

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Fourth Year.
Vol. IV., No 17.

Toronto, Thursday, March 24th, 1887.

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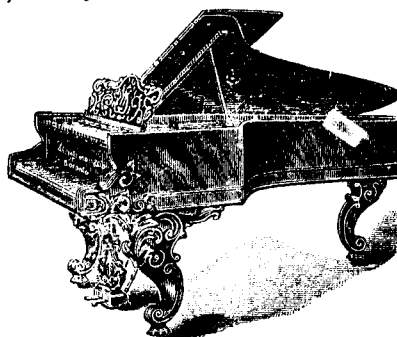
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DR. WALLACE'S LECTURE ON EVOLUTION.

WHATEVER opinion may be entertained as to the truth or falsity of the theory of Evolution, every fair-minded person must entertain the greatest respect and admiration for the men who have spent their lives in acquiring vast stores of information, carefully sifting evidence, and subjecting the results of their labours to the very severest criticism before propounding their theories. There is perhaps no book extant upon a controverted subject that presents the objections to the author's views as fairly as does Darwin's work on the "Origin of Species." Many and serious, and vehemently urged as these have been, if it is desired to have them placed clearly and fairly and in their strongest light before one, recourse must be had to Darwin himself and not to his critics. With Haeckel and others of his school it is different, though one is forced to admire and respect the profundity of their knowledge. Indeed, when men have acquired the knowledge of Nature which these great naturalists have amassed and given to the world, they become themselves living and convincing proofs that there is a gap between man and the lower animals which cannot be bridged.

It is impossible, and would be presumptuous, to attempt to contest the views expressed by Evolutionists without possessing almost illimitable knowledge of Natural History. But, thanks to the popular manner in which they have presented their theories to the world, it is possible to deal with their reasoning based upon facts admitted and furnished by themselves.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Wallace did not, in his lecture on this subject delivered in University College, deal with some of the grave objections that have been raised to the theory. The lecture was confined to a statement of Darwin's hypothesis, accompanied by *prima facie* evidence of its possibility. Perhaps the gravest objection that has been urged against it is that geological time is too short for the development of species by the process of Evolution. The calculations of the age of the earliest known deposits range from 250,000,000 to 400,000,000 years. In these deposits fossil remains of species have been found, differing from each other as clearly and distinctly as do existing species. It is admitted, then, that if the theory be true, the earth must have swarmed with animal life for ages before the earliest known deposits. And, as the process of differentiation is said to have been slower amongst lower than amongst higher organisms, there must have been a period, during which the process of development was going on for the formation of the earliest known species, proportionately very much longer than that which has since elapsed—a period inconceivable to a finite mind. But it is asserted by scientific men that the earth, during that period, was not capable of sustaining life; that it is only within a comparatively recent period that it has become cool enough for the existence of plants and animals. With this objection we might well have expected Dr. Wallace to deal, inasmuch as he has made an independent calculation of the supposed age of the earliest deposits,

which he places at 28,000,000 years. The difference in the calculations may possibly to some extent dispose of the objection, but it does not completely answer it; because the species were co-existent with the formation of the rocks, whether the latter are young or old. It is said that the geological record is imperfect; but so, then, is the theory of Evolution until further evidence is adduced.

Other objections, such as the absence of transitional forms, the existence of sterile workers amongst insects, the peculiarities of electric fishes, of glow-worms, and carnivorous plants, were not touched upon, though remarks upon these subjects would have been most welcome.

The substance of the lecture itself, though elementary, was most clearly and ably placed before the audience. The theory was succinctly stated as Darwin has stated it, that of the numerous individuals which are brought to life, only those which are best fitted for the struggle for existence survive. The survivors transmit their qualities to their descendants, of whom those best fitted for the struggle survive, transmitting their qualities in turn to their descendants, and so on. That there is such a thing as variation in nature was a fact to be established. And the lecturer showed that by actual measurements of numerous individuals of a species, they varied extensively from each other. But in selecting an individual as a base, or mean specimen, and measuring the variations from him, there appears to be a fallacy. If the theory of Evolution be true, all species must (paradoxical as it may seem) be in a habitually transitional state. To assert the contrary is to assert the present stability of species. But if a species is now constant, the process of evolution must, for the time, be suspended. Therefore, any individual selected as a normal specimen must be a specimen of a transitional form. The proposition, as expressed in the term "descent with modification," always implies an ancestor whose descendants exhibit variations enabling them to survive, and who must himself have possessed variations which enabled him to survive in the struggle for existence. What then is the parent stock? What is a normal or mean specimen? In order to arrive at the mean of any species we must take the average of all its component parts. But that cannot be done unless the species be first ascertained and defined.

It is, however, a fact that the individuals of a species have been ascertained by actual measurement to vary extensively from each other. And if we take the sum of all the variations from a normal specimen, there is shown to be a possibility of variation to such a degree as to produce an entirely distinct species. But does Nature add up all the variations? Granted that the individuals vary in all directions, it must, however, necessarily be that a very large proportion of the variations cancel or annul each other. A bird with a long beak and short wings may pair with one having long wings and a short beak, and the offspring may revert to the normal type. So with the other individuals of a group. And the constant intercrossing of individuals must necessarily tend to nullify the effects of variations, and preserve the average. Proof of the truth of this conclusion seemed to be furnished by the lecturer in dealing with the question of the variation of domestic plants. For instance, it was said that when man made use of roots for eating, the roots of the plant varied most; when he used the fruit, the fruit varied most; when he used the seeds, the seeds varied most; while the leaves exhibited little or no variation. The reason for this, it was asserted, is not that the plants used by man have been specially created with the capacity for so varying, but that man by seizing on all the favourable variations in the roots, fruits, or seeds, and adding them together, produces a wide divergence in those parts from the original type, while the remainder of the plant, being disregarded by him and left to Nature, does not so vary. The logical deduction from this is that Nature does not add up all the favourable variations, but allows them to be set off against unfavourable variations, and so preserves the average constancy of the species.

With respect to man's place in nature but little was said; but it may be shortly summed up as follows: The evidence is overwhelming that man owes his physical structure to a lower organism. Why, it was asked, if Evolution produced step after step in animal life, should it have fallen short of man? So much with regard to his physical structure. But the possession of those faculties and attributes which distinguish him from the beasts must be otherwise accounted for, and must have been directly assigned to him.

Whether man's body was created mediately through other organisms, or immediately out of clay, is not of much consequence. But when it is admitted that man has been specially endowed with certain faculties which distinguish him from the beasts, the lecturer left us little to find fault with, for he at once declared the existence of a Creator, and of man as a special work of the Creator.

But the theory of the direct assignment of peculiar qualities to man introduces a new difficulty in the way of Evolution. It has been said, If Evolution produced the organisms lower than man, why should it have stopped short of man? In answer to this it may be asked, If the Creator directly interposed to endow man with special attributes, why did He stop there? It must be admitted on this hypothesis that man has been endowed with faculties which have enabled him to diverge so widely from his savage ancestors that there is said to be more difference between civilized man and the rudest savage than there is between the latter and the highest ape. If his special attributes account for this divergence, why should not the alleged divergence of species from their original types be similarly accounted for?

EDWARD DOUGLAS ARMOUR.

HOW SPRING COMES.

To most lovers of nature there is a subtle mystery in the beginnings of things, and a peculiar charm which does not belong to their later growth and development. The bursting rosebud has a certain beauty which we miss in the full blown flower, and to our eyes the moon, rising slowly over the pines, glows with a more splendid light than when she sails across the meridian. Perhaps it is because we know what has been and what is, while what is going to be is to us like the distant and transfigured landscape to the traveller. Whatever failures there may have been in the past, we are sure that nature holds perfectness somewhere, and it may be that it is to be brought forth now.

Doubtless some feeling of this kind, vague and undefined though it may be, underlies our gladness at the approach of spring. It seems then as if a new life, strong and fair, were awaking on the earth, and the memory of past springs is dull and dead in comparison with the living reality that is about to come to us. In spring all the world is expectant of great things. We feel ourselves to be on the eve of a new era—the Saturnian reign and a new age of gold is surely setting in. And in truth, if the year were always May and life always young, it scarcely seems that our earthly existence would need celestial compensations.

Whatever the reason may be, it is at any rate a rare pleasure to watch, week by week at first, and afterwards day by day, the decline of winter and the advance of spring. There is no cataclysm; nature works slowly, and the time of the beginning is uncertain. Yet in March we feel that the coldest winds and frosts have lost the keenness and penetration of winter. And when the vernal equinox has once passed, we may readily mark the changes. The days grow long rapidly, the sun rises earlier and sets later every day, and his march is higher in the heavens.

The tops of the little knolls that lie along the south sides of the hills are becoming bare and dry. But the gray bleached grass that covers them, and the dead leaves blown near by the storms of autumn and winter, give no promise of spring. From the ploughed fields the snow is slowly disappearing, leaving great black patches of bare earth and long furrows half full of water. The little hollows in the meadows and pasture fields are filling up too, though the earth is yet so cold that even before the sun sets these pools are usually frozen over, and it takes the next forenoon to thaw them again. On cloudy days the woods still look dreary enough. The trunks and limbs of the trees stand out bare against the dull sky. The sugar-making season is nearly over, and in the distance the blue smoke from the last camp-fire rises slowly up and up until it is scattered and lost in the tree tops. In the places where the snow has melted only dead leaves cover the cold ground. A few still cling to the branches of the small trees on the edge of the woods, and rustle mournfully in the fitful wind. The squirrels do not come out much yet. Perhaps a chickadee or a little woodpecker is chirping and fluttering around, or a crow flies cawing overhead. In the margins of the fields, around the stone piles and stumps, and on the roadsides, the dry brown seed-tops of last year's weeds and wild flowers appear—mulleins and yarrow and golden rod. These are the granaries from which the snow birds and sparrows fed all winter, and there still is enough left for the blue bird and other early spring comers. Some of the fence corners are filled with the bare barbed stems of the blackberry and raspberry.

On a bright day at this season the farmers' barnyards present an animated picture. After their morning feeding the cattle are turned out of the sheds into the yard. The older cows stand contented in the grateful

sunshine, meditating on June pastures, or wander idly about, knee-deep in the straw that surrounds the dilapidated stack. The younger cattle are quite lively; they frisk around, and bunt and shove each other about in a way that frequently draws a look of surprise and remonstrance from the dignified and contemplative-looking cows. The fowls of the barnyard are peculiarly susceptible to the influences of spring. The air is filled with the cackling of hens over new-laid eggs, or the earnest, chirping inquiry of others searching for a nest. The roosters join pretentiously in the cackling, or crow their salutes or challenges to each other. The ducks quack softly as they waddle in the straw; the turkey-cock gobbles vehemently and struts pompously around, while over near the fence a lonely and disconsolate-looking gander calls with a sharp clanging cry to his patient mate on her nest in the poultry house.

But the winter still lingers; great banks of snow lie in the corners of the fences, and the narrow lanes leading to the farmhouses are full of it; even where the ground is bare the frost has only gone out of a few inches on the surface; the rest is as hard as adamant. The ice still covers the ponds and rivers, yet a great change has been going on here. To the casual observer the ice appears as it did in the winter, and if he were to cut through he would probably find it as thick as ever. But if we look closer we shall see that the transparency is gone, and that the frozen structure has lost its firmness and solidity. In fact the whole mass is honeycombed; the sun has channelled innumerable fine passages perpendicularly through it, and the action of the water beneath will soon wear it thin.

And now comes the spring rain, warm, penetrating, vivifying, accompanied or followed by a fog. At once the bonds of winter are broken. In the course of a single day and night of such a rain the snow nearly all settles down and disappears from the woods, lanes, and fence corners. The ground warms and softens. Innumerable tiny rills drip and tinkle down the hillsides from the rain and the melting snow. A little torrent rushes along at the bottom of every gully, and the smaller streams are swollen to rivers. When all this water pours into the ponds and larger streams the honeycombed ice is heaved up, shattered, and cracked in every direction. Soon the frozen field is entirely broken up, and great masses of ice are borne along on the turbid flood until they are dissolved. Or perchance they are caught by some obstructing rock, or stump, or fallen tree, and the tremendous rush of water piles them up on one another with a harsh grinding and crackling that resounds fitfully above the steady swish of the water. When the ice is gone the current sweeps along majestically, carrying with it in a stately fashion all manner of float and driftwood, logs, stumps, rails, boards, fragments of old boxes and barrels; and perhaps the timbers of some fallen bridge, whose foundations were destroyed by the freshet, are floated far down the stream until the subsiding water leaves them stranded on the shore. The wild water-fowl have now returned from their southern winter-quarters. Scarcely was the ice melted on the margins of the lakes and mill-ponds when they were visited by flocks of ducks, and all the boys and shotguns in the neighbourhood were out forthwith in pursuit. Far up in the dim depths of the air V-shaped flocks of wild geese are flying to their summer haunts in the lakes of the north, and the sharp honk! honk! of the patriarchal gander in the van sounds clear to the earth, a mile below.

After the rain and the floods the advance of spring is rapid. The fields of fall wheat, which but a fortnight since looked bleached and brown, are fresh and green. The buds on the trees swell and unfold, the red maple is in full blossom. The blue bird and the robin have arrived. In the woods the hepatica, the anemone, the spring beauty, the trillium, and the violet are blooming. Farmers are ploughing and sowing in their fields. Sunny lawns grow green in the cities, the golden dandelion is in flower, hyacinths and crocuses appear in the gardens. The great buds of the horse-chestnuts have burst their waxy coverings, and the hickory limbs are decked with white silky tips. Spring has come. A. STEVENSON.

A TORONTO ART GALLERY.

UNDER this heading, a letter from Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the distinguished President of the Royal Canadian Academy and Ontario Society of Artists, appeared in the columns of THE WEEK last month. It opened with the following words: "Nothing is more wanting in Toronto than a permanent Art Gallery, and a good collection of works of art, always open to the public. It would be difficult to find a city in Europe or America of the wealth and population of Toronto that is so badly off in this respect. The Council of the Royal Canadian Academy have granted \$3,000 towards the purchase of a site; a corner lot on Wilton Avenue, near Yonge Street, has been secured at a cost of \$6,000; the balance of the purchase money will be made up by the artists as their contribution toward the scheme. The estimated cost of a suitable building is \$25,000, and a number of citizens

have already offered to contribute: one of these—Mrs. Alex. Cameron, who has already largely contributed to many objects of service to Toronto—has authorised me to say that she will give \$5,000 towards the Art Gallery, provided we raise the rest of the money, and leave the building free of debt." Since this letter appeared another sum of \$1,000 has been donated by the generosity of Mr. E. B. Osler.

Mr. O'Brien, in concluding his letter, says: "The Art Association of Montreal, and the Art Museum of Boston, are notable instances of the manner in which the beginning of such a collection being once made, it is rapidly increased by the benefactions of those to whom it suggested a means of making their wealth and culture of service to the public. In Boston the collection of the Art Museum is continually enriched by pictures, sculpture, and valuable curios, lent by persons leaving their homes for a time, who are glad both to have their valuables in safe keeping, and to exhibit them to the public. The same is true of Montreal and other places, where the same accommodation exists."

To the cultivated and artistic carnival tourist one of the most attractive and unexpected features of the gala week in Montreal must have been the Loan Exhibition in the very Art Gallery to which Mr. O'Brien refers. Few people in Toronto, probably, realise the number of prominent men in Montreal who have turned their attention to art, or are aware of the large sums they have invested in small areas of canvas.

To the loan exhibition in question four pictures were lent by Mr. Duncan McIntyre, eight by Mr. Van Horne, nineteen by Mr. R. B. Angus, six by Mr. G. A. Drummond, four by Mr. J. J. C. Abbott, seven by Mr. J. W. Tempest, one by Judge Mackay, two by Mr. G. Hague, two by Sir Donald Smith, two by Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas, two by Mr. J. Burnett, two by Mr. J. Law, one by Mr. Gilbert Scott, one by Mr. E. Greenshields, four by the heirs Frothingham, one by Mr. J. R. Wilson. Mr. John Thomas Molson, who did not exhibit, also possesses some fine examples of foreign art, among which are a rare Rockeck, a Raup, and several others by well-known artists.

The Montreal *Gazette* says, "the Loan Exhibition was a revelation to those who did not realise how much good art was domiciled in the city," and it has occurred to me that it might be as well to spread the intelligence a little further afield and let some of our own merchant princes and wealthy citizens realise the lamentable fact that since Mrs. Alexander Cameron has departed from our midst, few, if one of them, could contribute anything beyond the new acquisitions of a late sale of art treasures to any exhibition or any art gallery that may arise in our so-called intellectual and cultivated Toronto.

I will mention a few of the pictures loaned to the Art Gallery in Montreal during the Carnival week, in proof that the City of Commerce utters no vain boast through the medium of its Press. To "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," by Gabriel Max, I will give the first place, as it was exhibited in Toronto in the spring of 1880, by the kindness of its owner, Mr. George A. Drummond. Some of us, I hope, will remember the picture as it hung alone in one of the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists, behind heavy, dark curtains, under a concentrated gaslight; and some of us, I doubt not, regretted this theatrical effect, and the introduction of the scientific substitute for heaven's own pure colour, with a passing wonder if the artist had painted his picture by artificial light. Under whatever circumstances, however, the painting may be shown, it cannot fail to leave a deep impression upon the mental retina. The expression of tenderness worn by the Saviour's face is blended with infinite pity as He takes the dead maiden by the hand and addresses to her the magic words: "Talitha cumi," "Daughter, arise." Warm life is returning to the marble form, the eyes are opening, a faint blush is stealing over the face, and death is gliding gently away. The single discord in the whole harmony is certainly the fly upon the maiden's arm, which is suggestive of so much realism, as opposed to the otherwise spiritual and ideal treatment of the subject, that one resents its appearance, and would strike it off if possible.

The artist, Gabriel Max, is still in the pride of life; he was born in 1840, is the son of the sculptor, Emmanuel Max; from childhood he breathed an atmosphere of art. A pupil of Piloty, at Munich, he is largely indebted to him for a refinement of conception, a finish of touch, and a general harmoniousness, never absent from his works. As a professor and honorary member of the Academy of Munich he is influencing that artistic centre in the best way.

"Les Communicants," of Jules Breton, has been already ably referred to in THE WEEK, in its carnival article. The picture was purchased by Sir Donald Smith, at the famous Morgan sale, last spring, in New York, for the modest sum of \$45,000. Jules Breton is pre-eminently the exponent of idealised rustic life—was early attracted to the school of Millet. He has long been favourably known by his picture of "The Gleaner" in the Luxembourg.

"After the Victory," by Benjamin Constant, loaned by Mr. Drummond, "is a powerful example of historical and illustrative painting," says the *Gazette*. "The Herodiad," by the same artist, also in Mr. Drummond's possession is probably the finest work he ever produced. Mr. Drummond exhibited besides a landscape, by Corot, described as "instinct with quiet, dreamy poetic sweetness," for Corot loved to interpret nature and the mysterious voices "of early dawn and dewy eve." He looked upon his work not as labour, but as pleasure, and much against the wishes of his father, who regarded art only as a resource for the idle, he adopted it as a profession, refusing the 100,000 francs offered him by his parents to invest in business, and accepting in lieu a pittance of 2,000 francs per annum, granted with the words: "Allons, va et amuse toi!"

"Autumn Idyl," by Gabriel Ferrars, is another of Mr. Drummond's gems. In 1872 this artist obtained the Prix de Rome for a picture full of talent and promise, and has maintained his reputation ever since; he

is a rare painter of ideal and figure subjects. "La Source," by Henner, is described as the clever work of a clever artist; it was loaned by Mr. R. B. Angus. For this picture £800 sterling was paid in Paris, and at the late Morgan sale it brought a little over \$10,000. The painting displays, says the *Gazette*, all the artist's wealth and richness of colour, and there are few dark pigments in its composition. Of Bougereau, the gentle, the refined, the academic, there was but one example, the property of Mr. R. B. Angus. "It bears the title of the 'Crown of Flowers,' and the modelling and painting of the hands and feet, always a crucial test, are exquisite." "Homeless Boy," by Pelez, loaned by Mr. R. B. Angus, is called "the best bit of humour in the gallery," the colour good, and the drawing leaving nothing to be desired. "Charity," by Henry Baron Leys, is also exhibited by Mr. Angus. The artist, a distinguished Belgian, was born at Antwerp in the year of the battle of Waterloo. "The influence of the Van Eycks, Memling and Lucas Cranach may be clearly traced in his work." Mr. Angus also lent a picture by Mr. Watts, R.A., full of intellectual, allegorical, and symbolical meaning; and a very strong, truthful painting by Kowalski, full of life and action; likewise a good example of Berni Bellecour, which, in feeling and manipulation, recalls Detaille and De Neuville, while the clearness and minuteness of detail suggest Meissonier. There were also in the Loan Exhibition, the "Last Minstrel," by George Boughton, A.R.A., the American painter now naturalised in London, and a painting by Sir John Pettie, R.A., whose owners I do not discover.

I have selected these few from the many pictures loaned to the Art Gallery from the numerous private collections of Montreal's cultivated and artistic citizens, in the hope of stimulating in the breasts of our own wealthy townfolk that ambition which Mr. O'Brien has tried to arouse by his public appeal for the Toronto Art Gallery. In conclusion, let me endorse the words of his letter, by those of the gentle and widely known philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who says, in his "Essay upon Domestic Life," "Whatever brings the dweller into a finer life, whatever educates his eye, or ear, or hand, whatever purifies and enlarges him, may well find a place there (viz., in his house). And yet let him not think that a property in beautiful objects is necessary to his apprehension of them, and turn his house into a museum. Rather let the noble practice of the Greeks find place in our society, and let the creations of the plastic art be collected with care in galleries by the piety and taste of the people, and yielded freely to all. Why should we convert ourselves into showmen and appendages to our fine houses and our works of art? Why should we owe our powers of attracting our friends to pictures, vases, cameos, and architecture? I do not undervalue the fine instruction which statues and pictures give, but I think the public museum in each town will one day relieve the private house of the charge of owning and exhibiting them. I wish to find in my own town a library, a museum, which is the property of the town, where I can deposit my precious treasure, where I and my children can see it from time to time, and where it has its proper place among hundreds of such donations from other citizens who have brought hither whatever articles they have judged to be in their nature rather public than private property. A collection of this kind of property of each town would dignify the town, and we should love and respect our neighbours more. Obviously, it would be easy for every town to discharge this truly municipal duty. Every one would gladly contribute his share, and the more gladly the more considerable the institution had become." E. S.

UPRIGHT IN HEART.

"UPRIGHT in heart"—can man attain to this?
Or must he ever-wearied be by vain attempt
To reach the distant height, the seeming bliss
Which nears—he thinks, when thought and creed are blent
In harmony?

Oh, tie not down the soul to form or creed,
Bliss is not reached thro' harmonies thus made;
"Upright in heart"—'tis reached alone indeed
When, self-surrendered to their God, men aid
Their fellow-men.

Wycliffe College.

E. C. A.

BIRDS AND BONNETS.

THE London *Spectator*, à propos of the extinction of the quagga, the beautiful wild striped ass of South Africa, used up into sportsmen's boots, and of the fast approaching extinction of the bird of Paradise and other "things of beauty" which are plainly not to be "a joy forever," has the following mournful prediction: "Man will not wait for the cooling of the world to consume everything in it, from teak trees to humming-birds, and a century or two hence will find himself perplexed by a planet in which there is nothing except what he makes. He is a poor sort of creator." One feels inclined to add, from this point of view, "and a poor sort of creature!" But if man is so ready, of his own motion, to make creation a waste, how much worse is it when he does it at the bidding of woman! Though, after all, this is only history repeating itself.

The "Audubon Society," of which a good deal has been heard, is a protest against human destructiveness in one of its most objectionable and least excusable forms. The very existence of our birds is being threatened by the inexplicable "rage" or caprice of fashion for what seems to many the very inappropriate ornament of stuffed birds, or "bird corpses," perched

in all manner of unnatural and grotesque positions on ladies' head-gear. In vain Mr. Ruskin inveighed with characteristic denunciations on the bad taste of such adornments. In vain the kind-hearted Baroness Coutts and Miss Frances Power Cobbe, and others of like spirit, appealed to the finer feelings of their sex to be satisfied with ornaments which did not entail the slaughter of innocent and happy warblers. In vain even our gracious Queen intimated her strong disapproval of the practice. Fashion was more potent than even the "Empress of India" and Queen of England. The milliner had decreed that "birds should be worn," and hosts of women, gentle and tender-hearted, of all grades of society, meekly obeyed her mandate; and so the slaughter of the innocents went on. Women, who would have wept bitterly over the death of a pet canary, consented without remorse to the sacrifice—and often *cruel* sacrifice—of thousands of bird lives as innocent and happy. Most of them did not think about it at all. They only thought the birds "pretty," and were told they were "fashionable," and that settled the question. One lady, mentioned by Mrs. Celia Thaxter, wore on her bonnet "a mat woven of warblers' heads, spiked all over its surface with sharp beaks, set up on a bonnet and borne aloft by its possessor in pride!" Yet she would probably have shuddered at the barbarity of Spanish women who can be spectators of bull-fights! But

— Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart."

The destruction of birds in America, at all events, has attained such proportions that its results are becoming too clearly visible. Members of the American Ornithologists' Union observed with concern the rapid disappearance of many birds, and took the alarm, not merely for the lover of Nature, but for the farmer also, to whom the loss of the insectivorous birds would be a serious calamity. The result of their consideration, and that of other Nature lovers, was the formation, one year ago, of the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds. In one year this society has obtained about twenty thousand members, of which number our Dominion supplies some six hundred, including five honorary vice-presidents, of whom four are ladies of prominent social position. This society has just published the first number of the *Audubon Magazine*, a tastefully got-up periodical, intended to inform and educate public opinion in this and other questions of humanity, towards the animal creation. It is sold at the low price of six cents per copy, or fifty cents per annum, being intended simply to help on this much-needed movement; and, undoubtedly, the amount of intelligent influence and unselfish activity enlisted will ensure success. A similar organisation in England, the Selborne Society, has done such good work that a leading dealer announces that, to meet the wishes of the advocates of bird protection, it has decided to handle only ostrich feathers and those of poultry or game birds in future. It is only by this means of educating public opinion that this evil can be stopped. So long as women will go on buying birds, so long will birds be sacrificed to supply them; and, as the fashion descends through all grades down to the very lowest, the demand becomes so enormous that, if continued, it must result in the eventual extinction of our most beautiful birds. And then, *horribile dictu*, there will be no more birds to kill for ladies' wear! Human greed generally overreaches itself, and kills its goose with the golden eggs. Even "fashionable women" would then have to admit that a few tons of old feathers were a poor exchange for the living presence of our joyous songsters.

How far this fear is justified may be seen from the following statement, made officially by the Audubon Society in the opening number of the *Audubon Magazine*:

"Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months' trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months' time. In New York one firm had on hand on February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months, from one auction room, 401,464 West Indian and Brazilian birds. In Paris, 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story, but it is a story which might be known without them. We may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

"The objections to this cruel and wanton destruction of bird-life are not sentimental only. If continued, it will not only deprive us of one of the most attractive features of rural life, but it will surely work a vast amount of harm to the farmers by removing one of the most efficient checks on the increase of insects. *Agricultural interests are at stake!*"

It seems too hideous and unnatural an idea that *our birds*, so dear to every poet, every lover of Nature or of literature—and popularly supposed to be dear to every woman also—should perish in order to supply a superfluous addition—mistakenly supposed an ornament—for her bonnet, and a few dollars to those who find trading in murdered songsters an easy way of making money! But we are destroying our forests at the bidding of selfish interests as fast as we can; so in time, perhaps, we shall have neither birds nor trees for them to live in. However, we might do our best to retard this dreadful consummation, devoutly to be prayed against. As the Audubon Society has already become continental, all who wish to add

their influence to the movement can do so by sending in their names to the Secretary of the Society, 40 Park Row, New York; or, better still, by forming branch societies affiliated with it. Pledges are furnished in regard to buying or wearing birds; but those who object to pledges may become associate members. Teachers may do much to influence their pupils in this matter. Most of all we want a Canada Bird Law, similar to that recently passed for New York State, for the preservation of song and wild birds, which would prevent the reckless destruction that goes on every summer on the part of every thoughtless boy or man who wishes to amuse himself with a gun. A strong Canadian branch of the Audubon Society might prosecute this object as successfully as it has been done in New York, and so save yet the brightest attraction of our woods.

FIDELIS.

A MEMORY.

ONE evening fresh in the Autumn time
(It was just three years ago),
The air brought the breath of a softer clime,
And the golden sun lay low.
We turned our faces towards the West,
Where the radiant monarch was sinking to rest.

Our tongues were loose, and our hearts were light,
And our spirits fresh as May;
And there shone that crimson glory bright
In our faces like the day.
We said: "How sweet, could we only know
We might walk forever within the glow!"

The light was fading, and so we turned
To the gloomy, dark'ning East;
But our hearts no longer with gladness burned,
And our laughing talk had ceased.
Alas! my friend, we have lived to know
That we cannot always walk in the glow!

Now years have winged themselves past regret,
And thy face is turned away
To the light of that Sun that can never set,
Where He makes Eternal Day!
Thine eyes are gladdened before His smile—
But I must walk here in the gloom meanwhile!

Toronto.

ANIN TIREM.

EAST INDIAN ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH SPEECH.

COLONEL YULE'S "Glossary of Anglo-Indian Colloquial Words," lately issued from the press of John Murray, of London, is an instance of how much we owe to the patient research of scholarly men, whose calling in life has given them special advantages in enriching literature with their labours, and who have made good use of their opportunities. While pursuing his profession in India, as an officer in the Royal Engineers, Colonel Yule has laudably turned aside to other avocations, and become eminent as an English geographer and philologist, with large and varied stores of information gathered during his long residence in the East. In his "Anglo-Indian Glossary," he undertakes, with rare enthusiasm, as well as with scholarly exactitude, to trace the etymology of a large class of words and phrases of Indian origin, a few of which have already been incorporated into the English language, and many others await European recognition. The words, which we can clearly trace to Hindu dialects, that have been admitted, as it were, to English citizenship, are by no means numerous. A few, such as *curry*, *loot*, *nabob*, *toddy*, *bungalow*, etc., will readily occur to the English student. The English colloquial phrases, however, that can claim Indian origin are not so well known, and their number will surprise those who may take up Colonel Yule's volume. Some doubt, as may readily be conceived, hangs over the origin of not a few of these phrases, in the case particularly of vulgar expressions, and the *argot* of the streets; but the source of many of them Colonel Yule traces, with a curious and oftentimes quaint erudition, to Hindu and Malay parentage. The now naturalised phrase, *To run a-muck*, for instance, Colonel Yule states, is clearly traceable to the Malabar Coast, where the phrase and the practice—*a-muk* meaning to tilt, to run against—are still familiar. The term *a-muk*, the compiler of the "Glossary" tells us, rarely occurs in any other than the verbal form, *mengamuk* meaning "to make a furious attack." Illustrations of its use are given in the volume from the habits and customs of certain desperadoes, called by old travellers *amuco* (presumably from *amar kkan*, a warrior), who were wont to infest the coast of Southern India. The slang phrase, "*That is the cheese!*" denoting anything good, genuine, first-rate in quality, we are told, comes also from the East, where the expression used to be common among young Anglo-Indians: "These cheroots are the real *chiz*," i.e., the real thing; *chiz* = "thing," having its probable source in a Hindu-Persian term. In the Hindu word *dam*, originally an actual copper coin, Colonel Yule discovers the source of the modern English phrase, which mistakenly has taken on a profane signification, "I don't care a damn!" or more euphemistically, "I don't care a brass farthing!"

Colonel Yule acknowledges to have found some difficulty in tracing definitely to India the source of many terms familiar to commerce, some

of them, probably, being of Portuguese origin, in the early days of the great trading companies, while others presumably belong to the "Pigeon" or commercial English, of the Chinese ports. The terms, *calico*, *chintz*, and *gingham*, which long ago found lodgment in English lexicons, are unquestionably, in the case of the first two, at any rate, East Indian: the same may be said of *arrack*, *mango*, *sugar*, *shampoo*, *punch*, *toddy*, *banyan*, and *mulligatawny*. It is news for us, however, to learn that our "candy-sugar" is wholly Sanskrit, our author tracing it to *khandā*, "broken," a word applied in various compounds to granulated and candied sugar.

Chicane and *chicanery* are words which, though they come to us immediately from the French, are not generally supposed to be of Oriental origin. Brachet, in his Etymological French Grammar, we know, derives *chicane* remotely from a Byzantine word, meaning, in its original signification, "the game of the mall." This term, in process of time, came to be applied, first, to a dispute about the game, and, later on, to *sharp practice* in law suits, and to the meaning it now has with us. It has been reserved to Colonel Yule, however, to settle the origin of the word almost beyond question. There can be little doubt, he says, that the words *chicane* and *chicanery* are Asiatic in their origin, and are really traceable to the game of *chaugān*, or horse-golf—better known on this side the Atlantic under the name of "polo." The author adds that the recent introduction of the game under its Oriental name is its second importation into Western Europe; "for in the Middle Ages," he remarks, "it came from Persia to Byzantium, where it was popular under a modification of its Persian name, and from Byzantium it passed as a pedestrian game to Languedoc, where it was called by a further modification *chicane*." The analogy of certain heated periods of the game of golf suggests, he adds, how the figurative meaning of *chicaner* might arise in taking advantage of the petty accidents between the players.

Demijohn is another Anglicised word which has come to us immediately from the French, under its Gallic form of *dame-jeanne*, "lady Jane." This word Colonel Yule claims to be an Oriental one, probably derived from *Dannaghān*, in Persia. Though this suggested origin, we are told, is doubted by Mr. Marsh, in his Notes on Wedgwood's Dictionary, Niebuhr, nevertheless, uses the word as an Oriental one; and Colonel Yule quotes a number of learned authorities, Lane (in his "Modern Egyptians") among the number, in support of his contention that the word is of Persian origin, and that it is undoubtedly known in modern Arabic. Of Persian, rather than of Turkish, origin also, is the word *turban*, which, according to Colonel Yule, is incorrectly supposed to be a corruption of the Hindustani-Persian word *sirband* (head-wrap). The proper word, our author inclines to think, was *dulband*, which Persian dictionaries define as "a cloth of fine, white muslin; a wrapper for the head." This origin and the forms which the word assumes in passing through the Turkish into European languages, we may say, are already noted by English lexicographers.

A reviewer of Colonel Yule's interesting volume, in the last *Quarterly*, refers to another class of words treated of, in the names of native or Anglo-Indian residences, or parts thereof, such as *compound*, *balcony*, *pagoda*, and *bungalow*. *Compound*, this writer remarks, "is the enclosed ground, whether garden or waste, which surrounds an Anglo-Indian house." Whether the term, which appears to have been introduced into India from the English factories, or depôts of commerce, in the Malaysian Archipelago, was derived from the Malayan word, *kampung*, meaning an enclosed ground, or borrowed from the Portuguese *campo*, is, we are told, a matter of doubt. *Balcony* our modern English dictionaries derive from the Persian; but Colonel Yule apparently hesitates to endorse this Oriental etymology. Of the accepted origin of *pagoda* and *bungalow* there seems, however, to be no doubt. The "Glossary" also endorses the accepted derivation of the Asiatic substantive *chop*, "a stamp or brand," a permit or license; also, a chest (as of tea)—definitions in use in the *lingua franca* of traders in Chinese waters, and are now incorporated in our later English dictionaries. Colonel Yule, though he finds illustrations in support of these several meanings of the word in the trade jargon of the East, thinks it not unlikely, however, that the word may have its true origin in the Portuguese term *chapa*, "a thin plate of metal," which, as a seal, stamp, or brand, may have been made use of in commerce.

Other classes of words associated with the East, which have come into use through military and official intercourse with the people, are interestingly dealt with by Colonel Yule, together with much lighter and amusing matter—the chaff of British wit in coining slang equivalents for native words and phrases, or the corruptions which words undergo in being picked up by the uneducated foreign ear, or by the army of "batmen," valets, and other personal attendants of Anglo-Indian officials. Into these words space will not permit us now to enter, and we must refer the reader of this brief paper, who desires to know more of this interesting and instructive Anglo-Indian Glossary, to the book itself. The student of philology may not learn from the work a great deal that is new to him of the origin of Eastern words introduced into the language, but he will find much curious illustrative matter that incidentally throws light upon the subject, which, if it fails to profit, will, at any rate, amuse. In a future article the present writer hopes to take up for brief consideration the subject of French-Canadian words that have become corrupted, or have undergone many and fanciful changes—the basis of the paper being a native Glossary, which, to many students of the language, it is to be feared, is an unknown book.

G. M. A.

THE DEEP TIDE.

UPON the deep tide of my tenderness,
As in a dream I feel your spirit drift;
The little waves pulse eagerly, and swift
From heaven falls the wind's divine caress;
Anear the brink a white and wavering press
Of water lilies, like shy thoughts, uplift
Their glances to the sky. Above a rift
Of clouds the stars their answering thought confess.

Ah, love! the tide flows deep, the tide flows deep!
The petty storms that trouble shallow streams
Cannot come nigh us while the lilies keep
Their gaze upon the sky, and answering gleams
Of countless starry eyes attend your sleep.
Sweet rest be yours, dear love, and blessed dreams!

Fenwick.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

TILL now, no one very clearly knew why that model ambassador from Austria to France—the Comte de Beust—was recalled. He is a native of Saxony, yet it is to him reverts the honour of saving in 1867 Austria—that conglomeration of eleven colonies or nationalities—from dislocation. The Comte is now eighty years of age, and lives in the vicinity of Vienna—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot." He is still juvenile and elastic. It is over forty-six years since he first visited France, as an attaché of the Saxon embassy. The day after his arrival in Paris, eager to commence lionizing, he was unexpectedly caught at the Porte St. Denis, between the cross fire of the insurgents led by Barbes, and where M. Grévy, then a law student, figured, and the troops. The combatants seemed to have sprung up from the boulevard by enchantment.

Comte de Beust was an inveterate purchaser of curios while here. It is thus he picked up a precious copy of Gobelin's tapestry, dating from the reign of Louis XIII.; subject, the "Pains of Hell." This hangs in the ante-chamber to his study, the fittest decoration, he considers, for a diplomatist's residence. The four walls of his study are covered with engravings, photos, extracts from the picture journals, and caricatures, all contemporary with his public career. One side of the room is dedicated to the Eastern question—on the solution of which solutionless problem hangs the fate of Austria, the other walls are appropriated to London, Vienna, and Paris. Many of the portraits and photos are souvenirs with dedications by their illustrious subjects.

The Comte attributes the abrupt termination of his public career to the intrigues of the court of Vienna, which accused him of supplying to his intimate friend, Madame Adam, editress and proprietress of the *Nouvelle Revue*, the materials for her sketches of Vienna Imperial Life, published under the mask of Comte de Vasili. It is above all Prince Bismarck he accuses, because, in an inaugural address he delivered in this city before the International Literary Society, he avowed his "heart was French." He states the reason why the alliance between France and Austria in 1870 fell through was owing to the refusal of Napoleon to bind himself to a common programme. Austria suspected Napoleon would act as he did at Villafranca towards Italy; fight a battle or two, then leave Austria at the mercy of Germany to pay the expenses of the war. When the French were beaten at Spicheren Napoleon condescended to remember the projected alliance. "Oh! what about that alliance?" asked his Majesty. "Sire, is it that one makes alliance with the conquered?" was the crushing and fatal response received.

RUSSIA is the nursery ground of Sects. The latest is a *Sauve-qui-peut moral*, which the intellectual classes of that empire now indulge in, as the outcome of the writings of the romancier, Comte Tolstoi. His novel, "Anna Karénine," is the missal of the new dogmas applied to questions of the day. The purely theological aspect of his ideas was treated in his "Religion" and "Confession;" these the Greek Church put at once in its Index. But the works none the less circulated to the number of millions in the auto and lithograph form among the masses. The Comte Tolstoi even dramatized his doctrines—like Dumas's son—and had the plays interpreted at the Crummies class of theatres in St. Petersburg.

Comte Tolstoi is immensely rich, and of noble descent; he has not renounced his social position, as is reported. He splits wood—Mr. Gladstone fells trees; he makes boots—Louis XVI. made locks; and the Kronprinz of Germany sets type, merely as hygienic exercises. The Count's panacea for helping your neighbour is, Give no money, aid him in his work with your own hands. But how do so in the case, say, of frozen-out gardeners, when they "have got no work to do?" He ranks intellectual labour as an iniquity and inutility. "Scientific science," for him is the antipodes of common sense. Ignorance is bliss; only manual labour is righteous. In one of his "Tracts for the Times," which he publishes for the masses, a king of the scientists is sent to board and lodge with swine. In a second allegory Hades swallows up the intellectual worker. The author urges that the wicked should be allowed to always have their own way.

Comte Tolstoi asks the Russian peasants, "why desire land, when at any moment they may die?" They should only seek for seven feet of soil, just the length of a grave. Suppose Lord Salisbury tried this new gospel of Holy Russia with the Irish?

THE Pope has canonised the Roman Catholic martyrs of the reign of Henry VIII., Fisher and More. We have not the slightest objection. Only let the victims of the Marian persecution be canonised at the same time. Liberal Protestantism does both.

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THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Notice to Canadian Writers.

A PRIZE of one hundred dollars will be given for the best POEM on the Queen's Jubilee, to be competed for by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:—(1) The poem not to exceed one hundred lines; (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

A similar prize of one hundred dollars will be given for the best ORATION on the Queen's Jubilee, to be competed for similarly by Canadian writers, under the following conditions:—(1) The oration not to exceed three thousand words; (2) To be delivered at THE WEEK office not later than May 1st next.

The right of publication of both poem and oration to be reserved to THE WEEK.

The competing poems and orations must bear on them a motto, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope marked with this motto and the words QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRIZE COMPETITION, and enclosing the name and address of the writer.

THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

THE stars in their courses cannot be said to be now fighting for the maintenance of Party journalism. The increasing ranks of the Independent Press, and the growing desire of the people to be freed from Party trammels, and to think and act politically for themselves, are happy omens of a new and better order of things. Party organs are very generally becoming discredited, and the common sense of the people is leading them at last to see that truth is not the object of the Party journalist's search, nor is it safe to trust him even in matters where politics has no concern. We hear again that overtures are being made by the Conservative Party to the *Toronto World* to induce it to desert its hitherto creditable path of independent journalism, and become the local Ministerial organ. We should be sorry to think that in these times the proprietors of our lively contemporary would prove so recreant to the obvious line of duty as to take such a retrograde step. The *World* has made a distinctive place for itself by its political independence, and we feel sure that its readers would regret to see it abandon its neutrality, and fall under the blandishments of the Ottawa siren of Party. Never was there a time when there was more need than now of an independent Press in Canada. Hence, we look with apprehension upon any threatened defection from its ranks, and eagerly scan the signs for indications of important additions.

WHILE the Party system lasts, "the outs" must ever be at a disadvantage, or, to put it in another way, "the ins" always hold the stroke oar. It is this that tells against Opposition leaders, particularly where a distinctive policy is wanting, and where there are, practically, no issues to divide parties. How handicapped both Mr. Blake and Mr. Meredith have been by the lack of the patronage which is at the disposal of the party in power, we have recently seen; but Mr. Meredith has been more fortunate than Mr. Blake in escaping criticism for failure to carry the elections. Mr. Blake, on the other hand, has had to bear not only the odium of defeat, but the sneers of a considerable section of his following, who in their spite seem again to have started the rumour of his early retirement from the leadership. The animadversion of his party is as unkind as the rumour is, we believe, untrue.

THE result of the elections in the North-West Territories, as we ventured to predict, adds to the Government majority. In the newly enfranchised districts all the Ministerial candidates have been returned. What further drain upon the Dominion exchequer, in the shape of redeemed Government pledges, this result will involve, the imagination of our readers will enable them readily to say. That it will cost the country nothing beyond members' indemnity and mileage to bring four new representatives with their carpet bags to Ottawa, no one for a moment believes. Nor does any one believe that they will vote otherwise than as liegemen of the Party whose badge they bear. In our innocence may we ask why the candidates were elected by the abandoned system of open voting? Is material for ballot-papers as scarce as wood in the North-West, or were Party voters on the Plains unequal to the intellectual effort of correctly marking the papers with a cross?

HOWEVER intangible, if not mythical, the Ontario surplus may be to writers of the Opposition press, they will hardly deny that the financial affairs of the Province have for a number of years been well managed.

Mr. Ross, the Provincial Treasurer, has again made a good showing in his Budget Speech, though he must know that in the case of the timber lands of the Crown we are drawing upon our principal, and if Prohibition is to prevail that the revenue from licenses will greatly diminish. In the meantime, it is well that the finances of one of the Provinces,—the one that has to bear the chief burden of the Dominion expenditure,—are being carefully looked after. Whatever the other Provinces have done, Ontario, at any rate, has not talked of "better terms." On the contrary, she has honestly paid her own way, developed her own resources, opened up colonization roads, given large bonuses to railways, substantially aided municipalities in draining poor and waste lands, invested handsomely in education, distributed generously to hospitals and charities, and doled out large sums in the employment of labour and in the punishment and repression of crime. With all this expenditure she has not run into debt, but has accumulated a surplus. Doing well and minding her own business, what has she to gain, as Mr. Mowat has promised, by being represented at any new Convention of the Provinces, except, perhaps, to check the disposition of the Central Government to buy Provincial support at the expense of Ontario? This may seem an unpatriotic and an ungenerous thing to say; but if the Confederation compact is to be reopened, and needy Provinces are to make new and more advantageous terms for themselves, they had better be told to economize their expenditure, abolish their second Chamber, and cut down their foolish cost of government. Ontario's presence at the proposed convention will be justified if she counsels general retrenchment, and, in view of her own diminishing income, rigidly acts upon it herself. There is the more reason for economy if, while attending to her own maternal duties, she has also to act as wet-nurse for the other Provinces.

DESPITE the liberalising tendencies of the age, how the iconoclastic spirit clings to some of the religious denominations! It was painful to notice the other day that a Toronto journal, representing a religious body at present seeking to ally itself closely with our National University, in the great work of education, has lent its influence to decry Upper Canada College and to come plainly, even brutally, out for its total abolition. This is not the spirit born of "sweetness and light." If culture is to show itself at all, we expect it to show itself on the side of truth, fairness, and toleration. We expect to find it in sympathy with the aims and aspirations of the higher life, as well as with national and social progress. We do not look to it to forge the weapons of the demagogue and the leveller, or to give countenance to Socialism or selfishness. Upper Canada College, whatever may be said for the expediency of removing it from its present site, has earned the right to be perpetuated even as a privileged institution, and its future should be treated reverently and with consideration. But this, by no means, is all that can be said for it. It has done, and is doing, a good work; and never has it been more flourishing, more efficiently conducted, or more worthy of the popular favour. To remove it from its present historic site would seem sacrilege; to abolish it would be impious. Of the latter fate, however threateningly it impends, we have no fear. At the worst, it may have to go out of the city for a new habitation and a further field of usefulness. We would be a spiritless people and a set of unredeemed churls were we to allow the hand of the leveller to destroy it or even to place its future in jeopardy. The organ of a great denominational body puts itself to unworthy uses when it wantonly talks of abolition.

To meet the crisis in the affairs of this time-honoured institution, there has been a rally of old College boys and other friends of the school, at the call of Dr. Larratt Smith, one of the governing body. At the meeting resolutions were enthusiastically passed, protesting against interference with old-time State endowments, and loyally endorsing the institution and its work. What has brought the matter up anew is the necessity to make provision for the Colleges seeking affiliation with Toronto University and for the more efficient equipment of the latter in doing the increased work. It would be a curious way, however, of building up a great system of affiliated colleges by throwing down one of its chief props. This the Minister of Education seems to recognise, for the other evening he expressed himself emphatically as in favour of the maintenance of the College. Nor would it become him to take any other position, for is he not the conservator of our educational institutions, and, within the range of academic influence, responsible for all that promotes or retards the intellectual growth of the Province? We look to him to preserve the rights and liberties of our educational institutions, as we look to another member of the Executive to care for our rights and liberties in civil things. If the whole fabric of higher education is not some day to tumble about his ears, he will take care how he allows Socialist legislators, or educational, or

sectarian vandals to raise a hand against a cherished institution which is at once a bulwark against ignorance and a sturdy pillar of the State. Ply the axe at the root of Upper Canada College, and the next act will be to ply it at the foundations of all our high schools and collegiate institutes, and even at the University itself. Yield the College a sacrifice to the demagogism of the day, and it will be difficult to restrain the clamour when the cry is heard to yield the whole of our secondary schools. Those who think that a false Utilitarianism will discriminate between the circumstances of the one and the circumstances of the others will find themselves mistaken. The reasoning of Utilitarianism is not so just. When the spoiler is egged on by prejudice no institution is safe from overthrow; then, when fanaticism has the upper hand, it is easy to say, "not one only—all must go!"

THE financial world on the other side of the line seems to be much interested at present in many of the mining regions of Canada, and New York speculators and capitalists are said to be ready for any number of enterprises, particularly in Ontario and British Columbia, could closer commercial intercourse with their Canadian kinsmen be brought about. In this matter, reciprocity would bring untold good. Our mining area in Ontario, it is conceded, is not only of vast extent but of great richness. The deposits as a rule, moreover, can be readily reached, and we have still abundant wood for charcoal on the spot where the ore occurs. What we want is capital to develop the ore and to bring it to market. Had we some measure of Free Trade with the States, wealthy Americans would come in, labour would be employed, the ore would be got at, blast-furnaces would be erected, and an industry created that would vastly enrich the country, and yield a large revenue to Government. At present, the United States tariff imposes a duty of seventy-five cents a ton on ore entering the country. Had we reciprocity, this impost, which in itself is quite a profit, would be removed, and a market of sixty millions of people would be opened to us. Since Confederation, it is stated, that over two hundred million tons of manufactured iron and steel have been imported into Canada, most of which, had we invited the capital and the machinery, might have been produced in the country, and the cost of its manufacture added to the wealth of the people. Nothing, we know, more benefits a community than the proceeds of mining industry, for the chief cost in its production is labour; and of profitable fields of labour, more than of anything else, Canada stands most in need.

It is certainly a reproach that our mining interests have been so much and so long neglected by Government. Though the Geological Survey gets a large annual grant from Government, mining operators, it is understood, are obliged to go back to Sir William Logan's Report of 1866 for any extended mineral information of practical service to them. A Select Committee of the House of Commons, not long ago, reported strongly on this matter; the British Association, at its meeting at Montreal, drew attention to the neglect; and, last year, a deputation waited on the Government to urge the creation of a bureau of mining statistics in connection with the Geological Survey. So far, we believe, nothing has been done, and, without statistics and authentic information, it is obviously difficult for prospectors and others interested in mines and mineral regions to continue their labours. How far the present head of the Geological Survey is responsible for this indifference to the mining interests of the country, we are not competent to say; but if the facts are as alleged, Government should instantly see to the matter, and initiate a systematic mineralogical survey of the whole country. While on this subject, we may note in our columns the appearance of the Report for the past year of the Minister of Mines in British Columbia. Its summary of results proves the value of opening up the Mountain Section of the C. P. R. in the Pacific Province, for not only has the value of the gold mined during the year been greatly increased, but the prospect is vouched for of quartz mining being made soon to pay. The Report is particularly encouraging on this latter point. One expert, we are told, deduces from a number of trials that the average yield of the gold-carrying quartz veins in the Cariboo and Lillooet district is from \$17.50 to \$20 a ton against a yield of only \$8.50 or so a ton of average ore in California. With improved and cheaper facilities for quartz-crushing, and the aid given by Government surveys, the prospects of the miner, both in British Columbia and in our own Province, cannot fail to be bright, particularly if we are wise in obtaining free access to the markets of our own continent.

THE irony of fate has seldom been better exemplified of late than in the Dominion election in Haldimand. Last summer, it will be remembered, in one of the bye-elections, Mr. Colter (Reformer) after a keen contest beat Mr. Hamilton Merritt (Ministerialist). Before he could take his seat,

however, the General Elections came on, and the constituency, always Reform, again, it was understood, returned Mr. Colter, though by a small majority. Now it turns out, on a recount, that Mr. Colter has lost his seat by one vote, and that the Tory Candidate, Mr. Montagu, not so strong an opponent as Mr. Merritt, becomes the sitting member.

LAST week a deputation of gentlemen connected with the Canadian Institute waited upon the Provincial Commissioner of Crown Lands to urge the Government to appropriate some tract in the outlying districts of the Province for the purposes of a National Park. The suggestion is commendable on scientific, as well as on aesthetic grounds. It would be a relief to know that we had some portion of the provincial, if not the national, domain sacred from the invasion of the ruthless lumberman and the "potter" sportsman—some haunt of Nature's own where the Scott Act and the franchise were not in operation. Soon both the country's animal life and its noble forest growth will have utterly disappeared, and everything will have fallen before the advance of civilisation and its utilitarian needs. It is suggested that a reserve might be found in the picturesque Nipissing District, somewhere about the height of land, favourable to the scientific purposes in view, and attractive to the tourist and lover of Nature. It is too late, we presume, to save for such a purpose the beautiful and more accessible Muskoka region, for it seems already to be wholly given up to settlement and to commerce. Let the next best site, by all means, be secured!

THE termination of winter, which it is to be hoped we have reached, will, we trust, enable the Toronto Street Railway Company to clear out the tracks and put the summer cars on the tramways. Some of the vehicles the citizens have been obliged to ride in, during the past season, have not only been unpicturesque but uncomfortable and dangerous. They remind us of what Ruskin lately said of railways, to which he has, however, an unreasonable antipathy. "They are to me," says the eccentric Art critic, "the loathsome form of devilry now extant, animated and deliberate earthquakes, destructive of all wise and social habit or possible natural beauty, carriages of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves." It should be said, however, that the Broadway omnibuses, which the company have put on some of the routes, have in some measure mitigated the discomfort of the winter's travel.

WITH the coming of spring we hope something will be done to provide Toronto with public drives and parks for the health and recreation of the citizens. The committee that have the scheme in hand should report soon, and when this has been done we trust public spirit will not be wanting to carry their recommendations through. With the opening of navigation, may we not also look for greater transport facilities on the lakes? The steamboat service to Niagara and Port Dalhousie might be improved, and the run shortened by putting on faster boats, with enlarged and more suitable accommodation for tourists and passengers, and increased security for life and property. The St. Lawrence and Montreal line, which of late years has been a disgrace to Canadian civilisation, should also receive attention, and inducements be held out to enterprising steamboat companies to put on a fleet of larger and better-equipped boats. A little more public spirit in these and similar matters might be shown, which would not be lost on the travelling community, and would redeem the credit of the country in regard to the sort of service we have had over this grand highway of traffic.

THE great and increasing value of our fisheries makes it a matter of prime importance to Canada that, in negotiations with the United States for the privilege of sharing in them, we should have some substantial and well-defined equivalent. This is not only just, but reasonable. It is a view of the matter which so fair-minded a man as Mr. Congressman Butterworth is fain to admit in his proposed scheme for a Commercial Union between the two countries. Whatever gloss may be put by his countrymen on the Treaty of 1818, or however the fisheries clause may be construed by Congress, he at least brings to the consideration of the vexed subject a wise discernment of facts, and whatever the facts be, a statesmanlike respect for international amity, with a laudable intent to serve the common interests of the two neighbouring nations. In the modern records of international diplomacy it would be difficult to point to a more high-minded and patriotic deliverance, on a subject of great delicacy, than the letter Mr. Butterworth has made public on the Fisheries Question and our commercial relations with the United States. Not the least to be commended also is Mr. Butterworth's sagacity in looking at the practical bearings of the question, in all that affects the interests of the two nations, and at those momentous considerations that make for the peace and pros-

perity of the two peoples. Here Mr. Butterworth's arguments are the incarnation of common sense. This is how he presents the case of reciprocal trade to his own people—the inexorable logic, as he phrases it, of the situation. "Either," says Mr. Butterworth, "we will take down the partition wall which forces our commerce back upon ourselves and stops its flow along the natural channels which it unerringly seeks out, and give it full scope, so that trade between the United States and Canada will be as free as it is between New York and Ohio, or we will line our northern border with evidences of a retrograding civilisation—forts on the land and cruisers on the lake, picketing the thirty-seven hundred miles of our frontier with customs officers and spies." Such a condition of things, of course he is constrained to add, is alike unnatural and unwise. If negotiations between the two countries for the settlement of differences are conducted in the spirit of Mr. Butterworth's letter, a fair and amicable settlement will no doubt be speedily reached. Tariff concessions, so as to admit natural products free into either country, as in former reciprocity treaties, would unquestionably be of more advantage to Canada than money awards; and it is to be hoped that these will be made, and a large measure of commercial intercourse effected, without disturbing our political autonomy or encouraging any idea, on the part of our own people, of effacing ourselves as a nation. In the pending negotiations, friendly sentiments we trust will prevail, not insane talk of retaliation or "tail-twisting."

THE literary spirit, we are glad to note, is increasingly manifesting itself in the various Provinces of the Dominion, and there are indications that Canada, like the motherland in the days of good Queen Bess, will ere long become "a nest of singing-birds." We know of at least four new volumes of verse from the pens of Canadian writers that are about to issue from the press and compete for public favour. Interest in this forthcoming literary tournament, we have no doubt, will at once and heartily be awakened, and from the standing of the competitors there is every probability that each will receive as he deserves the laurel leaf of fame and the guerdon of a nation's honour. "In Divers Tones," by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, N.S., is to be the first to appear, followed by a volume, from the press of a London publisher, entitled "Corydon and Amaryllis," by Mr. Phillips Stewart, a graduate of University College, Toronto. Then a drama, on the subject of "Roberval and his Discoveries in Acadia," by Mr. J. Hunter Duvar, of Prince Edward Island, may be looked for; with a collection of poems, entitled "A Gate of Flowers," by Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, Paisley, Ont. "The Canadian Birthday Book," with extracts under each day from the native poets, selected and arranged by "Seranus" (Mrs. Harrison), is presently to be put on the literary market, with a volume of "Sonnets and Selected Verse," by Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, both of which will doubtless be eagerly looked for.

AMERICAN literature, of late years, has been largely charged with a kindly spirit towards England, and in the degree in which it has been manifested it has become genial and wholesome. Mr. Howells, Mr. Dudley Warner, and occasionally Mr. Henry James, still offend good taste by their sly cuts and sneers and that kind of pertness which is the mark of ill-bred youth. But native writers, as a rule, do not now dip their vessels into a seething pot of Anglophobia, and put the strong-smelling fluid under the noses of cultured readers. Travel and intercourse have been important factors in bringing about this better state of feeling, though much, doubtless, is due to the conciliatory policy pursued by successive English governments during the last fifteen or twenty years, and the generous sentiments of the public men of both nations. From one extreme, however, there is always a tendency to swing to the other. This has, of late, been exemplified in some sections of American society, in which there has sprung up an affectation of English manners and speech, which can hardly have its roots in any real love or appreciation of England. Aside from this, however, there is unmistakable evidence, among the cultured classes particularly, of a sincere affection for the motherland, of a common pride in her heroic past, and of a profound respect for the sterling qualities of the British people whom they are beginning to claim (to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase) as "their kin beyond the sea." This is now finding free expression in American literature, and no happier instance of it is to be met with than in a charming little volume, entitled "Shakespeare's England," which lately came under our notice from the unique press of Mr. David Douglas, the well-known Edinburgh publisher. The writer is Mr. William Winter, an American poet of some eminence, and the literary and dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*. The book is the sympathetic record of rambles throughout England, embracing a series of visits to the principal literary and historic shrines in that land of rich

memories. It has been given its happy title from this fact that the volume deals largely with Warwickshire, and the home of England's great poet. To our mind, the book stands unrivalled in its recognition of the greatness of England's past, while it is, at the same time, a most graceful and loving tribute from child to parent. Did its spirit pervade the Senate and the House of Representatives at Washington, we should see the Fisheries difficulty settled offhand.

LAST summer Dr. Daniel Wilson, the learned President of University College, contributed a curious and interesting paper on "The Right Hand and Left-handedness" to the transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, which has recently been issued in separate form. Since the issue, in the once popular Bridgewater Treatises, of Sir Charles Bell's work on The Hand, the subject of Right and Left-handedness has periodically occupied the attention of the physiologist, and occasionally even that of the *littérateur*. In the later career of Charles Reade, the novelist, it will be remembered, ambidexterity was quite a hobby. Dr. Wilson's paper seeks to account for the distinctive preference of the right hand, whether as the natural use of a more perfect organ of manipulation, if it be so, or as the result of mere habit confirmed by hereditary tendency. The inquiry is pursued through some forty quarto pages, and is enriched by much scholarly matter, physiological and ethnological, illustrating the preferential use among all races of the right hand, as the more dextrous and potent executive agent. The writer quotes a mass of testimony to prove that the left hand may be trained to as great expertness and strength as the right. But though this would seem to confute the notion that the superiority of the right hand is the result of acquired habit, Dr. Wilson is of the opinion that the cause lies deeper than mere habit, and is traceable to an innate physical cause, which science as yet has failed to determine. Some explain the matter by pointing to the anatomical disposition of the vital organs, which is not symmetrical, and to the fact that the centre of gravity in a well developed man, inclining to the right, creates an instinctive tendency to call into action the muscles of that side. Others again, find a clue in the decided difference in the two hemispheres of the brain, the left lobe, as a rule, being by far the heaviest. These facts, however, far from being themselves an explanation, may be simply indicative of hereditary tendency and the almost universal habit of bringing the right hand into play. Dr. Wilson very properly urges early and persistent cultivation of the full use of both hands "as contributing to greater efficiency without any counteracting awkwardness or defect." At the same time, and speaking for himself, he seems to assume that the bias in the use of the right or left hand is the result of special organic aptitude, and, in the case of left-handedness, is due to an exceptional development of the right hemisphere of the brain. Here are his concluding words, which are not without pathos, while manifesting the spirit of the true scientific investigator: "My own brain has now been in use for more than the full allotted term of threescore years and ten, and the time cannot be far distant when I shall be done with it. When that time comes, I should be glad if it were turned to account for the little further service of settling this physiological puzzle. If my ideas are correct, I anticipate, as the result of its examination, that the right hemisphere (Dr. Wilson is himself left-handed) will not only be found to be heavier than the left, but that it will probably be marked by a noticeable difference in the number and arrangements of the convolutions."

THOSE who have been supported by the woman's vote naturally wish to increase it, and to extend the franchise from widows and spinsters to married women. As if the happiness of marriage was not threatened enough already, political dissension is now to be introduced as a brand of discord between husband and wife. The cavalier is to enter the family, and perhaps tell the wife that her husband is serving the cause of the Devil, that the party to which he belongs is that of "brothel keepers, drunkards, gamblers, and swindlers," and that it is her duty to God to oppose him tooth and nail. Pleasant scenes there will be in some households at election time. But people have only to be made to think that the change is coming, and it will come. Nobody has the courage to make a stand. Such is government by demagogism, and such the price which society pays for it. Those who, like ourselves, are so much behind in the march of progress as to think that affection is the best thing in life, and that the happiness of the family is worth a good deal more to the mass of us than any political arrangements, would perhaps unite with us in praying that when the vote is given to the wife it may be taken away from the husband. However, we expect the change will come. The home, like everything else, will be ground into votes and turned into food for the insatiable maw of demagogic ambition.

THE MUSIC OF THE PINE.

AWAY in yonder woodland, where forest branches wave,
And Nature finds for all her dead a mossy, silent grave,
There lives a tree—a lordly tree, with harp of strings so fine,
That zephyrs play in sweetest tones the music of the pine.

And in the sultry summer day, when grasses languish low,
Still far above at yonder height the breezes come and go;
And sweet Æolian whispers float earthward through the air,
As from some spiritual throng engaged in song and prayer.

Patriarch of a patriarch race, with crown of emerald green,
I see thee o'er the forest watch with proud and kingly mien;
I hear thee chant thy "Laudes Dei," chant and never tire,
Well worthy as the leader of the mighty woodland choir.

But, towering pine, though waving now o'er all the trees that grow,
Some lightning blast may rend thy heart in fragments at a blow;
Some wind may crush; but God forbid such ills should thee entwine,
And dash thy harp, and still in death the music of the pine.

Toronto.

W. H. THURSTON.

EVENING.

[Translated for THE WEEK from the French of Henri Gréville, by Cora Bethune.]

THE shades of night were falling in the forest. A patch of delicate blue sky was still faintly visible between the trunks of the grand old pine trees. A ray of golden light lingered yet on the horizon, and the brink of the wood, seen thus in the twilight, warm and velvety with its scattered trunks and grass strewn with flowers, seemed but the entrance to some enchanted realm, which one must approach almost with reverential awe. The meadows were already cooled by the dews of evening; but the heat of the declining sun would still remain for hours where the russet carpet of pine needles yielded a delicate resinous perfume. The birds and insects slept, however, and no sound, not even the rustling of a wing, broke the stillness of that majestic forest.

A young man emerged from the thickest shade, and appeared to breathe more freely upon seeing the particle of blue sky before him; he moved rapidly, his game-bag at his side, his gun over his shoulder, as if hastening homewards.

"Whence come you so late?" said a musical voice, proceeding as if from the earth.

The lad stopped hesitatingly, and fixed his eyes on the ground at his feet. Before him on the green sward, her chin resting in the palm of her hand, lay a young girl, who raised her laughing face to him. Her slender, supple form, in its sombre woollen gown, was scarce discernible against the dark background.

He drew back a step. She laughed in surprise at his fear, and repeated her question.

"Whence come you?"

"I come—I come from the hunting-ground," said the boy awkwardly. "And you, who are you?"

The little girl raised herself to a sitting posture, still leaning upon her hand, and replied:

"Sylvia."

"Sylvia! Are you then the Forest herself?" asked the learned youth.

"Your mother a woodland nymph, and are your feet rooted to the earth?" The young girl stood upright, her graceful figure almost equalling his own in height.

"I am the daughter of the forester," she said. "My name is Sylvia, and I live there," extending her hand towards the gloomiest depths of the slumbering wood.

"But what is your name? You know you almost walked over me just now."

"My name is Réal. My father lives at the Château."

"Ah! I see," cried Sylvia, "You are the son of the Seigneur."

"What were you doing here?" said the lad, looking earnestly at her in the fast-fading light of the dying day. She did not avoid his glance; her deep, fine eyes, so remarkable in colour, scorned the shyness which teaches the lids to droop. She smiled, showing her sparkling white teeth, whilst she smoothed back the dark tresses that wandered over her low, innocent brow, and replied unblushingly,

"I was waiting for you. I knew that you often passed here in the evening, and I wanted to frighten you."

Here Réal laughed.

"A boy is never afraid," he said, proudly shaking his fair locks. "My father says that a man is ignorant of fear, and never sheds tears."

"I have seen my father weeping," said the little girl, in a grave tone.

"On what occasion?"

"When they carried forth my mother, who is dead."

Réal did not answer; that experience was wholly unknown to him; although his mother, too, was dead, he had never seen his father weep. So he changed the subject by asking:

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen years; and you?"

"Fifteen."

"Then you are older, therefore you ought to be better than I am," said Sylvia, "Can you read?"

"I should think I could," said Réal, disdainfully. "I know a great deal."

"I know nothing at all," sighed Sylvia, "My father is away in the woods the livelong day, and I am alone."

"Are you lonely then?"

"Oh, no! I find plenty of amusement in the forest with the flowers and animals; but you do not care for animals, excepting to kill them."

Réal, pointing to his empty game bag, replied: "Not always, I have just now allowed a lovely deer to escape me."

"That was good, I am delighted," said Sylvia, clapping her hands.

Réal looked pettishly at her. She smiled, whereupon he asked a second time:

"Why did you come here to wait for me?"

Sylvia did not answer at once, she sought a reply, but for the moment could find none.

"I never speak to a soul," she said at last, "and no one speaks to me. My father comes home late at night, and goes away early in the morning. Indeed, sometimes he even spends the whole night in ambuscade. When poachers steal your game he must watch for them; and, besides, I wanted some one to talk to."

"But why myself, more than any one else?" asked Réal, as if with annoyance.

"I don't know. You are nearly my own age; you are beautiful, you ought to be noble; I didn't think you would make game of me too; then I had a desire to speak with you." Here she set out, taking the path leading to the château, Réal following her. Night had come, the last streak of yellow gold had disappeared, and the stars sprang up in the dark-blue sky. The glade brought them to the edge of the meadow, where Sylvia stopped.

"Adieu!" she said. Réal hesitated. This meeting for him had the inexpressible charm of a dream. The poetry of Virgil, but dimly conceived in his hours of study, had burst thus unexpectedly upon his young life; but the lights of the château in the distance came sparkling through the gloom, to remind him that they awaited his coming to his evening meal.

"Adieu!" said he, not without regret.

"You will come again?" questioned Sylvia, in childish, flute-like tones.

"Yes," said Réal.

She waved her slender hand in the evening air; one step or two and she seemed to have vanished into shadow, an impalpable form.

The lad, left thus alone, began to question whether he had not been the victim of his imagination, and could not resist the desire to put it to the test.

"Sylvia!" he cried loudly.

"What will you?" replied the girlish voice. By the pale starlight he caught a glimpse of a white face turned towards him.

"Good-night," he said, now reassured.

"Adieu!"

All vanished. Réal stood motionless, listening to the exquisite melody of that tone as it vibrated on the sonorous air. "Good-night!" he cried once more. A tremulous sound came to him, almost thrilling him, though he could distinguish but the last syllable, "dieu!" a lingering note, full of infinite sweetness.

A calm and peaceful hour fell upon the wood a little earlier each succeeding day as the summer merged into autumn; thus, every day, a little earlier than the last, Réal found Sylvia at the outskirts of the wood. They had become great friends; a sort of wild coquetry on the part of the little girl, with somewhat of pedantic superiority on the lad's part, gave a sufficient spice of disagreement and misunderstanding to their intercourse to make their meetings interesting.

Réal was perfectly free in his actions during his vacation. So long as he presented himself at meal-time, his father, always hard and taciturn, troubled himself little as to how the intervening time was spent. All day long Réal traversed forest and plain, but at sunset a little path, worn by his faithful footsteps, brought him to their trysting place. Whenever he emerged from the thicket, to see the trees grow sparser, a singular feeling possessed him; a feeling of joy, not unmingled with fear. . . . If, after all, he were not to find Sylvia there?

She was there, though, lying low in the grass, almost hidden by the aftermath of corn, her face turned towards him in silent, smiling welcome. He would arrive filled with shame at the choking dread he had felt, and take his seat beside her on the grass, to recount the particular occurrences of the day.

She listened admirably, speaking but little. This timid girl could find no words with which to clothe the thoughts of her soul: though her heart were overflowing with emotion, her joy must be mute; her eyes alone told what she felt.

Réal was always sure to find her soft luminous eyes turned upon him—those eyes where all the gentle warmth of the forest seemed to kindle into a scorching fire. One evening the sun seemed to Réal to linger longer than usual: it did not seem at all more probable that he himself had come earlier than was his wont.

"I love your eyes!" he said to Sylvia this evening. The young girl smiled happily, but did not reply: what could she say?

"I love your eyes, and all of you!" he continued, glancing at the oval face, the slender neck, and the little girlish figure of his little friend. "It is all beautiful!"

Sylvia still smiled contentedly into his eyes. From the very depths of his being an almost irresistible desire rose gradually to his lips. The dark neck, soft and downy as a peach, caressed and burnished by the last rays of

lingering sunlight, was enticing to eye and lip. He drew nearer to the girl, and she, perhaps, having read in his eyes the unusual impulse which was overcoming him, bounded to her feet, and beckoned him to follow her.

"So soon?" said he, lazily stretched at length on the warm golden grain.

"Come," said Sylvia, "I want to show you something."

He picked up his gun, and followed her with docility, as he would have followed her anywhere. They walked onward for a moment, when Sylvia stopped at a rock which overhung a little stream.

"Isn't it beautiful here?" she cried.

Réal had never been there before. The coolness of the water, and the silvery freshness of the willow trees, somewhat calmed his agitation.

Sylvia was now seated upon the boulder, her feet hanging in the stream beneath; he seated himself beside her. A jet of water, bursting from the rock, fell into a little basin, formed by nature between the trunks of the trees. At the bottom of this pool sprang forth several more abundant streams of water, which fed the merry little brook. This little lake was not at all deep, a man might wade through it, the water scarcely reaching to his knees; but the fern and ivy which covered the pebbles, and the size of the rock itself, gave to this familiar spot something strangely sylvan.

"This is delightful," said Sylvia, her friend being seated beside her. With some sprigs of ivy, plucked near at hand, she made two wreaths which she placed upon their heads.

"Look at me in the water," she said, bending slightly forward, whilst clinging with one hand to the stone. Réal, from the other side of the boulder, likewise drew over to see the reflection of the little girl smiling from the basin beneath.

"How lovely you are!" he said, raising his head to compare the original with the mirrored face.

"No, no!" pouted Sylvia; "you must only look at me in the water." Réal thereupon bent obediently over the crystal bowl, whence Sylvia continued to smile at him. Whenever he raised his eyes, however, she became severe, and he was glad to seek forgiveness of the reflected image. Fascinated by the lad's tender and ardent glances, the young girl also felt a vague something spring up, to cause a tumult in her innocent bosom. Yielding to the mute entreaty of his eyes, she carried her hand slowly to her lips, and wafted a kiss to the Réal in the stream below. The face she gazed upon suddenly disappeared, and Réal seized the trembling and almost terrified Sylvia in his arms.

"I love you, I love you!" he whispered softly, while he pressed his burning lips to her delicate neck. As Sylvia feebly resisted, their wreaths of ivy fell into the stream.

"Oh, look," she said, "our crowns are floating away." The garlands, swept by the current, had already left the pool, and thus, separating ever and meeting anon, sped away towards the meadow. An unspeakable sadness seized the girl's heart, when suddenly, by a turn of the brook, the ivy wreaths were lost to view.

"So soon!" she said, sadly. Réal, having passed his arm tenderly about Sylvia's waist, thought no more of the brook.

"Come back to the woods," he said, almost under his breath.

"No," replied Sylvia; "let me go." Instead of obeying, he printed a second kiss on her rosy cheek. She struggled from his grasp, and darted into the stream. "I am not hurt," she presently cried, seeing that Réal gazed at her in terror from above. She laughed and trembled slightly, from fear and emotion, and from the coldness of the water; then she left the little basin, and cast one glance about her towards a nigh bowing willow-tree.

"I have found the crowns," she said, showing them to Réal, who, by this time, had joined her. Her woollen gown, now streaming with water, clung to her willowy form, and she went quietly forward, tucking her skirt 'neath her arm that she might walk with more ease. But Réal no longer thought of the grace and beauty of this sweet young creature; the wild and abrupt termination of his dream of love had filled his heart with a vague sense of alarm.

"Where are you going?" he presently asked, upon seeing her take an unfrequented path.

"Home, to dry myself," she replied.

"I am going with you, then."

"No, no," she said, with alarm. "You must not, lest my father should see you. Go away!"

"You wish it?" he asked, sadly.

"Yes."

They had grown serious, almost sorrowful.

"Good-bye until to-morrow," said Sylvia, with sparkling eyes and blushing cheeks. He lingered—she gave him the wreaths which she still held in her hand. "Take them," she said, and mechanically he obeyed her.

"May I kiss you?" he whispered, blushing in his bashfulness. She presented her cheek, and the kisses he gave her were as those of a brother. "I am very sorry," he stammered; "it is my fault that you fell in."

Sylvia lowered her eyes, and they remained mute, thus one before the other.

"You are not angry?" he continued.

"No," said Sylvia.

"Honestly?"

She made answer by a kiss as pure and sisterly as those she had received.

"Farewell, until to-morrow!" said Réal.

"Good-night!" murmured Sylvia, in those sweet and musical accents which she had used before in parting.

Réal went slowly homewards; when he reached the château the sun had disappeared. The following day he waited long for Sylvia's arrival,

while the sun was still high in the heavens; he lingered till the golden light had fled, but he never saw the little girl again.

On the third day, at dawn, he strolled to the brook, then returned to the place of tryst, but with no success. Then he ventured into the path which led to Sylvia's home. Shortly he came to a cottage, and he saw a man with forbidding mien sitting on a bench before the door. Here was, doubtless, Sylvia's father! Summoning all his courage, Réal spoke to him. "Will you kindly show me the way to the château?" he asked.

"Turn about," replied the man, pointing with his hand in the direction he must take, and then dropping his arm, while he drew a heavy sigh. Réal gazed at the man, whose eyes met his.

"What more do you want?" he said, rudely.

"Nothing," replied the boy, slowly, taking the homeward path. The following day was raining, but towards evening a soft ray of golden light stole through the clouds, and Réal, taking his gun, hastened away. He soon reached the grove by a path which he had rarely taken before, but which, nevertheless, seemed fraught with painful recollections. As he passed near the brook he saw two men emerge from the wood, carrying a coffin, the solitary forester forming the funeral procession. This was certainly the man whom he had seen the evening before. Now two great tears overflowed, and fell in quick succession from his mournful eyes. The grave-digger, his spade over his shoulder, brought up the melancholy rear. Réal stopped him, and asked, in choking accents:

"Who is that?"

"It is Sylvia, the daughter of the forester, and we are going to bury her," said the grave-digger. "She caught cold wandering in the woods, and it was soon finished—a good girl, though wild as a hare. Those men never speak," he concluded, with a shrug of his shoulder towards the solitary mourner, who followed the bier of his little daughter; then he hastened on to rejoin the procession.

Réal dared not follow them; he went and sat on the deserted boulder, but was soon seized with such terrible grief that he could not remain. Gaining the village, he wandered to the cemetery. The rites of burial are soon over for the very poor, and soonest even for those who are uncared for in their lifetime. As the sun sank to rest the grave-digger levelled the last shovelful of earth; the silent forester, with slow steps, returned to his deserted cot, and Réal turned homewards. His father, ordinarily so careless, not finding him at supper, grew anxious, and went to his room to seek him.

"What is the matter?" he asked, finding his son on his bed, his face sorrowful and stained with tears.

"I suffer," said Réal, turning away.

"Tears?" said the father; "a man never weeps."

Nevertheless, that evening Réal had shed the first bitter tears of manhood.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

"BY WOMAN'S WIT," the latest of Mrs. Alexander's productions, has just been brought out in their "Leisure Moment" series, by Henry Holt and Company, of New York. Mrs. Alexander's novels are pre-eminently of society and for society, and this one is no exception to the rule. Taking the conventional virtues and the conventional vices of some half-a-dozen conventional people, giving them a conventional setting, and introducing incident enough to make them operate upon one another to a conventional degree, Mrs. Alexander entertains us very cleverly from the first page to the last in all of her novels, which she is shrewd enough to make short. Her stories have movement and variety, her superficial creations are very clean-cut, and she succeeds in interesting us in them to a certain extent, and she never bores her public by undertaking more than she is quite able to accomplish. "By Woman's Wit" is a detective story in high life. A young and beautiful widow is chloroformed and robbed of her jewels, at a ball in his own house by the man she wants to marry. His diamond stud is caught in her dress during the process, and gives her a clue, which she follows up to the point of detection. She then gives him the alternative of marriage or exposure. He accepts the former, though engaged to the good young girl who is the widow's foil, and we leave him in the last chapter *en route* for the devil. We cannot help wondering, as we turn it, whether Mrs. Alexander expected us to be greatly struck by the discernment of her heroine, who could hardly have reached any other conclusion. The *finale*, too, is unnecessarily disagreeable.

It is difficult to find within the critic's ordinary vocabulary words with which to characterise fitly a publication that has reached us from the house of Funk and Wagnalls, of New York, bearing the title of "A Haunted Life," the author being Josephine R. Fuller. Its conception is revolting in the extreme, and its execution can only be described as lunatic. Its plausible issue in the category of a "Temperance Library" is little less than an insult to the good sense and an outrage upon the decency of the public, and its issue under any pretence is a very remarkable occurrence. Its chief effect will be to give the friends of the publishers who have permitted their names to appear on its covers, occasion to cast about them for a shadow of excuse for this action, hard indeed to account for, on the part of any reputable firm.

"GRAHAM'S LADDIE," by Julia McNair Wright, is a Scotch story, illustrative of the providence of God. "Graham's Laddie" is a castaway, and the book consists of an account of his early life among his Highland foster-friends, his journey to Glasgow, and his meeting there with the mother who had supposed him drowned in babyhood. A map as frontispiece, on which is traced the boy's route from Kill Eda to Glasgow, gives the reader the impression that he is interesting himself in circumstances of actual occurrence. The story is simply, faithfully, and pathetically told, in the purest English and the most idiomatic Scotch, where the reproduction of dialect makes the employment of the latter necessary. It is absorbingly interesting from beginning to end, a characteristic the book owes no less to Mrs. Wright's clear and beautiful style than to the strong lights she throws upon Highland character and ways of living. Her pen is sympathetic too, when it deals with Scotch scenery, and the book is invested with a charm of ease and naturalness that can come only from association.

"THE FAIRFAX GIRLS," by Mrs. Nathaniel Conklin, who is better known to her youthful public as Jennie M. Drinkwater, is one of the most thoroughly excellent books for maids, and matrons too, that could well be imagined. Mrs. Conklin brings to her work, to begin with, a most sincere, agreeable, and unaffected way of writing. She has a bright imagination, a deep knowledge of girl-nature, and a graceful mastery of situation that conspire to win a ready welcome for everything she writes. Her books have a most wholesome tone, and express a hearty, happy individuality. Mrs. Wright, while she addresses her girl-audience with a distinctly religious motive, has no prejudices to air, and no special mission beyond helpfulness to everybody. "The Fairfax Girls" will commend themselves and their author to all who make their acquaintance. They are clever and energetic, and joyous and good, working righteousness all the days of their lives. Everybody should know them.

"EARTHLY WATCHERS AT THE HEAVENLY GATES," is a story by a Washington clergyman, the Rev. John Chester, D.D., which sets forth his views regarding spiritualism. As Dr. Chester is a clergyman of an orthodox denomination, they are naturally adverse. The author takes the ground that spiritualistic belief, in the common acceptance of the term, cannot be held consistently by Christians. Instances of fraud are cited, and the incompatibility of spiritualistic theory with Christian faith shown from the Scriptures. The reverend author makes a very strong Biblical case against the modern medium; but we cannot think he has chosen the vehicle best suited to his talents in the novel. One sees the white tie and hears the pulpit orator in every page. Dr. Chester had published his impressions *re* spiritualism more effectively, we think, in a volume of sermons outright. "Graham's Laddie," "The Fairfax Girls," and "Earthly Watchers" are all brought out in neat cloth form by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

"THE TALE OF TROY," by Aubrey Stewart, M.A. (London: Macmillan and Company), is the old heroic story put into such English as a boy could derive most profit from who had not yet arrived at an age which could enable him to appreciate such facts and traditions in the original Greek. It is done spiritedly, poetically, and with discrimination, and the author deserves well of his youthful public. The mechanical work upon the volume, which is issued in neat brown cloth, with red edges and wide margin, is as admirable as the firm that issues it has taught us to expect.

"THE RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES" has received a useful addition in the shape of "Longfellow's Golden Legend," with notes by Samuel Arthur Bent, A.M. The notes are full and lucid, and direct the student to such authorities as may further enlighten his research into the interesting, but little known, history of the mediæval time of which the legend speaks. In pasteboard covers, well printed. (Houghton, Mifflin, and Company: Boston. Williamson and Company: Toronto.)

MUSIC.

APROPOS of "Ruddigore," from which it is difficult yet to escape, some of the London critics have been badly enough informed to render Sullivan praise for the overture. The fact is, that the overture was written by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, himself a composer and arranger of no small merit, at a few hours' notice on the day of the performance. "Ruddigore" has also furnished an excellent opportunity for the literalness of the French, and their total incapacity for appreciation of a mild joke at their expense, to again escape their apparent seasoning of centuries. "How," say the readers of the *Paris Figaro*, "do these *parvres diables* of Englishmen dare insult us by calling us darned mounseers, and parley-voos in this age, at this date? *Mon Dieu, c'est impossible!*" Consequently, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have been compelled to concoct *inter alia* the following letter:

"As a matter of fact, the sailor who sings the verses in question relates

how an English sloop comes across a French frigate, which she has mistaken for a merchantman, and, as an excuse for her hasty retreat, the captain pretends to have compassion for his formidable enemy. The play is a satire on a certain class of melodrama which a few years ago was popular in London, and in which the gasconading British tar was usually the hero. The verses in question are sung by this type of sailor, who expresses himself as men of his class in using the words 'Parley-vooo' and 'darned mounseer' (and not 'damned mounseer,' as your correspondent says), these words having exactly the same meaning as 'Rosbif' and 'Goddam,' when used to ridicule Englishmen in a French burlesque-comedy. There is nothing in these verses sung by this grotesque sailor that expresses our actual feelings. Allow us to add that an English audience would never allow a dramatic author to insult the army and navy of so brave and chivalrous a nation."

The costumes in this the latest opera are said to be most charming. The maidens are dressed pretty much alike, but in different tints, and "Liberty's" must have been well ransacked to produce the inimitable shades of buttercup, chrome and gold-yellow, rose, pearl gray and fawn, heliotrope, apple-green, azure, and pink, that make up the twenty-four frocks that are absolutely correct down to sandals, tuckers, reticules and frills, poke bonnets, fichus and mittens.

Speaking of costumes, it is but natural that we should be reminded of the near approach of one of the original and charming *spectacles* that Toronto has ever seen, which will occur during the week beginning April 10th. The Pavilion in the Gardens will be for four evenings the scene of several distinct and effective performances, dramatic, musical, artistic and spectacular. Moving tableaux, impersonations, and old English masques are also spoken of, the latter to be given in the costumes of the time.

There is no limit to-day to the realization of any dreams that for years may have slept in the amateur heart. Everything can be done, everything can be bought, so the ladies who have our charitable institutions at heart, aware of this fact, have made out such a programme of novelties that the public will honestly be surprised when under one roof shall be gathered together the Gypsies of Italy and Spain, the peasant folk of Holland and Russia, the miners of Australia, the pig-tailed Chinese, and the flat-nosed Tartar, the famous Robin Hood and his Merry Men, the May Queen and her Maids of Honour, the Mummings and Waits of Merrie England, St. George and the Dragon, and hosts of other celebrities. The "Kermesse" will formally open on the 12th of April.

THE Bath Philharmonic Society, which Mr. Visetti so ably directs, have resolved to throw open their Jubilee prize to all British composers, instead of limiting it to natives of the locality. The prize is a gold medal for the best cantata for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, to last about half an hour in performance. Competitors must be born subjects of the Queen, the work must be original and unprinted, and must be delivered before April 30. The copyright of the work will be retained by the composer. This excellent manner of celebrating the Jubilee might profitably be imitated in other quarters.

A GRAND performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" will be given on the Handel orchestra of the Crystal Palace, with a band and chorus of 3,000 persons, on Saturday afternoon, May 7.

IN Liverpool, Sullivan's "Prodigal Son" is about to be revived by two choral societies.

LONDON.

THE first of Mr. Martin's series of piano recitals took place on the 24th of February at Victoria Hall. The opening selection was Chopin's Concerto in F Minor. The beauties of this exquisite work were finely brought out by Mr. Martin, while its difficulties seemed mere trifles in his masterly hands. Mr. Barron performed the orchestral part on a second piano with a brilliancy and power truly remarkable. In Sebastian Bach's Concerto in C Minor for two pianos the fugal points were splendidly exhibited. The solos were "Prelude and Fugue" (Bach), "Evening" (Schumann), "Mazurka" (Godard), "Larghetto" (from the F Minor Concerto—Henselt), "Vogel als Proget" (Schumann), "Novellette" (Scharwenka), "Romanza," and "Valse Caprice" (Rubinstein). In all of these Mr. Martin displayed those varied powers with which we are now so familiar. Mrs. Robt. Reid and Dr. Sippi contributed songs, which were heartily applauded, but they simply bowed their *encores*.

ON Thursday evening, 3rd inst., Joseph Barnby's oratorio, "Ruth," was performed, under Dr. Sippi's direction, and proved a great success. After the many modern works—now so much in vogue, which are singularly devoid of tune, depending almost entirely upon orchestral effect—this oratorio of "Ruth" is as a refreshing stream to the thirsty traveller. The choruses are really beautiful, especially "See the Golden Rays of Morning," "Weep no More," a chorale, "Nightfall," and the wedding chorus, "Hark! Hark! the Cymbals Clash." In the latter, the "bell" refrain, taken alternately by female and male voices, has a splendid effect. The solos are not as striking as the choral work, but a very charming duet and trio (female voices) will be widely sung, I should say, at sacred concerts. The soloists were Mrs. Robert Reid (*Ruth*)—the possessor of a sweet and powerful soprano—Misses Barnard (*Naomi*) and Rock (*Orpah*)—contraltos of much promise—and Mr. Tancock (*Boaz*), whose fine baritone voice is of admirable quality. All deserve the highest credit for the earnest manner in which their work was done. The chorus was admirable, and, under Dr. Sippi's baton, sang with a precision and expression not often heard. The accompanists were Mrs. Ford and Mr. George B. Sippi.

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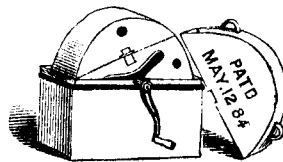
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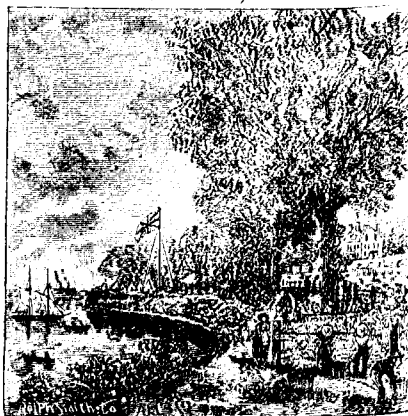
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