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

IN appointing Mr. Colby to the Cabinet vacancy left by the death of Mr. Pope, the Dominion Government has made a creditable selection. The new Minister takes the position of President of the Council, the Premier himself continuing to hold the portfolio of Railways and Canals. Mr. Colby ranks high as a parliamentarian; his political record is acknowledged to be clean, and his executive abilities are undoubtedly good. He represents, as did Mr. Pope, the eastern townships of Quebec, and will be looked upon as the representative of the English-speaking people of that Province. As is well known, he opposed the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Act, and was, in consequence, made the object of considerable criticism in his own Province as well as in Ontario. It is improbable, however, that enough dissatisfaction exists among his constituents to offset in their minds the advantage of representation by a Cabinet Minister, and his return is not likely to be opposed. Mr. Colby's promotion leaves the Deputy Speakership unfilled, but no difficulty will be experienced in finding a member willing to assume the not very arduous duties of that position. While the Premier may not intend this appointment as a recognition of Mr. Colby's attitude on the question of disallowance, it is significant that he neither endeavoured to conciliate the Orangemen by selecting another colleague from their order, nor yielded to the importunities that are supposed to have been brought to bear in order to give Mr. Chapleau, who controls by far the larger part of Sir John's Quebec supporters, a more influential position in the Cabinet than he now fills. It is quite possible, however, that the new arrangement may prove to be merely a temporary makeshift, and that a general readjustment of portfolios may be announced at no distant day.

IT is announced that Parliament will assemble on January 16th, two weeks earlier than last year. In view of the widespread and many-sided political discussions and agitations that have taken place since prorogation, the coming

session will be looked forward to with more than usual interest. Though it is hardly likely that the Jesuits' Estates Act, which is now a matter of history, will come up for discussion in any shape, much curiosity is naturally evinced concerning the position that will be taken by Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Charlton, and others of the celebrated thirteen. The North-West resolutions, which Mr. McCarthy has announced his intention of bringing forward, will doubtless be the subject of an important debate; a resolution favouring Imperial Federation will also be on the tapis, and Sir Richard Cartwright's charges against the Government can hardly be passed over in silence. The question of our relations with the United States will in all probability be again brought forward, and it is not unlikely that the Government may have some legislative surprises in store. What rôle may be taken by Mr. Blake is also a legitimate matter for surmise. He now enjoys, we are glad to believe, a fair measure of health, and can scarcely maintain unbroken his silence of last session. His views on Commercial Union, Imperial Federation and other large questions of Canadian policy will be awaited with interest. The forthcoming session will be the fourth of the present Parliament, and if Sir John Macdonald follows what has been his practice since his return to power in 1879, it will be the last before dissolution. Until a general election takes place, we can only conjecture the extent to which recent events have loosened party bonds in Canada.

WHAT with Conservative, Liberal, Third Party men, and Equal Rights Associations, the politics of Canada, and particularly of Ontario, are just now in a state of strange upheaval. The course of events at the recent Lambton election one could understand. The candidate of the New Party struck in boldly between the other two and carried off a respectable number of votes from each, though without affecting the general result. But the later transactions in West York are decidedly puzzling. An avowed adherent of the Equal Rights movement accepts nomination by a Conservative Convention, though without abating a jot of his Equal Rights declaration of faith and purpose. More surprising still, a Conservative Convention accepts and makes unanimous the nomination of the candidate, who thus firmly takes his stand on the Equal Rights platform. We claim no right to offer advice to the leaders of the Equal Rights movement, else we should feel like asking them to consider seriously the effect of such a coalition—we have admitted that it was not a compromise—upon the future of the movement. Alliance with one of the old political parties can scarcely mean less than the alienation of adherents of the other. It is not unlikely to mean also the secession of many of the recruits hitherto enlisted from the ranks of that other party. But the prime object of the Equal Rights Association must be to influence Dominion, rather than Provincial legislation. What effect will this incident have upon the prospects of attaining that ulterior object? Does the nomination of Mr. Clendenan foreshadow the complete severance of local from Dominion politics? We are not sure that such a result should not be welcomed by all who deprecate party spirit and methods as the bane of Canadian public life. But that is too much to hope for. The agitation which gave rise to the Equal Rights organization had its origin in an Act of the Dominion Government, and seemed thereby logically shut up to a course of antagonism to the policy of that Government. It is true that the Dominion Opposition, by its support of the Government, put itself in the same position and justified the same attitude towards it on the part of the Association. A coalition of the latter with the Local Government party would have been no less illogical, and, we venture to say, no less dangerous, to the higher objects and permanent influence of the Association. We can, of course, understand the view of those who, without looking far beyond the immediate future, persuade themselves that their cause would be strengthened by the acquisition of a few seats in the Local Legislature, even at the cost of the antagonism of the local Liberal partisans. That is, to say the least, extremely doubtful. But if it were not, are not such tactics too much on a par with those of the party politicians against whose principles and methods the Equal Rights Association is supposed to be an emphatic protest?

THE number and magnitude of the projects now before the Council and citizens of Toronto are such as may well give us pause in spite of the wonderful growth and promise of the city. The reclamation of a considerable area from the waters of the lake; the great railway viaduct; the much-needed grand trunk sewer; the machinery for the proper, economical, and sanitary disposal of the sewage which is now, to the disgrace of our civilization, permitted to defile and poison the bay; the completion of the straightening of the Don; the reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay, and the proposed taking over of the Street Railway, are undertakings, all of which are, in a greater or less degree, essential to the welfare and progress of the city, and some of which are of imperative and pressing necessity. In the presence of such demands upon the wisdom, energy, and executive ability of those entrusted with the management of civic affairs, it is no wonder that a deep and growing dissatisfaction is felt in regard to the present municipal arrangements. We do not see how any thoughtful citizen can contemplate the existing state of affairs, and watch for a few weeks the way in which the public business is now transacted, without feeling that such results, or rather want of results, and the system which produces them, are a reproach to our intelligence. They seriously impeach our capacity for self-government. We do not mean to intimate that the situation of Toronto is peculiarly bad in this respect. Many American cities are, we dare say, in a worse condition. But can any one doubt that if six or eight of our most capable and reliable citizens could be placed at the head of civic affairs, with ample powers, and induced to give their whole time and energies to the service of the city, a reform almost equivalent to a renovation could be wrought with vastly less expenditure of time and money? We are not advocating a scheme, but illustrating a point. Surely it is high time that we had found out some more excellent way, and were walking in it. Some such change is perhaps among the possibilities of the future, but some of the large works referred to cannot wait. The viaduct may be considered, we suppose, as good as adopted, so far as the general principle is concerned. Meanwhile, in connection with this and the reclamation scheme one unalterable rule should, it seems to us, be laid down by and for those who have the management of civic affairs, whoever they may be. That rule, having all the force of law, should be that no landed or storage property of any kind to be reclaimed or otherwise created, shall, on any consideration, be allowed to pass out of the possession and control of the city. Every proposal to alienate any such property, by giving it into the hands of a railway or other company, should be at once frowned down. If the city cannot under present arrangements perform any great work of the kind more efficiently and economically than any private company, it is time that such reforms were wrought as may be necessary to enable it to do so. Neither the present nor the coming generation will easily forgive the man or body of men who shall alienate for the enriching of private individuals any real estate of any kind which should properly and rightfully belong to the city, and be under its immediate control.

SINCE the passage of the British North America Act in 1867 various causes have conspired to give the "Constitution of Canada" an importance that could scarcely have been at that time anticipated. At home the various differences of interpretation which have from time to time arisen, and which are even now arising in connection with events in Manitoba, and possibly in Quebec; abroad, the Irish Home Rule struggle, the fast-maturing questions of local self-government for other parts of the Empire, and now the projected federation of the Australian Colonies; these and other circumstances have turned the eyes of many to study the charter of the Canadian Confederation. The interest thus aroused has no doubt prompted and well justified the publication, at the University Press, Cambridge, of the work on "The Constitution of Canada," by Mr. J. E. C. Munro, of the Middle Temple, Professor of Law at Owens' College, Victoria University, which is now before us. Mr. Munro does not attempt in the present volume to criticize the working of the Constitution. Mr. Todd's admirable treatises on Parliamentary Government in the Colonies have, as Mr. Munro very naturally con-

cludes, rendered any full discussion of constitutional questions in the present work unnecessary. But as a convenient and reliable hand-book of the Canadian Constitution Mr. Munro's handsome volume will serve an excellent purpose. Its publication at the present moment, when new constitutional questions are coming to the front, lays those who may have frequent occasion to consider such questions under a distinct obligation. In his introductory chapter Mr. Munro deals briefly with the general scheme of the Canadian Constitution, and the powers of the respective Provinces, and compares the Constitution with that of the United States, etc. The twenty-one chapters which follow treat with admirable clearness such topics as the Constitutional History of the Provinces; the Powers and Limitations of the Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governors; the Provincial Assemblies and Councils, Administration and Judicature; the Dominion Parliament and Privy Council, also its Administration and Judicature; the Division of Legislative Powers between the Dominion and the Provinces; Imperial Control of the Dominion; and other questions necessary to a full understanding of the subject which the author has set himself to elucidate. Not only are these matters treated, as we have said, with great clearness, but copious references, a table of Statutes, complete indexes, and an appendix containing the text of the British North America Act, the Terms of Union with each of the Provinces which have been added since the original four Provinces were united, various Imperial Acts passed since that date, etc., adds completeness to a most valuable book of reference, and one which every student of Canadian affairs will find it to his advantage to have within reach of his hand.

WE cannot conceal our disappointment and regret at the decision of the Privy Council to let the law take its course in the case of the convict Harvey, without further inquiry into the question of his moral responsibility as affected by his mental condition. Our feeling in the case is not prompted by sympathy, "maudlin" or otherwise, for the culprit, so much as by an impression, of which we are unable to rid ourselves, that his execution, under the circumstances, is not in the highest interests of the community. So far as the man himself is concerned, whether we regard him as a villain of the deepest dye, or as a being morally irresponsible at times, or all the time, for his actions, he can be of no further use to society, and his death, in itself considered, might be the best thing for all concerned. But his death at the hands of the civil authorities, representing the people of Canada, is a very different and much more serious matter. Is there not some danger in seeking to avoid Scylla we may be drawn into Charybdis? It would be lamentable if Canada, in her laudable anxiety to reduce to a minimum the law's delays, and to guard against permitting the hands of justice to be stayed in their relentless work by any sentimental or social influences, should go to the other extreme, and incur risk of becoming the executioner of madmen and imbeciles? Whether there is any less guilt in leaning to mercy's side than to that of vengeance, in a balanced case, is an abstract question upon which there may be room for difference of opinion. The question whether, in a case of doubtful sanity, the prisoner should not have the benefit of the doubt, just as in a case of doubtful guilt, is to our thinking one which admits of but one answer. To refuse even to inquire further into the mental condition of one whom many believe to be a lunatic, on the ground that an ordinary jury has pronounced upon the matter, is a course which, for strong reasons which will readily suggest themselves to any thoughtful mind, it would be very hard to defend. Viewing the question even from the low ground of expediency, and remembering the well-established principle that the deterrent effect of punishment depends far more upon its certainty than upon its severity, it can hardly be doubted that one tendency of inflicting the death penalty on one whose responsibility is doubtful will be to greatly increase the reluctance of juries to convict in capital cases. It is no less certain that another effect will be to increase the number and influence of those who deny the right of society to inflict the death penalty under any circumstances.

THE memorial recently submitted to the Senate of Toronto University, by the Minister of Education, in favour of a change in the conditions of admission to the regular classes of the University, opens a question of considerable importance. The proposal of the Minister is, as our readers are well aware, to substitute for the

Junior and Senior Matriculation Examinations, Junior and Senior "Leaving" Examinations, to be conducted at the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, under the direction and at the expense of the Department of Education. We have before expressed our opinion that a change in this direction might be made with excellent results. This depends, however, entirely upon the character of the change. It is tolerably clear, on a little reflection, that the conducting of Matriculation Examinations is no proper part of the work of a university. Its interest in the matter arises wholly from the necessity of assuring itself in some way that students entering upon its courses shall have received a certain *minimum* amount of intellectual preparation. If this can be otherwise guaranteed the universities may gladly relieve themselves of the burden of Matriculation Examinations. A consideration of some weight in favour of the change recommended by the Minister is the desirability of securing uniformity in the standards of admission to the various universities, and so relieving the secondary schools from the perplexity arising from having to keep different standards in view. A far more important matter, to our thinking, is the desirability of relieving the secondary schools from the twofold necessity under which they are now laid, of doing their work mainly with an eye to the interests of a minority of students preparing for the universities and professional life, and, as a consequence, of making that work largely a process of "cramming" for the examinations in question. What particularly strikes us just now is that this chief desideratum—that of setting the High School Masters free to conduct their classes on sound educational principles, with a view to the greatest good of the greatest number, and without the fear of university examiners, young or old, before their eyes—will not necessarily follow from a change of examiners. The evil may be just as great under a system of examinations conducted by the Education Department, as under one conducted by the University Senate. Limits of space just now forbid us to do more than state the principle in the broadest terms. We may return to the subject. Meanwhile, the thing which it seems to us should be borne in mind is that the new system should be made of such a character that the ability of the student to pass the leaving examinations shall depend no less upon the thoroughness of his work throughout the whole High School course, than upon the chances of a single examination, conducted by outside examiners. Every master knows that the two tests would be very far from giving identical results.

THE most firm and consistent believer in the theory of protection must, we think, deprecate the tendency which has been of late specially observable on the part of the Customs Departments in both the United States and Canada to apply arbitrary, and in some cases oppressive, methods in estimating the duty values of certain classes of imports. The natural and, one would think, safe system of basing all *ad valorem* tariffs upon the ascertained value of the goods in the markets of the exporting country, can hardly be departed from without introducing elements of uncertainty and caprice in valuations, unfair to individuals and detrimental to legitimate traffic. Of such a kind was the strangely illogical rule at one time announced from Ottawa, instructing collectors to add in certain cases the cost of transportation to the dutiable value of goods imported. Cases of real hardship in actual practice are not, we believe, even now of uncommon occurrence. A glaring instance of this kind of arbitrariness on the part of the Washington Customs Department is just now exciting a good deal of indignation in Mexico, and attracting some attention in the United States. One of the regulations in question prescribes that the products of different Mexican mines shall not be mixed together before arriving at the American custom houses; "as though," says an indignant New York journalist, "we have any right to instruct foreigners what they shall or shall not do with their own property within their own territory." Another regulation, having the same object in view, viz., to prevent, in the interest of certain mine-owners at home, the importation of certain Mexican ores, prescribes that the value of lead in Mexican ores shall be the value of lead in New York, minus one cent per pound, without reference to its value in the exporting country. These regulations have led to threats of retaliation on the part of the Mexican Government. Their enforcement just at the moment when the representatives of Mexico are about to meet with those of other American States at Washington for the ostensible purpose of facilitating commercial intercourse is singularly inconsistent. The effect upon public feeling in Mexico

may be judged from the following extracts from the Mexican *Financier*, quoted by the *New York Nation*. Says the *Financier* of October 26:

"If the Mexican delegates to the Pan-American Congress promptly withdrew, refusing to participate in a conference called under the pretence of increasing international trade, and assembling just at a time when the American Secretary of the Treasury was doing his best to restrict that trade, they would be justified by enlightened public opinion in this country."

And in another article the same paper says:

"The Mexican delegates will, we hope, ask bluntly what the policy of President Harrison's Administration is to be regarding the importation of the characteristic staple products of this country; but if that Administration has no satisfactory reply ready, it is difficult to see any reason why the Mexican delegates should remain to discuss the glittering generalities of international relations."

WE have hitherto refrained from making a guess as to the political meaning of the recent elections in some of the States of the American Union, because the data for even a good guess seemed wanting. Time enough has now elapsed, however, to enable the unprejudiced observer to read, with a good degree of confidence, some of the lessons taught by those contests, and their results. After making the large allowances due for local and personal causes, it is quite clear that the results indicate in some degree a reaction against the Republican party. They also mark with equal clearness some revulsion from extreme protection, and some growth of opinion, in such agricultural States as Ohio and Iowa, in favour of a reduction of the tariff, even on the vexed commodity of wool. The defeat of Mahone in Virginia may be pretty safely regarded as a healthful and telling rebuke to those who would attempt to trade on and so intensify the race feeling in the South, he having run as the Negroes' candidate and depended on the solid Negro vote for election. An incidental lesson taught, which should be useful to the cause of Civil Service reform, is that emphasized by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, viz., that "the patronage falling into the hands of a party upon a complete change of administration never fails in the year succeeding the change to be a source of weakness rather than strength to the party in power. The distribution of the patronage, irrespective of any other issue involved, tends to create unpopularity for the Administration." One of the teachings of the events, in particular, cannot fail to be a source of much gratification and hope to every truly honest and patriotic American. We refer to the complete success of the Australian, or as it should be more justly termed, the Canadian ballot system. Henry George, in the *Standard*, but voices the opinion of all the most reliable journals when he says that the new system "more than fulfilled every anticipation of its friends, and falsified every prediction of its enemies;" and that after the election was over, "Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, all alike rejoiced over an election from which the disgusting concomitants of the old system had as by magic disappeared," and that in the "worst districts of Boston, where previously the polls were surrounded by a jostling crowd of 'heelers,' 'workers,' 'ticket-peddlers,' and 'floaters,' waiting to see what votes might be worth, and where, a square off, the approaching voter was importuned to take this or that ticket, were as quiet as any other parts of similar streets." As a result, "it is noticeable," says the *Nation*, "that in all those States in the Legislatures of which ballot-reform bills were considered last winter, but failed to pass, the newspapers are practically unanimous in saying that the Massachusetts demonstration removes all objections to the new system, and that it must be adopted everywhere at the earliest possible moment." This is a reform big with promise for the purification of American politics. Though Canadian experience unhappily teaches that even this system is powerless against certain forms of corruption of a most potent and demoralizing type, there can be no doubt of its efficacy as against many of those gross and outrageous practices which have hitherto been the disgrace of political methods on the other side, and from which Canadian elections, partly at least in virtue of the better ballot system in question, are happily free.

WHAT is "dangerous agitation"? That is one of the questions which the German Government is likely to be called upon to determine pretty often if the new Bill which it has introduced into the Reichstag for the repression of Socialistic agitation becomes law. For twenty-two years the Government has been coming to the Reichstag at two-year intervals to ask for a renewal of the special Acts for the suppression of Socialism, the exceptional powers granted having hitherto been restricted in their

operation by that time limit. Tired, it may be presumed, of the repeated struggles, in the face of a growing opposition, to obtain a renewal of the Acts in question, the Government is now seeking to have a new law put on the statute book as a permanent measure. It will probably succeed in effecting its purpose, though in this instance it will evidently not be able to do so without strong opposition in the House and out of it. The Government protests that it does not combat ideas or teaching, but only forms of agitation which violate or threaten to violate the public peace. The wonder is that special powers should be deemed necessary for such a purpose, since governments of civilized countries are usually supposed to have all the authority necessary for protecting communities and the State against violence. Another cause for wonder is that both Government and people do not come to the conclusion that they are conducting the war against Socialism on wrong principles, seeing that it is spreading year by year in spite of all their attempts at repression, and that it is assuming more dangerous forms than in countries like Great Britain, where no attempt is made to interfere with freedom of speech and organization. Ten years ago there were but three avowed Socialists in the Reichstag. There are now, we believe, about twenty. Even the State Socialism which Bismarck's genius has set up as a counter-force seems powerless to prevent the spread of the Radical Socialism against which it is directed. Strangely enough the fight in the Reichstag is now said to be largely a fight between these two kinds of Socialism. To the onlookers from countries in which larger ideas of personal and civil liberty prevail, it appears pretty clear that repressive methods, no matter how vigorous and efficient, must eventually fail to effect their purpose. Efforts to smother free thinking and speaking in these days, no matter how crude and mischievous they may seem to be, have an effect somewhat similar to that of an attempt to scoop up quicksilver with a thick-edged spoon. They but increase and scatter the agitation. Liberal measures to ameliorate the condition of the people, such as a reduction of the enormous cost of armaments, a relaxation of the army-service laws, and a cordial and sympathetic recognition of the irrepressible democratic tendencies of the age would do more, as the example of Great Britain shows, to render Socialism harmless if not helpful to the peace and stability of the Empire than all the repressive measures that even a Bismarck can devise and enforce.

THE manufacture of crowns is an occupation not usually reckoned among the industries of the nineteenth century. That the German Emperor is determined to do his share to arrest the decay of the drooping art, may be gathered from the following paragraph now going the rounds of the press:

"The German Emperor's new crown, which he wears, however, only as King of Prussia, has a frame of solid gold. Its weight is three and a third pounds, and it bears 750 carats of diamonds. The lower band bears twenty-four huge diamonds. Round the rim rise eight clover-leaves of splendid effect, the parts being formed of the finest diamonds. From these leaves rise eight hoops adorned with seventy-eight diamonds. Between these hoops rise very beautiful ornaments, each bearing a diamond in its middle, and a pearl the size of an acorn on its point. The whole is surmounted by the apple of the empire, consisting of a single large sapphire. This enormous jewel is surmounted by the cross, which is adorned with eighteen diamonds."

This seems to us to be, in its way, almost as curious a commentary on our boasted civilization as was the disgraceful duel in Kentucky, a week or so since, in which two prominent citizens did each other to death with revolver and bowie-knife. The selfishness and vanity of a ruler who could add the price of this wonderful bauble to the burdens of an over-taxed people must be as over-weening as his notions of what constitutes a great Prince would seem to be antiquated and absurd. At first thought one would suppose that anything better calculated to foster and stimulate revolutionary ideas could scarcely be conceived. Were it not for the tremendous issues of war or peace which the ambitious scion of the House of Hohenzollern holds in his hands, the fact of his seeking thus to amuse himself and his people might be treated as matter for laughter or ridicule, but the European situation makes anything he may choose to do a serious matter. Nor is it easy even in our most philosophical moods to rid ourselves of a lurking suspicion that Emperor William after all understands what he is about, and knows well that the metallic glitter of the visible "round and top of sovereignty" has still an effect upon the imagination of even the staid German in his average condition, not very different from that produced by similar means on the

imaginative citizen of the East by the "barbaric pearl and of gold," with which the Kings of the olden time bedecked themselves. Nor may we flatter ourselves that this susceptibility of the imagination to the captivating influences which enter through the eyes is, in our day, confined to people of despotic or semi-despotic countries. The artificial splendours of a Lord Mayor's show in London, or an inauguration pageant at Washington, would quickly dispel any such illusion.

EVENTS are evidently hastening on the day when the "Dark Continent" will be no longer an unknown land. The amount of attention which is just now being concentrated from many points upon the interior of Africa is, to use a much-abused term, phenomenal. The operations of the German Commercial Company and expeditionary forces; those of the British East African and the newly chartered South African Companies; the late blockade of the Zanzibar Coast; the powerful crusade which has been preached over Europe by Cardinal Lavigerie; the Anti-Slavery Congress which is just now sitting, as a result, at Brussels, and last, but not least, the return of Stanley with the remnants of his expedition and the heroic Emin Bey, from his marvellous trip into and through the very heart of the hitherto unexplored region; all these things may be taken as so many prophecies of coming events, involving the final opening up of the interior of the last great unknown land on the earth's surface. What may be the extent and usefulness of the new discoveries made by Stanley and his brave crew can be known only when he has had time to collect and give to the world the records of his travels. But what man has done man can do. The second expedition will have immense advantages over the first, and it can scarcely be doubted that Stanley's great exploits will be known to history as the first of the series of explorations and enterprises which finally threw open to the world the habitable parts of Central Africa. It will not, however, be to the credit of European civilization if motives of humanity do not, in the present and the immediate future, outweigh all commercial and scientific considerations. The atrocities of the Arab slave trade, as they are little by little revealed to the horrified world, almost surpass conception or belief. If ever there was an occasion which not only justified but demanded with all the imperative force of the noblest impulses of outraged humanity, that the nations should unite to put down with a strong hand a diabolical iniquity, the doings of the Arabs in the interior of Africa surely furnish such an occasion. Every consideration of justice, every emotion of pity prompts the hope that the Brussels Congress will not disperse without having agreed upon the details of a scheme which shall result in putting an effectual check, at the earliest possible moment, to the work of death and cruelty worse than death, now being carried on by the Arab slave traders.

#### THE ANGLICAN JUBILEE.

AN event of some interest, not only to the Church of England, but to all Christian communions, has just been commemorated in this city. It was in the month of November, fifty years ago, that Dr. John Strachan, consecrated in the month of August on St. Bartholomew's Day, to be the first Bishop of Toronto, arrived to take possession of his see. The diocese then included the whole of the Province of Ontario, and has since been subdivided into five dioceses, namely, Toronto, Ontario, Huron, Niagara, and Algoma. When we remember that the population of the city at that time did not greatly exceed 10,000, and that now it is little under 180,000, we may understand something of the progress which has been made.

Bishop Strachan was a very remarkable man, not only as a cleric, but as a politician and statesman; and he was a great promoter of education. It was by his efforts that the old King's College was established; and his disappointment at its losing its Anglican Professorship of Divinity was natural if not quite reasonable. By great labours in Canada and in England, undertaken when he was more than seventy years of age, he became the founder of the Anglican University of Trinity College.

The celebration of the jubilee began on Thursday, the 21st, with public services and sermons by the Bishop of Huron and the Bishop of Western New York. In the middle of the day a public luncheon was held, after which speeches were delivered by representative Churchmen and laymen from Ontario, from other parts of Canada and from the United States. Services will be continued for a week in St. James' Cathedral Church.

There can be no doubt that a celebration of this kind is well calculated to unify and strengthen the Church whose history it is intended to illustrate. The Diocese of Toronto has not been without its troubles and its divisions, and there are few of its members who can look back with much satisfaction upon these strifes or their consequences. It is believed that much of the old bitterness has passed away. If the friendly meetings and religious services which have been held during this celebration shall tend to draw into unity and mutual confidence and affection the members of this great Church it will be a subject of rejoicing to many besides themselves.

So far as can be judged from the reports of the opening and subsequent services the Jubilee has been entirely successful as a demonstration of united feeling and action. The opening service held in St. James' Cathedral was very impressive. There was no attempt at anything like display. The arrangements and everything connected with the service were characterised by that sober dignity which distinguish what may be called the normal worship of the English Cathedral, which is equally removed from slovenly carelessness on the one hand and from excessive display on the other.

The type of service adopted does credit to the Precentor, Canon Cayley, and to the choirs by whom he was supported. It was choral throughout, but it was not that most objectionable and offensive kind of choral service which shuts the mouths of the congregation and makes them only spectators or listeners instead of worshippers, whilst elaborate music is being sung by the choir—a process which, however suitable it may be for a sacred concert, has no right to usurp the place of congregational worship. The service at St. James' proved conclusively that it is possible to have a service fully choral in which congregations can heartily take part. The sermon of the Bishop of Huron was a noble one—simple in diction, direct in its appeal, pervaded by a tone of thoughtfulness and earnestness that appealed at once to the intelligence and conscience, springing evidently from deep conviction and strong feeling, so that it moved the hearts of the audience. It is not likely to be forgotten by those who had the privilege of hearing it.

The luncheon was, in many respects, successful, although it certainly might have been made more so. We question the propriety of excluding ladies who are certainly not uninterested in the work of the Church. If they could not be banquetted, they might at least have been allowed to hear the speeches after the luncheon. Still, the meeting was fairly successful. There were present clergy and laity of every school of thought. There were dignitaries in abundance, and a good many of the rank and file of the clergy. The speeches, if not of the highest order, were fully up to the level of those generally delivered on such occasions, and some of them were first rate. The speech of the Bishop of Western New York, the learned, eloquent and accomplished Dr. Cleveland Coxe, was a masterpiece—exactly what a speech on such an occasion should be. It was serious and earnest, without ever being a mere sermon in disguise, and it was humorous and witty without the slightest taint of mere jocularity. *Non omnibus dantur omnia*; so we must not complain that some of the speeches were rather dry sermons, and some bordering upon the frivolous. The speech of Dr. Goldwin Smith should be mentioned as a most able and valuable utterance on the subject of education. Professor Smith, from his long acquaintance with the best forms of education, as well as from his large knowledge, his acknowledged ability, and his mastery of literary form, has every right to speak with authority on such a subject, and we could wish to see his valuable speech fully reported and published in some of our educational journals. Two such speeches as those of Bishop Coxe and Mr. Goldwin Smith would redeem any meeting from the reproach of being uninteresting.

The statistics presented by various speakers at the meeting, if sometimes a little dry, were yet of real interest and fairly satisfactory. The Church of England, although making fair progress, does not seem to be quite holding her own in comparison with the other Christian denominations; and this is the more remarkable as the Mother Church at home seems to be drawing back into her embrace many of the children whom she lost in former times. There are many ways of accounting for this result; and we are not sure that it would be useful for Anglicans, or others, that an investigation which must necessarily be imperfect or even one-sided should be attempted. Certainly the state of affairs in the Anglican Church is far from discouraging; and there seems a distinct revival in various

departments of her work from which a good deal may be expected in the future.

Two subjects of very considerable interest to Anglicans and others were brought up at the Jubilee celebration. We refer to the canon lately passed at the Provincial Synod on the subject of Divinity degrees, and the scheme for the organization of a cathedral establishment in the Diocese of Toronto. To both of these subjects we hope to draw attention hereafter; but each is too large to be considered here at present. We must not be supposed to pass over in silence many incidents connected with the Jubilee as though we regarded them as unimportant. Many of the sermons and speeches were admirable; but they have been sufficiently reported in the daily papers, which have given much space to the Jubilee doings. It may be sufficient for us, for the present, in conclusion, to congratulate the much-esteemed Bishop of Toronto on the peace, cordiality, and union by which his diocese, in its clergy and its laity, is now distinguished; and to express the hearty desire that this interesting commemoration may form a new beginning for even better and more successful work in behalf of the Church and the world.

### ALMOST.

"ALMOST I think I love you most;"  
Thy timid eyes were downcast then,  
And something gleamed beneath the lids  
And glistened on the lashes when  
They slowly lifted up to mine  
And mine were wet; could it be tears?  
With me they will be precious things  
In coming years.

Upon the sky there sits a star,  
That gleams through all the wasting night;  
The waters rushing from afar  
Break on the coast beneath its light,  
And as they break they are a voice,  
The still light lives and has thy form,  
As God would bid my soul rejoice  
At thy return.

I feel the soft blue of thine eyes,  
Suffused with tears, upon me rest;  
I smell the odours faint that rise  
From violets within thy breast;  
Thy breath is warm upon my cheek,  
My hand could almost touch thy hair,  
Thy lips are framed as they would speak  
For me a prayer.

The light is dead within the sky,  
The waves are stilled upon the coast,  
Dull shadows through the darkness fly,  
And in the deeper gloom are lost.  
It was the thought of one who dreams,  
The fancy of a poet's brain,  
The shadow of a hope that seems  
To live again.

Yet if that fancy might be thee,  
And I might see those downcast eyes,  
If only I again might see  
Thy gentle bosom fall and rise;  
And know the violets were there  
I plucked for thee but yestereven,  
And smell the fragrance on the air  
Which they had given:

If I might hear, though it should be  
As but the shaping of a breath,  
Born of a passionate sympathy,  
My life I would yield up to death  
And for such death would gladly pray,  
And nothing reck the awful cost,  
If I to-night might hear thee say,  
"I love you most." STUART LIVINGSTON.

### PARIS LETTER.

It is stated that 40,000 children are sent to school daily in London, breakfastless. They manage these things differently in France, where a full stomach is considered a *sine qua non* for the acquisition of the three R's. In the poor districts of Paris the Communal or municipal schools are provided with kitchens that prepare a nourishing soup at two sous per bowl for the pupils who desire it. For another two sous, meat and vegetables can be had. All must be paid for in tickets, so that those who receive a free breakfast are on the same footing as those pupils who pay. The teachers know the empty stomachs, and never fail to remember them when the hour comes for the distribution of tickets. Parents in a position to do so pay the teachers the week's tickets in advance. No *amour propre* is thus wounded. Of course pupils are at liberty to go and dejeuner at home during that meal hour. Often when the season is bad, not a few of the poor pupils are given a piece of bread, perhaps another large bowl of soup, on the plea that they have studied well during the day. The pious fraud is excellent, and charity covereth a multitude of good actions. The municipality defrays the expenses of these school free dejeuner. This may explain

the reason why you will never behold in a French city school that most painful of all sights, a child with hunger stamped on its innocent features.

Still, the child question is causing a great deal of serious and anxious study. France is grappling with the difficulties of having a dwindling population, and yet having too many infants to support. It has been calculated that the relative fecundity of the following three races will be in a century hence, in millions: Anglo-Saxon, 860; German, 120; and French, 69. They are only the poor in France that obey the injunction, to increase and multiply. In no country are the rich classes proverbial for their large families. M. Rouanet has produced a small sensation by proposing that the State should rear a certain percentage of the child population. It is only a diamond edition of Rousseau's dream, that the parish ought to rear all children as it did his. Why not adopt the Spartan system in its entirety? But all this would not much add to the population of France, so long as in the case of well-to-do marriages the unionists are determined to remain wilfully sterile. The Vicar of Wakefield believed more in parents that had families, than such as only talked about population. Swift observed that the man who made two blades of grass or corn grow where only one grew before did much for his country. French parents who resolve to rear a family of three, instead of the cabalistic two, children, would raise the population of their country to the level of Germany's.

There is a quarrel raging at present, which is anything but Byzantine; the hair-dressers are divided into two camps; one advocates the wearing of the hair elevated, the other fulminates in favour of fronts, flat crowns and ringlets, as more in harmony with the lines of toilettes now in fashion, which are close fitting, pump-handlery and sheath-like. But a point overlooked is the ruling taste which decrees that not only grown-up ladies, but girls must have a supply of false fronts, false ringlets, and false plaits, to harmonize with change of toilette. That old humorist, Renan, lays down that woman, in adorning her head, not only follows an aesthetical law, but discharges the first of duties. It would be useless quoting the Fathers for Renan; he laughs at the whole calendar of saints. At the marriage of the Duke of Sparta recently, there was a veritable competition between the blondes and the bruns. Observers voted the apple to the latter. In Spain a girl with red hair is envied by the owners of locks black and as glossy as the raven's wing. In France the fair sex covet blonde hair, or the auburn shade between that of Juno's and Venus's.

The superb blondes that Giorgione, Titian, and Paul Veronese painted, were all born brun. They dyed their hair, and as rabidly as many ladies do at the present day. There is a picture at Venice representing ladies in 1593, sitting under a burning sun, shaded by the brim of a crownless hat, on which their hair, just dyed, is spread out to dry. They are only imitating their Roman sisters, who so liked to dye their black hair blonde, that they were upbraided as desirous to be Gauls and Germans. Contrary to what St. Matthew records, not one hair, but a whole head can be made to-day white or black. "The head is the noblest part of the body," said St. Cyprian; "why then," he asks woman, "do you endeavour to impart to its hair the colour of eternal flames?" The Talmud lays down that it is as bad to have the hair bare as the shoulders. This is in connection with the habit of the early Christian women, who prayed with the head veiled, because it was by the beauty of their hair that women induced a revolt among the angels. An Italian proverb says that the devil dances in the hair of a woman whose head is uncovered. And an Italian ecclesiastic warns ladies with beautiful hair to be on their guard, as they are more liable to the attack of demons; that when the body is delivered from Satan by exorcism, he generally takes refuge in the hair. Tatien asserted that a supernatural power was told off expressly for the hair; it was that demon gave Samson his strength; it is the same influence which makes women employ their hair to captivate hearts. Add to these drawbacks that the value of human hair has doubled in price since January last. "Beauty draws with a single hair," observes Pope; judge then the influence when a man has to face a whole head of it.

France is never long without finding a saviour of society. The electors of Montlucon have returned M. Thirivier to the new Chamber, because he swore by the altar of the country that he would appear in the "wedding garment" of a workingman's blouse, and so shame the broadcloths. As a rule, the French deputies are anything but mashers, and the last charge that could be levelled at them was to be finical in matters of dress. M. Thirivier will, when in the tribune in his over-all, cattle-drover blue cotton, be a mere distinguished eccentric. But, as Dr. Blanche, the famous alienist, observes, "Never cross them when in that state." M. Thirivier has just been given a dinner by his co-socialists, who adopt the *Guesde*—one of the forty-two confessions of Socialistic faith. He claims to possess something like the Holy Grail for the workingman's sorrows, forgetting the ridicule he reflects on those whose cause he boasts to espouse. Thirivier was a miner, and laboured since the age of eleven in the pits; he is now forty-five, and has worked his way up to be a leading strikist and a politician. He is uneducated and a rough black-diamond; these would not be draw-backs, only he challenges hostility by seeking to pose in a smock—the latter covering a very valuable suit of black cloth, a snow-white shirt, all topped with shining silk hat. France has already a surfeit of shams and puerilities.

M. Leon Say has not after all the *open sesame* to constitute the party of moderate republicans. His time is coming, but not yet. The "Bless ye, my children, programme" is clearly too mild for the present Chamber, whose new members demand no persecuting reforms, but decline to stand still for fear of treading on the corns of opponents. M. Say is not a brilliant orator; he is more of a persuasive conversationalist, who details thought-food and adhesive facts. He is sixty-five years of age, solid as a rock in health, with a clean past, high social relations, an extensive connection with international intellects, and a wide experience of finance and commerce. He is a burning and a shining light in Calvinism, and it is on his shoulders in this matter that the mantle of Guizot fell. He is, perhaps, one of the wealthiest men in France, owning vast sugar refineries. His income is estimated at 7,000 frs. a-day—not including the twenty-five francs he daily receives as a deputy.

The Boulangists do not appear to take their punishment at the general elections philosophically. They ought to loyally bow to the verdict which repudiated their panacea. Any attempt to create disturbance will be severely censured by public opinion, which is weary of political squabbles and yearns for repose. Electoral disputes are now in the hands of the parliament; its members alone can quash or fiat. If the former be abused, the constituencies can correct the ruling at the fresh elections. If the General lands in France, he will be arrested, of course, and he can claim to be tried before the High Court. The trial would not now be even sensational. Boulangism is a spent force, whose flowing tide has long since ebbed. Were the General to head any insurrectionary movement in Paris, the city would be at once placed under martial law by "Charles Martel"—as Home Minister Constans is called, from the manner he hammers down all the adversaries of the present constitution. Were Boulanger taken in any fray, he would be condemned and shot as certain as the sun shone.

The Exhibition is a woeful sight to witness just now. Only natures of the exploring tenacity requisite for the North Pole or the Dark Continent need attempt to pilgrimage the halls, galleries or grounds. Every day some big gap in the first two is made; wide mouth entrances to blank alleys; other precincts are roped or boarded off. The grounds—no longer of necessity to be kept in repair—are quagmires, and over all rests a shroud of thick, sullen, pleuro-pneumonia-producing fog. It is all like a beautiful coquette after she has taken out her rows of false teeth, removed her false head of hair, sponged off the rouge and the powder from her face, deposited her flesh substitutes, and stands emancipated from all her pick-me-ups. It is sad, like all decompositions. It is the fashion to ascend to the first platform of the Eiffel Tower, and while sipping a cup of hot tea, look at the "gutting" of the Exhibition and the floundering in the dismal swamps. Then you are out of bearing, also, of the unscriptural language that prevails. The twenty-eight millions of tickets sold do not represent that number of visitors, as some conclude. The curiosity is now to know the profit and loss account. The whole question of the preservation of the principal galleries hangs on the surplus, if any. Z.

### MONTREAL LETTER.

#### THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL TEMPLE.

IN an upper chamber on St. Catharine Street, midway between the plebeian east and the patrician west, our newest development of the great principle of free trade and unrestricted reciprocity in religious belief finds its embodiment in the Religio-Philosophical Temple. The stairway is as steep as upward paths are generally represented. The freshly-plastered walls are decorated with mottoes which assure the worshippers that "millions of spiritual creatures are around us whether we wake or sleep." The chairs are of Puritan severity, and closely calculated to ensure the impossibility of the latter state of mind or body. Each chair is supporting a hymn-book, "The Spiritual Lyre," a collection of hymns for Spiritualists, thrown together by the Association for the Investigation of Spiritualism. With hesitating step and bated breath, a score or two of investigators enter and await the advent of the "Medium." Three gentlemen appear from a mysterious door. One proceeds to the Mason and Hamlin, and takes in the audience at a glance, half of hope, half of fear. The second smooths the unpretending table-cover, and provides a tumbler of water, shakes out his official coat-tails and sits down. The third enters with a military stride, backs into his chair, and, both hands on it (doubtless from haunting memories of mischievous childhood), seats himself, thrusts his fingers through his hair, folds one knee carefully over the other, clears his throat and subsides.

A hymn from the Spiritual Lyre opens the programme, and the gentleman of the clear throat (what a pity we can't as periodically clear our consciences!), formerly a colonel in the British army, later a commercial traveller, and now a medium, stood up, spread out his arms as if he would fly, and felt all through the air as if in search of unseen support. It was then the duty of the gentleman of the tumbler and of the table-cloth to consult the congregation as to whether they wanted an "inspirational lecture," or a "trance discourse." With the promptitude of pre-conceived determination, though not without a little invisible elbow-nudging, the vote went in favour of the trance. Feet shuffled themselves to rest. Men shook out

the collars of their overcoats. Women laid aside their muff, and the audience generally settled down for its entertainment.

The medium resumed his chair and shut his eyes; paused and waited for a few indescribable moments; rubbed his hands with imaginary soap (genuine Canadian Gilt-Edge, and no foreign Sunlight), performed a process not unlike the sneeze of a pinch of mental snuff, groped his way to his feet, and stood before the expectant audience in a trance. As the gas went down, curiosity went up. A distinct thrill of the uncanny passed over every nerve. The discourse was a long, rambling, patent self-repeating, inexhaustible harangue; a maze in which an hour's grandiloquence brought you back to the ignorance from whence you started. The medium might have done better in the flesh than he did in the spirit. Even a blood-and-thunder sermon, at least, gives you something you can disapprove of. A trance discourse cruelly deprives you of that privilege. It attempts no doctrinal revelation, it supplies no dictionary of precept. It provides no manual of practice. It does not even maintain its own delusion. From time to time it appealed to the "dear friends." It constantly addressed "Mr. Chairman." In spite of the chairman's best efforts to help him to forget the earthly, the medium insisted on remembering. He turned in the direction of an auditor to the left declaring that he was irresistibly drawn towards him. He set out and groped his way over. Men on the back benches stretched their necks. Women resolved not to faint. In a voice of unearthly harshness the medium roared at the auditor, took him by the hand and nearly shook the senses out of him. With a series of mysterious sneezes he assured him that he knew him, that he knew his wife had just died, that he had lost two lovely children, and that the deepest sympathy of the united spiritual universe was recorded in his favour. In vain the man kept cool, tried to smile, shrugged his shoulders, confessed his wife was quite well, he never had two lovely children. No matter! The medium was drawn and influenced, in proof of which the women in the front seats whispered spiritually and rocked themselves to and fro spiritually.

Peace being restored, the seance was thrown open to questions. Did the weather, light or darkness affect the phenomena? Could the faithful always spiritualize, or only when they were haunted by no doubt? The medium was sufficiently awake to reply, and sufficiently in a trance to reply without answering. Exhausted, he sat down. The chairman read notices of future "investigations," and at the mention of the day and the hour, the medium once more resorted to his sneezing, and in accents of vulgar, roystering frolic blurted out an acceptance of the invitation:—"I'll be with you! I'll be there! I'm Tom Smitham, George the Fourth's butcher! I'll be there! I'll be with you!" "Keep your seats gentlemen," said the chairman, "don't get frightened, ladies. We have seldom been favoured with such revelations here. Don't be alarmed, keep your seats; we are sure to have some further inspiration, and we hope you won't interrupt the spirit influence by doubts."

It was no use, I had had enough. I laid the Spiritual Liar piously on the chair where I found him, and made my exit.

The Temple has laid its claim for remission of taxes, on the ground that it is a religious institution. The Council referred the claim to the City Attorney. The attorney examined the printed documents submitted to him, and he decided that, although the Temple believes in "the infinite presence, the divine energy, and one living and true God, in the inspiration of Jesus, in the Holy Spirit, and in the rewards and punishments of a future life," it is not a religious institution. Its taxes were not remitted.

All of which is reverently submitted.

VILLE MARIE.

THE PROPOSED ART GALLERY.

THE city of Toronto has made such great progress within the last quarter of a century that it is now in almost all respects worthy of its position as the metropolis of the richest province of the Dominion of Canada. Although not yet equal to Montreal in population, which in view of the respective ages of the two cities could hardly be expected, still the ground on which it stands is already assessed at a higher value, while it is not exposed to the dangers of internecine strife already undermining and disturbing the life and progress of the sister city.

The various denominations have built so many handsome edifices to worship in as to gain for it the name of the City of Churches, and it is known far and wide as an educational centre, where all the professions are well housed and well supplied with the best attainable talent. It needs but to mention the University with its renowned professors and its handsome Norman exterior, not to be matched in its own style of architecture in America, Osgoode Hall, the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the School of Pharmacy, and the Veterinary College, while Trinity College, St. Basil's, and McMaster Hall well represent the zeal of the denominations in educating their future guides and pastors. But there is one profession which is not worthily represented by any local habitation and proper means of providing instruction for its devotees, and it is the one which perhaps more than any other needs a fit place in which to exercise its power of instructing and elevating the minds of the people among whom it exists. This is the profession of painting, which has not

yet received in Toronto the recognition to which it is entitled from either the Provincial or civic authorities, nor has the enthusiasm of private citizens been sufficiently aroused to provide a home for it. The members of the profession have not been able by themselves to found a permanent gallery in which to exhibit their own works and to collect examples of foreign art that should provide a free education in art study to the multitude, and in accounting for this neglect of art it is necessary to see what attempts, if any, have been made in this direction. The first and most important was the attempt to establish a provincial gallery and art-school in the Normal School buildings about thirty years ago, when the late Dr. Ryerson was commissioned to proceed to Europe to purchase a collection of pictures and casts from the antique, for the galleries, and to engage a master from the South Kensington School of Art to establish an art-school in the same buildings. The casts were bought and a number of pictures, nearly all copies, which were placed in the galleries where they now are, but the proposed master required such a large sum for remuneration that the scheme was dropped and the casts and pictures have been shut up and of no use ever since. It is true they have been made a show of to our country cousins and also to visitors from other countries who have had many a laugh at them and us.

Since that time the scattered members of the profession throughout Ontario have formed themselves into a society—the Ontario Society of Artists—and it would seem only a just and proper thing to complete the scheme commenced by the worthy doctor and hand over to them the collection of casts and pictures together with the building, or since that has been diverted from its original purpose to erect some other building and let them place this profession on the same footing in Toronto as it obtains in other advanced communities.

In the meantime, in order that our city may take the same rank in respect to art matters that it does in other respects, an art association should be formed by our foremost citizens and a gallery built which would be a credit to the city in which works might be collected by purchase and bequest that would form a real attraction to visitors and an educational stimulus.

We learn from Mr. James Smith, a member of the Ontario Society of Artists and of the Royal Canadian Academy, that some of our best promoters of good works have already put down their names for some seven thousand dollars, and it is proposed that a committee of the Ontario Society of Artists, with its president, the Hon. G. W. Allan, should wait on some of the prosperous merchants among us with a view to making this sum up to twenty thousand so that a suitable gallery may be erected. There is little doubt that such a sum could be raised, especially if the association were formed to include a board of directors (the subscribers), an art club and reading room and a gallery for exhibition and sale of pictures. This has been done in Montreal (although there one individual provided the chief amount, as well as a collection of pictures), and the time has now come when it should be done in Toronto.

IN BÆOTIA.

VINE tendrils drooping in the mid-day sun,  
Take me to Greece, ere Sappho sang her lays,  
Whose echoes, falling down this length of days,  
Trance us with beauty, sweet and halcyon;  
Satyrs, green-garlanded, skip madly on  
Through woody wilds; loud shouts of ribald praise  
Mingle with merry laughter and amaze  
The peaceful shepherds, who, affrighted, run;  
Fair dryads swell the riot-filling song  
From every tree-trunk, and from each pure spring  
Sweet naiad voices rise with silvery ring  
To welcome him who leads the dancing throng,  
Old Bacchus! reeling 'neath the weight of wine,  
Chanting a stave, half-drunken, half-divine.

SAREPTA.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

PERHAPS there is no subject or study in which there is a more general and widely diffused interest than in literature. All who read—and they in our day and generation constitute a very numerous and varied class—are in so far students of literature. It is partly for this very reason, from the fact that so many ill-trained and half-trained minds are in some measure devoted to its pursuit, that the aims and methods of literary culture are so generally misapprehended. The popularizing of a subject brings the claims of mediocrity to the forefront, and there follows the inevitable attempt to find some easy mechanical method whereby the secret of literary enjoyment and literary culture may be attained. Men adopt the method, and, ignorant of the true outcome of literary training, are unconscious that they miss the aim. Perhaps, for example, the aspirant to culture conscientiously wades through a supposed authoritative list of the one hundred best books. He completes his tale, the incongruous selection of individual caprice—"The Iliad," the "Koran," "Don Quixote," "Sartor Resartus," and so on—without one moment of keen literary enjoyment, unthrilled by a literary passage, with scarce an iota of permanent result in the shape of intellectual openness, flexibility, and polish which literature ought to give. He has won only the self-contentment and self-satisfaction of the sciolist, the worst outcome of that dangerous thing, a little knowledge. It is not the reading of

many books, be they one hundred or one thousand, but the manner in which they are read, that is essential. One play of Shakespeare properly studied and properly appreciated will do more, for literary culture than countless books, however excellent, read as most people read them. I think it very necessary, therefore, that, in entering upon our work together, we should come to an understanding as to the aim of our studies, and the results which we expect to flow from them, and as to the methods by which these results are likely to be best attained.

The term literature, like most others, is ambiguous in its use, and susceptible of a wider or of a narrower meaning. If we take it in its widest sense, in the sense sanctioned by its etymology, literature is written thought. Anything written, provided it is not a mere jumble of words or letters, but represents some idea, belongs to the domain of literature. Of the infinite thoughts which have swept in ceaseless streams through the numberless minds of successive generations, a few were recorded, and of these again a few are still preserved in written language. This is our material, be the nature of the ideas and the form of the expression what they may. Not merely the stately epic, the elaborate philosophical treatise, but the familiar letter, the monumental inscription, the scribbled sentences on Pompeian walls, form a part of the literature of the world. So that we may find ourselves concerned not only with such works as "The Iliad" or "Lear," but with others like "Euclid's Elements" or Darwin's "Origin of Species," whose claim to the title of literature would be less generally admitted. In periods fertile of books, it is true, the purely literary student gives such works scant attention, but in more barren times he is glad enough to consider them. The historian of early English literature readily admits the baldest statements of facts, and does not scruple to dignify the Anglo-Saxon chronicle and the laws of Ine with the name of literature.

Since, then, literature includes all sorts of books, philosophical, historical, scientific, and so on, we must next ask, How is the work of the student of literature differentiated from that of the philosopher or historian? It is evident he is concerned with books only in so far as they are literature, i.e., only so far as they are the expression of thought. One book may be intended to enlarge the bounds of philosophical knowledge, another to teach political economy; and in so far the aim of one book and one writer differs from that of another. But this much they all have in common, they are all representative of certain phases of thought and feeling in the mind of the writer, and it is his intention to reproduce these phases in the minds of others. It is the business of the student of literature to realize that intention. The written symbols are before him; it is for him to reproduce within himself the mental condition to which these symbols correspond. His work is simply that of interpretation. The scientific man reads the "Origin of Species" mainly to get at the truth which it may contain or suggest. The literary student, as such, stops short of that; it is his peculiar business to determine what exactly Darwin meant. So it is, that we students of literature are interested in all departments of thought, and yet stand apart from and outside of all. Let us suppose, for example, that we are sceptical of the utility of philosophic discussion, as such, think metaphysics a fruitless wrangle, yet that does not prevent us, in the course of our study of the literature of England in the eighteenth century, from being deeply interested in the works of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume. We set ourselves to determine just what these treatises of theirs contain and mean, not necessarily because we suppose they will afford any substantial philosophical result, but because we want to know what men have thought, because of the insight we gain into the character of these writers, and of the age and nation in which they lived.

It must not, however, be granted that, because the work of the student of literature is thus limited to interpretation, it is thereby adjudged to be unsatisfactory or superficial. Interpretation in its fullest sense gives, as I hope to show before I close, abundant scope for the highest exercise of our faculties, and leads to the profoundest investigation of human nature. At times, indeed, our task is comparatively easy. Euclid writes: "Two straight lines which are parallel to the same straight line, are parallel to one another," and this is a proposition whose terms we have merely to comprehend, in order to attain Euclid's point of view in writing it. But if we turn, for example, to the works of Herodotus, we find numerous stories whose terms indeed are not less easily comprehended than those of Euclid, but which strike us as childish or incredible. In merely understanding their purport have we reproduced Herodotus' state of mind in writing them? Did the stories seem childish or incredible to him? The question calls for literary investigation. The student must examine the whole work of Herodotus, and determine its general scope. He finds that it professes to be a serious history, and comes to the conclusion, perhaps, that Herodotus gives the narratives under consideration in all seriousness and good faith. Still he does not understand the author's state of mind in writing the passage. How came a man of evident intellectual power and culture to believe fables whose absurdity is manifest to the school-boy of today? To answer this question the student betakes himself to the study of Greek history and Greek modes of thought; and until he has thrown himself into Hellenic life of the fifth century and grasped Herodotus' relation to the civilization of his time, he will not have attained the aim of literary study, the reproduction in one's self of the writer's state of mind. Or again, before we can be said to understand the Dialogues of Plato, we have many problems to

solve. In the Socrates here represented, did Plato intend to give a picture of the historic Socrates? In how far are the opinions put in Socrates' mouth held by the author himself? What is the explanation of the manifest fallacies which occasionally mar the reasoning of the dialogues? In answering the last question the student learns how the intellectual power even of a Plato is subject to the limitations of his time, and unable, without the assistance of a formulated logic, to escape the snare of simple fallacies, and how the study of a language other than the native tongue was needful to enable men to distinguish between the thing and its name. Such enquiries as these give the positive results of literary work. How necessary these preliminary determinations are in order that the works of Herodotus and Plato may be used by the historian and philosopher, respectively, is sufficiently apparent. So in all departments of study, written authorities must be submitted to the crucible of higher criticism (as it is called) before they may be safely and profitably employed. We may realize the importance of such work by recalling the fact that the most interesting and one of the most active provinces of the higher criticism in our day is the canon of the Old and New Testaments. The revision of the Authorized Version is an attempt by literary students to determine more exactly what the various sacred authors actually said; while the recent discussion between Professors Wace and Huxley has drawn popular attention to the unprecedented activity of scholars in determining the authenticity, dates, and relations of the various books of the Bible.

With the increasing of these positive results, however, we, in our course, have but little to do. Literature is with us an instrument of culture, and culture comes not from the results of investigation, but from the process. In the process of literary investigation, as we have seen, it is sometimes necessary for us to grasp the spirit of a nation or of an age. At other times, we must find our solution in the individual character of a writer. It may be, for example, that on comparing the works of Thucydides with those of the almost contemporary Herodotus, we should conclude that the peculiarities of the latter's history are due, not so much to the times, as to the personal character of the author himself. Thus the study of literature becomes the study of human nature under varying conditions. Its fundamental requisite is, that the student should escape from himself, his own narrow conceptions and surroundings, that he should sympathize with, so far as to understand (for understanding postulates sympathy) men of very different character, in times and countries, perhaps, remote from his, with feelings and modes of thought even more remote. In no other pursuit is he in contact with such a variety of ideas, in no other study has he to make them so thoroughly his own. He has not done with them, as the scientific student, when he ascertains that they are false; he must comprehend their genesis, and how, though false, they once seemed true, whether the explanation lies in the writer or in his age. He becomes at home and at ease among ideas, as is the man of the world among men. As those qualities which characterize the man of the world are acquired through intercourse with men of various types, and not through intercourse simply, but through being obliged to use and to manipulate them; so the analogous discipline of literature gives the analogous qualities of intellectual openness and flexibility, which in turn beget a tolerance and coolness of judgment especially characteristic of thorough culture. The student of science comes into contact with facts; interrogated nature says that a thing is so or not so. The student of literature comes into contact with ideas, moulded to the mind which formulated them, intermixed with error and modified by emotion. He is under the necessity of comprehending how the form of a conception is the result of character and surroundings. He learns to do this in books of a more or less remote past, often treating questions in which he has no immediate interest, and which he can therefore view with coolness and impartiality. Having acquired this habit of mind in a remote sphere, he is rendered capable of maintaining it in examining the burning questions of the day. Here, too, he analyses and makes allowance. He comprehends the relativity of truth, the inevitable limitations of the human intellect, the common obliquity of mental vision which afflicts whole generations. The novelty or apparent absurdity of an idea does not repel him. He is ready to investigate the grounds of an opinion with which he does not agree, and the residuum of truth which forms the basis of most errors will not improbably serve to render his own conceptions more just. His comprehension of his opponent's position enables him to attack it more effectively, and to hold his own more surely. Were we absolutely fixed in relation to all objects, the visible world would appear to us a flat surface. Not less necessary is it that in the intellectual world we should be capable of assuming different points of view. To the man of undisciplined mind, nothing is more difficult. The presentation of the other side of a question causes him an uneasy feeling of insecurity and irritation. To him moral obliquity seems the necessary source of opinions differing from his own. The men in Gay's fable who disputed about the colour of the chameleon, afford a typical example of the state of mind from which literary discipline tends to set us free. Not chameleons alone, but political questions, social questions, religious questions, present different aspects under different circumstances. Here, then, are two great results which may be expected to flow from all genuine literary training—first, openness of mind, that is, a readiness to admit ideas however strange, and to comprehend and accept whatever of truth they contain; secondly, flexibility of

mind, the capacity to seize a point of view not our own, to understand other men and other times,—what, in short, we may call intellectual sympathy.

You will note that these qualities of mind are developed by the intellectual gymnastics of seizing the ideas of others, of putting ourselves at their standpoint. Hence they are results that follow from the study of everything that can be called literature, however little inherent excellence it may possess. But we have further to consider the study of literature in its narrower, higher, and perhaps more usual, sense. All presentation of thought which has maintained permanent vitality, possesses a certain power, fitness, or beauty of expression; for, as thought when once expressed becomes common property, mankind naturally cares to preserve the words, not of him who expressed it first, but of him who expressed it best. In these treasured utterances we have not the mere colourless presentation of an idea, or of an objective fact; there is an additional element of form impressed by the writer, and the literary student finds here wide scope for the interpretative function. The entering completely into the thought of an author was in the case of purely objective statements, such as those of Euclid, a simple matter. In Herodotus the interest and difficulty of our task were increased by the introduction of a subjective element. And, in general, it is true that the less purely objective the thought is, and the more the author impresses on it his personality, his emotions—sets it before us, not exactly as it is, but as it appears to him, the more does the student of literature find himself concerned with it. This subjective factor in literature makes itself generally felt through the manner, the form; and the most pervading manifestation of form is style. Style is that in the written thought which corresponds to the personality of the writer, and is the outcome of that personality. Two narratives may, as you are well aware, affect the reader very differently, although the framework of effect in each case may be the same. The difference in effect cannot result from the matter; it arises from the manner or style; and that, in turn, comes from the attitude of the writer toward the facts, an attitude which he reproduces in his reader. As that attitude may be analysed into two elements, the permanent element of character, and the transient element of mood; or style, reflecting the varying mood of the writer, is pathetic, or humorous, or indignant, and yet, behind all that, there is a constant element of individual characteristics which serves to distinguish one author from another, and to which we refer in speaking of the style of Demosthenes or of Virgil, of Burke or of Milton. *Le style, says the adage, c'est l'homme.* The genuine stylist depicts himself to the competent literary critic, with unconscious fidelity, in lineaments adequate and unmistakable.

Through style, then, we come in contact with that which is greatest in man, character—that unity of tendency and impression which springs from all his moral and intellectual forces. Those who have been fortunate enough to encounter in life a great and noble personality, know that it is the most inspiring and marvellous of spiritual forces. As the chord in one instrument responds to the vibration of its fellow in another, so the motions of the human soul vibrate under the influence of a great and ardent character. But in the limitations of time, and space, and circumstances, by which our lives are bound, such encounters must needs be rare; and fortunate it is that through literature we are able to feel the kindling spiritual presence of the mighty dead. It is true that but few can thus transmit themselves through the ages; but these few are among the greatest spirits of our race. The power of style in the highest degree is the prerogative of genius alone. When style in that highest degree is present, we are not merely told how the writer felt, but his feelings are communicated to us; not how he saw, but we are enabled to see as he did; not what manner of man he was, but we are introduced into his very presence. In the sphere of studies I know nothing comparable to this. History and biography tells us about men, we see them imaged in a more or less imperfect medium; but here we feel the thrill of their emotions, the power of their presence. So that not only does literature bring us into contact with ideas, the higher literature brings us into contact with men, the choice and master spirits of all ages. Here is a society ever open to us, the best and most desirable we can conceive, the truest aristocracy of the human race in their happiest moods, with their wisest and deepest thoughts on their lips.

It is in no figurative sense, but in sober truth, that I call this "society." From what has been said of style, it is manifest that the influence of a great work on a competent literary capacity does not differ in kind from the influence of personal contact. If somewhat is lost in vividness, many of the limitations of personal converse are absent. But if in the best literature we find, in no merely hyperbolic sense, "society," it is like all good society, difficult of access. Not much of worth in this world but is the reward of merit, of toil, of patience. The gardens of the Hesperides stood ever open, but to fetch the golden apples was the labour of a Hercules. The books are waiting on the shelves, but he is far astray indeed who thinks to win the secret of Goethe, of Shakespeare, of him—

Who saw life steadily and saw it whole,  
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,

in the same easy fashion in which he skims through the last popular novel, or an ephemeral essay of the periodical press. To experience the power of literature, to appreciate style in its fulness, to feel not merely the main emotion, but the whole complex of emotions with which a writer

regards his subject, is the outcome only of constant and careful study, combined with a large innate susceptibility to literary art. Though the capacity for the highest literary appreciation is not common, in most men a measure of innate capability is dormant. To rouse this dormant capability, to guide it aright when roused, to teach the proper spirit in which to approach the masterpieces of literature, and to keep the mind in contact with them, this should form a main part of every course of literature; and I claim that excluding the other benefits of college work, it would be no inadequate return, should the student gain this alone, the appreciation of what is noblest and best in books, and a love for that august company of whom we have spoken.

(To be continued.)

#### ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA.

ON the shores of the western hemisphere nearest to Europe the first conspicuous landmark which from the Atlantic meets the traveller's eye are the lofty towers of a Catholic cathedral. Over Newfoundland, the outpost of the North American continent, the British flag flies, so that branch of the Catholic Church which set up the massive edifice crowning the heights above the Narrows of St. John's is not within the jurisdiction of the fathers, who are this month celebrating the centennial of their hierarchy at Baltimore, in the city which took its name from the first Governor of this colony, and thence, as we travel on the mainland westward for 3,000 miles till the Pacific is reached, the ecclesiastical provinces into which the vast Dominion of Canada is divided are in the same case. A passing glance, therefore, must suffice for these most interesting organizations with their marked distinctive features.

The Roman Catholic Church claims one half of the busy population of Newfoundland, and they to a man are of Irish extraction. The French rivals of these much-enduring fisher-folk are also Catholics, but they are only summer itinerants on the French shore which they occupy under treaty right, and at the close of the cod-fishing season they retire to their islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, or even recross the Atlantic to Brittany for the winter. Consequently there is not one French priest in the island. The clergy who work under that wise and amiable Irishman, Bishop Power, of St. John's, and his colleagues, have no sinecure. Excepting on the peninsula of Avalon, the interior of Newfoundland is uninhabited, and the clergy have to minister to a population scattered over a rock-bound coast, along which fogs and icebergs are a daily peril of their parochial voyages. These serfs of a harsh truck-system, though Ireland is their fatherland, are totally unlike the Irish immigrants, who are one of the largest elements of the population throughout Greater Britain, such as are largely represented in Toronto and other dioceses of Upper Canada.

On the way to French Canada a little settlement is passed near the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence which deserves a word of mention. The counties of Pictou and Antigonish on the north-coast of Nova Scotia resemble the Province of Quebec in the fact that a considerable portion of their inhabitants can speak no English. French, however, is not their tongue, but Gaelic, and among them are found a probably greater number of Gaelic-speaking Catholic Highlanders than in the whole of Scotland.

The fair Province which skirts the waters of the St. Lawrence was called by Frontenac and the founders of Quebec, "*La Nouvelle France*," but Quebec has survived the old régime whose impress she bears, and now is the only bit of *la vieille France* that the world contains—"la vieille France" in its most refined, Catholic, and devout age," as Cardinal Manning once wrote to me. There are quiet towns in France, such as Laon and Soissons, which outwardly have an old-world look, but in the beautiful cathedrals of the old twin cities of l'Aisne the clergy and the Suisses are oftenest the only men who assist at High Mass. At Quebec, the most nobly planted city of the Western hemisphere, all is different. The Church is omnipresent. The view of the grey buildings seen from one's windows takes one back to the beginning of last century, and the sight of a daily newspaper scarcely removes the illusion, for the little French journal under its *Faits divers* announces a miracle which took place last week in a neighbouring village, and in an official column advertises the sentence of excommunication read on Sunday by the curé of St. Joseph at Lévis upon a luckless couple who have been defying Divine law and human conventionality.

Even the pastimes of the faithful are fashioned according to the *ancien régime*, or, at all events, certain modern forms of amusement are strictly banned. The Governor-General is in residence at his summer quarters, and the maidens of Quebec implore for a dispensation for a ball at the Citadel. All in vain: they are sternly referred to the official manual on *Les danses et les bals*, a grim little tract, which commences with the severe proposition that "*La danse et les bals, comme ils se font ordinairement, sont un scandale et un danger*," and under the heading of "*Les danses, immodestes*" they may read "*sont réputées telles les danses modernes connues sous les noms de Valse, Polka, Gallop, Cancan et autres semblables*." It must not from this be imagined that the last named of these *danses vives* is a usual feature of the programmes of viceregal or other polite festivities in Canada, and why the good curé of N.D. de Quebec should have bracketed it with the other less volatile measures is a mystery. Perhaps the Highland reel was danced in Lord Lorne's time, and was mistaken for it; but this is only conjecture. At all events,



the maidens of Quebec refuse to be consoled with the historical fact that Madame de Maintenon never danced the polka.

The Church in Lower Canada not only regulates the lives and occupations of the people, but it directs the politics of the Province. That it represents no mere faction is shown by the attitude of the Federal Parliament at Ottawa whenever the Provincial Assembly legislates on the Church's behalf. The Jesuits' Estates Bill gives \$400,000 out of the treasury to the Church in compensation for the property of the society which escheated to the Government subsequent to the suppression of the Order by Clement XIV. The powerful Orange lodges of Ontario have set the country ablaze with an agitation this year, which has swept out of sight commercial union, the fisheries, and every other Canadian question, urging the Dominion Parliament to recommend the veto of the Bill. But Sir John Macdonald, our Canadian Premier, himself an Orangeman, is the astutest statesman on the American continent, and he knows that in French Canada the Church and the people are one and indivisible. Hence in the Parliament at Ottawa, with its Protestant majority of over two hundred members, only thirteen could be found to vote for the disallowance of the Bill.

Amid the bitter strife of creeds the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec maintains the respect and confidence of the Protestant minority of the Province (which includes most of the wealthy and educated of the border city of Montreal), so much so that it has been seriously suggested in Protestant quarters that for the protection of the minority it would be advantageous if representative institutions in Quebec were abolished, and the government of the Province invested in Cardinal Taschereau. The Jesuits have great influence in Lower Canada, and they are not universally beloved among their co-religionists, but the hold which both the person and the office of the Archbishop of Quebec has upon the affection and imagination of the populace is daily made manifest. The scene on the day of the installation of the Cardinal after his return from Rome, whither he had been summoned to receive the scarlet hat, was most memorable, when, amid the roar of artillery and the clang of bells, he gave from the balcony of the Basilica the benediction to the kneeling multitude.

Cardinal Taschereau is not a man of the people, as are some of his most capable suffragans and colleagues. Monseigneur Duhamel, the able and refined Archbishop of Ottawa, is a fine example of the best type of *habitant*, a Canadian in everything, even to the pronunciation of his native language. The Cardinal, on the other hand, is a courtly French prelate of the last century. A visit at the old palace is a visit of some solemnity. The Vicar-General Père Legaré, with graceful urbanity, welcomes the visitor in a sumptuous chamber hung with the portraits of the occupants of the See of Quebec for more than two hundred years, beginning with Laval and St. Vallier, till the Cardinal enters, in his robes of scarlet and violet. For an hour the dignified old man discourses in the stately French of the last century, which seems alive again. At one moment his talk is of the decadence of the times, the perniciousness of modern literature, but it sounds as if a prelate of old France were deprecating the growing license of the more recent works of the author of the "Henriade" or lamenting that Crébillon's dramas were supplanting the masterpieces of Racine. The only inharmonious note is the modern costume of the Cardinal's visitor: for the rest of the scene is such as is sometimes portrayed on the walls of the Salon—it is *Une audience chez son Eminence sous Louis Quinze*.

I have lingered too long in the fascinating region of Quebec, but Cardinal Taschereau will be referred to again in connection with Cardinal Gibbons, so it is as well to give some slight impression of the head of the mother Church of America and of his surroundings.

The Church of Ontario has been mentioned, so hastening westward, we will not pause until the great lakes are passed and Winnipeg is reached. A few years hence Manitoba may be as populous as Illinois, but at present the work of the Church is chiefly missionary in its character. Archbishop Taché's suffragans are Frenchmen, not French-Canadians, and there is a vast dissimilarity between the domestic *habitants* of Quebec and the half-breed Métis of the North-West, who are by degrees giving way to immigrant settlers from every nation of Europe. Still further westward we go to the Foothills of the Rockies, where the venerable Père Lacombe is ending his days among the Indians who call him father. The prairies are left behind and the fastnesses of the mountains are entered. The Canadian Pacific cars thunder through the passes twice a day, but ten years ago they had been trodden by the feet of no white men, with one exception. As the train winds through the magnificent valley of the Fraser, here and there on mountain tops may be seen, black against the sky, a rude cross which marks an Indian burying-ground, consecrated in these solitudes by the missionaries of Rome.

The passage over English territory from Atlantic to Pacific is highly interesting as displaying the varied capabilities and characteristics of the two greatest organizations the world has ever seen—the British Empire and the Church of Rome. At each stage of the journey the Church Universal is seen justifying its title of Catholicity by its adaptability to the nature and the needs of each varying community. The Dominion of Canada, federated under the British flag, presents within its limits differences almost as marked as those which distinguish from one another the States of Europe. The Church of Rome observes precisely the same ritual, framed in identical language, for a little band of Blackfeet Indians kneeling in a

log-hut in the far west, as it uses for a French congregation in the Basilica at Quebec or for the Irish immigrants who worship in Toronto Cathedral; but the Church in Lower Canada differs in mode of thought and manner of its members as widely from the Church in Ontario as do the Catholic Catalonians of Barcelona from the Catholic Flemings of Antwerp. Within a few hours' journey from Vancouver in the west and from Montreal in the east a frontier is crossed beyond which an entirely different state of things is found. The American nation, though sprung from sources more heterogeneous than those of the inhabitants of the Dominion, are completely homogeneous in language, in sentiment, and in economy of life. The New York millionaire, the Texan ranchman, the farmer of Vermont, or the planter of Louisiana is above all things a citizen of the United States whether his ancestors were British or Batavian, Teutonic or Scandinavian, whether his religion be Papist or Presbyterian, Episcopalian or Methodist, and the members of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the Union are stamped with unmistakable national characteristics as were the baseball-playing seminarists in the Pamphilj Doria gardens.

Almost fifty years have passed since Macaulay wrote: "There is not and there never was on earth a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church." In the interval, the Holy See has lost its sovereignty over a strip of Italian territory; the troops of the Empire which was the bastard offspring of the French Revolution no longer garrison the Castle of St. Angelo, but the Church, if it has lost the temporal sway of a province, has gained spiritual dominion all over the face of the earth, and that by the indirect agency of the chief Protestant race of the world.

That the Anglo-Saxon is the most vigorous race which the world has ever seen is shown by the ease with which it is imposing the English language on all peoples with which it intermingles—not by conquest, as in the case of some of the Roman colonies, not by penal coercion, as in that of the French Huguenots at the Cape, whose language was stamped out by the Boers, but simply by contact. The American nation affords the great exemplification of this process. In the British Empire it is being carried out, though less conspicuously; but in the United States, where probably less than one half of the inhabitants are of purely British descent, it is so complete that the grandchildren of Germans who spoke no word of English will talk to an Englishman of the Elizabethan literature as "our common inheritance." It may be urged that the Irish-Catholics have done as much as the Anglo-Saxons in making English the *lingua franca* of half the world's surface. This is in a sense true, but the Irish are not, strictly speaking, a colonizing race. The Irish, like the Germans, are splendid settlers, and Great Britain would have been a comparatively small domain without their prolific aid; but since the days when Spain and Portugal made South America a Catholic continent, the Anglo-Saxon race alone has founded colonies successfully. The Catholic countries of Europe have ceased to colonize, but the Church of Rome has not suffered thereby. Such is her marvellous vitality and energy that in these last fifty years she has made progress in English-speaking countries, which perhaps in the end will be of greater moment than all her previous achievements, establishing herself in the newest colonies founded by Protestant England, and extending her sway within that part of the North American continent which two centuries earlier was colonized by Protestant Englishmen.

Mr. Gladstone has been taken to task, it is difficult to see why, for his recent prediction in Paris, that a century hence the American nation will be 'the great organ of the powerful British tongue.' We are all hopeful for the future of the British Empire, but the future of the British Empire is fraught with anxious uncertainty, whereas the pathway of the American Republic is unobstructed and clear, and it seems to be humanly certain that in less than a hundred years' time it will be the most populous civilized nation of the world, and the greatest in material prosperity. Its difficulties ahead, which are remarked by its men of foresight and by outside critics, are not such as are likely to interfere with either of those consummations. Mr. Gladstone's estimate of the population of the United States a century hence was 600,000,000. Although we are familiar with similar prodigious figures in reference to the teeming hordes of the Chinese Empire, it is almost impossible to grasp the idea of myriads in connection with Western civilization, still less of such numbers being gathered together in one nation, speaking our own English language. If the greatness of nations is to be gauged merely by population and commercial prosperity, there can be no doubt that America is fated to take the foremost place among nations, but it will only be set up in that high place when the peoples of the Old World, with their literature and historic traditions, shall have abdicated their position by consenting to the doctrine that numbers and material wealth alone constitute the greatness of a State.

In the relations of the Roman Catholic Church to the American nation we have, then, one of the most interesting phenomena it is possible to conceive—the contact of the most venerable and powerful organization of the old order with the most advanced and prosperous community of the new. In all the varied history of the Church of Rome she has never had the experience which in the United States she has encountered during the hundred years since the establishment of the American hierarchy. In the Old World the old civilization has grown up side by side with her, and there is no page of the history of Europe which is not marked with the Fisher's seal. Nor has her activity

been confined to the civilized places of the earth. On virgin soil she has worked with self-denying enterprise in every quarter of the globe, and the early history of the remoter parts of the great American continent is the record of the Jesuit fathers and the other missionary pioneers of Rome. But in the United States the Church finds itself in the midst of a new civilization, of the highest type as regards the diffusion of education and material comfort through all classes, though imperfect by reason of the nation never having passed through the discipline of youth to its precocious manhood, since in America there has been no slow development from barbarism through mediævalism to a ripe civilization. The Church which in the Old World has assisted at the birth and death of empires and principalities—crowning kings, upsetting dynasties, and hastening revolutions—here in the New World, amid a transplanted society, knows nothing of treaties and frontiers, nothing of wars of succession and state intrigue. It is in America that she seems to have the greatest opportunity of realizing the admonition of her Founder, "Regnum meum non est hoc mundo."

Americans of culture frequently lament that theirs is not a land of lofty ideals. Perhaps no nation—as a nation—has a high ideal; but in England and France and Germany (though this is no golden age of literature) we have teachers who take us out of the traffic of the market place. In America, unfortunately, literature seems almost to have come to an end. The brilliant band of New Englanders, most of whom came out from Harvard College, has nearly disappeared, and few successors are forthcoming. The blight which has fallen on American authorship seems like a nemesis for the iniquitous copyright laws, which are a remarkable expression of the lack of moral sense of the nation. The Church of Rome has a new experience in exerting her influence among this too shrewd, too practical, too prosperous people, the most characteristic offspring of the nineteenth century. Men may disapprove the methods of the Catholic Church and discredit their beliefs, but few will deny that her ideal is the most perfect ever set before the human race.

The American nation, again, is lacking in tradition. The soil of the United States—or, at all events, a portion of it—has an independent history of a hundred years, but the mass of the people only inherit it by adoption. American art seems to have exhausted itself in pictorial representations of Generals Burgoyne and Lord Cornwallis in humiliating situations; but few of the ancestors either of the painters of historical pictures or of the patriots who deliver Fourth of July orations bled in the Revolutionary War on the side of the colonists. When the capitulations at Saratoga and Yorktown took place, they were passing their boyhood as compatriots of Robert Emmet, and hearing how Lord Edward Fitzgerald had been wounded by the American rebels at Eutaw Springs, or were watching the last days of their monarch, Frederick the Great, and growing up to be the foes of the French allies of young America.

These are some of the attributes which the Church of Rome has to bestow upon the American nation. In return, that great people is investing the Church with an endowment of greater magnitude than the most hopeful enthusiast for the spread of the Roman Catholic religion ever dreamed of, and one which is likely to revolutionize Christendom. Of all the languages of Europe which have influenced civilization, English, for historical causes, has been spoken by fewer Roman Catholics than any other tongue. English-speaking Catholics have been a comparatively small body, the majority of whom, as recently as half a century ago, were persons actually born in Ireland. The growth of the American nation, as the largest organ of the English language, is completely changing the position of our tongue among the millions who follow the faith of Rome. The expansion of England in her colonies is assisting towards this remarkable issue, but the United States is the chief instrument in bringing about the result, which men of this generation will live to see, of the Church of Rome having a greater number of its active members speaking English than any other living language.—*Nineteenth Century*.

#### LIFE.

ALONG the way of life two angels fare,  
And with them all the multitude of men;  
The first a shining one with golden hair  
Whose face each seeth once but not again,  
Though rising from his sleep and following close,  
Through all his days he seeks that sight to win;  
Yea, more, his name or seal no mortal knows,  
Nor shall, till heaven's gate he stands within.

The other is an angel stern and wan,  
And men may see his iron-visored face,  
Necessity his name; but should a man  
Follow the fairer angel in the race,  
Because he knows necessity comes after,  
For him the depths of hell and devils' laughter.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

THE latest development of the electric light is likely to prove of great use for vehicular traffic during the coming reign of "King Fog." A small incandescent globe and reflector are now placed on the forehead of a horse, insulated wires being carried along its body to a small battery, stowed in the trailing vehicle. The current is turned on at pleasure, and an unmistakable blaze of light illumines the murky surroundings.—*Court Journal*.

## EPHEMERA.

*Ephemera* all die at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun. Happy are ye, little human *Ephemera*! ye played only in the ascending beams, and in early dawn, and in the eastern light: ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and blossoms, and fell asleep in innocence before yef the morning dew was exhaled.—*Richter*.

"ONLY a baby! The poor thing could not have gone at a more reasonable time!" How often, upon the occasion of the death of a little child, do we hear this heartless expression by some one, addressed as a consolatory measure to some grief-stricken parent, stunned with the loss of his or her darling. "Only a baby! How deeply the indifference and apathy of the expression wounds the acute sensibilities of those who have experienced the delights of a parent's love—the tenderest and purest chord in the whole gamut of the human affections. "Only a baby!" How rudely, how harshly the observation falls upon the ears of the parent, whose heart has, amid the sweet influences of childhood, enjoyed the noblest raptures of emotion which thrill the human breast. "Only a baby!" What mockery of the fond hopes kindled by the birth of a first-born, whose existence had within some father's bosom fired a new ambition and energy, determined that his indigent circumstances shall yield no precarious maintenance for his helpless one, but that its few wants shall, with a tender solicitude, be regally supplied.

Accustomed as we are daily, through every avenue of nature, to witness the varied and subtle character of mutation which is incessantly going on within her empire—changes in certain directions which are so gradual, imperceptible, and slow that centuries of their ceaseless operations are necessary to demonstrate any definite result, upon the one hand; and upon the other, changes so rapid and active that but a few hours may suffice to begin, continue, and terminate the existence of the subject of its manifestations—whenever that final, change within the human body, which marks the cessation of the operation of that mysterious principle which we understand as life, discloses itself, there is invariably awakened a sad and serious interest.

Upon all occasions, the intelligence of death thrills us—it may be momentarily—with a peculiar sense of awe; but the extent of involuntary or real interest we may have in the matter is absolutely determined by the personal associations which memory can recall with the life of the deceased one. Thus, the grief occasioned by the death of a wife, father, mother, brother, or sister, seemingly admits of no qualification, the poignancy of which, in individual instances, varies only with his or her mental or emotional susceptibility.

In the case of a grown or aged person's death, the consequent sorrow and regret often extend beyond the circle of the deceased's family, and more especially do we find this the case, even in the ordinary walks of life, when the person was known for some worthy, beneficent qualities. How often it occurs, and what delight it dispenses, as the worn-out instrument of some worthy soul is committed to its narrow cell, to observe some individual who formerly, at an opportune moment in his indigence, was the recipient of the departed one's bounty, unable longer to conceal his emotion, allowing repeated sighs or sobs, or possibly a manly tear, to afford relief to the stifled sorrow that swells in his grateful bosom.

But the grief which a parent feels upon the death of a child or infant differs, in some respects, from that which one experiences in the case of a grown up relative. This difference is apparent when we reflect upon the tender, innocent nature of the association with the lost one. Nothing has occurred in the brief life of the dear babe that we could wish to erase from memory. Every feature, dimple and gesture we desire to dwell upon and remember. A fond eye, ever keen to note baby's condition, has with pride watched the gradual unfolding of its mind, the play of radiant smiles which indicated budding perceptions, the innocent glee and intelligent expression and gesture which denoted the kindling of some slumbering faculty.

Hallowed is every influence associated with the season of babyhood. Nothing is affected or disguised. The welcome smile that greets you is born of a tenderness and love which knows not deceit. The animated glee and merry prattle which delights you is the outcome of an innocence unsullied by hypocrisy, and untarnished by dissemblance. The nestling in its mother's bosom is the instinct of a confidence that has not yet been saddened by mistrust, or dejected by suspicion. Who can wholly doubt that the intelligent gestures, and the play of smiles which illumine the countenance of a child of tender years, are due to the exercise of a distinct measure of volition; or at times the evident, forcible, and earnest attempt to express itself, and make known its thoughts in words, while as yet the faculty of speech is dormant, and infantile muteness seals its sweet lips? Oh! love, innocence, and truth, abiding symbols of babyhood, what pangs of grief must be silently borne in the saddest breast when the grim king of terrors ruthlessly smites down thine ideal, and blights the fondest hopes of a life!

Leigh Hunt somewhere says:—"Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. Their other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child; for death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence." What depth of delightful sentiment there is indeed contained in this passage! Within the mind, saddened by bereavement, it gathers countless recollections which cluster and twine round the

image of the lost one, forming a wreath of immortelles of imperishable beauty. But in reality, does this wreath of delightful memories constitute a veritable amaranth? Ah! we fear not. A few years serve to fade the rich bloom of the happy associations; a decade or two dims the treasured incidents so dear to memory that as the sad event recedes far into the distance from us over the ocean of Time, we can only, as the mind recalls a glimpse of the dear one, heave a sigh at beholding nothing but the naked stalk now stripped of its once familiar verdant foliage, and fragrant bloom!

Ah, childhood! thou Elysian season of life, when receding from the mysterious obscurity which envelops our being, we visibly merge into this habitable region of the great unknown waste of space, while, as yet, the delicate rays of dawning consciousness scarcely illumine the countless chambers and labyrinths of the brain, while yet reason is surrounded by the twilight of dawning perception, thy tranquil slumbers, and innocent awakenings for a time deny the free indulgence in this great real conscious dream which we call life, with all the pageantry of its loves, passions, pains, ambitions, selfishness, verities and shams. Calm and gentle, as though hushed with angel lullaby, is thy repose amid all the anxieties and afflictions which distract and drive sleep from the brows of thy devoted vigils; innocent and pure, thy waking moments amid surroundings and conditions which exile reason from its throne, and devastate empires.

Poor dear C—, he seems like a beautiful receding dream that has delighted our subtle sleeping fancy for hours in the profound silence of solitary night, where, when buried in utter unconsciousness of the surrounding world, the inner sleepless soul holds sweet converse with and beholds its ideal of true happiness and delight. It wanders through flowery, verdant fields, threaded with rippling streams; the murmuring zephyr is laden with the fragrance of ten thousand flowers kissed along its trackless way; perchance the azure dome of heaven is mellowed by the golden rays of a western sun; the wild notes which Æolus chants among the sombre pines, blend harmoniously with the melodious warblings of the swift-winged denizens of the shady bower. All is beautiful indeed, and the awakened sleeper would fain catch a glimpse of his vision, but, as

Frostwork in the morning ray  
The fancied fabric wastes away,

and it recedes from him, growing dim and dimmer until finally lost in the calm sea of oblivion.

Nothing but a vivid play of fancy, whose scenes, painted in such ephemeral, ethereal tints, cannot long endure the fading light of conscious exploration. In like manner is much that remains of poor C—. His life now reminds us of a dream, a delightful, actual dream, and as the oppressive fragrance which lingers round a cluster of rose-bushes long after the rich bloom is shed woos each passing breeze, so the impressions and recollections of that dream, with a sad but enchanting grandeur, continually hover about our memory. A few familiar playthings, some half-worn clothes and a vacant chair are all that are left behind. Is that, indeed, all that survives him? Ah, no! The dearest recollections we possess of him are but faintly associated with these. The many gentle, loving ways, the innocent, sweet face, the earnest blue eyes, the meek young soul, the kind, winning manner, all are fresh, and we would hope imperishable in mind. The merry prattle, the busy hands and pattering feet, though hushed in silence, still seem to echo in our ears.

Throughout thy painful illness, how calm, how patient and submissive, and as death folded thee in his cruel, cold embrace, and thy pure soul became freed from its mortal wrappings and took its mysterious flight, an expression of angelic loveliness and beauty shone over thy sweet face—a farewell glow of peacefulness, loveliness, sad and mournful even as the gorgeous tapestries o'er the arching gates of the purple west that quench the golden fires of the departing sun. The brief period that spanned thy short life is thickly strewn with precious lessons and profitable exhortations, preached, perhaps, in the silent eloquence of a smile, which appeal to one's sense of honour and integrity; and far degraded in wretchedness and wickedness is the man whose nature is insensible to the sacred influences of infancy and childhood. Oh, time! thou hast promised to heal over the wound of a sorrowing heart, and perchance as years glide silently by with their weary burdens of care thou mayest relieve the acute pain, but the scar remains indelibly fixed in the memory. D. R. MOORE.

## LADY DUFFERIN'S JOURNALS.\*

LADY DUFFERIN, in the simple language of her journals, gives a series of lively pictures of a stately and sumptuous life. The Viceroy of India, always surrounded by ceremonial magnificence and welcomed with semi-barbaric pomp when he visits his loyal feudatories, is, nevertheless, one of the most hard-working of men. Lady Dufferin, like a good wife, bore her share of the burdens, and led a busy existence, though she had no reason to complain of its lack of variety. She was doing the honours of the Government Houses at Calcutta, Simla, or elsewhere, giving balls and garden parties and assisting at great dinners, where the guests sometimes numbered upwards of two hundred. She was receiving Oriental potentates or their ambassadors, punctiliously sensitive on matters of

ceremony; she was visiting schools, laying the foundations of churches, and promoting all manner of charitable schemes. But above all, for perhaps it is that which interests us most, she was the companion of her husband in his official progresses. These "selections" from the journals give bright reflections of nearly all that is best worth noting in India, as seen under the most favourable circumstances, between the great cities in Southern Hindustan and the wild passes of Afghanistan. Her descriptions of scenery, of the towns and their inhabitants, of their manners and religious rites, of the temples and marble mausoleums that are miracles of delicate masonry, are always picturesque or effective. Not unfrequently we come upon a touch of humour, that reminds us of her husband's delightful "Letters from High Latitudes," which were written very many years ago, and are, we fear, well nigh forgotten.

Indeed, Lady Dufferin's impressions of her first landing at Bombay placed us at once on the pleasantest terms with her. Of course she admired the magnificent city—which was Haussmannized in the mad inflation of the cotton-boom. But what struck her most were the piquant contrasts. Splendour and squalor rubbed shoulders in the crowd, as is the case everywhere on grand occasions in the gorgeous and poverty-stricken East. In the blaze of light and colour, where natives of many a race and tint were attired in dresses of the most brilliant hues, there were "little children clothed in the whole rainbow and with a large nose-ring added to that; children clothed in nothing at all, and parents with the nearest approach to nothing at all that I ever saw before." Nor were these impressive contrasts the only surprises that awaited her. She had expected warmth, and the weather was extremely cool; she found herself sitting in twenty draughts in the great drawing-room at Government House, and shivering in a bed-room with four great windows and three doors, "all wide open at once." In fact, till she returned to England and a private station she bade a melancholy adieu to privacy. Her ever attentive "jemadar," or body-servant, at Calcutta, took her in charge as if he had been a policeman told off to mount guard over an unpopular Irish landlord. "I daren't move a chair unless I am sure the door is well shut, else he would be upon me." Other domestic arrangements seemed strange to an Englishwoman. Though the residence was the scene of continual hospitalities, the kitchens were not under its roof, but "somewhere in Calcutta." As for the spacious stables, they contained fifty-five horses, and each of the animals had his own body-servant, who slept on the litter at the foot of the stall. She was delighted with the gardens, which in the depth of winter were blooming with roses, suggesting the Vale of Cashmere, with clustering masses of convolvulus and fragrant beds of heliotrope. Going further abroad, she took advantage of a wet Sunday to visit the Zenana Mission Home and Sunday School. She was astonished to learn that no objection was made to giving Bible instruction to the little heathen. That remarkable toleration is differently explained. Some say that the Hindoos are confident in the strength of the caste prejudices; others believe that the growing indifference to their religion has been preparing the ground for the spread of Christianity.

The first tour to the North-Western Provinces was a new revelation to residents in Calcutta, and abounding in interest. The change was pleasant, from the unhealthy plains of Bengal, as the travellers steamed along the banks of the sacred Ganges.

"There were great stretches of land, so carved out by water that the mud banks looked just like the volcanic rocks at Aden, only that we were on a level with the tops of them and could see the patches of grass growing on their summits; then there were mud villages just like the Egyptian ones, and at last the mountains and glimpses of snowy peaks and trees in the foreground, and all toned down by the recent rain into blues and purples and mysterious tints."

Nevertheless, it was far from being all enjoyment, and when under canvas at Rawul Pindi, Lady Dufferin had a taste of the *désagrémens* of official duty. They had gone with a great following to meet the Ameer of Afghanistan, and there was no possibility of being housed under a roof. The rains flooded the ground and filtered through each seam in the tent coverings. They had to renounce the idea of dressing for dinner, and made rushes from one room to another, under umbrellas, in waterproofs, and with strong double-soled boots. The Ameer's body-guard was rather picturesque than imposing. His heavy Sowars were mounted on under-sized steeds, and were "splendid specimens of the genus ragamuffin." As for the great man himself, he showed his English hosts the more amiable side of his character. He spent many hours in arranging cut flowers, and requested that supplies might be sent him daily. "And this is the man," exclaims Lady Dufferin, "who cuts off heads and hangs people when at home, and who is accompanied here by his executioner, who, dressed in red velvet and wearing his axe and strangling rope, helps at other times to put up the tents." At the official dinner the Ameer must have sorely tried the Viceroy's gravity, by taking him as his guide in occidental etiquette and imitating all he did with mechanical precision. Like the Shah of Persia, he had a favourite boy in attendance, who lounged behind his chair, smoking cigarettes. Lahore seemed rather a luxuriant garden than a city. "We drove through gardens and along roads with double avenues of trees, and there were palms and nurseries of roses and fertile-looking fields." In fact, Lahore, even more than Damascus, is scented with attar of roses. It was a change

\*"Our Viceregal Life in India: Selections from my Journals, 1884-88." By the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. London: John Murray. 1889.

to the dizzy mountain roads, winding upwards through the vegetation of a temperate zone, along the brinks of sheer precipices to Simla. Arrived at Government House, its mistress exclaims, "The only place that I have ever imagined at all like this spot is Mount Ararat, with the ark balanced on the top of it, and I am sure that when the rains come I shall feel still more like Mrs. Noah." To be sure, the rains did come down with a vengeance; she felt the confinement the more that she had never before been cribbed up in such cramped quarters; and a similar sensation of wearing a strait waistcoat oppressed her when she ventured upon walks abroad. So we learn that even a sojourn at Simla has its drawbacks, though the climate may be preferable to that of tropical Calcutta. Whenever he had a fair opportunity Lord Dufferin wisely indulged in a day's sport. Sometimes, when he went out quietly on his own account, he gave a good report of the big game; but when battues on a big scale were semi-officially got up for him, it was generally a case of "much cry and little wool." We have humorous descriptions of some of those almost blank days, and here is one example. The battue came off near Simla; 1,000 beaters had been engaged, and twelve brace of birds was the total of the bag.

In 1885 there is the narrative of a very interesting progress among Rajahs and Maharajahs vying ostentatiously in magnificent display. Some of the potentates could trace their ancestry to almost prehistoric ages; others were the successors of the soldiers of fortune who rose to power amid the wreck of the Empire of the Moguls. All manner of pageants were prepared for the Viceregal entertainment, and at Jeypore there was an exhibition of the wild beast fights which used to be a favourite entertainment of the Indian Princes. But the prejudices of the humane Europeans were respected, and, although many animals of all sizes were pitted against each other, from elephants down to quails, the combatants were parted before any harm was done. There is an interesting entry in the diary of a visit to the King of Oude's suburban retreat near Calcutta. The gardens were rather zoological than horticultural; there were swarms of pigeons, "whole flocks of pelicans" in the tanks, and palaces specially constructed for the habitation of the poisonous snakes. His pets were all sumptuously housed, "but you would be horrified if you could see the holes in which his retainers live." The vicious old voluptuary was gathered to his fathers in 1888, amid the howling of his many wives, who were naturally anxious about their settlements. "His ladies," says Lady Dufferin, "were nearly as numerous as his animals, and they are now being despatched to their own homes as quickly as possible."

In 1886 the Viceroy visited Burmah. There is a brilliant picture of the gay panorama on the Rangoon river, with the great rice-boats and the multitude of tiny row-boats, with the masses of people clustering on the banks beneath the clumps of feathering palms surrounding the bell-shaped pagodas. As for the ancient capital, Pagan, it was "simply a great town of pagodas." At Mandalay the contrasts were even more striking than elsewhere. In the city were superb palaces and temples; the State barges on the river were resplendent with silver and gold; but "outside the city all the houses were mere matting-sheds and the people look very poor and naked." As for the ex-King Thebaw, and his paternal administration, they could only be regretted by the most bigoted of Burmese Tories. It seems to have been nothing unusual to lay the Royal ladies in irons, handing them over to the tender mercies of the gaolers, and the late Queen, who, by the way, was her husband's half-sister, used to amuse her many "hours of idleness" by putting her attendants and her husband's female body-guards to the torture.

The second volume is necessarily in some measure a repetition of the first. The viceregal life in Calcutta had become familiar, and many of the same places and scenes were revisited. But there is an interesting description of Darjeeling, with its great mountain prospects, viewed precariously through the mists, its mingled races, and the ingeniously engineered access by rail, where "the luggage is carried by strapping young females wearing pure gold necklaces and splendid silver belts." We are reminded that even a vice-queen must sometimes rough it, when Lady Dufferin was being hurried forward by swift relays in one of the dak-garries which are said to resemble shabbily-painted hearses. And on the remotest borders of British India we are taken into the famous Khyber Pass, though only to be sadly disappointed in its scenery. "You must not imagine it to be a defile through precipitous cliffs; it is merely a road through a wild mountainous region and is a pretty steep ascent." Though Lady Dufferin was glad to come home, she felt certain regrets at leaving India. Almost the last event recorded in the journal is the reception of a deputation of the ladies of Bombay, who presented "a very charming" valedictory address.—*London "Mail."*

THE electric light has found a curious use in Russia—orthodox Russia, of all countries—viz., for illuminating saintly images in cathedrals. Thus a magnificent figure of the Madonna, just placed in the Alexander Newsky Monastery, loaded with precious metals and gems of immense value, stands glitteringly in the focus of an electric beam, which is also the case with the "Kasan" Madonna in St. Petersburg. From near and afar thousands make pilgrimages to these shrines. A *propos* of using the light for ecclesiastical purposes, it has been decided to light the first instance on record of its being used in a monastery.—*Electrical Review.*

## JOHN WARD, PREACHER.

WHILE we have had ample reviews of "Robert Elsmere," together with interminable articles and sermons on that greatly over-rated book, not much notice has been taken of its companion volume, "John Ward, Preacher." Although, of course, no suspicion can be entertained of collusion between the gifted authoresses, both volumes have a common object, that of unsettling the faith of humanity in the Bible as a Divine book. "John Ward, Preacher," aims its guns at the doctrine of future punishment, and the ultra-Calvinism of the Presbyterian Church. Concerning the plot of the novel, it is not the design of this notice to say much. It lacks one cardinal point in a good novel, that of being true to nature and to real life. Some of its characters are impossible ones, and much of the narrative is, to put it mildly, highly improbable. The whole story is far-fetched, and strained to the last degree, in the effort to accomplish a certain result. But, leaving the narrative, let us turn to the controversial points raised in its pages.

The first and leading one bristles up with a startling abruptness on p. 11. "But, Uncle Archie," Helen said, "if one did think the Bible taught something to which one's conscience or one's reason could not assent, it seems to me there could be only one thing to do—give up the Bible!" This conclusion is persistently maintained from beginning to end of the volume. The doctrine of future punishment is held up as the great bugbear, and with a flippancy that is often painful to witness, it is proclaimed that there is no hell. One would think the writer had read none of the theological discussions of the age we live in; that she had never heard of any other view of the Scriptures but that of their verbal and plenary inspiration; and that she was totally ignorant of Farrar and others, who advocate the theory of "Eternal Hope," and base it on the teachings of the Bible. These, and kindred matters, are so completely ignored as to suggest wilful unfairness.

There are those who are able to believe all that they find in the Bible. It is enough for them that a thing is there, or that they think it is. Others who find hard sayings in it accept what is plain, and relegate the rest to the realm of mystery; believing that while there is much that is above reason, there is nothing which, fully explained and rightly understood, is contrary to reason. Others yet think there have been additions and interpolations which are to be sifted by careful criticism from the self-evident and indubitable truth which forms the staple of the Sacred Book. Moreover, as already hinted, there are those, and among them some of the most reverent believers in the Bible, who do not find in it that form of eschatology which is so rudely travestied in "John Ward, Preacher." It is not the object of this article to plead for either of these views, but to shew how hasty and unauthorized is the conclusion, that the only alternative is to reject the Bible, if it seem to teach, in some parts of it, what conscience and reason cannot accept.

The book is inconsistent with itself in declaring at one time, unqualifiedly, "there is no hell," and yet admitting at another that "the consequences of sin must be eternal." In one place we read, "The effect of sin upon character must be eternal, and I should think that would be hell enough sometimes." What are we to understand by these plainly contradictory statements? "No hell," and yet the consequences of sin irrevocable and eternal, and these "hell enough sometimes." Does the authoress believe in a limited retribution? Even that seems to be out of the question, in view of the declaration that the consequences of sin are eternal. The book ridicules the idea of "a fire and brimstone hell," in which no intelligent person now believes, and betrays the writer's flippant ignorance in saying, "that when the Calvinists decided on sulphur, they did not know the virtues of caustic potash." A fiery hell was not the creation of Calvinism. Long before John Calvin's day "a lake of fire and brimstone" was employed by Biblical writers as an emblem of future punishment.

In its treatment of the Presbyterian Church the book betrays an animus which is not only fatal to charity but to truthful representation. The difference between old school and new school is made to consist merely in the fact that the old school have cold roast beef on Sunday, while the new school have hot roast beef on Sunday, but "doubtless both unite on hell for other sects." This kind of trifling with serious themes cannot be too strongly reprehended. Garbled extracts are made from the Catechism and Confession of Faith, which put in the most offensive light those statements of dogma which are accepted, if at all, with a degree of reserve, and the presence of which in the Standards has led to a decided movement in favour of Revision. Moreover Presbyterians are virtually held responsible for some dreadful extracts from the works of Jonathan Edwards, who, as a matter of fact, was not a Presbyterian, but a Congregationalist.

The great defect in both the books referred to at the outset of this paper is that they make religion to consist in belief of certain dogmas. This is especially characteristic of "John Ward, Preacher." There is no recognition of that calm trust in God, that sweet sense of his forgiving love in Christ Jesus, that communion of the Holy Ghost, that reliance on Providence, that support in sorrow, trial and death, which have been the essential elements in a religious experience through all the ages. Not a character is introduced that represents truly the typical and representative Christian as he may be found in any of the churches of to-day. What the old divines called "the

life of God in the soul of man" is as utterly ignored as though no one had ever professed participation in it. Christendom is pictured as a chaos of dogma, and that charity in which all religious people agree, regarding it as the very soul and essence of piety, is apparently considered unworthy a passing thought. One cannot but pity the dense darkness and ignorance in which many gifted minds are evidently enveloped. Still, as of old, the world by wisdom knows not God, and many who are ambitious to free the human mind from superstition only succeed in proving themselves "blind leaders of the blind."

The *New York Independent* says, "Mrs. Deland's novel, 'John Ward, Preacher,' has passed its fiftieth thousand in this country." In view of the intrinsic weakness of the book it has attained a surprising popularity, which can only be accounted for by the alarming prevalence of scepticism in the United States.

WARFLECK.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The Government of the Province, as your readers are probably aware, has announced its intention to move for the abolition of the Separate Schools, and the establishment of national schools on a purely secular plan. In this course it is my opinion that they will have at their backs the great majority of the citizens of the Province regardless of party divisions, which, in fact, are now very vaguely marked here, a somewhat costly experience having demonstrated to the people of this country the futility and absurdity of introducing here, where they have no possible application, those partisan demarcations and shibboleths which are generally meaningless enough, even in Eastern Canada now, unless from the point of view of the professional politician.

While I am of the opinion that the Government's plan presents the only solution of the question consistent with justice, economy, and common sense, and that they have the great bulk of the people with them, it has become very evident that they are to meet with strenuous opposition from others besides the Roman Catholic clergy, and whose respectability and influence are not to be disputed. This was probably not unexpected, however, and, as both of these parties have stated the grounds of their opposition to the Government's policy, I will, with your permission, examine their stability.

The doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, that it should have control of the education (religious and secular) of children of its communicants, is an obviously wise one (from the Church's point of view), and, providing that its teaching in secular matter was efficient, and in other matters not contrary to the interests, or inimical to the welfare of the State, this doctrine would be entirely unobjectionable, but for the further claim, that the State should recognize the doctrine to the extent of supporting the Church's schools in which its distinctive doctrines are taught. By virtue of a remarkable arrangement consummated some nineteen years ago, these claims of the Church, in regard to denominational privileges, are conceded by the Province, whilst all other religious denominations are compelled to the use of the Common Schools, in which no denominational teaching is permitted. The injustice of this state of matters is so apparent as to render discussion of the point unnecessary—almost ludicrous. The Roman Catholic clergy, however, do not evidently propose to let any questions of abstract justice interfere with the maintenance of their privileges. They take the stand that their "rights" were secured to them by the Constitution, and that any invasion of these rights would be a violation of the principles of Constitutional Government. It may just as well be kept in mind that a privilege involving injustice to others cannot, unless by a condition in terms, be called a "right."

I shall not discuss the question as to whether these "rights" were really conceded by the Constitution (which is a disputed one) nor shall I refer to the means by which they were obtained, if obtained at all. But assuming the concession to have been made, we cannot admit the inference of the argument, which is practically that the constitutions of modern States are like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable. The constitutions and laws of all Anglo-Saxon self-governing peoples are at all times subject to the test of the common sense of the community, and when, tested by that strong common sense, any of their provisions are found to have outlived their usefulness, or to work injustice to any large section of the people, such provisions and all the sophisms and legal hairsplittings by which they may be defended are swept sooner or later into the limbo of things that were.

We are also told that Catholics have conscientious objections to being educated in schools in which their distinctive religious doctrines are not taught, and that on that account the State, recognizing the conscientious scruple, should relieve them from the obligation of supporting national schools. We shall see that, by a constitutional State, whose fundamental principle is its own supremacy within its borders, the admission of this claim of the Roman Catholics would be a surrender of said principle, and therefore a paradoxical absurdity. This conscientious scruple tenet is by far the most important element in all this Separate School question, and not only so, but its advancement suggests and justifies the question as to how a consistent Catholic can be a loyal citizen of any State

founded on democratic constitutional principles, as I shall endeavour to illustrate.

We are all tolerably familiar with the doctrines of the Church with reference to the Pope's jurisdiction and attributes, and we know that in order to secure the continued existence of the Church as a powerful and wealthy hierarchy, the promulgation of these doctrines is necessary. The principal of these with which we have now to deal are those by which are claimed for His Holiness, not only spiritual, but temporal supremacy, as also infallibility. Being the head of the Church, and infallible, he is the arbiter of conscience and his dictates are unquestionable. Let us suppose, then, that in the interests of the Church His Holiness should deem it necessary to mark his disapproval of the course of some heretic State by enjoining such citizens of that State as were members of his communion from paying any taxes whatever. Being good Catholics and subscribers to the doctrines just referred to, they must refuse to pay the taxes. This, of course, would be a direct blow at the very life of the State itself, but on the "conscientious scruple" argument of our Separate School apologists, they would not only be justified in their refusal, but entitled to ask the approval of the State in their course.

It will, of course, be objected that this is a very strained and exaggerated hypothesis, as every one knows that there is not the slightest danger of the Church taking any such action at the present day, in any English-speaking community at least, but we must bear in mind that she has not abandoned one iota of the pretensions referred to. In fact, it is within recent years that probably the most important of all has been enunciated. If these claims are well founded they are none the less right because it may be physically impossible to enforce their recognition. But if they are right, what becomes of the fundamental principles of constitutional government, and how can a believer in their righteousness be an honest supporter of popular government?

It may be said that the doctrine of temporal supremacy is practically a dead letter, and that probing into such matters is simply disturbing harmony needlessly. If it is a dead letter, why does the Church not set all doubts at rest by repudiating any such pretension? But I think I have shown that the present difficulty exists simply because of the practical vitality of this doctrine. I am one of those who believe that no permanent harmony in practice can exist unless based on logical and harmonious principles, and that the attempt to patch up harmony on any basis other than that of strict justice and logical principle is analogous to the futile action of the ostrich, who, by simply hiding his head in the sand, fancies he has obtained safety. It is crying Peace! Peace! when there is no peace.

History shows us that we do not require to go into the distant past to learn how, by these very doctrines, the Church has shown such disagreeably warm interest in the civil affairs of more than one State. Every one knows the consummate skill and diplomacy displayed by the Church in influencing civil politics in popularly governed countries to its own advantage at the present day, and no country affords a better illustration of this than Canada. In fact, in your own district at the present time the determined hostility of the clergy to secret voting is naively suggestive of the inordinate interest which this admirably organized body takes in mundane concerns.

It is these temporal pretensions and this fact that the Church is an active and aggressive political, as well as a religious, organization which constitute the essential difference between Catholics and all other sections of the community, and which cause the concession of their claims in regard to the Separate Schools by this constitutional Province to be absurd and paradoxical. To the strictly spiritual doctrines and ethics of the Church of Rome I have not the slightest hostility any more than to those of any other denomination, and this is the feeling of the great body of the people here. They have, in their minds, however, the distinction I have just referred to, and are determined to settle the question as to what is the supreme power in this Province in a most effective way, and, having clearly in view the real issues, are not to be deterred by any sophistical, empty accusations of bigotry or intolerance from doing what is right. Nor are they to be deterred by the recent threat that if they dare to do what is right, the Province of Quebec will deliberately perpetrate a wrong, much as they regret the frame of mind and the state in which matters must be in that Province, to make the threat possible.

The other party, which, for purposes of distinction, we may term the Protestant Ecclesiastical Party, has very strong objections to the present Separate School system. They admit the great disability of national Common Schools. Their dislike to the present system, however, is not at all equal to their aversion to purely secular schools. The Bishop of Rupert's Land (Anglican) and Rev. Dr. King (Presbyterian), who may be considered as the leaders of this party, seem to think that there is a possibility of agreement between the Roman Catholics and all the Protestant denominations on some form of religious instruction which would embody no distinctive doctrines, and at the same time be acceptable to all, and save the schools from the stigma of secularism. Should this be found impracticable, however, they would be compelled to take one of two alternative positions. They would require, by force of a numerical majority, to compel the embodiment in the school system of a form of religious instruction suitable to themselves or to insist on the maintenance of the *status quo*. While the former course would not be

open to the objections which condemn the present system, it would, under the circumstances, savour strongly of intolerance, and would certainly be most expedient. I do not believe, however, if this party were prepared to go to that length, that they are at all strong enough to carry their point. The latter course, besides being now impossible, is not, I believe, necessary either to the moral welfare of the rising generation, or in the interest even of harmony.

The objection of this party to secular schools is founded on the belief that the withdrawal of the religious instruction at present imparted in the schools would be disastrous to the morals of the scholars and, therefore, dangerous to the State. The recent lecture of Rev. Dr. King on the subject was characterized by that divine's well known ability and moderation, but I was very much surprised that he made scarcely any effort to demonstrate the soundness of his premises. In order to illustrate the effect of secularism in education he gave an illustration showing the agnostic and material tendencies prevalent in France at present. This, however, was surely inapplicable for the purpose, as it is pretty generally known, that the shallow demagogic spirit which he illustrated was in existence in France before the advent of secular schools, and was the product, not of secularism, but of a fatal overdose of clericalism, autocracy and aristocracy. Dr. King also omitted to allow for the great difference in the temperament, genius, and tradition of the Gaelic and Anglo-Saxon peoples, a very important consideration in making analogies of this kind. The reverend doctor seemed to fear an influx of teachers of agnostic or immoral tendencies once the flood gates of secularism were swung open, although he did not give any very intelligible reason for such fear. He must, however, always bear in mind that the public intelligence, and not a small knot of malevolent atheists, will decide the matter, and he can rest assured that the bent of the public mind is in the direction of respect for religion, and that it is sufficiently intelligent to understand the absolute necessity of having teachers whose capacity and character will bear the strictest scrutiny, and may be trusted to see that none others are employed. The reverend gentleman evidently believes, and it is the inference of all the utterances from his party, that a school education in which the Bible is not used is not only incapable of developing the moral nature of the pupil, but would tend to produce a callous, cynical spirit and a moral bluntness whose effects would soon be disastrously apparent in society and in the nation. If the reverend gentleman's fears are well founded, then we want much more religious teaching in the schools than we now have, as, to the ordinary lay mind, it seems almost fatuous to picture such dire results as ensuing upon the elimination of the modicum of religious instruction at present administered. There is a species of unconscious "fee-fo-fum" in thus conjuring spirits from the vasty deep, which there are not good grounds for believing are really there.

It should be understood that the great bulk of the advocates of secular schools (myself amongst the number) are not by any means hostile to the recognition of religion in the schools, but while quite willing to admit religious teaching, they do not consider it of such essential importance that its retention should be allowed to operate as a cause of bitterness or bad feeling, nor do they believe that its omission would have a perceptibly deteriorating effect on the morals of the rising generation. The Churches would then have all the opportunity they have now to give attention to the spiritual growth of the young, and if it should be found that the change necessitates some extra effort on the part of the Churches, I don't know but the exertion would be very beneficial. But we are of the opinion, notwithstanding clerical headshakings, that with efficient tuition in the ordinary subjects of education, which is a moral training in itself, the clergy would find, possibly to their surprise, that the young were not at all slipping from their spiritual grip.

The great advantages to be derived from a single national school system from the points of view of economy, efficiency and patriotism are so apparent as to leave no room for dispute, and the establishment of such a system has been the burning question of the hour here. Of course such a question cannot be discussed, much less settled, without dissatisfaction to some. I have endeavoured as far as I could, consistently with my desire to state plainly my honest convictions, to avoid offence to those whose views are opposed to mine. I have no interest in this dispute other than that of a private citizen. I have already avowed my respect for Roman Catholicism as a religious faith while stating my undisguised objection to Roman Catholicism as a temporal power or a factor in civil politics. Being a fellow countryman of the Rev. Dr. King (Scots, you know, are clannish), an adherent, not a member, of the Presbyterian church, and a regular attendant at its ministrations, I cannot be very reasonably accused of prejudice against the views of his party, and I only refer to my personal attitude in this question because I believe it gives an illustration of what will be found to be the feeling of the great mass of this Western community.

It would be folly to expect a settlement of such a question without some friction, but it is to be hoped that the spirit of toleration, which I feel certain will mark the conduct of the people, will go a great way towards mitigating the feelings of dissatisfaction which are inevitable in some quarters. By toleration I do not mean toleration in the sense in which it has too frequently been interpreted, which is simply a toleration of injustice in

order to secure a misleading appearance of harmony. The toleration I mean is simply an absence of the rancour and vindictiveness which generally characterise such disputes. In any case the question has now become a vital issue and it is impossible to let things remain as they are. There can be said on behalf of the public of the Province what the Attorney-General, in speaking on this question recently, said on behalf of the Government, "Having put our hands to the plough, we cannot turn back." A. B. B.

Winnipeg, Nov. 18th, 1889.

#### WHY CANADIANS OPPOSE ANNEXATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—May I say a word or two on the reasons given by Mr. W. W. B. McInnes for the opposition of some Canadians to annexation with the United States?

He says, first: "If annexation took place Canada would be subject to all the dangers that threaten the Republic," and reference is made to the negro question. In reply I would ask if Canada is not now subject to all the dangers that threaten the widespread British Empire? And are not our English-speaking Provinces subject to all the dangers that threaten from the rapid increase of the French Canadians, with their alien language, laws and religion? Is there not danger that the faith that Milton held and the language Shakespeare spoke will be forgotten in a large portion of this fair Dominion?

2. "Among Canadians," Mr. McInnes says, "has grown up an idea that the laws of the United States are loosely enforced, and that influence and capital control the Bench." I would ask in reply, if it is correct to entertain such ideas as to all the States, and of the Bench in every State? Is the Canadian Bench always free from influence? What about the decision by the court below in the Charlevoix Election Case? What about the recent judgment that nuns must be examined in their cloisters and need not attend in court? Are our Parliaments and Legislatures free from influence? What about the law enabling a certain church to say whether or no a body shall be buried in consecrated ground? What about the Jesuit Bill? Is the greatest of our railway corporations without influence?

3. The marriage and divorce laws, we are told, "are so injurious that the average Canadian considers their existence a good reason for opposing annexation." Does not the average Canadian know that marriage and divorce are not controlled by the Republic but by the different States; that each State can enact such laws as it chooses on these subjects? If Ontario went into the Union she could make her divorce laws lax or strict. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have already got Divorce Courts; and in Quebec the marriage by a Protestant of a Protestant to a Roman Catholic is readily dissolved by the courts. The Republic has bad laws—so have we! In one section of our Dominion a church can change municipal boundaries, can collect tithes, can levy assessments for the building of churches! and all by the laws of the land!

4. Socialism, anarchism, and the like, threaten us in case of Annexation, says Mr. McInnes. But are these dangers confined to the American Republic? I trow not. If we would escape them we must needs go out of the world in this Nineteenth Century. Mr. McInnes might as well try to frighten us by threats of earthquakes like they have in South Carolina, or of the blizzards of Dakota and Colorado.

5. Anglophobia is unpleasant. But who have the disease in the most aggravated forms? Are they not those who have left the Emerald Isle within the last forty years? And have we not thousands and tens of thousands of such among us? And have we not besides a *Parti National* that deems everything that is English as alien?

6. Mr. McInnes says, that annexation would make too large a country; that in such a great territory the disinterestedness and even opposition between its parts would threaten the unity of the whole; that expansiveness has always been the greatest foe to large empires. I ask, what, then, are Canadians to do? Stay as we are? Our present Dominion is nearly as large as Europe; we are part of an Empire which contains nearly nine millions of square miles, while the Republic and Dominion united would only be seven and a quarter millions? Is there not disinterestedness and opposition enough now between the different parts of the Dominion—of the Empire?

As to the seventh reason, are there no spots in our constitutional sun? Are all our birds swans, all the American, geese? Might we not, with our superior wisdom and knowledge, help the Republic to amend its constitution? There have been amendments made in the past, why may not the future bring forth some good fruit?

There may be reasons, and good reasons against the Dominion entering into the bonds of matrimony with the Republic; but assuredly Mr. McInnes has not yet mentioned them. In conclusion, he tells us that "Continental Free Trade and undisturbed peace are almost certain to exist between Canada and the United States without annexation." I say, when will this millennium dawn? Is the light of the glorious day glimmering now in the East, where Canadian gun-boats warn off American fishermen; or in the West, where American gun-boats capture Canadian fishing smacks; or is it seen to the South, between the long row of custom houses which defend the boundary line from ocean to ocean.

R,

## THE "DECAYING INDUSTRIES" OF NEW ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The article of Mr. Moberly, in THE WEEK of November 15th, contains a reference to the "decaying industries," "deserted factories," "ruined foundries," "shrinkage in farm lands," and "loss in population" of the New England States.

Within half a mile of where I write are the mills of three large cotton companies which employ altogether about 6,000 hands. They all pay fat dividends, and, from their surpluses, are every year erecting new buildings and adding new machinery. The largest of them pays seven per cent. half-yearly, and a few months ago declared an extra dividend of forty per cent. to relieve its plethoric surplus.

I have before me the report of this year's dividends declared by the cotton companies at Fall River, Mass., the largest cotton manufacturing centre in the United States. There are thirty-three cotton companies located there, with a total capital stock of \$18,558,000. The dividends paid to stockholders this year amount to \$1,850,700, or 9.97 per cent. upon the stock. Last year the dividends of the same mills amounted to \$1,710,790 on \$17,358,000, and the year before to \$1,427,990. One company this year paid twenty per cent. upon its capital, another paid twelve, two paid twenty-four each, two seventeen each, one fourteen, and so on. Moreover, the report says that the dividends represented but a fraction of the earnings. New machinery was paid for, new buildings erected, debts cleared off, and large sums charged off to depreciation. Of course, this is an exceptional showing, but I do not know of any industry in New England that is not prosperous, unless possibly it may be some branches of the iron trade, though just across the river in Biddeford there is a large foundry and machine shop which is, and has for years been very prosperous.

As to the shrinkage in the value of New England farm lands, that was inevitable after the railroads had cheapened transportation from the great grain area of the west. The same influences reduced the value of the farm lands of old England, and would have a similar effect upon France and Germany, but for the protection tariffs of those countries.

The sons of New England preferred the cities, or big garden farms on the prairie, to the rock-ribbed hills of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Under these circumstances farm lands in the poorer sections of New England, and especially in the States mentioned, have depreciated in value, and some of the towns have actually lost in population, though on the whole, the advance in population in New England has been steady, and, in at least three of the States, rapid. In the less-favoured localities farms have been abandoned, and are gradually turning again into forest, from which, indeed, they never would have been reclaimed by a less hardy and thrifty race than the early New Englanders, the same stock to which Ontario owes so much of her intelligence and thrift.

But a point to be noted is, that the sons who have left the farms of New England for other occupations and localities, have not left the country. They are to be found on the Pacific slope, they swarm in the cities of the great central plain, and even the south responds to the magic of their energy and enterprise. They have not been obliged to go to Mexico or Canada to better their condition. They are fortunate in that the necessities of their surroundings did not force them to expatriate themselves. They are still Americans. Maine's loss is New York's gain, or California's, or Minnesota's, or Alabama's.

The only other thing to be noted in connection with this movement of young New Englanders is, that the places of those who leave are eagerly taken by Canadians, showing evidently that in the opinion of the latter, the conditions even here are superior to those of their birth-place. Every train brings them across the line. They come from Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The mills are filled with French-Canadians, who are everywhere distinguishable by their *patois*, of which they are as tenacious as in Canada. They number 6,000 or 7,000 in Biddeford, and some of the larger manufacturing cities have two or three times as many. The expatriated Blue Noses are only discoverable by investigation. They mingle with the native stock, and become as good Yankees as those to the manner born.

The value of these few dry facts is in the application thereof. W. E. RANEY.

Saco, Me., Nov. 22.

## TRUE TALE.

THE evolution of a smart black-coated city canvasser of strongly American tendencies from a Cockney market-gardener happened in this wise:

Robin Goodfellow—in reality, the name of the individual, and no mere literary trick—was at one period of his existence a fine typical colonial Cockney. His accent was of the purest London description, and his entire personality one that by no endeavour could long be disassociated from London stones and London streets. Of medium height, small, keen, pleasant blue eyes, sandy complexion, and a good red skin, rosier on damp days, as if true to the prevailing fog-giness of his native isle (he was a Wandsworth man, and came out, leaving six brothers and a sister behind him), you knew him for an Englishman long before you spoke with him. And when you did speak

with him you were answered deferentially yet without lapse of self-respect, and a pleasant almost inviting jocularity animated every sentence. The man with bared red arms, a blue cotton shirt, and an old pipe oftener than not in his mouth, served out greens and healing herbs, plants, bulbs and seeds, with unflinching good temper and the utmost conscientiousness. Living, as he did, in a small though superior Canadian town, he had customers who remained with him year after year, for the very sufficient reason that he uniformly treated them well and gave good stuff for the money. His house looked at the back upon a small garden, every inch of which, however, was made to tell, being under unflagging cultivation. His two children (he was a widower) assisted in the gardening, but the brunt of the work, and all the thinking, was assuredly done by Goodfellow himself. What asparagus could be compared to his, or whose pansy-beds, or whose boxes of mignonette? As for his early potatoes there was an annual scramble to get them, since the patch was small but the quality superior. A wonderful charm appeared to follow everything he touched, and Goodfellow, it might be said, was on the way to fortune.

Alas! no. Poor Robin! He had a grave fault. He did not wear the blue ribbon. There were days when his two daughters kindly waited in the little shop instead of himself, and watered the sods and weeded out the beds at the back. On these occasions Goodfellow was rarely seen by the townspeople and never by his customers, for he had a very strong sense of personal pride about him. Yet, for all the latter, this superior market-gardener could not overcome his fault. Gentle, industrious and virtuous, he had yet within him the fatal germ of a habit, which as yet had left few traces, although no friendly fiction could altogether consign it to oblivion. As "father" who could be kinder than poor Goodfellow? When you heard the two girls talk it was always of "father," and scores of people could tell you dozens of stories about the simple good-nature, the genial charm, the unflinching temper, even, of the blue-shirted vendor of herbs and vegetables. No Hodge, but rather a Tom Pinch behind a counter, there was hardly a fault to be found with him. And if he were kind and sympathizing to inferiors, crippled old men, rheumatic old women, deformed children, cast-off curs—even a lame and impotent cow which he kept in a neighbouring common—how respectable and proper his easy, charming deference to superiors?

One day Robin, softly whistling to himself among his pots and bags and tools, in an outhouse leading from the shop, looked up and saw before him a well-dressed stranger in whose hard, clean-shaven features however he recalled something belonging to his life in the Old Country. The man put out his hand and clapped Robin on the back, and, at the sound of his voice saying "How are ye?" in mixed Americo-Hibernian accents, he recognized him. It was a coster-monger of Irish descent he had once known quite intimately at Wandsworth. Robin's simple surprise was not much greater than that of the Irishman, Dennis McGinn.

"I shouldn't have known ye," repeated Goodfellow, brushing the earth from his trousers and shirt, and following his visitor back into the shop. "I shouldn't have known ye."

Dennis complacently took a stool and opened his light flash overcoat. A checked cheviot of hideous pattern adorned him, and tie, hat, boots, linen and jewellery were all new, of imposing if not æsthetic hue and style, and he presented altogether an unmistakeably prosperous and knowing air. As for Goodfellow, he surveyed him with admiration quite free from envy. But Dennis, noting the small dark shop, the bags and bundles of herbs and seeds, the general poor aspect of things, and Goodfellow's coatless, tieless self, shook his well-oiled head, and looked steadily at Robin.

"Ye're just the same," he said. "An' ye'll never be any better. Neither no better nor no wurrse. I'd have little patience wid ye if I was here to see ye, meddlin' all day with weeds and potions, like to an old witch beyant in Ireland. I moind her well—she was a McGinn too. Ye wouldn't have known me, did ye say, Robin Goodfellow? It's slow ye always were, but I don't wonder at ye." And Dennis stood up and displayed his important person, magnificently arrayed in cheap tweed and flash jewellery.

Still, the market-gardener was above envy. It was not until McGinn questioned him about his habits that his face fell and his heart sank within him.

"I see," said Dennis, mournfully shaking his head and beginning to light a monster cigar, "It's the same wid ye here as it was in the ould cuntry. Come—why don't ye fight it down, live it down, give up this pokin' along ould business and start out in something fresh and be a man?"

Goodfellow made no decisive reply, hardly an audible one. He rather changed the subject by taking up the two large port-folios which his friend Dennis McGinn had left upon the counter, and opening them was much impressed by the magnitude and beauty of the books, engravings and chromos therein contained. Dennis lost no time in displaying these to their fullest advantage, and actually succeeded in talking poor Robin into purchasing two gigantic chromos, one of Lake Geneva, the other of the Capitol at Washington. They were unframed, but highly glazed, richly coloured, and as Dennis put it "all ready for framing," and as for the cost of the latter essential, Goodfellow could of course take his own time.

Now, during this interview one of the market-gardener's girls had come into the shop for an onion or something,

and had been as much struck by the dashing exterior of McGinn as the susceptible Milesian was by the vision of an English-cheeked lass of eighteen with yet a colonial neatness and superiority of apparel that heightened her natural charms of figure and complexion. McGinn, to be brief, stayed longer than he intended, both on that occasion and subsequently, and Goodfellow fell more and more under his influence.

The shop began to be neglected, not for convivial reasons, for the Irishman was superior to all temptations of the palate, but from the long conversations that Robin held with his friend, which were always to the effect that Goodfellow should give up his business as a slow-paying, dismal, old-time concern, and go in with McGinn. To do the Irishman justice, he was anxious that Robin—a prospective father-in-law—should reform, and to this end he laboured assiduously.

Finally, the result he wished for came about, and Goodfellow, shamed out of his weakness and almost entirely cured, left his Canadian home with his daughters to seek a new fortune in the United States. His savings, quite a considerable sum, went with him, and once in the West, Dennis procured for him new clothing, a good position as a canvasser and soon married the eldest daughter.

Behold, two years afterwards, when Goodfellow is once more in his old Canadian home, the change! He is grown stout, even portly, wears his sandy hair combed straight back and allows it to curl low upon the back of his neck. His clothes are black, and new and comfortable. His boots shine, and rings glitter upon either little finger. His hat is tall and shining, and worn a trifle to one side. He walks with a prosperous, yet somewhat cunning air. He wears a complacent, self-satisfied, broad and somewhat triumphant smile. His accent has changed, so that you would never dream of his being an Englishman born. He is not so kind to his daughters as he used to be. He is a trifle rude to inferiors, especially street-car conductors (presumably inferiors), and is patronizing and cringing all at once to superiors. He is perfectly steady, temperate, a reformed man. He makes a fair living and has grown abnormally fond of money; hides it and secretes it, his girls say. "Father is not what he used to be," they sometimes say, then reproach themselves for saying it.

Has he improved?

## ART NOTES.

L. R. O'BRIEN is expected to return to Toronto shortly. He sails from England at the close of this month, and writes that he will bring a collection of water-colours, depicting the picturesque scenery of England, with which he has been much occupied.

THE Art Students' League have been showing their summer's sketches at their rooms, over the Imperial Bank, on Wellington Street. The work shown is mostly good, honest study from nature, and the league is deserving of encouragement and success.

THE exhibition of pictures opened at the new Toronto Art Gallery in connection with the Academy of Music, on Friday evening last, is the most important collection of paintings that has been exhibited in Toronto for some time. A notice of some of the principal pictures will appear next week. The gallery is open daily.

THE Ontario Society of Artists are busy preparing their plans for carrying out the scheme of erecting a building in Toronto for art purposes. They are meeting at the office of Mr. Gagen every Tuesday for this purpose, and expect shortly to proceed with the practical part of the undertaking. Their plans will shortly be made public. **TEMPLAR.**

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MRS. LANGTRY means to signalise her management of the St. James Theatre by an early Shakespearian revival, and the play is to be "As You Like it," in which she will, of course, appear as Rosalind. Mr. Arthur Bouchier has been engaged for the character of Jaques.

MR. HENRY GADSBY is writing a cantata for Queen's College, Oxford, to be performed there in May next. The libretto is founded on the story of Ulysses and the Cyclops. He has also just completed a ballad for chorus and orchestra, the words of which are selected from the eleventh poem of Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf."

IT is hard to see just where a prominent London banquet comes in—certainly, not perhaps, in "Music," or in "The Drama," but as entertainments of a special kind, which of course they are, they may not be very far removed from the usual matter of this column.

A BANQUET was given at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, on Wednesday evening, to celebrate the centenary of the existence of the well-known firm of A. & F. Pears, the occasion being made memorable by the presentation of a handsome testimonial to Mr. T. J. Barratt, the managing partner of the firm, in recognition of the great services he has rendered to printing, artistic, and kindred enterprises, by the active part he has taken in the development of advertising in all its branches. The idea of the presentation originated in the mind of a well-known London newspaper proprietor, and no sooner had the suggestion been made than it was warmly taken up, and began to assume practicable shape by the formation of an influential committee. The chairman for the occasion was Sir Algernon Borthwick, Bart., M.P., and the company was a distinguished one. Over 200 guests sat down to the ban-

quet. Mr. Barratt said there was one question in particular which they were all now particularly interested in, viz., the question of advertising. This was a matter in which they were all mutually interested. He was perfectly certain that without the press, which the gentlemen present so worthily represented, they would never have been able to render so satisfactory an account at Somerset House as they were able to do to-day. So far as the thing itself was concerned, it goes back to the time of Pliny; advertising was even then associated with soap, as was evidenced by the inscriptions still remaining on the walls of the Pompeian baths. As to the advertising in connection with their business, he might tell them that they had always been increasing in that direction, and he hoped they always would. They had now attained the expenditure of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds per annum; and he thought that might be considered a fair contribution on the part of one firm towards the support of the press of this country. Consequently Mr. Andrew Pears addressed the audience, and before the close of the proceedings, authorized the Chairman to announce that the firm had offered a contribution of a thousand guineas to the Newspaper Press Fund. The string band of the Royal Artillery, under Mr. Zavertal, played during the evening, and vocal performances were also given by several ladies and gentlemen.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**STORIES FROM CARLETON.** With an Introduction by W. B. Yeats. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co.

Very probably the majority of transatlantic readers, if told of an author named William Carleton, would immediately think of the creator of "Farm Ballads," consigning to oblivion that other Will Carleton, born in the year 1798 in the Irish parish of Clogher, county of Tyrone. However this may be, his name—that of the latter William—is associated forever with the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," the beginning of modern Irish literature. This book, remarkable for close portraiture and the history of common things, was published when he attained his thirtieth year. In 1846 was published "Valentine McClutchy," his pronouncement on the Irish land question and on the Protestant-Catholic controversy.

Carleton fell, in later years, into irregular and dissipated habits. The author of a touching temperance tale, himself a drunken, irresponsible citizen, he slowly sank till in 1869, aged seventy, he died near Dublin in much stress and poverty. This late issue of the "Camelot Series" contains five complete tales, among the best-known effusions of this partially forgotten but always brilliant pen.

**FISHIN' JIMMY.** By Annie Turnbull Slosson. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Co.

**THE KINGDOM OF COINS.** By John Bradley Gilman. Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

**THE STORY LIZZIE TOLD.** By Mrs. G. Prentiss. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Co.

Three pretty tales for the young, "The Kingdom of Coins" being a really artistic and clever little production, illustrated by F. T. Merrill, with illuminated board covers.

**GERALD FRENCH'S FRIENDS.** By George H. Jessop. New York: Longmans, Green and Co.

The half-a-dozen short stories in this volume are supposed to be from the pen of a young journalist who has had ample time to study the Irish colony on the Pacific Coast, California and elsewhere on this continent. We predict a large sale for these forcible and truthful tales, turning mostly upon the chequered fortunes of the young and inexperienced editor of the *Irish Eagle*, a paper issued in San Francisco by five Irish Nationalists. The stories suggest even more than they reveal, chiefly the fact that the career of a journalist is one of the most interesting in modern life, particularly when followed in such a picturesque and hybrid city as San Francisco.

Mr. Jessop dedicates his book to Brander Matthews, in conjunction with whom he has already written "Check and Countercheck: A Tale of Twenty-five Hours."

AMONG the later magazines and reviews the *Nineteenth Century* for November contains unusually important matter. The Duke of Marlborough, Frederic Harrison and Montague Crackanorpe contribute the three leading political papers, giving a brilliant picture of contemporaneous English parties, the Tories, the Nationalists, the Socialists. We have already alluded to Professor Alfred Church's admirable defence of "Criticism as a Trade," "Roman Catholicism in America," by J. E. C. Bodley, will be eagerly and carefully read by all students of Church history. A portion of this graphic article will be found upon another page. A paper by the late lamented General Gordon, another by Mr. Gladstone on a remote period of the English Church, and "The History of a Star," by J. Norman Lockyer, are the chief remaining attractions, while for a light and amusing sketch, "Women of To-Day," by Lady Catharine Gaskell will be found very satisfactory. The Rev. Dr. Jessop replies to Canon Perry's paper, "The Grievances of High Churchmen," which appeared in the September number, and there are two or three other important articles.

*Macmillan's* has at least one first-class literary paper, that on James Hogg, by George Saintsbury, the versatile and prolific analyst of widely-differing periods of literature. "Settling in Canada," by Professor Church is a timely word in favour of emigration. "Eton Fifty Years Ago" is a delightful paper by C. T. Buckland, and the concluding pages, "Leaves from a Note-Book," are written in a pleasant and colloquial style. Mrs. Lecky contributes an article on "The Gardens of Pompeii," and Mrs. Oliphant's "Kirsteen" is as prettily if not as powerfully Scotch as all her careful work.

An unsigned contribution in the *Fortnightly*, entitled "A Modern Correspondence," suggests two well-known delineators of society characteristics, W. H. Mallock and Vernon Lee. Mr. Swinburne's essay on Wilkie Collins must strike even the most casual of readers with the idea that it was unnecessary or at least superfluous. The butterfly and wheel must perforce recur to the mind which refuses to associate with the author of "The Woman in White" more than exceptional constructive gifts, general literary ability, and correct though limited powers of observation. Miss Shaw has something more to say about Africa, and Miss Clementina Black contributes an article on "The Organization of Working Women." The remainder of the number is fully up to the mark.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

INTERESTING correspondence from E. W. and James M. Hunter is unavoidably held over till next issue.

A NEW story by Miss Olive Schreiner will be published this winter, probably in December.

DR. HOLMES contributes the article on Emerson to the fourth volume of *Chambers' Encyclopædia*.

MISS MARY MORGAN ("Gowan Lea") appears as a regular contributor to *The Open Court*, both as poet and translator from the German.

THE lady who writes under the name of "E. Nesbit" is Mrs. Elith Bland. She is the wife of Hubert Bland, is a vigorous socialist, and lives at Lee, one of the suburbs of London.

W. CLARK RUSSELL, the marine novelist, who is now hopelessly crippled by rheumatism, lives at Brighton, England, and puts in most of his time in a wheeled chair. He was born in Philadelphia.

THE excellent paper in this number of THE WEEK, entitled "The Study of Literature," will be recognized as the inaugural lecture delivered in the Convocation Hall, Oct. 12th, 1889, by Prof. Alexander.

AMONG the papers of Mr. Matthew Arnold a large number of poems have been found, many of which are of such excellence and finish that, in the opinion of his literary executors, they ought to be given to the world.

A LIFE of Mary W. Shelley, by Mrs. William Rossetti, is in the publisher's hands, and will form the next volume of the "Eminent Women" series. The work is said to contain much new and unpublished information about the Shelleys, Lord Byron, and other celebrities.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND Co. are going to publish a new book by Mr. Baring Gould, entitled "Old Country Life," in which the author will treat of the old country customs of the last century, old houses, old roads, old country parsons and old musicians. The book will be fully illustrated.

MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER, in the forthcoming December *Century*, gives her impressions of the Paris Exhibition, and quotes President Carnot's phrase, that it was "a display of ideas rather than of things." Says Mrs. van Rensselaer, "Science and Art, not Trade, gave this Exhibition character and determined its success."

THE present Duke of Wellington has authorized the publication in *The Century Magazine* for December of a series of letters written by his great ancestor to a young married lady, Mrs. Jones of Pantglas, afterwards Lady Levinge. These letters date from August, 1851, to September 7, 1852, a week before the death of the Iron Duke, and are said to present him in a very attractive light.

OF the Greek motto on the title page of "Lorna Doone," taken from the eighth Idyl of Theocritus, the author sends, by request, the following neat translation, though he calls it a "rough but almost word for word version":

Not for me the land of Pelops, not for me a pile of gold  
Be it to possess, nor to surpass the winds in speed!  
But beneath this rock I'll sing, and thee within my arms enfold.  
While I watch my sheep together toward Sicilian waters feed.

THE origin has often been asked of the phrase, "The New Journalism," which, as Mr. Andrew Lang observes in the new number of *Longman's Magazine*, "is now much attacked and vehemently defended." The phrase was first used by Matthew Arnold in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* (May, 1887). He mentioned no names in connection with the phrase, but enumerated its distinguishing virtues as being "ability, novelty, variety, sensation, sympathy, generous instincts."

THE Victoria Cross has been conferred upon Surgeon Ferdinand Simon Le Quesne, Medical Staff, for his conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty during the attack on the village of Tartan, by a column of the Chin Field Force, on May 4th last, in having remained for the space of about ten minutes in a very exposed position (within five yards of the loopholed stockade from which the enemy was firing), dressing with perfect coolness and self-possession the wounds from which Second Lieutenant Michel,

Norfolk Regiment, shortly afterwards died. Surgeon Le Quesne was himself severely wounded later on, whilst attending to the wounds of another officer.

A NEW monthly review, which boldly enters into competition with the *Forum* and the *North American Review*, is the *Arena*, of which Mr. B. O. Flower is the editor. The first number for December starts out strongly with the following articles: "Agencies that are Working a Revolution in Theology," by Rev. Minot J. Savage; "The Religious Question," by W. H. H. Murray; "History in the Public Schools," by Rabbi Solomon Schindler; "Development of Genius by Proper Education," by Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan; "The Democracy of Labour Organization," by George E. McNeill; "Centuries of Dishonour," by Mary A. Livermore; "A Threatened Invasion of Religious Freedom," by Hudson Tuttle; and "Certain Convictions as to Poverty," by Helen Campbell.

AN ANGLO-CANADIAN EVENT.—Strange as it might appear to strangers, people in England look forward to the Christmas number of the *Montreal Star* with even greater interest than we in Canada used to look for the *Graphic* and *Illustrated News*. English eyes are only beginning to open to Canada's greatness, and not least amongst the agencies that have impressed foreigners with Canada's importance, and helped to fix our country in other people's minds, is the beautiful Christmas number of the *Montreal Star*. Thousands upon thousands of the Christmas *Star* go in the British mails, and the arrival of it there is quite an event, so much so that those who don't get a copy think themselves slighted.

#### NOTHING TO STAND ON.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE IN THE DOMINION ARE IN THAT PECULIARLY DISTRESSING CONDITION.—A FEW FACTS TO JUDGE BY.

Many men and women have used up their stock of vitality, until now they have no reserve store left with which to meet the keen blasts of the coming winter. Perhaps they feel well to-day, with the exception of a headache or a bad taste in the mouth, or a feeling of languor and exhaustion. But their health, such as it is, has nothing to stand on, and a little overwork, over-worry, or overdissipation, will bring on serious sickness.

Let them do as others have done. Mr. John L. Brodie, of Montreal, when he was all run down and unfit for business, could not sleep well and was nervous, commenced using Paine's Celery Compound. This wonderful vegetable discovery strengthened his nerves, gave him sound, refreshing sleep, invigorated both brain and body, and put him into splendid physical health, so that he is now able to transact business and endure any amount of excitement without being unduly tired.

Thousands of people, both in Canada and the United States, have saved themselves from the terrible results of utter mental break-down and complete prostration of the nervous system, which follow the strain put upon brain and nerves by the rushing life of to-day. It is an absolute and certain specific for all nervous disorders, and is guaranteed to be a positive cure for nervous prostration, sleeplessness, despondency, neuralgia, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, nervous dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, paresis, loss of appetite and epilepsy.

When there are pains in the head, coated tongue, aching muscles, disturbed sleep, gloomy fears of evil, pains in the back, loss of appetite, heartburn, sallow skin, and foul breath, use at once this valuable discovery, Paine's Celery Compound. It will tone up both body and brain, and give new health and vigour to the user.

THE bronze doors for the Cathedral of Cologne are nearly ready. They represent the four ages of man, the four seasons, and the wise and foolish virgins, with exquisitely designed ornaments, consisting of coats of arms and groups of animals and plants.

#### TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent. of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington. In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.



