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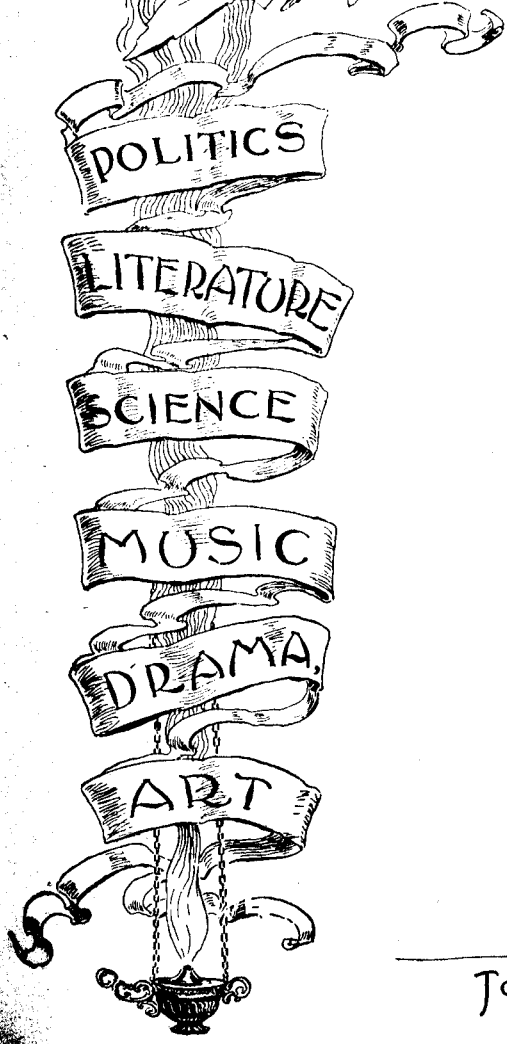
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, May 15th, 1896.

No. 25.

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## Current Topics.

The Bishop  
of Niagara.

The selection of Canon DuMoulin as Bishop of Niagara is a great loss to Toronto and a very great gain to Hamilton. The tone of the Canon's telegram of acceptance is that he regards the election as a call from God. *Vox ecclesiae, vox Dei.* Every member of the Church of England in Toronto will breathe the most sincere wishes for the continued happiness of the new Bishop in his new field of labour. St. James Church has lost an eloquent preacher and a hard working conscientious Rector. The qualities and accomplishments which made the Canon one of the most popular clergymen if not the most popular in Toronto will be his best passport to success with his new flock.

The Prohibition  
Decision.

The Privy Council have just decided that the right of allowing the importation of liquor may rest with one jurisdiction while the right to prohibit the manufacture may rest with another. In Ontario the Provincial legislature can not prohibit the importation of liquor while it can prohibit the sale locally within the limits of the Province. The Judicial Committee takes away with one hand what it gives with the other. The practical result is that the question of prohibiting the liquor traffic is transferred from the Provincial to the Dominion arena. This transfer means that prohibition will never be secured in Canada. The French Canadians are too sensible to allow it to pass. The temperance advocates, that is, the total abstinence advocates, for the two phrases mean entirely distinct things although they are often confounded, will now do more practical good by encouraging the movement in favour of compulsory treatment of irreclaimable drunkards under medical supervision than by striving to punish B, C and D who know when to stop for the fault of A who does not know when he has had enough.

Toronto's Estimates  
for 1896.

The City Treasurer of Toronto has brought down his budget for the current year. The total amount of expenditure to be dealt with is over three millions of dollars. Of this amount almost two thirds are uncontrollable, the other third is controllable. The rate of taxation will be according

to the estimate almost seventeen and a half mills (17½) on the dollar—as against sixteen and a quarter mills last year. The largest single item of uncontrollable expenditure is the Public Schools \$419,795 as against \$371,518 last year. The High Schools are to cost \$40,275 as against \$28,981 last year. The total cost of Public and High Schools this year is \$460,070 as against \$400,499—an increase of \$59,571. On this head the Treasurer says: "Large as this expenditure is, there can be little doubt that the ratepayers receive good value for the outlay, and that the school system of Toronto is on an excellent basis, admired by all visitors to the city. No other city in the Dominion offers better educational facilities than Toronto, a fact so generally admitted that to it is due, no doubt, much of the phenomenal increase in the population of the city; parents with their families coming here from all over the province to take advantage of the unrivalled opportunities offered by our schools, public and private, colleges and the universities." This statement of Mr. Coady's is no doubt his honest opinion. Other people may not be so confident on the point as Mr. Coady is. The subject will bear discussion.

Mr. Laurier on  
the Count.

In Mr. Laurier's tribute of respect to the late lamented Mr. Mercier, we think that the leader of the Opposition forgot one slight item. He forgot to mention the absorbent power of the late deceased Count. We have before us the statement of sums which that distinguished gentleman paid his friend, the Widow Rivet, for wine. They total up the amount of 1,754.20 francs, besides for Monopole Champagne alone 381 francs, and a further small sum of 3,380 francs for "wines" unclassified. Ye Gods! Think of it, 5,715 francs for wine. M. Mercier should have been made a Prince not a mere Count. And then—one bath, six francs; barber, bath and piano tuner, fifteen francs. Two baths and 5,000 francs worth of wine—it reminds one of Falstaff. Alms to the poor, twenty francs; soap, fifteen francs; not used for the bath but for shaving purposes. Then think of this: Certain Expenses, 100 francs; pocket money, 100 francs; pocket money, 150 francs. Who would not be Premier of Quebec? The last item fairly takes one's breath away: *Sundries of which it was impossible to keep an account during the trip*, 16,084.40 francs, centimes. Notice the .40 centimes. Such was the man whom Mr. Laurier delighteth to honour. We agree with him. A man who could raise such a colossal toot was a Bohemian of the first water, and ought to be commemorated in permanent material—brass preferred. Mr. Laurier cannot surely be truly reported when he is said to have praised the Count as a great man. If he had spoken of his mighty powers of suction, of his undoubted capacity for liquids if nothing else, and also for spending your money and mine in a terrific bender, we could understand it. Further explanations are in order from Mr. Laurier. For the benefit of the uninitiated we may add that a franc is nine pence sterling or twenty cents of good Canada money. The total cost of this Paris jamboree of the noble Count was over ninety-eight thousand francs or about nineteen thousand dollars.

Indian Troops in  
Africa.

The dispatch of Indian troops to Suakim is a practical illustration of the power England has to draw on resources of men as well as solid cash. The same course has been already resorted to by England more than once. As long ago as 1806 Sepoys were sent to Egypt from India. But it was in 1877 when Lord Beaconsfield played the same trump card that the attention of Europe was first really called to this dormant reserve force of England. It is not only in Africa that such a force may be used. It has been employed on many occasions in Asia outside of the peninsula of Hindostan. In Burma, in Persia, in China, Sikhs and Sepoys were of great assistance to British troops. Possibly even in America they may yet be of service. In case of any proposed alliance between the United States and Russia as against England in the next great war, the prospect of seeing an Eastern army corps landed on the Western coasts of the Union might make the American anti-Britishers pause. The Western States have been very brave in urging on the Eastern States to war-like endeavours. The Eastern States, like sensible people, have objected very strongly because they know they are very much exposed to invasion and do not care to hear the thunder of English guns from English iron clads lying far out at sea. But the West may not be quite so safe as they imagine, and the knowledge that they may see an Anglo-Indian army corps or two in their midst will do much to keep them as sensible as their Eastern brethren.

Lord Rosebery's  
Criticisms.

Lord Rosebery recently opened a new Liberal club at Rochdale, and in the evening he addressed a large public meeting. In the course of his remarks he said that his anxiety as to the condition of England's foreign and colonial affairs "remained undiminished." There was "the old diplomacy at the Foreign Office and the new diplomacy at the Colonial Office." He reviewed the South African question and said "a great comedy of errors was never achieved by any diplomacy new or old." In commenting upon the speech The Daily Telegraph remarked that Lord Rosebery's "criticisms of the 'new diplomacy' were as smart and vivacious as usual; but they were perhaps a little wanting in substance. There is something, it may be admitted, in the distinction which he draws between the diplomatic position of a Foreign Minister and that of a Colonial Secretary; and to the extent to which it holds good its consequences are no doubt important. Broadly speaking, it may be true that the Colonial Office 'has to deal only with its own secrets, and the Foreign Office with those of other people; and that therefore it is unreasonable to expect the chief of the latter department to take the public into his confidence with the freedom and frankness to which Mr. Chamberlain has accustomed us.' But though this observation is acute and ingenious enough as far as it goes, it does not, after all, go very far; and, in particular, it by no means felicitously applies to the particular difficulties with which the Secretary of State for the Colonies has at present to deal, and which largely derive their gravity from the fact that our colonial and our foreign policy—as was made only too apparent last January—may become very closely, not to say dangerously, interwoven." In connection with this matter the St. James' Gazette pointedly observes:—"It is not for an 'old' diplomat of Lord Rosebery's stamp to cast stones at any one. The present situation in the Transvaal is mainly due to Mr. Gladstone's old Liberal diplomacy; and Lord Rosebery's own achievements in Siam, or the far East, or Armenia, do not justify his appearance as a critic. If the 'old' diplo-

macy only allowed us to find out a year or so after the event that disastrous weakness had been shown by our Foreign Minister, then give us the 'new,' which, at any rate, takes the nation into its confidence."

The South  
African View.

The South African Review, which has just been received, contains an interesting article on "the situation" in Africa. Evidently the feeling is running very high. "The clouds have thickened considerably during the week, and at the present moment the outlook is as black as it could well be; indeed, the situation has become so serious that it is difficult to refer to it with anything approaching equanimity. Following close upon the news from Rhodesia, of wholesale murders of whites by the rising native tribes, and where at this moment the lives of the whole white population, including women and children, are in jeopardy—following close upon this awful news comes ominous signs of a rising of even more serious import: the rising of public feeling in England against the Transvaal Government and all its works. That the negotiations between Chamberlain and Kruger have practically come to a standstill is obvious; and that it is a most dangerous deadlock is also obvious. The silence which now pervades official quarters is in startling contrast to the clamour without. The English Press, from the Times downwards, has assumed an attitude, the significance of which it would be idle to decry; it is not a mere section of the Press, it is that preponderating portion of it which at the period of a national crisis voices the cry of the multitude."

A Policy of  
Truckle.

Our South African contemporary goes on to say that "it is not the mere question of franchise or no franchise for the *witlander*; it is not even the broad question of the whole internal administration of the Transvaal that is rending the public mind; those are important matters, it is true, but they have been swallowed up by developments of a far wider character. It is quite possible that, were the condition of the *witlander* the only issue involved, the tone of the negotiations would never have been permitted to become acrimonious at all, and the few poor sops President Kruger is prepared to throw to the British subject in the Transvaal might have been accepted for what they were worth, pending the inevitable evolution of the State into a real Republic at no distant period. These are only little causes out of which great issues have sprung during the negotiations. Mr. Chamberlain is discovering that President Kruger is totally deaf to all reasoning; the response to his advances has been curt and discourteous; the reply to his moderate and dignified proposals has been a demand for impossible concessions; the intrigue in which it is certain the Transvaal has engaged with Germany has been supplemented by a demand for the abrogation of the London Convention. Broadly speaking, the attitude of the Boer Government has been nicely calculated to lower the prestige of England in South Africa, to excite the derision of European nations against her, and to bring her under the contempt of the civilized world. . . . The fact is that the policy of 'truckle' by the Cape Government has been one of the prime factors in bringing about this critical state of affairs. It has encouraged the Bond to launch out openly in its race-hatred; it has encouraged the Boer Government to maintain an unfriendly and 'impossible attitude' throughout the negotiations. It is not only because of events in the Transvaal than an adamant attitude is now required from the Imperial Government. It is high time that something startling occurred to bring matters to a head in this Colony. Perhaps

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain appreciate this! Perhaps this may account for some of the asperity which is proceeding from Downing Street! It is always interesting to know what is thought at the centre of things, and just now South Africa appears to be the observed of all observers as well as the centre of Imperial action.

A German View.

President Kruger's refusal to accept Mr. Chamberlain's invitation to visit England is thus regarded by the Berlin National Zeitung, one of the representative papers of Germany: "It was quite clear from the first that the answer could only be negative. As chief of an independent State, President Kruger can only accept an invitation addressed to him from the Sovereign or head of another State. In the present case it was much less an invitation than a citation to the President to appear and justify himself before the tribunal of the English Government, and that, too, after an English attack upon the Republic for which some blame must still attach to the English Government. The latter ought, on the contrary, to have cleared itself before the Court of the South African Republic. If President Kruger had obeyed the citation and visited London he would thereby have acknowledged the supremacy of England. A little reflection would have been enough to convince Mr. Chamberlain at the first that his proposal would be refused. Time after time has the unparalleled want of tact, ineptitude, and shortsightedness displayed by Mr. Chamberlain in guiding the South African policy of England led the Secretary of State for the Colonies from defeat and from disappointment to disappointment. If no change is made a situation must inevitably ensue which will only leave England the choice between humiliation and an attempt to have recourse to violence. Can anything more stupid be imagined than to cite President Kruger like an accused person to London, while the whole of England was snorting (*sic*) wrath against the South African Republic, and while Mr. Chamberlain himself, both in and out of Parliament, did his utmost in the delivery of arrogant, threatening, and inflammatory speeches. To the whole world, except Mr. Chamberlain, it was plain that, in contradistinction to the ridiculous comedy played in Bow Street, the Court in Pretoria had every reason to take a more serious view of the proceedings against the English traitors in the hands of the Republic. No sooner does Mr. Chamberlain receive the news of the verdict than he commits a new piece of tactlessness in using in his message the tone of the predominant power towards the vassal. If the condemned were to be put to death it would be in no small measure due to Mr. Chamberlain. He is evidently intellectually incapable of considering and treating the South African Republic as a co-equal state, or as one which has to be taken in earnest."

Germans as Colonists.

We are glad to note that the London Spectator has made a strong protest against the unreasonable prejudices entertained in some quarters against the emigration of Germans to South Africa. Our contemporary says: "We have taken the strongest possible line against the interference of the German Emperor in South African affairs, but we can see no common-sense in the suspicious jealousy just now manifested as to German emigration there. Germans are excellent emigrants in all our colonies. In no case have they shown the smallest symptom of disloyalty, nor do we believe that anywhere they are intriguing against the British Government. In truth they greatly prefer it to their own. The strongest motive of German emigration is the desire to escape from

German officialdom and German conscription, and even if they possessed the power they would not replace themselves beneath them. The stories of armed companies sent out as emigrants are denied by the steam companies, and are excessively improbable, if only because the German Staff could not retain control of the men after they have landed. It is a great pity to create a prejudice against a most valuable class of emigrants who bring to any Colony they enter much industry, a habit of obedience to law, and a special knowledge of many cultures, particularly that of the vine. There are forty or fifty thousand Germans in London, and we have reason to believe that at least half of them refuse to teach their children German, and see their children becoming entirely English with the utmost pleasure." We wish the French in Canada would follow this fine example. What a blessing it would be

Historic Scarborough.

The Township of Scarborough has appointed a committee to collect material for a history of the township. It is a most laudable enterprise, and it is to be hoped that other townships will follow the example of Scarborough. A well-considered circular has been issued setting forth the chief heads on which information is required. Old residents of the township, or any persons with a knowledge of its history, are requested "to note in writing any well-attested fact or incident in connection with township life," and forward such notes to Mr. J. C. Clark, Secretary of the Committee.

The Late Sir John Schultz

Mr. Roderick Campbell, formerly of the Hudson Bay Company and now living in England, contributes an interesting note to the London Canadian Gazette on the late Sir John Schultz, whom Mr. Campbell knew for many years. Mr. Campbell says that he agrees with Emerson in believing that you can get anything you want in this world provided your work for it, pray for it, hope for it, and believe you will get it. Sir John Schultz was animated by the same conviction. Mr. Campbell goes on to say: "I was in that land of bliss and rum-drinking—under, perhaps, climatic coercion—that land of many silent crimes, that land loaded with fish, flesh, and fowl; and that land which groaned in silent weeping, to be admitted into the list of the wheat-growing countries of the world, the old Red River settlement—three years before the advent of that enterprising and then young man of whom we now speak. My Company, by right of Charter, were, of course, absolute rulers. I need hardly say that, in this young man of Scandanavian appearance, of splendid physique over six feet, powerful and active, yet with the coolness and caution of a canny Scot, my Company found one, if not the worst, opponent that had ever up to then entered the sacred realms of the Charter of James II. He was an earnest exponent of free trade and of free government. He told me shortly after he came to the settlement that 'the charter my Company held was not worth the paper it was written upon. I, for one, shall never recognize it.' The country being too healthy, he found no scope for his professional ability, so he turned first to merchandise, building the first brick house in the town that is now Winnipeg. Then it followed that he started the Nor'-Wester, and became a journalist. In every page he poured vituperations over the head and ears of my worthy Company—some of which were conversation to order, some of which promised to lend themselves to philosophic aphorism, others to epigrammatic brilliance, and all more or less, I may say with truth, somewhat excessive. In time, the Council of Assiniboine thought it right, in the interest of the Company, to appoint as sheriff this young intruder's half-brother, Mr. H. McKenny,

that he might be able to curb and appease this exponent of free trade, who had vowed that until there was a free Government he should pay no duty on imported goods. When the goods arrived, young Schultz in person defended them at the landing ferry. The next day his half-brother sheriff entered the doctor's warehouse to put execution on the goods, but the first bale he touched, he was collared by the physician, and another instant saw the worthy relative-officer sprawling on the floor, and glad he was to exit and make himself scarce. Instances of this kind are too many to mention now. Sir John Schultz was a warm friend to the Indians, and they rewarded him, for in the first election after the Union their votes, though illegal in a sense, returned him to the Dominion Parliament. My Company opposed him strenuously, but their man was as small as Mr. Schultz was big, and, as I said, the Indian vote sent him to Ottawa a conquering hero. But, nevertheless, in time all their 'land became Pharaoh's.'" Mr. Campbell says that the Company and Sir John became quite friendly in later years, a fact he seems particularly pleased to note.

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### Are Newspapers Interesting?

YES. Newspapers are very interesting—so, at least, says the English Spectator. They may not be trustworthy. They may not always be conducted or written in the very best taste; but they are decidedly interesting. It is said that there are people who, for instance, can read all they want to read in The Times in the space of one hour, whilst others need two. But to read The Times from beginning to end would take a great deal longer than that. There was an old gentleman (and he may have had many partners) who regularly read the whole of The Times, from the first line to the last, advertisements and all, every day. When we remember that the contents of one number of The Times would fill an ordinary octavo volume of 400 pages, we see what a work was here accomplished.

But, of course, we are not thinking of advertisements, when we speak of newspapers being interesting; although, indeed, a good many advertisements are decidedly interesting and even amusing, even as some others are distinctly exasperating. To have our feelings harrowed, for example, by a narrative of some admirable clergyman's only and beloved daughter being brought to the brink of the grave, and then to find that the whole thing is a puff of Dr. Bill's Purple Pills, or of the South African decoction of hops, is too much of a good thing. But no one can deny the beauty of the blower of soap-bubbles who advertises Pears' soap; and we experience an additional pleasure in using that admirable aid to cleanliness and health when we remember how it has been commended to us. We did not reflect, when we began this paragraph, that we were about to give Mr. Pears an advertisement gratis; but he is welcome to it.

Among the elements of interest in modern newspapers The Spectator, quoting a speech of Mr. Morley's, mentions reviews. And it must be acknowledged that many of these are admirable, and, in some respects, very superior to those of former times. Very seldom indeed do contemporary journals give way to the personal aversions which were too often, in former days, expressed in violent vituperation of political or ecclesiastical adversaries. Commonly reviews are now fair. Not always, but, for the most part, as fair as they can be expected to be, considering the points of view of reviewer and reviewed. The London papers are generally admirable in this respect; the New York and Boston papers not quite so good. Our own Toronto papers claim a high place in this respect. We read the reviews of the

Mail and Globe with general agreement and approval, and almost always with the feeling that the writers are competent and careful; and this is much.

But we have lingered too long over this department. The most interesting part of the newspaper is that which contains the local, national, and foreign news. And we do not hesitate to say that the manner in which this news is presented to us in the newspapers shows an immense capacity for collection, selection, condensation, and presentation. We pass from paragraph to paragraph, hardly thinking what literary instincts are at work, what an amount of experience is displayed, when we get the very thing that we want about England, the Continent of Europe, Asia, Africa, the United States, and all in a form so compact, and yet without being dry, that we have spent but a very limited period of time over it.

The Spectator wants the newspapers to give more information respecting the distant countries and personages whom they describe; but we do not find them lacking in that way. When a comparatively unknown country is in question, they give us maps. When a personage hitherto unknown emerges, they give us biographies, and even portraits. And sometimes these portraits are remarkably, wonderfully good, if at other times they are a terror to the originals and their wives.

Take again the reports of public meetings. Sometimes, no doubt, they are bad, imperfect, incorrect. But generally they are surprisingly good. Some of us have complained of reports of our speeches. Should we like to be reported *verbatim*? This was once done for a gentleman who complained. It is said that when he read this reproduction of his public utterances he never spoke in public again. And how often have we blessed the reporter in our hearts, when we have seen how mercifully he cut out our vain repetitions and re-adjusted our unfinished sentences!

We do not generally read the stories in newspapers, but we believe that they are very good, and evidently there are people who read them, or they would not be provided. One thing at least is certain, that newspapers can, for this purpose, command the best literary talent of the day. If Walter Scott or Dickens were now alive, they might be selling their novels in slices to syndicates (is that the right word?) in England, America, and throughout the world. We are not sorry, however, that we read Scott in volumes, or Dickens in the famous monthly parts with the illustrations of Phiz.

In one respect the newspapers are getting better, although they are not yet perfect—we mean in their reports of public, and especially political, meetings. From an impartial point of view—which we have a right to demand in reports—speeches should be reported according to their excellence and importance. This has not been done. A Tory paper glorifies a noodle on its own side and damns an eloquent Whig with faint praise, and the Whig paper returns the compliment. If you read the one, you would think that all the eloquence and applause were on one side. If you read the other, you would think just the reverse. This is mean, and it is also silly—the "last infirmity" of a mind not quite "noble," but getting nobler. If the newspapers would learn to give fair play in their reports (we do not expect it in their comments), if they would curtail a little their narratives of horrors, if they would never give us the autobiographies of murderers, even when they are true, which they never have been, and never will be—if they would amend in these and some minor particulars, they would come very near to being classical literature, as indeed they are now a great deal more interesting than much which bears that illustrious name.

## Our Country.

Dear Canada ! fair Canada !  
To thee our hopes belong,  
To thee our hearts inviolate,  
We pledge with wine and song.

Bright jewel in old England's crown,  
Loved home of lake and wood,  
Of mighty torrents, mountains, streams,  
Of all things fair and good.

Still young in storied pages, we,  
Are strong in Truth and Right,  
Our sons are brave, our daughters fair,  
God keep us in the light.

Our fathers fought and bled erewhile,  
And we'll defend our own,  
But peace be ours and calm content,  
The joys of health and home.

From East to West four thousand miles,  
United firm we stand,  
Let self be lost in manly love  
Of this, our native land.

Dear Canada, loved Canada,  
Blest be our land to-day,  
The maple leaf our emblem still,  
God and our right for aye.

A. R.

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## Customs Union, National Defence, and Imperial Federation.—I.

THE reception accorded to the scheme recently suggested by Mr. Chamberlain was at first enthusiastic; but the views subsequently expressed by leading men and journals in the larger Colonies declare the scheme to be impracticable.

The Colonies have an aversion to direct taxation; and the adoption of Free Trade with Great Britain would mean an immediate loss of more than half their revenue.

Another difficulty which must attend any scheme of Customs Union throughout the Empire is the absence of any means whereby the scheme could be modified from time to time, if it were found to work oppressively in the case of any particular Colony. That such cases would arise is quite certain, and it would be impossible to convene a Colonial Conference on every occasion.

It may be that in attempting to produce schemes, whether of Customs Union or of Imperial Federation for the whole Empire at once, we have made the mistake of running when we ought to have walked.

The distance to be covered was too great, and we broke down before we had covered a quarter of the ground.

Would it not be wiser to try a less ambitious method? Suppose now that, so far as a Customs Union is concerned, we commence with the Colonies alone, and suppose that instead of attempting a detailed scheme of Imperial Federation we provide a substantial nucleus of it, capable of indefinite expansion.

If we could thereby construct a solid foundation (highly beneficial, as I hope to show, to Great Britain also) the superstructure would doubtless be completed in due time.

But while the extension of trade within the Empire, and a closer union between the Colonies and the Mother Country are desirable objects, the safety of the Empire is at least as desirable.

As a practical workable scheme I would venture to suggest the following, and to show my reasons for so regarding them.

## OUTLINE OF SCHEME.

(1) Introduce Free Trade generally between the Colonies, leaving them at liberty (so far as their respective forms of Government permit) to adopt such tariffs as they wish against Great Britain and foreign countries.

(2) Institute an Imperial Defence fund based upon the maritime trade of the Colonies, payable by them to Great Britain.

(3) Establish a permanent Board of British and Colonial representatives for the purpose of enquiring into, discussing and reporting upon schemes for the advancement of trade, commerce, and national defence.

Firstly, then, as to Customs Union:

There is probably no subject upon which such a diversity of opinion is held by countries, and by individuals within the same country as the subject of tariffs. And the reason for this diversity is plain enough for each country has special needs of its own, arising from its environment, as regards climate, population, etc., which do not exist, at least to the same extent, or in the same way, in any other country. Similarly in the case of individuals men usually form their opinions on the question according to the manner in which it affects their own private interests. The problem involves not merely the relative advantages of Free Trade and Protection, but of every variety existing between the limits of absolute Free Trade and extreme Protection.

It is too much to expect that any scheme of Customs Union can be formulated which will (irrespective of the question of National Defence) certainly benefit every portion of the Empire.

So far, then, as mere Customs Union is concerned, we ought to be well satisfied if we can make a distinct step forward towards the removal of those tariff barriers which hamper the intercourse of each portion of the Empire with the rest.

Let us glance at the position of the Empire in this regard.

Fifty years ago Great Britain adopted Free Trade, and experience seems to have demonstrated the wisdom of her choice. Moreover Great Britain has, by Treaties with Germany and Belgium, disabled herself so far as those countries are concerned, from entering into any preferential Customs Union even with her own Colonies.

But while Great Britain thus approves and maintains the principles of Free Trade for her own purposes and within her own limits, she admits, without objection, the right of her Colonies to frame protective tariffs, and otherwise to manage their own affairs as they think best.

If several Colonies find it to their interest to unite in a single Confederation, such as was effected by the confederation of the Provinces of Canada, and thereby abolish tariff duties *inter se*, the Mother Country not only consents to such an arrangement, but warmly approves and ratifies it. It may, therefore, be inferred that free inter-colonial trade is entirely unobjectionable to the Mother Country. But if this be true of one group of Colonies, occupying a very large surface of the Empire and having large trade relations with Great Britain and with foreign countries as Canada has, a mode of union seems at least possible whereby the Free Trade principles of Great Britain could not only be maintained but vastly extended, and yet whereby each Colony or group of Colonies, should remain at liberty to raise their revenues by indirect taxation, collected under tariffs, as heretofore.

The great practical difficulty of obtaining the assent of the numerous Legislatures of the Empire to any proposition confronts us at the outset.

Sir Rawson W. Rawson, in the introduction to his "Synopsis of the Tariffs and Trade of the British Empire," says: "The tariffs of the United Kingdom and of the several British possessions, framed upon such different principles, and aiming at such a variety of economical and financial results, present a very chaos to the enquirer, and appear to be beyond the possibility of juxtaposition and comparison." Some of the reasons for this we have already seen, and we have had more than one assurance of the British Government within the last year that so far as Great Britain is concerned no alteration can be made in her present Free Trade principles.

Let us now enquire in what position the parties would be under the proposed Customs Union. At first let us consider the position of the Colonies.

Ten years ago the intercolonial trade of the Empire amounted (according to Rawson, Table VIII) to about £95,000,000 per annum. It has, no doubt, largely increased since then, and is subject to Customs duties varying from five to fifty per cent.

The removal of customs duties from such a vast aggregate could not fail to cause great activity in trade and probably a rise in the values of Colonial stocks and securities.

But it will of course be objected by Colonial statesmen, how are we to raise the revenue which is at present collected from this trade?

The objection is plausible, but admits of being satisfactorily answered.

One must always bear in mind that the revenue collect-

ed under a tariff is almost wholly paid by the country which imposes the tariff, so that the money which is now being collected in the intercolonial trade would, under this scheme, remain in the pockets of the colonists.

The volume of intercolonial trade, large as it is, forms but a quarter of the total trade of the Colonies. The weight of the objection, therefore, depends upon the relative amount of trade carried on by each Colony with its sister Colonies.

(1) Out of the 42 British possessions whose trade is explained by Rawson (Table VIII), 9 of them, including Canada, import less than three per cent. of their goods from sister colonies. The trade of Hong Kong, Gibraltar and Malta is not explained in the above table, but I understand that these three colonies should be added to this group.

(2) Fourteen of them import over five but under twenty-five per cent.

(3) Eight of them import between twenty-five and fifty per cent.

(4) The remaining eight import more than fifty per cent of their goods from sister colonies.

It is obvious that groups (1) and (2) would suffer but little inconvenience in adopting free intercolonial trade. Group (3) includes New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia which are on the eve of uniting in the Australian confederacy, and Newfoundland, which will probably soon join the Dominion of Canada.

Of the eight Colonies comprised in group No. (4), three of them, Queensland, W. Australia and Tasmania, will doubtless be united in the Australian confederacy, and the remaining five, Labuan, Ceylon, Mauritius, Fiji and Montserrat, have neither a high rate of duty nor, relatively to the larger colonies of the Empire, a very extensive trade.

But how will the scheme affect the Mother Country?

The Colonies cannot as yet be said to compete with Great Britain or with foreigners in manufactures. Even if a Colony found itself unable to raise its necessary revenue otherwise than by imposing a slight additional duty upon British and foreign goods, the colonists, not the Britishers or foreigners, would have to pay the duty.

But Great Britain would, in another aspect of the case, be greatly benefitted by the scheme.

The activity of trade and the probable rise in Colonial securities which would accompany a removal of the intercolonial duties, would undoubtedly lead to heavier purchases of British and foreign goods, especially by the wealthier classes of colonists. Nor would the benefit be at all equally shared by foreigners.

Taking the percentage of total imports by the Colonies, Great Britain supplies 42·3 per cent., and foreigners 31·4.

This would indicate an advantage of over 10 per cent. in favour of the Mother Country. But the advantage would in fact be far greater.

Twenty-four of the Colonies mentioned in Rawson's Table include nearly all the large possessions of the Empire, South Africa, India, Australia and Canada, and as to these the percentage stands 54·9 in favour of Great Britain, and only 24·1 for foreigners.

If the time should ever arrive when either Great Britain or the Colonies find it advisable to modify their views as to customs duties, and when the treaties above mentioned are abrogated, we shall be in a position to adopt a more complete Customs Union than the one hereby submitted. Meanwhile, half a loaf is better than no bread. Under any scheme some portion of the Empire will benefit more than others, at least in the first instance; but with a body of experts, having the work of the scheme under their constant supervision, as I propose in the third provision of my scheme, no permanent hardship could exist, whereas a present inestimable benefit, in the matter of Imperial defence, might be at once taken in hand and placed upon a more satisfactory basis.

(To be continued.)

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Mr. Raymond C. Beazley's new work, "The Dawn of Modern Geography," may be expected at an early date. The author's idea has been to give a history of travel and geographical science from the conversion of the Roman Empire, with an account of the achievements and writings of the early Christian, Arab and Viking students and explorers. Mr. John Murray is to publish it.

## Concerning Sponges.

A LITTLE-READ author in our day is Philo Judæus, although Bohn has long since provided an English translation of his works, by Yonge, in his Ecclesiastical Library. He was an Alexandrian Jew, the contemporary of Jesus Christ and of the early years of Josephus. In him we find the first prominent specimen of that peculiar product, the philosophical Hebrew, paralleled with many an accentuated difference, in Maimonides of the twelfth, and Spinosa of the seventeenth century. Plato was his master equally with Moses, and he had many followers within the Christian Church and without it. Plato and he were Greek and Hebrew Hegels of antiquity, whose business it was to break all hard shells of fact for the sake of the kernel of idea which lay within them. By this means the sage of the Academy made the repulsively voluptuous and cruel mythology of the Greeks a vehicle of moral instruction. Philo applied the same allegorical process to the books of Moses, which he accepted implicitly without any higher critical doubts, furnishing a commentary, not indeed altogether void of rabbinical conceits, but philosophical along cosmical and moral lines. His line of philosophical succession, like that of the apostles, is broken beyond the probability of mending; but, towards the end of the second century, two celebrated men, both originally pagans and both supposed to have become converts to Christianity, although one apparently relapsed, took up his allegorical mantle. He who lapsed was Ammonius Laccas, once a common porter, who headed the Neo-Platonic school adverse to the Christian faith: the other was St. Clement, of Alexandria, the founder of the allegorizing college of Biblical interpreters, which culminated in his pupil, Origen. These allegorizers or idea-hunters exist to-day, both out of the Church and in. They are wise in their own conceits, to make it plural, but an ancient scholastic hit them hard when he said: "Real existence is greater than thought." Hegelians and the champions of deductive theology, Spencerian philosophers and Plymouth brethren, evolutionary higher-critics and verbal inspirationists, would do well to ponder the scholastic dictum. Real existence, otherwise fact, is greater than thought.

Here we go quarreling again! Let us get back to Philo Judæus and the sponges. He is speaking of mixtures in general, and of the commingling of wine and water in particular, and says: "With a sponge saturated with oil it is possible for the water to be taken up and for the wine to be left behind, which may perhaps be because the origin of sponge is derived from water, and, therefore, it is natural that water being a kindred substance is calculated by nature to be taken up by the sponge out of the combination, but that that substance which is of a different nature, namely the wine, is naturally left behind." Sponges and water the writer has in abundance, but wine, that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil, that maketh his face to shine, he, for the present, lacks, so that he cannot corroborate the truth of Philo's experiment in unravelling mixtures. His combination recalls Charles Lamb's apology to his sister for leaving their whimpering dog out in the rain. "What more can the animal want?" he asked; "he has plenty of whine and water." If, however, Philo's idea is scientifically correct, it will be invaluable to frugal and temperate hosts. When a guest drowns the miller, instead of urging him to resuscitate that imaginary being by the aid of the decanter, furnish him with a sponge dipped in oil to draw off the superfluous water. It is almost safe to say that he will not drown the miller a second time, even should he get the chance.

Ancient examination papers in philosophy contain the question, "What are mixed modes?" The author of the essay concerning Human Understanding replies: "Such are the complex ideas we mark by the names *obligation*, *drunkenness*, *a lie*, etc., which, consisting of several combinations of simple ideas of different kinds, I have called mixed modes, to distinguish them from the more simple modes, which consist only of simple ideas of the same kind." It is a peculiar coincidence that Locke should call his second illustrative term mixed, seeing that it indicates an extreme result of Philo's unmixing. The usages of modern speech seem to justify the English philosopher in calling intoxication a mixed mode, whether produced by American mixed drinks or by the native simplicity of home-made tangle-leg. The Greeks and Romans would have regarded Philo's treatment



of the wine and water as the act of a barbarian, if it had been his intention to drink the wine neat, for, in their moderation, they went as far as three and even four-water grog. They were too early in the world to be acquainted with the awful fate of Ben Backstay, the ghost of whose body, that a shark had bereft of its head, appeared to his comrades to give them the solemn warning:

“So, lest my fate you meet,  
Why, never mix your liquor, boys,  
But always take it neat.”

Nothing but apt alliterations artful aid can justify the quoting of the Bible immediately after Ben Backstay. That sacred volume contains the command “Neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woollen come upon thee.” Moses Maimonides states that the prohibition arose out of the fact that heathen priests wore such hybrid clothes, as, replacing the flax with cotton, are now-a-days common. He further adds that if a man saw an Israelite wear such a garment, it was lawful for him to fall upon the offender in public, even were he his spiritual master, and rend the profane attire from his person. The prohibition of such an apparently innocent mixture is a peculiar one. If it be true that the bagpipes flourished in ancient Babylonia, showing that the Gaul was not far off, its object may have been to draw a well-marked line between two peculiar peoples: for the old Description of the Realm of Scotland relates that the Highlanders and Islesmen “delight to wear marled cloths, especially such as have long stripes of sundry colours; they love chiefly purple and blew.” Now “marled,” according to Jamieson, means variagated, made of mixed colours, not necessarily of mixed materials, although the one might lead to the other. To what extent the modern Hebrew complies with the ancient law, one who is altogether unconnected with the clothing trade has little opportunity of judging.

In the process of preparing cloth for the market, it is supposed to undergo sponging in order to prevent subsequent shrinkage. A popular idea conveyed by the comic papers is that the garments sold by Hebrew clothing dealers receive their first shrinkage from a shower of rain when on the unhappy buyers' persons. What would be the effect of sponging a composite suit of linen and woollen can only be guessed by analogy. The superior shrinking power of the wool would pucker up the linen threads, till they stood out like quills on the fretful porcupine. Ancient Roman writers are of no use on this subject, because the ancient Roman did not wear linen at all. That excellent material only came into use when Egypt became better known, and infected the Romans with the spirit of luxury. A wicked sophist of the fourth century, after the seat of Empire had been transferred to Constantinople, characterized the Christian clergy as men not ashamed to go about in black coats and dirty linen. So great is the malice of the pagan! Had the brethren he slandered lived a thousand years or more later a celluloid stock and cuffs might have replaced the linen, and a sponge, with some cheap water, would have rendered the white part of their attire immaculate. Aulus Gellius, Valerius Maximus, and other ancients, refused to help the writer out of his dilemma between sponges and mixed clothes, but somehow he has got back to the sponge. The sponge takes away the injurious element in the mixture of collar and cuffs, on the one hand, and dirt on the other, as Philo's oiled sponge removed the objectionable water from the wine.

In ancient days the debit accounts of regular customers in taverns and general stores were kept on slates, as may still be the case in remote rural districts. When pay-day arrived these establishments became sponging houses without the aid of a bailiff, for the wetted sponge wiped out old scores to the mutual comfort of debtor and creditor. The artless school boy often has cause to rejoice in the lucky accident of a sponge fastened to his slate by a long string, when the school-marm, making a tour of inspection, approaches a desk over which three heads are grouped, their grinning faces jubilant over a frightful feminine caricature above the words: “portrate of ugli mis biles.” In a moment the sponge is applied to the artist's mouth and the cartoon is among the things that are past equally with the three grins. It is very dangerous sport to mix up an innocent arithmetical vehicle with educational libels. Even in the process of more serious warfare the sponge has its uses. The sportsman whose war is waged against portions of the

animal kingdom, and the artillerist who trains his gun for higher game, must make more or less frequent applications of the sponge-rod to remove caking accretions and ensure the efficiency of their weapons. Serious accidents have resulted from negligence in its employment.

While sticking to Philo's text, we can only regard the sponge as a beneficent agent. The gratuitous absorber of the good things of another has the same name, but constitutes a totally different theme. The sage of Alexandria lets us know that mixture is a very common thing in this life and often leads to confusion. This is true. Unmingled happiness, invariable success, an unbroken high level of achievement, perfection of character, unwavering popularity, are human impossibilities. The wine of life is generally mixed with water, and that not of the most palatable, even bilge of many voyages. In commerce with our fellows, their memories become large slates on which heavy scores are chalked up against us. Even those from whom we naturally expect to receive some measure of justice, if not of respect, use their tongues, as the school-boy his slate-pencil, to draw caricatures of us on the tablets of their neighbours' minds. Often we ourselves, and the nature of the work we have to do, carry fouling as a necessary result. The shots we fire in earnest or in sport, though the latter be but blank-cartridge, sooner or later will blacken and choke the weapon. Cynics have been made in this way and misanthropes, to say nothing of people of cutting speech and a bad tongue. Such acquire an evil reputation, and their language, spoken or written, happily loses all weight.

Blessed is the beneficent human sponge! He sees that the world has dashed cold water on his friend's wine-cup, and, like Philo, he sets himself to work to drain it off. An experienced, kindly sponge can take off the dashings of a year in a few minutes, and enable the cup-bearer to enjoy the full, rich flavour of life's vintage. A mischievous fellow's tongue tries to draw a caricature of youth on his mind, but he wipes the thing off with a single rub, and advises Mr. Mischief to do the same. Others present their heart slates full of old scores to him. He refuses to copy them, and does his best to erase their false and ugly figures. Should the figures even be true, they are yet none of his affair; and, if they have been in any way part of his life account with you, he is willing still to let bygones be bygones. Is he a public man whose business it is to fight at times! He still retains the beneficent sponginess of his nature. After every encounter he scours his barrel clean and bright, in readiness for a friendly, peaceful parade and an inspection by the highest and most exacting authority. The quality of the human eraser is divine, of the very essence of divinity, and that is probably why he is so rare a product among humanity, that will have every nice offence to bear its comment. His presence is refreshing to the soul as tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. When such as he are multiplied, the great motive of mankind for fighting will have been taken away, and a universal *tabula rasa* prepared for the writing of the mysterious and glorious Third Heaven.

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“The Poets of the Bodley Head:” Norman Gale.

“MUCH depends,” writes Lamb, “on *when* and *where* you read a book,” and those who love books say “Amen” to the statement. We read a comic author, while we wait in the doctor's ante-room, and afterwards the jester's name only means to us the sick thrill we felt as the door into the consulting room opened and shut, from time to time, and our turn came always nearer. We take up a favourite poet the day before the lists are published, and till old age, his lines will tell back to us again the ambitions, the hopes, and the deadly fears that pulsed through us that day.

The right circumstances and the perfect book very seldom meet.

“Never the day and the hour  
And the loved one altogether!”

But most of us carry in our minds visions of ideal books for certain ideal days, and that is why, while the tender green is showing against the blue sky, and the flowers are wandering back to earth, we write of Norman Gale and beg all who do not know his “Country Muse” to get the book now and learn to love it in the season that suits it best.

Norman Gale is an Oxford man, a Rugby master, and a little over thirty years of age. A few years ago he was known to a few book-lovers as the author of "Meadow Sweet." Then he issued a volume of essays, "Thistledown" in conjunction with his friend Charles Meade, who did the best work in the volume; but his first success began when his "Country Muse" came to town in 1890. That fascinating young woman won all hearts from her first appearance.

Norman Gale is the Watteau of poetry. He lives in Arcadia, or in the Forest of Arden, and he sings of shepherdesses, of brooks, and flocks of birds as daintily as a nineteenth century Herrick, and without a tinge of the coarseness that blurs some pages of Hesperides. He takes Nature more simply and lovingly than any other of our present-day poets, and that fact gives him his chief charm and distinction. The versifiers of this decade have written so much second-hand philosophy and morbid emotion into every phase of Nature that when we meet a poet to whom—

"A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose is to him,  
And it is nothing more"

we feel like saying devoutly, "Thank heaven," and sitting down by the stream to admire it with him!

The whole book throbs with the love of country life. The poem, "A Creed," is too long to quote in full, but some verses may give an idea of the spirit that breathes through Gale's work.

"Give me no coat of arms, no pomp, no pride,  
But violets only and the rustic joys  
That throne content along the country side.

No subtle readings, but a trusting love,  
A hand to help, a heart to share in pain,  
And over all, the cooing of the dove.

I am for finches and the rosy lass  
Who leads me where the moss is thick, and where  
Sweet strawberry-balls of scarlet gleam in grass."

Love and country; sights and country joys, are the best things Life can bring us, so the "Country Muse" tells us over and over again.

"The gods who toss their bounties down  
To willing laps  
Conspired to mould a million shapes—  
Crocus and grasses, seas and capes—  
To make deep echoes in our hearts.  
What rare divine imaginings  
Conceived the ivy-spray that clings  
To other miracles, the trees!  
How magical those great decrees  
That sent us roses, birds, and springs!

"The gods who toss their bounties down  
To willing laps  
Neither forgot the violets' scent,  
Nor planets in the firmament—  
The outposts of a mystery!  
They gave to man the undefiled  
Bright rivulets and waters wild,  
They wrought at goodly gifts above,  
And for the pinnacle of love,  
They fashioned him a little child."

It is difficult to give any idea, by a few extracts, of the wholesome charm and poetic fancy that permeate the book. An orchid or a rose is perfect in itself, but a branch of hawthorn does not tell half the beauty of the hedge, blooming under the summer sky, nor a bunch of primroses represent fairly the meadow they came from, and it is in the book as a whole the attraction lies that makes it loved by all who love out of doors. This short poem will do as well as another to quote:

"The shyest blooms are best. The hidden bird  
Can make a midnight melody of wrong;  
And sweetest far the love that is not heard  
Before a kindred soul demands its song.  
How luring she that's simple-souled and staid!  
And love is ever rarest half afraid.  
The May tree has its white, the rose its red,  
The brook gold lilies, and the pool its rush,  
The graveyard has its unforgotten dead,  
And life has beauty waking to a blush.  
But Love has tenderness and all sweet things,  
And throbs alike for Cotters and for Kings!"

There is only one poem in the book that makes us sad; it is the last one, in which our author tells us—

"No more where dying daylight shyly lingers  
Will I make musical salute to spring  
Who will may take Love's pipe from out my fingers,

Who will may sing the songs I used to sing,  
But from my pipe hath poured its first love's splendour  
Now will I dare the steep that bounds the plain,  
Teaching my soul its duty stern and tender,  
Singing the truth that only comes through pain,"

and we devoutly hope he will not keep his word! So many poets are already pledged to that depressing vocation.

"Books," wrote Dr. Johnson, "should teach us either to enjoy life or to endure it." Norman Gale, when he writes "by Nature," teaches us to enjoy life. May he never throw away his fairy gold, or try to turn his dear Arcadia into a scientific poem!

E. G.

## Silver and Gold.

AS Mr. Harkness has been good enough to notice my criticisms of his former paper, it may be advisable that I should say something in reply. And first of all I must deal briefly with one or two side issues.

Mr. Harkness complains that I insinuated that he had approached his subject in a partizan spirit. I am sorry I was misunderstood. What I objected to was his assuming, as I thought, that a partizan spirit in others was perfectly natural and altogether to be expected. The passage to which I referred was this (THE WEEK, 28th Feb): "Nearly all the economic writers in this country and in England are partizans of gold. We can understand this so far as the Englishmen are concerned, because theirs is a lending country and any appreciation in the price of that metal that does not destroy the paying power of borrowing nations but adds to their wealth. Canada, on the other hand, has to pay interest on foreign obligations amounting in the aggregate to six or seven hundred millions of dollars, and every cent that is added to the purchasing power of the gold dollar increases these obligations by six or seven millions. That, under these circumstances, Canadians should espouse the same cause seems to indicate that they have carefully cultivated the grace of self-sacrifice."

On the same date Mr. Harkness spoke of "the persistent efforts that have been and are being put forth by the Governments of money-lending countries to force up the price of the standard by which the values of commodities are measured.

I did not attack or even question this very broad and positive statement; I confined myself to asking where I could find the proof of it.

This is Mr. Harkness' answer (THE WEEK, 24th April): "In discussing subjects of general interest in a journal like THE WEEK, it is pre-supposed that readers will be fairly well informed, and it is not usually regarded as necessary to stop to explain well understood facts or conditions. A very little study of the economic history of Great Britain, from, say, 1815 to 1850, or of that of Western Europe during the early seventies, should have convinced Mr. Jemmett that his first question was entirely uncalled for; or, if he still had doubts, a glance at the agglomeration of States to the south of us, where the struggle between the borrowing and lending communities is still going on would surely have set them at rest."

I am sorry that my lack of general information should have been made so painfully apparent, and can only hope that some well-informed reader will give me the definite information which I have asked in vain from Mr. Harkness.

His answer to my question about the Indian Mints covers far too wide a field for me to discuss it here. But when it is noticed that amongst the causes of the financial crisis in the United States in 1893 he includes the expectation that the Sherman Act would be repealed. I think it must be allowed that Mr. Harkness' reading of its history differs from the version usually accepted.

Although Mr. Harkness appears to think that whatever part of his case he has not proved I have proved for him, it will be noticed that he never once comes to close quarters either with my facts or my arguments, although he uses some of my figures as basis for arguments of his own. He does not even refer to the argument of my third paper, "The Fall in Prices," except by way of very casual mention.

But although the greater part of my three papers passes absolutely unchallenged, Mr. Harkness claims a complete victory. As to this others must decide.

The whole of the argumentative part of his paper of

24th April, and the second half of that of 1st May, is devoted to the quantitative theory of money, a question to which I do not think I even alluded, though possibly some of my arguments had some indirect bearing on it, and I do not propose to go into it here.

But he quotes in this connection an "opinion" of John Stuart Mill's, which will repay a little examination. I give it exactly as it appears in his paper of 24th April: "The value of money is inversely as general prices, falling as they rise, and rising as they fall. . . . As the whole of the goods in the market compose the demand for money, so the whole of the money constitutes the demand for goods. The money and the goods are seeking each other for the purpose of being exchanged. They are reciprocally supply and demand to one another. If there were less money in the hands of the community, and the same amount of goods to be sold, less money altogether would be given for them, and they would be sold at lower prices; lower, too, in the precise ratio in which the money has diminished." As it stands, this is undoubtedly a strong endorsement of Mr. Harkness' theory, but let us look into it.

When a quotation is given as a whole, as this is, it is, I think, a well understood rule that it must be really a whole, and that any omission must be merely that of a few words, or, at the most, a sentence or two which have no special connection with the point at issue, every such omission being shown in the usual way.

Now I have searched in vain through the chapter to which Mr. Harkness refers (Pol. Econ. Book iii, Chap. viii.), for any connected passage such as he gives.\* But I find the first sentence in section 1 of the chapter in question; the next three sentences appear to come from section 2, one hundred and two lines farther on, whilst the remainder may be found towards the end of the same section, about one hundred and forty-five lines being omitted. But although this method of quotation is not to be commended, I do not think that the various passages, even in the form in which they were given, misrepresent to any great extent the argument of the two sections from which they are taken. But I think it is rather a pity, when Mr. Harkness was turning up his quotations, that he should have stopped short when he had found the sentences he needed.

Had he persevered in his explorations he might have noticed that section four, of the same chapter, opens as follows: "The proposition which we have laid down respecting the dependence of general prices upon the quantity of money in circulation, must be understood as applying only to a state of things in which money, that is, gold or silver, is the exclusive instrument of exchange, and actually passes from hand to hand at every purchase, credit in any of its shapes being unknown."

And if he had had the curiosity to continue his journey, he would have found that this section, after enumerating some of the qualifications and abatements, which must be taken into account, concludes thus: "The sequel of our investigation will point out many other qualifications with which the proposition must be received, that the value of the circulating medium depends on the demand and supply, and is in the inverse ratio of the quantity; qualifications which, under a complex system of credit like that existing in England, render the proposition an extremely incorrect expression of the fact."

It is thus clear that Mill does not support (to put it mildly) the theory propounded by Mr. Harkness; a few lines will make it equally clear that my figures are not exactly a "striking confirmation" of it.

My statistics give the following amount, of gold and silver money in existence in certain countries for each dollar's worth of the total foreign trade of those countries:

	GOLD COIN.	SILVER COIN.	TOTAL
1850.....	26 cents	36 cents	62 cents.
1884.....	28 "	12 "	40 "
1890.....	26 "	15 "	41 "

Referring to these figures, Mr. Harkness says: "Thus in 1850, when silver and gold were both money metals, and freely coined in all these countries but one, the coined money bore the proportion of 62 to 100 of goods; but in 1890, when gold was the only money in most of these countries, it

was but 41 to the 100—a pretty strong confirmation of the contention that the degradation of silver has relatively reduced the quantity of money and raised its exchangeable value." That is to say, that the fact that in 1850 there were 62 cents in money for each dollar of goods, whilst in 1890 there were only 41 cents is in great measure responsible for the fall in prices.

Side by side with the figures given above let us put Mr. Sauerbeck's index figures for prices for the different years. Our table will then stand thus:

	MONEY PER DOLLAR OF GOODS.	LEVEL OF PRICES.
1850.....	62 cents.....	77
1884.....	40 ".....	76
1890.....	41 ".....	72

So we see that in 1850, when the coin per dollar of foreign trade was rather more than half as much again as in 1884, the level of prices was one point higher, whilst by 1890, when coin was one cent more than in 1884, prices had fallen four points. Could there be more direct evidence that the level of prices does not depend upon the proportion of coin to goods.

According to the theory propounded by Mr. Harkness, prices in 1884 should have been about two-thirds of what they were in 1850, whereas they were practically the same. By 1890 they should have risen a point or two, but they actually fell four points.

The only other point that I need deal with is one raised by Mr. Harkness at the beginning of his paper of 1st May.

By some mental process which I am quite unable to follow, he appears to have arrived at the conclusion that my statement that there can be no such thing as a universal rise or fall in values practically proves his case so far as gold is concerned.

He says: "It practically admits, or rather sets forth, all I have been contending for so far as the rise in the price or exchangeable value of gold is concerned; accept it, and a simple arithmetical calculation will show that gold in relation to all other exchangeable products is 66 2-3 per cent. dearer than it was in 1871."

I must confess my inability to understand this. In the first place, what is the connection between my statement and the arithmetical calculation. I was under the impression that the fall in prices—that is, the divergence between the value of gold and the value of other commodities—was granted; that the dispute was as to the cause of it. As I said on 27th March: "The controversy turns on the cause of the fall in prices. Mr. Harkness puts forth two distinct and separate causes: 1st. The increase in the value of gold. 2nd. The decrease in the value of silver. He ascribes both these changes to the effects of the demonetization of silver. I join issue with him on these points."

How can Mr. Harkness possibly imagine that by stating what is merely an economic truism I have proved any part of his case?

The only explanation which occurs to me is one which involves so complete a confusion on his part not only of language but of thought that I am somewhat loth to attribute it to him.

In his first paper he speaks of raising the price of the coinage, and says: "The sovereign can not fix but he can affect the value or rather price of the coins." These and similar expressions led me to include, in my third paper the "preliminary proposition," part of which Mr. Harkness quotes, and which went on to point out the difference between "value" and "price." But I presumed that Mr. Harkness understood the meaning of the two terms, and that his misuse of them was merely an oversight. But I must have been mistaken.

Mr. Harkness appears to have considered the proposition, "a universal fall in values is impossible," identical with "a universal fall in prices is impossible," which of course makes an appreciation of gold to an extent of 66 2-3 per cent. the only feasible explanation of the divergence between its value and the value of other commodities.

I have refrained from directly questioning either the theory of bimetalism or the historical basis which is sometimes claimed for it.

It seemed to me that verifiable statistics regarding the precious metals and considerations as to modern conditions of production would be a sufficient answer.

\* My edition is the "Peoples'," London, 1871; possibly that used by Mr. Harkness is different.

## American Poetry of To-day.

"Olympian bards who sung  
Divine ideas below,  
Which always find us young,  
And always keep us so."

I WOULD like to add a few words to those which have already appeared in this journal on Mr. J. E. Wetherell's recent volume "Later American Poems." In the preface we read: "All the greatest writers of verse of the present epoch are, it is believed, represented here." To criticize or verify this statement would require a knowledge of American poetry, to which the present writer makes no pretensions. I have recently had the privilege of reading several poems by Edward Rowland Sill, and it seems to me that the two given in this volume are the best that could be selected for the purpose of a school book. Perhaps the two chosen from Will Carleton do not very fully represent that singer, but as his poems are of the popular kind, well known to public entertainments, these specimens of his style of verse will suffice. To complain that in this volume we have merely selections from the poets and no criticism is to blame a man who attempted a certain definite task for not doing what he had no desire or intention of doing; we have no wish to offend against the first canon of criticism in that foolish fashion. Mr. Birrell has well said that if you can teach people to appreciate the great poets they will be able to choose for themselves between Miss Rossetti and Miss Havergal. That is no doubt true, but in this connection it may be well to remember that there is a relativity in this as in other matters, and that some singers whom the literary critic disdains have their constituency and their mission. In these days when we have magazines devoted to "poet-lore," and journals pouring forth a constant stream of "criticism," we are in danger of having more criticism than literature. Cardinal Manning smilingly dismissed the criticism of an important journal with the remark that it was done by undergraduates, but whether it is done by an undergraduate or a Macaulay or a Carlyle we cannot live upon it. Mr. Andrew Lang ridicules the idea that literature can be taught except by leading people to read and enjoy great books. Whatever may be thought of that, when we find one critic speaking of "Excelsior" as a noble poem and another denouncing it as idiotic drivel, we feel inclined to have an opinion of one's own. I am not now going to rush into this debateable land of criticism in the face of fifty minor poets, neither shall I indulge in the "criticism which is theft" that has recently been so forcibly arraigned in one of the first-class English magazines. Mr. Stead read that article, with some twinges of conscience, we may suppose, and he describes the process as "gutting a book for the morning papers," and he might have added for the Review of Reviews. It does seem rather hard when a man spends much time and strength in creating or compiling a book that the "literary hack" should tear the heart out of it for the benefit of people who live on "tit-bits." Well, the world must jog along and solve this as well as other problems.

The songs of any given period, in so far as they are real, reflect its life, and in proportion as there is spiritual power in them they mould thought and quicken life. There is then always the question of the poets inspiration and ideals. Poetry is not dogma, and should not be handled as if it were simply science put into verse, theological or other science. At a time, some few years ago, when I was learning to label heresies, and to go on the war-path against anti-theistic theories, I met the following lines of the American "sage":

"The rounded world is fair to see,  
Nine times folded in mystery;  
Though baffled seers cannot impart  
The secret of its labouring heart  
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast  
And all is clear from East to West  
Spirit that lurks each form within  
Beckons to spirit of its kin;  
Self-kindled every atom glows,  
And hints the future which it owes."

The student easily puts this into the pantheistic pigeon-hole, especially when he notes that "nature" has a capital "N." He may, however, be thankful if some one reminds him that poetry is free to express all moods, and that a Higher One in the parable used the word *automaté*. When "the man Emerson" says in cold prose "I prefer to say 'It,'" the question

is on a different footing and we leave him to the tender mercies of the professor of apologetics.

Turning now to the volume before us we desire to learn something about the spiritual atmosphere in which the poetry moves. This is not a hymn book, and so we do not see in it the lyrics which are considered to be specially suitable to be sung in churches. By the by, speaking of hymns, that was an interesting experiment to send out to all sorts and conditions of men for the "hymns that have helped me." Much merriment it has created in some quarters, but many instructive answers were received out of which will grow the "Penny Hymnal," and among them that noteworthy statement of Mr. H. Spencer: that no hymns had helped him; he, having been compelled to learn hymns when a boy, had contracted a life-long aversion to that species of literature. That is a sad confession; let parents learn from it that in this sphere "coercion" may be very hurtful. We cannot help admiring Mr. Spencer's genius, but we sometimes fancy that the "synthetic philosophy" would live longer if it had more poetry in it. Poetry has in it necessarily something of religious life, and you are relieved when some man of insight shows you that even Lucretius was a deeply religious poet, wearied with conventional religion and striving in his own way after the infinite. We do not now so easily confound religion with a narrow ecclesiasticism, and we are glad that the highest art and noblest poetry of our time is touched by the "enthusiasm of humanity."

"Banks and tariffs, the newspaper and caucus, Methodism and Unitarianism, are flat and dull to dull people, but rest on the same foundations of wonder as the town of Troy and the temple of Delphi, and are as swiftly passing away. Our log-rolling, our stumps and their politics; our fisheries, our Negroes, and Indians, our boats, and our repudiations, the wrath of rogues, and the pusillanimity of honest men, the northern trade, the southern planting, the western clearing, Oregon and Texas are yet unsung." How much has been done in the last fifty years to idealize and etherealise this mass of crude material I cannot venture to say; but in the "Later American Poems" it is nature, love, life, and death that is sung. E. C. Steadman rejoices in the worth of honest manhood with "The Hand of Lincoln" as his theme:

"The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,  
The fingers that on greatness clutch,  
Yet lo! the marks their lines along  
Of one who strove and suffered much."

W. D. Howells furnishes five poems, the first of which, "Thanksgiving," reminds us of the saying attributed to him that man's cry in the first half of life is "Give" and in the second half "Forgive":

"For ignorant hopes that were  
Broken to our blind prayer:  
For pain, death, sorrow, sent  
Unto our chastisement:  
For all loss of seeming good  
Quickened our gratitude."

"The Fools Prayer" is a noble poem, well worth committing to memory, and we are not surprised that after it—

"The room was hushed; in silence rose  
The King, and sought his gardens cool,  
And walked apart, and murmured low,  
'Be merciful to me a fool.'"

Here are many nature-poems, singing the delights of free fresh communion with the great forces of life that are around us, "in the haunts of Bream and Bass" or elsewhere. Spring, too, is evidently the poets favorite seas on. For—

"Dreams come true and everything  
Is fresh and lusty in the Spring"

The old story of friendship ripening into love is told here in sweet and wholesome ways by more than one poet.

"And it blew a color, bright as the bloom  
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,  
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl  
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,  
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin  
Tied a young man's heart within."

—Nora Perry.

Eugene Field and his love for children are so well known that there is no need to quote from the four beautiful poems which Mr. Wetherell has given.

"The Grape-vine Swing," a musical presentation of boyish life, is by an author whose acquaintance I make for the first time.

"The mocking bird joined in my reckless glee,  
I longed for no angel's wings;  
I was just as near Heaven as I wanted to be,  
Swinging in the grape-vine swing."  
—S. M. Peck.

This is certainly a true expression of the life of a healthy romping boy who enters in all present enjoyment with a full heart, knowing no morbid brooding over the past, no sad straining into the future. It reminds me very forcibly of a respected gentleman whose stock of tunes was very limited, and who was therefore often inviting boys of that stage to sing "I want to be an angel."

There is a sad undertone in Miss Moulton's poem beginning—

"We lay us down to sleep  
And leave to God the rest,  
Whether to wake and weep  
Or wake no more be best."

Compare with this the verse chosen for Mr. Huxley's tombstone, which is given as follows:

"And if there be no meeting past the grave,  
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest;  
Be not afraid ye waiting hearts that weep  
For God still giveth his beloved sleep,  
And if an endless sleep He wills—so best."

This may be resignation crying "Though he slay me yet will I trust," but it is in strange contrast to the hopes and songs of Easter-tide.

The poem (by Mrs. Thaxter), "O Tell me not of Heavenly Halls" cannot be charged with "other worldliness" when it says:

"My home-sick heart would backward turn,  
To find this dear familiar earth,  
To watch its sacred hearth-fires burn,  
To catch its songs of care or mirth.  
"I'd lean from out the heavenly choir  
To hear once more the red-cock crow  
What time the morning's rosy fire  
O'er hill and field began to glow"—

but on further examination we find that it claims to be a song of human love as independent of any world.

By way of contrast I quote the concluding verse of a poem on "Compensation" (Stuart Sterne):

"Lord, I am dying! Earth, sea and sky  
Fade and grow dark, yet after all the end  
Wrings from my breaking heart a feeble sigh  
For this poor world, not overmuch its friend.  
But suddenly with immortal power made strong  
My soul, set free, sprang heavenward in a song."

As if to set at naught distinctions between "male and female poets" (which Mr. Wetherell does not make), it is a man, R. W. Gilder, who embodies for us a "Woman's Thought" fluttering against the bars of conventional cages.

"I am a woman—therefore I may not  
Call to him, cry to him,  
Fly to him,  
Bid him delay not, etc."

But, enough! This kind of quotation reminds one of the man who carried a brick about as a specimen of a house he had to sell. Here however is one block, complete in itself, which we cannot for bear to use in closing this article:

RACHEL.

"No days that dawn can match for her  
The days before her house was bare;  
Sweet was the whole year with the stir  
Of young feet on the stair.

"Once she was wealthy with small cares,  
And small hands clinging to her knees,  
Now is she poor, and, weeping, bears  
Her strange new hours of ease."  
—Lizetta W. Reese.

Having already consumed too much space I again commend this collection of poems to those who recognize that literature in all its forms may be full of interest to those who dwell upon the deeper things of life. We have found the "minor poets" dealing with the common facts of nature, and the cares and joys of daily life. If we have not met in this volume the mightiest passions or loftiest imagin-

ation, we must remember that these are rare gifts. We desire to shun narrowness in all our judgments, and while we honour the poet who lends a halo of beauty to common things, we still feel that the highest poetry must not be too much "sick-lid o'er with the pale cast of thought," but springs fresh and vigorous from the heart that is stirred by pure love and triumphant faith. It may be that some of the best things in this small volume still remain unnoticed; if so, that is according to the promise made at the beginning of this essay.  
Strathroy. W. G. JORDAN.

\* \* \*

### The Mass Bell.

I sat where I heard an expounder explain  
Many things that have heretofore puzzled man's brain,  
The realm of the soul, how mind affects matter,  
How there was no Creation, and much other smatter  
That wearied me quite. I have heard Evolution  
Trotted out as the one universal solution  
Of every life-problem, till now I've some doubt  
If even with that we can find all things out;  
Heard old faiths reviled, how so precious their history,  
And fun poked at every grave reverend mystery;  
Had floods of dry talk, very much like vapidity,  
Poured over my head with remorseless rapidity  
All to show how great Man, and his glorified reason,  
Were the salt that all earthly corruption should season,  
That 'twas rather old-fashioned to look up to heaven,  
Let him rather live justly each day of the seven;  
All this and much more—no longer to dally—  
Till I felt like a bone in the prophet's dry valley—  
"Behold they were dry"—this description identical,  
Applied to myself in that prosy conventicle.

Then o'er the spaces of the city came  
Three strokes upon the ancient brazen bell  
That hung high up in the cathedral tower  
And then three strokes again. I knew that there,  
In adoration of the Infinite,  
The kneeling people bowed in humble faith  
With contrite hearts. Straight my spirit flew  
And knelt among them—questioning not what creed  
They held; content to bow with those who knew  
God present with them; knelt and worshipped Him.  
BERNARD McEVROY.

\* \* \*

### Parisian Affairs.

AFTER Lord Salisbury's Primrose speech the French definitely conclude that England's departure from Egypt is more than ever an uncertainty. However, they were the only people who knowingly flattered themselves with the delusion that the British intended to retire—in their favour. The English have to clear out the Mahdists and their Khalafas, and re-establish the boundaries of Egyptian Soudan. That will exact time and entail recompense, as the liberation of territory for mere sentiment is no longer undertaken by enlightened nations. What is worth taking is worth keeping. The Sultan must be overjoyed at the prospect of the integrity of even the hinterland of his out-lying empire being "protected" and perhaps extended. The Don Quixote upholders of the integrity of the Ottoman empire never suggested the restoration of the Soudan to Abdul-Hamid; that philanthropic lapsus of memory Lord Salisbury has remedied by the railroad expedition to Dongola. The Khedive and his subjects, according to impartial and reliable testimony, are delighted at their old and rich centres of trade being re-opened and developed, and without the aid of any European power but the British. The latter having borne the heat and burden of the day, and "faced the music" of interested opposition in the re-conquering of the Soudan can enjoy the glory while inviting the traders of the world to share in the profits of the success, *ex equo* with herself. She wants no selfish or privileged tariffs, for she is able to fight as ever her commercial as well as other battles victoriously.

Continental opinion has never seriously regarded the Transvaal situation as dangerous for the world's peace. Having made up her mind to permit of no foreign intermeddling in South Africa, *coûte qui coûte*, England is credited with the good sense not to provoke any crisis in the Rand and to avoid which no one has a greater interest than herself. When passions cool and events cease to be irritating, then what is amiss can be more effectively righted. But the ruin of the Rand is accepted as the inevitable consequence of all

the political, financial, and military upheaving. If the Transvaal decides to patronize bloated armaments; if Germany infiltrates military emigrants in the Republic, while augmenting her own forces directly in her adjacent colony to keep the "Hottentots," the newest name for possible uitlanders. Britain will have to demand what all that organizing and pulling together means and take her precautions accordingly. The Cape Colony will be deprived of no liberty, but aided to acquire any new ones desired; no imperial taxation troubles the situation; but British supremacy, if only for strategic reasons, must remain unquestioned. Should any jealous foreign power or powers provoke serious complications it does not necessarily follow these will be settled at the Cape. Diplomatic raiders can be touched in their vulnerable points nearer home. Covetousness can be satisfied and jealous opposition bought off at the expense of third parties, for when war breaks out who can arrange the chess board? Germany and England, to outward appearances, do not stable their horses together. How much of that is real, how much intended to foil mutually laid plans? How can we expect to know more of the inner ring relations between England and the Triple Alliance than of those between France and Russia? Only the light intended to lead astray, to gazzle and to blind, is proclaimed from the house-tops.

France has gazetted her thirty-seventh ministry since the advent of the Third Republic in 1870. That instability is deplorable. New ministers have hardly ever sufficient time to undo the work of their predecessors. It is unjust to assert that parliamentary institutions are on their trial in France, or unsuitable for the Latin races. The truth is, they have never been at best more than an experiment in France. They are unworkable because politicians are undisciplined and will not sink their individuality in allegiance to the leader of a party and a common programme, and fairly play the game of ins and outs. Every senator and deputy is ambitious to be a minister, premier, or president. Failing to be so, he hives off and forms a Little Bethel of his own, and becomes at the same time its sole high priest and entire congregation. Till his dying day General Changarnier was the immortal type of this concentrated unity, and no spectacle was more painfully comic than to listen to the General menacing a premier with the condemnation of himself and his party.

May day has degenerated in France to a compulsory idleness of twenty-four hours for the working classes. The experiment of walking about with hands in pocket, smoking cigarettes, and swiping, has failed to achieve the solution of any labour problem. The authorities will not tolerate the organization of processions; these can be revolutionary columns in the twinkling of an eye, for their components are all military men, and it would be hazardous to afford them the chance of seizing a weakness on the part of the authorities; hence, why full measures are taken in advance by the Prefect of Police and the Minister of War. On expected manifestation days the former has close at hand his young drummer, who, when storms threaten to burst, executes, when ordered, the three legal rolls of the drum. That constitutes the reading of the riot act. If the mob displays no inclination to disperse, after an awful pause, the republican guard, all seasoned soldiers, make ready, present, and, when the commanding officer lowers his sword, fire. This extreme measure is not resorted to till after the police have been beaten back and the cavalry obliged to give way. Steady artisans utilize the holiday to enjoy the spring weather in the country; they never take part in demonstrations, have confidence in the legislature ameliorating their condition as far as possible, while not being blind to the limits of parliamentary remedies.

No miracles are expected from the new Meline cabinet. It has no republican majority in the Chamber, and is supported by the Monarchists; it is the prisoner of the latter. Its death may arrive at any moment, or it may lead a zig-zag life like so many of its predecessors. The problem is, how to end the split in the republican party, and by securing a solid and working majority impart weight to ministerial acts and impress the country with confidence? A foreign minister, not sure of his curule chair for twenty-four hours, cannot much influence ambassadors. The remedy for the present unsatisfactory situation must be found either in a dissolution or the convocation of the National Assembly to decide whether the Senate or the Lower House possesses

the right to make and unmake cabinets. The question of the revision of the Constitution has "caught on" beyond yea or nay and the knot must be dealt with.

A creaming of the census returns of the 29th of March last gives the population of Paris at 2,512,000 or about the moiety of that of London. As compared with the 1891 census the aggregate increase is only 87,250, or 17,450 yearly, which is regarded as disappointing, especially when compared with previous increases. There is one tendency clearly revealed, that of the inhabitants to quit the central zones of the capital for the circumference and also for the suburbs. The diminution has been 10,200, that is the number of persons who have flown to find more light and purer air, despite the obstacles placed in their way by the municipal council, who declines to sanction any metropolitan line or intersuburban railway, as that would empty the capital of thousands of residents, cause a fall in rents, and a shortage in the excessive taxation. But the people will fly all the same. The tram-cars, working in with the grand railway termini, are slowly defeating the municipality, whose temple of Ephesus is more than in danger. Another cause is daily becoming more important, the spread of cyclism. Patresfamilias and young men now ride their bikes to offices and workshops, so time is gained, health secured, and families better lodged, and more cheaply fed outside Paris.

An exceptionally strange murder has been committed by a father, who killed his son, aged 19, to save the "honour of the family" and protect society from the probable consequences of the lad's downward progress to infamy. The populace rank the father equal in heroism to the disinterestedness of a Spartan, or the abnegation of an old Roman. The crime rather resembles that of Gribouille, who jumped into the river to save himself from the rain. Brutus the elder did not condemn his sons to death till after the commission of their crime. Having executed his duty of magistrate, he retired to weep as a father. Virginus only poignantly his daughter when he was certain her dishonour was near. Peter the Great immolated his son and heir for reasons of state. But it is the first time a parent has killed his son for a vicious life not proved to be irremediable and on the conjectural or hypothetical grounds that he would eventually be a danger to society. Let it be said that the populace classes in France inherit the belief that they enjoy the right conferred by the Roman law of a father's possessing the power of life or death over all the members of his family.

In the present case there is no such heroism or tragic poetry. We are in the presence of a foul and coolly premeditated crime. Vasseur is aged 50, a publican of hasty temper and of much self-importance. He has a wife in whom there is not a single drop of the milk of human kindness. They had two girls and one boy. Eugene, the victim, aged 19, was apparently a ne'er-do-well. The father detested him, tried his prentice hand to "remove" him, in which work the mother wished him success. In self-protection the lad avoided the parental roof. A cousin, Jean Boucher, clerk in a railway office, helped to support Eugene by daily pittances. No evidence was adduced that the victim was averse to work, indeed, it was under the promise of obtaining a waitership in a restaurant that the lad was decoyed to the Bois de Vincennes, when the father sprang from his hiding place behind a tree and throttled his son, then passed a cord round his neck to finish the strangulation. Boucher kept his hand on the mouth of the victim during the perpetration of the deed. Both men then rifled the pockets of the victim to remove all papers of identity. They tore these up as they walked back to Paris, having dragged the corpse into the brushwood. Boucher had a bill of 3,000 frs. to meet, but not the cash. Vasseur, the father, promised to give him that sum did he decoy Eugene and aid in getting rid of him. After enjoying a glass of beer the murderers separated. The body having been soon discovered and identified the assassins were soon arrested. They made a full confession, the father signing his as calmly as if a receipt for a barrel of wine. Conducted to the guard room at the Prefecture de Police, a temporary bed was fitted up for Vasseur. He simulated profound sleep. At four in the morning, when his guards were asleep, he jumped up, opened the window, dashed twenty feet down upon the flagway and shortly expired.

The mother was in her pub. selling wine. A journalist interviewed her, announced the murder of her son by his

father. "He has done well to rid the family of the monster and save society from crimes, only I deplore I cannot hand a revolver to my husband to kill himself and end the tragedy." At this stage two detectives arrived, announced the suicide and death of her husband. "He has acted bravely," was the cool reply of the mother. Not a tear, not a sigh, not an emotion, while her two daughters were bathed in tears. That's not the way to save "family honour." *Ouf!*

Ouida's well-known sympathy for animals reached a culminating point in her novel "Toxin," which is a pictorial argument against vivisection. The disagreeable poison alluded to in the title is administered by a doctor to his helpless rival with deadly effect, the former having arrived at his very philosophical view of life by the blunting process involved in killing a mole. A leading organ of the vegetarians is delighted with the book, and suggests its use among the propaganda of their cult. Meanwhile the popularity of anti-toxin should increase with that of the book.

Z.

Paris, May 2nd, 1896.

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### Music.

THE celebrated Yunck Quartette of Detroit, assisted by Mrs. Adèle Strauss-Youngheart, mezzo soprano, and Mr. Field, pianist, gave a highly enjoyable concert in the Guild Hall on McGill Street, Thursday evening of last week, May 7th. A Beethoven Quartette, an andante and variations from a quartette in E major by Arthur Foote of Boston, and a quartette for piano and strings by Joseph Rheinberger, completed the scheme as far as ensemble playing was concerned, and it may be said at once that these numbers were given carefully and, on the whole, very finished performances. The variations of Arthur Foote were ingeniously constructed, and proved the composer to be—what I have long since been certain of—a writer of graceful fancy, happy inventive power and profound scholarship. Foote has never studied abroad, but owes his success to American study and teaching. True in Boston opportunities are numerous whereby a student may hear the best of music, particularly in instrumental forms—and that in a style the most artistic and beautiful, as it is a well known fact that the Symphony Orchestra of that city is scarcely to be excelled for brilliancy of execution or variety of repertoire. At all events, Arthur Foote is an example of what may be accomplished by talent, application and study on this continent. The Yunck Quartette, which by the way takes its name from the leader, Mr. William Yunck, play with nice symmetrical balance, and with refined, sympathetic expression. For the Rheinberger number, Mr. Field played with vigor, in fact it might be said that his tone was at times too heavy and virile for his associates. It would have balanced very well with a full orchestra, where ensemble and proportion were not first considerations. The solo numbers were excellent. Mr. Yunck gave a most manly and brilliant performance of Vieuxtemps' Andante and Finale from the D minor Concerto, and Mr. Heberlein, the cellist, played, with fine tone and technical assurance, a Ballade by DeSwert, and a Witches Dance of his own. Both of these artists were lustily applauded, and each gave encore numbers. Mrs. Strauss-Youngheart sang charmingly and gave much pleasure to the audience which was an eminently musical one, if it was not particularly large. For such a concert the hall should have been filled to the doors, even if it did appeal to the finer and more cultivated tastes. It was educating, enjoyable, and artistic. Miss Fannie Sullivan played the accompaniments to the songs admirably.

"Mother's Eventide," a song of a somewhat affectionate, plaintive character, with the words by Julia Arthur, and music by Joker Lewis, has been sent me to review in this column. It is sentimental in tone, and both words and music prove that the authors are constant in their devotion to their mother, which perhaps after all is the chief object of the song's existence. It is not however clear of errors in writing, and there are also one or two mistakes which evidently can be laid to the engraver. Messrs A. and S. Nordheimer are the publishers

Some organ pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt's gave a recital in Association Hall on Saturday afternoon last, when several numbers, including compositions from the classical and

modern school, were admirably performed. I received this information from a musician who was present, and who furthermore said that in clean pedaling, registration, and good manual technic they did themselves and their able teacher most commendable credit. Not having a programme I can give no particulars as to the names of the performers. Piano and vocal assistance made an agreeable variety to this interesting recital.

Mme Adèle Strauss-Youngheart, who recently sang in the Freischutz Opera performances in Buffalo, achieved a splendid success. Her fine acting, agreeable presence and skilful singing gave great satisfaction to large audiences. Mr. Henry Jacobsen of Buffalo, the conductor and vocal teacher, also writes me that the success of his pupil Mr. Lapey was marked by genuine enthusiasm. He wishes to bring him to Toronto to give a song recital the first week in June.

I understand it is the intention to bring the Yunck Quartette here to give two chamber concerts next season, when it is to be hoped that audiences commensurate with the merit of the organization will be in attendance.

W. O. FORSYTH.

One of the most important concerts of the season was the song recital given in the Massey Hall last Monday evening by Miss Marie Brema and Mr. H. Plunket Greene. The programme was curiously arranged, being divided into three parts, the first consisting of solos by Mr. Greene, the second of solos by Miss Brema, and the third of duets. Mr. Greene's part consisted of eight solos, most of which were old national melodies—quaint compositions in strongly contrasted styles—the only number by a well-known classical composer being Schubert's "An die Leier." Mr. Greene's powerful, resonant voice, his dignified style, his careful attention to every detail of interpretation, and his unerring artistic feeling made his performance intensely enjoyable, though several of the compositions given were of no great musical value, and would have been totally ineffective if sung by an average vocalist. But in the hands of such a supreme master as Mr. Greene everything is turned to gold. His rendition of "An die Leier," "Dimanche à l'Aube," and "The two Sisters o' Binnorie" was surpassingly beautiful. Indeed one's stock of adjectives becomes entirely exhausted when writing upon this subject. Miss Brema, who possesses a dramatic voice of mezzo-soprano quality, was distinctly successful, creating a very favourable impression in her eight songs, which included Beethoven's "Wonne der Wehmuth," Wagner's "Traeume," and Schubert's "Erkoenig." Yet she appears to a slight disadvantage in company with Mr. Greene, as her voice is at times a little hard, and is not always quite true to pitch. Under almost any other circumstances her fine interpretations would probably arouse greater enthusiasm. The audience was select and intelligent, and if not very easily detected by the eye, being scattered here and there among large masses of vacant seats, the applause given was easily heard. The disagreeable echo which the music produced was no doubt due to the comparative emptiness of the hall. Owing to a misunderstanding or disagreement between Mr. Greene and someone connected with the management of the concert, programmes containing the words of the songs were being sold to the audience. Mr. Greene announced that these had been intended by him for free distribution—and after some delay he carried his point. No self-respecting artist likes to have books of words peddled around the concert-hall. Into whose pocket the unreturned proceeds of the sales went was not made clear.

A second pianoforte recital was given by the pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth last Saturday afternoon at Nordheimers' warerooms. The following young ladies and gentlemen took part: Misses Ruby E. Preston, Abbie M. Helmer, and Clarabel Webb, and Messrs. Cecil C. Forsyth, Peter C. Kennedy, and Walter H. Coles. The programme served to display to advantage the abilities of the pupils, each one of whom played with facility and intelligence. Mr. Fred Warrington, the vocalist of the occasion, introduced, as his most important number, a new song for baritone, entitled "The Diver," composed by Mr. W. O. Forsyth. This solo, which has only recently been published by Whaley, Royce & Co., of Toronto, was received with evident favour by the audience, the applause being so prolonged that Mr. Warrington responded with an encore number.

Quite a large audience assembled in Massey Hall last Tuesday evening on the occasion of the fifth annual concert of the Toronto Orchestral School, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington. This organization, which consists almost exclusively of amateurs, is doing good work in giving to them such training as could scarcely be obtained in any other way, and while it cannot be expected that an orchestra of this character will give as fine a performance as would a body of experienced professionals, the manner in which the programme was rendered showed that considerable earnest work had been done in the way of preparation. The orchestra was assisted by several well-known local soloists, who evidently gave much pleasure to the audience, while the performance of some of the young students—who are scarcely known to the public as yet—was worthy of much praise.

The regular monthly meeting of the Toronto Clef Club was held on the 7th inst. In addition to the usual informal proceedings a paper was read by Mr. J. Humfrey Anger in which he related some of his own experiences engaged as organist in an English town. The essay proved to be interesting, instructive, and amusing, and was listened to with much pleasure by the members of the Club.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

### Art Notes.

IN a group of young and rising portrait painters, mentioned in these notes last week, William Carter's name was placed beside those of more brilliant and showy men; but it is to be questioned if Calkin, Furse or even Shannon will have a more lasting fame. Mr. Carter's development has been slow; but a steady gain in power has marked his course not only in respect of technical skill but in those great essential matters of design, arrangement, light and colour. In 1886 he exhibited in the Royal Academy a tenderly beautiful portrait of a young girl wearing on her brow a wreath of ivy; and from that time till the present date he has been represented at the yearly exhibitions by portraits which, like that of 1886, were of a high pictorial quality, and showed powers of refined and poetic conception. That Carter is not wanting in the gift of portraying his sitters recognizably is indicated by the fact that he is in demand as a portrait painter. The matter of getting *likeness* is probably a certainty with him, and it is much to his credit that in the course of some ten years of busy practice the allurements of commercial prosperity have not led him away from his early ideals of what his art should be. On the contrary, he is always improving; and, while some of his more popular rivals are showing those signs of decay which come with the hasty and ill-considered production of a prodigious number of portraits, he is content to complete a few which are on a high artistic plane, each canvas being the modest and legitimate theatre for the exercise and development of the artist's powers.

Although there is no technical display in the work of William Carter the critic would be sadly lacking in acumen who failed to discover that he is, in his own way, a technician. He is a sound painter who is the more to be commended for his reticence because the temptation to win a cheap *eclat* by the display of a spurious masterliness must be great in such a metropolis as London, where fame (even though it be ephemeral) is won by a single *bravura* effort, and where fortunes are made out of one lucky "hit." The tendency to technical precocity, which is only too evident in London, invariably results in premature decay; and we may look with suspicion upon those early triumphs which are not founded upon a real intellectual superiority, or upon the splendid basis of actual genius. Amongst the younger men who seemed to reach their technical zenith without a corresponding maturity of their intellectual faculties was the gifted but disappointing Hugh Glazebrook, who, after painting a few portraits in Canada,—and they were very good, I am told—returned to London, gained a measure of popularity, and achieved some degree of artistic success. His methods were largely founded upon those of Shannon; and profundity is not to be expected from the reflection of what is shallow. With Carter the growth of power has been slow, but he has at last attained a mastery over his mater-

ials which enables him to give us occasionally a picture, such as the lady holding a black fan, of two years ago, which would be difficult to outclass in the quality of brilliant incisiveness. He inclines to a sober key of colour, but with strength and depth. His pictures of old people are distinguished by a dignified repose; and occasionally there is a fine mysterious quality in one of his deep toned canvases where the figure looms dimly out from its envelopment of gloom.

E. WYLY GRIER.

The twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists was opened on May 5th and has been largely attended. Amongst the oil paintings are "Notre Dame," a strong sunlight effect, and the "River Thames," by F. McG. Knowles. Several Scotch mountain scenes by Miss I. Tully, who has three pictures now on exhibition at the Royal Academy in London. Mr. Wyly Grier exhibits "A Pastoral Symphony," one of the largest canvasses in the collection and a portrait of a little girl. Miss Clara Hagarty has a couple of broad studies of sea and beach and some studies of foliage.

Mr. F. I. Challoner has a striking head study of "A Blonde," and Mr. W. E. Atkinson a large moonlight landscape and several smaller ones.

The water-colours are numerous and include several mountain peaks, by F. M. Bell-Smith, English and Scotch scenes, by W. Smith, C. W. Manly, Joseph Rolph, A. G. Boulton, etc.

### My Hope.

My hope is for the little feet,  
That now are playing on the green;  
That they when play and toil are o'er:  
May wander to some blissful shore.

My hope is for the little hands,  
That gather wild-bloom in the morn;  
That they may bear a fadeless flower,  
To the angel-land at sunset hour.

My hope is for the heart that yearns,  
To find the answer love would bring;  
O'er white-fleeced waves with golden crest,  
May full-winged sails fly home to rest.

ANTON RETHAL.

### The Life of a Theosophist.\*

THIS is a strange book; and yet its contents are no new thing. Whatever we may think of Mrs. Anna Kingsford, *née* Bonus, having a father "descended from a great Italian family which enjoyed distinction in the Middle Ages for the variety and excellence of their gifts"—one of them being "a noted alchemist and occultist," a fact which may account for the qualities of Mrs. Kingsford—whatever we may think of this lady, her character, her gifts, or her works, people of similar pretensions have lived before, and they will live hereafter.

Her collaborator, or affinity, or other pole, Mr. Edward Maitland, writes like a gentleman and a scholar, although sometimes his English is a little queer, and even his grammar not always what we should expect from an Oxford man. However, he has every appearance of being sincere, although to some persons his sincerity will be more apparent than his sanity. When we mention that, in his Preface, he speaks of "The world's foremost Revelators and Saviours," we can understand the double horror that will come over some readers.

Many outsiders are apt to jumble together mesmerism, animal magnetism, spiritualism, and theosophy; and not unnaturally different views are taken of these subjects individually and collectively. By a good many persons spiritualism, for example—that is to say, the calling up and materializing of departed men and women by means of a medium—has been regarded as a sheer imposture; and it is beyond question that a good deal of imposture has been connected with it. Nor is it otherwise with certain kinds of mysticism or theosophy. A certain Mr. Harris, who appears in these pages, and who was, at one time, the prophet and guide of Mr.

\*Anna Kingsford: Her Life, Letters, Diary and Work. By Her Collaborator, Edward Maitland. In two volumes. London: George Redway. 1896.



Lawrence Oliphant, was afterwards regarded by his disciples as being anything but an immaculate High Priest; and Madame Blavatsky, also mentioned here, and not always pleasantly, seems to have left some similar record behind her.

On the other hand, spiritualism has been regarded by many as being a species of Black Art, of trafficking with the devil; and it is quite certain that some of its phenomena bear a striking resemblance to some of the practices described and condemned in the Pentateuch. Indeed to persons not initiated in the mysteries of spiritualism, some of its votaries seem like the students of a certain book, of whom a scholar remarked that the book in question either found them mad or left them so. At least, many so-called spiritualists do not think and judge as ordinary rational human beings do.

We think we are right in saying that the general conclusion of impartial thinkers is to the effect, that there is something in all these spiritualistic and mystical phenomena; but that a good deal of unreality or even of falsehood has been connected with them. To the out and out mystic, theosophy is an important auxiliary to religion or a substitute for religion as ordinarily understood.

There can be no question that the subject of the memoir now before us was a very remarkable woman—of great personal attractions and with mental ability of a very high order. She married the Rev. Mr. Kingsford, an Anglican clergyman, in 1867, when she was twenty-one years of age. Soon afterwards she was present at a spiritualistic *séance* where the spirit of Anne Boleyn was supposed to appear. If she did, she gave utterance to some statements which were probably false; but this seems to be the trouble with materialized spirits that they may just as well lie as tell the truth.

Anna Kingsford had one child, a daughter, and after that she lived chiefly away from her husband. In 1872 she went over to the Church of Rome; but this did not long retain any hold upon her; and in later times she explained all its doctrines in a very mystical and non-natural manner. Near the end of her life, she writes in her diary that she hated Rome, "hated the peasants most of all, and the priests. The whole place and its influence left a bitter taste with me."

A great horror and contempt of the degraded cult, called Christianity, which from Rome has gone forth to poison the whole earth, seized me. Worse even than Protestantism in this, that it has taught the people to be cruel to their beasts. . . . And the priests! Pah! they resemble black flies buzzing about the putrid corpse of a dead religion." At the end of the second volume there is a very unpleasant discussion as to whether she died in communion with Rome, into which we here forbear to enter.

It was in 1873 that she first began to receive, as she believed, messages from the invisible world, a certain Anna Wilkes having "received from the Holy Spirit a message for her which was to be delivered in person." This message required her to go on with the study of medicine, which she had begun, remaining in retirement for five years; after which time, she says, "the Holy Spirit would drive me forth from my seclusion to teach and preach, and that a great work would be given me to do."

It may be as well to give her conception of her work in her own words, written some years later. She says: "I have no occult power whatever, and have never laid claim to them. Neither am I, in the ordinary sense of the word, a clairvoyant. I am simply a 'prophetess'—one who sees and knows intuitively, and not by any exercise of any trained faculty. All that I receive comes to me by 'illumination.'"

Now, as we have said, this is no new thing. Without going back to the Neo-Platonists, we think at once of two representative men, who are mentioned more than once in three pages—Jakob Boehme (d. 1624) and Emanuel Swedenborg (d. 1772). These were both remarkable men. Boehme, in particular, was a man of profound intelligence; and many of his thoughts are surprisingly deep and beautiful. Swedenborg was also a man of capacious intellect and wide knowledge; and many striking and original thoughts are found in his writings. But the great bulk of what he left is little better than gibberish to the ordinary reader; and the net result is extremely little; so that perhaps, on the whole, the mystification is a great deal more than the illumination.

We could not honestly put Mrs. Kingsford on a level with either of these. Granting her sincerity, her magnetism,

her very remarkable intelligence, when we ask what she has actually contributed to the information or edification of the race, we are at a loss for an answer. The only or the principle speculative doctrine that she sets forth is that of re-incarnation—a kind of transmigration of souls. We are not sure that such a doctrine is necessarily opposed to the teaching of the scriptures; but the examples given in the book, do not much incline us to a belief in the theory. For example, Mary Magdalene is said to have been re-incarnated in the Empress Faustine. This is evidently based upon the popular notion that Mary Magdalene was a woman of loose character, for which there is not a tittle of evidence.

And we fare no better when we pass from the speculative to the practical. A woman specially called out by God, to do a needed work for Him, would surely leave some practical results behind her. This lady gave up her life mainly to the advocating of vegetarianism and the denouncing of vivisection.

As regards vegetarianism, it is perfectly well ascertained that, whilst it may suit some few persons, it is not advantageous for human beings in general. The vegetarians are generally the most anæmic and powerless of living creatures. Indeed, it seems almost certain that Mrs. Kingsford's life might have been extended, if, in obedience to her physicians, she had taken some animal food. But she could not bear the thought of putting any living creature to death—unless it was human beings, as we shall see.

The second crusade was against vivisection. Now, if outrages such as she mentions were actually perpetrated, it was high time that some one should take the matter in hand. But we must question a little whether Mrs. Kingsford had a right to will the death of three French men of science, because they practised vivisection. According to her own belief, she actually killed two of them by willing their death. In the case of the third, M. Pasteur, she was worsted in the conflict; and, instead of killing, was killed.

These are wonderful things and not easy to judge. It might be that a human being has power to kill a fellow-creature by his will, just as he might with a knife or pistol; but it is perfectly clear that no one has a right to do this unless he has received a divine command. This, then, is substantially what comes of the prophetic work of Mrs. Anna Kingsford; and, although this lady had her merits and her friends, yet, on a candid review of the whole story, we cannot see what good she did. We can see some mischief that she did; and if any lady should fancy that she receives a similar call, we should strongly advise her to regard it not as a message from God, but as a temptation from the devil. C.

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#### Froude on the Council of Trent.\*

THESE lectures, delivered by Mr. Froude, in his capacity of Professor of Modern History at Oxford, were left by him in manuscript, and are now published by his representatives; and we thank them for their discharge of this pious duty. The volume might have been slightly improved, if it had received the author's last touches; but, as it is, it displays its writer's characteristic excellences and defects; but, what is more important, it will convey a fairly accurate notion of the nature and work of the Council of Trent to many persons who otherwise would have known hardly anything about it.

As we have said, the book is Mr. Froude's. It has his point of view, it has his remarkable prejudices (for example, it makes out that the Reformation was, for the most part, a contest between clergy and laity, which is far from true), and it has, like all his works, some errors in detail. Yet it has many merits.

For example, we find here a more living and a more favourable presentation of the Emperor Charles V. than we remember to have met with elsewhere. Doubtless Robertson is excellent, but the sympathy of Mr. Froude with the great Emperor is, so to speak, more genial. He is hardly justified in calling Charles a Spaniard. It is true his mother was one; but his father was an Austrian, although he was Philip I. of Spain, and Charles himself was born at Ghent. This however is a small matter.

Mr. Froude has many excellent remarks on the great

\* "Lectures on the Council of Trent, at Oxford. By J. A. Froude. Price \$2.00. New York: Scribner's. 1896.

Emperor's principles and conduct. "His mind," he says, "was moulded in catholic forms. No saint ever observed more scrupulously the discipline of his religion. . . . As a man he had no faith in new opinions. He believed with all his heart in one catholic and apostolic church, under one visible head." This idea—inseparably connected with the unity of the Empire under one head—was the motive of his endeavours not so much to put down Protestantism as to reconcile the contending factions, partly by effecting the reforms which were demanded, and partly by promoting mutual understanding.

It was with these aims that Charles brought about the meeting of the Council of Trent, and had so much controversy with the Popes, especially with Paul III., who was continually endeavouring to outwit him, and get everything his own way through his Italian bishops. It was for this reason that the Pope plotted the removal of the Council to Bologna, pretending that he had nothing to do with it. But the Emperor let him know that such tricks would not avail and they had to return. This Paul III. was a man of ability and courage. Pallavicino, the Jesuit historian of the Council of Trent, calls him *princeps memoriæ clarissime*. "In the opinion of his biographer, he had but one fault: he was too much attached to his bastard children."

Mr. Froude does not give a detailed account of the proceedings of the Council; but he gives a sufficient impression of the kind of work which it accomplished. For example, in speaking of Original Sin, he says quite truly that it was a dispute of words, and was not worth contending about. And again, "On such points as these the Council of Trent thought it wise and right to curse all who expressed the same thing in other language; to split Christendom asunder, teach good and godly men to hate each other, and stain Europe red with blood." This is quite true, as it stands; and the cursing was a bad following of a bad example. But, in regard to the logomachy, the Protestants were, on this point, at least as much to blame as their antagonists.

On some minor points differences of opinion may be permitted. It is not quite certain—it is said to be not probable—that Alexander VI. was killed by poison provided by himself for another. The author may be right in defending the execution of Bishop Fisher; but, when we have to do with Henry VIII., we stand in doubt of Mr. Froude. Perhaps a theologian would not use precisely the language employed by Mr. Froude in reference to the elements in the Eucharist at p. 129. But few will deny his conclusion:

"The Reformation is now said to have settled nothing. I wish you to recognize that every one of the 'hundred grievances' of Germany, every one of the abuses complained of by the English House of Commons in 1529, has been long ago swept away, and so completely that their very existence is now forgotten. . . . The doctrines of the Council of Trent may still be held by half the Christian world to be the true interpretation of the mystery of existence. But the anathemas have been silently repealed, and something has been gained for poor humanity."

### Recent Fiction.\*

"MISS STUART'S LEGACY" is perhaps not as widely known as it deserves. It was published in 1893 and is now re-issued as the twelfth number of "Macmillan's Novelists' Library." A book thought worthy to come out in the same series as "Marcella," "Mr. Isaacs," etc., raised high expectations—for we had not read it before—and, although we would not rank it on a level with the above two numbers, our expectations were partially realized. The author writes easily, and, with an interesting plot, keeps the reader's interest throughout. The story deals with life in India, opening with Belle Stuart rejoining the Colonel, her father, who does not live long to enjoy her return. She attracts several admirers, but, as is so usual in novels of the present day, marries the wrong one, John Raby, whose chief interest lies in money-making. Philip Marsden is the one she should have married, but he has been reported killed in a skirmish and it turned out he has left her all his property.

\* "Miss Stuart's Legacy." By Mrs. F. A. Steel. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Macmillan's Novelists' Library. 50c.

"A Marriage by Capture." A Romance of To-day. By Robert Buchanan. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Antonym Library.

"The Damnation of Theron Ware." By Harold Frederick. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1896. \$1.50

After she has been married (for Marsden's money), he escapes from an imprisonment. The story deals with their subsequent lives and depicts very realistically the life in India both of the natives and of the Anglo-Indians. We get quite a vivid portraiture of their views and mode of life. Raby is not an attractive character, but that of Elle as well as Marsden's seems to us very lifelike as well as admirable, and altogether it is a good story and well told.

"A Marriage by Capture" in the Antonym Library is much slighter. None the less it is a story that one can spend a pleasant hour in reading. It deals with the carrying off of a beautiful and rather coquettish Irish heiress, Catharine Power, and the question for some time is by whom. The principal other characters are her reprobate cousin, Patrick Blake, and Mr. Langford, an Irish gentleman of poor but good family. Both of them are more or less infatuated by Miss Power. To disclose the plot would not be altogether fair though it soon becomes pretty obvious, and in the end all is well. It is interesting from first to last and there is no tiresome padding, nor any dull paragraphs.

We have seen it stated somewhere that Harold Frederick's writings are not popular in the U. S. A., and that his present work under the title "Illumination" is meeting with great success in England. It ranks with the most powerful stories of the past year. The English title is a useful one, for Theron Ware imagines he is being cultivated and enlightened all the time that he is experiencing under the action of mighty forces, how easy is the "descensus Averno." He is an eloquent and sincere Methodist preacher, disappointed in being sent after some years' work to a dismal village "Octavius," somewhere in New England. There he comes in contact with people who do for him something of what was done for Robert Elsmere by "The Squire"—though we don't wish to institute comparisons. He scarcely tries to struggle against their suggestions and scepticism, and we look on with pity rather than with contempt as he goes on the way that leadeth to destruction. It is not a religious or controversial novel although the author at times gives one the impression that he thinks there is no such thing as a real educated Christian faith. Celia Madden's position is rather elusive; she seems to be posing as a kind of modern Hypatia. There is a very striking interview between her dying brother Michael and Theron, in which he warns Theron of his deterioration before the latter has begun to suspect it for himself:

"I saw you often on the street when first you came here," said Michael, "your face, when you came, pleased me. I liked to look at you. . . . I noticed you on the streets, and once in the evening I sat in the back of your church and heard you preach. As I say, I liked you. It was your face, and what I thought it showed of the man underneath it, that helped to settle my mind more than anything else. (He had been wondering about the possible salvation of his Protestant friends out of the Roman Catholic Church). I said to myself: 'Here is a young man content to live humbly on the salary of a book-keeper and devote all his time to prayer and the meditation of his religion and preaching and visiting the sick and the poor. . . . I will not credit it that God intends damning such a man as that!'"

Theron bowed with a slow, hesitating gravity of manner, and deep, not wholly complacent, attention on his face. Evidently all this was by way of preparation for something unpleasant.

"That was only last spring," said Michael. His tired voice sank for a sentence or two into a meditative half-whisper. "And it was my last spring of all. I shall not be growing weak any more, or drawing hard breaths, when the first warm weather comes. Only half a year has gone by, and you have another face on you entirely. I had noticed the small changes before, one by one. I saw the great change, all of a sudden, the day of the picnic. I see it a hundred times more now, as you sit there. If it seemed to me like the face of a saint before, it is more like the face of a bar-keeper now!"

The following anecdote told at a "debt raising" meeting by a revivalist is almost worthy of "Uncle Remus":

"A man," she began, with a quizzical twinkle in her eye, "told me once about hunting a wood-chuck with a pack of dogs, and they chased it so hard that it finally escaped only by climbing a butternut tree. 'But, my friend,' I said to him, 'wood-chucks can't climb trees,—butternut trees or any other kind—and you know it!' All he said in reply to me was: 'This wood-chuck had to climb a tree!' And that's the way with this congregation. You think you can't raise \$1,500, but you've got to."

The book is strongly conceived, and the clear, straightforward narrative gives us the impression of a logical and consistent progress,—or rather degeneration at least on Theron's part—throughout. Since it is chiefly the man's own weaknesses and passions which are his great foes it points the moral to the reader as clearly though on different lines as George Eliot did in the case of Tito Melema.

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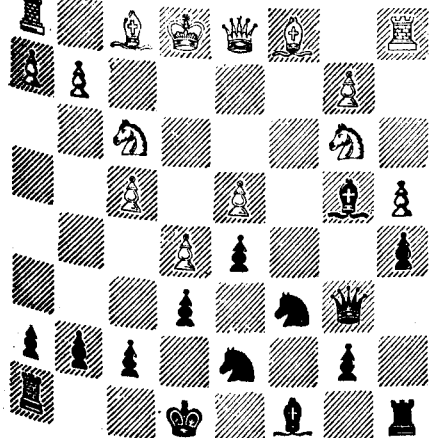
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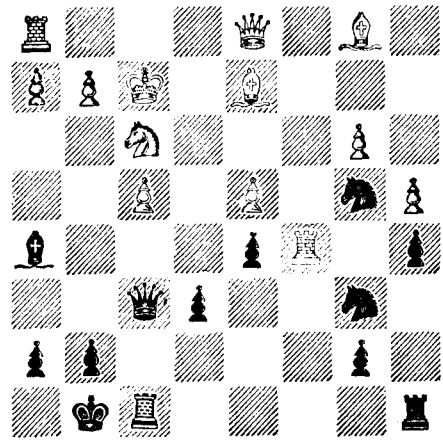
## Chess

The Russian wins the French Defence.  
(game 737).  
Steinitz      Schiffers      White      Black  
1 P K4      P K3      BD      GF  
2 P Q4      P Q4      24      75  
3 innovation by Dr. Tarrasch.  
4 P K2      Kt KB3      j2      ZP  
5 P K5      K Kt Q2      DE      P7  
6 P KB4      P QB4      KN      yw  
7...to break up centre position.  
8 P K3      Kt QB3      tu      rx  
9 Kt B3      P xP      SM      w4  
10 P xP      Q Kt3      u4      8p  
11 Kt Kt3      P QR4      zm      ge  
12...natural and most satisfactory.  
13 necessary but weakening.  
14 P QR4      B Kt5ch      bd      Rnt  
15...attack well sustained.  
(R1BKQB1R, PP4P1, 2N3N1, 2P1P1bP.



(3Pp2p, 3p1nq1, ppp1npl, r2k1b1r)  
11 B Q2, B xB h, 12 K xB is better.  
12 P B3      AK      QP  
13...to prevent 12 Kt Kt5.  
14 P xP, Kt xP, defending RP.  
15 B K3      Castle      sC      HZ  
16 R Kt5 and 14 or 15 R KB1 is preferable.  
17 R B1      Q Q1      as      p8  
18...changing attack.  
19 B Q3      Kt Kt3      J3      7p  
20 P xP      Kt Kt3      EP      8P  
21...really nothing better.  
22 Q xP  
23 overlooking threatened check.  
24 Kt B5      B xKt      mw      nw  
25 R xB      Kt Kt5      sw      xn  
26...intended since tenth move.

18 P QKt3      B Q2      km      z7  
19 B Kt1      B K1      3j      7H  
20 R KB1 (not R xRP) is best.  
20 B Q2      R4      C2      H55  
20...threatening QP capture.  
(R3Q1B1, PPK1B3, 2N3P1, 2P1P1nP.



b3pR1p, 2qp2n1, pp4p1, 1kr4r)  
21 objective point is K5.  
21 B K3      Kt B1      zC      pz  
21...R xRP, B xKt, 22 Q xB, Q xP ch, wins R.  
22 P R3      Kt Q3      2233      z6  
23 P - t4      B Kt3      TV      55X  
24 K Kt2      Kt K5      KT      6D  
24...magnificent Knight strategy.  
25 R B7      QR QB1      wy      hz  
25...very effective.  
26 (R QB1) R xQKtP, Kt B6, 27 Q Q2, Kt xB, 28 R xKt, R B7.  
26 Q QB1      Kt Q3      ls      D6  
27 P Kt5, Q Q1, 28 R xR, etc.  
27 Q B5?      Kt R3      sw      nf  
28 Q xKt, R xR also hopeless.  
28 R xR      Kt xQ      yz      fw  
29 R xKt      B xB      zw      Xj  
30 R xB      Q Kt3      11j      PX  
31 R K1      Q Q6      jA      X3  
32 R xP      P Kt4      we      YW  
33 P Kt4      P xP      mn      WN  
34 B Q2      KtK5      C2      6D  
35 R R7      R QB1      eg      Rz  
36 R xP      Kt xB      gQ      D2  
37 Kt xKt, Q xKt ch, 38 K B1, P B6 winning.



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Lean and lank,  
He's such a crank;  
My stars! I thank  
I'm not his wife;  
He'd make my life  
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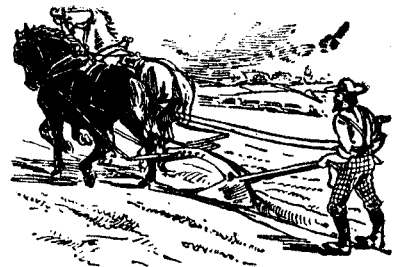
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took fresh courage, and continued taking the pills for three months, by the end of which time he was again an active hustling man, feeling better than he had for years. Mr. Garry tells his own story in the following letter to the Assiniboian:—

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Literary Notes.

We regret to hear that Professor Drummond's condition is not considered improving. He is still literally lying on his back, helpless, at Tunbridge Wells, as he has been doing since Christmas. The malady that has so prostrated him seems to battle his physicians, but it appears to be some form of rheumatism.

Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, whose "Slum Stories of London" made so strong an impression, has written a new book, "In the Valley of Tophet." These later tales, while characterized by the merits of his Slum Stories, are said to be more dramatic and varied. Messrs Henry Holt & Co. will publish the book at once.

"The Quicksands of Pactolus" is the title of a vigorous story of San Francisco, about to be published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. The title refers to the dangers of wealth gained by unscrupulous means. It has also a strong love, interest and exciting and almost sensational episodes. The author, Horace Annesley-Vachell, is well-known in England, where his "Romance of Judge Ketchum" and "Model of Christian Gay" appeared, the former being also published in America.

Whatever else may be said for or against Sir George Newnes's new paper, The Daily Courier, it must be admitted that it is unique among London dailies, both in outward appearance and inward grace. It seems to have taken certain features from certain other papers, such as the central cartoon from Punch, the Court and society paragraphs from several sources, and the feuilleton from France, and to have combined them into a more harmonious whole than is usually presented. Whether the public will appreciate the evident trouble that is taken to sift out the important from the trivial remains to be seen. Women ought to be pleased, for the paper is much tidier than the great sprawling sheets of the other dailies.

In The Expository Times, Prof. Sayce continues his "Archaeological Commentary on Genesis"; and a very interesting work he makes of it. Moreover, however his "orthodoxy" or "conservatism" may be objected to, his learning cannot be disputed. A series of papers on the doctrinal significance of the Revised Version is begun by Rev. Geo. Milligan, son of the eminent Professor, who was one of the revisers. We are happy to think that no such considerations were allowed to sway the minds of those who did the work; but Mr. Milligan's inquiry is a perfectly legitimate one. The paper is a valuable one, and brings out the importance of the new version as illustrating the person and work of Christ. Under the general title of "The Theology of the Psalms," Dr. W. F. Davison gives us an excellent paper on "Communion with God." Dr. Gordon Balfour gives yet another interpretation of the spirits in prison—ingenious enough, but not convincing. We mention last, and with much approval, the "Notes of Recent Exposition," which come first in the list. They are always interesting and able; and so they are now.

\* \* \*

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## Literary Notes.

Preparations have been made to run Mr. Du Maurier's new novel, "The Martian," through Harper's, where, it will be remembered, "Tribby" first appeared. The first installment will appear in the October number.

June, it appears, is Stevenson month with the Chap-Book. In the issue for June 15th there will be a hitherto unpublished essay, by the late Robert Louis Stevenson. Last year at this time, it will be remembered, "Macaire" came out in the pages of the Chap Book.

The Annals of the American Academy for May contains the following papers: A critical review of "Bryce's American Commonwealth," by Prof. E. J. James; "The Formulation of Normal Laws," by Prof. S. N. Patten; "Political and Municipal Legislation in 1895," by Mr. E. Dana Durand; "The Recognition of Cuban Belligerency," by Prof. A. S. Hershey; and "Adam Smith and James Anderson," by Dr. J. H. Hollander. The various departments, as usual, contain much valuable and interesting material. A translation of the Constitution of Belgium, by Prof. John M. Vincent, is sent as a supplement to this number.

The Critical Review is one of the most useful of the quarterlies for students of theology and philosophy. The books selected for review are almost always the best, and the notices are executed with ability and fairness. Among the books noticed, we would mention "Makower's Constitutional History and Constitution of the Church of England," "Herrmann's Communion with God," "Menegrz's Theology of the Epistle to the Hebrews," all works of great value. An interesting but brief paper on "Sabatier's Views of Immortality" is contributed by Rev. D. M. Ross. This is a subject which, at the present moment, seems to possess a peculiar interest for French Protestants. Mr. Verum Burkett gives a careful notice of a new volume on "Ignotius of Antioch" by E. Klootermann, from which we learn with satisfaction that the seven epistles are received without question, and that they are assigned to the year 115. "Fraser's Philosophy of Theism" is favourably reviewed by Principal Stewart, and "Ramsay's St. Paul" is highly commended by Professor Knowling; although he differs from several of its details.

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Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
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J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
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