

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 21.

Toronto, Thursday, April 22nd, 1886.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 cents.

A Blue Cross before this paragraph signifies that the subscription is due. We should be pleased to have a remittance. We send no receipts, so please note the change of date upon address slip, and if not made within two weeks advise us by post card.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
Paid-up Capital - - - \$6,000,000
Reserve - - - 2,100,000

DIRECTORS:
HON. WILLIAM MCMASTER, President.
WM. ELLIOT, Esq., Vice-President.

George Taylor, Esq., Hon. S. C. Wood, James Orather, Esq., T. Sutherland Staylor, Esq., John Waldie, Esq., W. B. Hamilton, Esq., W. N. ANDERSON, General Manager; J. C. KEMP, Asst.-Gen'l Manager; ROBERT GILL, Inspector; F. H. HANKEV, Asst. Inspector.
New York.—J. H. Goadby and B. E. Walker, Agents. Chicago.—A. L. Dewar, Agent; A. Laird, Asst. Agent.
BRANCHES.—Ayr, Barrie, Belleville, Berlin, Brantford, Chatham, Collingwood, Dundas, Dunnville, Galt, Goderich, Guelph, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Norwich, Orangeville, Ottawa, Paris, Parkhill, Peterboro', St. Catharines, Sarnia, Seaforth, Simcoe, Stratford, Strathroy, Thorold, Toronto, Walkerton, Windsor, Woodstock.
Commercial credits issued for use in Europe, the East and West Indies, China, Japan, and South America.
BANKERS.—New York, the American Exchange National Bank; London, England, the Bank of Scotland

BANK OF OTTAWA.

OTTAWA
Paid-up Capital, - - - \$1,000,000
Reserve - - - 160,000

JAMES MACLAREN, Esq., President.
CHARLES MAGEE, Esq., Vice-President.
Directors.—C. T. Bate, Esq., R. Blackburn, Esq., Hon. Geo. Bryson, Hon. L. R. Church, Alexander Fraser, Esq., Geo. Hay, Esq., John Mather, Esq.

GEORGE BURN, Cashier.
BRANCHES.—Amprior, Carleton Place, Pembroke, Winnipeg, Man.
AGENTS IN CANADA.—Canadian Bank of Commerce. AGENTS IN NEW YORK.—Messrs A. H. Goadby and B. E. Walker. AGENTS IN LONDON.—English Alliance Bank

THE CENTRAL BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Authorized, - - - \$1,000,000
Capital Subscribed, - - - 500,000
Capital Paid-up, - - - 325,000

HEAD OFFICE,—TORONTO.
Board of Directors. 22/52

DAVID BLAIN, Esq., - - - President.
SAML. TREES, Esq., - - - Vice-President.
H. P. Dwight, Esq., A. McLean Howard, Esq., C. Blackett Robinson, Esq., K. Chisholm, Esq., M.P.P., D. Mitchell McDonald, Esq.
A. A. ALLEN, Cashier.
Branches.—Brampton, Durham, Guelph, Richmond Hill and North Toronto.
Agents.—In Canada, Canadian Bank of Commerce; in New York, Importers and Traders National Bank; in London, Eng., National Bank of Scotland.

THE QUEBEC BANK.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1818.
CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE, - - - QUEBEC.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS. 23/26
HON. JAS. G. ROSS, - - - President.
WILLIAM WITTHALL, Esq., Vice-President.
SIR N. F. BELLEAU, K.T., JNO. B. YOUNG, Esq., R. H. SMITH, Esq., WILLIAM WHITE, Esq., GEO. R. BENFREW, Esq., JAMES STEVENSON, Esq., Cashier.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN CANADA.
Ottawa, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; Pembroke, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Thorold, Ont.; Three Rivers, Que.
AGENTS IN NEW YORK.—Messrs. W. Watson and A. Lang.
AGENTS IN LONDON.—The Bank of Scotland.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE CO.

LOSSES PAID, \$97,500,000.
ASSETS, \$33,000,000.
INVESTED IN CANADA, \$900,000.

HEAD OFFICE - - - MONTREAL.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, Montreal.
JOS. B. REED, Agent, Toronto.
Office—20 WELLINGTON ST. EAST.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

A.D. 1809.
Fire Premiums (1884) about \$7,000,000
Fire Assets (1884) about 13,000,000
Investments in Canada 982,517
Total Invested Funds (Fire & Life) 33,500,000

CHIEF OFFICE FOR THE DOMINION:
North British Buildings, - Montreal.
THOMAS DAVIDSON, Man. Director.
Toronto Branch—20 Wellington St. E.
R. N. GOODIE, Agent and Dist. Insp.
H. W. EVANS, Asst. Agent.

The Glasgow & London Insurance Co.

Head Office for Canada, - Montreal.
Government Deposit - - - \$100,000 00
Assets in Canada - - - 117,086 00
Canadian Income, 1885 - - - 255,725 16

MANAGER, STEWART BROWNE.
J. T. VINCENT, Chief Inspector.
Inspectors:
C. GILMOUR, A. D. G. VAN WANT.

R. A. DONALDSON, - General Agent,
34 Toronto Street, Toronto.

A VERY FINE STOCK OF FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES

And Flowering Shrubs, Norway Spruce for Hedges—H. SLIGHT, City Nurseries, 407 Yonge Street.

AUCTION SALE!

Works of Scottish Artists.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, '86,
AT 2 P.M.

GALLERY OF ART,
79 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO.

SAMUEL E. ROBERTS.

OLIVER, COATE & CO.,
Auctioneers.

PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS.

We are the sole manufacturers of
BLACKHALL'S LIQUID AND ELASTIC PAD GUM, 23/52

For Office Stationery and all Printed Forms. No bindery is complete without our gum, which is the cheapest and best manufactured in Canada. Put up in 2-lb. and 5-lb. tins, and in bulk. Send \$1 for a 2-lb. trial tin.

J. H. GRAHAM & CO.,
10 KING STREET EAST, - - - TORONTO.

E. LAKE & CO., REAL ESTATE BROKERS, VALUATORS, ETC.

16 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.
City and Farm Properties Bought, Sold and Exchanged, Loans Negotiated, Estates Managed, Rents and Mortgages Collected, etc.
Special attention given to the Investment of Private Funds on First Mortgage of Real Estate.—Lake's Land and Loan Office, 16 King St. East, Toronto. 20/52

SHIBLEY & NELLES, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, ETC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
H. T. SHIBLEY. F. E. NELLES.
Offices: 17 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

EXECUTORSHIPS.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CO.,
27 Wellington Street East,
May be appointed Executor by Will, or when other Executors renounce, or if there be no Will, the Company may be appointed Administrator by the Surrogate Court.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., HOMEOPATHIST.

326 and 328 Jarvis Street. Specialties: Children's and Nervous Diseases. Hours: 9 to 11 a.m., 4 to 6 p.m.; Saturday afternoons excepted.

DRS. HALL & EMORY, HOMEOPATHISTS.

33 and 35 Richmond St. East, Toronto.
Telephone No. 450.
Dr. Hall in office—9 to 11 a.m. daily, Monday and Thursday evenings, 7:30 to 9.
Dr. Emory in office—12 to 4 p.m. daily, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7:30 to 9; Sundays, 3 to 4 p.m.

R. J. TROTTER, DENTAL SURGEON.

Corner of BAY AND KING STREETS, over Molsons Bank. Entrance: King Street.

FOR GOOD SERVICEABLE

Winter Suits and Overcoats AT MODERATE PRICES.
There is no place like the ARCADE Tailors. Fit and Workmanship guaranteed. Give them a call.
ELVINS & LEES, 51/52
Scotch Tweed Warehouse,
9 Yonge St. Arcade.
P.S.—Special Discount to Students.

RUSSELL'S, 9 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, for HIGH-CLASS WATCHES & JEWELLERY.

Watch Repairing and Jewellery Manufactured to order, special features.
Charges Moderate.

LITERARY REVOLUTION. S. U. NELSON & Co.'s LIBRARY ASSOCIATION supplies its members with any book published at wholesale prices.

Any person sending \$4 receives a certificate of membership and is entitled to the privileges of the Association for one year. As a further inducement to new members a handsome volume published at \$5 will be mailed free. Write for catalogues and full information to—
R. SPARLING, General Agent,
P.O. Drawer 2674, Toronto.

MILLMAN & CO., LATE NOTMAN & FRASER, PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTISTS.

41 KING STREET EAST, - - - TORONTO
We have all the old negatives of Notman & Fraser.

MR. HAMILTON MACCARTHY, SCULPTOR, of London, England, is now prepared to execute Portrait Busts, Medallions, Statuettes, Memorials, etc., in Marble, Bronze, Terra Cotta, and other materials.

Mr. MacCarthy has received the patronage of Royalty, the aristocracy, and many of the principal institutions of England and Scotland. RESIDENCE—147 Yorkville Avenue. STUDIO—62 YONGE ST. ARCADE.
G. SHEPHERD, L.D.S., SURGEON DENTIST, 6/52
Office and Residence—189 Sherbourne St., Toronto.
All operations strictly first-class.

M'CARTHY, OSLER, HOSKIN & CREELMAN,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c., 13/26
Temple Chambers, Toronto St., Toronto.

D'Alton McCarthy, Q.C., B. B. Osler, Q.C., John Hoskin, Q.C., Adam R. Creelman, P. W. Harcourt, W. H. P. Clement, Wallace Nesbitt.

WELCH & TROWERN, GOLD and SILVER Jewellery Manufacturers

DIAMOND DEALERS and MEDALLISTS.
Highest commendation from His Excellency the MARQUIS OF LORNE and H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE. Store and Manufactory—171 Yonge Street, Toronto.

STUART W. JOHNSTON, CHEMIST.

DISPENSING.—We pay special attention to this branch of our business.
271 King St. West, - - - TORONTO

CHAS. A. WALTON, Architect and Constructive Engineer

19 UNION BLOCK, TORONTO ST.
Architect of the Toronto Arcade.

FRANK STUBBS, Merchant Tailor.

No. 8 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO. OPPOSITE DOMINION BANK
N.B.—IMPORTER OF FINE WOOLENS.

MR. W. A. SHERWOOD, ARTIST.

Portraits in Oil or Pastel from life or photograph.
Room 54, ARCADE, YONGE ST., TORONTO.

JOSEPH A. BURKE (Successor to M. Croake), Dealer in GROCERIES, CHOICE WINES and LIQUORS, CANNED GOODS of all kinds.

The store is always well stocked with the choicest qualities of Groceries and Liquors Families supplied at most reasonable prices.
A TRIAL SOLICITED.

Note the address—
JOS. A. BURKE, 588 YONGE STREET.

HERBERT C. JONES, M.A., Barrister, Attorney, and Solicitor,

No. 26 YORK CHAMBERS, TORONTO.
Author of Treatise on "Land Titles Act, 1885."

J. FRASER BRYCE, PHOTOGRAPHER,

107 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

WILLIAM F. W. CREELMAN, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public Etc.,

17 York Chambers, - - - Toronto Street
TORONTO. 5/13

W. H. MALLORY & CO., ARCHITECTS,

BUILDING SURVEYORS & VALUATORS.
Office—Room K, Arcade Buildings, Victoria Street, Toronto.
W. H. MALLORY. S. P. MALLORY

ESTABLISHED 1859. Fin Perfumes.

2/52
FINE TOILET REQUISITES. THE PUREST IN DRUGS
We are direct Importers of Sponges and Chamois. Rose's Lavender Water, in two sizes, 25c. and 50c. per bottle.—ROBERT R. MARTIN & CO., Pharmacists and Perfumers, Cor. Queen and Yonge Sts. Always open.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1886.

CHEAP ROUND TRIP TICKETS

AT

Single First-Class Fare and One-Third

Will be issued between all stations, on THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, April 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.

Good for Return until April 27th.

WM. EDGAR, Gen. Passenger Agent. J. HICKSON, Gen. Manager.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

(Quebec Eastern and Ontario Divisions).

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Return Tickets will be sold at One-Fare and One-Third, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, April 22, 23 and 24, good to return until Tuesday, April 27.

Tickets at above rates will be sold at all Stations, and at the regular authorized ticket offices of the Company. Purchase your tickets before starting, as regular fares will be charged on trains.

W. C. VAN HORNE, Vice-President. GEO. OLDS, Gen. Traffic Man. D. McNICOLA, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Alden's RECENT BOOKS

Illustrated Catalogue, 132 pages, may be had for 4 cents; condensed catalogue, free.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA

OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Presenting Biographical and Critical Notices, and Specimens from the Writings of Eminent Authors of all Ages and all Nations. To be published in parts of 160 pages each, paper covers, and in volumes of 480 pages, bound in fine cloth, gilt tops. Price, per Part, 15 cents; per Volume, 60 cents. Parts I, to VI., and Volumes I. and II. now ready.

The publisher intends that this CYCLOPEDIA shall be a trustworthy guide to what is worth knowing of the literature of the world, so far as it is accessible to scholars in the English tongue; a treasury of useful and entertaining knowledge such as never before has been attainable in one work. The work will be completed, probably, in about 15 volumes.

"It is smaller in size than the ordinary cyclopedias—a decided advantage, to begin with. It proposes to give in convenient and compact form, and at a moderate cost, a complete survey of the written literature of all ages and of all peoples. Its articles are prepared with due care, and an examination shows them to be of as high a character and of as high a value as those of standard works of the kind."—Morning Transcript, Boston, Mass.

"I am strongly impressed with the great intrinsic value of the work as a popular educator in a high department of learning. The plan is admirable. Combining as it does a personal knowledge of an author with specimens of his or her best literary productions, gives it an inestimable power for good among the people."—Benson J. Lossing, LL. D.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Beautiful Homes. The Art of Beautifying Suburban Home Grounds. By FRANK J. SCOTT. Finely illustrated, \$3.00.

Froude's Historical Essays, 50 cts.

Rambaud's History of Russia, illustrated, 2 vols., fine cloth, gilt tops, per set, \$1.75.

Allerton's Poems of the Prairies, 70 cts.

Peyton's The Glasse of Time, 50 cts.

Life of Washington Irving. By Richard Henry Stoddard, 30 cts.

Gulzot's History of France, new edition, 8 vols., 12mo, 427 fine illustrations, \$6.00.

Obiter Dicta? By Augustine Birrell, 50 cts.

Classic Comedies. By Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Johnson, fine cloth, gilt tops, 60 cts.

Lamb's Essays of Elia. The handsomest edition published in America, 50 cts.

Taylor's Self-Cure of Hernia, 90 cts.

Rawlinson's Ancient Religions, 75 cts.

"Egypt and Babylon, 75 cts.

Grace Greenwood's Home Folks Stories, 60 cts.

Holyoake's Manual of Co-operation, 35 cts.

Maurice Thompson's By-Ways and Bird Notes, 75 cts.

Bricks from Babel. By J. McNeil Wright, 60c.

What Tommy Did. By Emily Huntington Miller, illustrated, 50 cts.

Complete Works of John Ruskin. The best American edition, 14 vols., \$18.00.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher,

P. O. Box 1227. 393 Pearl St., New York.

Toronto Agency, 420 YONGE STREET.

Our patrons will pay cost of duty in addition to listed prices.

The Handsomest Store in Canada.

The Most Reliable House in Canada.

The Choicest Selections of Mantles and Millinery in Canada.

The Most Beautiful Assortment of Laces and Parasols in Canada.

The Most Complete Stock of Mourning Materials in Canada.

The Most Perfect Fit and Style in Dress and Mantle Making in Canada.

The Richest Collection of Novelties for the Season in Mantle Materials in Canada.

The Cheapest House for New Choice Goods in Canada.

J. PITTMAN & CO.,

THE GREAT MANTLE MAKERS,

MILLINERS AND COSTUMERS,

218 Yonge Street, Toronto.

CROMPTON CORSET CO'S

CELEBRATED CORALINE CORSETS

Mary Anderson writes: I am delighted with your Coraline Corset. It is perfect in fit and elegant in design and workmanship.

FLEXIBLE HIP HEALTH *NURSING* LILY
MOJESKA ABDOMINAL *CORALINE* MISSES*

Coraline is not Hemp, Jute, Tampico, or Mexican Grass. Coraline is used in no goods except those sold by CROMPTON CORSET CO. The genuine Coraline is superior to whalebone, and gives honest value and perfect satisfaction.

Imitations are a fraud and dear at any price. For sale by all leading merchants. Price from \$1.00 up.

CROMPTON CORSET COMPANY,

78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

CHINA HALL,

49 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

NEW GOODS JUST ARRIVED

AND NOW IN STOCK: 30/52

200 Sets Toilet Ware, price from \$3.50 to \$80.
100 Dinner Sets, ranging from \$10 to \$300.
200 China Tea Sets, from \$5 to \$75.
50 Breakfast Sets, from \$12 to \$75.
Table Ornaments in great variety from the following makers:—Doulton's, Copeland & Sons, Mintons, Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, Davenport's Worcester Royal and Crown Derby.
Rich cut and engraved Glass Sets, Fancy Teapots and Jugs, Cheese Covers, etc., Game Pie Dishes and Salad Bowls, Egg Spoons, Egg Holders and Nest Eggs.

GLOVER HARRISON, Proprietor.

TAYLOR & BATE,

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

BREWERS!

ALES, PORTER,

AND: 20/26
LAGER BEER!

Equal to any on the Market. Purity guaranteed.

WM. DOW & CO.,

BREWERS,

MONTREAL,

Be to notify their friends in Ontario that their

INDIA PALE ALE

AND

EXTRA DOUBLE STOUT

IN BOTTLE 21/52

May be obtained from the following Dealers:

- IN SARNIA T. R. Barton.
- WOODSTOCK Nesbitt Bros.
- STRATFORD James Kennedy.
- HAMILTON Sewell Bros.
- TORONTO Fulton, Michie & Co.
- Caldwell & Hodgins.
- BELLEVILLE Wallbridge & Clark
- PETERBOROUGH H. Rush.
- PICTON H. M. Bunbury.
- NAPANEE M. W. Pruynt & Son
- KINGSTON J. S. Henderson.
- N. K. Scott.
- OTTAWA Bate & Co.
- E. B. Browne.
- Geo. Forde.
- J. Casey, Dalhousie St.
- P. J. Coffey.
- BROCKVILLE Fitzsimmons Bros.
- W. J. McHenry & Bro.
- Clerihue & Whaley.
- Bann & Mervin.
- PRESCOTT John P. Hayden.

THE

Toronto Paper Mfg. Co.

WORKS AT CORNWALL, ONT.

CAPITAL, \$250,000.

JOHN R. BARBER, President and Managing Director.

CHAS. RIORDON, Vice-President.

EDWARD TROUT, Treasurer. 3/52

Manufactures the following grades of paper:—

Engine Sized Superfine Papers,

WHITE AND TINTED BOOK PAPER (Machine Finished and Super-Calendered)

BLUE AND CREAM LAID AND WOVE FOOLSCAPS, POSTS, ETC.

ACCOUNT BOOK PAPERS:—

Envelope and Lithographic Papers.

COLOURED COVER PAPERS, super-finished. Apply at the Mill for samples and prices. Special sizes made to order.

A Specific for Throat Diseases.
Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, and all Throat troubles.
"My communication with the world is very much enlarged by the Lozenges which I now carry always in my pocket; that trouble in my throat for which the 'Troches' are a specific having made me often a mere whisperer."—N. P. WILLIS.
Obtain only BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

THE IMPROVED MODEL WASHER AND BLEACHER
Only Weighs 6 lbs. Can be carried in a small valise.

Pat. Aug. 2, 1884. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.
C. W. DENNIS, Toronto.

\$1,000 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.
Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which in other mode of washing can produce. Rubbing required—no friction to injure the fabric. A ten-year-old girl can do the washing as well as an older person. To place it in every household, the price has been placed at \$3, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded.
See what the Baptist says, "From personal examination of its construction and experience in its use we commend it as a simple, sensible, scientific and successful machine, which succeeds in doing its work admirably. The price, \$3, places it within the reach of all. It is a time and labour-saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and is cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence."
Delivered to any express office in Ontario or Quebec, charges paid, for \$3.50.

C. W. DENNIS, 213 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
Please mention this paper.

USE ^{35/52}
GOLD SEAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Ladies who are particular about their baking must use it in preference to any other powder.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. BRITAIN SPEAKS.

LITTLE BRITAIN, ONT., Nov. 15th, 1885.
This is to certify that I have used Dr. Von Stromberg's Worm Killer with great satisfaction, and I feel it my duty to recommend it to the world at large. Use my name if of any advantage.
KENNETH FERGUSON.

DEAR SIR, I would recommend Dr. Von Stromberg's Worm Killer to any one as being a DEAD SHOT for worms in horses and colts.
THOMAS BULLIVANT.

As I have used Dr. Von Stromberg's Horse Worm Killer with best results, I can recommend it to the public without hesitation.
JOHN YEO.

GENTLEMEN.—I can testify that Dr. Von Stromberg's Horse Worm Killer does its work in horses and cattle. No farmers raising colts should be without it.
THOS. SHORT.

Free by mail for \$1.00. Address—
THORLEY CONDITION POWDER CO., TORONTO, ONT.

DOMINION BREWERY, ROBERT DAVIES,
BREWERY AND MALTSTER,
QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Celebrated for the Finest Ale, Porter and Lager Beer in the Dominion.

The large and increasing demand for my Ales, Porter and Lager Beer compelled me to increase my manufacturing capacity to double, and now I can

BREW DAILY 12,000 GALLONS.

The fact that the Dominion Brewery is only seven years in operation, and that it has far outstripped all the old establishments and is now the leading brewery in the Dominion, speaks for the quality of the Ales, Porter and Lager Beer produced, and which is made from the

Choicest Malt, English, Bavarian, American, Californian and Canadian Hops.

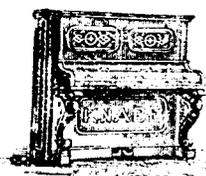
No substitutes or deleterious substances ever used, and

CAN ALWAYS BE RELIED UPON AS PURE.

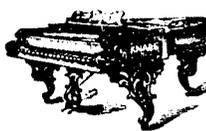
My India Pale Ale and XXX Porter in Bottle surpasses anything made here, and equal to any imported.

One trial is all that is necessary to enroll you amongst my numerous customers.

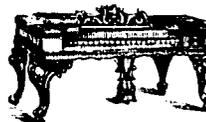
Be sure you get the Dominion Brands.



KNABE PIANOS.



DOMINION PIANOS.



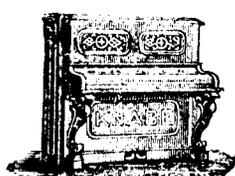
THE LARGEST STOCK OF LEADING AMERICAN & CANADIAN PIANOS & ORGANS

EVER SHOWN IN CANADA.

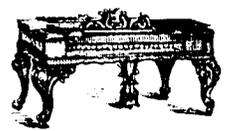
FOUR LARGE FLATS
Filled With Instruments.

Pianos and Organs sent to all parts of Canada, and selected for persons residing at a distance from the city as well as those chosen by themselves.
Pianists and courteous assistants always in attendance.

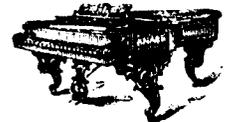
JOSEPH RUSE
68 King St. West, TORONTO.



FISCHER PIANOS.



DOMINION ORGANS.



CARPETS

WM. BEATTY & SON

(Late HENRY GRAHAM & CO., have their immense

SPRING IMPORTATIONS NOW COMPLETE! THEIR PRIVATE PATTERNS IN

WILTONS, AXMINSTERS, MOQUETTES & BRUSSELS

ARE ALL OF THE NEWEST AND CHOICEST DESIGNS.

Together with the balance of their choice lot of

"CROSSLEY & SONS" BEST TAPESTRYS,

Which they are selling at 65 cents. They will offer a special line of

5 FRAME BRUSSELS AT 90 CENTS CASH.

Oilcloths and Linoleums in great variety,

Cocoa, Napier and China Mattings,

Curtains, Poles, Blinds, etc.,

Wool and Union Carpets in every quality,

Kidderminster, Velvet and Tapestry Squares,

Church Carpets in every style and Grade.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

3 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

THE CITIZEN,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP AND GOOD GOVERNMENT.

THE CITIZEN is devoted to the practical, but philosophic, discussion of questions of popular interest relating to citizenship and government. It is edited by members of the American Institute of Civics, recently incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, and already including in its membership very many of the most eminent scholars, educators, and writers upon civic questions in the United States.

The position occupied by this periodical is unique and notable. Its sole purpose is to aid in promoting the best interests of republican citizenship and republican government. It will aim to do this by endeavours to promote the growth of a spirit of patriotism, manliness, and devotion to duty. Discussions from a partisan, political, or sectarian standpoint will be, so far as possible, avoided, and every effort made to secure the presentation of views which shall be characterized by so much of scientific exactness, judicial candour, and general interest in statement, as to command the widest possible respect and acceptance. While it will number among its contributors those unusually well qualified to treat of the civic questions which vitally concern the people of the United States, it is intended that its pages shall especially represent the thought of the young men of the day, to whom it especially speaks, and among whom it finds its warmest friends and supporters. That it will have the support of thinking men is evidenced by the names, already upon its list of subscribers, of the most eminent citizens in every State, including representatives of every profession and calling. (See March number of the CITIZEN for a partial list of these.)

Among the distinguished writers who have promised articles apposite to the purposes of the CITIZEN are those named below:

CONTRIBUTORS.—Alexander Johnston, Richard T. Ely, Bernard Moses, J. H. Seelye, Carroll D. Wright, A. W. Tourgee, N. S. Shaler, Edward Everett Hale, Hezekiah Butterworth, Frances Marion Burdick, Henry C. Adams, Hubert H. Bancroft, George B. Loring, F. W. Parker, W. N. Hailmann, T. M. Goodknight, Lyman Abbott, Julius H. Ward, Simon Sterne, B. A. Hinsdale, E. E. White, William H. Trescott, W. H. Ruffner, J. L. M. Curry, William C. P. Breckinridge, W. C. Whitford, Kate Gannett Wells, Edmund J. James, J. W. Dickinson, Katherine Coman, Arthur Gilman, Mellen Chamberlain, Melville Dewey, R. L. Bridgman, Francis H. Buffum, Anson D. Morse, James MacAlister, Thomas Davidson, Charles Edwin Hurd, William A. Hammond, C. M. Woodward, Mary Sheldon Barnes, Edward Stanwood, Henry B. Carrington, Woodrow Wilson, Henry Randall Waite, George Gannett, Henry Wadsworth Reed, G. W. Knight, E. H. Young, Dorman B. Eaton, Frank T. Reid, E. Haworth, Edwin D. Mead, William Clark (London, Eng.), J. Lawrence Laughlin.

Subscription Price, \$1.50. Agents wanted.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.



This Magazine has no rival in its own field and is the only high-class Monthly west of the American Alleghenies.

ITS SPECIAL FEATURES ARE

- Western & Pacific Coast Literature, Travel, Adventure, Pioneer Sketches,
- Breezy Stories—Spanish Days, Mining Camps, Exploration and History, The Shores of the Pacific,
- Civics, Sociology, Industrial Problems, Practical Questions.
- Free, Strong, Fearless, Impartial. The Best Thought of New Writers With Something to Say.

The Trade supplied by the American News Co. and Branches. London office—Trubner & Co., 57 and 59 Ludgate Hill. Single subscriptions \$4.00. Single copies 35 cents. Address—

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY
120 Sutter St., San Francisco.

MAMMOTH BOOK EMPORIUM.

NEW CATALOGUE!

Just out to-day our New Catalogue of OLD, RARE & CURIOUS BOOKS

Including some on America never offered for sale before in this country.

R. W. DOUGLAS & CO.,

(Successors to A. Piddington)

250 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Wholesale Agents for "Lovell's Library."

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; it has cured thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing. I have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

TO SUBSCRIBERS!

Those wishing to keep their copies of THE WEEK in good condition, and have them on hand for reference, should use a Binder. We can send by mail

A STRONG PLAIN BINDER

For 75 Cents. Postage prepaid

These Binders have been made expressly for THE WEEK, and are of the best manufacture. The papers can be placed in the Binder week by week, thus keeping the file complete. Address—

OFFICE OF THE WEEK,
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

HART & COMPANY, BOOKSELLERS, NEW BOOKS

For the Easter Season.

THE BLESSED EASTER TIDE.

Consisting of three parts—Good Friday, Easter Even and Easter Day. Each part contains the Gospel narrative, and choice selections of poetry appropriate to the day. Quarto, 160 pp., full gilt edges, \$2.50.

AN EASTER SONG (Poem).

By the Right Rev. ROBERT HALL BAYNES. With four full-page illustrations, and sixteen pages of illustrated text, vignettes, tail-pieces, etc., drawn by J. H. Gratacap, and reproduced by the Photo Gravure Co. Quarto. The back being the finest white cloth and the sides Japanese gold brocade. The side stamp is that of a calla-lily, printed in gold and purple upon the white cloth, \$3.50.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

From the Rhythm of St. Bernard of Cluny.

Translated by JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D. A sumptuous edition of the master translation of this poem. Small quarto. Bound in two styles—in light cloth, with title printed in antique embossed lettering upon a Greek cross, with gold background, \$2.25.

Bound also in Whatman's white drawing paper, tied with silk cord, with title stamped in corner in antique letters printed in purple ink, \$1.75.

THE STORY OF EASTER AS TOLD IN THE BOOK.

The Narrative of the Resurrection and Ascension. Bound in white leatherette, grained and lettered in gilt antique. Embellished with two photographs. Oblong, 55 pp. Price in each style of binding, \$1.25.

BOOKLETS.

Messrs. HART & COMPANY are convinced that the following will prove an admirable substitute for the usual Easter Card. Printed on cardboard and tied with ribbon.

- SOMETIME 30c. BEYOND THE SHADOWS 30c. MY SHIPS 30c. THE MASTER IS SO FAIR 30c. HOW? WHEN? WHERE? WHY? 30c. GOD KNOWETH 30c. EASTER MELODY 30c. THE VIOLET IS HERE 30c.

ANCHORAGE FOR THE STORM-TORN. A choice selection in prose and poetry, designed for the consolation of those in widowhood. Compiled by ROSE PORTER. Square 24mo, printed with a rule and tied with ribbon 40c.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. The pathetic little ballad of ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Printed in beautiful type upon cream paper. Bound in vellum, with title printed in gilt, with flowers printed in colours inter-twined with title. Square, 24mo 40c. A number of the "Booklets," with hand-painted covers at 65 cents each.

HART & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS & BOOKSELLERS,

81 and 83 King St. West, Toronto.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS



Superior, Standard, Reliable.

Popular Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

PAVILION MUSIC HALL



TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY,

MUSICAL DIRECTOR & CONDUCTOR. Mr. W. Elliot Haslam.

The first Concert of this Society will be given in aid of the

Sisterhood of St. John the Divine.

Box office now open at Nordheimer's. Admission 50 cts. Reserved Seats 75 cts.

DAWSON BROTHERS,

PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS, MONTREAL,

HAVE IN PRESS

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN CANADA. By C. C. COLBY, M.P.

12mo, cloth, about 90 pp. 50 cents. This will be the best practical manual of our institutions which has yet appeared. The late Mr. Alpheus Todd, who read it in manuscript, wrote as follows:—"Having had an opportunity of perusing Mr. C. C. Colby's lecture on Parliamentary Government, I would cordially commend it to public attention. It presents, in a popular form, a comprehensive outline of our political system, drawn with great fidelity and insight, and with a keen appreciation of the worth of British constitutional principles. It has been a reproach to our political literature that a simple and correct description of our form of government is rarely to be found. For this reason, Mr. Colby's essay ought to have a wide circulation. As the production of an experienced politician, as well as a close observer, and an earnest student in the region of political knowledge, it cannot fail to be read with interest and benefit by all who desire a more intimate acquaintance with the free institutions under which it is our privilege to live."—ALPHEUS TODD.

The work was originally prepared as a lecture, but has been rewritten and brought down to date.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

MARGUERITE AND OTHER POEMS. By GEORGE MARTIN. A volume of poems by Mr. George Martin, with the above title, will be ready for publication in September of this year. It will be got up in the best style of printing, paper and binding, and will be a volume of about 300 pages. Price in cloth, gilt edges, \$2.00.

JUST PUBLISHED.

(By a writer not "in politics.")

PATRONAGE IS POWER. 8vo, cloth, 25 cents. An essay on the dangers threatening our form of popular government, by one who loves freedom more than liberty or equality.

(By Mr. JAMES HERBERT BARTLETT.)

THE MANUFACTURE, CONSUMPTION AND PRODUCTION OF IRON, STEEL AND COAL in the Dominion of Canada, with some Notes on the Manufacture of Iron, and on the Iron Trade in other countries. 8vo, 167 pp., paper, \$1.00. A most important contribution to Canadian economics; full of matter carefully compiled, abstracted and tabulated, with great diligence and research.

PUBLISHED LAST CHRISTMAS.

THE SONGS OF OLD CANADA. Translated by WILLIAM McLENNAN. With the French originals on opposite pages. 12mo, handsomely printed and bound in a pretty cloth binding, gilt edges, price \$1.00.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

MR. SANDFORD FLEMING'S volume

ENGLAND AND CANADA on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Northern and Western Territories. 12mo, 450 pp. This volume has received the most flattering notices from the press of Great Britain.

MR. J. GEORGE HOURINOT'S exhaustive work on

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE AND PRACTICE, with an introductory account of the origin and growth of Parliamentary Institutions in the Dominion of Canada. Handsomely bound in cloth, demy 8vo, 800 pp. \$6.00. This work has been adopted as the standard upon the subject by the Parliament of Canada, and by the Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec. It has been reviewed with favour in all the leading newspapers and reviews in England, and has been received with approval by the Legislatures of Australia.

The MARQUIS OF LORNE'S Book.

CANADA AND SCOTLAND: Speeches and Poems by the Right Hon. MARQUIS OF LORNE. Cloth, 372 pp. \$1.50.

The second edition of Mr. S. E. DAWSON'S Book.

A STUDY: With Critical and Explanatory Notes, of Lord Tennyson's Poem, "The Princess." Second edition. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt top, 136 pp. \$1.00.

The Saturday Review (London) says:—"It is sensible, simple and to the point. To us, hounded allusions, to throw some light on imperfectly appreciated beauties; and, if we cannot wholly agree with the writer's views, we can recommend the 'Study' to ordinary readers of Tennyson as well worthy the slight demand which its perusal will make upon their leisure."

The Liverpool (England) Mercury says:—"This is a thoughtful and charming little monograph upon one of the most thoughtful and charming of Tennyson's poems. Mr. Dawson has done his work exceedingly well. Even those who are most familiar with the poem on which it treats, cannot rise from a perusal of this explanation and commentary without possessing new lights and a better understanding of the poet's meaning and intention."

The Boston Daily Advertiser says:—"It is a positive pleasure to read so deliberate a criticism of a purely literary kind. It gives one a sense of leisure and serenity in pleasant intellectual work, and renews something of the delight that Tennyson's poems gave us thirty years ago."

The Edinburgh Scotsman says:—"A very thoughtful and sympathetic estimate of a poem which we agree with him in thinking 'singularly underrated.' . . . Mr. Dawson displays a thorough grasp of the poet's intention, and is able to discern the underlying unity and consistency of design and purpose which the poem really possesses. People who read 'The Princess' after going through this book will find themselves better qualified to understand it and to do justice to the genius of its author."

Professor S. CLARK MURRAY'S Book.

A HANDBOOK OF PSYCHOLOGY. 12mo, 422 pp. \$2.00. This book has been adopted by several large institutions in the United States. It is a Text book at the Universities of McGill College, Montreal, and Ann Arbor, Michigan.

ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS.

Professor CHARLES E. MOYSE'S Book.

POETRY AS A FINE ART: A University Lecture delivered at McGill College, Montreal. 18mo, parchment, uncut edges, 76c.

WORKS ON FORESTRY. By the Rev. J. C. BROWN, LL.D. I. Introduction to the Study of Modern Forest Economy. Price \$1.50. II. The Forests of England and the Management of them in Bygone Times. Price \$2.00. III. Forestry of Norway. Price \$1.50. IV. Finland: Its Forests and Forest Management. Price \$2.00. V. Forest Lands and Forestry of Northern Russia. Price \$2.00. VI. French Forest Ordinance of 1669, with Historical Sketch of Previous Treatment of Forests in France. Price \$1.50. The above by Dr. Brown are good books upon the most important subject which can engage the attention of Canadians, and should be read by our legislators before it is too late.

DAWSON BROTHERS, MONTREAL.

Any of the above mailed free on receipt of price.

Clippings

FROM

Correspondence

WITH

Customers.

MESSRS. MASON & RISCH—

BUFFALO.

"The piano which I procured from you last August has been constantly used ever since, and has not only stood the severe test well, but is much improved by usage. I can freely say that it is the best upright piano I ever played upon."

THE RECTORY, . . . BUFFALO.

"We cannot speak too highly of the piano; it takes the gloss off any other I have heard in Buffalo."

THE MANSE, . . . ST. CATHARINES.

"Considering the usage the piano receives, standing in a room that is seldom heated more than once a week, it stands the test well. Your Mason & Risch piano, in the home of . . . is the finest instrument I have heard in this city."

THE RECTORY, . . . BROCKVILLE.

"The tone is rich and sweet, with no sound of string, and no harshness, the middle register being particularly good, and the upper register clear toned and brilliant."

THE PARSONAGE, . . . MADOC.

"After three years of constant use, and through testing, I find your piano all you recommended it to be. Everybody is delighted with its melodious sound, and also with its workmanship."

THE CHAPEL, . . . WHITBY.

"I am perfectly delighted with the instrument, and send my most sincere thanks to Mr. Risch for the pains taken to secure me so excellent an instrument."

MANSE, . . . TILSONBURG.

"We consider that our instrument, for tone-quality, is second to none in the neighborhood."

BRANTFORD.

"The Upright Grand Piano which I purchased from you some years ago has given unqualified satisfaction. The full, rich tone and musical sustaining power make it great pleasure to me and all who use it."

NEW YORK.

"Its (Mason & Risch Upright) tone is pure and sympathetic, its touch remarkably even and elastic, while in workmanship throughout it is a model of excellence."

HAMILTON.

"It has been my good fortune to find in your piano all that can be desired in point of sympathetic tone, brilliancy, power, equality. Your piano is a credit to Canadian Art."

HARRISTON.

"The piano arrived on Saturday, and I have to thank you for the magnificent instrument sent me. I am delighted with its tone and finish, and those who have seen it are charmed."

PRESCOTT.

"My piano, I am happy to say, gives the utmost satisfaction in every way, and I cheerfully recommend your make to my friends."

Catalogues and Price Lists mailed to any address.

Purchasers will find it to their advantage to correspond with us before purchasing any other piano.

MASON & RISCH,

32 King St. West, TORONTO.

THE WEEK.

Third Year.
Vol. III., No. 21.

Toronto, Thursday, April 22nd, 1886.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

| CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES— | PAGE |
|--|---------------------------|
| The Crisis in England..... | Goldwin Smith 325 |
| W. D. Howells at Washington..... | Sara Jeannette Duncan 327 |
| Our Paris Letter..... | L. L. 328 |
| Books Disused (Poem)..... | S. 328 |
| Christ and Buddha..... | Professor W. Clark 328 |
| Amiel's Journal..... | 329 |
| High Tide (Poem)..... | G. A. M. 330 |
| Marius the Epicurean..... | 330 |
| ROYALTY RESTORED..... | 331 |
| TOPICS OF THE WEEK— | |
| The Scott Act and the Progress of Temperance..... | 332 |
| Mr. Frye's Fishery Resolution..... | 332 |
| Attitude of Congress..... | 332 |
| New Markets the Best Remedy..... | 332 |
| The Silver Question..... | 332 |
| A National and Patriotic English Party..... | 332 |
| Canadian Neo-Liberalism and Fenianism..... | 333 |
| Mr. Gladstone's Chances of Success..... | 333 |
| Mr. Gladstone's Statesmanship and British Rule in India..... | 333 |
| Ruicide of Lord Shaftesbury..... | 333 |
| The Earnings of Labour..... | 334 |
| The Oneida Community..... | 334 |
| NOTES..... | 334 |
| POETRY— | |
| On Durdham Down..... | Seranus 335 |
| A LOVE MARRIAGE..... | 335 |
| EASTER LILIES (Poem)..... | 337 |
| THE TORONTO INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION..... | W. F. M. B. 337 |
| NIGHT (Poem)..... | Henleigh 337 |
| MUSIC..... | 337 |
| OUR LIBRARY TABLE..... | 338 |
| LITERARY GOSSIP..... | 340 |

THE CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

MR. GLADSTONE'S scheme was proposed expressly as one which was to deliver Westminster from the presence of the Irish members, and set the British Parliament free to legislate without obstruction. To reduce a disorderly squad to order being pronounced a task of insurmountable difficulty for a great assembly, exclusion was the only remedy, and for this the dismemberment of the United Kingdom was not too great a price to be paid. That was the consideration on which Mr. Gladstone emphatically dwelt in the opening of his speech. It is the keynote of his Irish policy as expounded by himself after being heralded by the Irish Secretary, who is supposed now to be his most trusted colleague. But universal disapprobation greeted a project which excluded Ireland from the Imperial legislature, yet left her subject to Imperial burdens; which lowered her from the position of a member of the United Kingdom to that of a tributary colony; which in place of equality gave her vassalage; which in plucking out one thorn from her breast would have planted ten; and which, as was at once seen, must, instead of quenching the flame of Irish agitation, feed it with fuel far more dangerous than it had before. Hereupon Mr. Gladstone intimates that he is ready, if the concession will help his Bill to pass, to give up his cardinal principle, embrace the opposite principle, and admit representatives of Ireland to the Parliament at Westminster. Would it be too harsh, when the question is one touching the very life of the nation, to designate such a mode of dealing with it as unlike deliberate wisdom? Mr. Parnell must be paid the price of his support. A great revolutionary measure must be passed for the honour of the statesmanship whose monuments are the graves of the Soudan. The exact nature of the measure and its consequences to the country seem to be of comparatively little moment. Mr. Gladstone's conscientiousness is, of course, supreme; yet the nation might be safer in the hands of one of those British statesmen of the old school who had nothing ecclesiastical about them, whose exterior was that of the man of the world, or almost of the cynic, but who felt responsibility nevertheless, and in whose hearts deeply and immovably seated were patriotism and honour. Melbourne and Palmerston were in some respects loose; yet neither of them would have abandoned the Loyalists of Ireland.

Obstruction then, if the amendment is adopted, will remain; probably it will assume an aggravated form, inasmuch as the Representatives of Ireland in the Parliament of Westminster will now be emissaries of an alien nationality, and of a nationality struggling to become entirely free. To carry Dismemberment, its main object and sole compensation is renounced. But this is not all. The reversal of the main action throws the whole piece of constitutional machinery, as projected by Mr. Gladstone, out of gear. The Parliament at Westminster will still have jurisdiction over British as well as Imperial affairs. Are the Irish, who have a Parliament of their own at Dublin for Irish affairs, to have a voice also in questions relating to the national affairs of Great Britain? Or are the Irish Representatives

at Westminster to be allowed to speak and vote on Imperial questions only? If this is the plan, how is the line to be drawn, and preserved in the conduct of business, between the two classes of questions? Are the Irish Representatives to pass their time between the House and the Lobby, popping in and out according as business of one kind or the other happens to come up and as the discussion takes a domestic or an Imperial turn? Suppose want of confidence is moved in a Minister on account at once of his Foreign and his Home policy, are they to seize their hats as often as the Home policy is mentioned? Are they to be allowed to vote on any question, say of finance or trade, which, though in itself domestic, has a manifestly Imperial bearing, or upon any Imperial question which has a manifest bearing on domestic finance or trade? To delegate subjects to a subordinate legislature is practicable; this it was that, when the Irish rebellion broke out, Parliament was preparing to do: it is practicable also, as in the case of the United States or Canada, to divide the list of subjects between the Federal Legislature and those of the States: it is not practicable to draw a line across the action of a single legislature, any more than to draw a line across the action of an individual man. All the parts of the action play into each other: they are not segments of a mechanical combination, but functions of an organic and indivisible whole. The complication is rendered still more hopeless by Party, the combinations and divisions of which run through the entire dealings of the Legislature with affairs, whether domestic or foreign? What is the relation of these amphibious members to the parties of the British House to be? Is it possible that they should give to a party an exclusively Imperial support, and help it into power with regard to one class of questions without helping it into power with regard to all? In the upshot, probably, the position and attitude of the Representatives of Ireland would be those of intruders into a foreign Parliament, trucking their support to one or other of its parties for objects of their own, alien or even adverse to the interests of Great Britain. Even to a voice in Imperial affairs their title would be equivocal. They would represent, not, like the British members, a general liability to taxation for imperial purposes, but a fixed annual payment, so that in any case involving a possible increase of Imperial expenditure their responsibility would not be the same as that of the rest.

The more these proposals, so tremendous in their scope and probable consequences, are examined in detail, the clearer it becomes that they are not the offspring of mature thought, but of impulse, and of the necessity of fulfilling a bargain which requires the goods to be delivered without delay. Mr. Gladstone himself, if the report is correct, pleads that he has worked under pressure. He has worked under pressure indeed. Yet it is strange that the performance of this renowned statesman even when hastily turned out, should betray, as it unquestionably does, palpable oversights. In the last of these papers it was pointed out that Mr. Gladstone had inadvertently extinguished the Supreme Legislature. It might even have been stated more broadly that he had extinguished the sovereign power. At present the sovereign power resides in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Mr. Gladstone does not repeal the Act of Union so as to restore to each Parliament the sovereignty which it had before, nor does he give sovereign power to either of the two new and independent though disparate Parliaments which he in fact creates. The result is that there will be no means of amending the Constitution, of dealing, at need, with any of the relations which the Bill calls into existence, or of modifying the conditions which it imposes. So long as the Legislative Union and the supremacy of the United Parliament are retained, powers of local self-government may be safely conceded to any extent; but between the retention of the Legislative Union and Separation there is no middle course, and attempts to find one result only in confusion. If, apart from the dictates of faction or of fear, the nation has deliberately made up its mind, on grounds of justice or of policy, that the three Celtic and Catholic Provinces ought to be abandoned, let them go.

Mr. Goschen, on the last night of the debate, referred with just indignation to the attempts made by Sir William Harcourt and others to frighten Parliament into passing the Bill by allusions to the strength of Fenianism in the United States. British legislators and statesmen may rest assured that if they will only act with firmness and courage, keeping their minds fixed on their duty to their own country, they will have nothing to fear from American intervention. Irish Nationalists, politicians in quest of the Irish vote, journals which have Irish subscribers, and Protec-

tionists who wish for their commercial purposes to inflame hatred of Great Britain, are vociferous on the platform and in the press; while on the other side hardly a voice is heard. Yet the silent feeling of the great mass of native Americans assuredly is such that it would be utterly impossible for the Nationalists to make use of the power of the United States for the enforcement of the Irish demands. On the other hand, serious danger may arise from weakness. Let the separate nationality of Ireland be once established by the creation of an Irish Parliament, and the recognition of Ireland as an independent nation by the United States will almost certainly follow. As to the military force of Fenianism itself, Canada, having twice encountered it in the field, is in a position to assure Great Britain that it will not hurl her from her Ocean Throne. If the British people could only hear by anticipation the yell of triumph which is suspended on the lips of their enemies in America, only till Mr. Gladstone shall have done the work, the sound might arouse them to a sense of national honour.

Another bugbear is the reminiscence of the unsuccessful attempt to subdue the American Colonies. As resistance to the demands of the Colonists failed, it seems to be argued that resistance to any demands must fail, and that it is cheaper and better to yield at once. The difference between the military power of the American Colonists and that of the Land League is considerable; the armies and fleets of the Empire failed to overcome the first; a single brigade of regulars would scatter the second to the four winds. But, apart from this, the precedent is totally irrelevant, and the omen is void of significance. What the Americans demanded was redress of a specific grievance, taxation without representation, which was refused when it ought to have been granted, and when by granting it an end might have been put to the quarrel, and good-will might have been restored between the Mother Country and the Colonies. They did not demand separation, to which most of them were heartily opposed, much less did they demand anything analogous to the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. Had they demanded anything analogous to the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, resistance, and uncompromising resistance, would have been right, and would undoubtedly have been successful. By the Irish no specific grievance has been put forward or so much as named. No redress, therefore, in their case can restore peace. They have risen in conjunction with the foreign enemies of the country for the destruction of the Union and of the British power; to sever, as their leader said in a speech which has never been retracted or qualified, "the last link which binds Ireland to Great Britain." To disregard the remonstrances of the Americans was folly and injustice; to combat the attempt of the Irish is the dictate of national self-preservation. To Mr. Gladstone's curiously constructed mind the conduct of the Americans to the Seceding Southern States seems to afford a precedent for consenting to Irish Secession. The Americans, he says, gave the South "autonomy." They did nothing of the kind. When the South struck for autonomy they put forth their military force against it, and having subdued it, and made it pass through a political quarantine, replaced it in the Union from which it had attempted to withdraw. Mr. Gladstone cannot do better than follow their example rightly understood, and at the same time that of the Swiss Confederation, which, when the Catholic Cantons attempted to secede, put rebellion down without hesitation and with the happiest result.

Had the Pope really instructed the Sacred Congregation on extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs to study Ireland in the light of Mr. Gladstone's speech, His Holiness would have been wise in his generation. It is his game, for the present, that is being played, whatever struggle between his liegemen and those of the Red Republic the future may have in store. The restriction on the establishment of any particular religion which Mr. Gladstone proposes is just as devoid of a practical sanction as the other restrictions, and it would probably be the first to be set at naught. The public schools would at once be made Roman Catholic; State subventions, on educational or eleemosynary pretences, would be given to the monasteries, as they were under Irish rule in New York, and virtual Establishment would speedily follow. Priests, therefore, may well applaud when the Roman Catholic and Rielite Legislature of Quebec passes resolutions in favour of Home Rule in Ireland. That a separate Ireland will be a Quebec they have the best reason to hope. The British Nonconformists cling to Mr. Gladstone, in the hope that he will disestablish the Church of England. Will they support him in a measure which will practically lead to the establishment of Romanism in Ireland?

Now comes the Land Scheme, which is to wait on the Home Rule Scheme as its tender, and to buy a way through the House of Lords. The difficulty has been to make the bribe sufficient for the Lords without estranging the Radicals. May such difficulties ever attend any attempt to induce legislators to tamper in their own pecuniary interest with the integrity and the honour of the nation! The Land Scheme consists, as was anticipated, in raising a vast sum to be advanced to the Irish Parlia-

ment for the purpose of buying out the landlords and creating a peasant proprietary in their room. The money is to be repaid by the new proprietors to the Irish Parliament in the shape of rents which are to be collected by the Government, and in this way the Irish Parliament is to be enabled to repay the loan to Great Britain. The obvious and fatal objection is that the rents which are deemed so oppressive, and which are so difficult of collection now, will neither be less oppressive nor less difficult of collection when for the landlord is substituted the State, nor will eviction become sweeter when it is the Government that evicts. The rigour of the landlord's demands upon his tenant is softened, at least to some extent and in some cases, by personal relations; and in bad seasons or times of misfortune the landlord, being, if not beneficent, at all events made of flesh and blood, usually remits some part of his claim. The Receiver-General's office not being made of flesh and blood, but of cast-iron, would take no notice of bad seasons or of misfortunes: it would invariably and inexorably exact the uttermost farthing. To expect that smiling contentment would be the universal attendant of this change seems sanguine. But everybody knows what the result would really be. The "State" is to be a Parliament consisting of Irish politicians; the politicians are to be elected by the peasant proprietors; they will not dare to collect the rents; probably they will at once ensure their own popularity and their seats by proclaiming that the rents cannot be collected. Ireland would then repudiate her debt to Great Britain. When she did, how could payment be enforced? Here we are brought to the inherent and fundamental weakness of the whole plan. It is a bargain, which there will be no legal means of enforcing. The loan, if Ireland refuses payment, could be recovered from her only at the point of the bayonet. As was said before, to avoid the necessity of coercing the Moonlighters Great Britain is taking upon herself the burden and the peril of coercing the whole Irish nation.

Suppose the peasant proprietary brought into existence by this vast process of expropriation, how is its existence to be guaranteed? How is it to be shielded against the action of the economical forces if they tend to a fresh aggregation of estates? Are the holdings created under the Land Act to be rendered inalienable? That was the course taken by the legislator of Sparta, who at all events went straight to his mark. The question is the more practical inasmuch as the natural destination of a great part of Ireland, the climate being too moist for grain, is grazing, so that there would be strong inducements to throwing farms together. Is the union of two or more holdings by inheritance or devise to be forbidden? Is the taking of rent to be wholly prohibited, and is every man to be obliged himself to cultivate his own lot? Is mortgage to be interdicted as well as sale? If it is, how can the small farmer be enabled to stock or improve his farm with better agricultural implements than his spade or fork, or to tide over a bad season? If it is not, there will be foreclosure and sale, perhaps to the owner of adjoining land. Supposing the Receiver-General to do his duty there will certainly be evictions and consequent sales. The money-lender is already in force upon the scene, and the more lawless the country becomes and the greater the insecurity of loans the higher the rate of interest will rise and the more foreclosures there will be. It is vain to imagine that the economical condition of a country can be changed all at once by the stroke of a legislative pen.

By the present legislation the main root of the evil is not even touched. Mr. Gladstone has barely shown himself conscious of the fact that in certain districts of Ireland there is a congestion of the population. Suppose Quebec were an island instead of being coterminous with a country into which her redundant population can freely overflow, would any system of land tenure that could be devised prevent her people from pressing by their rapid multiplication on the means of subsistence afforded them by her niggard soil. There are probably now something like ten millions of Irish, or people of Irish blood, in the United States or the Colonies. All these complain that they have been deprived of their country by the tyranny of Great Britain. If they were all restored to their country, what would be their fate? A cabin and a wretched potato ground, swarming with children who cannot be fed, will hardly be made the abode of plenty and civilization by alterations in the Land Tenure or by restoring Grattan's Parliament. Nor will the influence of the Church on industrial energy be annulled, or the fees which she exacts rendered less burdensome by any legislative change whatever. The Irish problem, we repeat, is in its main character not political but economical. It is not to be solved in a moment by any nostrums or by any legerdemain; it can be solved only by a gradual process of which emigration from the congested districts, and the restoration to the bog or mountain of land unfit for tillage must certainly form a part. The Irish question is not a riddle with a single answer to be found out at once by a happy guess; it is a complex malady, the remedy for which also is complex and will take time.

It is another vulnerable point in the scheme of expropriation that the

value of land is assumed to be fixed, when in fact it is in a state of the most violent fluctuation in consequence of foreign competition in grain. A principal factor of the situation is that the value of a great part of the land in Ireland has been too much reduced to bear a rent.

Mr. Gladstone fulfilled the joyful predictions of his Parnellite friends by his attack on the Act of Union, which he says was carried against the wish and sense of every class by wholesale bribery and unblushing intimidation. It was carried by wholesale bribery through Grattan's Parliament, the restoration of which is so much desired and to the patriotism of which Mr. Gladstone paid a compliment the other day. But it was not carried against the wish and sense of every class, for the vanquished Catholics were glad to be rescued from the vengeance of the victor. The measure, as Mr. Gladstone surely must know, became absolutely inevitable when law, government, and social order had perished in a war of races and religions, which it is the tendency of his own policy to renew. Mr. Pitt was as great a statesman as he is, and would never have recklessly attacked a fundamental and organic law of the realm. Mr. Gladstone, if his scheme is rejected, will at all events have the satisfaction of knowing that he has laid the train for civil war.

The supporters of the scheme ask triumphantly what is the alternative. The alternative is surely plain enough. It is to perform the first duty of government to Ireland by reasserting the ascendancy of law over lawless conspiracy, putting down outrage and restoring the security for life, property, and the pursuit of lawful callings, without which neither "social order" nor material prosperity can exist; and having done this, to resume, at the point at which Irish Obstruction broke it off, the discussion of a general measure of decentralization for the three United Kingdoms.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

W. D. HOWELLS AT WASHINGTON.

ONE journeys up in the hostleries of Washington, and up, and farther up, until an inquiry for the whereabouts of Gabriel seems a reasonable demand for information. On my heavenward pilgrimage the other night I paused, my hand upon the banister, my attention fixed upon two dark objects that the lowered gaslight dimly outlined. The hour of midnight reverberated upon my startled senses as I stood, a vagrant gust crept under the carpet of the corridor and blew the thin straight flame aside, a single caterwaul clove the silence from the vicinity of the Alabama Court of Claims. It had been a night of wassail and progressive euchre, but I had achieved distinction in neither. On no reasonable ground could I accuse myself of any optical delusion whatever.

I gathered up my courage and stepped forward into the ghostly silence. The floor creaked horribly, a small brown mouse retraced its adventurous way along the wainscot, but the object remained motionless. I turned up the gas and investigated. They were boots.

Whereupon I fell to thinking. It had been for some time currently reported in the gossip of mine inn that our next distinguished guest was to be the Master of American Realism. The air was athrob with it, the landlady radiated it, we all expected it. There was nothing especially realistic about these boots; they were buttoned boots, dusty and undistinctive. But it flashed upon me that these were the apartments newly garnished and set aside for the occupancy of the notable person aforesaid. These, then, were the boots of the Modern Novelist. In all human probability the Modern Novelist was within. I hereby confess that I deliberately listened that I might report the snoring of the Modern Novelist. But the beating of my own heart was the only sound I heard.

The boots, however, afforded ample scope for speculation. As I gazed on them, I thought how vastly humanity was indebted to their pilgrimages, and those of their foregoing fellows, which the remorseless and indiscriminative economic forces of the age have long since reduced to pulp. Our own Quebec, how well her quaint old thoroughfares must know their pedestrian pressure, and how graciously responsive to her lover who wore them has been her yielding up of the colour of her romance, the *bouquet* of her history, the rare fine quality of her antiquity! And was it not on the death-smitten heights of our lonely Saguenay that they made the "Chance Acquaintance" that everybody has cultivated since their familiarity with the highways of Boston has given Beacon Street and the Back Bay to the Continent, and we, the great untravelled, owe all our golden Italy to them, and a magical, mystical, nonsensical, practical Venice, trod by no other shoe-leather under the sun?

Next morning I beheld Mr. W. D. Howells in the flesh and the customary attitude assumed by Europeans before ham and eggs. I will not supplement the efforts of my esteemed co-labourer, the Washington

Correspondent, by stating the number of eggs Mr. Howells indulged in, nor will I set the mind of his Canadian public at rest as to whether he partook of buckwheats or waffles. Long ere this the industrious and graphic pen aforesaid has revealed to his marvelling nation the mysteries of "The Great American Novelist at the Breakfast Table," and to you and me, gentle Canadian reader, the dietary habits of a distinguished gentleman are sacred to himself and the enterprise of American journalism.

But everybody has a certain proprietary right in the personal appearance of a notability. Mr. Howells is distinctly prepossessing. He is short "of stature," as my friend the W. C. would say—as if he could possibly be short of anything else!—and rather heavily built. His hair is slightly tinged with gray, and he brushes it forward after the similitude of a bang. His forehead is broad and high, and rather heavily overhangs a pair of dark gray-blue eyes—poet's eyes. His features are rather massively cut, and their hirsute adornment consists of a heavy moustache only. It is a humorous, sensitive, refined face, but I should say that the characteristic it expresses most strongly is intensely absorbent rather than keenly observant. Mr. Howells dresses precisely as all the men you know do, and his manners do not differ radically from those of your more fastidious acquaintances. He is not an especially fluent speaker and his eloquence with regard to himself is lacking to an extent that is truly remarkable in a gentleman to whom the subject should possess the interest attached to this one. He seems to take the genuine pleasure of a school boy in discussing his work, and gets any amount of fun out of the adverse opinions of the critics who demand his books should have more in common with Fenimore Cooper's. He also finds much entertainment in the construction which a number of people have seen fit to put upon the sentiments which appear in his "Editor's Study" department in *Harper's*. To the uncritical it might readily occur that Mr. Howells's principles should accord with his practice, however doubtful the opposite agreement might be; that the admiration displayed for the realistic school of fiction in his work might be reasonably expected to be duplicated in his literary criticism. But to many editors of "Current Literature" throughout the land this appears a most conceited manifestation of Mr. Howells's taste. Because he has the audacity to point out the defects of Dickens and Thackeray, or what would be their defects to a public of this generation, he is accused of greatly formulating the proposition that he writes better than Dickens or Thackeray. It is to be hoped that Mr. Howells will shortly discuss critically the style of Aristotle, that these gentlemen may have an opportunity of saying that he thinks his own methods immeasurably superior to Aristotle's.

Of course the advent of the Modern Novelist in Washington circles has created no slight ripple of attention and appreciation. And daily the culture of the capital rolls to the shrine of the Modern Novelist and leaves there the incense of Jacqueminots and the tribute of an invitation to dinner. One of the most delightful of the receptions in his honour was given by Mrs. Mott-Smith, wife of Dr. Mott-Smith, late Hawaiian Minister. Mrs. Mott-Smith's parlours are full of a subtle atmospheric charm that celebrities revel in. Perhaps it is the quality of her punch—Washington is critical about its punch—perhaps it is the essence of her very piquant personality—whatever it is, the lions of Washington society are invariably found willing to roar for Mrs. Mott-Smith to the limit of their zoological ability.

It was a typical Washingtonian assemblage. Senators and Chief Justices, soldiers and sailors, the city's *literati* and the *literati's* patronesses. Congressmen of every hue, dames and demoiselles from every State in the Union. In one corner a short, slender gentleman talks vivaciously to a bevy of pretty girls, a lame gentleman with dark eyes and moustache, a pale face and a voice that had something aggressive in its quality. This was Dr. Burnett, the husband of Frances Hodgson Burnett, who enjoys, as well as this brilliant reputation, that of being one of the cleverest oculists of the day. A little gray-headed gentleman with a rough-hewn countenance and pleasant blue eyes talked sedately with a lady whose presence seemed to confer a certain distinction upon her immediate neighbourhood. This was George Ticknor Curtis, the notable lawyer and author, and his companion was the widow of General Lauder, a lady who has never lost the beauty and dignity that crowned the triumph her genius won for her years ago, when she played *Ophelia* as Miss Jean Davenport to the enthusiasm of the whole country.

Mr. Howells was not the only centre of gravity and hilarity the occasion afforded. He shared the honours with a dainty little lady in lilac silk, who looked with her pale delicate features and fair hair for all the world like an Easter flower—one of those faint tinted wild ones that are showing their timid faces all over Virginia now,—his wife.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

FRANZ LISZT IN PARIS.

As we waited in the crowd for the theatre doors to open a very remarkable figure passed us. Slightly stooping, in long black cloak, with a mass of silver hair falling from beneath a low beaver hat: a figure that could never go by unnoticed. But, when the face turned towards us, a tremour passed through our frame—it was Liszt.

High up among "the gods," straining our necks in every direction, we at length caught sight of our hero in a *loge* below. Saint-Saëns, Diémer, Madame Viardot, and Madame Munkaczy, the wife of the famous artist who is at present painting his portrait, were with him. Leaning slightly on the former cantatrice's chair, and turning smilingly from one fair satellite to another, he was in no way changed from the Liszt of long ago, who, at a Parisian Soirée, bent in silent admiration over the superb shoulders of Madame de X. "Monsieur l'Abbe!" cried the lady starting. "Pardon me, madame, but I was merely looking to see if your wings are growing."

It was the last of the *Colonne* concerts, which, with the *Lamoureux*, take place every Sunday afternoon during the winter months, in the Chatelet and Eden Theatres.

The word soon flew from mouth to mouth that Liszt was in the hall, but it was not generally known until after the performance of one of his *poèmes symphoniques*, when a perfect thunder of applause burst forth, and cries of "Liszt," echoed on every side. He rose in his *loge*, but that was not enough, they would have him on the stage. Then he came forward leaning on the arm of *Colonne*. The audience were now in a phrenzy of excitement. It was a perfect ovation. "Au piano!" cried one thoughtless enthusiast; "au piano?"—alas! the tremendous virtuoso is no more. We may never again hear the "thunderer," as they used to call him, but the great artist is still with us, the great artist with his benign, beautiful face, smiling on all men. "Disdaining none of God's creations, nor the beauties of nature." Grand Seigneur in every detail, lavish with love and lucre alike. Never artist applies to him in vain for aid. No wonder the acclamations and enthusiasms he awakened years ago once more resound at sight of him.

I was waiting at the *Hotel de Calais* in no small perturbation for an answer to the message I had left. What was my surprise when Liszt sent down word he would receive me. The Russian princess or the little music student, it is all the same so long as they hold the passport of worship.

As I sat in the parlour the door of an adjoining room opened, and Liszt stood before me. It was a pardonable burst of enthusiasm to rush forward and kiss his hand, but he smiled and said, "No, no," while he kissed me in return. It is difficult to describe the charm of those eyes, in which the light has burnt so steadily for seventy-five years; that face encircled by the thick mass of silver hair. Liszt seems, as it were, the embodiment of the highest conception of art—strong and gentle, beautiful and calm.

The Church of St. Eustache was crowded on the 25th for the audition of the master's "Messodo Gran," given in aid of the religious schools of the 2nd Arrondissement. It was a glorious sight, that vast, magnificent church flooded by the mid-day sun, and especially did the light seem to fall upon the figure seated in the crimson chair in the orchestra's midst.

To be present at this Mass was Liszt's chief object in coming to Paris. Conducted by *Colonne*, the master seemed well pleased with its interpretation.

Feted and adored in every salon, the Paris of old has in no way changed for Liszt. Once more he is covered with flowers and palms, once more besieged by his legion of admirers, and now he is about to return to Weimer, and we shall hold nothing but a memory, an inaffably sweet memory of him who spoke the thoughts of Paradise,

"In such sweet tones of our humanity."

April 4, 1886.

L. L.

"I have read this book ["Pilgrim's Progress"], during the long winter evenings," said a monk at Beirut to a Syrian gentleman, "and feel quite delighted to think that you Protestant friends have at least one good book to offer us." How the monk regarded Bunyan's attack on the Pope we are not told; but his *Pilgrim's Progress* may have been the French edition, published in 1852, and authorized by a doctor of the Sorbonne, with Giant Pope left out, and prayers bound up at the end to be said before the Holy Mass and after the Holy Mass, together with anthems to the Holy Virgin, which would have astonished the Protestant soul of the Bedfordshire tinker, could he have seen it.

BOOKS DISUSED.

Now this, now that, in desultory wise,
Hath fired the brain: a coil i' the state; a war
Of sides or schools; some dreamer's saw, a jar
To use and wont; a gird, a fond surmise.
Books of the hour were clutched at for replies
In winged words; but soon, the fever o'er,
Eyed with less love was all the gather'd lore,
And blest afresh were old inanities.
Life to these carcasses cannot come back;
Flame on these brands will not be seen again.
Thus of gone themes that now their glamour lack,
The reliques here sporadic still remain.
So in Swiss vales the vanished glacier's track
Is shown to right and left, by the moraine.

Toronto.

S.

CHRIST AND BUDDHA.*

THE world at large is under great obligations to those laborious students who, in these latter days, have sought to construct a Science of Religion from the religious history of mankind; and believers in the supreme and unique position and claims of Jesus Christ should be ready to acknowledge the value of the results at which they have arrived. It is no proof of faith in the gospel—it proves rather the reverse—to deny those elements of truth which are found in religions which are beyond the pale of the divine revelation of which we possess the record in Holy Scripture. Whether the beliefs and practices of Paganism are the survivals of a primitive revelation, whether any of them may have been affected by Jewish or by Christian influences, or whether they merely represent the efforts of man's religious nature to find satisfaction for its longings and give expression to its sense of dependence, these beliefs and practices may serve rather to confirm our assurance of the truth of Christianity than to cast a doubt upon it. Do not Christian apologists find in the universality of religion a starting-point for their arguments in behalf of the gospel? When Tertullian spoke of the *testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ*, he believed that he was bringing forward a most powerful argument in behalf of the gospel by showing its adaptation to the needs of human nature. It is in the same spirit that the Christian student and theologian should welcome the legitimate conclusions of comparative theologians.

It must, however, be confessed that some of the writers on heathen religions have abused their privileges. Not content with showing how widely diffused have been many of those ideas which were once thought peculiar to the gospel, and an evidence of its distinctive and unique position as a revelation from God, they have gone on to infer that it has nothing at all which essentially separates it from the other religions of mankind. It is merely, in their view, one of the best, perhaps the very best, of the products of the religious nature of mankind, but in no sense a revelation from God, unless, indeed, all other religions are also revealed.

Of course, if this is true, if reasonable grounds can be assigned for accepting these conclusions, we must not complain that they are very unacceptable and unpalatable. We maintain, however, that this theory is as unscientific as it is new-fangled, and that, whether we consider the historical evidences of Christianity, or the glory of its central Figure, or the moral and spiritual elevation of the teachings of its Founder, or the undeniable effects which it has produced on the education and civilization of mankind, it stands alone and supreme, differing not merely in degree but in kind from all the religions which have prevailed among the nations of the earth.

The author of the book before us, has, in a very complete and satisfactory manner, maintained this thesis in regard to Christianity and Buddhism. During the last few years, not a few Christian people have been disquieted by hearing it asserted with the greatest confidence that the teaching of Christ was not superior to that of Buddha, that, in some respects, the latter was superior, and that, being the earlier of the two by some centuries, we were bound to believe that it was the source of many of those ideas which we had considered to be essentially and peculiarly Christian. Those few persons who were acquainted with Buddhist literature, and that far larger class who had read some of the best works on Buddhism, such as those of St. Hilaire and Rhys Davids, knew that some of these assertions were absurd; but the constant repetition of them, and, more particularly, the publication of Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," in which he glorified the Buddha, produced among many an uneasy feeling that one of the arguments for the supremacy of Christ was taken away.

* The Light of Asia, and the Light of the World: A comparison of the Legend, the Doctrine, and the Ethics of the Buddha with the Story, the Doctrine, and the Ethics of Christ. By S. H. Kellogg, D.D. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

Dr. Kellogg has, therefore, undertaken a work which had become necessary, when he has set himself to consider in detail the claims that are preferred on behalf of Buddhism. He has left no stone unturned, no point untouched in this controversy, and he has with ample learning, with scrupulous honesty and fairness, with a temper which his most vehement adversary can find no fault with, met every argument by which it has been endeavoured to show either that Christianity is indebted to Buddhism for some of its doctrines, or that the teachings of the latter are in no wise inferior to the doctrine of the Christ.

Passing by an interesting first chapter on some of the causes which explain the present popularity of Buddhism, we note his remarks on the "comparative historical value of the Buddhist and the Christian Scriptures," in which he shows that the latter, by universal consent, were written, "in substantially their present form" by the men whose names they bear—by apostles or the companions of apostles, whilst the "Buddhist authorities are variously estimated as dating, in their written form, from a period—varying for different books—of from four hundred to a thousand years after the death of the Buddha; and even the antecedent oral traditions, which these writings embody, while no doubt containing not a little matter which may reasonably be attributed to the Buddha or his immediate disciples, are yet confessed by the Buddhists themselves to have become corrupted or divergent at an early day."

In the third and fourth chapters the author compares, or rather shows the absurdity of comparing, and contrasts, the legend of the Buddha and the story of Christ. It is here that he deals most fully with the theory that certain Buddhist elements, notably the doctrine of the Incarnation, had found their way into the West, and had helped to build up the Christian "legend." He points out that there is no evidence of any such transmission of Buddhist ideas, while there is evidence that these doctrines were unknown to Christians at a later period; and further, that the "ideas" which are alleged to be borrowed by Christianity from Buddhism are for the most part *facts* which were within the cognizance of the writers of the Gospels and the men of their generation. Summing up, he remarks: "In the first place, some of the alleged coincidences are merely *superficial* and *imaginary*, and disappear entirely upon careful examination. In the second place, others are clearly *accidental*. Others again may with reason be ascribed to the influence of *similar causes*. Finally, it is possible—though by no means certain—that in a *few* instances the correspondence may prove to be of such a nature that it can be reasonably explained only by a transference of certain elements from the gospel to the Buddha story during the early centuries of the Christian era." In considering the doctrines of the two systems, the author takes up in succession the doctrines concerning God, man, sin, salvation, and the last things. Here, indeed, we arrive at results very astonishing to those who say that the doctrines of Christianity and Buddhism are identical. As regards the first doctrine, Buddhism teaches that there is no God; secondly, that man has no soul; thirdly, it confounds sin with emotions which are either necessary elements of human life or in their own nature indifferent; fourthly, it teaches that salvation is deliverance from suffering and ultimately from existence, and this alone may point to the nature of its eschatology. "Christianity," says Dr. Kellogg, and his proofs are irrefragable, "Christianity teaches the everlasting triumph of righteousness in the kingdom of God, in the new heavens and the new earth; Buddhism knows only of unending cycles of evolution ever followed by physical and moral degeneration and final dissolution." Thus we find that whilst in the gospel we have a Divine Father who is working good out of all evil, the theory of Buddhism is an unmitigated Pessimism. The gospel teaches everlasting hope; Buddhism the doctrine of despair.

After this it is hardly worth while to examine the boasted excellence of Buddhist ethics. If, however, we do not refuse this final challenge, we discover that its pretensions are almost as hollow here as elsewhere. It may indeed be granted that there are some great excellences in the moral teaching of Buddhism, and that, in this respect, it must rank above most, perhaps all other, heathen systems. When, however, the precepts of Buddha are put beside the doctrine of Christ, we then learn how far removed are the efforts of man from the pure truth of God. "Like Christianity," says our author, "Buddhism recognizes the fact that ritual will not save man; it sees that the trouble which is the root of sorrow lies deep in man's moral nature—though how deep the Buddha never dreamed; man's need of a regeneration from on high, such as Jesus taught, he never saw. But he did see, yet again, the inevitable nexus between sin and retribution, and affirmed it with great power. Perceiving this, he insisted upon morality, humanity, kindness, charity, purity, and peace. Because of these things we may conceive that Buddhism might become a school-master, according to its measure, to bring men to Christ.

"More than this, however, we cannot say. The *postulates* on which the moral system of the Buddha rests, as we have seen, are false, and defiant even of the very consciousness of man. Its law is without commanding power, and is full of confusion. It ignores the highest of duties (the duty towards God) *in toto*. It confounds the good and obligatory with the evil and the indifferent; and continually blunders into calling good evil and evil good. It stamps human nature as evil, not because it is sinful, but simply because it exists, for all existence is evil. . . . Even truths and virtues are by Buddhism exaggerated till they become falsehoods and vices." That this and much more of the same kind may be charged against Buddhism, its own scriptures being the witnesses, every reader of Dr. Kellogg's book may speedily convince himself. WILLIAM CLARK.

AMIEL'S JOURNAL.*

Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD has rendered religious philosophy a great service by translating Amiel's Journal, which she has done admirably, preserving the tone as well as the meaning. "The man," said Scherer of Amiel, "who during his lifetime was incapable of giving us any deliberate or conscious work worthy of his powers has now left us, after his death, a book which will not die. For the secret of Amiel's malady is sublime and the expression of it is wonderful." Renan has called the book "the perfect mirror of a modern mind of the best type, matured by the best modern culture." He adds that it is a striking picture of the sufferings which beset the sterility of genius. But the genius was happy in its sterility during life, which was to leave such posthumous fruit. We may almost say that the man was happy in his malady if by lack of active and productive energy he was driven to introspective activity and thus led to produce this Journal. The book is the history of a soul in an age of doubt, striving to make its way to light amidst the gloom, and win for itself a standing ground of faith amidst the chaos, examining and criticising the various systems which present themselves, and reviewing their effect upon itself. It is, at the same time, the mirror of the religious difficulties, aspirations, and struggles of our age. We watch the struggle to its very end, for the last lines are written with a dying hand. Amiel's faculty of introspection was unique. Well we might say that it was his privilege to be the spectator of his own life drama. Peculiar, no doubt, he was in circumstances as in temperament, lonely as well as devoid of practical vigour. He was always "waiting for the woman and the work which should be capable of taking entire possession of his soul, and of becoming his end and aim." Neither the woman nor the work ever came, and the result of these wants, together with his delicacy of health, was a melancholy which, however, never became peevish or cynical. He was conscious of a sort of affinity in himself to Buddhism, and even to the philosophy of Schopenhauer, though he never for a moment was a pessimist. His training in German philosophy had made him mystical, perhaps too mystical for the successful pursuit of dry truth. His Genevan Calvinism had also left visible traces. "What am I? Terrible question! Problem of predestination, of birth, of liberty—there lies the abyss." He is always in face of that tremendous mystery of existence which confronts every one from whom the shelter of revealed religion has been removed. Despondency predominates in him, but not always. After being carried by a comprehensive course of Science through all the mysteries and marvels of the Universe, from the depths of the empyrean to the peristaltic movements of the atoms in the elementary cell he breaks forth into a different strain. "I felt," he says, "the unfathomable thought, of which the Universe is the symbol, live and burn within me; I touched, proved, tasted, embraced my nothingness and my immensity; I kissed the hem of the garments of God, and gave Him thanks for being Spirit and being Life." "Such moments," he goes on to say, "are glimpses of the divine; they make one conscious of one's immortality; they bring home to one that an Eternity is not too much for the study of the thoughts and works of the Eternal; they awaken in us an adoring ecstasy and the ardent humility of love." It is satisfactory in reading such passages to know that the Diary was certainly not intended for publication, and is, therefore, a genuine and trustworthy record of religious thought and emotion. A definite belief Amiel apparently never attained; the hope of one seems to have even receded from him towards the end of his life. But he remained to the last profoundly religious, and thoroughly dedicated to the spiritual life; nor did he ever cease to prize the essence of Christianity, though he had early renounced allegiance to forms and dogmas, and had become a member of the Church that was not but was to be. The Diary is not confined to religious philosophy, though this through-

* The Journal Intime of Henry Frédéric Amiel. Translated, with an introduction and notes, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. London and New York: Macmillan and Company, Toronto: Williamson and Company.

out determines the point of view. It contains profound remarks on politics, society, and art. In his view of art Amiel is intensely spiritual. Beauty he calls "a phenomenon belonging to the spiritualization of matter." "As a powerful electric current can render metals luminous and reveal their essence by the colour of their flames, so intense life and supreme joy can make the most simple mortal dazzlingly beautiful." Landscape also he calls a state of the soul, and there is in the Diary much landscape painting in that style. No one who pursues a spiritual calling and wants to be something more than a mere preacher or parochial administrator should fail to read Amiel's Diary. Doctrinal theology, exegesis, and ecclesiastical history are important: but, to the pastor of these days, at least equally important is the study of religious character and mind; and for that purpose the Diary is almost unique.

9th October, 1872.—I have been taking tea at the M's. These English homes are very attractive. They are the recompense and the result of a long-lived civilisation, and of an ideal untiringly pursued. What ideal? That of a moral order, founded on respect for self and for others, and on reverence for duty—in a word, upon personal worth and dignity. The master shows consideration to his guests, the children are deferential to their parents, and everyone and everything has its place. They understand both how to command and how to obey. The little world is well governed and seems to go of itself; duty is the *genius loci*—but duty tinged with a reserve and self-control, which is the English characteristic. The children are the great test of this domestic system: they are happy, smiling, trustful, and yet no trouble. One feels that they know themselves to be loved, but that they know also that they must obey. Our children behave like masters of the house, and when any definite order comes to limit their encroachments they see in it an abuse of power, an arbitrary act. Why? Because it is their principle to believe that everything turns round them. Our children may be gentle and affectionate, but they are not grateful, and they know nothing of self control.

How do the English mothers attain this result? By a rule which is impersonal, invariable, and firm; in others words, by law, which forms man for liberty, while arbitrary decree only leads to rebellion and attempts at emancipation. This method has the immense advantage of forming characters which are restive under arbitrary authority, and yet amenable to justice, conscious of what is due to them and what they owe to others, watchful over conscience, and practised in self-government. In every English child one feels something of the national motto—"God and my right," and in every English household one has a sense that the home is a citadel, or better still, a ship in which every one has his place. Naturally in such a world the value set on family life corresponds with the cost of producing it; it is sweet to those whose efforts maintain it.

HIGH TIDE.

THE salt wave, of the quiet valley fain,
Has pushed across the sands. The talking stream
Is silenced by its passing. Will it gain
The untroubled reaches where the lilies dream,
To bask in still content beneath the gleam
Of stormless skies? No; it has climbed in vain;
For even now 'tis falling. I could deem
It breathed a long-drawn utterance of pain.

And thou, my soul, thou dost attain release
From mortal sadness in the fields divine
Where thou art often led; but it is thine
To stay—how short a time! Below thy peace
The great world travails, like the moaning sea,
And calls thee back to share its agony. G. A. M.

MARIUS THE EPIQUEAN.*

"ART still has truth, take refuge there," are the words which Matthew Arnold puts into the mouth of Goethe. Those who wish to know what the æsthetic philosophy can do for a soul tossed with doubt may read Mr. Pater's "Marius the Epicurean." If they do not find spiritual rest they will, at all events, enjoy some high art in the way of composition. The book, in fact, is a poem, and would slide easily into verse. The scene is laid in the time of the Antonines, a cultured and meditative period, though for none but the opulent, and those who could enjoy philosophic leisure, was it the golden age which it appeared to Gibbon, whose ideal, like that of Hume, was a tolerant and polite despotism, favourable to literary pursuits. A principal figure is the Stoic Emperor himself, Mr. Pater's picture of whom is learned and interesting, though perhaps imagination has played its part. Marius is a young Pagan, gifted, and of serious mind, in quest of a religion or a philosophy of life. He sets out with devout Paganism, in which he has been brought up, and is afterwards

* *Marius the Epicurean: His Sensations and Ideas.* By Walter Pater, M.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

brought in contact with the different schools of philosophy, Stoic, Cyrenaic, and Epicurean. At last he is introduced to the Christian circle and dies, though not an avowed convert to Christianity, in some sense a martyr to it, and in the arms of Christians. The descriptions of the philosophies, with the different characters which they form, and that of early Christian society, will be read with pleasure, though in these, as in the portrait of Marcus Aurelius, we cannot help feeling that we have as much of poetic creation as of dry fact. But the most characteristic and interesting parts of the book are those which relate to Æstheticism and Paganism. Here the writer is entirely at home, and his language ministers perfectly to his thought. The relation between Paganism and Æstheticism is very close—so close that the one may be regarded as in great measure a resurrection of the other. For the Pagan no doubt, if his circumstances were happy, life had a sensuous enjoyment which, since human character has been deepened, made serious and saddened by Christianity, and since the world has begun to be troubled by the complex problems of modern life, we can scarcely know. It is not difficult for any one who has undergone classical culture to understand how Marius can wish himself back "in the fine, clear, peaceful light of that pleasant school of healthfully sensuous wisdom, in the brilliant old Greek Colony, on its fresh upland by the sea." The Nature-worship of the Pagan is also capable of being presented in an attractive dress; nor has Mr. Pater failed so to present it, while he feels the difficulty of reconciling the taste to the details of sacrificial butchery. But a religion this Nature-worship was not, except when it was sublimated and really metamorphosed by philosophic regenerators of the Pantheon such as the Emperor Julian: it was merely ritual, more or less picturesque and performed with more or less of reverence. Whatever there was of good in Paganism was for the few. Gibbon would have enjoyed it, but so would not Gibbon's slave. The young Marius is attended to school by a slave who carries his books; this is symbolical of a culture sustained by slave labour. The canker seems not only historically connected with Paganism, but inherent in it. Rousseau countenances Slavery, and in "Paul and Virginia" the beautiful life of the youth and maiden is sustained by the labour of two old slaves. The Amphitheatre also is an ugly subject, and Mr. Pater's faculty of poetic manipulation is tasked to the uttermost in making it otherwise than simply foul and disgusting. "As Diana," we are told, "was a special protectress of new-born creatures, there would be an interest in the dexterously contrived escape of the young from their mother's torn bosoms; as many pregnant animals as possible being carefully selected for the show." It is to be hoped that the sufferings of the animals were alleviated by this mystical significance of the practice. "To make us perfect by the love of visible beauty" is, we presume, the aim of the Æsthetic philosophy succinctly stated. "To keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness, extending even to his dwelling-place; to discriminate, ever more and more exactly, select form and colour in things from what was less select; to meditate much on beautiful visible objects; on objects more especially connected with the period of youth—on children at play in the morning, the trees in early spring; on young animals, on the fashions and amusements of young men; to keep ever by him as it were a single choice flower, a graceful animal or sea-shell, as a token and representation of the whole kingdom of such things; to avoid jealousy, in his way through the world, everything repugnant to sight; and should any circumstances tempt him to a general converse in the range of such objects, to disentangle himself from that circumstance at any cost of place, money, or opportunity; such were, in brief outline, the duties recognized, the rights demanded, in this new formula of life." In this passage apparently we have the Æsthetic Gospel. The life here implied may very properly be called "contemplative," and it is evidently beyond the reach of those who live in the work-day world: it is a monachism of the Order of Beauty. The religious monk, however, renounces enjoyment on the security of "some dim world beyond": the æstete has his Paradise here, and his hope is that when life's fifth act comes, as at the real ending of a play, however well acted, he may have had quite enough of it and find a "true well-being in eternal sleep." Yet he protests that "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die," though applicable to him in a certain sense, is not applicable to him in the sense in which it is applicable to the glutton, "His meat and drink being to do what is just and kind." What the close of the book, with the half conversion of Marius, may indicate with regard to the writer's own relation to Christianity it would perhaps be a platitude to inquire.

JOHN BELL, of the Chancery Bar, wrote three hands, one which no one could read but himself, another which his clerk could read and he could not, and a third which nobody could read.

ROYALTY RESTORED.*

MR. MOLLOY'S "Royalty Restored" is a dish of historical gossip, of which no period is so prolific as the reign of the "Merry Monarch," whose harem of sensuous beauty, preserved by the art of Lely and Kneller, still lives on the walls of Hampton Court. "Charles II.," said Johnson, dogmatically, "was a very good King." It might have been retorted that if he was, the standard of royal excellence must be pretty low. By some who do not venture to defend him as a ruler, it has been pleaded for him that he was a man of sense and a gentleman. A man of sense, no doubt, he was when in deciding any question, any social question especially, his judgment was undisturbed. But his lusts made him the most contemptible of fools, and the abject thrall of a termagant like Barbara Palmer. The idea that he was a gentleman in anything but mere outward manner can be cherished by no one after reading Mr. Molloy's account of the worse than cowardly and ruffianly process by which Charles broke the spirit of his unhappy queen, in order to force her to undergo the ignominy of recognizing his mistress. The attempt of Blood to carry off the Crown jewels is one of the strangest episodes in this chronicle of scandal; and the behaviour of the King to the brigand afterwards was such as almost to induce the suspicion that Charles had been cognizant of the scheme, and would himself have profited personally by its accomplishment. Pawning the Crown jewels is a device to which needy monarchs have often resorted. The only alternative, at least, is to suppose that Charles was to an incredible degree lost at once to every sentiment of public morality and of personal honour. In one respect perhaps it was fortunate that he was a careless voluptuary and not a virtuous man. Had he been virtuous, and shared, as he almost certainly would have shared, the reactionary bigotry of Clarendon and Sheldon, there would, in the first place, have been a still more rigorous persecution of the vanquished Puritans, and in the second place reaction would have been made respectable, and seated on a foundation which it would have been very difficult to shake. It was fortunate too that the King was at heart a Roman Catholic, and therefore not disposed to encourage a policy of intolerance in the interests of the State Church. Had he been better, in short, he might have been worse. His real policy in Church matters, like that of his brother after him, was an alliance of the Roman Catholics with the Nonconformists for the overthrow of Anglican ascendancy, though it was of course intended both by Charles and by James that the operation should ultimately enure to the benefit of Roman Catholicism alone. By Charles this policy was pursued in the irresolute and half-hearted way natural to a careless voluptuary, yet even upon him it brought the great storm of the Popish Plot, while on his more practical and thoroughgoing successor it brought total ruin. The general moral taught by the unspeakable depravity of the Court and of society under the Restoration has been often repeated, but is never to be forgotten. An overstrained and chimerical austerity is sure to be followed by a sensual reaction.

COLONEL BLOOD'S PLOT.

Scarce six months elapsed from date of the essayed abduction, before Blood endeavoured to steal the regalia and royal jewels preserved in the Tower. The courage which prompted the design is not more remarkable than the skill which sought to effect it, both were worthy a man of genius. In the month of April, 1671, Blood, attired in the cassock, cloak, and canonical girdle of a clergyman, together with a lady, whom he represented as his wife, visited the Tower on purpose to see the crown. With their desire Mr. Edwards, the keeper, an elderly man and a worthy, readily complied. It chanced that they were no sooner in the room where the regalia was kept, than the lady found herself taken suddenly and unaccountably ill, and indeed feared she must die; before bidding adieu to life, she begged for a little whiskey. This was promptly brought her, and Mrs. Edwards who now appeared upon the scene, invited the poor gentlewoman to rest upon her bed. Whilst she complied with this kind request, the clergyman and Edwards had time to improve their acquaintance, which indeed bade fair towards speedily ripening into friendship.

And presently the lady recovering, she and her spouse took their leave with many expressions of gratitude and respect. Four days later the good parson called on Mrs. Edwards, in order to present her with four pairs of fine new gloves, which she was pleased to receive. This gracious act paved the way to further friendship, which at last found its climax in a proposal of marriage made by the parson on behalf of his nephew, for the hand of young Mistress Edwards. "You have a pretty gentlewoman for your daughter," said the clergyman "and I have a young nephew, who has two or three hundred pounds a year in land, and is at my disposal; if your daughter be free and you approve of it, I will bring him hither to see her, and we will endeavour to make a match of it."

To this project Edwards readily consented, and invited the clergyman and the young man to spend a day with him, when they could discourse on the subject with greater leisure and more satisfaction. This was cordially

agreed to by the parson, who, with the bridegroom elect and two of his friends, presented themselves on the appointed date, as early as seven o'clock in the morning. Edwards was up betimes; but the good clergyman, apologizing for the untimely hour of their arrival which he attributed to his nephew's eagerness for a sight of his mistress, declared he would not enter the keeper's apartments until Mrs. Edwards was ready to receive them. However, in order to pass the time, he begged his host might show the jewels to their young friends.

With this petition Edwards complied readily enough. One of the men, protesting he did not care to see the treasures, waited at the door; the other three entered with the keeper, who was no sooner inside the room than a cloak was thrown over his head, a gag, constructed of wood with a hole in it by which he might breathe, clapped into his mouth, and the more effectually to prevent him making a noise an iron ring was fastened to his nose. He was told if he attempted an alarm he would be instantly killed, but if he remained quiet his life should be spared. Blood and his two accomplices then seized upon the crown, orb, and sceptre, seeing which Edwards made as much noise as he possibly could by stamping on the floor whereon the robbers struck him with a mallet on the head, stabbed him with a short sword in the side and left him, as they thought, for dead. Blood then secured the regalia under his cloak, one of his companions put the orb into his breeches pocket, whilst the other proceeded to file the sceptre that it might be more conveniently carried.

Now, at this moment it happened the keeper's son, who had been absent in Flanders, returned to his father's home. He who stood sentinel asked him with whom he would speak, whereon young Edward's said he belonged to the house, and so passed to the apartments where his family resided. The other giving notice of his arrival, the robbers hastened to depart, leaving the sceptre behind them. No sooner had they gone, than the old man struggled to his feet, dragged the gag from his mouth, and cried out in fright: "Treason—murder—murder—treason!" On this his daughter rushed down and, seeing the condition of her father, and noting the absence of the regalia, continued his cry, adding, "The crown is stolen—thieves—thieves!"

Young Edwards, and another who heard her, Captain Beckman, now gave pursuit to the robbers, who had already got beyond the main guard. Word was instantly shouted to the warder of the draw-bridge to stop the villains, but Blood was equal to this emergency; coolly advancing, he discharged his pistol at the man, who instantly fell. The thieves then crossed the bridge, passed through the outward gate, and made for the street close by, where their horses awaited them, crying the while: "Stop thief, stop thief!" Before they advanced far, Captain Beckman came up with Blood, who, turning quickly round, fired his second pistol at the head of his pursuer; but Beckman, suddenly stooping, escaped injury, and sprang at the throat of his intended assassin. A struggle then ensued. Blood was a man of powerful physique, but Beckman was lithe and vigorous, and succeeded in holding the rogue until help arrived. In the contest, the regalia fell to the ground, when a fair diamond and a priceless pearl were lost; they were, however, eventually recovered. The other thieves were likewise captured, and all of them secured in the Tower.

Certain death now faced Blood; but the wonderful luck which had befriended him during life did not desert him now. At this time the Duke of Buckingham was high in favour with the king, and desirous of saving one who had secretly served him, or fearing exposure if Blood made a full confession, his grace impressed Charles with a desire to see the man who had perpetrated so daring a deed, saying he must be one possessed of extraordinary spirit. Giving ready ear to his words, the monarch consented to have an interview with the robber, for which purpose he gave orders Blood should be brought to Whitehall.

Those who heard of the king's resolution felt satisfied Blood need not despair of life; "for surely," said Sir Robert Southwell, on becoming aware of his majesty's danger, "no king should wish to see a malefactor but with intentions to pardon him." Now Blood, being a man of genius, resolved to play his part during the audience in a manner which would favourably impress the king. Therefore, when Charles asked him how he had dared attempt so bold a robbery, Blood made answer he had lost a fine property by the crown, and was resolved to recover it with the crown. Diverted by his audacity his majesty questioned him further, when Blood confessed to his attempted abduction of the Duke of Ormond, but refused to name his accomplices. Nay, he narrated various other adventures, showing them in a romantic light; and finally concluded by telling the king he had once entered into a design to take his sacred life by rushing upon him with a carbine, from out of the reeds by the Thames side, above Battersea, when he went to swim there; but he was so awed by majesty his heart misgave him, and he not only relented, but persuaded the remainder of his associates from such an intention.

This strange interview resulted in Charles pardoning Blood his many crimes. The Duke of Ormond, at his majesty's request, likewise forgave him. Nor did the king's interest in the villain end here; for he gave him a pension of five hundred pounds a year, and admitted him to his private friendship. Blood was, therefore, constantly at court, and made one of that strange assembly of wits and profligates which surrounded the throne.

"No man," says Carte the historian, "was more assiduous than he. If anyone had a business at court that stuck, he made his application to Blood as the most industrious and successful solicitor; and many gentlemen courted his acquaintance, as the Indians pray to the devil, that he may not hurt them. He was perpetually in the royal apartments, and affected particularly to be in the same room where the Duke of Ormond was, to the indignation of all others, though neglected and overlooked by his grace."

* Royalty Restored, or London under Charles II. By T. Fitzgerald Molloy. London: Ward and Downey.

The Week.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage pre-paid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure THE WEEK'S tasteful typographical appearance, and enhance the value of the advertising in its columns. No advertisement charged less than FIVE lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHER, *Business Manager*, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, *Publisher*.

IMMEDIATELY after the resolutions of the people of Calgary come those of the Town Council of Milton, declaring that there also Prohibitive legislation is worse than a failure. Increase of drunkenness, and spread of the habit by the enticement of young men into shebeens, and the obtrusion of liquor on them in the streets, with a corresponding growth of disorder and immorality, are asserted by the Council to be the well-attested fruits of the Scott Act in their town, after a trial of four years. They pray, therefore, for one of three things; the repeal of the Act, permission to bring on a repeal vote at any time upon the petition of one-third of the electors, or the Wine and Beer Amendment. The second of these prayers it would be difficult for any one who takes his stand on popular suffrage to reject; and if it were granted there is strong reason to believe that in several counties or cities the Act, after full experience of its effects, would be at once repealed. Halton itself, Oxford, Norfolk, Simcoe, Dufferin, and St. Thomas are particularly mentioned as likely to take that course. It has given us pain to find ourselves opposed on this question to many whose characters we respect, and with whom as to the main object in view we are entirely agreed. Decisive experiment has shown that Prohibitive legislation is not merely ineffective but mischievous; that it not only fails to extirpate drunkenness but actually increases it, besides breeding ill-feeling, habits of smuggling, popular contempt for the law, and perjury, to say nothing of the loss of revenue. Such has always been our contention, and facts daily confirm it. Facts also bear us out in the assertion that religion, education, and civilizing influences of all kinds, powerfully aided by the teachings of medical science, are surely and rapidly diminishing intemperance, if impatient philanthropy will only allow them to have fair play. In the United Kingdom there is no prohibitive legislation except a Sunday Closing Act, which is confined to Wales and part of Ireland; yet the Budget discloses a falling off in the revenue from alcohol of nearly a million sterling, and this in spite of the rapid growth of population. Our friends, the enemy, therefore can scarcely refuse to give us credit for having at least some solid arguments in our favour, or refuse to believe that we can possibly be sincere in desiring the promotion of Temperance, because we do not join them in advocating Prohibition.

THE United States Senate has, by a vote of thirty-five to ten, on Mr. Frye's resolution, declared it to be inexpedient that Congress should provide, as recommended by the President, for the appointment of a commission charged with the consideration and settlement of the fishing rights of the United States and Canada. The opinion of the Senate appears to be that instead of a commission being charged with the question between the two countries, it should be settled through the ordinary channels of diplomacy. The States, it is contended, have nothing to ask of Canada: the shore and Gulf fisheries of Canada are useless to American fishermen; and as to the right to ship crews or buy bait and ice in Canadian ports, these are commercial privileges to which Americans are entitled without respect to any treaty whatever. Under an Imperial Act of 1849, it is alleged, American vessels are entitled to go into Canadian ports to buy bait, ship crews, land fish, or do any other act that Canadian vessels can do in the harbours of the United States:—to enter Canadian ports, Mr. Frye declares, "for any purpose except piracy." But this is precisely the point of contention. If such a right exists it is inexplicable that it counted for nothing in the negotiation of the Washington Treaty, under which Americans obtained these very privileges in exchange for the right conceded to Canadians to sell fish free of duty in the States. If Americans already possessed such right, why was that treaty necessary?—solely to open the American markets to Canadians, a concession to which the States added a money gift of \$5,500,000? The simple truth is Mr. Frye in this matter represents not any greater body of the American people than the coast fishermen, who wish to continue in the enjoyment of the benefits they had under the lapsed treaty, while repudiating the concurrent obligation to open their markets to Canadians.

EVIDENTLY the privilege of buying bait and ice in Canadian ports is highly valued by Americans; for Mr. Frye threatened, if it be not con-

ceded, to retaliate by closing the ports of the States to Canadian shipping. But this exhibition of resentment is hardly consistent with what is said by members of prominent fish firms of Portland and Gloucester, who in an interview with a correspondent of the *New York Herald* have stated that they can do very well in their business without Canada: they have instructed their captains not to go into Canadian harbours; and as to bait—"they can get along without fresh bait. They will go back to the old system of taking salt bait with them, and so save time that has been spent in going to port for bait, and then back to the Banks." This is most satisfactory, and if it accurately represents the deliberate view of those most concerned in the subject, there is scarcely room left, we apprehend, for a serious quarrel between the two peoples. If the American fishermen do not want Canadian bait, the nation will scarcely sanction the proclamation of a state of commercial war in order to obtain it, and the Canadians on their part, are content to use their bait though in a limited market, by supplying their own fishermen, rather than sell it to Americans, so long as these shut Canadian fishermen out of American markets. In this they are simply protecting their fishing industry at its very source, and they will not at this day be prevented from so doing by the Mother Country, on whose pliability our American friends seem to be counting as a means of obtaining the concession of privileges, which, while they are said to be of no value, are yet much coveted.

DURING the Fishery debate in the Senate the fact—which appears to be little known—was alluded to that under a recent ruling of the Secretary of the Treasury fish frozen by artificial process and carried into United States ports must, though frozen for weeks, be considered as "fresh fish for immediate consumption," and as such must under the tariff law be admitted free of duty. When this provision was placed in the tariff law, the present artificial freezing process was not in use, and therefore it was not guarded against: all fish other than fresh fish imported was cured either by salting or smoking, and was therefore subject to duty; but now, what with refrigerators on vessels, on steamers, on cars, and in every great market, curing has to some extent been superseded, and a new method of preserving fish is in use, which keeps it fresh for as long a time as it keeps good by curing; and so the purpose of the U. S. tariff law may be evaded. But no doubt this defect will be at once remedied by an amendment providing for the case. Congressional sentiment runs just now so strongly against any concession to Canada, and against any Fishery Treaty—which it is supposed Canada cannot do without—that on the whole the most politic as well as most dignified course for Canada to take is to fairly and squarely accept the situation, to brace up, and, while insisting on her full rights, to try if new markets in the West-Indies, South America, and the Mediterranean, cannot be made to take the place of those closed to her in the States. When Congress sees that Canada cannot be frightened into yielding, it may adopt a more reasonable tone.

THE vote in the House of Representatives which defeated the Bland Bill for the free coinage of silver is, it may be hoped, a sign that the House is returning to a sounder position on this subject. When the House met this year a majority of it was certainly favourable to unlimited coinage; but now almost the entire Democratic Representation from the Eastern States, and an influential minority from the South and West have so far changed in attitude as to oppose a continuance of coinage, at any rate, which they fear may involve peril alike to their party and the country. This vote is a decided defeat of the silver men, whose purpose has been, in insisting on the unlimited coinage of silver, to force the country to a silver basis, which result would undoubtedly have been attained, if the Administration had not thwarted the design by refusing to give a forced currency to the coin. Already, however, more silver has been coined than the country can need for currency purposes for many years to come; and the Democrats in taking the present action, mainly for the purpose of justifying the Administration, have also perhaps averted disaster from the country.

THE appearance of Lord Salisbury, Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Plunket together at a political meeting may well be called significant. It is the announcement of an alliance among all the moderate and patriotic elements in British public life against the revolutionary and the anti-patriotic. This, sooner or later, was sure to come. Party lines, ancient and deeply drawn, personal rivalries, and the morbid dislike which, since the ill-starred conjunction of Fox with North, British statesmen have entertained of coalitions have long stood in the way; but the necessity of combining forces to save the integrity of the nation has at length prevailed, and the inevitable has arrived. Conservatives, Whigs, and Liberals find themselves brought together as Unionists. This coalition is as natural

as that of Fox and North was unnatural. It includes all who stand on the same side of the great line of cleavage between Liberalism and Socialism, between Progress and Revolution. Though the Conservatives at present bring to it by far the larger contingent, it is the Liberal element that, having the forces and the necessities of the time with it, is likely to predominate in the combination. Instead of Tory and Liberal, Liberal and Radical may henceforth be the party names. Should Mr. Gladstone fall, Lord Hartington is now pretty clearly marked out as his successor, and he will, no doubt, at once receive the practical support of the Conservatives. The unfortunate position into which Lord Salisbury allowed himself for a moment to be decoyed in regard to the Irish question, his abandonment of the Crimes Act, his repudiation of the decisions of Lord Spencer, and his acceptance of office at the hands of the Parnellites, have seriously compromised his authority as a leader of the Unionist party, and Sir William Harcourt is able to say, with some plausibility, that upon the Conservative leader rests the responsibility of having brought matters to the present pass. But, in addition to this, it would plainly be impolitic to present the struggle for the maintenance of the Union as a movement of the Tory party. The more national it can be made the better. The great object should be to make the democracy feel that unification, not disruption, is the true democratic principle, and that the greatness of the Empire is the heritage of the entire people. Lord Hartington is no reactionist: his leadership will be identified with the maintenance of the Union, and with that alone. If he has not the power of dazzling like Mr. Gladstone he may at least be thoroughly trusted. If he has not imaginative genius he has an abundant measure of good sense. He is an honourable and high-minded English gentleman, who will never deceive or betray, and he loves his country with all his heart. Under him the patriotic party may be defeated, but it will not be disgraced or fall without leaving a record such as may animate patriotic effort when the day for a renewal of the struggle shall have arrived. So far he has always bettered expectation and risen to the level of his part. He is now called to a much higher part than ever, and if he can rise to it he will save his country.

It is not unlikely that a similar revolution may soon take place in the politics of Canada, though we have happily nothing to precipitate it here like the question of the Union in the Mother Country. Mr. Mowat's Nationalist utterances at Chicago show us, what indeed we knew well enough before, that the Liberal party, as represented by him and Mr. Blake, is cultivating the closest possible connection with the Irish Catholics and with the priests by whom the vote of the Irish Catholics is wielded. How Liberalism can find congenial allies in the liegemen of that Church, which in its Encyclicals hurls defiance against all Liberal principles, fights everywhere against freedom, political and intellectual, everywhere is the animating spirit of reaction, paralyzes progress in Quebec and, in Ontario, fences itself against modern civilization with Separate Schools, is a question to which probably the only answer is that Faction makes strange bed-fellows. It is in the Fenianism, no doubt, not in the Catholicism, that the Liberal managers find an affinity to the principles of their party; but they will learn—indeed they have learned already—that, so far as the Irish vote is concerned, the two things are inseparable, and that they will have to pay a tacit homage at least to the Syllabus and the Index as well as to echo the sentiments of the *Irish World*. This alliance with Fenianism, however, is not all. The leading organs of the party are daily lending themselves more and more to the propagation of revolutionary sentiment in the social and industrial sphere, though they may not yet definitely commit themselves to any measures of that kind. A similar spirit seems to pervade the meetings of "Young Liberals," whose name appears to be significant of political rather than physical youth. Perhaps editors are a little misled by the presence immediately around their offices of large aggregations of radical and semi-communistic artisans, while they think less of the great Conservative power of agricultural freeholders which lies beyond. Be that as it may, there must be a large number of persons who have hitherto remained within the Grit lines, but are Liberals in the old sense of the term, not Radicals, and who want neither Socialism nor Revolution. Commercial men especially, many of whom have hitherto been Reformers, can hardly keep in line with politicians who would impair the freedom or the sanctity of contracts, pander to the hatred of capital and wealth, and abet labour wars and strikes. The party leader or manager may hope to make his profit by communistic demagogism; the merchant or financier can make none. Tough, therefore, as party ties are, it is probable that they will snap at last, and Liberals of the old stamp will here, as well as in England, unite themselves with moderate Conservatives, leaving the Radicals and Revolutionists to form a party by themselves.

It is evident from the speech of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, that the Government hopes to win back Mr. Chamberlain. Nor is it difficult to believe that Mr. Chamberlain may find himself ill at ease in his present position. He may naturally feel, especially since the Ipswich Election, that his secession is likely to enure to the ultimate benefit of the Tories, or of a combination of Tories and Whigs which would exclude him and the rest of the Radicals from power. Still he has gone almost too far to retreat, while for Mr. Trevelyan retreat is impossible. Mr. Gladstone's hopes of success lie in his personal influence, in the strength of the party tie, or to speak more plainly in the recklessness of faction, and in what has been called the flabbiness of opinion combined with a vague feeling that Home Rule is the winning side. Against him, besides the resistance of patriotism, is his own age, which makes men feel that not much more is to be expected from him, and the abhorrence, always strong in newly elected members, of a dissolution. His own whips appear to feel sure of a small majority. But a small majority would not be sufficient to coerce the Lords. With the Lords, therefore, Mr. Gladstone can prevail only by offering them a large bribe in the Land Bill; and against this the Radicals kick desperately. The result is at present utterly uncertain.

THE disintegration of the Empire may begin with Ireland, but it will not end there. Mr. Gladstone's utterances, which his friends call philanthropic and his critics demagogic, are just as applicable to India as they are to Ireland; and it is understood that British statesmen in India are not a little apprehensive of contagion. Among the proofs that their apprehension is not baseless may be reckoned a frenzied tirade against English rule in India, which appears in the current number of the *North American Review*, with the signature of "Pundita Lal Roy." The composition is so thoroughly vernacular, and so completely in the tone as well as in the spirit of an American Anglophobist, that we should have supposed the signature to be a *nom de plume* were it not for the positive statement that the writer is a native of India, giving for the first time his version of her story in a publication of standing. It is rather a remarkable fact, surely, in the history of conquest that one of the conquered should be so perfectly identified in education and culture with the conquerors. It is a still more remarkable fact that he should be able, without any fear of consequences, to revile them and their government to his heart's content: and this, be it observed, he is at liberty to do, and his compatriots are always doing, in the Indian press as well as in that of the United States. Mr. Roy presumes so far on the ignorance of his American readers as to represent to them the people of Hindostan as a united nation writhing under the heel of British oppression. He knows perfectly well that the British are hardly more alien to any one of the races or religions of India than these races and religions are to each other, and that were it not for "the Peace of the Empire" Hindoos and Mussulmans, Mahrattas, Sikhs, Ghoorkas, and a number of other tribes, would be flying at each other's throats, while conquest would once more swoop from the mountains of the North on the defenceless plains. He also thinks Americans ill-read enough in history to believe that the anarchy which ensued upon the downfall of the Mogul Empire, and amidst which Mahrattas and Pindarrees swept the country with their murderous and devastating hordes, was caused by the arrival of the British. He compares the blessed state of the people under the rule of native princes with the misery of provinces administered under the British. The British do not seem to be afraid of the comparison, since they leave the native princes undisturbed, and put no restriction, we believe, on migration from their own territory into that under native rule. Mr. Roy forgets to mention that the tyranny of the native despots is controlled by British residents. One good thing he must allow that British conquest has done: it has given birth to the class of "cultured Baboos" to which he presumably belongs, and which would be crushed like an eggshell to-morrow by Mahometans or Mahrattas if the protection of the British power were withdrawn. The best reply to Mr. Roy's invective is the "Life of Lord Lawrence." But this is not the place to answer him, or to discuss so vast and difficult a subject as the comparative good and evil of British dominion in India. What we had to observe is that the flag of Hindoo rebellion is here distinctly unfurled, and that an appeal is made for sympathy to the same quarter to which the Irish have appealed, and that upon the success of Irish secession Indian insurrection is not unlikely to follow.

THE suicide of Lord Shaftesbury's son gives us a painful shock. It may have arisen from disease of the brain, in which case suicide is in effect a natural death. But if it arose from despondency, the principle of hereditism is here totally at fault. It is hardly possible that one who has

a real belief in God should commit suicide. We do not refer merely to the apprehension of penalties after death. What we mean is, that no one who is practically convinced that he is in the hands of God, however unhappy and depressed he may be for the moment, can fall into utter despair. There can be no doubt that as religious faith declines the number of suicides increases.

A PROMINENT representative of the Knights of Labour has been expounding the objects of the Association. According to his account nothing is more simple. Every industrious man, he says, earns about \$1,000 a year, but gets only \$300, the other \$700 going to the employer. What the Knights of Labour seek is to reverse the proportion, giving the \$300 to the employer and the \$700 to the workman. It is not easy to understand why the whole \$1,000 should not be given to the workman, if he earns it all. Here we see what the workmen are taught by their leaders to believe, and what they are persuaded they can bring to pass by waging industrial war against their employers and against the community, which it ought never to be forgotten really pays them their wages in purchasing the goods made by them, and will never pay them more than it can afford. Enquiries have been made into relative aggregate amounts of wages and profits with the special view of determining the cost of strikes to capital on one hand and to labour on the other. From the result of these it appeared that the proportion of the aggregate of profits to that of wages was not as seven to three, but about as one to six. The number of those among whom the profits are distributed is comparatively small; this it is which causes the illusion. If the losses upon capital invested in works and other enterprises which fail were to be taken into account, the balance would be immensely increased against Capital and in favour of Labour. There is no such recoverable fund of wealth then, as is supposed. The aim of the Association is utterly chimerical and, if persistently pursued, can only lead to the ruin of every trade to which the struggle extends. It is not present to the minds of the men that they may in the end gain a victory over Capital, with a vengeance—such a victory as will cause the entire withdrawal of capital from the trade, so far as the disturbed locality is concerned, and thus leave the workmen perfectly emancipated and without bread. Upon what principle the “earnings” of the industrious men were calculated by the lecturer we do not know, but they are very apt to be calculated by Labour orators and writers on the principle that the mechanic is the sole agent in the production of the goods. When a man tends a machine, perhaps a very expensive machine, has not the machine something to do with the production? Does the mechanic make or buy his own raw materials? Does he build the factory? Does he undertake the expense of organization or distribution? As well might a single wheel of an engine be said to do the whole of the work. These are pretty obvious, as well as very important, truths. But they are not very likely to find their way to those whom they most concern, if the coercion of the Press by boycotting is to be a part of this great crusade in favour of liberty and justice.

A CURIOUS figure is removed from the scene by the death of Noyes, the head and soul of the Oneida community. Noyes was the prophet of Perfectionism, a creed of which the most prominent articles were the diabolic origin of all earthly governments and the existence of no authority which Christians could recognize but that of Christ. He was, in fact, an anticipator, though from a religious point of view, of the Anarchy now preached by Prince Kropotkin. Strange to say, he numbered among his disciples no less a person than William Lloyd Garrison. Garrison, whose Life is being brought out by his children, and forms an inestimable addition to the history of the Slavery struggle, showed in the conduct of his own movement great practical wisdom, as well as devoted courage, but there were evidently weak places in his mind. The community of Perfectionists at Oneida was like the other Communistic Utopias founded in the United States, a social oasis, the denizens of which tried to give effect to their own ideal without attempting to revolutionize society. From the use of political power for that purpose they were of course debarred by their creed. In itself, however, the community was by no means an anarchy; for the prophet ruled it under his law of love with a strong and despotic hand. At first it was celibate, and its immunity from domestic expense, combined with the industrial character of its members, enabled it to amass wealth, as the other celibate communities have done, while the married communities have always been commercial failures. It became the proprietor of large works for canning fruits, making traps, and silk-weaving, the commercial character of which, especially of the canned fruit works, stood high. These it carried on with hired labour on the ordinary commercial principles, without Perfectionism or Socialism of any kind. The members of the community themselves having thus become rich proprietors and masters, lived at their

ease, taking no more work than suited their inclination, and furnished their common mansion with all the means of enjoyment. They carried the refinement of luxury so far as to have a kiosk in the garden for those who were learning the piano that the practising might not annoy the society. Of course they gave up compassing heaven and earth to make proselytes, whom they would have had to admit to a share of their estate. The same thing happened in regard to a Rappite community in Pennsylvania, which, having grown wealthy, and consequently refusing to receive proselytes, became a tontine, the survivor of the brotherhood being left immensely rich. Religious discipline, including mutual criticism and confession, continued to be maintained, nor was there any diminution of the autocracy of the prophet, which, in these communistic experiments, was always, like celibacy, an essential condition of success. Asceticism, however, seems to have collapsed under the influence of more luxurious surroundings, and the gentlemen and ladies of the Oneida community were no longer content to be exactly as the angels in Heaven. Noyes then introduced not marriage, but temporary unions of couples selected by himself on the principles of stirpiculture, that is, of forming those connections the progeny of which was likely to be the best. The children were brought up as the offspring of the community in common nurseries; and, though they were rather a fine set of infants, and so far did credit to the physiological acumen of the prophet, they seemed to the beholder to betray by their looks and ways a want, as it were, of personal parentage. Temporary unions on stirpicultural principles did not commend themselves to American opinion. The community was denounced, and escaped rough handling only through the goodwill of its neighbours, to whom it was a commercial benefit. Either, however, under the influence of adverse opinion or from internal troubles such as temporary wedlock was likely to engender, disintegration had set in before the founder's death. The experiment solved no social questions and demonstrated nothing except that a company of enthusiasts may be held together by the strong rule of a religious leader, and, if it is industrious and has no children, may prosper and grow rich. There is a wide step between this and the regeneration of society at large.

MR. AND MRS. GOLDWIN SMITH have left Toronto for England, and will return in the early fall.

MANHATTAN ISLAND, Professor Fairchild says, is gradually sinking, and the sea will yet cover the present site of New York. The State of New York, as a whole, he says, “belongs to one of the old ages—the eozoic. The Adirondack Mountains date back to the dawn of the globe's history. If some speculators and miners had known this, and had been familiar with some of the elementary principles of geology, they would have saved many thousands of dollars. Often and often it has been supposed that coal has been found in New York, but always the expectation has proved groundless. All geologists know that the Devonian rocks which make up most of the State never contain any coal, and we need never expect to find any in New York.”

THE worst of all the features of the Irish problem, says the London *Spectator*, is the loathsome cruelty which the people evince towards those whom they choose to regard as taking the landlord's side; and not only against them, but against their innocent cattle. The Knight of Glin writes to the *Times* to relate a case in which the peasantry *burned alive* eight head of cattle belonging to a tenant of his who had taken a farm from which a man who had been a defaulter of rent for five years together had at last been evicted, and had fearfully mutilated fifteen head of cattle belonging to another tenant. In the case of the latest Galway murder, not only was the murdered man's widow, Mrs. Finlay, jeered and hooted in her grief, but the brother was prevented from attending the funeral by the savage threats of the people. And yet it is into the hands of those who stimulate these horrors that Home Rule will throw Ireland. In the *Irish World* of February 27, according to a correspondent of the *Times*, is printed the receipt of the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly for a cheque sent to the Parliamentary Fund by Patrick Ford, the well-known advocate of the dynamite policy in America. This dynamiter is addressed as “My dear Sir,” and is heartily thanked for his contribution, though the contribution is accompanied by another for the purpose of creating “a reserve” for a more violent policy, “in case John Bull fails to render simple and long-delayed justice.” As the leaders of the Irish Party thus treat with courtesy and gratitude the organizers of the worst violence, is it conceivable that they really condemn the people who hoot broken-hearted widows, made widows by agrarian murderers?

ON DURDHAM DOWN.

O WHO will come and view with me
The glory of the chestnut tree?
And who with me will fondly laud,
Forgetting craven ones abroad,
In London, Moscow, or in Rome,
This green and more harmonious dome?
If such a friend exist for me,
Let him make haste, come soon, that we
Together rosy rain may share,
That falls upon my cheek, my hair,
Then flutters delicately down,
Bestrews with pink the roadside brown;
Choice of the chestnuts, pink or white,
Is mine and his for our delight.
Then let him come with me and see
The blossoming laburnum tree.
The purest yellow in the world
Hangs from its tender green unfurled.
No poet that I know has sung
This perfect yellow downward flung—
Indeed, no poet that I know,
From out his heart's glad overflow,
Has sung, as I should like to sing,
The splendours of an English spring.
Is it revealed to me this day
To be the priestess of the May,
The next, the fairest that we see,
The best beloved of any tree,
The hawthorn—pink, and white, and red,
That sometimes stretches overhead,
And sometimes grows so low, so low,
That I can touch it as I go?
To be the poet of the May,
Were cause enough to wear the bay,
And wear it humbly, since I see
For the first time the hawthorn tree.
When first it wears its snow-white crown,
O what a sight is Durdham Down!
The bloom is piled like drifting snow!
I think, if some slight wind should blow,
It would arise and fly away,
It seems too light, too soft, to stay!
And well it is the sun is paled
So often in this land mist-veiled,
Should once his natural fire be felt,
The bloom would slowly, surely melt!
But soon it proves itself a flower
That crowns the Down with snowy dower,
For here and there the red May shows
As pure a crimson as the rose,
And last, there wakes for new delight
Another sense than that of sight,
For sweeter e'en than new-mown hay
Is blown the fragrance of the May.
And I am happy since I see
For the first time the hawthorn tree!

Ottawa.

SERANUS.

A LOVE MARRIAGE.

[Translated for THE WEEK from the French of L. Halévy.—Continued.]

"Let us continue," said she. "Let me alone, and go on."
Accordingly he goes on:
"Thursday, 5th of June. This morning after drill we returned along the Avenue des Loges. The colonel sent the adjutant after me. . . . I joined him at the head of the column.—"Captain," said he, "you have no idea of parting with your horse, have you?"—"Certainly not, colonel."—"But if you get a good price, captain?—It is for a very pretty person who knows you."—"Who knows me?"—"Yes, she has met you several times on the Terrace. . . . At least she gave me the impression of knowing you. . . . and I noticed when I spoke of you she became visibly embarrassed."—"Who is it then?"—"It is M. Lablinière's daughter, he is an engineer."—"Is she fair, colonel?"—"Yes, a blonde."—"Who lives in a house on the Terrace?"—"It is the same. Ah! I see you know her."—"By sight only, colonel."—"Well! see if you would be willing to give up your horse to her, captain. Good bye."
"What! sell Jupiter to any one? Never! To her! . . . I hesitate. . . . She is so pretty! . . . On hearing my name she blushed. Why?"

"At eleven o'clock, my sister Louise came to invite me to lunch with herself and the children. It was the fête of Saint Germain, and the children were anxious to see the booths.—"Uncle, if there is a photographer you will take us to have our pictures taken?"—"Oh! yes."
"There was only one photographer; we got into the shed where he was employed. She was there . . . with her mother, her brother, and a little black poodle. Her brother was on his knees near the poodle, trying to make him keep quiet.—"See, Bob, . . . don't move . . . you are going to have your photograph taken."
"But Bob would not mind the little boy, so he became discouraged, and said: "Speak to him in English, Marguerite. . . . You are the only one who can make him mind; he understands English better than French."—"George, how stupid you are!" Marguerite, my little Marguerite. . . .
"She decided to be very severe with Bob, and said in English, looking at him, "Now, Bob, Master Bob, be obedient! look at me! so. . . . Now be still! . . . Hush! . . . Still! . . ."
"She knew how to manage the black poodle, most decidedly; for he remained immovable. . . . Her voice is charming. And her face! . . . I contemplated her face at my leisure in broad daylight; . . . it was a marvel of youth and beauty."
"Wait a moment. . . . Show me."
"Why?"
"Oh! I am always thinking of those little changes that are to be made."
"You are quite wrong. . . . Look."
"Yes. . . . I see. . . . 'A marvel of youth and beauty.'"
"It is there. Continue. . . ."
"I go on! . . . 'She shall have Jupiter! On going out, she spoke to my sister (it seemed to me her voice was a little tremulous): "Pardon me, madam, I am sorry to have kept you waiting. . . ."
"At this point I ought to have found something to say. . . . But words failed me. I appeared ridiculous. . . . I bowed slightly. . . . She acknowledged it. . . . She went out.—"What a lovely young girl!" said my sister.—"Ah! I should say so! . . ."
"And here I began! . . . I told my sister who she was, where she lived. . . . Her father is an engineer of great renown. I wanted to speak about her to some one. . . . My sister was stupefied.—"You are in love!"
"In love! no."—"Yes, you are. . . . I must find out about her. . . . She would make a very pretty sister-in-law. . . ."
"I took Louise back to the train. . . . No, I am not in love. . . . But she shall have Jupiter all the same. I became restless. Yes, Chéri's catalogue said: He had been ridden by a lady. . . . But one must not always trust the catalogue. . . . Poor little thing! If anything happened to her! I have a side-saddle. My sister sometimes rides with me. . . . I said to Picot:—"Put the side-saddle on Jupiter, and take him to the manège. Take a horse-cover. . . ."
"A quarter of an hour later, I made Picot ride Jupiter en dame; the cover serving the purpose of a riding-habit. Jupiter cantered. "Jupiter knows how to go; he has been ridden by a lady," cried Picot. . . .
"I wished to try him myself. Then I took a turn on Jupiter, my knees entangled in the cover. I made him trot and canter; while I was in this ridiculous position, I was saying to myself: This is all because of a pretty little blonde I met in the train two weeks ago, who was reading an English novel! . . .
"Decidedly, Jupiter was a good lady's horse. . . . She should have Jupiter! . . . Yes; but how to offer him to her? It would be all right to allow the colonel to dispose of him. No; I intend to do it myself at once. . . . I start. . . . Picot following me, leading Jupiter. . . . We reached the house and entered the court. I looked at Picot; he had a very knowing look; he was saying to himself:—"Ah! ah! it was for this the captain sent me here to find out what I could. . . ."
"I rang.—"Is M. Lablinière at home?"—"No; he is in Paris."—"Is Madame Lablinière at home?"—"Madame is within."—"Take up my card. Say to her that I have come on business about the horse. . . ."
"The servant announced me. If she is not going to be there. . . . But she is with her mother and the other members of the family. . . . Then I do not know what happened; I was too much disturbed to know what I did or said. I have a dim recollection of talking about pelham, martingale, etc. I believe I said the horse was called Jupiter . . . and begged them to keep him on trial for a week or two. . . . The price had also to be spoken of. Words failed me. . . . Nevertheless, I could not give Jupiter to her. I must take her money, no matter how hard it went against the grain. We went down to the court and there beside Jupiter we had another conversation; as ridiculous as the one in the drawing room. I longed to say to her: I love you, I adore you, you are an angel! But instead I said: "He must be fed four quarts of oats, etc., etc." I remember some inane remarks such as,—the horse required a light weight and would be better for her than for me. . . . I must have made a disastrous impression upon her with such speeches. At last, Picot and I departed. My head was so turned, I chatted all along the way with Picot . . . for the sake of being able to talk about her. . . . It did me good to hear Picot say:—"The beautiful young lady. . . . She seemed to remember me from the way she looked at me. She has not forgotten the day I went there to talk to the concierge. It is she, my captain, who has been so good to the poor little sick girl. . . ."
"Brave Picot, he had something to do in making our match. . . ."
"Ma foi, yes, he was the first to give me satisfactory accounts of you."
"Yes, and I who knew nothing about you had commenced to love you! Tiens . . . you can judge for yourself by this:

"Thursday, June the 5th. Events are thickening; mon Dieu, how will they end? I have his horse. It is called Jupiter and is there, in the stable, between Nelly and George's pony. How I wish I could get my poor head settled. How many things have happened to day! After breakfast George said to me:—"Little sister, we must go to the photographer's to-day, to have Bob's picture taken." I replied, "You can go alone with mamma." "No," he said: "Bob will not keep quiet if you are not there."

"I resign myself to the inevitable, and accordingly we set off for the photographer's. At the moment when Bob was commencing to pose, I saw some one come in. . . . Who is it? . . . He! . . . and not alone . . . with a lady, quite young and very pretty. Who can she be? But there are two children. They call him *uncle*. . . . It must be his sister! . . . George could not make Bob understand; then I was forced to play under his eyes a most ridiculous scene. I must have acted the part of a little idiot. I spoke to Bob in English and must have appeared like a dog-trainer. I went off feeling very much confused. I returned home greatly annoyed. I shut myself up in my room. At five o'clock I was obliged to go down to tea.

"I go down, and had just entered the room, when Pierre brought up a card. "Who is that?" said mamma. "Madame, it is an officer of the Chasseurs."—"An officer! . . . Why I do not know any of them. I came to the country in order to be quiet, and the house is invaded by soldiers! A colonel yesterday! . . . A captain to-day! . . . We shall have the whole regiment to-morrow. What does this captain want?"—"Madame, he told me he came about a horse." "Look at this card, Marguerite; . . . but what is the matter with you? you are quite red in the face! . . . Have you a rush of blood to the head?" "No, mamma."—"Very well, why do you not look at the card?"—"I take it and read: *Count Roger de Léonelle, Captain of the 21st Chasseurs*. Count! he is a Count! It only wanted this!—"Léonelle!" cried George, "that is the officer who has the horse for Marguerite."—"That is true," said mamma, "the colonel told me his name yesterday. . . . And your father is not here. . . . Nevertheless, we must receive this gentleman. . . . Show him in, Pierre. . . . Only, Marguerite, you will have to do all the talking, for I know nothing of horses."

"The door opens. . . . It is he! . . . He enters, and says: "How do you do?" . . . and mamma after rather a cordial remark, which might have been more so, said to me: "Marguerite, this is the gentleman to see about the horse."

"There we were together. The burden of the conversation fell upon my shoulders. He was charming, full of grace, tact, and very much at his ease, while I was stupid, positively stupid. I felt myself quite overcome. I will try to recall the words of the conversation, which must have given him a wretched impression of me. We were seated, about two feet apart; I, fortunately, with my back to the light.—"Miss Lablinière, my colonel spoke to me this morning, and said you were looking for a horse."—"Oh! it is papa who intends giving me one for a birth-day present."

"Now that was stupid enough! What sense was there in saying that? . . . In my anxiety I said anything at all that came into my head. He continues:—"I can place at your disposal a horse that I think will suit you exactly."—"I am very much obliged to you, but your colonel said you were so fond of him; I do not wish to . . ."—"Mon Dieu, not at all, Miss Lablinière, he is an excellent horse; were he not, I would not think of offering him to you; but I am a little too heavy for him, a light weight would suit him better."

"He did not tell the truth, for the colonel mounted him . . . and found him just right. . . . And to carry the colonel is no small matter, as he is enormous!

"A light weight would suit him better. Does he mean to compliment me? One must look into the hidden meaning of these speeches. He would have me believe I was as light as a feather!

"He added:—"Our work is sometimes very heavy. . . . The horse will be happier with you. . . ."

"Happier with you!" He said these words with an expression bordering on tenderness. It was said in such a way, as much as to say: One could not help being happy with you, even the horses! Could anything be more ingenious, more delicate!"

And Marguerite stopped all at once in the midst of reading this journal, and said:

"You have not kept account of all those pretty speeches?"

"No."

"You have thought of them, at least?"

"Yes."

"That is the main thing. . . . I commence again:

"And in order to thank him, I reply stiffly:—"Oh! very well, I accept your offer; when may I try the horse?"—"I brought him with me; he is here, Miss Lablinière. I shall leave him with you. You may keep him on trial a week or two, or as long as you like; one cannot know a horse too well."—"Oh! Count, you are too kind. I will ride him to-morrow. . . . And papa will take my answer to you at once."—"Oh! no, Miss Lablinière; I beg you will keep him at least two or three days before you decide. It does not matter to me how long you keep him."—"Oh! thank you so much, Count. . . ."

"He rises, shakes hands and goes out . . . when mamma said: "But Marguerite, you have not thought about the most important thing . . . the price of the horse."

"Oh! mamma, I like the horse so much, so very much," then for a quarter of a second . . . not longer. . . . I hated him! Well, she was right. The horse was worth perhaps four or five thousand francs

. . . and my purse would not permit me to go to that amount. . . . Oh! this wretched question of money, how unromantic!

"I begin to say: "Quite true, Count, quite true. The question of price has been forgotten."

"Fortunately he came to my rescue:—"Oh! Miss Lablinière, the horse is not very high priced."—"You see, papa has only given me three thousand francs."—"Three thousand francs! the horse is not worth that much. I only paid nineteen hundred francs for him, and when one sells their horse they cannot expect to get full value for him!"

"Now, this is just what I have been saying to myself: He loves me! He loves me! This horse which he adores, he is willing to sell at a loss for the extreme pleasure of selling him to me. . . . And in rather an embarrassed way I reply:—"Oh! no; you ought to get some profit."

"Giving you pleasure will more than repay me. I hope the horse will suit you, and I assure you it will be an easy matter to arrange with your father."

"Then bowing to every one, Bob included, he was moving off, but upon the threshold of the door, he stopped; it was decidedly hard for him to tear himself away."

"Yes, it is true."

"He said to me he wished to give some instructions to our groom about the bridle and bit that suited him best. . . . Then grandmamma . . . she is perfect. . . . she is not at all like mamma, she does not detest military men. . . . so she said:—"Let us go down with this gentleman and see the horse . . . Louis must be in the courtyard."

"We went down, grandmamma, George, Bob, he and I. . . . The horse was there, held by a chasseur; and there was a side-saddle on the horse's back. The captain saw my astonishment. "I have a side-saddle for my sister who rides with me sometimes at Saint-Germain. . . . As I would not have anything happen to you for the world, I took him to the manège and had my orderly mount him en dame."

"I looked at the orderly: it was the same chasseur I had seen the other day, talking with the concierge. We recognized each other. I blushed crimson. The captain also coloured slightly. He understood at once we had seen each other before. . . ."

"That was nothing of course. The orderly then took up the conversation and said:—"But the captain himself also rode the horse en dame, with the horseblanket rolled round his legs. He wished to be sure the horse was quite safe. . . ."

"Then the captain became so very red and I so pale, the orderly stopped, thinking he had said too much."

"Moved almost to tears, I burst forth:—"Ah! how kind you are, how good! . . ."

"He, on his side, replied:—"It was quite a natural thing for me to do! . . ."

"Grandmamma, who was very quick witted, was looking at us with a sweet and enquiring look."

"Louis, fortunately, arrived. He was not in the court yard; George had had to go and find him. Then, before Louis, we had a few words. . . . Then I do not know what he said more. He explained to us that we must have an easy bit for the horse; I interrupted him by saying:—"A pelham?"

He replied: "No, not a pelham. . . . an easier bit." . . . He recommended a martingale, or one with rings, I do not remember. . . . He, in fact, went so far as to give advice as to the horse's food, how much oats, straw, and hay. After which, he said good-bye and turned away. I stepped towards him. He stopped. I wished very much to thank him for his kindness, but I was stifled by my emotion and the words would not come. He waited and repeated "Miss Lablinière . . . Miss Lablinière. . . ."

This situation was intolerable. At any cost I must speak. . . . I could find nothing but this:—"Excuse me, Count, but what is your horse's name?"—"His name is Jupiter."

"Thank you, Miss Lablinière. . . ."

"He went away followed by his orderly, who carried the side-saddle on his shoulders. George went to the stable with Louis. I remained alone with grandmamma, who said:—"Marguerite, come into the garden for a little while. . . ."

"There, seated on a bench, grandmamma made me confess everything . . . all, that is to say, nothing, for there was nothing, and yet this nothing was something. Then grandmamma said:—"Little goose! little goose; put such ideas out of your head . . ."

"I did not put them into my head, grandmamma; it is fate, I know very well it is fate. Not a word of this to mamma, I beg of you, she does not like military men as you do, and she makes such fun of me."—"How do you know I like them?"—"Yes, grandmamma, you do like them, and I do not know why, but I have an idea that if, by chance, I should marry a military man you would not object to it. . . ."

"We came back.—"Here you are at last," said mamma, "explain to me what has happened. It seemed to me the courtyard was full of soldiers."—"Not at all, mamma, there were only . . . that officer and his orderly."—"His orderly! so you are using the terms of the barracks."—"That is a word I have just heard, mamma, and it is quite comme il faut. Perhaps you did not pay much attention to that card when you read it, mamma. Count—"Count?"—"Yes, look."—"No, I did not notice it. . . ."

"Could anyone fib with more effrontery! Mamma was softened, however. . . . She is very good, but has a little weakness. If I were to become Marchioness or Countess, she would be delighted. But, as far as I am concerned, I do not attach much importance to those things. I am very sure, it would never make me love anyone I did not already care for . . . But it would not keep me from loving someone I liked."

[To be continued.]

EASTER LILIES.

TWILIGHT—the ancient city lies asleep ;
 Below, the waters blackly sullen creep,
 Above, the stars in countless thousands peep.
 Silent the lesser light now holds her sway,
 Nor vanquished sighs, when at to-morrow's ray
 This quiet cloud of rest will float away.
 Few are the wanderers on the streets to-night,
 Flick'ring and dim reflects the corner light,
 Beyond the gloom that lurks on left and right.
 There lingers still along the alleys quaint,
 The echoes of the bells so far and faint,
 That crown the night like halo round a saint.
 And saint-like, standing there in vestal power,
 Peace as her birthright, and God's grace her dower,
 Church of St. Agnes lifts her grey stone tower.
 The portals stand ajar, as one by one
 The pilgrims, who the toils of day have done,
 Kneel, say a prayer—then seek repose at home.
 And enters there with faltering feet and slow,
 A girl, whose heart is steeped in secret woe,
 Whose hand bears calla lilies, pure as snow.
 Up thro' arched aisles of faintly incensed air,
 The Everlasting Lamp is burning, where
 She bends her knee below the altar stair.
 Only a girl, unknown to you and me,
 Only a leaf on Heaven's favoured tree,
 Only a drop within the world's great sea.
 Only a girl who seeks this one retreat,
 To leave her sorrows, with life's bitter-sweet,
 Entwined with lilies at her Saviour's feet.
 With Easter lilies that she leaves alone
 Within that consecrated pile of stone
 That stands by moss and lichen overgrown.
 That stands, unsullied by surrounding crime,
 The gate to Heaven, and the bridge sublime,
 The pilgrim treads, that spans the seas of Time.
 Ah! weary child of prayers and lily bloom
 Would that thy buds could bear on their perfume
 The prayers of other hearts enwrapped in gloom.
 For as she threads the streets so cold and gray
 And in the night St. Agnes fades away,
 She feels the faith God's Own can hold alway.
 It may be, in afflictions hard to bear,
 —Her prayers too human for her God to hear—
 He sends her Peace, that queen without a peer.
 St. Agnes with her glories all replete
 Will some day take the bitter from the sweet,
 And leave her life no longer incomplete.
 Twilight —young day is slumbering in the West,
 His tissue wings athwart his waxen breast,
 Beneath his feet, the city wrapped in rest.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

THE TORONTO INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION.

LOVERS of a sight at once amusing and pathetic might have been interested had they paid a visit to the Industrial Institution any Thursday morning during the past winter, that being the day on which the work given out by some of the ladies of Toronto was both applied for and carried home. The room in which the applicants wait their turn is a large, light, comfortably heated apartment, furnished with long narrow tables and chairs. The little brooms that adorn the walls, tied together with scarlet bows, and relieved by an occasional dustpan, seem to suggest to the beholder that "Industry" is the order of the day, and that all who enter here must work. As the rule in the establishment is "first come, first served," the workers begin to arrive shortly after nine o'clock (though no work is expected to be given out for more than an hour later), and each individual receives a ticket, bearing a number in accordance with the time of her arrival. Many are the self-congratulations of those fortunate enough to be among the first half-dozen arrivals; and much quiet, good-humoured merriment greets the later comers, who seem surprised to find so many already installed in their places. "How are yez all this morning?" asks a genial-looking old creature (probably Irish), as she makes her way, bundle in hand, to a seat. "It's late I am," she adds, looking around on the assembled figures. Figures and faces of all kinds! Here we may see an active, busy little woman chatting in an undertone to those nearest her; and there, a pale, anxious-looking young

mother, with a sickly child on her knee. Here again is a blind old lady, led in by her grandchild; and there sat two young girls with important faces, proud, no doubt, of the completed work in their possession. Many and various are the expressions on the different faces, but no one looks more contented and cheerful than the old Irish body before mentioned, who has a nod and a smile for all. "Good morning, ladies," is her salutation to two tall females who enter together. "That's a new name you're giving us," is the laughing response of one of those addressed. "Sure and I must make a distinction, seeing that we have a gentleman among us." This is received with a general laugh, and sure enough, seated near the door, encumbered with a bundle, is one of the lords of creation (doubtless one of the unemployed of the city). It is to be surmised that the bundle under his arm contains work done by his wife, but who can tell whether these hard times may not have driven him to knit a pair of socks for some more favoured mortal to wear. But now the ladies begin to arrive, and there must be no more idleness for those who are willing to work. A large bag, or basket of rags, is brought in, and the industrious women, armed with scissors, draw up to the tables to tear up neat strips, suitable for rag carpet. Some, who have no liking for this employment, have forgotten to bring their scissors, or do not think it worth while to commence as they have an early number, and are liable to be called up for their work at any time. These are the drones of the hive; but they are in the minority, and the scene soon becomes a busy one, as the clanking of scissors and tearing of rags goes on all around. Each, in her turn, goes upstairs to be paid for the work she has brought in, and to receive more, which must be ready by the following Thursday. During the morning, soup is served downstairs for those who care to partake of it; and few indeed are the exceptions who do not.

The giving-out of work has now stopped for a season, but there is no doubt that the Institution has benefited a great number during the cold weather. Many are the wives who have been glad to earn a little by their needle, to help keep the wolf from the door, while their husbands were seeking in vain for employment.

Who shall say that our ladies of Toronto have no hearts, when we find them engaged in the benevolent action of giving work to those who need it?—not only in giving work, but in giving kind and cheering words; thus encouraging their humbler sisters to hope for better things in the days to come.

W. F. M. B.

NIGHT.

THE moonlight lay in broken beams upon
 The gleaming surface of the river's breast;
 And rustling winds, here, ever and anon
 A gentle ripple stirred, there, sank to rest;
 The deepening shadows slowly crept along
 The wooded banks, a bird of night in quest
 Of prey, on noiseless wings did swiftly glide
 Into the dark; all forms of life beside
 Seemed hushed to sleep; the murmur of the tide
 Alone the silence broke, and high o'er head
 The living blue was quiv'ring with the light
 Of myriad stars, and earth's fair sisters bright
 In nearer space their measured courses sped,
 And o'er the scene a mellow beauty shed.

Chatham, Ont.

HENLEIGH.

MUSIC.

THE TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

A MUSICAL Society with the above title, which to a certain extent explains its object, is shortly to make its first appearance and receive the verdict of the public as to the merits of its work. Till the organization of this society some few months ago, no scheme existed for the study and practice of a very high class of music sung without accompaniment. As our musical readers are aware, many of the choicest gems from some of our best composers are written in this form, and it was with a view of making this class of music a distinct specialty, and bringing the performance of part songs to a high degree of finish, that the Toronto Vocal Society was organized. The thanks of the musical public of Toronto are due to the promoters of the scheme for the courage and enterprise they have shown in trying to fill a decided vacancy and bring before the lovers of music amongst us a most beautiful class of composition which but for them would be nearly or altogether unrepresented. We understand that the celebrated Henry Leslie Choir of London was chosen as a model for the Toronto Vocal Society. The fame of this famous body of vocalists is simply world-wide. Their programmes consist almost entirely of unaccompanied choral music, and are selected from a large repertoire of over three hundred works by composers of many periods and nationalities. The Henry Leslie Choir was the first to perform in its entirety the "Symphonie Religieuse," at the St. James's Hall, London. It was one of the numbers

of this work that was selected for the International Competition of Choirs at the Paris Exposition of 1878, when the first prize was gained against all comers by the Leslie Choir. It is the aim of the Toronto Vocal Society to take the same place in Canada as that occupied by the Henry Leslie Choir in England.

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, a pupil of one of the most famous of Modern Italian *Maestri* for voice training—and who, we believe, is accepted as an authority in that abstruse branch of musical art, both in England and France, besides coming to us with the reputation of a skilled and experienced conductor—was selected by the Committee of the Toronto Vocal Society as musical director and conductor for the first season ending in May.

At the first concert, to be given at the Pavilion Music Hall, Tuesday, April 27, will be presented several important novelties, amongst them being the Sacred Motett by Gounod, "Come unto Him," in six parts, sung entirely without accompaniment. This was the test piece selected by the judges for the Choral Competition last summer, in London, England. Another feature will be the rendering of the "Scots wha hae," in eight parts, as sung by express command of Her Majesty at Balmoral. This number is expected to make a real sensation. "The winds whistle cold," words from Guy Mannering by Sir Walter Scott, music by Sir Henry Bishop, for male voices only, and a charming setting of Tennyson's lines "Break, break, break, on thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!" by Macfarren, will also be amongst the attractions offered at the first concert.

We hope the scheme of the Toronto Vocal Society may meet with the success it deserves, and gain the suffrages of the public in the vacancy it hopes and aims to fill.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE HISTORY OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE IN TUDOR TIMES. By Ernest Law, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: George Bell and Sons.

In this handsome volume Mr. Law (brother to Commander F. C. Law, R.N., of this city,) tells the story of the great architectural monument of Hampton Court Palace, from its erection by the last great English builder, the Great Cardinal, to the end of the reign of Elizabeth. In a subsequent volume we are promised the continuation and conclusion of the annals, a design in which we hope the author will persevere; for his book is one of the pleasantest and most instructive ones that the history of that period can be studied in. In describing the home life of Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. Law brings us into intimate relation with this great personality that raised England from a third rate Power to become, while he lived at least, the arbiter of Europe. It was in his foreign policy that the Great Cardinal's splendid genius was shown; and it is in the private magnificence of which Hampton Court Palace is the monument that we see an indication of the sources of his great success. This history of the Palace is full of gossip details of home life, which throw a strong light on the characters and motives of the great personages who from time to time stayed there—a private view of their inner life almost lost in the ordinary histories. And whatever notion one has formed, for instance, of the character of Henry VIII. or Elizabeth from their public acts, or the acts done by great statesmen in their names, will, if not true to fact, be speedily set right by stepping into their homes at Hampton Court with our author. The story is an artistically constructed continuous narrative, in which historical personages continually appear in a life-like and most interesting way: a book to be kept ready at hand, and read—and re-read—when one's mind needs expanding. Wearied and shrunken by the mean surroundings of everyday life, here in a moment we may take part in more than royal magnificence and princely banquetting and processions—contrasted however with the effects of the feuds of princes: a sad story of splendour and of the blackest ingratitude, more touching because truer than fiction: a book which fills one in a moment with that inexpressible feeling of awe and reverence experienced in the presence of monuments of antiquity, of memorials of the mighty dead. The volume is dedicated, by permission, to the Queen. It is illustrated with 130 autotypes, etchings, maps, and plans; among the autotypes being portraits of Wolsey, Henry VIII., his Queens, Edward VI., Mary, Philip II., and several of Elizabeth. The author has elsewhere written about Hampton Court; and in the present volume he shows great research, skill, and discrimination in presenting facts that are interesting. The work emphatically fills a place in historical literature: it is scholarly and dignified, yet genial in tone, and is written with excellent literary taste. It is presented, too, in a worthy dress of superfine paper, printed in large clear type: altogether a handsome volume.

THE EPIC SONGS OF RUSSIA. By Isabel Florence Hapgood. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Standard Publishing Company.

It is only within the past quarter of a century that the discovery has been made that Russia possesses a national literature not excelled by the finest in western Europe. The rythmical story of the deeds of western heroes was committed to writing in the Middle Ages, and are known to the modern world only in that form, their memory having completely died

out among the people. But in parts of Russia the epic songs sung a thousand years ago are still sung by the people, transmitted in the ancient form by oral tradition for ten centuries and carried by the people from the original seat of the Russian nation into the swamps and forests of Northern Russia as the march of civilization drove them back or passed them by. Several partial collections of such songs have been made, but it was only in 1861-2 that the publication of two volumes by Petr N. Rybnikoff brought to the knowledge of the Russian public that such songs existed, and the collection at once aroused attention, enthusiasm, amazement, and even incredulity. But liberty and loneliness had, it was found, really caused the preservation of epic poetry in those remote districts, long after its disappearance from other parts of Russia. In those districts agriculture does not flourish; the singers come almost entirely from the ranks of the tailors, shoemakers, and netmakers. The people had never been subject to serfdom and had never lost the ideal of free power; and thus it came about that, the condition of these forest fastnesses being the same as in epic times (education is almost unknown), faith in antiquity and marvels continued to prevail, and the deeds of the national heroes continued to be celebrated in these ancient rhapsodies. Miss Hapgood's translation includes the most important of them. Many versions exist, some mere fragments, others made immoderately long by repetitions and multiplication of details; and a literal translation was impossible. Eclecticism, however, was the solution of the difficulty; and the style was preserved as nearly as possible, the action being deemed sufficiently rapid to sustain the old-fashioned language. In result we have this very handsomely printed volume, containing thirty songs of the older class, all which were already in existence in the tenth and eleventh centuries. Of Miss Hapgood's work we cannot speak too high praise: that lady has a profound knowledge of the Russian language; and her English is classic, pure, and simple, appropriately expressing the poetic thought of a primitive people of deep pathetic earnestness.

ANNA KARÉNINA. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Natan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

This is a masterpiece of fiction, and, though dealing with a delicate subject, a profoundly moral book, as might, however, be expected from the author of "My Religion." The heroine, whose name is on the title page, a woman of great natural talent, falls from wifehood in consequence of an ill-assorted marriage; and the story exhibits the inevitable consequences of a transgression of virtue; inevitable always, for if they could have been avoided she might have done it. But not her native loveliness of character, the efforts of her husband, nor the remorse of her lover, could save her; and the change that takes place within her, her helplessness to rise, is the Rhadamanthine penalty imposed by Heaven on all who yield to unlawful love. The character is evidently from the hands of a master; from whose hands only could come, too, the picture the book contains of life in that portentous country, Russia, the society of St. Petersburg and Moscow, the soldier, the diplomat, the man of the world; and in the provinces, the peasantry, with their folk-songs and folk-lore. Russia is a land of great things; and great novelists are seemingly to be among them. Tolstoi is a Russian George Eliot in power of insight and analysis of character. We may know Russia and Russian society more from this one book than from volumes of description or history. The book, a very rare thing with Russian books, is excellently translated into idiomatic English.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Vol. I., Abbott—Arnold. Vol. II., Arthur—Boiardo. New York: John B. Alden.

In these volumes we have one of the best, and certainly the cheapest, work of the kind we have ever seen. It contains biographical notices, criticisms, and specimens of the writings of every eminent author of all nations who has by his writings made a distinctive mark in the history of human culture and progress. In the case of foreign authors, the translations which have best caught the spirit of the original have been chosen. The literature of our day holds a very prominent place. The design of the Cyclopædia has for a long time been contemplated by the publisher, and the plan being now fully matured it will be pushed forward rapidly until completed, not, however, being so expanded as to render it too costly for the general public. The price is so moderate (sixty cents per volume) that it will be available to all; and when completed, it will be a most desirable addition to any library. So far as it has gone the collection is very full and complete, the two volumes containing notices of about one hundred and eighty authors, with nearly as many specimens of their works. The book is in a convenient form, printed in large, clear, readable type, neatly bound, with gilt top.

VOLTAIRE. By John Morley. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison.

This is the first of the series of books written by Mr. Morley to exhibit the moving causes of the French Revolution. It is the most comprehensive study of the life of Voltaire we have. Many will not accept the writer's estimate of Voltaire's services to the world in destroying the belief in the supernatural; but, taken with Carlyle's essay on the subject, a very accurate judgment may be obtained from this volume of that very extraordinary figure in history. For the rest, as a link in the series of pre-Revolution essays written in the clear, incisive English of Mr. Morley, this life of Voltaire should be studied by historical students. Mr. Morley gives a totally new interpretation of the meaning of Christianity, and substitutes the "happy chance of circumstances" for what Christians believe to be Divine Providence; but yet—Voltaire's work was necessary. It was a demolition by the touch of reason of an edifice in a ruinous state of decay. And, undoubtedly, as Mr. Morley holds, the marked improvement in the church and priesthood, which took place between the Regency and the Revolution, was due to the ideas Voltaire had helped so powerfully to spread.

Reason was exactly what Voltaire brought; too narrow, if we will, too contentious, too derisive, too unmitigatedly reasonable, but still reason. And who shall measure the consequences of this difference on the history of two great nations: that in France absolutism in church and state fell before the sinewy genius of stark reason, while in England it fell before a respect for social convenience, protesting against monopolies, benevolences, ship-money? that in France speculation had penetrated over the whole field of social inquiry, before a single step had been taken towards application, while in England social principles were applied, before they received any kind of speculative vindication? that in France the first effective enemy of the principles of despotism was Voltaire, poet, philosopher, historian, critic; in England, a band of homely squires?

LIFE AND LABOURS OF REV. R. A. FYFE, D.D. By Prof. J. E. Wells, M.A. Toronto: 123 Rose Avenue.

In this volume Prof. Wells, for many years one of Dr. Fyfe's colleagues, tells, in a genial fashion, the story of his friend's life and labours, in early times, and of late as Principal of Woodstock College. It is the biography of an earnest, muscular Christian, from whose example Christians of other denominations than the Baptist may greatly profit. We cannot approve of all he did and said:—

The history of his early years of active life in Canada is to a considerable extent a history of the great struggles for religious liberty and denominational equality in which he and other Baptists were amongst the foremost fighters. The inequalities connected with the Clergy Reserves, the Endowment of the Rectories, and the attempts to sectarianize King's College—now the University of Toronto—were by few, perhaps we might say by none, more trenchantly laid bare, or more persistently opposed, than by him and his Baptist compeers, and to them belong many of the laurels of the hard won victories. The story, again, of the latter half of his active life is essentially the history of the Woodstock Institute, and of Baptist ministerial education in Ontario and Quebec.

But Dr. Fyfe was unquestionably a man of commanding ability, and has left his mark on the religious history of the country. The Baptist Society especially owe Prof. Wells a debt of gratitude for the task he has undertaken and done so well. His work—evidently a labour of love—is conscientious and appreciative of the many good qualities of his subject; and it deserves to be widely read.

POETRY AS A REPRESENTATIVE ART. By George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The useful purpose of this essay is to clearly define the principles of expression in poetry: it is in fact a scientific treatment of the construction of poetry, which some may indeed think to be in places hypercritical, but from which certainly no one can fail to gather many useful and suggestive ideas, and perhaps the materials for forming a just estimate of the merits of poetry. The author's consideration of the subject is very exhaustive. He has some criticism of poets' lapses which, as we have hinted may be thought to be driven too far, for poetry must represent what is deepest and highest in us, without respect to pedantic rules; but apart from this the book is full of valuable information. It is, as we note, one of a series of essays intended to present the distinction between nature and art, between the useful and the æsthetic. This beginning contains a vast amount of instructive and suggestive reading, with copious illustrations from the poets; and it may be studied with profit by all interested, as all should be, in poetical composition or criticism, elocution, music, and the expression of thought or feeling.

Poetry is itself a thing of God—
He made his prophets poets, and the more
We feel of poetry, do we become
Like God in love and power.

DIDEROT AND THE ENCYCLOPÆDISTS. By John Morley. 2 Vols. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

"Diderot" seems to us decidedly the most interesting of the series of Mr. Morley's works, because less is commonly known about him than about Voltaire and Rousseau. Nor is it only Diderot's life that we get in these volumes: we get also a review of the Encyclopædia and accounts of the great works of Helvetius, Holbach, and Raynal. In no other English work will there be found either so comprehensive or so lively a picture of the great philosophic movement, of which the Encyclopædia was the embodiment and the engine. The writer's own opinions have become important since he now holds a seat in the British Cabinet, and as Secretary for Ireland is dealing with a revolution. There can be no doubt that his sympathies are strongly with the Revolutionary School in France; he seems even to regard Jacobinism and the Terror with complacency as purifying agencies; as though the system of government could not have been reformed without turning the country into a Bedlam and a slaughter-house. He speaks of the smoke of the flaming chateaux as "going up like a savoury and righteous sacrifice to the heavens." This is rather ominous language for a politician who is dealing with Irish "chateaux."

A TALE OF A LONELY PARISH. By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mr. Crawford's latest book is a pleasant piece of work. The first half is like a murmuring smooth-flowing stream, which is broken suddenly by a roaring fall, at once arousing the reader's utmost attention. Startling and highly dramatic is this interruption of the narrative, for the particulars of which, however, we must refer our readers to the book itself. From the point where it occurs, the interest never flags, and we much mistake if the reader will leave the book till he has solved the mystery of Mrs. Goddard, the heroine, a widow, yet not a widow, as is seen when an escaped convict is brought to bay and escapes a second time by dying. The scene of the story is laid in an English village, and the reader has pleasant entertainment in following the actions of the other characters—Squire Juxon; his Russian bloodhound, Stamboul; Nelly, Mrs. Goddard's daughter; the Rev. Augustin Ambrose, his wife, and pupil John; which pupil John falls in love with Mrs. Goddard, but finally marries her daughter, while Squire Juxon marries the mother. But the book is one that must be read. It is of a quite different manner from the author's former books, and fully displays his many-sided talent as a novelist.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. IV., Bottomley—Browell. New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The sixth volume of this great work, which fully maintains its high character, brings it down to William Browell. In it are several of England's principal worthies: Charlotte Brontë, Lord Brougham, David Brewster find themselves in company with Matthew Boulter, partner of Watt in perfecting the steam engine; George Bradshaw, the inventor of Bradshaw's Guide; Alderman John Boydell, whose illustrated Shakespeare was the first great undertaking of the kind by an English artist; Baron Berners, first translator of *Froissart* into English; R. Boyle, the philosopher; James Bradley, the astronomer; Mrs. Bracegirdle and John Braham of the dramatic and lyric stage; James Boswell, of Johnsonian fame, and a host of other lights, among whom, of special interest to Canadians, is General Sir Isaac Brock.

BACKLOG STUDIES. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

If we were to see Mr. Charles Dudley Warner in the flesh, we should probably find him a very different sort of man from Charles Lamb. We should very likely find him a highly cultivated man of the world, shrewd, practical and distinguished by conversational alacrity and tact. Yet he has more perhaps than any other among our present writers of the charm of Lamb, though there lurks beneath his playfulness more of serious meaning and instruction. His "Backlog Studies" in the Riverside Aldine Series is a delightful companion for a quiet hour.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

The April number of this solid, thoughtful, and progressive monthly is especially good. The principal papers discuss subjects of more than merely speculative or dialectic interest. "The Spiritual Problem of the Manufacturing Town" is well worth perusal, and will induce profitable reflection. The present number fully sustains the high standard to which the *Andover* has attained.

BUZ; OR, THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A HONEY BEE. By Maurice Noel. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

In this delightful child's book the author conveys through the medium of a story—being the biography of a bee, or rather of two, for Buz's friend, Hum, is also a prominent character—some of the chief facts in apiculture familiar to bee-keepers. His object has been to awake an interest on the subject rather than to attempt instruction; and he has succeeded, not however only in making his work interesting, but also very instructive. We can imagine no better book to place in the hands of children, or to read to them, for the purpose of arousing curiosity about those ever interesting creatures—bees; and moreover this satisfies that curious feeling of interest which older people usually feel on the same subject. The story besides is pleasantly told and handsomely presented, as to paper, print, and binding.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK. 1886. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Having reached its twenty-third yearly issue, the "Statesman's Year Book" needs no extended notice of its distinctive features. The issue for the present year has been enlarged by additions and improvements to the extent of thirty pages. New articles have been inserted on the Congo Free State, the Straits Settlements, and the Fiji Islands; and among those that have had special revision are France, Great Britain, Russia, Japan, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, Mexico, and Brazil. The section relating to the British Colonial Possessions has been rearranged and additional statistics added; and it is now very full in this, which is to us a most important department. Altogether the "Year Book" is a manual of great excellence, and should be in the hands of every one having to do with public affairs, whether as statesman, legislator, or journalist.

THE MILL MYSTERY. By Anna Katharine Green. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

"The Mill Mystery" is the latest of Miss Green's books of mystery. It is highly sensational, opening with a mysterious death, which in the end turns out to be—but we must not divulge the secret. The story is skillfully constructed, as may be seen by the difficulty one has in imagining how it ends. A story that so baffles the most experienced novel reader is something out of the common. The "Mill Mystery" is an excellent example of those brain-diverting books, which by arousing unusual attention answers the purpose of relaxation from mental labour; yet we wish she would try another line of writing. With her power of stirring the intellectual faculties, she would unquestionably succeed. The "Knickerbocker Novels," of which this is one, is a very handy series, printed in large, clear, readable type and well bound.

CANADIAN ARCHAEOLOGY. An Essay. By William Kingsford. Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This essay is a valuable contribution to Canadian history. Its aim is to place in an accessible form information scattered over many volumes, journals, and manuscripts. It contains a full account of the Department of Archives at Ottawa—a department by which the study of Canadian history must be greatly facilitated—and, besides this, its 105 pages with a most useful index—is full of the materials of the history of the country, which are briefly discussed, illustrated by documentary evidence, and where doubtful the doubt is, if possible, removed. Mr. Kingsford justly says that most of the history of Canada should be rewritten: when this is done, his book will be an invaluable aid to the historian.

THE LIFE OF A PRIG. By One. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

From the fact that this edition is from the second English one, which has been noticed very favourably by the English Press, this little volume appears to have had great success in England. It is but a sketch, showing, however, in an admirable satire the evolution of an Oxford man, with a gigantic intellect but very little common-sense, through advanced Ritualism (he is avoided by the Roman Catholics) and all the chief religions of the East to Agnosticism. Here he rests, becomes a tutor, and meeting a young lady kindred-spirit, also an Agnostic, marries her. There is considerable humour displayed in the development of the hero's character.

A DESPERATE CHANCE. By J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This story—"from the journal of John Brewerton Dalton, Surgeon in the U. S. Navy"—is a most absorbing tale of mystery and the sea. The scenes are laid in Toulon and Paris, where we are introduced to the

mysteries of Marion Darlington's life, from these the reader goes on an eventful voyage in the *Halcyon*, ending in a wreck with lives lost and lives saved. From first page to last the interest is kept up to a high pitch. We hope Mr. Kelley will return to the sea, and give us more of this: he writes in a terse style with all the verve of a French writer.

A most attractive Easter card has been issued by Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company, of New York. The design is a Maltese Cross, simple and chaste, and is entirely appropriate to the season.

MUSIC.

MAY GOD PRESERVE THEE, CANADA. By R. S. Ambrose. Toronto: I. Suckling and Sons.

An earnest, patriotic song and chorus; words and music good; should be in every home and every school in the Dominion.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS. Mozart. Arranged by G. Couture. Toronto: I. Suckling and Sons.

Fine bass solo and chorus in F. The paper and printing of these two pieces are so good and the prices so low, 6cts. and 10cts. respectively, that they ought to have a good sale.

We have received also the following publications:—

ART INTERCHANGE. April 10. New York: 37-39 West 22nd Street.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY STUDIES. Fourth Series, IV. PENNSYLVANIA BOROUGHS. By William P. Holcomb. Baltimore: N. Murray.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. May. New York.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. May. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. April 17. Boston: Littell and Company.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDWIN A. ABBEY'S fascinating illustrations for "She Stoops to Conquer" continue in the May *Harper's*, with four drawings in the first part of Act V.

"OUTING" had to print a second edition of the April Number (5,000 copies additional), owing to the demand created by the article of E. S. Jaffray, on American Steam Yachting. This article has drawings by the celebrated Marine Artist, Cozzens, of all our famous steam yachts from Jay Gould's to the *Namouna's* steam launch.

AN English lady, a Miss M. A. Brown, has patented a new idea for effecting advertisements in books. It consists of an envelope attached to the boards of the volume and containing a sheet of advertisements. The patentee anticipates that the adoption of the plan will "cover the expense of publication, and free authors from the censorship of publishers." The plan should be set before the Society of British Authors at once.

LOVERS of nature will find a choice morsel in the article "Sap Bewitched," by W. H. Gibson, in the May *Harper's*, beautifully illustrated by the author. Mr. Gibson's poetic fancy gives this title to a description of the strange swellings, commonly known as galls, which occur in surprising variety on nearly all plants and trees. Many accurate facts of original observation are woven together with occasional touches of imagery in a style worthy of Thoreau.

WITH the coming May number the *Magazine of American History* enters upon its fourth year under its present able editorial management. Through the judicious broadening of its scope and the substantial value and varied interest of its contents, appealing alike to the student and the general reader, it has achieved a greater marvel in the way of success than that of any other periodical of its character in the world. This speaks well for American scholarship, and the rapidly growing popular desire for historical information.

THE Putnams are making a great success with their series, "The Story of the Nations," and they have in hand volumes by a very large number of distinguished writers, among whom are: Professor George Rawlinson, Hon. S. E. W. Benjamin, Professor H. H. Boyesen, Professor Alfred J. Church, Charlton T. Lewis, Sarah Orne Jewett, Arthur Gilman, E. E. and Susan Hale, who will write of Spain; Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Stanley Lane Poole, Professor A. Vanberg, W. L. Alden, Helen Zimmern and Professor J. P. Mahaffy.

MR. BRAYTON IVES, formerly president of the New York Stock Exchange, and well known as a collector of books, has written a preface for the American edition of Mr. George Rae's work, "The Country Banker; His Clients, Cares, and Work," which Messrs. Scribner will issue at once. Since the publication of Mr. Walter Bagehot's "Lombard Street," no book on banking has appeared which has attracted so much attention. Already the volume has run through five editions in London. As Mr. Bagehot's book pictured the life and cares of the city banker, Mr. Rae's describes the not less interesting life of the country banker. The narrative is always interesting, there is not a dull chapter in the book.

WILLIAM E. BENJAMIN, N.Y., will shortly publish "Thackeray as an Artist," by James Schönberg,—an interesting monograph, dealing with the subject in a lucid and comprehensive manner, enriched by four humorous verses in Thackeray's happiest vein, and with seven characteristic drawings, all by the hand of Thackeray himself. To collectors and all who are interested in the great writer, the book is especially attractive, because the drawings and the verses have never before been published. The plates are faithful *fac-similes* from the originals in the possession of the publisher. In general style and appearance the volume closely resembles the quaint form in which Mr. Thackeray's *Christmas Books* originally appeared.

THERE is a great rage in London at the present moment for publishing standard books in the cheapest possible form. The volumes in the "National Library," issued by Cassell, and the "World's Library," published by the Routledges, are sold to the bookseller for twopence each, and neither firm claims to make money on the books. Notwithstanding the already abundant supply, Messrs. Ward and Lock, the publishers of many excellent novels, are about to issue a "Popular Library," in which not only the best English, but also the best American, books are to be printed. In this series English readers will soon have Longfellow's "Voices of the Night" and "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and Emerson's "Representative Men" in threepenny volumes.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER'S brochure on "Mary Anderson as an Actress," will be followed by similar books treating of Lawrence Barrett and Ellen Terry. The book on Miss Anderson will be published within a week or two.

THE series of pictures announced long ago, "The London Season," by Mr. George Du Maurier, will appear in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*. The frontispiece to that issue will be an engraving from Mr. Edward Armitage's painting, "Faith." Mr. R. F. Zogbaum will contribute a sprightly military paper, entitled "With the Bluecoats on the Border," illustrated by himself, and Mr. Hamilton Gibson will write of a phase of nature under the caption "Sap-Be-witched," and, as usual, will illustrate his own lines. In the June *Harper* Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's article on literary New York will appear, with portraits of Mr. Stedman, Mr. Gilder, the editor of the *Century*, Brander Matthews, Laurence Hutton, Mr. Boyesen, and several other local literary lights.

THE number of *The Living Age* for April 10th and 17th contain "The Relations of History and Geography," by James Bryce, and Newman and Arnold, *Contemporary*; "About Kensington Gore," and "The Rosettis," *Fortnightly*; "In French Prison," by Prince Kropotkin, *Nineteenth Century*; "Ireland under her own Parliament," *National Review*; "Musings without Methods," *Blackwood*; "A Pilgrimage to Sinai," *Leisure Hour*; "Reminiscences of my Later Life," by Mary Howitt, *Good Words*; "Jewish Folk-Medicine," *Spectator*; "Lying as a Fine Art," *Saturday Review*; "Dutch Skating Grounds," *St. James's Gazette*; "Queen Victoria's Keys," *Chambers*; "Of the Writing of Letters," "All the Year Round"; "Indian Death Customs," *Knowledge*; with instalments of "Ambrose Malet," "The Haunted Jungle," and "The Light at the Farmhouse," and poetry.

IN a few days the Harpers will publish a delightful book of reminiscences of a lady well known in the fashionable circles of old New York. The volume will appear under the title, "Memoirs of Mrs. Edward Livingston." Mrs. Livingston was a Frenchwoman, but was born on one of the West India Islands. Her husband, it will be remembered, was once Secretary of State, and later Minister to France, where his wife opened a charming *salon*. Mrs. Livingston's career was full of interesting events. She was in New Orleans at the time of the Battle of New Orleans, and her papers give a vivid picture of the siege and the condition of public feeling. During her long residence in Washington she met most of the public men of her day, and records many interesting recollections and impressions. The book has been prepared by her grandniece, Louise Livingston Hunt, who lives at the old Livingston mansion at Barrytown, on the Hudson.

IN November last Messrs. L. Prang and Company announced a series of prizes for Essays on Christmas Cards, to be competed for by ladies only. The essays were to touch on the social and educational character of Christmas cards; on the questions of what are the qualifications of an ideal Christmas card, and how near do Prang's Christmas cards in general, and the prize cards in particular, come up to this ideal. Of between five hundred and six hundred essayists the following reaped the awards:—Prizes for Essays in Class I. (to lady contributors of the age of eighteen years and over)—I. \$200 to Miss Janet H. McKelvey, Sandusky, Ohio; II. \$100 to Miss Helen Gray Cone, Morrisania, N. Y.; III. \$50 to Miss Grace A. Ingalls, Newark, N. J. Prizes for Essays in Class II. (to lady contributors below the age of eighteen years)—I. \$100 to Miss Mabel E. Wade, De Peyster, N. Y.; II. \$50 to Miss Olive Boggess, Catlin, Ill.; III. \$25 to Miss Emma Hayes, Columbia, Mo. It is expected that the future Christmas card will show evidence of the criticism and the wishes which no doubt have been embodied in these essays.

THE publication of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's books in this country have always been undertaken by American firms with curious caution. Messrs. Roberts Bros., who will issue the author's "Prince Otto" in a few days, have had the sheets of the book in their safe for more than five months, debating whether it would be worth while to print the book in this country, though last November they paid a large sum for the advance sheets. Apparently the success of Mr. Stevenson's "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," of which more than 25,000 copies have been sold in this country (a larger number than were disposed of in England by the way), decided Messrs. Roberts to put forth "Prince Otto" in an American edition. Notwithstanding the author's remarkable popularity in America, his "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" and "Virginibus Puerisque," two of his most delightful books, have never found an American publisher. The Scribners have "Kidnapped," his new story for boys, in press. We are glad to hear that Mr. Stevenson is regaining his health, though the process is extremely slow. Notwithstanding his illness he contrives to keep up his correspondence, and to do some literary work daily at his home, Skerryvore, Bournemouth, England. He has many visitors, mostly literary friends, who come from London, among whom Sir Percy Shelley is, perhaps, the most constant.

AN extremely interesting book, by Mr. Q. A. Farini, the great English showman, will be issued during this month, simultaneously with its appearance abroad, for advance sheets of which we are indebted to the American publishers, Messrs. Scribner and Welford. It records the experiences of the author's party in a journey through what has always been known as the Kalahari Desert of South Africa, but which has now been proven to be not a desert but a country of grass covered plains, fertile savannas and forests teeming with game of all sorts, and, in brief, a hunter's very paradise. Mr. Farini's fellow traveller was that mysterious person known in England and America as Lulu, "the female acrobat," who was shot from a cannon's mouth and did many feats of daring; he has now retired from the stage and the circus ring, and follows the less exciting profession of portrait painter and photographer. The book shows "Lulu," whose real personality has never been divulged, to be a very clever and energetic explorer, untiring in his zeal for securing photographs, in which his acrobatic accomplishments stood him in good stead, and by means of which he was able to secure views from points entirely beyond the reach of others of the party. A very large number of the best of the photographs are reproduced in the book. The expedition was suggested by the story told by a party of Earthmen from Kalahari, who had been imported by Mr. Farini, and who were accompanied by an old half-breed hunter—Kert by name—who, having acquired a smattering of their language, which bears a strong resemblance to that of the Bushmen, acted as interpreter. This Kert proved to be a wonderfully valuable guide. He was very faithful, and took the party safely through a land seldom penetrated by Englishmen. The journey was made exciting, even beyond the usual interest which attends the exploration of a wild country, by the discovery of what promised to be prolific diamond fields. Kert had years before found a very large stone near the Kalahari Desert, and it was proposed that the party should investigate the subject; but, though some signs were found of the presence of diamonds, the work was attended with so much danger and difficulty that the amateur diamond hunters abandoned the search. Aside from the interest of the volume as a record of travel, Mr. Farini makes some new and very important contributions to science in describing the flora, reptiles, insects, birds, mammalia and the geology of Kalahari and South Africa.

THE AGE OF REASON.

15 Reasons Why You Should Insure IN THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

1. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY offer to the insurer the choice of six classes, viz.: Ordinary Life, Endowment, Tontine, Semi-Tontine, Reduced Endowment and Commercial Policies.
2. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY keep well abreast of the times and thus meet the wants of the insuring public in every way that experience and caution recommend as desirable.
3. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY are noted for prompt payment of all just and approved claims upon maturity and satisfactory proof of death.
4. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY show a surplus on Policy-holders' account, over and above reserve and death-losses, of \$345,000.25.
5. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY'S uncalled Guarantee Fund amounts to \$240,000.00.
6. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY'S Assets for the security of Policy-holders equal \$242 for each \$100 of liability.
7. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY have deposited with the Dominion Government for the security of Policy-holders \$54,840.00.
8. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY have a large part of its assets invested in first mortgages on real estate.
9. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY did the largest amount of business in 1885 of any Home Company during the same year from its organization.
10. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, owing to its claims on public favour, wrote \$1,979,500.00 of new business last year.
11. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY show a Premium Income for the last year (its fifth) of \$35,766.00 larger than any other Canadian company during the same year of its existence.
12. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY is spoken of thus by Mr. W. T. Standen, the well-known N. Y. actuary: "It is an evidence of careful and conservative management, that you can point to such a handsome surplus at the end of your first quinquennial period. Having had occasion in my professional capacity to examine the reports of other Canadian Companies, I find that in volume of new insurances, amount at risk, premium income, and reserve held for the security of policy-holders, your Company is largely in excess of any of them during the same period in its history."
13. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE is a Home Company with all its assets invested in Canadian securities.
14. THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE'S policy contract, printed in clear large type, and simple language, is indisputable after three years from its date, and gives the holder thereof a gratuity and not a lawsuit.
15. IN THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY all holders of Participating Policies—are members of the Company and entitled to attend and take part in all meetings of the Company.

DIRECTORS.

HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, M.P., ex-Prime Minister of Canada, President.
HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS, M.P., and JNO. L. BLAIR, Esq., Can. Land Cred. Co., Vice-Presidents.
Hon. G. W. Allan, Senator; A. Desjardins, Esq., M.P., Montreal; Hon. D. A. Macdonald, ex-Lieut.-Gov. of Ontario; Andrew Robertson, Esq., Pres. Montreal Harbour Trust; L. W. Smith, Esq., D. C. L., Pres. Building and Loan Ass'n; W. R. Meredith, Esq., Q.C., M.P.P., London; J. K. Kerr, Esq., Q.C. (Messrs. Kerr, Macdonald, Davidson and Paterson, Solicitors of the Co.); Jno. Morison, Esq., Gov't. Brit. Am. Fire Assurance Co.; E. A. Meredith, Esq., LL.D., Vice-Pres. Toronto Trusts' Corporation; A. H. Campbell, Esq., Pres. Brit. Can. Loan and Invest. Company; D. Mucrae, Esq., Manufacturer, Guelph; E. Gurney, Esq., Manufacturer; Wm. Bell, Esq., Organ Manufacturer, Guelph; J. N. Lake, Esq., President American Watch Case Co.; Edward Galley, Esq., Director Land Security Company; B. B. Hughes, Esq. (Messrs. Hughes Bros., Whol. Mer.); James Thorburn, M.D., Medical Director; James Scott, Esq., Merchant, Director Dominion Bank; Wm. Gordon, Esq., Toronto; H. H. Cook, Esq., M.P., Toronto; Robert Jaffray, Esq., Director Land Security Co.; W. McCabe, Esq., LL.B., F.I.A., Eng., Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE:

TORONTO ST., - TORONTO, ONT.

WM. McCABE,
Managing Director.

WILLIAMSON & CO.'S

LIST OF RECENT BOOKS.

- REMINISCENCES OF THE TWO RIEL REBELLIONS.
By Major Boulton, of Boulton's Scouts. Cr. 8vo, cloth. Map and illustrations. \$2.00.
- TECUMSEH: A HISTORICAL DRAMA.
By Charles Mair. Cr. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.
- CANADIAN ARCHÆOLOGY.
An Essay by Wm. Kingsford. Cloth, 75c.
- THE NORTH-WEST: ITS HISTORY AND ITS TROUBLES.
By G. Mercer Adam. With many portraits. Cloth, \$1.50.
- THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
A Handbook for Travellers. Four Maps and four Plans. \$1.75.
- CANADIAN PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION FOR 1885.
By J. A. Gemmill. Cloth, \$2.00.
- THE PRINCESS: A STUDY.
With Critical Notes by S. E. Dawson. Cloth net, \$1.00.
- SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.
Reminiscences of his Public Life. With a portrait. Cloth, \$1.00.
- AMIEL'S JOURNAL.
Translated. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Cloth, \$3.00.
- THE LAIRD OF LAG.
A Life Sketch of Life. By Lieut.-Col. Ferguson. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$5.00.
- THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.
Being chapters of the History of Rome. By the late Thomas Arnold, D.D. Cr. 8vo, 8 maps. \$3.00.
- ENGLISH PROSE STYLE.
Being Selections by George Saintsbury. Cr. 8vo, \$2.25.
- THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS.
Part II. S. Ignatius and S. Polycarp. By Bishop Lightfoot. 3 vols., 8vo, cloth, net, \$17.50.
- TYPES OF ETHICAL THEORY.
By James Martinon, D.D., LL.D. Second edition, revised. 2 vols. \$5.50.
- TIRESIAS, AND OTHER POEMS.
By Lord Tennyson. Cloth, \$1.75.
- LONDON OF TO-DAY.
An Illustrated Handbook for the Season. \$1.50.
- LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS.
By Andrew Lang. Cloth, \$1.20.
- ENGLISH HOME LIFE.
By Robert David Collier. \$1.20.
- THE LATE MRS. NULL.
A Novel. By Frank R. Stockton author of "Rudder Grange," etc. \$1.50.
- POPULAR GOVERNMENT.
Four important Essays. By Sir Henry Sumner Maine. \$3.25.
- ENGLAND: AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN BANKER.
Cr. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.
- THE STORY OF CHALDEA.
From the Earliest Times to the Rise of Assyria. Many illustrations. Cloth 8vo., \$1.75.
- CESAR BIROTTEAU.
A Novel. By Honore De Balzac. A new translation. Half leather, \$1.75.
- DIDEROT AND THE ENCYCLOPÆDISTS.
By John Morley. 2 vols., \$3.50.
- ROSSEAU.
By John Morley. 2 vols., \$3.50.
- VOLTAIRE.
By John Morley. 1 vol., \$1.75.
- ON COMPROMISE.
By John Morley. 1 vol., \$1.75.
- WOMEN OF THE DAY.
A Biographical Dictionary. Cr. 8vo, \$1.75.

5 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
**TORONTO &
LORNE PARK**

SUMMER RESORT COMPANY,
(LIMITED.)

Capital, - \$50,000,
IN 2,500 SHARES OF \$20 EACH.

No Subscription for Stock will be considered binding, and no call will be made until \$20,000 is subscribed, when 20 per cent. will be payable.

OBJECT.

This Company is to be formed for the purpose of acquiring the property known as Lorne Park, and making it a first-class summer resort.

The property consists of 75 acres of elevated woodland, and commands a splendid view of Lake Ontario. It is 14 miles from Toronto and 26 from Hamilton; it is equally accessible by rail or water, and is one of the healthiest places in Ontario. The G.T.R. track runs within 300 yards of the Park gate, and there is a substantial wharf on the lake front of the grounds. There is also a hotel on the premises, with 12 good bedrooms, large dining, ice cream and lunch rooms, kitchen and servant's apartments, bowling alley, ice-house, etc.; two open-air pavilions for the accommodation of picnics and other gatherings.

It is proposed to fit up the Hotel for the accommodation of summer boarders, and run it on the European plan, so that persons occupying cottages or tents on the grounds need not have the trouble of cooking their own meals, but pay for what they get.

NO INTOXICATING LIQUOR of any kind will be allowed to be sold on the Property, or on the Steamboats plying between the Park and the City.

Power will be asked for in the charter to own, or charter, and run one or more first-class steamboats, which will run to and from Toronto at regular hours daily through the season (Sundays excepted).

A morning and evening train service will also be arranged.

SHAREHOLDERS WILL BE ENTITLED TO TICKETS for themselves on the Steamer plying to the Park, at a reduction of thirty per cent. on the regular fares.

It is proposed to lay out 150 building lots of say 50x100 ft., which will be leased for a term of 99 years, with proper regulations as to style of building and occupancy. These lots to be put up at \$100 each; shareholders to have choice in order of their subscription.

Subscribers to the extent of \$500 of stock will be entitled to a building lot free.

Arrangements have been made for a supply of tents of all sizes, which will be supplied at cost, or rented at low rates to parties requiring them.

A proper system of water supply, drainage and lighting will be arranged for, and everything done in order to make this charming spot the most attractive of any picnic ground or summer resort in the vicinity of Toronto.

The stock book is now open, and plans of the grounds can be seen at my office,

27 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
P. M'INTYRE.



BOOKBINDING
In Every Style of the Art.

Magazines, Reviews, Illustrated Papers, Bibles, Illustrated and Picturesque Works, Law Books, Music, etc., bound in appropriate styles. Quality of work and moderation of charges sure to give satisfaction.

Price List on Application.
Established 30 years.

BROWN BROS.
66 & 68 King St. E., Toronto.

CATARRH
CATARRHAL DEAFNESS
A HAY FEVER
NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and Eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these diseases are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A descriptive pamphlet is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. DIXON & SON, 303 1/2 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

CHEESE
— AND —
FINE GROCERIES.

I. E. KINGSBURY,
Grocer & Importer,
13 KING ST. EAST.
Telephone 571.

DAWES & CO.,
BREWERS AND MALTSTERS,
LACHINE, - P. Q.
OFFICES:
521 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.
20 BUCKINGHAM ST., HALIFAX.
383 WELLINGTON ST., OTTAWA.

TODD & CO., Successors to
QUETTON ST. GEORGE
& CO.,
WINE MERCHANTS.

PORTS,
SHERRIES,
CHAMPAGNES,
WHISKIES,
BRANDIES,
LIQUEURS.

Orders by Letter or Telephone promptly attended to.
16 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
DRS. STARKEY AND PALEN
COMPOUND OXYGEN
NOT A DRUG

1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa
CANADA DEPOSITORY:
E. W. D. KING, 58 Church St., TORONTO

No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen gentine which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it.
A WELL-TRIED TREATMENT
For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.
Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on application to E. W. D. King, 58 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

J. BLIZARD & CO.
(Successors to Robert Marshall).
TOYS, GAMES, FANCY GOODS,
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
MAGAZINES, ETC.
49 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

SPECIALTIES:
Toy Furniture, High Class Dolls, Skin Horses, Miniature Pool and Billiard Tables, and all the latest novelties in imported toys.
AID FOR THE
Loyalists of Ireland.

In pursuance of the resolutions passed at the great public meeting held in Toronto on March 8th, the Committee of the Loyal and Patriotic Union appeals to all who are true to the Mother Country and the Union, without distinction of party or race, for subscriptions in aid of the Loyal and Unionist cause in Ireland. The treasurers of the fund are: Rev. Dr. John Potts, 33 Elm Street, Toronto; Rev. Dr. Joseph Wild, 175 Jarvis Street, Toronto; Rev. Prof. William Clark, Trinity College, Toronto; E. F. Clarke, Esq., 33 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. By any one of these gentlemen or at the Bank of Toronto subscriptions will be received. All subscriptions of whatever amount will be welcomed as proofs of good-will to the cause, and will be severally acknowledged. Friends of the cause throughout the country are invited to organize in their own localities for the purpose of collecting subscriptions.
GOLDWIN SMITH, JAS. L. HUGHES,
Chairman. Secretary.
March 15, 1886.

WOOD
ENGRAVING
CORONTO ENGRAVING CO
(BRIDEN & BEALE)

MADRE E' HIJO
CIGARS.

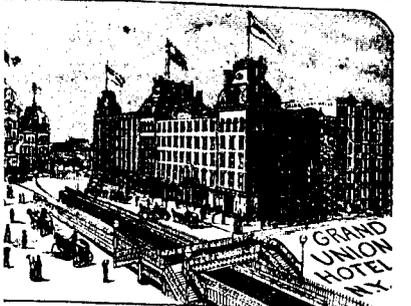
Exceptionally Fine
— TRY THEM —
S. DAVIS & SON'S
NEW BRAND.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
O. B. SHEPPARD, Manager.
For the week commencing Monday, April 26th—
Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
Royal Grenadiers' Annual Theatricals.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
COAL AND WOOD.
HEAD OFFICE:
20 KING STREET WEST.
BRANCH OFFICES:
413 Yonge Street. 769 Yonge Street.
552 Queen Street West.
YARDS AND BRANCH OFFICES:
Esplanade East, near Berkeley St.; Esplanade, foot of Princess St.; Bathurst St., nearly opposite Front St.

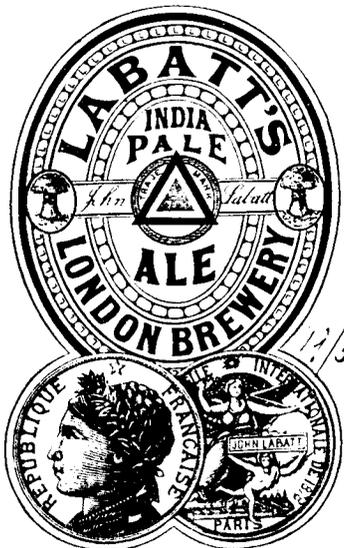
MESSRS.
O'KEEFE & CO.
BREWERS & MALTSTERS,
TORONTO, ONT.

SPECIALTIES—
ENGLISH HOPPED ALE
In wood and bottle, warranted equal to best BURTON brands.
XXXX PORTER
Warranted equal to Guinness' Dublin Stout and superior to any brewed in this country
CANADIAN, AMERICAN, AND BAVARIAN HOPPED ALES AND PORTER.

Our "**PILSENER**" LAGER has been before the public for several years and we feel confident that it is quite up to the best produced in the United States, where ale and lager are fast becoming the true temperance beverages; a fact, however, which some cranks in Canada have up to the present failed to discover.
O'KEEFE & CO.



GRAND UNION HOTEL,
Opposite Grand Central Depot,
NEW YORK CITY.
IMPORTANT:
When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and \$3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.
613 Elegant Rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the GRAND UNION HOTEL than at any other first-class hotel in the city.



Received the Highest Awards for Purity and Excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Australia, 1877, and Paris, 1878.

Prof. H. H. Croft, Public Analyst, Toronto, says:—"I find it to be perfectly sound, containing no impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior malt liquor."
John B. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry, Montreal, says:—"I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops."

JOHN LABATT, LONDON, Ont.

I GURE FITS!

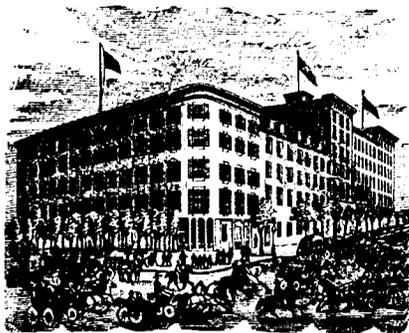
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of PILES, EPHELYS or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I was my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others were failing to reason for not now receiving a cure. Send for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROY, Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

The Cosgrave
Brewing and
Malting Co.'s

CELEBRATED

PALE ALES
AND
EXTRA STOUTS.

AWARDED MEDALS AT
PHILADELPHIA, - 1876.
PARIS, - - - - - 1878.
ANTWERP, - - - - 1885



WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

This well-known and favourably located Hotel at the Great Winter Resort of the Country is First-class in all its appointments. A description of the Hotel with a brief guide to the city will be sent on application. Board by the month according to location of rooms.—O. G. STAPLES, Proprietor (late of the Thousand Island House).

JOHN KAY,

In announcing his Spring Importations, has much pleasure in stating that they are greatly on the increase. In no former season has he been able to show such a quantity of Novelties in every Department. One feature, not only in the Carpet but other Departments, is that the greater portion of the styles and class of goods are not to be found anywhere else in Ontario.

HIS VICTORIAN AND OTHER AXMINSTERS are very grand and rich in colourings and designs.

WILTONS, in extra five and six frames, for Rooms, Halls and Stairs, in great variety.

VELVET CARPETS, in Queen and Crown qualities, are very handsome and not expensive.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.—The **Dacca Brussels**, manufactured specially for this establishment, is more than double the weight of a five-frame carpet, being of a curious complex twist of heavy Saxony yarn. The **Double Royal and Royal Broderie Brussels** will be found in a much greater variety than heretofore. Five-frame Brussels, the largest assortment of new designs ever shown; a large lot of these goods will be sold for \$1.10 cash. The Five-frame Brussels at 95c. cash is the best value in the trade. Cheap wear and in great demand.

TAPESTRY CARPETS, from the lowest grade to the best goods manufactured. The 30c., 42½c., 47c., 65c. and 75c. are not surpassed in style or value anywhere.

KIDDERMINSTER CARPETS, in fine new patterns. The leading 75c. cloth. New patterns in a few days.

Art squares, in Union and All-wool, all sizes. Velvet Carpets, woven in one peace, all sizes. In artistic designs and colourings.

A choice selection of Rugs in Smyrna, Tanjore, Mecca, Motto, Benares and Daghestan, all sizes. Fur, Goat and Sheepskin Rugs and Mats.

LINOLEUMS, in all grades, from 60c. to \$2 per square yard.

Oilcloths, 24 feet wide, in all qualities. Napier and Cocoa Matting, Mats, etc.

China Matting, in the new Damask Jointless Cloth. New fancy patterns, and plain, from 20c. up. Excellent value and much in demand for summer. 59 bales just received.

CHURCH CARPETS A SPECIALTY, in best All-wool Tapestry and Brussels.

DEPOT OF THE AURORA CARPET SWEEPER.

Wholesale and Retail.

JOHN KAY, 34 KING STREET WEST, - - TORONTO.

THE CANADIAN GAZETTE.

EVERY THURSDAY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INFORMATION AND COMMENT UPON MATTERS OF USE AND INTEREST TO THOSE CONCERNED IN CANADA, CANADIAN EMIGRATION AND CANADIAN INVESTMENTS.

EDITED BY THOMAS SKINNER,

Compiler and Editor of "The Stock Exchange Year Book," "The Directory of Directors," "The London Banks," etc.

SUBSCRIPTION, 18s. PER ANNUM.

LONDON, ENGLAND: 1 ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, E. C.
Or MESSRS. DAWSON BROTHERS, MONTREAL

P. BURNS

MAKES A GREAT

REDUCTION IN HARD COAL!

AND WILL SELL THE

CELEBRATED SCRANTON COAL

SCREENED AND DELIVERED TO ANY PART OF THE CITY.

REMEMBER THIS IS THE ONLY RELIABLE COAL, FREE FROM DAMAGE BY FIRE.

All Coal guaranteed to weigh 2,000 pounds to the ton.

OFFICES AND YARDS—Corner Bathurst and Front Streets, and Yonge Street Wharf.

BRANCH OFFICES—51 King Street East, 534 Queen Street West, and 390 Yonge Street.

Telephone communication between all offices.



CATALOGUE FOR 1886

IS NOW READY, 2/52

Illustrating nearly a thousand different styles and patterns of Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and Silver Jewellery, Diamonds, Guns, Revolvers, Rifles, and Sporting Goods, and at lower prices than ever before offered to the public. If you want to save money send P. O. address for our

LARGE FREE CATALOGUE.

We have a large variety in new and elegant designs, set with **DIAMONDS, RUBIES, PEARLS**, and other precious stones, in

OUR OWN MAKE

And Manufactured in our establishment.



Shall be pleased to give estimates for any description or style of Jewellery to be made to order. All our goods are fully guaranteed to be the quality of gold stamped and marked with our initials thus, "C. S., 18 Kt."

IN SILVERWARE we have to-day the largest and most complete stock in the Dominion, all the latest designs and best quality made. **Manufacturer, Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer.**

CHAS. STARK,

52 CHURCH ST., TORONTO,

(Four doors north of King St.)

P.S.—When you send for goods or catalogue mention this paper.

MAY ATLANTIC,

Now ready, contains articles by

JOHN FISKE:—*Weakness of the United States Government under the Articles of Confederation.*

SARAH ORNE JEWETT:—*Mar-sh Rose-mary.*

W. J. STILLMAN:—*Memories of London.*

MAURICE THOMPSON:—*The Genesis of Bird-Mong.*

E. P. EVANS:—*The Aryan Homestead.* Continuations of Serial Stories by W. H. BISHOP, HENRY JAMES, CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

Poems by EDITH M. THOMAS, C. P. CRANCH, W. W. STORY, PAUL HERMES.

35 cents; \$1 a year.

NEW BOOKS.**ST. GREGORY'S GUEST, AND RECENT POEMS.**

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. 16mo, parchment, \$1.

Mr. Whittier has here collected the poems he has written since the publication of "The Bay of Seven Islands" in 1883.

SIGNS AND SEASONS.

By JOHN BURROUGHS, author of "Wake Robin," "Fresh Fields," etc. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.50.

CONTENTS: A Sharp Lookout; A Spray of Pine; Hard Fure; Tragedies of the Nests; A Snow Storm; A Taste of Maine Birch; Winter Neighbours; A Salt Breeze; Spring Rollah; A River View; Bird Enigmas; Phases of Farm Life; Roof-Trees.

A delightful book of out-door and domestic life.

CALIFORNIA.

From the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. A Study of American Character. Vol. VII. in series of American Commonwealths. By JOSIAH ROYCE, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Harvard College. With a fine Map. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.25.

Dr. Royce is a native Californian, is acquainted with the State as a citizen, and by very careful research he has collected in a single volume the curious and remarkably instructive facts which the unique history of California offers.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE.

By NATHANIEL HOLMES. New Edition, greatly enlarged. 2 vols. 12mo, gilt top \$4.

Judge Holmes is a firm believer in the theory that Lord Bacon wrote the plays which bear Shakespeare's name. His work on the subject is unquestionably the fullest and most worthy of attention of all the books ever written to prove this thesis.

HAMLET'S NOTE-BOOK.

By W. D. O'CONNOR. Crown 8vo, \$1.

An important contribution to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. It comprises a thorough-going and brilliant defence of Mrs. Poff's "Promus" against the attacks of Richard Grant White. Incidentally it has an entirely new and striking theory of the authorship and purpose of the Sonnets, and closes with a powerful parallel between the lives of Bacon and Shakespeare.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY.

Edited by G. LAURANCE GOMME, F. S. A. Vol. 5. ARCHAEOLOGY, GEOLOGICAL AND HISTORIC, 8vo, cloth, \$2.50; Roxburgh, printed on hand-made paper, \$3.50 net; Large paper Edition, Roxburgh (50 copies for America), printed on hand-made paper, \$6 net.

This volume deals with prehistoric and early historic archaeology, and records all the numerous burrow openings and other excavations which were reported to the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

A SACHEL GUIDE.

For the Vacation Tourist in Europe. Edition for 1886, revised with additions. A compact Itinerary of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, Germany and the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Austria and Italy. With Maps, Street-plans, etc. Roman, flexible, \$1.50 net.

The Sachel Guide is generally conceded, by those who have tried all European guide books, to be peculiarly accurate and judicious, giving in very compact form just the information desired by vacation tourists.

VOICES FOR THE SPEECHLESS.

Selections for Schools and Private Reading. Compiled by ABRAHAM FIRTH, lately Secretary of the American Humane Association. New Edition, enlarged, \$1.

This excellent little book is made up of short poems, stories, and essays largely from the writings of famous authors, and is admirably suited to promote kindness to animals.

ONE SUMMER.

By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD, author of "One Year Abroad," "Aulnay Tower," etc. New Popular Edition. With forty-three illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. 12mo, \$1.25.

For sale by all Booksellers. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,
Boston.

QUERIES,

A Monthly Review of Literary, Art, Scientific and General Educational Questions of the Day.

Terms \$1.00 a Year; Seven Copies for \$6.00; Single Copies, 10 Cents; Sample Copy Free.

CONDUCTED BY C. W. MOULTON.

During the short period of one year *QUERIES* has attained an unparalleled success, and the number of its readers at present is surpassed by few literary publications in America. It has met with cordial acceptance wherever introduced, and its interest and excellence has been generally acknowledged. Teachers, students, literary circles, and individual readers find it entertaining and instructive.

PRESS OPINIONS.

The success that has attended the publication of *QUERIES* is simply marvellous. It was started as an experiment, but in the short period of less than a year it has attained an immense circulation. Upon an examination of its contents the reason of its widespread popularity is obvious. Though the field is old, yet the conception of its culture is new and unique. The ability that marks its management commends it to scholars, educators, and all persons of a literary taste or turn. Its editorial paragraphs are fresh, strong and suggestive, evincing liberal culture and a facile pen. It richly merits the eminent success it has achieved. It affords another illustration of Buffalo enterprise.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate*.

It fills a peculiar field, and its numbers are of great value for reference. Aspiring, but poor book lovers, are afforded an opportunity of securing a library by this periodical in a manner at once instructive and entertaining.—*Portland Oregonian*.

The field occupied by this monthly is wide, covering almost everything within the range of human thought, and its influence as an educational factor is undoubtedly broad and useful.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Exceedingly helpful to the student and to the general reader.—*World Blade*.

It is one of the most valuable magazines published.—*Albany Press*.

Becoming better each month. Great progress in literary knowledge will be made by the readers of this interesting magazine. The question department is ably conducted, and is fast winning for the publication a national fame.—*Auburn Dispatch*.

Entertainingly readable publication of which one cannot turn the leaves without finding facts of interest and benefit.—*Congregationalist*.

Families of taste for improvement will do well to study up its questions each month and compare the results they reach with the answers given.—*St. Louis Christian Standard*.

The opening pages are full of pithy information and suggestions on all branches of literature. The questions and answers are interesting and instructive. The reviews, though brief, are carefully written. Every earnest student ought to subscribe to *QUERIES*.—*Montreal Star*.

It treats many important questions in a delightful way.—*Hartford Post*

It is a magazine that grows on one, and we predict that the person who reads one number will continue to read it.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

QUERIES covers a peculiar field, and covers it in an admirable manner. Its value as an educator is great.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

The typography presents a neat and pleasing appearance, while the literature is of high order.—*New York Star*.

Each number presents wholesome Editorials and Multum in Parvo; a Department of Questions and Answers, Prize Questions, and Questions of Judgment; Reviews, Notes and News; Open Congress; The Query Box; Recent Publications; The Editor's Table.

QUERIES has been indorsed in a practical manner by over five thousand teachers, and has been introduced as a supplementary text-book in one thousand schools.

The publication of *QUERIES* was begun in January, 1885. The earlier numbers are now out of print, but the publishers are prepared to furnish reprints of the Questions and Answers that appeared in those numbers. All communications should be addressed to—

C. L. Sherrill & Co., Publishers,
274 and 276 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

"An essay in the highest intellectual morality."

ANNA KARENINA

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

Translated from the Russian
by Nathan Haskell Dole.

Royal 12mo, 750 pages, \$1.75.

ANNA KARENINA

is one of the great novels of the world. It deals with questions which appeal to every man and woman. The young and beautiful wife of an influential official in St. Petersburg suddenly wakes to the fact that she passionately loves a young officer, and that her life with her husband—whom she married as a matter of convenience—has been a long lie. She struggles against the temptation, but at last she yields and goes away with her lover. Not even George Eliot paints with greater power the inexorableness of law. The happiness of the lovers at first is complete; but Anna is jealous and exacting from the very reason of the unstableness of her position, and the downward path is sure and terrible.

The story gives the most vivid picture of Russian life that has ever been painted; high society in Moscow and St. Petersburg; balls, races, garden-parties, military fetes, skating scenes, weddings, and the inner life of the great are shown with photographic detail. The author also dwells with delight on the life in the country; the Russian peasant is seen here in all his fascinating quaintness, with his proverbial philosophy, his songs, his superstitions, and his natural simplicity. The practical illustration of co-operative farming will interest every farmer and working-man in this country, where the labour question is engaging so much attention.

It has gone through several editions in Russia, and the French paraphrase, though scarcely doing justice to the original, has gone through two editions in as many weeks. The present translation very fairly represents the original. It has been made by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, editor and translator of Rambaud's History of Russia, and for five years literary editor of the Philadelphia Press.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.,
13 ASTOR PLACE,
NEW YORK.

MACMILLAN & CO'S**NEW BOOKS.**

A New Volume of the Miscellaneous Works of

JOHN MORLEY.

New Collected Edition.

ON COMPROMISE.

Globe, 8vo, \$1.50.

Recently Published.

VOLTAIRE.

One Volume, \$1.50.

ROUSSEAU.

Two Volumes, \$3.

DIDEROT AND THE ENCYCLOPÆDISTS.

Two Volumes, \$3.

A New Novel,

DAGONET THE JESTER.

12mo, \$1.25.

One of the most excellently conceived tales we are acquainted with. The story is very simple; just a love tale of a poor jester who has been expelled from his lord's castle, a blacksmith's son who becomes a scholar, and two simple, good English maidens. The poor wife suffers from the corroding poison of a false theology, which makes her dream that good is evil. Pure in heart and simple in thought and deed, she suffers almost lifelong misery—not for any evil deeds she has done, but only because she imagines, without any just cause, that her thoughts have been wicked. The position is by no means an uncommon one in real life, but has seldom been treated by the literary artist. We know no instance where it has been treated so wisely and tenderly as here.—*Academy*.

Mr. Henry James's New Novel,

THE BOSTONIANS.

A Novel. By HENRY JAMES, author of "The Portrait of a Lady," "The American," etc., etc. 12mo, \$2.

A New Novel by Mr. F. Marion Crawford,

A TALE OF A LONELY PARISH.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD, author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "Zoroaster," etc. 12mo, \$1.50.

Mr. D. Christie Murray's New Story,

AUNT RACHEL.

A Rustic Sentimental Comedy. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY. 12mo, \$1.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's New Book,

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS:

And other Literary Pieces. By FREDERICK HARRISON. Globe, 8vo, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

Nature Series. New Volume.

FLOWERS, FRUITS AND LEAVES.

By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F. R. S., B. LL., LL. D. With Numerous Illustrations. 12mo, \$1.25.

With Upward of 200 Illustrations,

CLASS BOOK OF GEOLOGY.

By ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, LL. D., F. R. S., Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, etc. 12mo, \$2.60.

Twenty-third Annual Publication. 1886.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK.

A Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the Civilized World. Edited by J. SCOTT HELTIE. 12mo, \$3.

The work reflects great credit on the industry, care and skill of the editor, and year by year it is becoming increasingly useful and indispensable to every one who has to deal with public affairs.—*London Times*.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK,
112 Fourth Avenue.