

THE WEEK:

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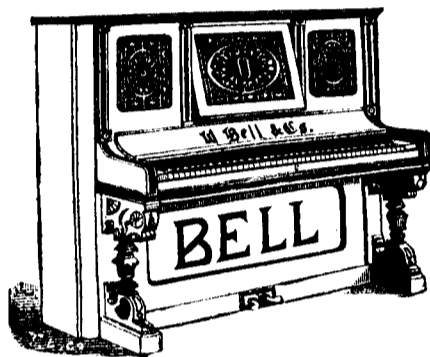
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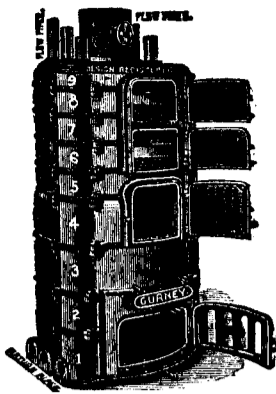
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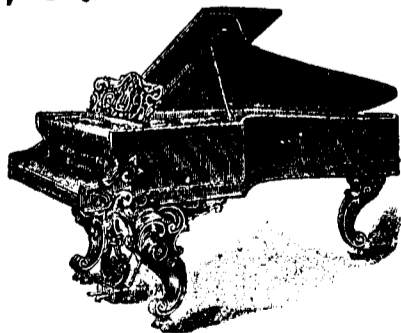
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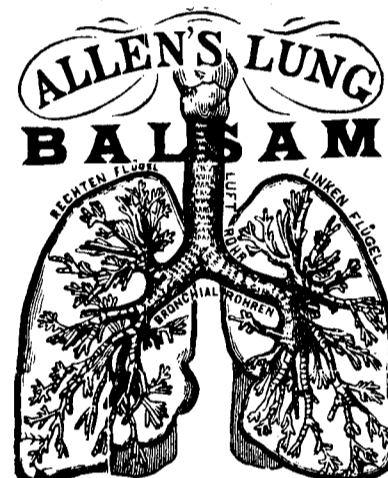
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THE Return which was called for during the late Session of the Ontario Legislature, shewing the number and location of Public Schools in Ontario in which any language other than English is used in the work of teaching, either wholly or in part, and certain other facts concerning the number of scholars in such schools, the text-books used, the competency of the teachers in the use of English, etc., has been published. As is usual and, we suppose, proper in the case of such returns, the questions are tabulated and the answers given in the most literal and concise form. The result is that when one has gone over the statistics, he finds himself with a great deal of information he did not really want, and without much that he did particularly want. With reference to the special question under consideration, viz., the condition and work of the Public Schools in those localities of the Province which are largely settled by French, it is, for instance, of little interest to learn that all the scholars in the Public Schools of Toronto are taught in English, and that all the teachers in these schools are capable of teaching in English. The fact that teachers and methods of instruction in nineteen schools are all that can be desired throws no light whatever upon the question at issue when that question happens to relate entirely to the state of things existing in the twentieth. Touching this twentieth, or, in other words, the considerable number of schools in certain counties in which the Return shows that the teaching is done "partly in French," it would be interesting, and perhaps instructive, to be told exactly how much the "partly in French" means. The curious would also like to learn just what degree of proficiency in the knowledge and use of English is implied in the statement that none of the teachers in these schools, with not more than two or three exceptions, "cannot use the English language in teaching."

WHEN, for example, Inspector Summerby reports that in sixty-five of the schools of the United Counties of Prescott and Russell French is used "in part" in the work

of teaching, and that in fifty-two out of these sixty-five schools all the scholars without exception use the French text-books, it is hard to resist the conclusion that these schools are essentially French schools, and that the amount of teaching done in English is probably insignificant, if not infinitesimal. The next column, it is true, assures us that none of all the teachers in these schools "cannot use the English language in teaching." But do they so use it, and if so to what extent, and with what degree of efficiency? There can be no doubt that these teachers are, almost without exception, French; for the number of our English Public School teachers capable of using the French language to the extent indicated by the list of text-books is certainly very small. Is it in the least degree likely that any considerable number of these French teachers have sufficient mastery of English to be able to use it with any approach to ease and correctness in the work of teaching, or that any appreciable number of the scholars could understand it if so used? Are either teachers or scholars at all likely to discard their own familiar mother tongue in favour of what is to them a foreign one unless absolutely compelled to do so? It is clear that there is still a work for the Commission to do in setting before us the exact, unsophisticated facts. When these facts are before us we shall find, it may safely be predicted in view of the knowledge already in hand, that there are in Ontario from one hundred to one hundred and twenty Public Schools, supported in part by Provincial funds, in which from one hundred and fifty to two hundred French teachers instruct from seven to eight thousand French children chiefly in and by means of the French language. Ought these things so to be? If not, what can be done, lawfully and without injustice or undue harshness, to effect a change? The clearer and fuller the information given the better will be the opportunity afforded for wisely answering these difficult questions.

THE WEEK holds no brief for the defence either of Mr. Erastus Wiman, or of the Commercial Union of which he is the foremost advocate. When, in a comment on the unreliableness of much that is given to the public by telegraph as news, we observed that we might pretty safely assume Mr. Wiman's own version of his evidence before the Senate Committee on Inter-State Commerce to be correct, "on grounds of inherent probability, if on no other," we were merely ascribing to that gentleman the attributes of common sense and common shrewdness, which even the *Empire* will scarcely deny him. Everyone knows something of the wordy facility with which the average American reporter will extract from any given raw material, and sometimes without even that, the kind of product that will best suit the palate of his readers. On the other hand no one will, we dare say, question the sincerity of Mr. Wiman's desire to win the Canadian mind over to a favourable view of Commercial Union. This being so what would be more absurd than for a man who is constantly speaking for the press, in public and in private, to suppose that he could gain anything by professing one set of opinions and aims in Canada and another set, almost precisely the opposite, in the United States, knowing well, as he must, that the reports of the latter would reach Canadian eyes just as soon as those for which they were intended? One view was, and is, that Mr. Wiman is altogether too shrewd—probably his and the *Empire's* mutual friend Sir Charles Tupper, and many others who dissent *in toto* from his great project, would add, "and too high minded"—to be guilty of such folly. Hence we infer that the strange incongruities in question must be in the reporting, though it is, we admit, hard to account for them even on that hypothesis.

THE *Globe* takes exception to a remark in our last number to the effect that substantially the same objection (inconsistency with our system of Responsible Government) which we urged to the proposal to petition the Governor-General to take the prerogative of dissolution into his own hands lies against the proposal to petition for the disallowance of the Jesuits Estates' Act, in face of the overwhelming vote in the Commons against disallowance. As the matter is of importance we may explain our meaning a little more fully. Notwithstanding anything objectionable in the form of the motion, it cannot, surely, be seriously denied that the great majority of the Commons did intend

to vote against disallowance itself, not, as the *Globe* "for argument's sake" assumes, "to please the Roman Catholic Church," but on the ground which was put forward in every speech on that side of the question, that the Act was within the powers of the Quebec Legislature; and that to disallow it would be a violation of the Provincial rights of which the *Globe* has heretofore been one of the most uncompromising champions. This being so, in what position would the people of Canada put themselves should they now petition the Government to disallow the Act? The normal and constitutional medium of communication between the people and the Government is the Commons. Of course the Government might, if so disposed, disregard the vote of the Commons; but they have no wish to do so. They are of one mind with the great bulk of the people's representatives, of both parties, in the matter. May they not be expected to say to His Excellency, should he be influenced by petition to ask for disallowance, on the ground of the popular feeling: "We have been advised of the popular wish in the ordinary and legitimate way—through the people's representatives. If the people were misrepresented that is their own business. Let them compel their unfaithful members to resign. Let them choose others. We do not pledge ourselves to follow the instruction of even these in such a matter; but if we do not we must take the consequences. They are the only constitutional representatives of the people. If we should decide otherwise; if we should take it upon ourselves to say that we do not accept the vote of the Commons as the expression of the popular will, but are going to disregard it and take our cue from public meetings and from petitions, though we have no means of knowing how many of the signatures to those petitions are those of citizens and electors, we should surely be pouring contempt upon the whole system of Responsible Government?"

THE principle that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," can hold in no case more true than in that of a college or university supported on the voluntary principle. Not only the members of the Methodist body, but all friends of higher education must deeply regret the struggle that is now going on with regard to the future of Victoria University. The two questions at issue, those of location and federation or independence, are evidently distinct. They are not necessarily even closely related to each other. Both are questions whose decision must rest exclusively with those who own and support the institution, and it would, perhaps, be counted little less than impertinent were an independent journal to attempt to discuss either on its merits. It may, however, be permitted to an onlooker to say that from the outside point of view it now looks as if the time had arrived for the cooler and wiser contestants on both sides to put their heads together with a view to finding some place of compromise. It is now pretty evident that the triumph of either party must mean great injury to the institution, at least in the immediate future. Either independence in Cobourg or federation in Toronto would bid fair, in the present state of feeling, to result in the alienation of much sympathy and support which the college cannot afford to lose. This result would be injurious to the educational interests of the whole Province, and specially so to those of the Methodist denomination. The determined hostility of the majority both of the Senate and of the alumni to the policy which was adopted by the Conference, and which the Board of Regents have been so energetically striving to carry out, are facts of very grave significance. If there is any possibility of finding some intermediate course that could be accepted by all, or by the great majority, the present would seem to be the time to seek for it.

AN Ottawa despatch to one of the morning papers states that the Mayor of that city, in pursuance of an understanding with the Mayor of Toronto, is sending a circular to the Mayors and Reeves throughout Ontario, suggesting that a convention be held to discuss the question of tax exemptions and other provisions of the assessment law. The aim of the proposed convention would be to agree, if possible, upon some definite and uniform plan before again pressing the matter upon the attention of the Ontario Government. The movement is a wise one. It

is high time that some of the glaring inequalities of our assessment system were corrected, and the whole matter put upon a fair business basis. Touching exemptions, for instance, it would not, we fancy, be difficult to show that the Catholic Church in the course of a short term of years derives more public aid in Ontario through the exemption of its property and the incomes of its clergy from taxation than it will derive in Quebec from the bestowment upon it, once for all, of the four hundred thousand dollars awarded by the Jesuit Estates Act. So many and so varied are the interests involved that the subject is hedged about with the gravest difficulties, yet it is evident that many are thinking about it, and that some, even of those who get the lion's share of the profit arising out of the present system, are becoming uneasy and dubious as to its righteousness. There are already, we believe, several clergymen in the city of Toronto who conscientiously refuse to accept the exemptions to which they are legally entitled. A free conference could scarcely do harm, and might do good.

IT is not easy to estimate the political significance of the return of Mr. Pope, the Conservative candidate for Compton, by so large a majority. It is not even clear that it has any special political significance. The custom of giving preference to the sons or brothers or other near relatives of deceased public men, in filling vacancies created by their death, seems likely to become the fixed habit of the constituencies. We are not sure that it is a desirable habit. The ideal electors under the ideal political system will, we suppose, refuse to take anything into the account but the merits of the individual candidate. That the fact of his being his father's son considerably increased Mr. Pope's majority may readily be admitted, but it is clear enough that no one but the Government supporter would have had any chance in that constituency in any case. Under ordinary conditions this would have been taken for granted, seeing that Compton is a Conservative stronghold. But under present circumstances, when the whole country is supposed to be agitated and the foundations of its political deeps broken up by two great controversies, the event is worthy of a moment's notice. Whatever else may or may not be taught by the Compton election, it has made it pretty clear that there is at least one constituency in the country in which the people are not greatly moved either by the Jesuit Estates Act agitation, or by the Commercial Union propagandism. The voters of Compton simply record their confidence in Sir John A. Macdonald, or their respect for the memory of the late Minister of Railways, or their adherence to Conservative principles generally, very much as they would have done a few years ago before either of the two great issues referred to was raised. Perhaps Compton is not a typical constituency. Possibly it lies like a lakelet embowered in woods and protected by mountains, so that the gusts and gales of the outside world do not even ruffle its surface. Whatever the explanation, the Compton election has clearly no encouragement for the would-be reformers, commercial or clerical, and no note of warning for the fortune-favoured Old Man at Ottawa.

TWO or three incidents have lately taken place in the courts which set in a clear light the necessity for a modification of the law in respect to evidence. In one case a witness who said he did not believe in future rewards and punishments, but held that all such retributions come in the present life, was declared incompetent to testify. In another the avowal of disbelief in a future life led to a similar result. There is no doubt, we suppose, that these decisions were correct, and that, under existing laws, the judges have no alternative. But surely the interests of justice demand a change. It is quite possible that in each case the judgment of the court was seriously affected by the lack of the testimony thus ruled out. A case may, at any moment, arise in which the inadmissibility of such testimony may lead to the very gravest miscarriage of justice. It will not be held by any person of ordinary intelligence and judgment that a man who believes, or thinks he does, that death ends all, or that we can know nothing of a future state, is necessarily incapable of telling the truth. Many men who profess such views are known to be upright and truthful. It is not necessary to hold that their affirmation is entitled to equal weight with the sworn testimony of a Christian believer. That is a question for judge and jury to decide, and there are usually many indications to help them to decide with tolerable correctness. Such witnesses may be made amenable to all the consequences of perjury, under another title, if con-

victed of giving false testimony, and it is questionable whether the dread of the punishment of perjury is not more powerful with many witnesses than the religious solemnity of the oath. It is high time the laws were so changed that no available testimony should be excluded, on the ground of speculative views of the witness.

WHAT is the proper relation of a member of Parliament to his constituents? Does he represent them as a simple agent bound to be guided by the opinions and wishes of the majority so far as he knows those opinions and wishes, quite irrespective of his own personal convictions? Or is his position analogous to that of the professional adviser whose clearly understood duty it is to do his best for his clients according to his own professional judgment and skill, without reference, and if need be, even in opposition to the views of those whose interests are, for the time being, in his keeping? This old and vexed question is continually recurring, in one shape or another, under representative institutions. The agitation of which the Jesuits' Estates Bill is the occasion rather than the cause seems likely to bring it forward in many Ontario constituencies. There can be no doubt, we suppose, that in many cases the act of those who voted against the disallowance of that Bill would be unhesitatingly condemned by a large majority of their political supporters. Assuming that this fact was, or could have been known to the members in question at the time of voting, were they recreant to their trust in doing as they did? A recent event in England gives us an opportunity to know the stand taken by one of the clearest thinkers in the British Commons. Mr. John Morley was recently pressed by many of his Newcastle constituents to vote for a Parliamentary Eight Hours' Bill, on pain of forfeiting their support at the next election in case of refusal. His answer was unequivocal and manly. He had considered the proposal carefully, he told them, and discussed it with men in the ranks of labour and men not in the ranks of labour, and his opposition was unchanged and not likely to change. "I will rather," he said, "give up the honour that I prize more than any honour that has ever befallen me, I will rather give up the honour of representing Newcastle, than I will give way on this point. If I hear sound arguments, I may change my views; but I do not expect to hear them, and although I will give way to arguments, no form of menace, however delicately veiled, will affect me." Would not any other answer have been derogatory to the high position of a member of Parliament, whose professional duty it is to make a study of politics and legislation? If such a representative is a mere mouthpiece of the electors, if no credit is to be given or latitude allowed for his professional knowledge, the veriest school-boy, or even an automaton could fill the position. Of course the sovereign people have the right of rejecting the man who will not pledge himself in all cases to do their behests, but in pushing that right to the extreme they would most surely render it impossible to secure the services of any competent representative who is honest and self-respecting.

THE foregoing question is involved in the very nature of the representative system. Another, perhaps even more difficult, which has just now been brought to the surface, is the outcome of the party system in politics. It relates to the duty of a member to the Party which has elected him, and to the Government supported by that Party. When the member so elected is called upon to choose between voting against a motion, which his judgment and conscience affirm to be right, and voting against the Government which he is, to some extent, pledged to support, what is his duty? This is, in effect, the question which has of late been discussed, or rather fenced with, by some of the party newspapers. Strictly speaking it is not a question which Political Economy or Political Ethics is bound to answer, unless it be first granted that the party system is a necessary adjunct of representative institutions and responsible Government, and this is far from being axiomatic. Where the party system is accepted, as it seems to be by the great majority, as either absolutely the best, or the best practicable, the question becomes one of those on which a good deal is to be said on both sides. The ingenuity, sometimes almost petty, of an Opposition is often exhausted in the effort to put the honest supporters of the Government in such a dilemma as that indicated. In many cases no possible good can be expected beyond the manufacture of a little political capital. To argue that, in such cases, the Government supporter is bound to consider only the abstract merits of the motion, regard-

less of its party aspects and effects verges on the absurd. It sanctions a principle which, carried to the extreme, would render organization for even the highest political ends fruitless or impossible. But, on the other hand, to admit that the party supporter is bound to vote with the Government in every case, irrespective of his own personal convictions, is not only to reduce him again to the position of an automaton, but to deprive the people of one of the best safeguards against corrupt administration. Probably the only rule that can be laid down is, that each case must be judged on its own merits. The member is bound to decide, to the best of his judgment, which is the less of the two evils, the defeat of the particular good resolution or measure in question, or the overthrow of the Government which he regards as the best for the country.

NOW that Great Britain and the United States have resumed their normal diplomatic relations, each having again its ambassador at the Capital of the other, Canadians may be excused if they begin to grow impatient to hear of some progress being made towards the settlement of the Behring's Sea difficulty. The present state of things is simply intolerable for any great length of time. The people of British Columbia, as those who are immediately interested, are said to be chafing more and more at the delay to vindicate their rights. Considering the high-handed manner in which their fishermen are being swept from the open seas this is not surprising. We have before said that in so serious an international affair wise statesmen, with their tremendous responsibilities, are justified in moving slowly. But this is not to say that either the Canadian or the British Government should suffer individual citizens to bear the brunt of the delay and to be literally ruined by the indefensible action of a foreign power. If those Governments are unable to secure prompt redress from the aggressor, they should surely indemnify the individual sufferers and put the costs in the bill of damages to be afterwards presented. A New York religious journal now explains that the American Government makes no pretension to exclusive rights in the Behring Sea in any other respect, but claims that under the circumstances it is justified in preventing the wasteful destruction of the seals in those waters. Many complaints have from time to time been made by the Nova Scotia fishermen of the destructive methods of the New England fishermen on the Atlantic Coast. By parity of reasoning Great Britain would be justified in sending a fleet to prohibit the use of those destructive appliances in the deep sea fishing grounds off the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. How long would the great American nation submit to that?

AN anonymous correspondent assails us, with the usual courtesy and courage of his *genus*, on a postal card, and with abusive insinuations. The head and front of our offending was, it seems, that some time and somewhere we used the qualifying word "American," when probably we meant to indicate a citizen of the United States. The document itself is, of course, unworthy of notice. A word as to the difficulty referred to. It is one about which much has been said, but for which there is, so far as we can see, no help. There is not, we dare say, a journalist in Canada, perhaps none in the United States, who does not often wish that the neighbouring republic had some distinctive name from which an adjective could be formed. For our own part we never use the term "American" in the sense indicated without a mental protest. But when the choice is between this and the use of some ponderous circumlocution, such as "citizen of the United States of America," we give up the struggle, and we feel sure our readers will thank us for so doing. It does not pay to keep it up. The game is not worth the candle. There is not the least probability that the Government or people of the United States will take any steps to remove the difficulty, and until they do so, they will, as the great nation of the continent, continue to be known abroad as the Americans, in spite of anything we can do to prevent their monopoly of a title which is as much ours as theirs. And, after all, have we not the good word "Canadian," more euphonious, more distinctive, and in many respects, save that it is not derived from the name of the continent, more desirable? When those who have been born and brought up on Canadian soil, as were their fathers before them, have their loyalty to the land of their birth and their hope impugned, because they conform to almost universal custom in the use of a word, or because they try to treat their neighbours with fairness, instead of with vulgar abuse, we have no doubt the readers of THE WEEK will know how to appreciate the charges.

TWO recent events, occurring in Germany and Austria respectively, have revealed on the part of the despotic rulers of these two empires a spirit of patience, justice and even sympathy with the labouring masses that is probably unprecedented in those quarters. In the great miners' strikes in Rhenish Westphalia, though the Emperor William declared in autocratic and threatening tones his determination to repress all disorders, he yet evinced a good deal of sympathy with the strikers in their demand for higher wages, and apparently not without effect. In the case of the strike of the street car conductors in Vienna, Emperor Francis Joseph pursued a very similar course. While rebuking the police for want of energy in putting down the mob, he did not hesitate to notify the companies that, in his opinion, the men were right in asking for shorter hours. This, too, produced the desired result, and the conductors have now to work but twelve hours instead of fourteen. It is noteworthy that in this case the City Council of Vienna took a somewhat novel course in fining the companies £5,000 for breach of contract and £1,000 for every day of idleness. If this action should be followed as a precedent it would put a new and powerful weapon into the hands of striking employees of contractors, whenever the former were able to carry with them the sympathy of the public.

PRISON LABOUR.

THE question of prison labour is one which at present attracts a good deal of attention from politicians and political economists. The good old-fashioned idea was that criminals, who had forfeited their right to go at large, and who had to be supported by the state in our jails and penitentiaries, should be kept at hard labour; and an eminently proper view of the case it was and is. But with the extension of the franchise and the organization of labour unions the workingmen's votes have become such an important factor in election contests that politicians have yielded to the popular clamour that prison labour shall not be allowed to compete with free labour, even if the result should be to keep prisoners in a state of idleness. I would be the last to advocate anything detrimental to the best interests of the working classes; at the same time it is desirable that the criminal class who will not work out of prison should be made to work in it; and, I think, I can show that the competition with free labour from within prison walls is very insignificant, and that the working classes would be losers instead of gainers were imprisonment "with hard labour" done away with.

There are two aspects from which the matter may be viewed—how it affects the prisoners and how it affects society. With reference to the first it must be borne in mind that the object of punishment is two-fold—to protect society and to reform the criminal. The latter object will fail if prisoners are to be kept in idleness. Nothing can be worse for their bodies and minds, to say nothing of the desirability of teaching them a trade by which they may earn an honest living when they are set free. A recent report of a committee on political reform in the State of New York shows the effect of idleness on the part of prisoners. Formerly their labour was farmed out on the contract system to manufacturers of shoes, hardware and other goods; but to meet the demands of the labour organizations the system was done away with. The results are described by the wardens of the prisons as horrible. Deprived of liberty and kept in idleness, brooding over their condition, mind and body have alike become affected, and restlessness, disease and insanity have ensued. The commitments to the insane asylums show a marked increase since the change. The workers of the country need protection at no such cost.

The Quaker poet Whittier, who has given some study to the aspect of the case just referred to, recently wrote the following letter on the occasion of a public meeting in New York to protest against the enforced idleness of prisoners:

DEAR MR. ROUND,—I am glad that a public meeting is to be held in your city to protest in the name of Christianity and humanity against the enforced idleness in prisons, perilous alike to body and mind, which can only result in filling your prisons with maniacs. My sympathies are with the labouring class in all their just demands, and I would favour every legitimate measure which promises to benefit them. But the suppression of labour in the prisons is too small a gain for them to be purchased by the transformation of prisons into mad-houses. I trust further reflection and knowledge of the dreadful consequences of the slow torture of brooding idleness will ere long induce them to forego what must be a trifling benefit at the best. With my best wishes for the success of your philanthropic endeavours I am truly thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Danvers, Mass., April 5, 1889.

As to the effect on society. Even if the result of keeping prisoners in idleness was not that already indicated, an idle life has such an attraction for those who constitute the criminal classes that the prospect of being sent where they would be well warmed and fed and have nothing to do would have a tendency to increase crime for the mere sake of being committed to prison; and our jails and penitentiaries should certainly not be made places which offer any attraction.

But the extent to which prison labour enters into competition with free labour is greatly exaggerated. In the State of New York, assuming all the prisoners to be employed, their proportion to the total labour list is placed

at fifty-two one-hundredths of one per cent, and it is not likely that in Canada the proportion is any greater. The efficiency of prison labour as compared with outside labour is reckoned at only sixty per cent. Taking these two facts into consideration the competition is reduced to three-tenths of one per cent, an infinitesimal amount. Is it not better to stand this competition than to be heavily taxed to maintain prisoners in idleness? A moment's reflection will show which is the cheapest and best.

As to the kind of work at which prisoners should be employed so as to enter as little as possible into competition with free labour, there seems to be great difference of opinion. It has been suggested that they should be utilized in public works, or in working mines or forests. In any of these departments their labour would compete with that of outsiders, while a large force of guards would be required to watch them if employed outside the prison walls. It has also been recommended, and the labour commission recently appointed by the Dominion Government took this view in their report, that prisoners should make the articles required by the government in the public institutions. I do not see how that would do away with competition, for if these articles were not made by prison labour they would be produced by free labour and purchased by the government as required. One suggestion may be good in its way, namely, that the profits of prison labour should go to the maintenance of the prisoner or to his family, rather than into the pockets of contractors.

If prisoners are to be made to work at all they must compete to some degree—after all very limited as I have shown—with free labour. Criminals may stand living in idleness, but no well ordered society can stand it. What kind of work they shall be employed upon so as to compete to as small a degree as possible with outside labour is the problem to be solved. Nor will it do to keep them at unproductive work such as I have heard of in some prisons—wheeling sand, for instance, from one part of the yard to another. Such an occupation may furnish mere physical exercise; but it can never interest the mind, in fact the spirit must rebel against such work. That prisoners should be employed must be conceded, in what manner is the question which demands an answer.
J. J. BELL.

THE WAIL OF THE SCEPTIC.

AN article signed F. J. Gould, and entitled "The Christian's God," which defines the position of the sceptic concisely and clearly, appears in *Secular Thought*, of May 4. If the article voices the sentiments of sceptics in general, it shows us not only what they reject in Religion, but also what they would fain accept; indeed, what they long for, but confessedly cannot find.

Mr. Gould begins thus: "If an Almighty and supremely good God were to reveal Himself to mankind to-day, all scepticism would vanish away by to-morrow. The world stands in sore need of Almighty Justice and Almighty Love. Oppressed nations, trembling slaves, the fatherless, and widow, the leper, the cripple, and the blind, the unhappy Lazarus that lies at the gate of society; all these murmur a ceaseless prayer for a God."

Again: "The Christian believes in a God; the sceptic yearns for one."

We are glad to hear this. We know, indeed, that there are some who do not want a God at all—who see no necessity for one. But we are glad to know that Mr. Gould and those he represents (who are, we suppose, the readers of *Secular Thought*) all "yearn for a God"—a God of "Almighty Justice and Almighty Love." There is something here to work upon.

To the question which is obviously suggested by these cravings of the sceptic: "Why then do you not accept the Christian's God?" Mr. Gould answers that the Christian's God does not come up to his ideal. First, because the Christian's God is only revealed "by a book." "I should not have to pore over the pages of a book to find God. He would meet me face to face in every nook and cranny of this broad world." Secondly, because the Bible ideal of God is so anthropomorphic. "The Christian's God eats, He drinks, He smells, He laughs to scorn, He mocks," etc. "The Christian's God is continually hindered and thwarted by the devil." In short, "He is lacking in dignity, nobility, generosity, love, wisdom, power."

Mr. Gould next gives a *résumé*, somewhat one-sided, of Bible History, and says that "God closed His Revelation with a book full of fearful imprecations, volcanic horrors, volumes of smoke from the accursed abyss and the lurid flames of hell. If you seek for the cause of unbelief, study this history of the Christian's God, for the cause is there. The Bible is the mother of scepticism."

Bishop Butler's reply to these old-time objections is next taken up; and to his reasoning on "The Analogy of Revealed Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature," Mr. Gould says, in effect, so much the worse for both. "Every drop of man's blood cries out indignantly that the constitution of things is not right." "If then the God of the Bible is the God of Nature, He is doubly condemned. I, as a sceptic, refuse to bow the knee to either, because both are unmerciful and unrighteous." "Of course, if you read his famous 'Analogy' you will see that his grand aim is to excuse the blots on the Bible by pointing out the bloodstains which Nature has left on the earth." And then Mr. Gould winds up his article with the curious appeal to us Christians; "In spite of Bishop Butler's frowns, I invite you to imagine a God

worthier of worship than the God he worshipped and whom he was obliged to defend."

We have given an outline of this article; now, let us see what is its import.

The sceptic "yearns for" a God—a God of "Almighty Justice and Almighty Love." "The world," he confesses, "stands in sore need" of such a God. All the victims of wrong or suffering "murmur a ceaseless prayer" for such a God. But the God that he wants is not the God of the Bible—because He "is lacking in dignity," etc. Nor does he want for his God the Creator of all things. "If the God of the Bible is the God of Nature, He is doubly condemned." That is to say, if a God did create the Universe, that God must be a malignant God—because Nature is so cruel. Yet he "yearns" for a God; and since the Author of Nature is his aversion, he invites us Christians to gratify his "yearnings" by "imagining" a God superior to the Creator of all things, "worthier of being worshipped than the God he [Bishop Butler] worshipped."

Well, we will try and accommodate Mr. Gould by "imagining" such a God. This God could never (by the hypothesis) have made the world. Yet He must be "an almighty and supremely good God"—this God of whom "the world stands in such sore need," and for whom all distressed nature "murmurs a ceaseless prayer."

Now, if this God for whom the sceptic "yearns" is in existence, how came it that He allowed some other God to create the universe, and so become the "Author of Nature"? Why, if he is almighty (and that is insisted upon), did He stand idly by, and not interpose when "cruel nature" thus began her course? This God whom the sceptic "yearns for" and "invites" us to "imagine" must be an otiose God, a God who "sleepeth, and must be awaked," to adopt Mr. Gould's own quotation. This God, whom he imagines "without passions, without vengeance, without harshness, full of dignity, love, wisdom and power," must have been enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in some "Nirvana" when the Constitution of Things came into being, whenever and by whomsoever it came to pass; and his "love, wisdom and power" must have been at that time in abeyance. If there be such a God—a God, mark you, who disclaims all connection with the Author of Nature, for the sceptic will have nothing to do with Him—pray what is the use of "yearning" for him or "murmuring ceaseless prayers" to such a negligent God?

If, on the other hand, such a God is non-existent (and he might as well be for all the good he is to us), what is the use of "inviting" us to "imagine" him? The wail of the sceptic is unavailing. The "murmurs of ceaseless prayers" of all the sad world are as ineffectual as the "fanes of useless prayer," of which Tennyson sings—unless, indeed, our author imagines that by-and-by, in the "course of nature," in spite of her "unkind and reluctant hands," such a God will somehow be "evolved."

In either case we Christians must pity the sceptic who "yearns" and "murmurs ceaseless prayer" for a God that shall come up to his standard. And we can only try to calm his agitation and silence his wail by saying: There is a God who is all that you yearn for, and infinitely more. He is a God of infinite power, infinite wisdom, infinite love. He is of such infinite power that "all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." He has revealed Himself, and that not simply "by a book," as you think; that "book," though conventionally called His Revelation, is strictly speaking only the record of His Revelation, for he revealed himself *in person*. That "Book," which you say is "the mother of scepticism," is such only to those who, like yourself, read it amiss. Such men imagine that the Book is His only Revelation, and that it was published all at once, in the English language, stereotyped, in one bound volume, on a certain date. Such men talk of God's "closing His Revelation" with "the Book of the Apocalypse," when, in fact, the Apocalypse preceded in date some of the other portions of the record of the Revelation, and was placed at the end of the Bible by the canons of the Catholic Church as an arbitrary or convenient arrangement.

Such men forget, too, that the Bible is a series of records of divers revelations extending for over 1500 years—that these revelations were at first made to a race of men reduced by 400 years of most degrading slavery to a condition little short of brutism. It would be as absurd to attempt to teach the binomial theorem to the wretched creatures just dragged out of the hold of some slave dhow by a British cruiser, as to teach the children of Israel at Mount Sinai in the very refined and delicate style which Mr. Gould thinks the correct thing. Why, to such degraded creatures there was no other way of teaching the first principles of religion than by saying that God was jealous, angry, wrath, etc., and by speaking of His Eye, His Ear, His Hand, His Arm. As to His "executing vengeance," His "burning, drowning, raising fire from heaven, causing the earth to open," etc., why Nature is doing this to-day as of old. Our author rails at Nature as well as Nature's God. But we can't get over the facts, all the same: there they are, account for them as we may, abuse them as we may. But the Christian contents himself with the thought that his God—the author of Nature—is a God of Almighty Justice and Almighty Love, and knows what He is doing better than we do, and that His purposes and aims are higher than we can comprehend. Mr. Gould says: "If this be so, the matter is not mended, unless with Pope we have that large faith which maintains 'Whatever is, is right.'" Well; better, surely, to have

that large faith than to echo his wail, "Whatever is, is wrong." Indeed the study of Pope's entire "Essay on Man" ought to act as a wholesome corrective to our author's pessimism.

The Christian's God is "The Maker of Heaven and Earth and of all things visible and invisible"—who at first revealed Himself as Infinite Power (El Shaddai)—later on (Exodus vi. 3) as Eternally Self-Existent (Jehovah)—then "at various times and in divers manners" as Infinite Wisdom—and "in these last days when He hath spoken unto us by His Son" (Heb. i. 1, 2), hath revealed Himself in all His Glory as Infinite Love.

This God—the God of Nature as well as of Grace—having thus revealed Himself and having given us the promise of eternal life, we can bear patiently, bravely, hopefully, the inevitable trials which "the unkind hand of Nature" inflicts, feeling assured that ultimately "our sorrow shall be turned into joy," and that "all things shall work together for good" to them who, like the Master, are "made perfect through suffering."

Is not this a happier, healthier, more vigorous, more practical condition of mind, even for this present secular life, than the unmanly wailing of the poor pessimist sceptic, railing at Nature and at Nature's God—and yet "murmuring ceaseless prayers," and "yearning for" a God that will especially suit his own morbid "imaginings?"

GEO. J. LOW.

THE RIVER OF PAIN.

THERE is a stream which flows beneath the skies,
Whose flood is fed by aching hearts and eyes;
Onward it rolls forever down the years,
Its torrent dark with grief, and brimmed with tears.

Few seek to trace it to its secret source;
Few arms are stretched to stay it in its course;
With life it flows, with life's expiring breath
It leaps in anguish to the sea of death.

Yet allurements upon its surface glow,
And on its bank the flowers of passion blow;
The charmed water silvers on the oar,
Its hollow laughter peals from shore to shore.

For there the world doth sail, affects to rest,
Or seeks some fleeting joy upon its breast;
Sleeps and awakes to find itself again
But further borne adown this stream of pain.

Beset with fears, perturbed by human ill,
It dreads the fateful stream, yet haunts it still;
Still shuts the eye, in search of vain desires,
Like men who build o'er subterranean fires.

Nor doth discern the yet diviner pain
Whereby earth's wrongs may righted be again;
The current—counter to the world's device—
Of stern repression and self-sacrifice;

Or catches sight of that immortal clue—
Yea, clearly sees, when sense to soul is true,
Yet coldly turns aside, nor seeks to gain
A chastened issue from the maze of pain.

But idly sighs, sufficient for the day
The ills thereof—inseparable from life's way;
Or, other men may come when we are gone,
And solve the problem; let the stream roll on
Prince Albert, N. W. T. C. MAIR.

MONTREAL LETTER.

ARCHBISHOP FABRE has issued a circular for the guidance of the clergy, in which matters of no small practical moment are touched on. With much common sense the abuses of bazaars, concerts, and excursions for religious purposes are depicted, and such institutions are prohibited, except where the Bishop, being satisfied of their safety, shall give permission. None are to be held on Sundays or Holy Days, and no intoxicating liquors are to be sold. Priests are urged to make their wills when still in health and reason. Public meetings at church doors, however necessary or useful in the past, are forbidden in the future. In bazaars, the fanciful election which has too often resulted in serious estrangement and discord among the families concerned, is forbidden, and no layman or cleric, collecting money, is to be received unless endorsed by the Archbishop. It is forbidden to advertise that masses shall be said for those who contribute to a certain church scheme, or bazaar. The dangers of pilgrimages, especially of a promiscuous nature in trains and steamboats, are dwelt upon, and priests are forbidden to hear confession from women in such circumstances. Parents are commanded to educate their children but are warned against Protestant schools. Even when costing more, children must be sent to separate schools, and men and women, though without children, must contribute to them. Catholics are prohibited from aiding in the erection and maintenance of Protestant schools, unless compelled by law. The great and growing evils of intemperance are eloquently shewn forth by His Grace, and three methods are suggested to the clergy for more vigorous and effectual warfare: 1. Temperance societies in parishes; 2. Organized effort to reduce the number of licenses; 3.

The refusal of absolution to members of Municipal Councils who knowingly grant licenses to the unworthy, to those who abuse their license, and to those who sell without any. In refusing ecclesiastical burial the Church is guided rather by its duty to the living than by a desire to punish the dead. Public sinners and the excommunicated may, upon signs of genuine repentance, be granted ecclesiastical burial, but without pomp or solemnity. The faithful are cautioned against the theatre, the circus, the private theatrical, the snow-shoe tramp, slides, clubs, dime museums, and pleasure excursions which are special snares to the young. Amateur theatricals in concerts are absolutely forbidden, and secular schools which indulge in them, are not to be attended. Doctors should not postpone the sad duty of informing the sick that they cannot recover, or give remedies which deaden the faculties, so that the last acts of piety may be rendered impossible. Catholic writers are commanded to submit to their bishops in all things, especially in matters concerning Church and State, and the craze for scandal in newspapers is most forcibly denounced.

One of the most extraordinary buildings ever erected in Montreal has just been completed, and formally opened. It is built on Place d'Armes Square by the New York Life Insurance Company, and has been in the course of erection for three years. Its architecture is of the modern school, upright and skyward, with an unbroken front of hard lines, not only out to proportion in itself, but a distinct interruption of any harmony which may be said to exist in the square, with Notre Dame Cathedral, the Bank of Montreal, and the Post Office. Its tremendous bulk is its chief characteristic, and until it is softened by surrounding bulk, it must remain, possibly a good financial investment, but an eye-sore to the city notwithstanding. Nevertheless, it is possessed of all recent improvements in sanitation, ventilation, and slow combustion. Its floors are inlaid, its ceilings frescoed, and its walls of polished marble. It is lighted by electricity, heated by steam, and furnished throughout in natural woods. Telephone and telegraph in every room, and postal arrangements and facilities are among the inducements to tenants, and the rent includes lighting, heating, fire-protection, assessments, caretaking, and the thousand and one minor items which drive ordinary tenants distracted. A flight of marble stairways and an elevator run you up with well-nigh a dozen stories. A tower is mounted by a spiral staircase, from which, no doubt one can see—the future of Canada, Annexation or Independence, and when the elevator is continued to the top of the flagstaff, we shall be able to perceive the fashions on Broadway. The extraordinary structure has been officially inspected and opened. The public were invited to a formal reception by the Company Officers, and in the evening all sat down to a feast and speeches in the Windsor.

The Bible Society has moved its Depository up town, a very important step for such a staid and unprogressive organization. Hitherto it has enjoyed possession of a part of the ground floor of the Young Men's Christian Association Building on Victoria Square, the most public thoroughfare in the city. The young men have purchased a lot on Dominion Square, directly opposite the Windsor Hotel, and are about to commence a magnificent pile for their evangelistic and educational work, and the Society was compelled to look around. Doubtless it has its own reasons for its unpolished windows, for the dust and spider-webs in which its sacred wares were allowed to languish for all these years. But the Holy Scriptures have but one sale-room in Montreal, and if that sale-room is less attractive in tempting tidiness than the commonest auction room, it is evident that the extension of Bible knowledge must depend upon something else than the efforts of the Society. For the object of the Society is not to make us revere, study, or practise the Scriptures; but simply to make us buy them. And if our material needs, with all their pressing urgency, have to be trained and captivated by brightness and beauty and competition, what can we say of the taste for "the bread of life," which is left to worse than chance? In the new quarters of the Society, on St. Catherine Street, we hope for better things; but do not expect too much. The Depository is a private residence. It is isolated. It is exactly between two stones, being safely east of the Beaver Hall route, and quite out of danger of coming in for the Blury Street thoroughfare. The door is always religiously closed; for does not the agent live up stairs? and except one has in the deepest recesses of one's heart a reverential love for "the words that were spoken as never man spoke them," there is no great likelihood that the Depository of the Bible Society would remind him of its existence. Why is not the window bright with beauty? the door temptingly open? the Sacred Book in piles out on the door-step? swinging in packages on the trees, for that part of it, like other things that intend to find purchasers?

Many features of life in Montreal deserve more intelligent study than they receive. One of these, perhaps the very finest of all, is the manner in which the people are in the habit of "leaving town," as they call it, for the summer. One would fancy they had serious intentions of leaving it for ever. Express waggons block the way from sunrise of a May or June morning, and professional teamsters rival each other in the mathematical skill with which they succeed in stowing away, in one four-wheeled vehicle, the entire furniture for a cottage in the country, expected to accommodate from ten to twenty individuals. After sending, per the professional teamster, the beds, sofas, tables, chairs, tubs, barrels, boxes, bundles, pictures, ham-

mocks, perambulators, and bicycles for the family, paterfamilias, who comes into town every day, takes out with him a daily supply of food, laundry-work, toys, and candies, which the baggage-master has been in the habit of winking at for a trifle at the end of the season. It is said that an occasional paterfamilias, no doubt at the suggestion of his economical missus, has been known to entrust to the baggage-master a row-boat, a canoe, the timber for a bath-house, and a few odd window and door-sashes. It has been a great convenience, no doubt, and paterfamilias, with an eye to business, has put up with a little crowding in the passenger cars—indeed, has been known to be one of an odd hundred who stand all the way into town to let sleeping dogs lie. But somebody has kicked the dog, or has stepped upon his gouty toe, or has in some way roused him. Some say it was the C.P.R. dog who set him on. At all events paterfamilias has been notified by the G.T.R. that he can no longer have a special train for his own peculiar convenience; and that his packages are hereafter to be sent through the Express Company, who will kindly charge for everything and be responsible for nothing. Some are wicked enough to say that the C.P.R., planned it all to unsettle the G.T.R. in its priority of monopoly in the suburban service, intending at the right moment to step in with its own remedy. Meantime, the G.T.R., having got through the bait to the hook, has sent a soothing syrup to paterfamilias, who, the G.T.R. hopes will not be so base as to imagine that the railway expected to gain anything by the move. But paterfamilias, though long enduring, enjoys a fling at a railway when he gets the chance, and one bottle has not wrought a perfect cure. Meantime an applauding crowd is looking on, and the ire of paterfamilias is mollified by his unexpected notoriety, which is doubtless, like the serial story, intended "to be continued."

VILLE MARIE.

A POLITICAL RETROSPECT—II.

THE Hon. Robert Baldwin, who was the moving spirit in the political entanglement between Sir Charles Metcalfe and his cabinet, was less able in debate than some of his compeers. As a party leader he had been successful up to a certain point; and the best proof of his moderation lies in the fact of his preferring exclusion from his party rather than consent to certain levelling changes in the Upper Canada Court of Chancery. Scant justice has been done to the memory of Mr. Baldwin. It is well known that he retired in disgust on account of the ingratitude of the party, a section of them having pitted against him an opponent unworthy the position he aspired to, that of a Legislative Councillor. He felt the insult keenly, and it undoubtedly aggravated the brief illness which hurried him to the grave. To Mr. Baldwin his native province is indebted for the boon of Responsible Government, and the present admirable municipal system.

Mr. Draper, known by the political soubriquet of "Sweet William," having succeeded to the leadership of the House, gathered his faithful followers around him, but unhappily he proved unequal to the task. Able and experienced as he was at the Bar, he knew comparatively little about leading a party, much less conducting the affairs of Government, and soon found himself entangled. The forensic abilities of Mr. Draper were unquestioned; he had greatly distinguished himself at the Bar, and was every way qualified to wear the ermine, which he finally assumed. As a politician he was unsuccessful, and with all his ingenuity failed to make his mark in politics. When Lord Metcalfe resigned, and had been succeeded by Lord Cathcart as administrator of the Government, Mr. Draper introduced and carried a Bill appointing commissioners to investigate the claims of parties in Upper Canada who had suffered loss by the Rebellion. The Ministry was soon doomed, and Mr. Draper having resigned his position in the Cabinet, took a Judgeship, thus proving his want of political independence.

Mr. Sherwood was a member of the Draper Ministry, and afterwards signaled himself by carrying a resolution to bring perambulating parliaments into vogue, a system which lasted longer than was expected, the removal of the seat of Government every four years to and from Toronto and Quebec being so absurd. It was got rid of, however, without much trouble. Lord Metcalfe could not have failed to perceive that his success against Messrs. Baldwin, Lafontaine and their friends had not produced an enduring effect upon the country. The fallen leaders saw with complacency that their successors in office were gradually yielding to the force of circumstances. Before throwing up office, Mr. Draper introduced another Bill to provide, this time, for the payment of losses caused by the Rebellion in Lower Canada, the same to be made chargeable against the Marriage License Fund, just as in Upper Canada the payments there had been charged against the tavern and other license funds. Little could Mr. Draper and his friends have thought when, in order to conciliate the French Canadians they proposed the appropriation of £10,000 to meet the losses in question, that such a storm would arise as did three years afterwards when their successors in office carried out a nearly similar measure to that which the Conservative Government introduced but could not pass.

This parliament was noted as presenting some of the best debating talent the country has ever known. Sir Allan MacNab was Speaker, and on the floor of the House were such men as Messrs. Lafontaine, Daly, Viger, Malcolm Cameron—afterwards known as "the Coon"—Hume Blake, Draper, Ogle R. Gowan, Hincks, Morris,

Ross, J. H. Cameron, Col. Prince, and others scarcely less distinguished. Col. Prince was constantly stirring up the bitter element. At one time he would sneer, and bitterly accuse certain members of secretly participating in the Rebellion. Mr. W. Lyon Mackenzie once said, pointing to the doughty Colonel: "He is the man who, when letting some prisoners free, ordered the troops to fire on them as they were fleeing for their lives. He," continued the little man—for he was small compared to the so-called "English gentleman"—"ordered them to be shot in cold blood." "And," exclaimed the Colonel "they were shot accordingly. I am only sorry that you were not of the number." Assailing Mr. Lafontaine one evening, he began: "There was one Hypolite Lafontaine." Hesitating for a moment, he began again with "Mr. Speaker, I see the honourable member has gone to sleep, and as I make it a point never to attack a man behind his back I will wait for him;" and then proceeded to others to whom he paid his compliments. But Mr. Lafontaine did not escape, for he soon awoke, and was dressed down accordingly. Col. Prince once described Mr. J. Hillyard Cameron as "the member with the flute-like voice," and all who remember Mr. Cameron will admit the aptness of the illustration. Col. Prince prided himself upon the title of a "British Whig," and generally spoke of this country as "this Canada of ours." After sitting in the Assembly many years for Essex, he entered the Legislative Council, and subsequently was appointed Judge of Algoma. He cared little for Canadian politics, yet was invariably found voting on the Conservative side.

Mr. Dominic Daly was familiarly known as "The Lily of the Valley," or "Perpetual Secretary," from the fact that no matter what party was in power he was found in the same position as a member of the administration for a long series of years. He only relinquished his hold when appointed Governor of New South Wales. Mr. Gowan was the most prominent Orangeman in Canada. By no means a pleasing speaker, he, nevertheless, held high rank as a Parliamentary debater, and was a sharp thorn in the side of any ministry he opposed. Mr. Hume Blake was the best orator. As a pleader at the Bar he had no superior, and finally became Chancellor of the Court of Chancery which he had assisted to change in spite of the remonstrances of Mr. Baldwin. Mr. John Hillyard Cameron was another brilliant luminary, and on being appointed Solicitor-General was given a seat in the Cabinet, a position never before accorded to the second law officer of the Crown.

Lord Elgin was sent out as Governor-General in January, 1847, and found a tottering ministry in power. Gradually growing weaker, it, however, held out through another session, after sustaining defeat on some unimportant measures, and at last decided to dissolve Parliament. Mr. Draper, having retired to the Bench, left a small band of determined Conservatives to fight as best they could a new Ministry formed under the joint leadership of Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine who were again back in their accustomed places. As an indication of the feeling in Lower Canada, Dr. Nelson and Louis Papineau, who, along with Dr. Rolph and others, had returned from exile, were elected to the new Parliament. It was against the most formidable Ministerial body the county had ever known that a mere handful of Conservatives—some twenty-five all told—with Sir Allan MacNab at their head, had to contend. The session, which opened a month after the election, would have been a stormy one; but fortunately it only lasted a few weeks.

The next Parliament, and the last held in Montreal, opened in January, 1849. The Speech from the Throne made reference to general matters only, and the omission of a measure to revive the Rebellion Losses Bill led to the belief that the subject would not come up. That notion was dispelled, however, when Mr. Lafontaine introduced resolutions affirming the payment of the losses in accordance with the proposition previously made. The Opposition contended that persons implicated in the insurrection would receive payment for losses caused by themselves. The Government declared there was no intention of paying those who had actually taken up arms on the side of the insurgents; while the Conservatives pointed to the list which they said contained the name of Dr. Nelson who, though not caught with arms in his hands, participated in the rebellion against the Crown. Great excitement arose in all quarters, causing meetings to be held to protest against the Bill. The old spirit of antagonism was aroused, but this time the Reformers of both sections were in unison. Matters grew worse, but the Opposition indulged the hope that the measure they so strongly resisted would, on account of its peculiar character, be reserved for her Majesty to deal with; and that belief was strengthened by the implied assurance that the Bill was not of the number which it was announced the Governor-General would shortly sanction. When His Excellency appeared upon the scene on the memorable 26th of April 1849, to give his assent to Bills passed, the one for the payment of the Rebellion Losses was one of those he sanctioned. No sooner had the assent been given than the tidings spread through the streets like wild-fire, and soon a howling mob was seen in pursuit of the retreating Governor-General whose carriage was rapidly driven to the Vice-Regal residence, which he reached after being subjected to the most disgraceful insults that could have been offered. Meanwhile excited persons were addressing a large crowd on the Champ de Mars, and the cry being raised "to the Parliament Houses," a rush was made; and the mob on reaching the spot began pelting stones through the windows, and at length entered the building, the members having made a speedy exit on the approach of the mob. Opinions differ as to the manner in

which the destruction of the Parliament Buildings was brought about. It was said that a torch did the work, but that is considered doubtful; notwithstanding the buildings were burned. Col. Chisholm, now no more, was Sergeant-at-Arms, and held his ground until it was no longer tenable. His account of the affair I had from his own lips. He said that the mob on entering threw him aside and at once began to demolish everything within reach. The desks, chairs, books and papers were thrown about in a promiscuous mass; and then followed the smashing of chandeliers and very soon the loose papers and other combustible material around caught fire from the broken lamps. He waited until the flames burst out when a rush back was made, and the mob left the structure to destruction. Be it as it may, there can be no excuse or palliation for such an atrocious act; nor can the destruction of the Parliament Houses be considered accidental, inasmuch as those who caused it went thither bent upon destroying them in some form or other. The deed left a dark stain upon the chief city of Canada—a stain that can never be wiped out.

OCTOGENARIAN.

JUNE.

Oh golden June; in close embrace
The sunshine holds thee, and thy face
Is kissed by gentlest winds that press
With lingering lips thy loveliness.

The sweet wild rose and violet,
Red clover bloom and mignonette,
Make for thy brows a fragrant crown;
Of brightest emerald is thy gown.

The silver streamlets are thy gems—
Rarer than princes' diadems.
And everywhere thy footsteps pass
The gleaming dew drops dot the grass.

Oh happy month! Love, Joy, and Song,
And fairest flowers to thee belong;
And glad birds sing their sweetest tune
To greet thy coming, lovely June!

Ottawa.

M. L. M.

WHITNEY'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

IN all recent discussions of educational values it is taken for granted that mere instruction holds a very low place in any system of elementary education. The individual fact withers in importance before the type and method of the whole scheme of learning. Instruction, simply considered, and methodical training are coming to be more and more clearly discriminated. Tact-lore and thought-lore, material and pattern, matter and method, metal and mould, example and principle, information and education—these are clearly seen to have very different values and to be widely separated in their influence on mental development. The leading students of psychology and pedagogy constantly assign to method the highest place, and the lowest to merely useful information. A few are almost prepared to go the length of saying that it matters very little what we teach in the elementary schools, provided the subjects are sufficiently difficult to try the learner's powers. The all-important matter is to teach some definite, organized whole in such a way that the relation of all the parts is firmly seized by the understanding and permanently lodged in the memory. If thinking is the perception of relations, then the thinking faculty can be trained only while it is engaged in tracing out logical relations and connections, and the things themselves between which these relations exist are not of supreme importance in the first stages of education. If the subject in hand is carefully and scientifically developed from the beginning the fact-content of the subject is only a secondary consideration. A well-trained mind can, in a very short time, master all the useful details of any trade, art, profession, or occupation. The educated man easily makes the special application of general principles to any ordinary occupation, such as farming, teaching, book-keeping, mining, or physic. To use a homely metaphor, instruction is the cook that prepares various kinds of victuals out of which method masticates, digests, and elaborates mental blood suitable to nourish and strengthen every part of the system. The food of fact must be supplied in proper quantity and, if possible, of good quality, but, after all, thorough digestion is the affair of supreme importance in elementary education.

This doctrine is the key-note of the so-called New Education. In the first stages the main question is not so much *what* as *how* we learn, and the sum of the whole matter is expressed by the dictum: *The teacher is the school.*

It is in the light of this principle that we are slowly, but surely, rewriting our school-books for children and youths, so as to give a high place to the *method of discovery*, the great inductive method of modern times. Chemistry, physics, and arithmetic are largely taught on this plan, and even such "information subjects" as geography and history are presented by the same method.

In his "Essentials of English Grammar," Professor Whitney, of Yale College, has given an admirable illustration of the inductive method of teaching successfully applied to the study of our own language. From his complete knowledge of the subject naturally spring great

clearness and simplicity. But the value of his work as model teaching is enhanced by the instinct that leads him to use constantly two of the most valuable artifices of the teaching art, viz., 1. The choice of the very simplest language, and, 2. The omission of every detail not positively required for a lucid presentation of the subject. In these respects he is the peer of Freeman, Tyndal, and Darwin.

To know what to omit is one of the greatest qualifications of a great teacher, as witness the teachings of Socrates and Christ. Carlyle believes that an author should be paid not in proportion to what he writes, but in proportion to what he suppresses and omits; and Professor Whitney wisely says, on page 250, that "to expect young scholars to explain the real difficulties of English construction, is, in a high degree unreasonable; nor should such matters be brought before them at all until they have gained a thorough and familiar knowledge of the usual and regular constructions." And he is always consistent with this principle; in each individual chapter also he is true to the inductive plan of teaching general truths by a comparison of numerous particular examples.

But in the sequence of his chapters there is room for suspecting some dislocation in regard to the whole subject of the book.

After a short introduction on the nature of language and grammar, we study the simple sentence and the parts of speech in a chapter that illustrates very well the author's style and his great power as a teacher. The next ten chapters discuss the morphology of words, inflection, and derivation.

The position of these chapters within the book seems open to question. The influence of the Latin Grammar on even a thorough linguist who resists conventional tendencies in the special chapter seems to have come into play in deciding the order of the whole treatise. The salient topics of each chapter are treated on the individual plan; but the whole subject is unfolded in close imitation of the old Eton Latin Grammar. When we consider the science of grammar, as a whole, composed of closely connected parts, we seem to notice an immense dislocation in the framework of the book.

The opening chapters fully recognize the principles that (1) The sentence is the basis in the study of English Grammar, and (2) Induction is the proper instrument for developing the science. But on page 23 the author temporarily renounces his allegiance to the former of these principles and goes off into a long digression of more than one hundred pages on the inflections of the language. This seems to be as great an error in method as that committed by the old-fashioned arithmetics in placing Reduction, etc., before Fractions. The author's familiar acquaintance with highly inflected languages has apparently led him into an arrangement of topics wholly unsuited to a language where inflection plays a very subordinate part. Had he been writing an historical grammar of English the case would have been different, and this arrangement might have been appropriate. But in a first book of English Grammar, to make the third and nine following chapters treat of inflection is to desert the principles that (3) The grammatical value of each part of an English sentence is almost entirely independent of its morphology, that (4) The order of the words and their logical position in the sentence are of first class importance, and that (5) The fragmentary inflections still remaining in the language are, in fact, determined by the logical position of the word, and not *vice versa*, as in Latin or any other highly inflected tongue.

Fidelity to these principles would require our grammar to develop as a sequel to the simple parts of speech the important and far-reaching doctrine of *Substitution*. A "part of speech" is a part of a sentence, not necessarily a single word; phrases and clauses are also parts of speech, so that we often substitute a single word for a phrase or a clause, or even for a whole sentence, and conversely, a phrase or a subordinate clause for a simple part of speech; and the range of this substitution is extremely wide. Professor Whitney has partially unfolded this portion of the science in the latter part of his valuable book. But the various substitutes for the noun, adjective, verb, adverb, preposition, conjunction, and interjection are the appropriate subject-matter for the chapters immediately succeeding those on the parts of speech themselves. To introduce the comparatively unimportant details of inflection at this stage is to commit a violent dislocation to the neglect of weightier matters.

An adequate chapter on phrases is as yet almost unwritten in our text-books. Are not these important constituents of the sentence worthy of some separate attention and distinct study? Professor Whitney does not even define the phrase till he reaches page 118, and finds it impossible to present the conjugation of our uninflected verb without taking the phrase into account. Had he consistently developed the principles with which he started so well, this awkward quandary would not have arisen; the arrangements of verb-phrases in systematic order would have followed naturally as particular details connected with the general discussion of phrases previously given.

In passing we may note a point in the nomenclature of phrases which is worthy of attention from the standpoint of scientific method. The technical terms of a science are an important adjunct to the science itself by supplying a perfectly definite expression for a perfectly definite conception. Thus in grammar the words *adjectival phrase*, *verb phrase*, and *adverbial phrase* have a precise and well-settled meaning. They denote phrases having the respective values in the sentence of an adjective, a verb, and an

adverb. We should therefore expect by analogy that a *prepositional phrase* performs the function of a preposition and apply the name to such phrases as *instead of*, *with regard to*, *with respect to*, *in the capacity of*, etc. But when we are told on page 177 that "the preposition and the word which it governs form together what is called a prepositional phrase," we feel the ground slipping from under our feet, for many adjectival and adverbial phrases are exactly of this form. Take for example the sentence, "He remained at his own house," what, we might ask, are we to call the phrase, "at his own house?" Is it a prepositional or an adverbial phrase; or shall we talk of adverbial-prepositional and adjectival-prepositional phrases? On page 178 the author himself speaks of a "prepositional adverb-phrase," where he means a preposition and its regimen used with the force and value of an adverb. What would Professor Whitney think of a geographer who should talk about a peninsular island, or of a geometer who should gravely discuss the properties of a circular parallelogram? If the nomenclature of mineralogy, or chemistry, or botany, were used in this loose way, what would become of these sciences? It cannot be doubted that the science of grammar has been retarded by the use of a shifting and inconsistent system of nomenclature; and it must be a matter of regret that such an able, clear, and precise writer, as Professor Whitney generally is, should have lent his high authority to a vicious use of technical terms, even in a single instance. This is, however, of minor consequence compared with a radical error in the method of development.

The chapter on *clauses* is well written, but it is sadly displaced from its logical position in a first book of English Grammar, for it is postponed to page 188, and appears as chapter xiv. It is, like every part of the book, admirably clear and concise. There is one statement, however, on page 199, that must prove rather confusing to a young student. He has read on page 195 the definition, "An adverb-phrase is one that performs the office of an adverb." This is brief, accurate, and clear-cut. But now he meets an account of "a substantive clause used adverbially with a preposition." This expression must surely be used in some "Pickwickian sense," if the previous definition is to be of any avail. It must strike the learner much the same as though he should find it reiterated in his chemistry that the atomic weight of oxygen is 16 under all known circumstances, and then shortly after read of an oxygen compound in which the atomic value of oxygen is the same as that of carbon, so that it is oxygen used carbonically.

There are spots on the sun; and apparent contradictions may easily be worked up from any book by violently tearing isolated statements from the context. The purpose here is quite different. Grammar has made only slow progress compared with other sciences much younger, and the lack of precision in the use of its technical terms has been one great hindrance. To exhibit the imperfections of the best book produced is one step towards the production of a still more perfect treatise, for free discussion and fearless criticism are the only reliable means of sifting out the truth in such cases. In the present instance there is the additional practical consideration that this work has been made the basis of our authorized textbooks for Public and High Schools, and therefore its method and procedure are all the more important to us personally.

C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GROWTH OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES
CONTRASTED.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In your issue of the tenth of this month you do me the honour of referring to my letter, which appeared in your issue of the third, upon the comparative growth in population of the United States and of Canada. In defence of my position, namely, that Canada has grown more rapidly than have the United States, will you kindly allow me the privilege of a reply?

The following figures will, I think, be found to be correct: From 1776 to 1880 the United States increased in population 20 fold; Canada, 45 fold. From 1810 to 1880 the United States, 7 fold; Canada, 18 fold. From 1841 (the date of the union of the provinces) to 1880, the United States, 3 fold; Canada, 5 fold. From 1861 the United States 60 per cent.; Canada, 72 per cent.

It may be contended, of course, that this is not a fair method of comparison. But I contend that it is; and that "the percentage fallacy," as it has been termed, is the ordinary and the only true method of comparison. How, for example, is the growth of Toronto compared with that of American cities—cities many times as large—except upon the percentage principle? There are, undoubtedly, cases where the difference in conditions renders such a comparison impossible. For instance, a comparison could scarcely be made between the growth of London and that of a country hamlet, the former having a population 5,000 times as large as that of the latter. The difference in population between the United States and Canada is, to my mind, not so great as to render a comparison upon the basis of percentages unfair. If it be considered unfair, however, many other comparisons may be instituted. For example: a comparison between the New England States as a whole and the Maritime Provinces as a whole; between the Maritime Provinces individually and the adjoining States individually; between Quebec and the adjoining States; between Ontario and New York; between Ontario

and Ohio; between the United States as a whole during the time when their population was about the same as that of Canada at present, and Canada during the last few years; between the Canadian North-West and the American North-West.

To illustrate my meaning. From 1795 (the earliest available date) to 1880 (the date of the last American census) Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and, New Brunswick increased in combined population about 18 fold; the New England States about 4 fold. From 1820 the former 5, the latter 2½ fold. From 1840 the former about 103 per cent.; the latter 79 per cent. From 1860 the former 31 per cent.; the latter 27 per cent. From 1870 the respective growths were about the same, with possibly a fraction in favour of the Maritime Provinces. From 1880 to the present the difference is, I believe, largely in favour of Canada.

Again, to make a really fair comparison, that is, between the Maritime Provinces individually and the adjoining States individually, and to go back no further than 1840. From 1840 to 1860 New Brunswick increased 58 per cent., Maine, 25 per cent.; from 1860 to 1870, New Brunswick increased 14 per cent., Maine decreased; from 1870 to 1880 New Brunswick increased 12 per cent., Maine 3 per cent. From 1871 to 1881 Prince Edward Island increased almost 16 per cent., and Nova Scotia 13 per cent.; while from 1870 to 1880 Maine increased 3 per cent., New Hampshire 4 per cent., and Vermont ½ of 1 per cent.

Again, the increase in the Province of Quebec during the last fifty years has been 2.65 fold, and of New York, 2.65 fold; of Quebec from 1871 to 1881, 14 per cent., and of New York from 1870 to 1880, 15 per cent. So that even with New York, Quebec makes a very good showing. It is needless to say she far outstrips the adjoining New England States. From 1841 to 1861 Quebec increased 73 per cent., and from 1871 to 1884 14 per cent.; while, as before stated, from 1840 to 1860, Maine increased 25 per cent.; and from 1870 to 1880 Maine increased 3 per cent., New Hampshire 4 per cent., and Vermont ½ of 2 per cent.

Again, during the 50 years from 1831 to 1881, Ontario increased 9.14 fold; New York from 1830 to 1880, 2.65 fold. From 1861 to 1871, Ontario 16 per cent.; New York, from 1860 to 1870, 12 per cent. From 1871 to 1881, Ontario, 19 per cent.; New York, from 1870 to 1880, 16 per cent.

Again, during the 50 years from 1831 to 1881 Ontario increased 9.14 fold; Ohio, from 1830 to 1880, 3.40 fold. From 1862 to 1871, Ontario increased 16 per cent.; from 1860 to 1870, Ohio, 14 per cent. From 1870 to 1880, Ohio increased 19 per cent.; Ontario, from 1871 to 1881, 18 per cent. Since 1881 Ontario has without doubt outstripped Ohio in the rate of growth.

Again, from 1871 to 1881 Manitoba increased 247 per cent.; from 1870 to 1880, Minnesota 78 per cent. If the whole Canadian North-West be compared with the whole American North-west, a similar result will, I feel confident, be shown.

Again, from 1780 to 1800 the United States as a whole increased 72 per cent. From 1861 to 1881, Canada, with a population about the same as that of the United States in the period just mentioned, increased by the same percentage 72. Since 1881 Canada's growth has been more rapid.

"But," you say, "the United States, which had in 1860 a population, all told, of about 35,000,000, has now a population of from 55,000,000 to 60,000,000, an increase of at least 20,000,000 in 30 years. Canada, which has now a total population of less than 5,000,000, has probably added a little more than a million to its population within the same period."

As a matter of fact, Canada has added to its population during this time, not 1,000,000, but 2,500,000. But apart from this, is there anything remarkable in the fact that the 35,000,000 should, in 30 years, have grown by 20,000,000? Not at all, as far as I can see: the natural increase alone would almost have accomplished this result. Of course there has been a vast immigration into the United States, and there has been undoubtedly an emigration—or as it has been called—an exodus from Canada.

Upon this question of emigration from Canada, and of immigration to Canada and the States, I would, however, say:—

(1) Canada gets her proportion of European emigration, that is, she gets at least one-tenth of the number of emigrants who go to the United States, and until the free-grant lands of the States are all taken up we can hardly expect more. For the great force which draws emigrants towards any particular country, other things being equal, is the presence in that country of relatives and friends. Why do so many Germans go to the United States? Chiefly, in fact, almost solely, because there are already in the States 6,000,000 Germans.

(2) It is only within the last seven years that Canada has had good prairie land to offer to immigrants. Before that time no one ever thought of going to the North-West. It is only within the last two years that we have heard of the Mackenzie Basin as a valuable heritage. It is only within the last year that we, in Ontario, have discovered that the "desolate wastes," these "geographical barriers" whereof we have heard so much, which form the northern parts of our Province, possess, in soil and climate, everything requisite for the support of a large population. When you say, then, that our climate and resources are not inferior to those of the States—the correctness of which statement I by no means acknowledge, for I do not believe that Canada can ever support a population at all as large

as that capable of being supported by the United States—you should, I think, add, "as has been discovered within very recent years."

(3) "The climate of Canada, however beautiful, will always act as a deterrent to immigration. Colonists from Europe, especially from the southern parts, will always prefer, other things being equal, to make their home in a country where the thermometer does not fall to 30 or 40 degrees below zero.

(4) I believe the "exodus" from Canada to the States has been greatly exaggerated. By American statistics there were, in 1880, living in the States, 710,575 Canadians. We sometimes see the statement that there are one million French-Canadians alone in the Republic.

(5) Populous countries and wealthy cities always have a strong, attractive force. Why do so many persons go to Toronto and Montreal? What attracts Scotchmen to England, and the Swiss to France?

(6) The great reason why so many young men, not of the former class, have left Canada for the States is found in this fact, a fact which is very often ignored, namely, the training here is, in general, far better than it is there. Does the doctor or lawyer who has just finished his Canadian course go to the States because he will there have less competition? Not at all; he will have more. He goes because he thinks that, by reason of his better training and the reputation which Canadians have in the States for steadiness and honesty, he will be preferred to Americans. Why does the young man who is about to enter upon a profession take his course in the States and not in Canada? Because he knows that he can "get through" there far more easily than here. The same thing holds true with many other classes, mechanics among the number. I have not heard, however, that the suggestion has ever been made to lower our standard in order to stop this exodus.

(7) Canada, unfortunately, has always suffered from the presence of men who have persistently attacked and decried her. Some of these persons have been native Canadians; others, discontented critics from the Old country. These gentlemen have told us that no railway could ever be built across the Dominion; that, if built, parts of it would never be used, and that the cultivation of an oriental trade *via* Canada was an absurdity; that summer frosts would kill the crops in the North-West; that Canada is nothing more than a collection of rods joined together at the ends; and that her ultimate destiny is absorption into the American Republic. Language of this kind would never be allowed in the States; and these gentlemen are "wise in their generation" in choosing for their home a land where they can indulge their cynicism without personal inconvenience.

Is it a marvel, I would ask in conclusion, that with all these adverse circumstances, Canada has not gained on the United States more rapidly than she has?

Peterborough, May 20th, 1889.

J. H. LONG.

MRS. CURZON'S "LAURA SECORD."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I quite regretted in reading the friendly phrases on Mrs. Curzon's volume, "Laura Secord and Other Poems," last week, that there should seem any reason to consider that book differently than as a literary work on its simple merits as such. May I not wedge in a word of appreciation of a sound and true book when the public seem to bite so readily at ones whose chief merit is the enterprise connected with their advertising and sale? I will do no more than call attention to a few passages, on this principle, that the proper way with almost any book is to let it speak for itself:

ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

I stood on Queenston Heights;
And as I gazed from tomb to cenotaph,
From cenotaph to tomb, adown and up,
My heart grew full, much moved with many thoughts.
At length I cried:
"O robed with honour and with glory crowned,
Tell me again the story of yon pile."
And straight the ancient shuddering cedars wept,
The solemn junipers indued their pale,
The moaning wind crept through the trembling oaks,
And, shrieking, fled. Strange clamour filled the air;
The steepy hill shook with the rush of arms;
Around me rolled the tide of sudden war.

This is the beginning of a fine poem on one of our greatest national glories—the battle where Brock fell victorious. I do not see why such poetry cannot stand upon its own merits. Mrs. Curzon is the Loyalist Poetess. The whole book is full of lofty Loyalist sentiment, and its notes are both very interesting and valuable. Some weak poems there are towards the end, but how does this—which again is on the Loyalists—go?

O ye who with your blood and sweat
Watered the furrows of this land,
See where upon a nation's brow
In honour's front, ye proudly stand!
Who for her pride abased your own,
And gladly on her altar laid
All bounty of the older world,
All memories that your glory made.
And to her service bowed your strength,
Took labour for your shield and crest;
See where upon a nation's brow
Her diadem, ye proudly rest!

In the drama of "Laura Secord" too, the passage:

"Already hath this war
Shown many a young and delicate woman
A very hero for her hero's sake;
Nay, more, for others. She, our neighbour there,

At Queenston, who, when our troops stood still,
Weary and breathless, took up her young babe,
Her husband under arms among the rest,
And cooked and carried for them on the field;
Was she not one in whom the heroic blood
Ran thick and strong as e'er in times gone by?
*O Canada, thy soil is broadest sown
With noble deeds; a plague on him, I say,
Who follows with worse seed!*

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

ANACREON.

ODE TO CUPID.

CUPID, playing 'mong the roses,
Wakes a bee that there reposes;
Poor hapless imp! his finger's stung,
(For angry bees won't spare the young!)
Running to his fair mother's side,
Flutt'ring his wings, he, sobbing, cried,
"Oh! Mother, mother, hither fly,
I am undone, I die, I die!
Stung by a nasty little thing,
A serpent vile, with horrid wing.
The rustics call the wretch a bee:
A beast it is, I know, for me."
Then Venus softly says, "My child,
If the bee's sting thus drives you wild,
Think, pray, what pangs, what anguish fierce
Must rend the hearts your arrows pierce."

E. A. MEREDITH.

THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR PAUL.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

VIII.—(Continued.)

"Shortly after the death of the brothers—for Jacques had also died before I left the village—I returned to England. Upon my arrival there I learned for the first time of the death of my aunt, and at the same time I was informed that she had left to me whatever little property she possessed. I only remained long enough to complete the necessary arrangements, and then returning to the Continent, I spent the next two years in travel and research.

"I was consumed by the one desire to learn the secret which the other half of the manuscript contained and thus be able to bring back to life one already dead.

"Upon having the part which was in my possession translated I found that what it contained was much the same as the good Suger had told me. It described the operation necessary to the distillation of the Elixir, but continued to say that the process of constructing the golden globe in which it must be burned was even a more profound mystery still, and here it ended.

"I thought at one time of making a search for the descendants of the Jew. The good Suger had told me how he had afterwards been obliged to leave Paris, and had gone to America. He even told me the name of the new place in which he had settled, but to find the descendants of an obscure Jew, even supposing that he had any, seemed a task so much more than hopeless that, after considering it for a short time, I gave it up as futile.

"I continued my labours without relaxation. I pored over the faded manuscript of alchemists who had been dead for centuries. I searched through old monasteries and ancient libraries in the hope of obtaining light, but in vain. I then retired into solitude, and began a series of experiments which lasted for over two years. My friend, all proved fruitless; I was still as far from grasping the great secret as in the first days of my search.

"I then at last came to decide that my only hope of success lay in discovering the manuscript, and to do this I must first discover the family of the Jew. I came to America and to this city, for it was here I had been told he first settled. I made diligent enquiries among the Jews, and, strange as it may seem, in a comparatively short time I was successful. You will no doubt, my friend, be astonished at this, but you must remember that the Jews are a peculiarly conservative people. They have their own rites and customs, and in the practice of them become a body separate from their surroundings.

"Berseus had been dead some years, but the little shop which had been his was at the time of which I am speaking occupied by another Jew named Levy, and still remained in much the same state as that in which Berseus had left it. In that shop, my friend, you are now sitting.

"The Jew, Levy, from whom I obtained possession, said that Berseus had been reputed to be a very wise man, but he had never seen any manuscripts about the place since it had been in his occupation, and if there ever had been any, he thought Berseus must have destroyed them before his death. The only things which might be the work of Berseus that he had seen upon the premises were some instruments which he had one day accidentally found in the attic, and as he was unable to discover any use to which they could be put, he said they had remained there without being interfered with ever since.

"After a continuous and thorough search for the manuscript which proved unsuccessful, I ascended one afternoon to the attic, that I might see the instruments of which the Jew had spoken."

The old man as he reached this point in his narrative again became very excited, and arising from his chair paced up and down the room as he continued:

"Ah, my friend! my friend! How shall I describe my feelings? How shall I depict to you the emotions that

swept over me, as I stood in the twilight of that little room, and after all those weary years of labour and despair, beheld at last before my eyes the golden globe that was to bring back all my happiness. I stood for a moment dazed and motionless. I scarcely dared to breathe. Then I turned, and exerting all my strength I cautiously dragged a heavy box across the floor, and placed it against the door. I was afraid some one might enter and claim it from me. I slipped off my shoes, and walked noiselessly around it several times. I dared not touch it, for I knew from the little I had been able to discover that the mechanism must be of a very delicate nature, and easily displaced.

"I remember well, my friend, that I was forced to pass the entire night there, for when it became at length too dark to see, and I returned to the door, I found after repeated trials that I was wholly unable to move the box away, although under the tension of my extreme excitement I had dragged it a considerable distance to place it there. I was thus obliged to remain till morning, as I did not dare to remove any of the contents of the box in the darkness, not knowing with what it might be filled. I studied the mechanism of the globe and reflectors almost continually, until at last I knew that I was master of their secret. I will never forget the night, when after placing Winnie's picture in position before the globe. I slowly poured in the precious elixir and stood with the match ready to light the flame that should call back her soul to earth. For a moment I was almost overcome by a great feeling of awe. The solemn question arose before my mind, 'Is it right to bring one back from the peace of heaven to walk again amid the trouble and anguish of this world?' I hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment, for with the next thought my great love had conquered. I touched the match to the elixir and the flame shot up through the darkness like the bursting of a star.

"To-night is the thirteenth night since then, and if the flame but burns until to-morrow's dawn—she lives."

As he said this he drew himself up until the stoop, which his misfortunes had brought with them, entirely disappeared from his shoulders. He stood up firm and erect as a young man of twenty, and his dark eyes flashed back the fire with a brilliancy that I would not have believed they could possess.

After some moments' silence he turned to me, and said:

"I must leave you now my friend, to return to my vigil upstairs. I have already remained away too long. If you will take my large chair it will be more comfortable for you, and perhaps you will then more easily fall asleep."

I protested that I would remain awake so as to be ready whenever he should need assistance, but he only answered:

"It is not necessary, my friend, that we should both watch, and besides it is well that you should sleep, for you will then be better prepared to take your part in the events which will follow the dawn. Yes, my friend, I shall feel better satisfied if I know that you are sleeping. I have from the first always feared that when the last great moment should come, and she began to slowly pulsate with returning life, my emotions would overcome me, and I would be unable to complete the operation. Indeed, my friend, this was my reason from the beginning for attempting to interest you in my history. I hoped that you would consent to be with me at that moment, and I was not mistaken in your goodness. Sleep therefore, my friend, for it will renew your strength, and I will return, and arouse you when the time is come." Having said this he took up the lamp and went out.

I had taken Professor Paul's chair while he was speaking, and I now sat in the wavering light of the fire reflecting upon what he had said. Sleep! It was a very simple matter to say sleep, but after the strange things to which I had been listening that evening, I found it a very difficult thing to accomplish. No, there could be no two ways about it, sleep was out of the question. What then should I do to pass away the time? How long would it be? I slowly revolved it in my mind. Let me see. I came at twelve o'clock. Then there was the Professor's story; how long had he been talking? I should think about half an hour. Oh no, half an hour, it must have been more like two hours and a-half. Well, supposing it were two hours, it would now be two o'clock. Then it occurred to me that it was rather absurd for me to sit there trying to calculate it, when I could at once tell by merely going into the outside shop, and looking at the clock. Should I go! No, what would be the use? I was sure I hadn't heard the clock strike yet, and if it really was about two o'clock, it certainly would in a few minutes, so I would wait.

The long deep shadows thrown out by the flickering firelight chased each other rapidly round the room. Now they ran like madmen in a wild race over the floor, then, scaling the walls, leaped out upon the ceiling, and laughed back again at the flames. I was watching them as they glided along, each in his turn being swallowed up by the dark recesses of some corner, when I was startled by a slight sound. I turned involuntarily in my chair, and waited. It seemed to have come from the tall case in which Professor Paul kept the skeleton. I listened intently, but it did not occur again, so perhaps I had been mistaken.

I then fell to wondering whose bones those were that filled that unsightly box. Perhaps some murderer's whose body had been handed over for dissection. I had seen a skeleton some place before. I was sure I had, I had a vague recollection of having been afraid of it. It must have been long ago then; when could it have been? Yes, I remembered now. It stood in a glass case at the side of my desk when I was a boy at school. Again I saw it standing there, with its hollow eye holes peering ominously

into my face. Now its jaws opened slowly, and its yellow teeth grinned at me. What a hideous grin. Its bones rattled. It raised its thin fingers, and tapped with an awful regularity upon the glass slowly muttering to itself in a sepulchral tone, "Dust and Ashes, dust and ashes, dust and ashes." Ugh! I started with a little shudder. These were no thoughts for a time like this. I would think of something pleasant, of my art, of home, of anything. Of home; yes, this would be a better subject for my musings. I would remember the pretty little city where I had spent my early life.

Again I stood upon the brow of the mountain that shelters it to the South, and far away Northward saw the tiny crafts gliding over the blue waters. How slowly they crept along, appearing in the distance like the little fleecy patches of white cloud in which the young angels sleep. And still further and to the East, what was it that I saw? Ah, yes, I remember now and as I still lingered to gaze upon the scene, again stealing through the sunlight like a gleam of gold, I could discern the slender thread of sand that separates the turbulent Ontario waters from the almost sabbatical stillness of the little bay. It was indeed a pretty sight, and I now turned to the westward to look for the little town that lies there hidden among the hills. Yes, there it was, sleeping as usual in the mellow sunlight, while its smoke curled lazily upward and was lost in the blue above.

Around it were the broad fields bathed in the rich yellow light of the afternoon sun, and winding sinuously downward from its doors I could trace the little canal which had been cut through the shallow waters of the inlet to give access to the bay.

Many a time I had roamed through those wide fields, and many a time I had glided over the quite waters of that little inlet. Again I felt the yellow dust of the lilies blown softly against my cheek, and heard the sighing of the slender rushes as they bent low beneath the boat. Again I became friends with the wild roses, the tall waving grasses, and the limpid little stream that slips noiselessly through them almost hidden from sight. Ah yes, it was a very gentle stream, and so cool beneath the shadow of the overhanging trees. Yes, the trees shaded it well. It was always cool. I remember—what was it I was thinking of? Of—of some stream. Yes, I think it was a stream. Well I remember—but I remembered no more, and I think it must have been at this juncture that my musings slowly dissolved themselves into dreams, and without knowing it I quietly fell asleep.

IX.

When I awoke it was with a start. I must have been asleep sometime, for I found myself shivering. The room was very cold and dark, the fire having burned itself out during my sleep until nothing remained except a few smouldering embers. I had been dreaming again of that ghastly skeleton, with the awful monotone of "Dust and ashes." It had again stood in the tall case, and grinned at me with its hollow jaws and yellow teeth. It had gazed hideously into my face, as it nodded its skull with the same awful regularity against the glass, and muttered, "Dust and ashes, dust and ashes."

It was this dull rapping sound that had awakened me. What could have caused it? There must have been some external noise to produce the one in my dream. I sat still, and listened intently. Yes, there it was again; I had not been deceived. What could it be? I revolved the question rapidly in my mind. It was growing more distinct each moment. Suddenly I remembered. Why of course it was Professor Paul coming for me.

As I reached this conclusion, I certainly felt an unmistakable feeling of relief, but it was short lived, for with the next thought I remembered that the dawn must be fast approaching.

At this moment Professor Paul opened the door, and entered. He was carrying a lighted candle in one hand, and with the other shielded the little flame from the draft of air which the closing door created. The light was thus thrown full upon his face, and I could see at a glance that it was very pale.

He said nothing, but after placing the candle down upon the table, proceeded at once to the little cupboard that stood at the other side of the room, and when he returned he was carrying a loaf of bread, some butter, and a bottle of wine. He laid these carefully upon the table, and then drawing up a chair sat down, and began to cut up the bread in thin slices, and butter it.

When he had finished he arose, and again going to the cupboard he returned this time with a small basket, a wine glass, and some table napkins. He placed the basket also upon the table, and then covered the bottom with one of the napkins, at the same time allowing the ends to come well up over the sides. After doing this he carefully laid the bottle and glass in the bottom of the basket, and having placed the bread in around them, he folded in the ends of the napkin, and laid a second over the top.

All this had been done without a word being spoken, but as he completed it he turned to me and said:

"You see, my friend, immediately after she becomes animate it will be necessary to give her some nourishment."

I made no reply, and after looking at his watch, he continued:

"Come, my friend, we must hurry; it will be dawn in thirty-six minutes."

His voice was very weak, and trembled as he spoke. He took both the candle and basket himself, and after I had opened the door started upstairs telling me to follow.

He hesitated three or four times in the ascent, apparently to regain his breath, but it was not long before we arrived at the third story, and I found myself standing before a closed door.

Professor Paul now whispered to me to take off my shoes, he at the same time removing his own, and then taking up the basket, he carefully extinguished the light. After this he drew the door open far enough to allow us to enter, and we passed in together.

I found myself still enveloped in total darkness, but I at once became aware of a low humming, or rather buzzing, sound, not unlike that made by the works of a clock when the pendulum is broken. It seemed to disturb Professor Paul in some way, for muttering something to himself, he hurriedly left my side, and in a moment afterwards the noise ceased.

When he returned I could tell from his manner that an occurrence beyond the ordinary had taken place. He seemed to have been wholly unnerved, and as he leaned against the closed door, I could hear that he was breathing heavily. As soon as he recovered sufficient command of himself, he said in a hoarse whisper:

"How long did I remain down stairs?" and then added, "Be very careful how you answer for much depends upon it?"

I thought for a moment, and replied:

"I should say not longer than six or seven minutes at the outside, and that would include the time you spent coming down and going up again as well."

My answer appeared to greatly relieve him.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "if that be indeed accurate, all may yet be well. I had thought that it might be eleven or twelve minutes, but your estimate is far more likely to be correct than mine, for to me each moment that I was away seemed almost an eternity. You will scarcely wonder at my anxiety in asking you the question, when I tell you that the slight noise you heard was caused by the too rapid revolution of the little wheel which regulates the intensity of the light. I was beside the globe immediately before going down stairs, but as I left it I remember my exhaustion was so great that it rendered my step very heavy and uncertain, in fact I almost staggered as I reached the door, and it may be that the unusual vibration in some way loosened the moderator. At all events, when I entered just now, it was unchecked and running at a pressure of seventy instead of its normal rate of forty-eight and a half, and you will easily understand the disastrous consequences which would have followed had it been in this state as long as I thought, when I tell you there was barely sufficient liquid in the globe to keep up the flame till dawn, even at its normal rate. However, I have no doubt your estimate is correct, and if so all will yet be well, for I can counteract the effect of the extra pressure waste without weakening too greatly its intensity, by allowing it to run from this out at four or five below."

I now began to have very grave doubts myself, for while he was speaking, I had rapidly gone over the whole matter again in my mind. I recollected his going twice to the cupboard, how slow he had been in cutting up the bread, in buttering it and filling the basket, and then how laboriously he had climbed the stairs, hesitating so many times. I said nothing, however, and the next moment he drew aside the heavy curtain that surrounded the doorway, and we entered.

As I stepped inside, I at once became aware that I was in the presence of an intense light of some kind, but was for the moment unable to observe anything further, as Professor Paul at once took me by the arm, and led me to the far end of the room. Upon our arrival there, he informed me in a whisper that this was to be my position and cautioned me not to leave it for a moment on any pretext whatever. He placed in my hand the end of a cord which appeared to be hanging from the ceiling, and instructed me to pull it the instant I should hear him cry out, "The dawn is come." He then informed me that this cord was attached to the covering of a large skylight, and pulling it would liberate the curtain and allow the daylight to enter the room. He then further told me that he would leave the basket with me, and after the curtain had fallen I was to be prepared to bring him the bread and wine at any moment if he should call for them. As soon as he appeared to feel satisfied that I was ready to do all he required of me, he slipped noiselessly from my side, and moved quickly away through the darkness towards the place where the light was shining.

My eyes had now become somewhat accustomed to the obscurity with which I was surrounded, and I was able to dimly discern in the middle of the room what appeared from the shape of its dark outline to be a huge globe. What it was mounted on I could not tell, but from its face, which was turned directly away from me, appeared to be issuing a continuous and intense stream of pure white light.

I saw that it fell upon the wall at the further end of the room in a large circle, and in the centre of the circle stood the figure of a young girl. The light was so powerful that even from the distance at which I stood, I could easily discern every feature perfectly, and I remember even admiring the delicate tracery of the lace work about her throat. It needed no second glance at the pure blue eyes, wavy brown hair and close fitting little red gown, to know that this was indeed the picture which Professor Paul had so long ago promised I should one day see.

I was just beginning to examine it more minutely, when I was interrupted by again hearing the same buzzing sound that had succeeded our entrance. I turned my attention quickly to the place where the globe was stand-

ing, and was just in time to see the dark form of Professor Paul glide noiselessly up and remain apparently motionless beside it. At the same instant the buzzing ceased, and the room was again filled with intense silence.

I had not before been aware how great this stillness was, but the sudden cessation of the noise appeared to impress it more fully upon me. It seemed almost like a heavy weight cast upon me to press me downward. With it came a strange sensation of awe.

I gazed earnestly through the darkness into that wonderful light. Was Professor Paul right, and would she really live? Would her spirit be drawn back to earth again under the luminous power of that strange flame? Would the God, who had once called her soul away from this world, now release it again at the command of a mortal? If it were indeed true, I felt that I was destined in the next few moments to witness amid the gloomy stillness of that lonely place, an event which would remain forever sublime in the history of the world.

At this moment the silence was broken by a sudden exclamation from Professor Paul. An almost imperceptible shudder ran quickly over me as I turned my gaze still more intently upon the picture, and saw the lips slowly move. Now a thrill of life ran through the whole body until it stood trembling from head to foot. The fingers twitched nervously.

An appalling sensation came upon me, and I stood motionless, holding my breath. Could it be that the light was becoming unsteady and flickering as it exhausted the last drops of the precious elixir, or was she really beginning to feel the slow pulsations of returning animation. The suspense was becoming almost unbearable. I distinctly heard Professor Paul whisper twice amid the intense stillness, "She lives, she lives!"

The movement in the body now almost amounted to distortion. The intensity of the light was plainly diminishing each moment, and I could see at a glance that what we had both mistaken for signs of returning life was indeed only the strange effect of the expiring quiver of the flame within the globe.

Almost the same instant that the reality of this flashed upon me, Professor Paul also seemed to become aware of it. There was a sound like a suppressed groan, and standing with the cord tightly clutched in my fist I shuddered from head to foot as I heard him cry in a voice of agony, "Oh, my God, just one little minute more of light!"

The sound of his voice had scarcely died away when there was an instantaneous and almost blinding flash, followed by complete darkness.

I heard a low sob come slowly out of the silence, and then there was a dull crash, as of some heavy body falling to the floor, and again all was still. I stood dazed and horrified. I did not move. I did not dare to move. Then my heart, which had seemed to cease beating, began faintly to act again, and with its throbbing impulse returned. I clutched the cord more tightly, and pulled with all my strength. In an instant the curtain had dropped, and the dull gray light of the dawn began slowly to fill the room.

As I turned round I could dimly discern a dark object stretched out upon the floor at the foot of the picture, and I slowly groped my way over towards it. I felt conscious that it was Professor Paul, even before I stooped down to look. He had fallen forward upon his face at the pictured feet of her he had loved, and as he lay there so still and motionless I could not help feeling that the blue eyes above never ceased to look down mournfully at him.

I at once turned him over on his back, and tore away the clothing from his throat and breast. His heart had apparently ceased to beat. My head became cold, and a chill perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I rubbed him vigorously, but without effect. Then suddenly I remembered the bottle of wine. It had become much lighter by this time, and I crossed the room in an instant. I returned no less rapidly, and at once poured a small quantity down his throat. I then steadily continued the rubbing, only desisting when I thought it necessary to give him some more of the wine. A length I believed I could detect a slight movement of the heart. I bent down my ear and listened intently. Yes, I was not mistaken; it was indeed beating, though almost imperceptibly. I gave him some more of the wine, and in a few moments his eyes slowly unclosed, and he looked into my face. I quickly took off my coat, and folded it into a pillow, raised his head gently, and placed it under.

He lay perfectly quiet for some moments, and then I saw that his lips were moving. I bent down my ear, and he whispered almost inaudibly:

"I have not long to live, my friend, place me where I can see her face."

I drew him gently back from where he had fallen at the foot of the canvas, and after turning him partly round, I gave my coat another fold, and then raised his head upon it so that his eyes could fall upon the picture. As he gazed upon it the agony of dying fled from his countenance, and it became luminous. A light from the unseen began to take possession of his eyes, and he smiled. I was still listening and heard him whisper to himself: "She was an angel, and is now with God." After this he was silent.

When he again spoke his voice was inarticulate and weak, and seemed as though coming to my ears from afar. He had already advanced some distance into death.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "my life has been a failure, even from the first. I thought that I could mould it as I would and God refused to let me. And now that I am come to die, I have no memory of any day that I have spent alone in doing good. This breath is given man that

he may learn while here to imitate the Christ, and this I have not done."

He lay without speaking for a few moments; his face was very pale, and I thought he was dead. Presently, however, a smile again came slowly over his countenance, and made it majestic. Gazing still upon the picture, he continued in a whisper:

"And yet, my friend, her prayers have saved me from myself, and we will stand together bathed in light, and I will walk with her beside the quiet waters that flow eternally before God's face, even as she told me long ago, just she and I together, for He has promised her that it shall be."

He lay silent and motionless, and I felt that I was now in an unknown Presence. The quiet light of the dawn fell upon his face, but the light from within had fled. He was very pale, and a great gloomy tear gathered slowly in his eye. I felt his pulse. It was still. The tear was the passing of his soul. His lips slowly moved, and as I listened they said, "It is over," and were still again. He allowed me to stroke back the long white hair that had fallen over his forehead; he was dead!

Ah, what was it those eyes saw, that they thus gazed so fixedly upward through the dim light of the dawn? Who is there that shall say? And yet I think that out beyond the slowly waning stars, beyond the silent deep of the vast inane, beyond the formless waters that lie along the shadow of the world, far out beyond all these, those eyes had already become bright with a strange brilliancy as they looked into two tearful little eyes, those hands, so cold and rigid here, had already become very tender as they touched two soft little hands, and I think, ah yes, I think he heard a tremulous little voice say: "Paul, I always loved you most," and he was satisfied.

[THE END.]

LINDSEY'S "ROME IN CANADA."*

MR. CHARLES LINDSEY, who is well-known as our veteran journalist and one of the best informed men on Canadian political history, has done good service to the cause of civil and religious liberty in bringing out a new and enlarged edition of his exhaustive work on "The Ultramontane Struggle for Supremacy over the Civil Power in Canada." The political and religious crisis which has come in our national affairs, in consequence of the encroachments of the Romish Church on the Civil Power and the menace to political liberty involved in Ultramontane assumptions, makes the re-issue of Mr. Lindsey's repertory of facts both timely and important. Despite all that has been said and written of late in Canada respecting Jesuit aggression, there are those who remain indifferent to the peril of the time, or who hesitate to range themselves on the side of an outraged Protestantism in defence of personal liberty and the staunch up holding of civil authority. Some are influenced in this course by the laudable fear of stirring up religious bigotry, which, as we know, usually needs no stimulus to goad to activity. Others again—perhaps the larger number—are indifferent, because they have not given thought to the subject, or are unaware of the gravity of the issue that confronts the community in a weak tolerance of the aggressive policy of Rome. To both of these classes, whatever may have hitherto kept them in a quiescent attitude, we earnestly commend the perusal of Mr. Lindsey's book. No Canadian who has the weal of the country at heart, and is mindful of the duty incumbent upon him to protect from assault the most cherished liberties under which we live, will remain ignorant of the startling facts which the work brings to light. He will learn from it how the Jesuits take their stand, not only above the authority of the Church, under cover of which they pursue their nefarious and anti-national designs, but above the authority of the State, and in mockery of those liberties which are the common right of all, but which, to serve their sinister purpose they do not scruple to trample under foot.

Mr. Lindsey's book opens with an introduction reviewing the gains which the Jesuits have made since the publication, eleven years ago, of the first edition of the work. These gains are increased ecclesiastical and civil ascendancy, incorporation and endowment, and the right to acquire and hold property, real and personal, in any part of the Quebec Province. As the author points out, these several successes of the Jesuit Order in Canada have been actively resisted by Cardinal Taschereau and by seven out of the ten bishops of the Province, as well as by the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and almost the whole Sulpician priesthood, and by the teaching faculty of the University of Laval. But Ultramontanism has triumphed in spite of this opposition, and, bringing its arts to bear upon the politicians of both parties, it is now using its power in the assertion of priestly privilege and for the extinction of liberty within the range of its malign influence. The body of the book proper deals with the specific assaults of the Ultramontane wing of the Roman Church on the Civil Power in Canada, and with the struggle which has been going on for many years between the Jesuits, led by Bishop Bourget, and the old Gallican school of moderate Catholics, the members of which have, with good reason, been bitterly opposed to the Sons of Loyola, and to the assumptions and abhorrent teachings of the aggressive New School. What these teachings are, Mr. Lindsey tells us in the following extract which we make from the volume: "The New School teaches that the Roman Catholic episcopate of Canada is

* "Rome in Canada: The Ultramontane Struggle for Supremacy over the Civil Power." By Charles Lindsey. Second Edition, with a new Introduction. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

as much above the civil power as the supernatural is superior to the natural; that the Pope is the Church, and that the Church contains the State; that every human being is subject to the Pope; that the Pope has the right to command the obedience of the King and to control his armies; that the civil authority can place no limit to the ecclesiastical power; and that it is a 'pernicious doctrine' to allege that it has the right to do so; that to deny the priests the right to use their spiritual authority to control the elections is to exclude God from the regulation of human affairs; that civil laws which are [contrary to the pretensions of Rome are null and void; and that the judiciary has no power to interpret the true sense of laws so passed, which are in fact not laws at all; that civil society is inferior to the Church; and that it is contrary to the natural order of things to pretend that the Church can be cited before the civil tribunals, as if Pope Pius IX. in the concordat with Austria had not agreed that the secular judges should have cognizance of the civil causes of clerks, such as contracts, debts, and the right of succession to private property." These audacious assumptions, it will be seen, represent but too glaringly the theological spirit embodied in the impious manifestoes of the Vatican Council of 1870, and are some of the perils to which Canada is at present exposed and against which both Protestantism and moderate Catholicism are now called upon to contend. Other and equally grave perils, both social and political, there are, to which Mr. Lindsey points, and their menacing character may well alarm those who fear the fast-rising tide of Absolutism and who see how little the political force of the country is to be trusted in its effort to shield it and the people from enslavement and ruin. The character of these perils may be judged by a perusal of the chapters on "The Marriage Relation," on "Spiritual Terrorism at Elections," on "The Claim of Clerical Immunity," on "The Index and the Inquisition," and, above all, on that entitled "The Wealth of the Church." Let anyone—even the most unbiassed person—read these alarming chapters and say if they do not point to a state of things in Canada which exceeds in intolerance and impudent assumption the ecclesiastical arrogance of the Middle Ages. If we are not still living in these times, it behoves the people of Canada to take cognizance of what is going on in their midst, and in the vital interests of the country to rouse themselves to the application of an immediate and heroic remedy.

LA INDIFFERENZA.

[Translated from the Italian of Parini.]

CUPID, once offended sorely
By a Lover indiscreet,
Vowed by Venus most securely
He would take a vengeance meet.
So to seek a torture fitting
Went where Pluto dark was sitting.

"Greeting to Thee, mighty monarch
Of the shady realms of Dis.
If I e'er to Thee, ungrudging
Gave my store of unknown bliss,
Tender love, and joy most rare,
Do not now reject my prayer!
Tell me, midst the tortures painful
Which thy habitation holds,
What to tender lovers baneful
Most of woe and grief unfolds?
What is that the most atrocious,
Which can rack and slay them quite?
Grant me such; for I would use it
For a mortal's bane to-night!"

"Cupid, that which thou desirest
My dominions can provide."
Thus to him the Prince of Darkness,
Making signal swift aside;
At the sign through gloomy shadows
Hasten forth the dusky Cares,
Destined to torment each mortal
Who the badge of Cupid wears:
Here is harsh and cruel Rigour,
Here is restless, swift Caprice,
Hard Disdain, in threatening vigour,
Nor from humbling Scorn release.
Doubt in constant, exiled wronging,
Firm Refusal, banished Longing.

As above the horrid concourse
Cupid hovered, mazed in doubt,
Through his black beard Pluto, smiling,
Thus maliciously spake out:
"Very wise and skilful art thou
Victor of the gods, we know,
To select the joys most pleasing
Unto mortal man below,
But, perhaps, not quite so learned
As a connoisseur of woe!
Seest thou not amidst the torments
Which my prison walls contain
Cold Indifference appearing
Tranquil-eyed with calm disdain?
She is far the greatest torture
To afflict a constant soul,
She the Worst you could discover
As a tender lover's dole!"

Alas!—Irritated Cupid
Took the Worst and homeward flew,
And Indifference was seated
In the maiden's eyes of blue,
In her eyes so bright and shining
To afflict her lover true.
He, the miserable lover,
Had with constancy endured
Harsh and ill-considered Rigour,
Restless, swift Caprice—uncured;
Hard Disdain and Scorn, with vigour,
Doubt of Change, and exiled wronging,
Firm Refusal, banished Longing,
These but made his courage rise;
But he could no longer suffer
Love in such a cruel guise,
And Indifference appearing
Slew him with her tranquil eyes!

ROSEMARY A. COTES.

THE TIPPERARY TURK.

THE evening wore on. Champagne corks had crackled like musketry fire. Claret of the finest flavour that had ever ripened on the Garonne had flowed in streams, and loyal toasts had been drunk, and disloyal also; for a hot Jacobite had proposed the three B's, and no one had objected with more than a laugh. The rooms began to swim; the night grew hot; and more than one grave and learned counsellor unbuttoned his waistcoat and loosened his neck-cloth, while through the mask of his official features the wild Irish face came into focus, like the second landscape in a dissolving view. The wine which had been brought up was exhausted. The elder guests began to think they had had enough, and Sir John —, the Chief Justice, suggested an adjournment. Remonstrances rose loud from the lower end of the table. There was a cry for another dozen of Lafitte, and the proposal was caught up with so much enthusiasm that Achmet was despatched to the cellar with a basket. The majority of the party clearly enough intended to make a wet night. Most of them were seasoned vessels, who could carry half a dozen bottles to bed with them, and sleep none the worse, and the supply for which Achmet had been sent would probably not be the last.

Goring, who had drunk nothing, and had been excused as a stranger, sat quietly by the Speaker watching what was going on. Sir John —, however, and one or two others, determined to attempt an escape while their feet were still steady enough to carry them. It was now dusk; daylight was almost gone, and candles were not yet lighted. The door by which they had entered was at the lower end of the saloon, and led into the outer hall, from which there was an easy exit into the street. Watching his opportunity, Sir John slid from his seat and was half-way down the room before his flight was observed. Free, however, as most things were in Ireland, there was no freedom in the regulation of convivial assemblies. Guests on such occasions were not allowed to shirk. A cry rose, "Against the rules!" The master of the Kildare fox-hounds, who was present, gave a "View Halloa!" and with "Yoicks! Forward! Stole away!" started in pursuit, with half of the company at his heels. Sir John sped on, with the pack after him in full cry. He dashed open what he believed to be the entrance door, and plunged into the darkness beyond. Alas for him! it was not the door into the hall at all, but the door into the new bath-room, where the great basin stood brimming full, and the Chief Justice shot head-foremost into the middle of it.

Close behind followed the pursuers in heedless impetuosity. They could see nothing. They could not have stopped themselves if they had. Over went the first flight. Those behind dropped on the floor, but the crowd pressed on, stumbled over them, and all went down together. There, amidst peals of laughter and shouts for help, for the water was deep, the Legislature and Councillors of Ireland were splashing, plunging, seizing hold of each other, unable to see anything, and such of them as could not swim running a chance of being drowned. Happily ropes were hung from the roof at short intervals for the use of the legitimate bathers. Those who had their senses least disturbed caught hold, and gave a hand to the rest, while the seniors from the top of the table, with the Speaker and Goring, came in with candles, and threw light upon the extraordinary scene.

Achmet, returning from the cellar with his basket, found the dining-room deserted, and, from the noise in adjoining apartment, guessed too surely the catastrophe which had happened. Dropping the wine, tearing off his turban, and forgetting in his distraction who and what he was, he dashed into the confusion. "Och, Thunder and Turf!" he shrieked. "Nineteen members of Parliament squatting in the water like so many goslings, and my Lord Chief Justice like the ould gander at the head of them. Oh! wirra, wirra! what will we do now? Sure its murdered for this I'll be, and that will be the laste of it."

Wild as was the excitement, the whole party, wet and dry, were struck dumb by this astounding exclamation.

"A murracle! a murracle!" shouted a youthful senator, who was swimming leisurely about among his struggling companions. "The Turk has turned Tipperary boy. I'll swear to the brogue. In with him! We'll baptize him on the spot."

"No Turk," shouted the self-detected Achmet. "No Turk at all, at all. Sure, it is Pat Joyce from Kilkenny

I am—no less—and as good a Christian as the Pope of Rome."

Loud was the laughter, but louder yet was the shriek that rang from the gallery. On the rush of the guests into the bath-room, Bidy and her companions had followed by the passage above, and she had arrived just in time to witness her lover's metamorphosis.

"Ah, ye false thief!" she screamed. "And ye tould me it was a circumcised haythen that ye were, and ye'd the Sultan for your godfather, and that if I married ye I'd be a Princess at the worst. It is tear your eyes out, I will, when I can catch ye, ye desaving villain."

"Whisht, Bidy, and be asy with you," answered her lover. "Don't be bothering the gintlemen till we get them out of the water."

By this time, Sir John, very angry and half drowned, was on dry ground again. The Speaker, choking with laughter said:—

"This is a hanging business, Mr. Patrick, or whatever ye are. Ye have conspired against the lives of half the representatives of Ireland, and that is death by statute, Irish and English. You planned it yourself, you scoundrel, because some of us voted for cutting down your grants. But Sir John will catch his death, shivering here in the wet. Bring some dry clothes, if you have any a Christian can wear, and some brandy and mulled claret, and then we will put you on your trial—see what shall be done with you."

Achmet's wardrobe had been furnished only for his assumed character. Silk robes, pelisses, shawls, huge bagged trousers were hunted out and brought down. When the supply still fell short, the ladies' bathing dresses were drawn upon, and, one way or another, the whole party were furnished out and dry. Even Sir John recovered his amenity when the mulled claret came, and warmed him back into good humour; and in wild spirits at the ridiculousness of the adventure, they formed themselves into a Court to try the offender, the Chief Justice presiding.

The offence was palpable; but the audacity of the imposition, and the skill with which it had been carried out, recommended the prisoner for pardon. It was remembered that his baths and his rooms would be none the worse because he was Patrick Joyce, and not the Sultan's barber. To prove his Christianity he was sentenced to drink a pint of brandy on the spot, which he did without flinching. Other penalties were thought of. Henry Flood, who liked to show off his acquaintance with the East, proposed that Achmet, in Turkish costume, should ride a donkey through the streets with his face to the tail, and Pat Joyce pinned in large letters on his back. Hely Hutchinson suggested that the adventure should be entered in the Journals of the House of Commons, as a lesson against further grants in aid. But after terrifying the unfortunate wretch with these and other more frightful suggestions, the Court agreed on a verdict of—Guilty, with good intentions; and they signed a Round Robin to the outraged Bidy, recommending her suitor to mercy, on the ground that a decent lad, with a good Irish name to him, was a fitter mate for her than a Turk, and that Achmet had only been all along what she professed that she wanted to make him.

It was now midnight, and the party broke up. In sedan chairs and in coaches—where a wisp of straw had first been lighted to warm them—Achmet's guests were carried to their homes in their parti-coloured apparel; and Goring and Fitzherbert walked back to the College, the grave and earnest Colonel too much diverted with the incidents of the evening to be able to moralize over them. Ireland's fortunes might be committed to a singular set of legislators, but he had never met with more entertaining companions. —From the two Chiefs of Dunboy, by J. A. Froude.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

A SYMPATHETIC sketch of the work of Mr. Bright, by R. W. Dale, forms the opening paper of the *Contemporary Review* for May (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Company, 29 Park Row). Dr. Dale admits it is yet too early to determine what rank will be permanently attributed to Mr. Bright among English statesmen, but contends there need be no hesitation in expressing the profound impression which his great personal qualities have made upon his contemporaries. Lord Chief Justice Fry contributes an interesting and suggestive paper on "Imitation as a Factor in Human Progress." Thomas Burt, M.P., presents a review of the progress of labour politics as represented in the British Parliament. Edward T. Cook brings together many curious facts concerning popular judgment of works of Art in an article on "Prices at the National Gallery." Grant Allen writes on "Individualism and Socialism," and S. S. Addis on "Railways in China." The number concludes with a valuable Symposium on the "Industrial Value of Technical Training," with opinions of practical men.

THE *Fortnightly Review* for May (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Company, 29 Park Row) opens with an essay by Lord Wolseley entitled "Is a Soldier's Life Worth Living?" which he answers in the affirmative. Arsene Houssaye concludes his reminiscences of Alfred de Musset, begun in the April number. An unsigned paper, "What is Ritualism?" will doubtless attract a wide circle of readers. Prof. Karl Blind contributes a series of personal recollections of John Bright. F. C. Selous describes the newly acquired Mashunaland treating of an almost

totally unknown portion of Africa. Lady Dilke contributes a paper on the Foreign Missions controversy that has been prominent in this *Review* in a short article entitled "The Great Missionary Success." Thomas H. Thornton presents an interesting sketch of the development of English judicial and administrative history in a paper entitled "Two Centuries of Magistrates' Work in Surrey." Col. Maurice criticises present systems of military training. Prof. Tyrrell views "Robert Elsmere" as a Symptom" and finds serious fault with Mrs. Ward's literary style. The number concludes with an article by Cardinal Manning on the "Educational Commission and the School Rates," in which he argues for the extension of popular education.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for May (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Company, 29 Park Row) more than retains the high place this review has made for itself. The reader will doubtless turn first to Dr. Wace's reply to Professor Huxley's rejoinder on Agnosticism in the April number, in which he emphasizes the position he took in his previous paper, and takes Professor Huxley to task for some of his misstatements. The Bishop of Peterborough also has a brief word to say on the same subject. The Countess of Jersey has a pleasant paper on the Hindu at home, describing the daily life of the Hindus. Professor H. Geffcken, who achieved notoriety in connection with the publication of the Emperor Frederick's diary, and who was the subject of special persecution by Prince Bismarck, contributes a paper on Church and State in Germany, in which he makes an eloquent plea for the restoration of the independence of the Evangelical Church. An especially timely paper is a story of a visit by Edward Clifford to the lepers and Father Damien, whose recent death has concentrated public attention upon his heroic work in the Sandwich Islands. Frederick Greenwood discusses misery in great cities, comparing the relative advantages of city and country life, and suggesting remedies for the alleviation of the condition of the working people. Frederic Harrison reviews the results of the Parnell trial, as affecting the cause of Home Rule, which is, he says, by "far the largest, most momentous, and most complex question which has ever divided England since the Revolution." The number concludes with a paper by Mr. Gladstone, entitled "Italy in 1888-9," in which he records the observations made in his recent visit to that country. Mr. Gladstone has not visited Naples for twenty-nine years, and is therefore able to note astonishing changes. He reviews the results of the Italian revolution, and considers the present condition of the country, both internally and as a European power.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JOHN DELAY, of New York, announces the publication of "Grisetto: A Tale of Paris and New York," by Lew Rosen.

Scribner's has yet several articles in its railway series to publish, but the series on Electricity will be begun at once.

It is reported that Mrs. Humphrey Ward has decided not to allow her next novel, on which she is now at work, to appear as a serial before its publication in book form.

THE new work on which the Duke of Argyll has been for some time engaged discusses "What is Truth?" from scientific and theological points of view. David Douglass, Edinburgh, will publish it.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have in press three more volumes of their English Statesmen,—“Henry VII.,” by James Lairdner; “Walpole,” by John Morley; and “Peel,” by J. R. Thursfield.

THE students of Johns Hopkins University have adopted a college yell that may be spelled as follows: "Hullabaloo—K'neck, K'neck, Hullabaloo—K'neck, K'neck, K'neck, Hoo—Rah—Hoo 'Rah!"

It is understood that the terra-cotta coloured cover of *Harper's Weekly*, which was used with the Centennial Celebration number of that periodical, and again appears this week, will be a permanent feature of the journal.

LORD LONSDALE has secured 300 specimens of animal life, as far north as animal life existed, for the Scottish Natural History Society. He found that the 75th parallel was the most northerly point where animal life existed.

It will be welcome news to the thousands who have been delighted with her "Records" to learn that Fanny Kemble has written a novel. The scene is laid in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. It will be published shortly by Henry Holt and Company.

It is with pleasure that we note the appointment of Mr. Archibald MacMechan to the chair of English Literature in Dalhousie College, N.S., vice Prof. Alexander who comes to Toronto University College. Mr. MacMechan is well known to our readers as a frequent contributor to THE WEEK.

"FRATERNITY," the novel which has just been published in cheap form by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, was inspired by what the author saw and heard during a visit to the People's Palace in London, and therefore, like the People's Palace itself, bears testimony to the power of Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

THE possibility of M. Coquelin's return to the Comédie Française is now a question in French dramatic circles. This is the subject of one of the "Notes on the Parisian Theatres" which Brander Matthews contributes to the

current number of *Harper's Weekly*. Portraits of some of the noted actresses belonging to the Comédie Française accompany the article.

ONE of the newspaper syndicates reports having received the following reply to a letter offering Mr. Gladstone \$25,000 for a series of twenty-five articles on subjects of current interest:—"At my age the stock of brain-power does not wax, but wanes. And the public calls upon my time leave me only a fluctuating residue to dispose of. All idea of a series of efforts is, therefore, I have finally decided, wholly beyond my power to embrace."

EARLY in June, Longmans, Green and Company will issue in New York the first number of *The New Review*, an English monthly, started by Mr. Archibald Grove, a young Oxford man. In the strength of its articles and in the reputation of its contributors it is to rival the *Nineteenth Century*, while its low price will put it within reach of a far wider public. Three Americans, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mr. Henry George and Mr. Henry James, are among the contributors to the first number.

THE most remote point reached by Mr. George Kennan in his Siberian trip was the mines of Kara, 5,000 miles from St. Petersburg and about 1,000 miles from the Pacific coast. The narrative of his adventures and discoveries at these mines will begin in the June *Century* and be continued through several numbers. It may be said to mark the culmination of Mr. Kennan's papers. The mines of Kara are the private property of his Majesty the Tsar, and are worked for his benefit, and it is to them that the "Nihilists" are sent when the Tsar is pleased to commute a death sentence to penal servitude in the mines.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE HARMONY CLUB.

THE Harmony Club, an association of amateurs drawn from our fashionable circles, gave its performance of "The Pirates of Penzance," last week. The club was organized in 1885, and under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch gave a performance of "Patience" in May of that year. The following autumn its members provided the talent for the concert given by St. George's Society, under Mr. F. H. Torrington. In the two following seasons, under Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, the club gave "Les Cloches de Corneville" and "Patience," an intermission of one year following. This season the services of Sig. D'Auria were secured, and a large chorus placed in training for this performance of Gilbert Sullivan's favourite opera. The performances were well attended by the most prominent people in society, and were most enjoyable, the little shyness and diffidence, incidental to a first performance, wearing off to such an extent that the third performance presented considerable progress over the first. The chorus was well chosen, and contained a number of excellent voices not generally known before the public. In appearance and grace of demeanour, it was a decided advance on the generality of opera choruses seen in this city. Its singing was excellent, being very refined in tone, and showing careful training. Its costumes were exceedingly pretty and well-designed, some fine contrast of colour being observable. The grouping and the action of the chorus was excellent, and had all the appearance of spontaneity, and none of the awkwardness and *marvais honte* generally noticed in amateur choruses. Sig. D'Auria's guiding hand was likewise noticeable in his careful direction of the orchestra, which, though full in detail, was remarkably soft and pleasing in its accompaniments.

The soloists were a strong evidence of the wealth of musical talent in Toronto, being all good vocalists, and also very fairly equipped in histrionic ability. Mrs. Agnes Thomson as "Mabel" was unquestionably the queen of the company. Her fresh rich voice, and easy, graceful acting, were most pleasing to the senses. Every note was true, and the brilliant music of the part rippled out most fluently. If the club wishes to continue its success, it should secure Mrs. Thomson for all its future efforts. Miss Marie C. Strong as "Ruth" had a congenial part, and acted it well. Her fine contralto shone to advantage in her singing, and she well justified the loyalty of the club to her undoubted ability. Mr. T. D. Beddoe's "Frederick" was excellently sung, and he showed himself an actor of no mean parts. The "Pirate King" was well represented by Mr. W. R. Moffatt, whose make-up was excellent, and whose singing was as good as his acting. Miss Maude Gilmour's well-trained voice was a decided acquisition to the club, in her singing as "Edith," and her acting was marked by freedom and ease. Mr. Grant Stewart added to his laurels by a careful and thoughtful representation as "Major-General Stanley," the eccentric and conscientious old soldier being excellently portrayed by him. Mr. J. A. Macdonald's "Sergeant of Police" was quite a humorous creation, and received a well-merited encore. Altogether the performances were decidedly above the average of amateur operatic affairs.

THE CHAMBER CONCERT.

THE latest organization which has been added to the musical forces of Toronto, the Conservatory String Quartette Club, gave its last concert of this season on Monday evening at Association Hall to a fair-sized audience. The programme was an exceptionally good one and was very well carried out, especially in those parts of the quartette numbers which were slow movements. These

showed great taste and judgment and an extremely fine balance of tone. The faster movements were not so well played, both intonation and precision suffering a little. Still this is no cause for discouragement, as even the best quartettes are not equalized in execution in even a season, and we should be glad to find in Toronto four gentlemen who can, beside their professional engagements, find time and possess ability to give such creditable performances as those given by this club. The quartettes played were Schubert's E flat, op. 125, and Haydn's "Emperor" quartette; as well as the "Andante" from Tchaikoffsky's op. 11, a little gem, and exceedingly well rendered. The "Rubinstein" trio showed a decided preponderance of piano, a fault which will have to be remedied before the club seeks patronage next year. The vocal selections by some young ladies, pupils of Sig. D'Auria, were very creditable to both singers and teacher.

THE last concert of Mr. Torrington's Orchestra is announced for Tuesday evening of next week, when a programme of the usual excellent character given by this organization will again be presented.

IN these days when piano pieces are played by reed bands as musical curiosities, it will be interesting news that in 1853, when the great Julien visited America, he performed whole oratorios with his orchestra, notably the "Messiah" and "Elijah," the solos being played by instruments in the orchestra.

MR. THOMAS PERSSE, a young Torontonian, who was with the Kellogg Opera Company during its last visit to Toronto, will be one of the principals in Wilson's new opera, "The Oolah," to be brought out in New York this week.

MR. PERCY V. GREENWOOD, organist of All Saints' Church, and Mr. Sidney Ashdown, music publisher, of this city, sailed on a short visit to England last week.

WHEN Hans von Bülow visited America, fourteen years ago, he carried away with him, as a result of four or five months' work, \$20,000, of which \$10,000 represented the loss of his managers. On his visit this spring, a profit exceeding the former loss was made in six weeks, after paying him \$12,000. This is quite a proof of the material progress made by the cause of good music in this period.

MISS DIDO RANKIN, the eldest daughter of McKee Rankin, the Canadian actor, made her *début* with him a short time ago at the Windsor Theatre, and has been offered the part of "Miranda," in J. H. McVicar's coming production of "The Tempest."

"AMERICA'S New National Hymn," by Harrison Millard, seems to be filling "a long-felt want" in a nation over a century old, which has not yet had a national song worthy of the name. Millard has written some good music, and some—not so good; but this effort may turn out one of his successes.

THE *London Musical World* talks very sensibly when it says that it has long been convinced that the "repulsiveness" to some ears of Wagner's musical combinations arises solely from their inability to perceive the connection of certain notes with the tonal foundation which underlies them. Modern musical methods are certainly not adapted to the capacity of minds to whom simplicity is an absolutely necessary condition of perception. That it is possible to be great and at the same time simple, at certain epochs, proves nothing. This is not one of those epochs, that is all. Art that aims at the highest must reflect the tendency of the highest minds, and the highest minds of the day are complex to an extraordinary degree. Broadly stated, however, there is considerable danger in the doctrine that by familiarity the ugly will become beautiful, and that it is consequently our duty to persevere until we have effected the transformation. The error lies in confounding the ugly which we do understand, and dislike notwithstanding, with that which repels because it is, to us, incomprehensible. It is only in the second case that any obligation lies upon the listener to mistrust his first impressions. We dare affirm that of the musicians who have taken to so familiarize themselves with Wagner's methods that they may be said to understand him, not one will be found to accuse him of ugliness or incoherence. Of course, the anti-Wagner party will never admit this; for the moment a man refuses to allow that Wagner was more or less of a bungler he is called a "fanatic."

MISS MINNIE MADDERN, produced a new play, "Feather-brain," last week at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, and made quite a success of it. "Feather-brain" is taken from the French "Tête de Linotte," and in it Miss Maddern plays the part of a singularly thoughtless and absent-minded young wife, whose flightiness mixes things and people up to an alarming degree, and causes no end of fun.

MISS ROSINA VOKES is meeting with great success at Daly's Theatre, New York. She will bring several plays new to America, among which are, "The Old Musician," "My Lord in Livery," and "Ghastly Manor." Her sister, Miss Victoria Vokes, will probably play with her next year.

THE new choral society officers are:—Honorary President, W. B. McMurrich; President, A. E. Minkler; 1st Vice-President, Dr. G. S. Ryerson; 2nd Vice-President, J. M. Livingston; Secretary, T. Symington; Treasurer, A. Cromar. Executive Committee:—Messrs. S. B. Brush, J. F. Bryce, J. P. Clougher, J. Gemmill, A. J. Hodgetts,

J. L. Kerr, E. A. Maclaurin, A. Ross, J. E. Thompson, E. A. Scadding. Conductor, Edward Fisher.

THE Toronto Vocal Society at its annual meeting gave a handsome gold watch to Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, its popular musical director, and also presented a very pretty diamond ring to the accompanist, Miss McKay. The presentations were made by the President, Mr. J. K. Kerr.

B NATURAL.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

LAST week, on Thursday evening, Mr. T. C. Jeffers, of the College staff, gave a musical evening in the College Hall before a large audience. The programme consisted entirely of church music and included anthems from such composers as Sullivan, Stainer, Foster and Marchetti, given by the Central Methodist Church choir, who also sang a magnificent motette by Randegger. Solos were effectively sung by Mr. J. W. Lawrence, Mr. E. R. Doward, of the College staff, and Mr. R. G. Kirby, while Mr. Jeffers played some selections from Bach, Spohr and Guilman on the College organ, also reading a well written paper on "The Practical Side of Music," which went thoroughly into choirs, their music, music in the services, and the dangers which generally beset choirs. The evening was a most enjoyable one and the audience were evidently delighted with the entertainment.

NOTES.

THE Chicago Auditorium represents, without doubt, the most interesting and ambitious artistic enterprise that has yet been advanced in the West. There is no more complete enterprise of its kind in the world, and the building itself has been planned on a colossal scale. This building is a composite structure, comprising stores, a huge hotel, a conservatory of music and drama, convenient halls, and an opera house, which can also be used for popular or political gatherings. The opera house is the most spacious theatre in the United States, and is said to have a larger seating capacity than any European auditorium. The auditorium is the result of the philanthropy of Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, one of Chicago's millionaires. The first performances at the Auditorium Opera House will be a series of representations of Italian opera, under the management of Mr. Henry E. Abbey. These representations will be of the most elaborate character, and will bring together a company of extraordinary strength. Mme. Patti will head the company, which may also include Miss Van Zandt and several other famous singers, among them one of the two or three leading European tenors.

In reference to Gounod's reported coming visit to this country the composer has told an interviewer: "There is not one word of truth in it. I have had no proposition from any one, and if I had I should not entertain it for a single moment. It is a source of much pleasure to me to know that I have so many warm friends and admirers in the United States; but I am now too old to think of going so far away from home. No, there is no truth whatever in the report."

THE Italian newspapers announce the death, at the age of seventy-six, of Felice Varese, one of the great baritones of the past, and the artist for whom Verdi wrote "Rigoletto." By birth Varese was a Frenchman; he was born at Calais.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

SCIENTIFIC USES OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

M. JANSSEN, of the Institut Francais, is of opinion that the Eiffel Tower will have many scientific uses. One of the greatest difficulties of meteorological observations is the disturbing influences of the station of observation itself. How, for example, can a true deviation of the wind be observed if a purely local obstacle causes it to deviate? and how can a true temperature of the air be determined by a thermometer influenced by radiation from surrounding objects? Thus the meteorological elements of great centres of habitation have to be taken outside those centres, and at a certain height above the soil. The Tower, since it rises to a great height, and, from the nature of its construction, does not modify in any way the meteorological elements to be observed, will get over this difficulty. A height of 300 yards is in itself not a negligible quantity from the point of view of rainfall, temperature, and pressure, but these circumstances give all the more interest to the institution of comparative experiments on variations due to altitude; the electrical interchanges between the soil and the atmosphere can also be studied to advantage. Special arrangements can be made for avoiding accidents, and results of great interest should be obtained. He recommends also the institution of a service of meteorological photography. A good series of photographs would give forms, movements, modifications which the clouds and atmospheric conditions undergo from sunrise to sunset. Thus a history of the skies would be written on a radius not hitherto dealt with. In physical astronomy various other observations might be taken, especially in relation to the study of telluric spectrum. M. Eiffel announces that three laboratories have already been arranged on the Tower. One will be devoted to astronomy, and the second will contain registering apparatus from the central

bureau of meteorology, and will be devoted to physic and meteorology. MM. Mascart and Cornu expect to draw great advantages from its use in the study of the atmosphere. The second is reserved for biology and micro-graphic study of the air, to be organized by M. Henocque. M. Cailletet is arranging a great mercurial manometer, with which he expects to obtain pressures as high as 400 atmospheres.—*British Medical Journal*.

THE DOUBLE RELATION OF JEWS.

THE world never seems to be able to understand this double relation of the Jew to his country and to his race and religion. The two feelings do not interfere with one another. The Jew is steadfast in his clinging to his ancestral faith and yet loyal to his country, even when persecuted in it. That this is so in Russia is proved by the curious fact of the existence of Jewish Nihilists. Strange as it may appear, Nihilists think that they are aiming at the good of their country by their efforts, and they are willing to sacrifice their lives in the cause. Thus the Jewish Nihilists, however mistaken in their ideas, are showing themselves Russian patriots, who are willing to die for their country. And when enthusiastic natures are willing to die for their country, less elevated souls are at least willing to live in it.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

LEPROSY AND THE STATE.

THE need for a renewed investigation into leprosy and its contagiousness is becoming imperative; and we are glad to see that the College of Physicians are prepared to urge the matter upon the Government, for it is a question that vitally concerns the interests of the empire. If, as some assert, leprosy be spreading in certain of our colonial possessions, it is incumbent on the State to determine why so frightful a scourge occurs, and to take the best possible counsel as to the measures to prevent its ravages. What is required is not merely the perusal of reports, but the actual study of the disease in the affected districts, and the circumstances under which it occurs. It would cost money, but is this empire so poor or so selfish as to be unable or unwilling to devote some of its resources to a work which is of practical humanitarian interest as well as of scientific importance? Meanwhile, there is good work being done in leper asylums under British dominion. The report of one such institution, small though it be, lies before us. It is that of the Asylum of Lepers, at Dehra Dun, North-West Provinces, India, and is issued by Surgeon-Major Maclaren, M. D. The statistics it contains clearly show that by enforcing the segregation of the sexes this asylum has, during the past 10 years, wrought a great benefit to the district. Dr. Maclaren calculates that he has prevented a probable increase in this period of at least 70, and possibly of as many as 120 cases; and he pertinently remarks that with 1,000 such institutions throughout India the disease might eventually become as rare as it is in Europe. For there is no known remedy for the disease. Prevention alone can cope with it.—*Lancet*.

VENTILATION.

THE *Sanitary News* gives the following advice in reference to the admission of air to rooms: "Air should be introduced and removed to those parts of the room where it would not cause a sensible draught. Air flowing against the body at, or even somewhat above, the temperature of the air of the room, will cause an inconvenient draught, from the fact that, as it removes the moisture of the body, it causes evaporation or a sensation of cold. Air should never, as a rule, be introduced at or close to the floor-level. The opening would be liable to be fouled with sweepings and dirt. The air, unless very much above the temperature of the air of the room, would produce a sensation of cold to the feet. It may be regarded as an axiom of ventilation and warming, that the feet should be kept warm and the head cool. The orifices at which air is admitted should be above the level of the heads of the persons occupying the room. The current of inflowing air should be directed toward the ceiling, and should either be as much subdivided as possible by means of numerous orifices, or be admitted through conical openings with the smaller opening toward the outer air and the larger openings toward the room, by which means the air of the entering current is very rapidly dispersed. Air admitted near the ceiling very soon ceases to exist as a distinct current, and will be found at a very short distance from the inlet to have mingled with the general mass of the air, and to have attained the temperature of the room, partly owing to the longer mass of air in the room with which the inflowing current mingles, partly to the action of gravity in cases where the inflowing air is colder than the air in the room."

FLYING FISH.

At a recent meeting of the Physiological Society, Berlin, Prof. Moebius spoke on the movements of the flying fish through the air. He first described, from personal observation, the way in which the fish shoot out of the water from both bows of the ship, and then propel themselves horizontally for a distance of several ship's lengths with their pectoral and abdominal fins stretched out flat,

skimming along without moving their fins, always in the direction of the wind, but either with or against the same. When they meet the crest of a wave they raise themselves slightly in the air, falling again to the same extent in the succeeding trough of the sea. Occasionally a slight buzzing of the fins may be observed, similar to that of the movements of the wings in many insects. At night they frequently fall on the deck of the ship. As a result of a detailed investigation, the speaker had proved that these fish do not fly, since the anatomical arrangements of their fins and muscles are not adapted to this purpose. What really occurs is that when frightened by the approach of a ship or any enemy they shoot up out of the water, as do many other fish, and are then carried along by the wind, which strikes on the under surface of their outstretched and evenly balanced fins. Notwithstanding the general acceptance which was accorded to the above investigation, it was urged by many that the buzzing of the fins, the rising over the crest of a wave, and the falling overboard after having landed on the deck of a ship, were evidences that this fish really executes movements which result in flight. In reply to this, the speaker pointed out that the buzzing of the fins takes place when a strong current of air is directed against the outspread fins of a dead flying fish by means of a bellows, and further, that the rising over the crest of a wave or the bulwarks of a ship may be explained by the ascending currents of air which are always produced whenever a strong horizontal wind strikes against any elevated object, such as a wave or part of a ship. Thus, finally, with the exception of the movements involved in its oblique sudden exit from the sea, all the motions of a flying fish when in the air are really passive.

THE REVENGE OF TIME.

Cadwallader (*pere*)—"How's this, Eleanor, a forty-dollar bill rendered from Fuss and Feathers?"

Cadwallader (*fille*)—"Oh, yes, papa, dear; that is for my Easter bonnet, you know; it was lovely, too."

Cadwallader (*pere*, grimly)—"It ought to have been."

Cadwallader (*fille*)—"It was, I can assure you; Jack thought it a perfect gem."

Cadwallader (*pere*)—"H'm! that was very kind of Jack."

Cadwallader (*fille*)—"Yes, wasn't it? I don't mind letting you, papa, dear, see a bit of poetry he wrote about it on the fly-leaf of my prayer-book during service."

Cadwallader (*pere*, reading)—

A flutter of ribbon, a fringe of lace,
A bunch of posies nodding upon it;
Two tender eyes, a mignon face—
This is my love in her Easter bonnet.

"Thanks, my dear, I appreciate your confidence and Jack's rhyme. I will not forget either."

One Year Later.

Jack—"Eleanor, isn't forty dollars a big price for a Spring bonnet?"

Eleanor—"Oh, no, not specially; it was my Easter bonnet, you know."

Jack—"Ah! I was not aware that milliners had Easter offerings, too."

Eleanor (pouting)—"You know very well they do not. I meant that the bonnet was of superior design and elegance. Papa met me on the avenue and said I had never looked prettier. Oh, and he sent a message to you, too!"

Jack—"What was that?"

Eleanor—"He bade me be sure to tell you that my bonnet was very becoming, and that if you intended to write an ode to it as usual, this year, he would suggest that you write in blank verse and affix your autograph."

Jack (reddening a little)—"Your papa, Eleanor, is a very funny old gentleman."—[*M. H. Welch, in Life*.

HERE is the latest Tory joke: Why cannot Mr. Gladstone have his life insured? Because no man living can make out his policy.—*Boston Post*.

MRS. SLIMDIET (boarding house keeper): "Isn't this coffee just a leetle thin?" Cook: "I ain't made the coffee yet, mum; that's water."—*Time*.

INCORRIGIBLE.—*Lawyer*.—"Your share of the estate, sir, is one dollar, and there it is."

Prodigal.—"Thank you, Mr. Brief. This unexpected windfall quite overwhelms me. Will you not help me to celebrate the occasion by joining me at dinner? I know where we can get a splendid table d'hôte for a dollar."

A MATTER OF DEGREE.—"Well, my son, your final examination will soon be on. Do you think you will get your degree?"

"If the philosopher who said that he is the wisest who has discovered his own ignorance spoke the truth, I shall get a Ph.D. and an LL.D., and numerous other degrees. If he was wrong, the degree I'll get is Zero."

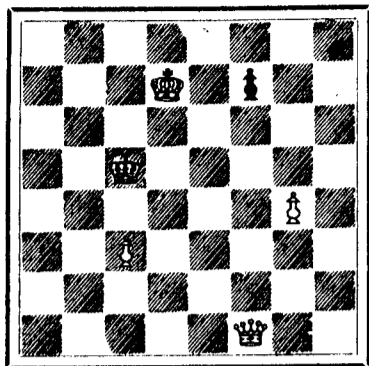
A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following, which, he says, is vouched for by a schoolmaster: At a village school not many miles from Canterbury, a precocious boy being asked to parse the sentence "Mary, milk the cow," went on accurately till he came to the last word, when he said: "Cow is a pronoun, feminine gender, third person singular, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary?" asked the master in astonishment. "Yes, sir," responded the urchin, with a grin; "for if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk the cow?"—*London Standard*.

CHES.

PROBLEM No. 359.

By R. CONELY, Meerut, India.

BLACK.



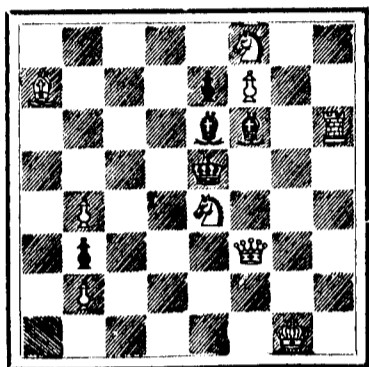
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 360.

By C. PLANK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 353.
White.
1. Kt-Q B 3
2. Q-K 6 +
3. Q mates.
If 1. K-Q 5
2. Kt from B 4-K 2 +
3. Q mates.
With other variations.

No. 354.
Q-R 3
In this problem there should be a white P on K 4.

GAME PLAYED IN THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY,

Between Robert B. Keys, New York, and Frs. X. Lambert, of Ottawa.

GENOCO PIANO.

White. MR. KEYS.
1. P-K 4
2. Kt-K B 3
3. B-B 4
4. P-Q 4
5. P-Q B 3
6. Kt-Kt 5
7. Q-R 5
8. Kt-Q R 3
9. P-K R 3
10. Kt-B 2
11. B-Q 3
12. P-Q Kt 4
13. Q-K 2
14. Kt-K 3

Black. MR. LAMBERT.
P-K 4
Kt-Q B 3
B-B 4
B x P
B-Kt 3
Kt-R 3
Q-K 2
P-Q 3
B-Q 2
Kt-R 4
Kt-Kt 1
Kt-K B 3
Kt-B 3
P-K R 3

White. MR. KEYS.
15. Kt-B 3
16. B-Kt 2
17. Castles K R
18. Kt-Q 5
19. Kt x Kt
20. P-R 3
21. Kt-Q 4
22. P x B (b)
23. K-R 2
24. Q-Q 2
25. R-K Kt 1
26. B B 2
27. B-R 4 +
and White resigns.

Black. MR. LAMBERT.
P-R 3
B-K 3
Kt-K R 4
Kt-K B 5
P x Kt
Kt-K 4
B x P (a)
B x Kt
P-B 6
Q-R 5
B x K B P
P-K R 4
K-B 1

NOTES.

(a) A good move.
(b) Bad; White cannot now save the game, he should have played Q-R 5.

BARBER (to first comer in hand): "Shave, sir?" (To second customer): "Take a chair, sir; I shall be disengaged immediately." Smith (first comer, who has recognized in the glass opposite that it is that fellow Brown, his rival and enemy): "Ya-as, I wish to be shaved, and—ah—then I should like my head washed—shampooed, y'know—and afterward my hair cut and—carefully curled!" (Tableaux.) —Punch.

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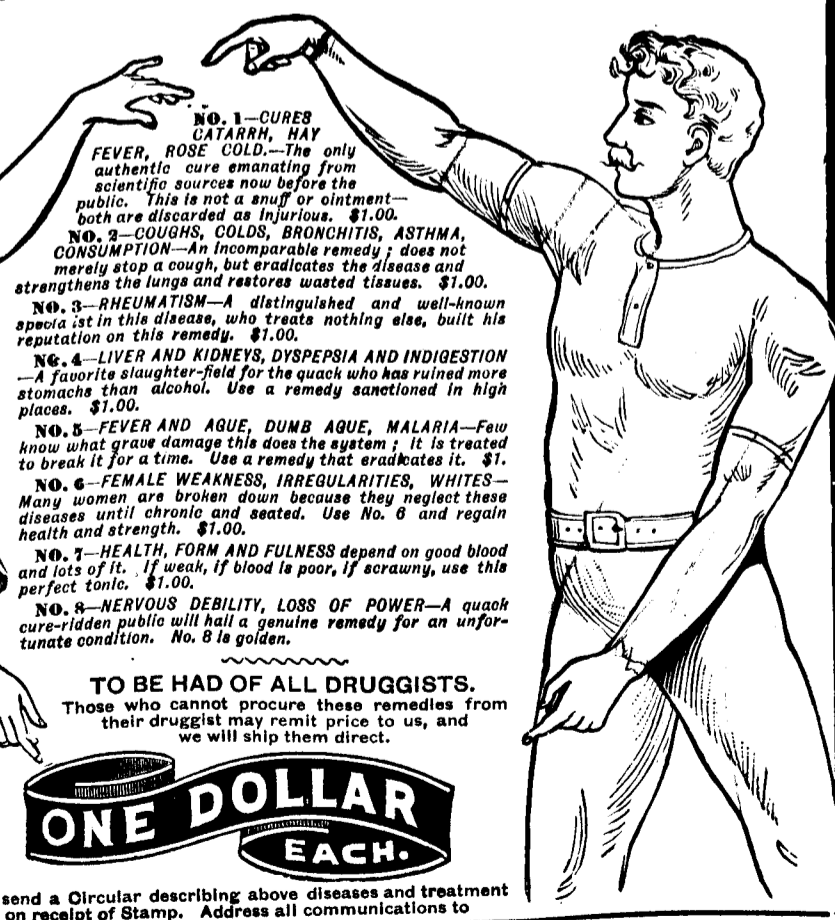
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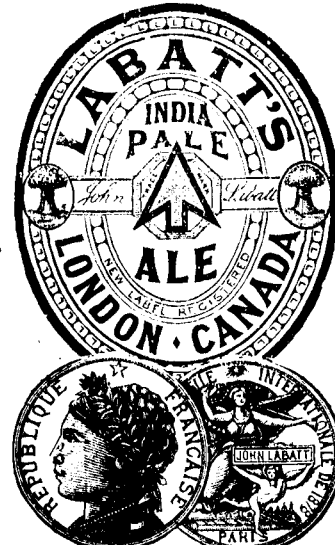
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