, even on the stage, is fast giving place to the longer or shorter sentences of prose. And now comes Mr. Oscar Wilde, with an engaging essay, exquisitely demonstrating that criticism, which is scarcely poetry, is the heaven just beyond creative art. It was only the other day, too, that Mr. Howells described the prose of Mr. Henry James as "a sweetness on the tongue, a music in the ear." Can Mr. Henry James be a poet in disguise? The reader smiles—and I smile also. But there are smiles as subtly charming and bits of description as delicious in Mr. James as can be found—I had almost said in Shelley or in Keats. Ah, but the dear verse! the music, the charm, the fascination. With what enchantment it possesses us. Prose will have to be divine indeed to make us willing to abandon, to break, this spell. Let us go read "St. Agnes Eve" or the "Ode to a Nightingale!"

J. H. BROWN.

THE RAMBLER.

THE doings of the celebrated Fudge Family in Paris, which belong, I humbly submit, to a dead and gone generation, are nothing to those of the American colony in London, as supplied by the New York Herald Bureau and other polite and well-informed organizations. But there are seasons when the fittings and the masquerades, the banjo playing and the four-in-hand "meet" pall somewhat upon our satiated appetite. We yawn and put the paper down and like to think what there is across the water of interest and value outside these ephemeral records of doubtful social successes. For there is a great deal, be assured, of both. No one nowadays crosses to England and back again without remarking that in most things, they are fully as "smart" over there as we are here. Personally, I can only recollect two drawbacks in English life which struck me forcibly, and as requiring amelioration; these were—first, the absence of ice; second, the presence of candles. I dislike so much going to bed by a candle.

I also dislike ringing nine times for what, when it comes, takes the shape of an oblong morsel about the length of your middle finger melting away in single blessedness in the middle of an ocean of tepid water. However, these things may be all different now. The world moves quickly and the very existence of this exacting luxurious American colony has probably helped the advance of matters, sumptuary and otherwise. London, it appears, will receive anything and anybody from the "other side," even to a dramatization of Henry James' "American." Or it intends to; at present Mr. Compton's Company is performing it in the provinces.

Henry James as dramatist is soon to be followed by Du Maurier as novelist. He will succeed better than Oscar Wilde, because he is a man of more ability, and because he has in plenty the heaven-saving gift of humour. But it is distressing to see that no one escapes the contagion. If the artists are going to furnish all the artistic novels, and the novelists all the plays, it will soon be in order for the clergymen to supply the religious novels, the lawyers the legal ones, and, of course, ladies and persons of fashion to write the society tales, as indeed many of them are doing. In some lights, this would seem to work very well. Archdeacon Farrar will doubtless give us a three volume novel dealing with the condition of the London poor, or with refutations, gentlemanly and eloquent, if not convincing and Titanic, of modern agnosticism. This book will be "Yeast," "Robert Elsmere," and the "Silence of Dean Maitland," rolled into one. Then Mr. Henry Irving will modestly announce "his first novel"; a *pot-pourri* of stage-life, courtiers and rustics, in the time of Shakespeare. Mr. Gladstone will create a new two-sided kind of story in which the hero crosses to California in a fit of despondency (caused by the refusal of the critics to accept his latest views about Homer) in order to amuse himself with felling the biggest trees on earth. But in the meantime what is to become of the scribes by profession—our old friends, Mr. Besant, Mr. Payn, Mr. Meredith, Mrs. Oliphant? I rather think that some of the best sketching in stage-life has been done by Mr. William Black. We all know what a statesman did in fiction from the Disraeli novels—are they better, truer, than Grenville Murray's "Boudoir Cabal," or Anthony Trollope's full-length but distinct portraiture in the "American Senator"?

It is a very interesting question, this contest between Specialism and Generalism, or between the all-round culture and many-sided education of the day and the sharply-defined, sometimes bigoted, attitude of the past. Whatever may be in store for the new complex type, journalist, actor, war correspondent, we are assured that the greatest work in the past has been done by specialists all along the line. I imagine all natural, enthusiastic, indomitable and patient scientists to have been specialists—all explorers, all translators, commentators, great historians, true poets. But now the greatest work of the earth has been done, and so the once invaluable type merges into another, and we have now the twentieth century man and woman, equipped at many points, facile, versatile, reliant. This great globe which we inhabit loses, month by month, much of its mystery. We fly around it in not so much more than forty days. The towers, once cloud-capped, the palaces, gorgeous in the days of our nation's youth, are seen to be only temporal structures, faulty because human. We have lost the sense of wonder, and sometimes we do not even get in return the eye of faith.

This would seem but a miserable outlook if it did not turn upon the actual improved mental status of the race. There may be a level of dull mediocrity before us; there will also be a level of cheerful, brilliant attainment. The dark places of the earth—authors' attics, editors' dissecting rooms—will soon be, with their occupants, curious relics of the past.

As I seem to have drifted into a melancholy strain, not inappropriate to this sodden, depressing, colourless day, I will finish with an anecdote which, to lovers of the Anglican liturgy, may not prove unamusing. A good canon reads evening prayers to his household every night, as every good man should (*Vanity Fair* says). One morning his new housemaid—she was a country girl, and had only begun service in the house the day before—gave notice, tearfully. No reason was assigned; but nothing could persuade her to stay in the canon's house, where, she said, she had been so grossly insulted. No one could understand the girl; but after much persuasion she explained: "I was at prayers last night. I heard master say . . . 'O God, who 'atrest nothing but th' 'ousemaid.'"

FROM early years I was fond of poetry, and I owe an immense debt to the poets, not only because I have found in them the greatest and best of moral teachers, who revealed to me, or confirmed in me, the purest truths on which it is possible to live, but also because they have illuminated many a dark hour, and added fresh sunlight to many a bright one, by noble lessons set to natural music in noble words. They have helped me to hang the picture gallery of imagination with lovely and delightful scenes, and to take refuge from any storm which might beat upon me from without in that flood of unquenchable sunshine which they had kindled for me within.—*Canon F. W. Farrar, in The Forum.*

ART NOTES.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS' eyesight, which gave him a good deal of trouble, and threatened to interfere with his painting, has improved. He has given himself the advantage of a very long rest, and his general health is excellent.

GAINSBOROUGH'S portrait of the beautiful Eliza Ann Linley (the wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan) with her brother has been sold to Alfred Rothschild for 12,000 guineas, or about \$63,000—a monstrous price even for so fine a work.

L'Art dans les Deux Mondes, launched at Paris on November 22, under the editorship of MM. Yveling Rambaud and Camille de Roddaz, has among its contributors Alphonse Daudet, Emile Zola, Edmond de Goncourt and Paul Mantz. In the first number of the new weekly L. de Fourcaud defends Americans against the charge of barbarism and ignorance of the fine arts; and the first sketch is a dry point by Miss Mary Cassatt, a native of Pittsburg, and graduate of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

BEFORE his return to the palace, Michael Angelo had begun a series of careful studies in anatomy, to familiarize himself with every line and dimension of the figure. He toiled at this study for years, until his mastery of the human form was complete. He never painted or chiselled a figure without working out in a drawing the most delicate details of the anatomy, so that no turn of vein or muscle might be false to the absolute truth. It is by such means that any mastery is secured. Behind every work of genius, whether book, picture, or engine, is an amount of labour and pains—yes, and of pain—that would have frightened off a weak spirit.—*St. Nicholas.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE favourite baritone, Del Puente, has written a very pleasing song entitled "Mesto Ricordo."

MME. MODJESKA is publishing a narrative of her tour in England and America in a Cracow newspaper.

CHARLES SANTLEY, the famous baritone, has returned to England from Australia. He will come to the United States in March next.

AN early and long forgotten work of Donizetti, the "Regina di Golconda," originally brought out at Genoa in 1828, has been revived at Rome, and received with great favour.

A SWEDISH singer and pupil of the celebrated Jennie Lind, Miss Omalia Riego, sang with great success Haydn's "With Verdure Clad," and an air from "Barber of Seville" at the Holy Trinity Church recently.

A NEW operetta, with the long title "A Roman Carnival in the times of Marquis del Grillo," has made a hit at the Rossini Theatre, in Rome. The music is by Zucconi, and the libretto by M. Berardi.

THAT indefatigable pianist, composer and teacher, Mr. Bernardus Boekelman, out-Bülows Bülow with a new edition of eight fugues of Bach which for novelty of treatment are simply unique.

AT the Royal Opera House, Berlin, a grand opera by Mme. de Broussart, of Weimar, is in rehearsal. It is entitled "Hiarne." The composer is well known in Germany, her first opera having been written in 1867.

ROSINA VOKES' new comedy, "The Silver Shield," has met with such enthusiastic endorsement at the Madison Square Theatre that it will be continued during the engagement of this merry comedienne, which lasts two weeks longer.

IN "L'Obstacle," a new play by Daudet, there is a musical *role*, which is to be undertaken at the Paris production by M. Reynaldo Hahn, a pupil of Massenet. He is a youth but sixteen years of age, but has already attracted attention as a composer of piquant melodies.

AT the Leipzig opera this season will be revived "Hans Sachs" by Lortzing, "La Chasse" by Hiller, "Serva Padrona" by Pergolesi, "Star of the North," by Meyerbeer, "The Vampire" by Marschner, and "The Rat Catcher" by Nessler. At Vienna, "La Manon" by Massenet, is to be the leading novelty.

BALTIMORE possesses in the person of Mr. I. A. Oppenheim an ambitious and popular young composer. One of his latest productions for voice—he writes equally well for piano—is a song for soprano or tenor, published by Otto Sutro, called "Thy Love," which is simple, melodious and well within the compass of the average voice (it goes to G) and which also merits a word for its simplicity of feeling.

IN this age of centenary celebrations it is hardly to be expected that "La Marseillaise" will escape observance. A dispute has arisen in Paris in regard to the date of the famous revolutionary song. It has, however, now pretty conclusively been settled, on the authority of no less eminent a musical historian than Mr. Arthur Pougin, that Rouget de Lisle wrote the hymn during the night of April 23-24, 1792.

SARASATE, the great violin virtuoso, is coining money in Europe, and more especially in England, where he is drawing immense houses. He will not only give a series of orchestral concerts in London in May and June next, but will also return there in June and give concerts and recitals in London and the provinces until the end of December, 1891.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH IN AMERICA. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Company. 1890.

This volume will be very interesting to the energetic people whom it represents. There are few tribes which have made a more distinct mark upon the British colonies and settlements than the Scotch-Irish. The Ulster men are certainly not unknown here in Canada, and they have done great things on the other side. We have here the Proceedings and Addresses of the Second Congress of the Scotch-Irish Society of America, held at Pittsburgh in 1890, and they are of very great interest.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN; or, School-days at St. Egbert's. Edited by Laurence H. Francis. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

We should like to know something of the evolution of this book. We imagine that the word "edited" in Mr. Francis' title could be well replaced by the word "compiled," or, better still, "spoiled." All school stories since "Tom Brown" seem fated to be built on the lines of that great masterpiece, and yet to fail most miserably in acquiring the tone of their predecessor. The tone of "Through Thick and Thin" is unhealthy and abnormal, and that is all we care to say about it.

THE CHURCH IN THE MIRROR OF HISTORY; Studies on the Progress of Christianity. By Karl Sell, D.D. 3s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1890. Toronto: McAlinsh.

The present volume will be found very useful in two ways, either in helping those who are familiar with the general facts of Church History to bring their knowledge into a connected series, or as furnishing a guide to those who may be undertaking that most useful and important study. The points taken are Primitive Christianity, the Early Catholic Church, the Middle Ages, the Reformation, the Counter-Reformation, Christianity during the last century. Brief but admirable sketches are given of the leading men of different ages. Fathers, Schoolmen, Reformers, pass before us in succession, and are sketched with a vigorous and sympathetic hand. Any teachers or clergymen who may wish to lecture on any of these epochs will find much help from these pages.

COUNTESS SARAH. By George Ohnet. Toronto: William Bryce.

The heroine of M. Ohnet's novel rejoiced in an impossible Irish name before her marriage—O'Donnor.

We confess to knowing Ireland pretty well, but cannot bring ourselves to believe in the existence of an O'Donnor from the time of the flood even until now. This is not a criticism; it only suggests that we should not fool with the names of peoples that are not our own.

Countess Sarah is a good character story, and agrees with our idea of its author that he is rather a dramatist than a novelist. He is great in the conception of striking incidents, and for this reason, if for no other, we cannot afford to pass his books by. We had almost omitted to notice two people mentioned in one story by rather amusing names. The Marquis of Mellivan-Grey is the title of ingenuity for an English Peer.

In naming the "Hero (sic) of the Ashantee War," Lord Clifton, did M. Ohnet know that he was taking in vain the name of a living Englishman, and, if so, did he intend to perpetrate a delicious joke?

THE BLIND MUSICIAN. By Vladimir Korolenko. Translated from the Russian by Aline Delano. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

In this exquisitely written book the life of the "Blind Musician" (the son of a Russian gentleman) is brought before us from his birth, with masterly skill. The somewhat sad babyhood and the sorrow of the young mother are touchingly described, and the almost excessive care to guard her little one from all harm or mischance, until she is checked by the wise thoughtfulness of his crippled uncle (a fine character), who makes a most careful study of the best means to adopt for the development of the other senses of the afflicted boy, that he may be so trained and educated as to counterbalance, as far as possible, his blindness, and grow up a useful and even happy man. In this object he is ably assisted by the mother and by the charming little girl "Evelyne," the friend and companion of the lad, whose patient and self-denying efforts to interest him, and help him to "see with her eyes," are beautifully told. The translator, Aline Delano, in her short preface, says: "In this sketch, called by Korolenko, 'A Psychological Study,' the author has attempted to analyze the inner life of the blind. He has undertaken to lay before the reader not only the psychological processes in the mind of the blind, but their suffering from the lack of sight as well, uncomplicated by any untoward circumstances." She also adds a letter from Mr. M. Anagnos, of the Perkins' Institution for the Blind, in which he expresses his very warm approval of the manner in which Mr. Korolenko has treated his subject. He says: "It is ingenious in construction, artistic in execution, and full of imaginative vigour." The gradual development of the boy's sense of touch—even of colour—and of his wondrous gift of music, is deeply

interesting and instructive, especially as Mr. Anagnos—a specialist—in his letter says that the author's "ideas on the intellectual development and physical training of the blind are correct." The book has an introduction by George Kennan, the well-known advocate of oppressed Russians, which adds greatly to its interest, as he is personally acquainted with the author, and tells us under what terribly adverse circumstances Mr. Korolenko has written and worked with "heroic patience" for the good of his country and of the civilized world. For all true musicians this book will have a great charm which will not be lost to the general or scientific reader, as it presents a profound psychological study, unique in character, instructive in treatment and presented with consummate literary skill. High praise is also due to the translator, Aline Delano, for the ease and beauty of her work.

THE LIFE OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC. By Frederick Wedmore. London: Walter Scott.

There is a refreshing cock-sureness about Mr. Wedmore that happily serves to mitigate our annoyance at his overwhelming self-conceit. To read him is to feel as a cat ought to feel when its fur is rubbed the wrong way. In his opening note he writes "my methods of work are incompatible with the production of extensive volumes." For this relief much thanks!

Mr. Wedmore sets forth by declaring that among the writers whose successes in pure literature this century allows, five alone must be accounted forever influential—Goethe, Wordsworth, Balzac, Dickens, Browning. We have not space to argue with Mr. Wedmore, not that it would be of much use to do so, but will merely suggest that it is a foolish thing to set up your little idols for the other fellow to knock them down.

Balzac was unfortunate in his life, and he has been unfortunate in his biographers. They are full of reservations. They tell us too little or too much, and in the end we must go back to his novels and letters and fashion a Balzac for ourselves.

Mr. Wedmore says of his hero: "Would indeed that his humour were more prominent, his hand sometimes a little lighter!" Would indeed, we say in turn, that Mr. Wedmore's hand were less heavy!

If a man knows not Balzac at all, let him read "Eugenie Grandet; or, the Peau de Chagrin," and then tackle Mr. Wedmore; by no means let him venture on Mr. Wedmore first. In the latter case we fear it would be good-bye Balzac.

THE Popular Science Monthly for January has for its frontispiece a fine picture of the explorer and scientist, Professor Mitchell, who lost his life whilst pursuing his favourite study, on the Black Mountain, on the 27th of June, 1857. The prominent articles of the number are: "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science, XI; From Babel to Comparative Philology," a scholarly presentation of the points of contact and divergence between Theology and Science, with reference to the period mentioned by Dr. A. D. White, ex-President of Cornell. "The Peopling of America," an able contribution to the subject in the form of a published address delivered before the Congress of Americanists, by the distinguished Anthropologist, M. Armand de Quatrefages. A very able and instructive contribution to the series of papers on "The Development of American Industries since Columbus," being a well illustrated article on "Iron Mills and Puddling Furnaces," by W. F. Durfee, to be continued. Professor Huxley's unfinished article on the timely topic, "The Aryan Question and Prehistoric Man," is marked by his well-known scientific fervour, logical keenness, lucidity and force of expression. "The Storage of Electricity," is competently treated by Dr. Samuel Sheldon. The other articles are in keeping with the character of this able and popular magazine.

In Macmillan's Magazine for January, Professor Goldwin Smith projects a politico-literary bomb into the ranks of protectionists, big and little, far and near, in his article "Exit McKinley"; and of the results of this famous Bill he says: "The revolution has come . . . A free trade victory it will be, and, in time, it will go round the world. Depend upon it, the death knell of Protectionism has been rung. McKinley with unwitting hand has set the torch to the great pile of iniquity, and he will be enrolled in his own despite among the benefactors of mankind." Professor Smith gives and we suppose expects "no quarter." Those who differ from him on political grounds will no doubt, in Canada at all events, reply to his strictures with whatever point and force they can command. We must, however, take exception to the reference to the efforts of the patriotic Canadians who, irrespective of party or creed, are seeking to foster in Canadian children the noble sentiment of loyalty to Canada and the Empire,—where they are stigmatized as "the rank and file of jingoism," etc. Surely love of home and country, reverence for the memories of patriots slain in her defence, devotion to the tie which binds us to our Mother Land, should win praise rather than scorn from one of the most accomplished historical scholars of our race. The celebrated treatises on the sublime of Longinus, and Burke are discussed by H. L. Harell. The other articles in the number are, as usual, interesting.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Wives and Daughters continues to merit the praise which we have already bestowed upon it.

MR. PARTON will soon publish through the Riverside Press the second series of his "Captains of Industry."

PRINCIPAL GRANT has been crossing swords with Henry George, and in his lecture at Trinity College dealt that popular champion some doughty blows.

LT.-COL. G. T. DENISON delivered an able and patriotic lecture on "The British Empire" at the school house of Holy Trinity Parish, under the auspices of the Guild of St. Luke's Parish, on Monday evening, the 19th inst.

THE first publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons for the new year will comprise: "The Vikings in Western Christendom, A.D. 789-888," by Charles F. Keary; "English Prose: Its Elements, History and Usage," by John Earle, Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford; "A Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations (Latin, Italian, French and German)," by John Devoe Belton; and in the Heroes of the Nations Series, Vol. III. of "Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens," by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

A MOST interesting announcement is that of Adam and Charles Black, of Edinburgh, of a new edition in twelve parts, with copious illustrations from original plates and engravings of Sir Daniel Wilson's well-known "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time." To the loyal Scot, the zealous antiquarian, the lover of localities encrusted with historic memories, or the general student of historic or biographic literature, this new edition of one of the most fascinating books of its class will be a treasure. The preparation of this work was no doubt to its distinguished author a labour of love, and its perusal will prove to each successive reader an unending source of interest and instruction drawn by a master hand from the memorable historic scenes, events and personages of that glorious city, "The Modern Athens."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Corbet, Robert, St. John. Uncle Dumpie's Merrie Months. 75c. London: Dean & Son.
- Norton, Charles Ledyard. A Handbook of Florida. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Smythe, Ed. H., LL.D. The Law of Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes. Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Co.
- Schurman, Jacob Gould. Belief in God. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: The Presbyterian News Co.
- Taylor, Dr. Isaac. The Origin of the Aryans. 2 vols. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Co.
- Whynates, Amy. Blue Beard. 30c. London: Dean & Son.
- Debrett's Peerage. 2 vols. \$5.00 each. London: Dean & Son.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

IN THE WIDE AWE AND WISDOM OF THE NIGHT.

In the wide awe and wisdom of the night
I saw the round world rolling on its way,
Beyond significance of depth or height,
Beyond the interchange of dark and day.
I marked the march to which is set no pause,
And that stupendous orbit round whose rim
The great sphere sweeps, obedient unto laws
That utter the eternal thought of Him.
I compassed time, outstripped the starry speed,
And in my still soul apprehended space,
Till, weighing laws which these but blindly heed,
At last I came before Him face to face;
And knew the universe of no such span
As the august infinitude of Man.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in the Independent.

CANADIANS AS SOLDIERS.

SPEAKING of Canadians, Major Edmond Malet remarked that they made the best soldiers physically that he ever saw. In his company, the 81st New York Volunteer Infantry, in the late war, he said he had forty-five of them, and no hardships could dampen their gay spirits nor toil exhaust their hardy frames. In those terrible forced marches of the army of the Potomac in the Peninsula, with the thermometer far up in the nineties, and the dust a foot deep, when thousands of men fell out by the road-side, many of them never to march again, these Canadians trudged along cheerily, beguiling the weary way with joke and song. They could not understand the wastefulness of their American comrades, who would haul aside overcoats, blankets, and other impediments, on a hard march without a thought, so they would carefully gather them up, add them to their own load, and bring them into camp. "One evening, I remember," said the major, "a Canadian soldier came into bivouac, after a fearful march from early dawn, with twelve overcoats piled on his knapsack, which he had carried all day. He sold them back to their original owners for \$1 each." Boston Globe.

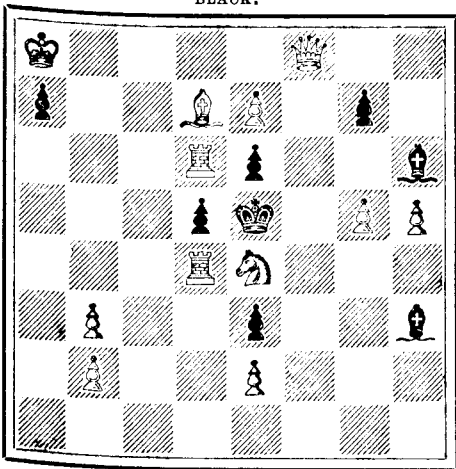
WE do not correct the man we hang, we correct others by him.—Montaigne.

How immense seem to us the sins which we have not committed.—Mme. Necker.

CHESS.

A WORLD LITERATURE.

PROBLEM No. 533. By T. P. Bull. BLACK.

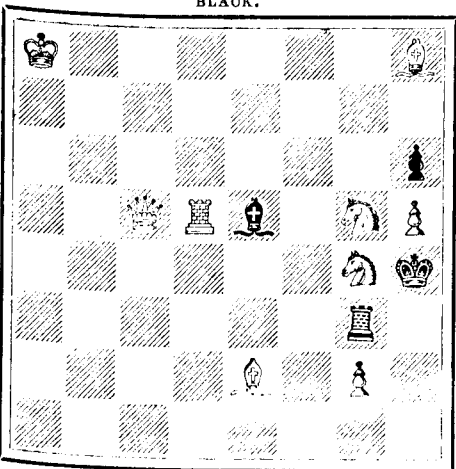


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

-From Detroit Free Press.

PROBLEM No. 534. By W. B. La Mothe. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 527. White: 1. Q-K Kt 2, 2. R-R 4, 3. R-R 3 mate. Black: 1. K-K 6, 2. K-Q 6. If 1. K-B 4, 2. K-B 5. With other variations.

No. 528. B-Q Kt 5

GAME PLAYED AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, BETWEEN MR. J. KINNIER AND MR. J. S. REDD, OCT. 29TH, 1890.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Table showing chess moves for Philidor's Defence between J. A. Kinnier and J. S. Redd. Includes moves like P-K 4, K-Kt-B 3, Q x P, etc.

NOTES.

(a) White, who has adopted Morphy's favorite attack against Philidor, should here proceed with 7 B-K Kt 5!, preventing Black's reply in the text, and in the opinion of the handbuch, leaving him with a cramped game. (b) 10—, P-K Kt 3, intending to fianchetto and then castle on the K's side, was tempting; but not safe, for then 11 B-K Kt 5!, Q-K 3; 12 Kt-Q 4, Q-Q 2; 13 B-B 6, with a fine game. The text play, too, is somewhat hazardous. (c) Correct. White's position at once becomes still more aggressive. (d) 13—, Q-K Kt 3, so as to bring his Kt duly into play via K-B 4 and prepare for P-Q 5 at the right juncture, seems much better. (e) Again well played, in fact discounting Black's otherwise excellent Kt move. (f) Very feeble, indeed, precipitating the catastrophe. 18—B-Q 4 was, by all odds, the proper move. (g) If, instead, 19 Kt (B 3) Q 4, then 19—Q Q 2, when if 20 Kt, x Kt, B x Kt; 21 Q x B, B x Kt; 22 P-R 6, K-Kt 1; 23 P-R 7+. K-R 1, etc. White plays all along here in capital style. (h) Quite a charming and problem-like position for a wind-up.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It is a very noticeable fact that the science of philology, great as have been its advances in this country, has less and less made itself felt upon literature. In the United States there is not a single powerful writer who knows anything about philology—or, to put it better, there is not a single philologist who is a powerful writer. And this is the case the world over. One can think of men who have become intellectual forces in the modern world because of their knowledge of biology, of chemistry, of history, of political economy, of philosophy; but of no one (with the apparent exception of Renan) who has become so by his knowledge of philology. Indeed, it is a curious fact that modern philology, which now rejects as unscientific everything savouring of the belles-lettres, owes its own original impulse to literature, and not to its own inherent force. Thus the founder of romance philology, Diez, was a devotee of Byron, and did his first literary work as a translator of Byron's verse. Thus the founders of Germanic philology were in the first place men under the influence of Goethe and his friends, and in the second place the romanticists. To these men, labouring primarily because of a literary impulse, we really owe the foundation of modern philology. But now this same philology effects to cast off literature, and one finds at every turn invectives against what the German philologists love to call the Belletristen. Every day philology becomes more and more separated from literature—that is, from life. It has already ceased to have any real influence upon the opinions of mankind. We can not hope, then, that philology will give us in education material for the formation of writers. It has now fallen into the hands of men who have ends of their own, apart from the intellectual needs or desires of the world at large. They criticize according to their own standards, and he who ventures to work apart from those standards finds himself overwhelmed with ridicule and abuse. There is no way, then, but to cut loose from them, leave them to follow their own course, and for one's own part simply to use what of their results has practical value. But whither shall we turn for that new conception of knowledge, that new adaptation of science to life, to the needs of men in general, which may fairly be expected to yield some fruit in practice? The first necessity is return to life, which philology has abandoned. To return to life is to turn to literature as the expression of life, to search in literature for the conceptions which have proved themselves really vital, and to study the expression given to these conceptions wherever they have assumed final and adequate form. It is to follow in peoples the growth of perceptions needing expression, and to endeavour to make out that quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus, which in life, in literature, in religion, constitutes the catholic faith. It is to study that parallelism which Wordsworth remarked between true literature and life, that mysterious power that the forms of art possess of working in harmony with the eternal forces of the universe, so that, apparently, men can not help adopting as their own, in the long run, all that is both founded on fact and adequately expressed in literature. In short, it is to study literary expression, intellectual impulses, artistic and spiritual movements, as all having fundamental laws, intelligible to man if only they can be properly set forth.—The Century.

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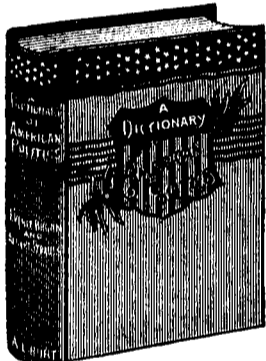
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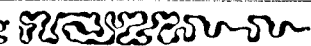
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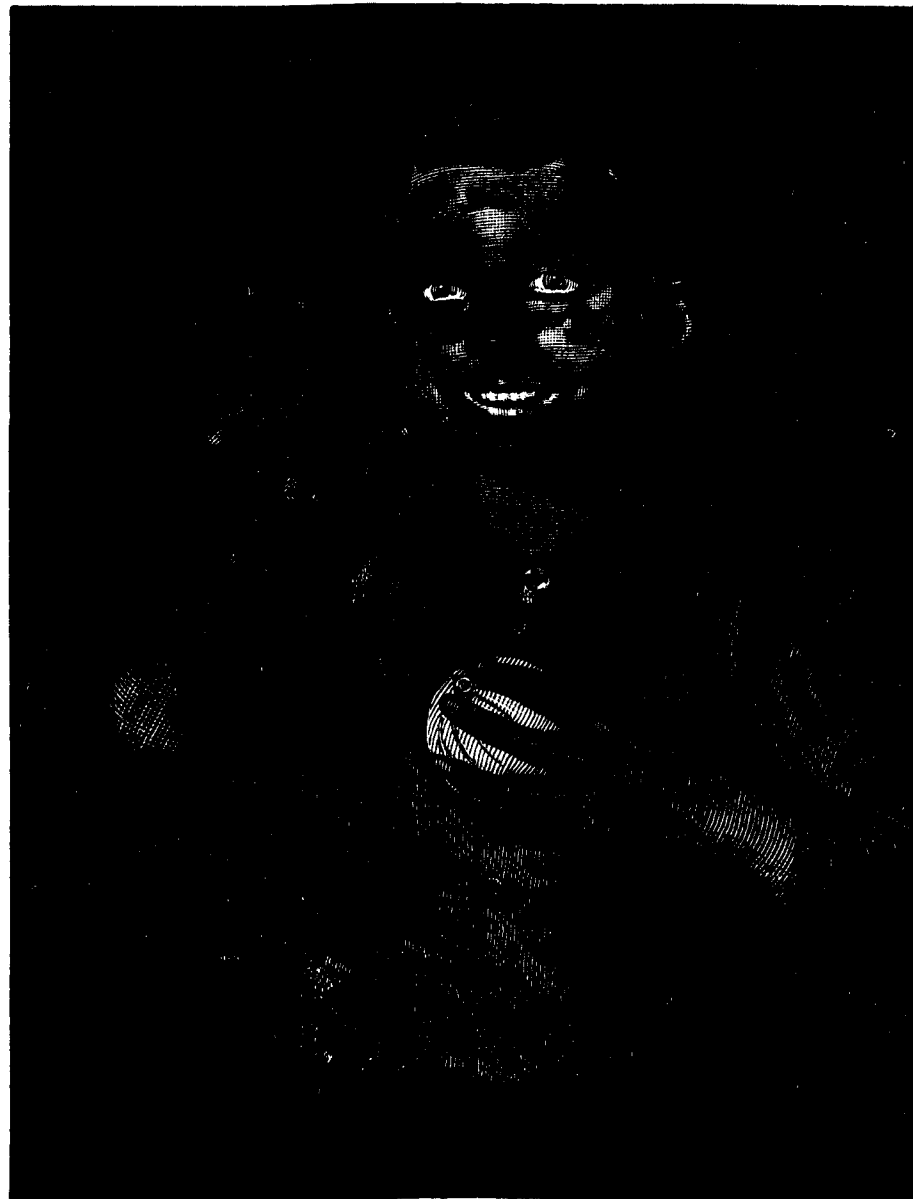
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