

This Number contains: Cavour (Concluded), by Albert R. J. F. Hassard, B.C.L.; "Beginning of the Loyalists of 1776-83," by Viscount de Fronsac; Patriotism—(Feminine Gender), by Mary Markwell. Book Review: A Jewish View of Christ's History. Leader: Greswell's History of Canada.

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THE WEEK

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, August 14th, 1896.

No. 38

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Current Topics.

Deeds
Speak.

The Kolapore Cup and the Queen's Artillery Prize are two events which will help to keep up our national reputation. The victory of Mr. Duggan's yacht at New York and the cruise—let us hope—the triumphant cruise of the "Canada" in the inland lakes will prove that Canadians are at home on both land and water. Our countrymen are often laughed at because they are sensitive and have too much of the what-do-you-think-of-this-country air about them. We have yet a national character to form, and we wish to make a respectable national history. To date there has not been a bad beginning. One of the chief elements of the typical character we wish to produce is that of doing, not talking. There is enough of that already on this continent. A little pleasant mutual admiration among ourselves is not a bad thing, but let us be generous and kind to those over whom we show our superiority. Magnanimity is the mark of a great nation—*parcere subjectis et debellare superbos* must be our national motto.

The "Boss" at
Toronto.

Almost the only refreshing incident during the late warm spell was the coolness of the proceeding whereby in some dozen constituencies the Liberal and Conservative "bosses" came to an agreement that certain threatened election petitions should be set off against one another, and not pressed. The rage and disgust of the simple-minded bucolics who do not know that politics are chiefly humbug would be amusing if it were not rather sad. Poor folk! They knew that bribery had been rampant. They knew that the member who was to represent them in the House of Commons ought not to be there. They believed that the new régime was to introduce purity and honesty and righteousness. But what have they seen? Their carefully prepared protests are all disregarded—their good money tendered as deposit is sent back to them—and by whom? By the courts? Not at all; by their "boss." They have had their first lesson in practical politics. Their's not to reason why. Their's but to do and—buy—or be bought.

If the charges which were sent up were true, a good many men will hold seats in the House of Commons they are not entitled to. If the charges were not true, the men who made them were, at all events, entitled to have them tried. There has been a complete stifling of justice in either event and an enquiry should be instituted when the House sits. If possible, legislation should be introduced to prevent similar scandals in future. Meanwhile the helpless rage of the deluded petitioners is rather funny.

The Chinese
Bismarck.

The visit of Li-Hung-Chang to Europe is the latest sensation on that *blasé* continent. Exactly what card the Chinaman has up his sleeve has not been disclosed. Li-Hung has not said much himself, but if the cable reports are to be believed Li-Hung's secretary has been expressing some opinions about England which a visit to that country may remove. A sight of forty-seven battleships, and the knowledge that there are a few more like them in support, may do something to dispel the idea that England's power for weal or woe is gone. At present, and for some time past, there has been a paralysis of anything in the shape of energetic movement on the part of England in foreign affairs. It has been clearly a case of Defence, not Defiance. The fighting in South Africa and in Egypt has not been serious. No more troops have been moved out of England. Crete is to be free, if English non-intervention will secure that desirable end. Will Russia then take action on the Porte's behalf and bring pressure to bear on Greece in order to prevent any assistance to the island which has struggled so valiantly for liberty? The Eastern—the Far Eastern—problem—that of the existence of the Chinese empire—may depend on Li-Hung's decision. Altogether, the situation grows interesting. It is too warm for people to quarrel, and yet that is just the season when they do fall out. Li-Hung's honest opinion of the Barbarians he has met would be delightful reading.

Dr. Jameson's
Sentence.

Revolution is successful rebellion—rebellion is unsuccessful revolution. Dr. Jameson failed, therefore Dr. Jameson goes to gaol. Had Dr. Jameson captured Johannesburg, and taken and held Pretoria, he would have been a K.C.M.G. at least. The Union Jack would have floated triumphantly over him, and poets would have sung good verses about him instead of bad. Now he is "doing time." As for the notion that punishing Dr. Jameson is going to lead the British lion and the African lamb to lie down together in harmony, it is very pretty, but it will not answer. German rivalry and intrigues behind the scenes will continue. Dutch jealousy—justifiable jealousy—of English expansion will continue. The taunts of "Majuba Hill" and the "White Flag" will rankle still. The advance of miner, rancher, projector, shepherd, in short, of the restless Anglo-Saxon, will continue. Kruger's unprogressive, obstinate, and self-confident countrymen cannot remain as a barrier to the invasion of civilization. Their country is too valuable to lie idle. If they will not utilize it, somebody else will. They will not be allowed to

play the dog in the manger. Dr. Jameson is suffering, perhaps righteously, for his fault, but his main fault is that he failed. It was not his fault altogether, but having been beaten—*vae victis!* Another man, later on, will attempt the same thing and will profit by Jameson's blunder. Ad- vices from South Africa prove that the sentiment of Eng- lishmen out there is all in Jameson's favour. Englishmen in England have been playing to the gallery of jealous rivals who, supported by native *doctrinaire* philanthropists, cry out against every English triumph, and rejoice at every Eng- lish defeat. The march of events will vindicate Dr. Jame- son, but meantime he is a first-class misdemeanant.

* * *

Greswell's History of Canada.

AMONG those who feel interest in the authorities for Canadian history, who recognize that the youth of the Dominion should form correct views of the past, and who follow the teaching of the public universities, it may safely be said that not a single person will feel greater astonish- ment that Greswell's history has been selected as a text-book for Toronto University than the author himself. It was written in 1890, under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute, and compresses into a few pages the history of the Dominion so that the members of that Institute may know something about us. It makes no pretension to be history in the true sense of that term, and is merely a sketchy, im- perfect, long magazine article, written in fair English, and with no little pretension. The writer gives the name of twenty-seven principal authorities, many of whom will strike the student as filling up the number, but as little else. Mr. Greswell is elaborate in his acknowledgment to the *divi ma- jores* of his Institute, and to others he thinks worthy of note. He goes a little out of his way to tell us that Dr. Kingsford "poses as the eulogist of Champlain, and the apologist of Braddock." This writer might know that such is the estimate of Champlain in Quebec, that the Laval Uni- versity in 1870 published an elaborate edition of his voy- ages and travels, in six volumes, while Mr. Greswell gives to the career of this extraordinary man scarcely more than that number of pages, eight, while Braddock's expedition is con- fined to one page, Mr. Greswell repeating the fables about Washington, showing his utter ignorance of the subject. It would be more becoming for this flippant writer to point out the misstatements to which he so sneeringly al- ludes. The fact of the case is that we have hitherto relied on United States writers for Braddock's campaign. These authorities have magnified Washington, contrary to all fact, and we owe it to Dr. Kingsford that we have a correct view of Braddock's operations, to his defeat and death. Dr. Kingsford's version has now been published some seven years, and it remains without contradiction.

There is one particular point on which the Minister of Education is directly interested. He has lately been elected a member of the Royal Society, and, as has been stated in the press, next year's meeting is to be held in Halifax. The Society will thence proceed to Sydney to take part in laying the foundation-stone of a monument to John Cabot. We have again Mr. Greswell's blunder, in which he states that in 1497 John Cabot discovered Newfoundland, incidentally remarking that some maintain that the land fall was at Cape Breton, and making the mistake that the Island of Saint John mentioned was Prince Edward Island.

The first voyage of John Cabot is of primary import- ance to our history and should be taught properly in our Universities. To supply the deficiency in this place we will

briefly state the case: On June 24th, 1497, John Cabot dis- covered land on the easternmost point of Nova Scotia, the precise spot cannot be identified; the mention of a small island places it in the neighbourhood of Sydney, far distant from Prince Edward Island. His vessel was the "Mathew," of Bristol, with a crew of 18 men. John Cabot then dis- appears from history, and the subsequent discoveries were made in the name of his son, Sebastian. This fact makes Cabot the discoverer of the mainland of America, for it was not until 1498 that Columbus reached South America, some- where near Venezuela, although he left Spain in 1492.

Mr. Greswell has a very great deal of padding in his book about English navigators which would be useful if it was precise, but to a student mere general allusions are valu- less. Setting aside the notes, his book consists of 277 pages, and it is not until page 56 that we learn that Champlain discovered Quebec. It is well known that Champlain's first voyage to Quebec was in 1603. What shall we think of this "text-book" which gives seven pages to the history of Canada, to the government of d'Avaugour, or as he is called de Avaugour. There is no want of frothy element in this narrative; nevertheless, we find crowded into a few pages the events down to the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. How a student would be bettered by the reading of the account would be difficult to state. And so it goes on; nine pages are given to the events between 1713 and 1758, while seven pages more bring us to the Treaty of Paris of 1763. Why con- tinue the description of this book when it can be said that the rest of our history down to modern times is compressed, including Mr. Greswell's reflections, to 140 pages—a compres- sion not marked by either knowledge or skill and only gathered from the very surface of works at his disposal with- out research and without authority.

There is nothing to recommend this book to us in Canada. It is written with much pretension, superficial, hastily put together, and specially undertaken to supply the want of knowledge of the people of the Institute, who con- ceive they should have some knowledge of the outer Empire, from the position they hold in this Institution. That it should be adduced as a guide to students by a professor in Toronto University is simply a crime. The proceeding pre- supposes the utter ignorance of the people who send their sons to the University, or powerfully suggests the unfitness and incapacity of the Professor who holds the position of the Chair of History. It is a very serious matter that the National University of Ontario should be degraded by misconduct of this character. It is the duty of Mr. Ross, as Minister of Education, at once to examine into this complaint, which we specifically make, of the introduction into the University course of this valueless, flippantly written, imperfect book, worthless for the purpose to which it is applied. His own reputation as Minister of Education is at stake. We trust that he will unhesitatingly intervene to stop the scandal. Should this complaint pass without notice, and nothing be done, some other course must be taken. If the University authorities fail to amend the curriculum in this respect, an effort must be made to induce some member of the Legisla- ture to have the matter investigated, for, unremedied, it is a public scandal. In our humble judgment, there is no point more exacting attention than the character of the text- books prescribed for the University course. It cannot be said there is no other work in Canada worthy of study; no one knows that fact better than Mr. Ross, and anything would be preferable to the selection Mr. Wrong has made. The question cannot remain without strict examination, and that Mr. Wrong should make the selection he has made may well lead to doubts as to his own fitness for the position in which he has been placed.

The Choice of the In Memoriam Stanza.

You ask me why, tho' ne'er till then
The poets in this verse had wrought
The fabric of eternal thought
To thrill the varying lives of men

He chose it for his mournful rime,
He wove it into solemn song,
Through whose sad closes swept along
The passion of a soul sublime.

'Twas not the idle search of art
For artifice; 'twere surely vain
To speak the inmost voice of pain
Save straightly from the riven heart.

'Twas not the striving for effect,
For something that should tingle bright
One moment at the bars of light,
Then pass and all its splendour wreck'd.

Such gilded baubles as they string
Who now the Muse of England court;
She leads them in a scornful sport,
And mocketh at the idle thing

It was the verse of easy flow,
Nor tedious with an art too deep,
Nor leaving yet the solemn sweep
Of dirge and voicings full of woe.

Among the rimes of English song
He felt the passion-power, and free,
Of ballad rhythm yet to be
Too full of light nor lasting strong.

But keeping still the ancient strength,
He gave a depth of solemn tone
By central music, inly thrown,
And yet in lines of rapid length.

He 'pip'd but as the linnets sing,'
'Twas thus the mournful song did flow:
Yet not such carol, for below
Thou hear'st the solemn dirges cling.

A sound as of the breaking wave,
That lonely on the autumnal shore,
Sobs its wild sorrow evermore;
So he above an English grave.

The various passion finds relief
In varied measures, yet thro' all
We hear the deeper notes that fall
In changeless monody of grief.

You ask me why he chose it thus,
When suffering such a sorrow strong;
Tell me why sings the lark its song,
And why the linnet? So for us

'Twere worse than idle to inquire,
And haply miss the truths that lie
Incorporate in the mourner's cry,
Nor feel his passion's sacred fire

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

* * *

Beginning of the Loyalists of 1776-83.

ALL the people of all the American colonies were not united in resisting Great Britain, when it came to actual combat in 1776. There were many difficulties in the way of the success of the colonists who had declared themselves free and independent. Among them were the following:—

1. Each colony provided for the enlistment of its own militia. In many instances militia of different colonies refused to leave the territory of their native states, because they had been recruited merely to defend that territory. Even in the Continental army, which was organized by Congress, all officers below the rank of Colonel were appointed by the Legislatures of the various colonies from which the regiments were drawn into the general service.

2. In the American Archives, Vol. V., p. 472, there is a letter dated March, 1776, from John Adams to Gates, in which the writer declares that "Our misfortunes arise from a single source—the reluctance of the Southern colonies to a republican form of government." In previous colonial days,

the royalists of Virginia and the Carolinas, including Georgia, had regarded with distrust the democratic organization of some of the other colonies so different in land-tenure and popular sentiment to their own. They hesitated naturally, therefore, to pledge themselves to a course which might injure their own prosperity and overthrow their social establishment.

3. As the war grew, the composition of the Continental Congress began to evince a less fine quality than at first. Sometimes only 21 members were present, and they were mostly from the North, which was democratic. At the same time the best officers of the army were Southern, like Washington, Sumter, Marion, Lee, Elbert, Morgan, Howard, Pickens and Moultrie. The finest regiments were from the South. These were Lee's Virginia Light Horse Cavalry, Morgan's Kentucky Rifle-men, Marion's Legionary Cavalry of South Carolina, and Howard's Maryland Infantry. There therefore began a rivalry between the Continental Congress and the council of officers of the Continental Army. It was similar to the rivalry which formerly existed in England between Parliament and Cromwell and his officers.

The most loyal element of the British colonists in America was among the military class of all sections summoned to defend the charters, which the action of the London Parliament threatened to destroy.

One of the strongest proofs of this is in the three articles of that organization known as the "Minute Men." Each member of this organization signed these articles, which pledged the signers—

(1) "To defend to the utmost of our power, His Majesty, King George the Third, his person, crown and dignity;

(2) "At the same time, to the utmost of our power and abilities, to defend all and every of our charter rights, liberties and privileges, and to hold ourselves in readiness at a moment's warning, with arms and ammunition thus to do;

(3) "And at all times and in all places to obey our officers chosen by us and our superior officers in ordering and disciplining us, when and where said officers shall think proper."

And the "Minute Men" disbanded in 1778, when Great Britain restored the colonial charter privileges which they had taken arms to defend.

And so, on account of this, was the political connection existing between Great Britain and the American colonies weakened! But the memory of Britain's glory yet remains to her best children wherever they may be. They can never forget the land of their fathers' renown. They cultivate the knowledge of that revered distant strand, and by that means enkindle the best affections of the heart, without which a race is worthless in history.

It is not the future that makes the man or the state; it is the past. And those nations whose rulers do what they can to cultivate a knowledge among the people of the heroes of their history, and broaden out the pages of their record by the inspiration of such ideals, arise to the greatest designs and to an immortal fame. It is in the sentiment that such knowledge gives to a people that a vital fortress exists, which neither the arts nor the arms of the enemy can conquer, and his hosts, though compassing about, can neither terrify nor subdue!

4. Another hindrance to the Independence party in the colonies was the vast number of people who preferred, after all these happenings, to live under the British authority. They were, in truth, very numerous. On May 7, 1781, a letter from Lord George Germaine to Sir Henry Clinton gives the information that "The American levies in the King's service are more than all the enlisted troops in the service of Congress." A computation the year before this, in 1780, revealed that there were 8,954 Provincials then in the British army. Many of these American loyalists had sided with the colonial party until after 1778. Then the news reached America that on February 17, 1778, three bills had been passed by the British Parliament entirely removing all grounds of complaint made by the colonists in preceding years, and providing for the appointment of commissioners to settle all differences between the colonies and the British Parliament. These commissioners had authority to suspend any Act of Parliament, relating to America, which had been passed since the 10th of February, 1763. The news of this so affected many who had previously acted with the revolted colonists, that they turned once again to the

Crown. Among the difficulties that were in the way of a reconciliation was the following:—

English officials, of whatever rank or degree, had ever affected to despise the pretensions of the colonists. The exhibition of this feeling during the days of the American colonial period had irritated and estranged many who had a love for the Mother Country. Winthrop wrote from the wilds of Massachusetts in the early part of the 17th century, "We turn our eyes with tears across the sea to our beloved home in dear England." Green, in his "History of the English People," declares how the Virginians clung to the Mother Country, holding in memory the ancestral home and those names connected with its glory.

Now that they had erected in the New World emblems of their own excellence, they wished their kindred across the sea to bear testimony to their equality. But little encouragement was given them in the way of recognition. They were crowded out of expressing it by the ignoramuses of Parliament and the sycophants of an unworthy dynasty.

Many of those people who had remained firmly attached to the British Crown, in spite of slights from the English at home and menaces from their fellow-colonists in arms against England, after the close of the war in 1783, being deprived of their property in the now triumphant States, took refuge in Canada.

Their settlement in Canada gave to the country an implied constitution of the royal design. Their settlement in Canada was as much a protest against republicanism as it was the result of their loyalty. Canada would have been abandoned by England had it not been settled by these Loyalists in 1783. It would have been lost to England in 1812-15 had it not been defended by them and the French.

Now the French, who had been conquered by the English in the war that was terminated by the treaty of 1763, which ceded Canada to England, had been invited by the rebellious colonists in 1776 to join them against England and regain their independence. But the French, on account of their adherence to a royal form of government, refused to ally themselves to the republicans of the colonies, from whom the invitation had proceeded, because they suspected their democracy.

So by both parties, Loyalist and French, Canada was created anew and preserved in a royal design as a protest against the democracy to the south of her. Now this should not be forgotten, that any democratic procedure in Canada is contrary to the constitution of the land, and, if successful, would bring to naught the precedent established by so much toil and sacrifice on the part of two great European races within its confines, who alone have given all that is worthiest in its history.

Of the territories settled by the Loyalists Nova Scotia is the oldest. It was part of Cabot's discovery of Terra Nova. As Acadie it was included in the French possessions of North America until 1710, when it was conquered by English forces under Gen. Nicholson, and formally ceded to England in 1712 by the Treaty of Utrecht. It included New Brunswick and Cape Breton until 1784, when New Brunswick became a separate province.

In 1758 the military government of Nova Scotia was changed to a constitutional one, with a governor representing the Crown, assisted by a Council of life members and a House of Assembly elected by the people periodically. The seat of government was at Halifax, where it now continues.

In 1783 there were but a few thousand inhabitants, but in that year they were doubled by the influx of Loyalists.

In that part, now New Brunswick, in the vicinity of the city of St. John, originally known as Parrtown, a number of families had settled before 1770. May 18th, 1783, the first ships of the Loyalists came to this part, and by September of the same year Parr, who was then Governor, wrote to Lord North that the number that had settled in all was about 13,000.

They had received grants from the Crown of land to reimburse them somewhat for their lost property in the States. They had such difficulty with the Governor, owing to surveys of this land, that they petitioned to England for the setting off of that territory west of the river Missiquash as a separate province, under the name of New Brunswick. This was accomplished Nov. 21st, 1784, and Col. Thomas Carleton arrived at St. John as the first Governor.

In the same year Cape Breton was made a separate

colony. Prince Edward Island had already been separated from Nova Scotia in 1770.

The population of New Brunswick, at this epoch, was 12,000. It, like Nova Scotia, had a Governor from the Crown, with a Council of life members and a legislature of periodical members.

The town and district of Parr was incorporated as St. John in 1785. It was the first incorporated town in British America. It had a mayor with six aldermen and six assistants. The two first sessions of the General Assembly met at St. John 1786-7, and after that, in 1788, the seat of government was moved to St. Ann's Point, Fredericton, which still continues as the capital of the Province.

Prince Edward Island, known to the French as St. John's Island, added to Nova Scotia in 1763, and separated from it in 1770, was divided into 67 townships and distributed by lottery among the creditors of the British Government. Each grantee was obliged to get one settler for every 200 acres in his share. These shares, however, passed after a while out of the hands of the original holders to others who were not bound by any conditions.

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC.

* * *

Patriotism—(Feminine Gender).

IN THE WEEK of July 24th, a very able and telling article, signed Edith J. Archibald, and touching upon a vital vein, introduces us to that new and swiftly developing age, the Age of Women! We have had our dark age, middle age, feudal age, and now we are upon the threshold of the woman age, or, as Edith J. Archibald quaintly puts it, "woman's discovery of the other woman!"

The work—of the Regina branch—of the Women's National Council, organized last year, is, I am glad to say, assuming a tone of a most practical and promising nature. The misgivings of some, the doubts of many, and the half-hearted support of the few, have been overcome, strengthened, and made firm by the earnest endeavour of one or two, who, through the disheartening efforts of the beginning, fought their way on to success. What was at first laughed at as a "fashionable fad" has now developed into a humane study. The cause of hesitancy of belief in this new movement was, I believe, owing wholly to a misunderstanding of the aims and objects of the Order. We had a vague idea that the "bloomers" were in some way to be the awful result of venturing beyond "our sphere!" But last autumn our distinguished and beloved President, in an address given in the prairie capital, so re-moulded opinion, and so won interest and sympathy, by a lucid and inspiring voice-picture of the cause, that the almost immediate result was petitions from the various societies for affiliation with the parent stem.

The support and (working) sympathy of all creeds now combine, and all are harmoniously working in the common cause—humanity. The form taken by the Regina society was that of building, equipping, and maintaining a Cottage Hospital: that hope we look forward to becoming a *fact* before long. We may be over cautious, but our wish is not for a momentary glow of enthusiasm built on sentiment, and liable to crumble for lack of support, but to so move, slowly and securely, until the formation and carrying out of the scheme will have standing, or the foundation of the idea will bear the weather of difficulty which it is sure to encounter. Owing to the efforts of Madame Forget, our able vice-president, a nice little sum is now placed to the credit of the Regina organization, and under God's guiding hand the fulfilment of the early hope will follow.

The Industrial (Indian) School, of Regina (Presbyterian), and that of Qu'Appelle (R. Cath.), have also become affiliated branches of the local council. This is of moment, inasmuch as it brings us in touch with a people whose rights to citizenship reach back, far back, to the very beginning or birth of this Lone Land. The pupils of these Indian schools, the rightful heirs to this vast stretch of prairie soil, in joining our organization, have extended the right hand of fellowship, and it is not too much to add, in so doing have given us the first signs we have had of actual brotherhood and cemented the bond of a common peace.

Under Resolution 3 (a) of the Constitution comes a

question which touches the nerve of the North-West heart: *i.e.*, "medical aid and nursing provided for outlying districts." This is one of the crying needs of the prairies. What appeals more to the heart of woman than the knowledge that a sister (tenderly reared) having followed, aye, we may say kept step with, husband or father in the weary march westward to build and make a new home; separated by new and dear ties from the old friends and the comfortable home; face to face with loneliness—and sometimes with death, for the supreme hour of motherhood sways the pendulum between the gates of life and death—ten, fifty, often an hundred miles, from any human creature! Picture the desolation of such an hour! No medical attendance—often no attendance whatever; the result, perhaps ill-health for the remainder of life, nervous and ailing children, and sometimes, as the price of pioneerhood, if not long years of suffering, often a prairie grave! This clause appeals to womankind more than any in the Constitution; certainly to women in the West. Further on we find another clause: "Preventive causes of present increase of insanity." This, out here, may be traced directly to the same thing; the scattered and thinly settled spots in the prairie-land. Insanity is too often the result of loneliness and fear.

To the women of Canada as a whole this cry should go. To our Dominion Government this cause must appeal. Upon the women of the West depends the upbuilding of a nation. They have resigned all that they held dear—friends, comfort, affluence often, and home—for what? To take upon their shoulders the cross of sacrifice, and words are weak and pen too feeble to tell how heavily it sometimes bears! Here, upon the prairies, breast the story, half in song and half in sorrow, is written; and here and there tears have blotted the brave record! Oh, may this little word awaken not only our sister women, but the rulers of the land. May they give a strong and sympathetic support, as well as a generous aid to a cause so wisely advocated and so womanly upheld by our beloved President, Lady Aberdeen.

MARY MARKWELL.

Regina, Assa., Aug. 6th, 1896.

* * * Cavour.

(Concluded.)

IN a year after his entrance to Parliament, Cavour was called into the Cabinet, where to his extreme surprise the unreasoning liberals renewed their opposition against them. They were too blind to perceive that, if nothing else, this assurance at least was theirs—while he was in high office his desire to injure their holy cause was very much less than that of any other possible aspirant to the position. And in their ignorance they followed him with fatal persistence until at length he fell. He could easily have triumphed over them, but he discerned no gain to be derived from continuing with them a personal quarrel. If they had not the wisdom to consider principles instead of persons, he was content to allow them to make their ignominious choice. In 1851 he resigned his cabinet position and again visited England—the country where he had learned the principles which had served his land so well.

In 1852 the young statesman became Prime Minister of Sardinia. Through the great years of European unrest, this little island, in the loneliness of her solitude, had evolved plans which were terrifying to the European world. The Italian states had for centuries been sundered. They had fought among themselves only for the victor to fall before a stronger foe. They had plundered one another only to surrender their plunder to some pope or some king. Nature had destined them for absolute union, but the keen practice of the Roman Catholic Church, whose agents beheld Roman union in Italian division, had kept them for many generations apart. Mutual jealousy too aided the Church in continuing the feuds which prevented union. Under the Great Napoleon the Italian states might have become united, but the wide schemes of conquest of the greatest of commanders were too vast to permit of his descending to the trivialities of details, and in his inattention to essential details, not only was the union not accomplished, but he lost the crown of Italy. That the states of the peninsula might unite for common protection when some invasion of unusual dimen-

sions threatened all Italy was only too clearly revealed to the hostile nations across the Alps, and with a cunning which transcended their virtue they regulated their predatory excursions with such a delicate precision that on no occasion was sufficient justification given to cause the Italians to unite to defend their devastated country against a common foe. The deep minds of Europe knew well the limit to which plundering a state could be carried before it assumed the proportions of an international crime. Beyond that limit they did not go. Consequently the Italian states remained in that condition in which they had been since the splendid glory of ancient Rome had vanished from the earth. To engage in the hopeless undertaking in which Mazzini had failed—to join the separated provinces of Italy—was the great problem which Sardinia, with the assistance of the genius of Cavour, had heroically undertaken to solve.

Italy's division was the source of a vast amount of strength and of wealth to the numerous neighbouring nations. Austria, the last of the long line of invaders, was now in turn drawing that nourishment from its fertile soil which it had refused to give to its sons. To banish those restless and menacing enemies of prosperity from Italy was the first task of the great statesman. With this aim Mazzini had suffered and starved, had plotted and planned, had been exiled from the shores of more than one abandoned kingdom, and had been sentenced to death by the tribunals of others. The plans by which he sought to accomplish his ends were to sow dissension in the ranks of the Austrians, and cause internal strife to weaken their power. That another and a vaster plan was more effective, Mazzini never dreamed. Cavour was the first to profit by the knowledge he had gained—that the weakness of the enemy was useless unless his forces were strong. To strengthen his own forces he committed that patriotic treason, that justifiable crime, which in a moment estranged from his faith the support of the Mazzinists, who comprised one-half of the population of Italy, and won for himself the violent anathemas and the lofty condemnation of the passionate enthusiast himself. Cavour's plan was to import into Italy several companies of foreign battalions, add their numbers as auxiliaries to the Italian army, overcome the wary Austrians by means of the allied powers, and then return the foreigners to their homes before they settled on the land they had redeemed. To effect the negotiations for this great alliance, consummate prudence was required. Cavour, who in a crisis like the present, conducted the delicate portions of his diplomatic tactics himself, went to Paris and soon had perfected the plans whereby the Emperor of the French engaged for a consideration to furnish the Italian emancipator with a sufficiently formidable force to expel the Austrians from the lovely fields which had been fertilized so frequently with blood.

Early in May, 1859, the French army was admitted into Italy and united with the forces of the Italians. Victor Emmanuel led the native warriors, while the emperor of the French commanded the allies. From the hour that the two monarchs stood at the head of the columns Austrian dominion beyond the Alps was doomed. In the three weeks' campaign the emancipating army had driven the aliens from the desolated districts of North Italy, and the Battle of Magenta, the taking of Milan, the Battle of Solferino, and the battle of San Martino among the splendid victories of the allies, alone remained to mark the military history of the Austrians beyond the confines of their country.

But a deed of treachery was done just at this period which required all the skill of Cavour's great genius to prevent the sundering of the new-made bonds of union which had been scarcely firmly formed. Napoleon, Emperor of the French, probably feeling that his share of the plunder would be less than he had expected, withdrew after San Martino from the further prosecution of the campaign. A crisis arose which, but for the exercise of an activity on the part of Cavour, that was scarcely consistent with the transcendent calm of genius, might have terminated in the return of the Austrians across the banks of the Mincio. The intelligence of the treachery of Napoleon had not been transmitted to Paris before relays of hurrying messengers communicated it to Cavour. In an instant the great statesman was at the seat of the treason. There for a time he laid aside the mask of the sage, and there alone at Villafranca he defiantly threatened the fickle Emperor with the terrible fate of his illustrious predecessor and namesake. Those who say that

during this conference the mind of the statesman became clouded, and sentiment superceded reason, fail to understand the nature of the weapons which Cavour had ready in an emergency. Behind the reckless defiance lay concealed the repose of genius, and in the midst of the fierce current of warm words flowed the calm undercurrent of an aim towards an end. The warmth of the passionate meeting was the salvation of Italy, for the enthusiasm which was aroused inspired the drooping hearts of the Italians, terrified the French into a speedy submission, and prevented the Austrians in the hour of catastrophe from returning to the country just liberated from their rule. Napoleon was conciliated with the surrender of Savoy, and Count Cavour crowned the valiant sovereign who had saved the state as King of the emancipated and United Italy.

And then, for the first time in over a thousand years, Italy felt through all her territories the magic thrill of liberty. But blest though she was with political freedom, all was not peace within the newly-emancipated country. Within the confines of her boundaries there lay a terrible power, which had not witnessed the recent deliverance without experiencing man's pang of remorse. Through the opened doors of the Vatican patient listeners had heard with dread alarm the roll of the Austrian guns grow fainter and fainter as the defeated invaders had rapidly fled before the fierce artillery of Garibaldi. And in the thunders of the joyful guns which pealed the praise of the people on the return of the victors, the same eager watchers heard with no less terror the sounds which political philosophers, less profound than they, could scarcely misunderstand as the knell of the Papacy's doom. The Roman Catholic Church was prepared to humble again as she had humbled before, and to crush once more in a period of turmoil as she had formerly crushed in a period of peace. The union of Italy bore with it as a terrible consequence the overthrow of all internal organizations hostile to the development of freedom. Catholicism and Carbonarism alike should cease to flourish. Rome and Mazzini together must fall. The diplomats of the Vatican began to prepare for action. What the nature of that action would have been, or in what direction it would have exhausted its supremacy, cannot be estimated, and will probably never be known. For Rome was too wary not to practise those principles of successful deceit which had been expounded by so many of her Jesuits. The plans of the Papacy are seldom revealed. They are too vital to be trusted to the knowledge of those who would, even if they dared to, betray them. To Cavour, however, the secrets of the Church were open. For only that is truly sacred about which nothing whatever is known. But whatever these plans were, this is certain, that their results were known. For men had long learned to know that Rome's deep designs would terminate successfully. Only one plan then would be employed. And that plan was one which was certain. In all probability, forth from the inner chambers there would have quietly moved dark-minded men, who, with a laugh lighter and a glance gayer than the most careless soldier, would have passed into the camps of the Italians and have sown discord in the victor's ranks. Garibaldi and Cavour would, if necessary, have been assassinated. The French would have been bribed to fight for tyranny, as they had been bribed to fight for freedom, only perhaps at a higher and a surer price. And by plots and counterplots Victor Emmanuel would have been hopelessly estranged from the affection of his subjects. Then Italy would have again become the theatre of strife, and Rome would have flourished over the ruins of her foes. But the great creation of former generations was already too late. Historians claim that the reason for the delay on the part of the papacy is to be attributed to the circumstance that the real circumstances of the transpiring events were withheld from those who waited within the Vatican. The real reason is probably that in the vastness of the crisis there was no genius within the walls of the ancient citadel who could effectually combat the measures of Cavour. The great statesman well knew that Italy could not be freed unless Rome was conquered. And while the result yet remained in uncertainty, his mind was compassing the ruin of the papacy's temporal power. But to another power, weaker mentally, but stronger physically, was to be left the final feat of arms—the final scene—in the great tragedy which had been so heroically played. And it was well that it happened so. For it was strength of arms now rather than strength of

mind which alone could ensure a complete victory. In the midst of his preparations Cavour died at the comparatively early age of 51, young in the love of his liberated countrymen, but old in the knowledge of the wayward ways of men.

To Garibaldi is to be credited the circumstance that Rome was stripped of its temporal power, and deprived henceforth of the capacity of enslaving Italy and the world. Her temporal dominions were taken away. Her spiritual authority was shaken to the core. Without even a moment's hesitation she abdicated her states and handed her vast possessions over to the enemy. The principle which she had maintained in the day of her peril she surrendered as soon as her peril had passed. There was no dictation to her by the powers of United Europe, and no Napoleon unsuspectingly tunnelling his mines beneath her walls. But one man, of no great brilliance, with the diminished remains of what had once been but a small army, stood resolutely before the humbled mistress of so much glory and so much evil, and sternly demanded what she feared to refuse. But if it was Garibaldi who forced the final surrender, it was Cavour who made possible the warrior's success. He had taken precautions which Garibaldi and Mazzini had forgotten, and led the victors around titanic obstacles which they had never seen. Great as was the power of the people, on which alone Garibaldi and Mazzini depended, the powers of the throne and the papacy were far greater. On these Cavour reared his strength. Mazzini estranged, but he conciliated. He allied himself with them. He became a minister of a temporizing sovereign and a loyal and devoted servant of the Church. Behind the scenes he studied the ritual, and learned how to pronounce the unnameable words, and how to manufacture the fiery balm. All the secrets he knew—the resources, the strength, and the designs of his masters—and these secrets he gave to the leader of the army. And Rome knew too well of his treason, but dared not lift a hand to punish because its muscles he had wisely paralyzed. And when Garibaldi made the famous demand, and carried conquest to her gates, Rome surrendered her temporal estates to prevent the iron will and the master hand withdrawing from her powerless grasp her spiritual dominion as well.

To the student of Italian emancipation the question is at once suggested, why did not Cavour in one giant act, and by means of a single superior exercise of his magnificent ability, destroy the withered branches of the aged tree of Catholicism? He knew that as a religion it was foolish as well as false, and that though it made claim to ancient prescription and universal recognition, its antiquity was only an indication of the weakness of human nature, while its universality was merely an evidence of the unscrupulous means it had employed to ensure its success. He knew that occasionally it did not ordain crime, and sometimes it did not feast on the fruits of its vices; but when it did not authorize wickedness it was simply because it attained its ends by means which were accidentally righteous, and when it did not drink the dregs of infamy it was chiefly for the reason that no dregs of infamy could be easily obtained. Why then did Cavour not crush in his relentless grasp the frail fabric of its spiritual power as he crushed the mighty organization of its temporal dominion? For his conduct in not doing so there are two reasons, either of which alone would have justified the great statesman in allowing the spiritual power to survive. Cavour knew that though far he had led the Italians along the rough and sore road to liberty, there was probably a limit to which even men liberated from tyranny would go. The vast and complex system of Catholicism, the oak around which their faith was entwined, could not fall without in some degree injuring the vines. That they would see the mighty offspring of former ages destroyed without raising a hand or a voice on its behalf was beyond the expectation of any statesman—least of all, Cavour. The spiritual power was now helpless, yet for the deluded disciples of the faith it alone was sufficient. Why then should he seek to destroy the already exploded shell? The Italians, although they hated the autocracy of the Church, loved its faith, and had Cavour sought to abolish Romanism, he would in a moment have aroused against him an active hostility whose operations would have been felt along the banks of the distant Ganges, and would have penetrated the remotest recesses of barbarian Yucatan. Across unfathomed seas strange soldiers, who had never heard the name of Cavour, would have been sailing to battle with the infantry which that statesman had directed to the field; and

over hot deserts vast caravans, to whose most learned member the name of the papacy would have been unintelligible, would have been journeying to humble the mighty spirit which had laid Rome in the dust. But if this were not sufficient to justify Cavour in pausing before he waged a war against the mighty shadow, there was another and a better justification for not drawing the mask from the face of the dead, and exposing the real features which lay concealed beneath. Cavour knew that Catholicism was only a name, that it was simply a surface, that it was merely a hollow shell, but that behind the name, and beneath the surface, and within the shell there lay a real power which few persons besides the Jesuits had ever understood. That power had often been employed unnaturally, and had accomplished its unnatural purpose with a terrible effect. What was there to prevent it being not less successful if employed to accomplish designs which were just? Italy had been freed. But this was the lesser portion of the difficulty. The burden of governing the new kingdom was yet to come. The Catholic Church, civilized by Cavour, would be of aid in regenerating the unfortunate condition of the subjects of the new Italian king. The Italian sun, golden and luminous, shining clear in a perfect sky, might again smile down on hills and valleys luxuriant with national prosperity, and blessed with the triumph of a bloodless peace. Cavour was content with extracting the teeth and the talons from the tiger, and allowing the beautiful but treacherous beast to charm the hearts of those it could not harm.

One cannot but recognize, in observing the irregular methods which were practised by Cavour, that consistency can scarcely be numbered among the first of his many titles to greatness. To attain his ends he had to employ many means, to play upon many different natures, and to appeal to vast and irreconcilable desires. He had to punish the virtuous because they were upright, and to reward the wicked because they were base. Men who had never sinned he was occasionally compelled to wrong, while those whose lives were dark with sombre stains he was often required to exalt. To the noble he appealed by whispering maxims of universal justice, and to the ignoble he appealed with the glitter of the expected gains. Yet amidst his diversity he was consistent. He was as true to his principles as a planet is true to its orbit, or as an angel is true to its God. His was a consistency in ends, not in means. His plans and schemes and measures were not limited to trifling particulars, but to wide and comprehensive designs. These designs, be they what they may, are always the guiding principles of the active spirits of political revolutions. From the path which leads to the destined end, although it winds in varied ways, they never for a moment deviate. Sometimes they strive for fame, sometimes for wealth, sometimes for power, and sometimes for revenge. Through dark and dismal chambers they feel their lonely passage, beside the gloomy scaffold, or behind the gloomier throne, past courts and halls and council rooms, and even through the dust of attics, among the low and lofty, betraying here, conciliating there, caressing now, destroying again, with smile and frown, with laugh and sneer, with prayer and curse, with careless speech and studied silence, they softly move with artless tread until victorious and crowned they are joyfully borne by admiring fools and enthroned on their desires.

But if it be evil to effect right ends by wrong means, must men, even considering the unparalleled circumstances under which he freed his country, condemn the politic Cavour for doing in the sunshine of his life deeds which he would have prayed to be delivered from doing in the dark hours as he lay with priests surrounding him and holding up the crucifix before his dying eyes? If they must then they too must agree in proclaiming that the liberation of Italy has not been justified. They must too unite in denying Italy should still be enslaved. They must too unite in denying legitimacy to any dynasty which has been ushered through gloom to its throne. But if they agree that a nation freed is a nation indeed, that Italy emancipated is a diadem in the coronet of civilization, that the dethroning of the tyrannous masters of the land of Virgil and Cicero was an act which must meet with the applause of the gods, then whatever necessary means were used to attain the end, must have been equally virtuous. And they will look behind the means, and, beholding the mind which read the secrets of the world and used them to attain a mighty end, they will proclaim that the voice of virtue must not be hushed when

joyful generations of emancipated Italians, thinking of the days when the green hills of their native land groaned under the tyranny of the Austrians, lift their hearts and tongues in praise of the lovely land, whose condition of prosperity is due to the mighty revolution which was so skilfully accomplished by the genius of Cavour.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

* * *

The Golden-Rod.

The Golden-Rod, the Golden-Rod,
Bright mirror, thou, of Heaven's eye,
By shady dell, in verdant wood,
Thy nodding feathery plumelets fly.
When tender blossoms fade and fall
Before the chilling Autumn blasts,
Thy golden glory braves them all,
And sunset radiance round thee casts.

Ah Golden-Rod, dear Golden-Rod,
Ere long will thy short life be done,
Thy withered leaves will strew the sod,
And dim will grow thy mimic sun.
I weep to see thy faded flower,
But still, methinks, I hear thee say,
"Thou, too, must seize each fleeting hour,
For all things earthly pass away."

J. E. MIDDLETON.

* * *

The Foe of Christianity.

JERUSALEM was besieged by the Romans under the Emperor Titus, and taken with great slaughter. The besiegers obtained the greatest aid from the defenders. It is doubtful if the city could have been taken if the Jews had been united. The sects within the city fought more desperately among themselves than against the enemy, and so weakened themselves that they were easily beaten. A similar state of affairs happened at the siege of Constantinople. The Christian sects among the Greeks fought so savagely among themselves they had no time to attend to the enemy at the gate, and the last vestige of the grand old Roman Empire fell before the savage Turk.

Revealed religion stands face to face to-day with a foe more deadly, more savage and inexorable than Roman or Turk—modern science. Formerly, the foe religion had to fear was doubt, pessimism—the haggard man in a boat on a tempestuous sea, without oar, sail, or compass, no land in sight, and gazing steadfastly into the eyes of the shark called fate, following the boat. Every Christian has been made familiar with this from infancy. Religion had placed it in all its hideousness in the forefront of the Old Testament. Ecclesiastes can discount in pessimism all the doubters from Schopenhauer to Colonel Robert Ingersoll. "It is better to die than to live, and better than either is not to have been born." Who can surpass it? Doubt consequently has hardly made an impression on Christianity.

The so-called higher criticism has been equally harmless. Strauss, Colenso and Renan have passed away and have left no successors. The great body of the people take no interest in critical investigation. Whether the Book of Daniel was written 150 or 500 years before Christ, or the Gospel according to St. John was written in the first or second century, or whether it is too philosophical to be genuine, is nothing to them. The people will not even use the Revised Version of the Scriptures where only verbal inaccuracies are corrected. What, then, is the use of placing the higher criticism before them? None at all; and it may be that the Christian contempt for doubt and criticism has made religion indifferent to science and so interested in the questions between the sects.

But while they are fighting fiercely among themselves, like the Jews and Greeks, science is sapping the walls and hurrying us on to naturalism. If the human mind is nothing but a mode of motion, and the body only an imperfect machine, as science asserts, then we are in sight of the condition in which science says she found us—on all fours, although her proof—the Neanderthal man—may be nothing more than another attempt to copy the American fraud of a few years ago. Evolution is also taking away the founda-

tion from our plan of salvation, and Lyman Abbott has joined the enemy.

Then is everybody keeping watch on the walls? Yes; but it is not the ministers or professors of religion; they have no time; they are too busy abusing the Pope; showing up the errors of popery, and sending missionaries to Quebec.

The man who is doing the work of Christianity to-day is, strange to say, a layman. Previous to the last general elections in England, no one looked upon Mr. Balfour, the Tory leader in the House of Commons, as a theologian, although he is a strict Presbyterian. He was a golf player and slightly dilettante. Mr. Gladstone had, it was thought, monopolized theology, but when Balfour's "Introduction to the Study of Theology" came out every one was more than surprised. It knocked Mr. Gladstone clean out. Every pulpit in England and Scotland echoed with his praise. It is doubtful if Mr. Balfour's book had not more to do in winning the great Conservative victory than anything else—than even the Liberal local veto.

Now, what was the cause of all this praise? Simply because the book, forgetting all the miserable divisions of the sects, grasped the common enemy of Christianity with a death-like grasp, which even the great Spencer has since tried to unclasp in vain. If reason furnishes no grounds for belief either in materialism or theology, we had better take theology and life than materialism and death.

It goes without saying that although a Tory of the Tories, people take great pleasure in Mr. Balfour's triumph. Every lover of his kind must feel that ethics is bound up with religion of some kind. When the belief in the old gods of Rome and Greece, bad as they were, gave way, society fell to pieces; and for over 500 years the Greeks felt the awful tyranny of the Turk. Let us hope that no such calamity will ever befall Christianity. It is the grandest of all religions to-day; and we have the word of its founder that the gates of hell and corruption will not prevail against it. Having such assurance, we can calmly watch the advance of intelligence and knowledge, satisfied that whatever changes may occur, Christianity will be able at all times to adapt itself to the circumstances, and preserve for ages to come the present moral order in the human race.

X.

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Manners.

NOT long ago I read a story in which one of the characters is thus spoken of: "He had no respect for the pretty public and private lies that make life a little less nasty than it is." Though this is hardly an absolute definition of "manners," we may take it as indicating their legitimate scope and influence—the making life "a little less nasty than it is"—in other words, the addition of beauty to the bare details of conduct.

There are many who declare, even many who undoubtedly believe, that manners are superfluous, a luxury, and, as such, enervating; and not only this, but that they exercise a demoralizing influence, blinding us to facts, and thus drawing us from the path of exact rectitude.

These people say, with much appearance of truth, that manners disguise our real sentiments and feelings; that they are a mask through which the features of our spiritual being are undiscernible; that they are, in fact, as termed in the quotation given above, "pretty little lies." Such sturdy advocates for the naked truth fail to realize that the spiritual being requires a decency of covering no less than the material body. Our thoughts sent naked into the world would violate the proprieties just as surely as would a company of *fin de siècle* emancipators and reformers if they were to shake off the fetters of dress, and promenade King Street in the primitive costume of Father Adam. The most ardent upholders of Truth would hardly go so far as to advocate a return to nature in that respect.

Here we may remark that manners of some sort are as universal as dress, and that is universal as mankind. The most barbarous tribes have some usages, peculiar, it may be, to themselves; no nation has yet become so highly evolved that manners have ceased to be. To create manners is one of those fundamental impulses which Matthew Arnold calls "the vital instincts of humanity" and as such cannot be ignored.

Then the question arises, to what extent shall manners be employed? It is not easy to fix a definite limit; the manners that in one person would be seemly and appropriate, in another would savour of affectation, and in yet a third would seem wanton rudeness and lack of consideration. There are limitations, too, of age and sex; of nationality, rank, and education; and sub-limitations as various as are the dispositions of mankind. Perhaps the most nearly we can arrive at defining their extent is to say that they should be employed so far as they conduce to use or beauty. It would, too, be well if we could grasp the idea that beauty is the highest use of all.

But in order to be beautiful, manners must be a perfect fit—the most exquisite hand is marred by a clumsy glove; the most opportune gift by a tactless giving; the kindest thought by an awkward expression of it. Manners may be defined as the dress of conduct. Some keep a fine suit for special occasions. The Sunday coat of ill-fitting broadcloth and the boots with excruciating squeak have suitable accompaniment of manners as stiff and unceasing as themselves. The manners that are put off and on in this fashion are not the desirable ones.

Besides their fit we must consider their suitability. Those that are in perfect accord with office or workshop are as much out of place in a ball-room as a rough business suit would be. A man will hardly take a formal acquaintance down to dinner with the same familiar ease of manner which he displays in bringing refreshments to the lady with whom in their childhood he had popped corn and eaten philopenas. Yet manners the most unassuming have just as much need of perfection in detail as has the stately round of formal etiquette.

These variations in manner are no more an affectation than are the changes made in outward costume as occasion may require. Of course there are people who have one suit for all occasions, and find it "plenty good enough." For such people most of us have pity, and, perhaps, just a touch of contempt. On the other hand, the fine-lady airs and dandy affectations that some misguided youths and maidens inflict upon their associates are often the result of trying to wear the dainty ceremoniousness appropriate to periods of relaxation during the press and hurry of work-a-day hours.

In conclusion, let us say that manners have, as it were, a close-fitting inner garment that yields to every movement, yet never gets awry. This garment is always the same; it is untouched by fashion; unaffected by changes in the outer array; and its name is, consideration for others.

Calgary.

JOHN FRANCIS DEANE.

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Notes by the Way.

JUST in the middle of meditating some ideas picked up in the course of recent travel, which might or might not be worth publication, a copy of THE WEEK reached me, and decided the matter in favour of a contribution to the journal which is always received with eager welcome by me, more especially when absent from home and things Canadian are not accessible.

The wise and liberal-minded policy of the State of Massachusetts in making provision for the starting of free public libraries in all its towns willing to take the necessary steps towards securing such benefits, is widely known, but people are not so well aware that Vermont has recently followed this good example, which it is to be hoped will have many more imitators. The establishment of small free libraries is now being vigorously pushed all over the State, the sum of money allowed to each place wanting a library being one hundred dollars for the purchase of books to begin with.

Those who are of the opinion that all this is foolishness and "means taxation of the people for the reading of novels, many of them most injurious to the mind, and leading to great waste of time which ought to be devoted to studies of a more profitable character," will please explain how people are going to get the books of a more profitable character, if there are no libraries. Is no wheat to be sown for fear tares may come up also? The difficulty about books injurious to the mind, of which doubtless there are many, should be solved by having a competent and reliable body of readers, which

would pass any such books as might be considered proper to be placed in a public library and paid for by the community. In this way "Dodo" and similar obnoxious literary weeds would be given little chance—unless indeed they should do their evil deeds by corrupting the committee of readers which would necessarily have to handle much trash, and be expected to sift out for the public only what is lovely and of good report. But of this there need be little fear, for it is likely in these days any community with enough sense to want a free library could produce some individuals with sufficient mental ballast to stand such shocks unmoved. At this time there seems to be cause to thank Heaven that the tide which has borne up so much that was foul and noisome is turning, and will soon ebb.

To turn to another subject. The librarian of the Boston Athenæum, in conversation with me, exclaimed lately, in regard to Canadian affairs, "Do you know it is the hardest place in the world for us to find out anything about; there is not a foreign country whose sources of information are not more easily reached by us." How is this? What is the reason? I fancy the fault lies largely with the people of this country, for I find for one thing, they have not even a Canadian newspaper in the Athenæum, and have taken the liberty of suggesting that this omission be rectified. On the other hand, may not Canadians be at fault in failing to do all they can to spread a knowledge of our country? In other words, advertise? We have a good many books about our country if they were only better known, and it should be the duty of those who have the control of libraries in the United States to see that they are supplied with all available information about their next door neighbour, whom they sometimes talk of wanting to make one with themselves. But what can be expected in this case, when we have only to look at our own provinces to find, outside of a literary circle, a state of blissful ignorance among the people of the east about the writers of the west, and vice versa. Many are the Nova Scotians who never heard of Lampman, and there are those in Montreal, and perhaps in Toronto, to whom the existence of Roberts and Carman is utterly unknown. The institution of free libraries might do something towards dispelling this darkness.

In Halifax, where my life has been chiefly spent, there is the Legislative Library, good in its way, but necessarily limited in its scope, and the Citizens' Free Library, sadly in need, it is to be feared, of having its standard raised, and this the branch of the National Council might undertake to do, and make it a place where students could find what they need. But library matters in Halifax have taken a fresh start lately, so we will see a change before long. The much-desired building to contain Library, School of Art, and Provincial Museum, will soon, hope whispers, cease to be an airy nothing, and become a local habitation for these three institutions, and a creditable name for the legislature which made the necessary appropriation.

In conclusion, I will tell a little about the new public library in Boston, which I made a point of visiting as often as possible while in that city a few months ago. It was opened for use in 1895, having been seven years in course of erection, and is not yet entirely finished in all parts. The building is of gray granite, extremely handsome and impressive externally, and adds much to the beauty of Copley Square, on which it fronts, and which is now surrounded by fine architectural structures. The entrance hall is magnificent, being entirely of marble of a beautiful tawny hue, veined in various colours. The floor is inlaid with brass, showing the signs of the Zodiac, the dates of the founding of the library, the erection of the present edifice, and other appropriate designs. The steps of the wide stairway are of creamy marble, and two heroic-size couchant lions, carved from the same tawny marble as the walls, guard the turning of the stairway to either side. They are considered to be splendidly executed, and they certainly seem to satisfy the eye craving for the fitness of things. On the bases on which they lie are the following inscriptions:—On the left hand, "In honour—of the—Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry—and in remembrance of the—Officers and Men who fell in its ranks—this monument has been given to the City of Boston." And on the right, "In honour—of the—Second Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry—and in remembrance of the—Officers and Men who fell in its ranks—this

monument has been given to the City of Boston." These inscriptions face the landing, and on the ends facing the lower steps are the names of the battles in which the regiments fought, and underneath, the names of the regiments, with dates, 1861-1865, in bay wreaths. The beautiful harmony of colouring is what particularly impressed me as I entered this hall and stairway, but the construction is also very fine, and needs to be seen to be appreciated.

Bates Hall is the general reading-room, and is well fitted for its purpose. It occupies the entire front of the building upstairs, and is therefore spacious. The hall is surrounded by book-shelves from which any visitor may select and remove books for table use, returning them to their places before leaving; but the more usual course with those wishing special books is to make out slips, which are provided, for the books required and wait for the attendant to bring them. A system of pneumatic tubes is used to send the slips to the part of the library where the books asked for are to be found, and the books come back to the hall in carriages on a railway, and are delivered by the attendant to the applicant at the table indicated on the slip. I have no figures at hand to tell what the seating capacity of this room is, but roughly guess that four hundred people could be accommodated easily, and every time I was there in the afternoon it was well filled with studious people—men, women, boys and girls—all absorbed in their books.

The periodical room is downstairs, and is also much used, but the special library, away upstairs, is about the most comfortable and quiet place for a morning's reading which I found.

Books for home use are obtained in a room close to Bates Hall, and those who get them must be card-holders. No card is needed for use in Bates Hall—it is open to all comers.

This short description of Boston's new public library, which might be very much extended but for the limitations of space, may possibly be of interest to someone going there, and I may add that the attendants are very obliging and polite, and no one need be afraid to ask for information on any subject.

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

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Parisian Affairs.

THE Internationalist Congress of Socialists and Workmen just held at Lille, suggests plenty of subjects for profound reflection, and raises many points of anxiety about the future. The arrival of the German representatives of doctrinal socialism, Messrs. Bebel, Liebknecht and Singer, was the occasion of something like an *emeute*. It puts in glaring contradiction the stuff and nonsense spouted and printed about the unity of the working classes and human fraternity. The populace of Lille simply hooted the Germans as German who ravaged their country in 1870-71, took the last franc out of their old stocking, and picked the very bones of France. And if the whim of their autocratic Emperor so willed, the same drama of exhaustion would be acted to-morrow. Bebel and his associates have had already to avow that if enrolled in the army to-morrow and marched against France, they would not fire their rifles into the air, but at the heads and hearts of their French co-socialists—just as Freemasons have to sweep away Freemasons, for patriotism must supersede all the practical jokes and windbagism about the fraternities, etc. And the Socialist press of Paris and French writers dare not indulge in any other language. Only, they being Opportunists and human, they accept the spectacle of France marching arm in arm with autocratic Russia to aid progress in the liberties, equalities and other now damped, clap-trap fireworks. This is why staid people look on with profound indifference and scepticism at the playing on the old bagpipes about the regeneration of the universe, and indeed upon world events in general.

It was at the International Exhibition of 1862, at London, that the English and French workmen founded the International, under the inspiration of Karl Marx, and destined to make the working classes of Europe the "Fourth Estate." Socialism then, instead of working secretly, came forth into broad daylight. Splits upon splits succeeded in the body as some new-fangled theory to make people wealthy, who had nothing, and who preferred to help themselves to the savings of others rather than to labour and practise frugality

themselves. Then the American invention of the 1st of May as the International Labour Holiday, was adopted, having for aim the overthrow of that still standing Bastille—private capital, whether owned by German, French, English, American, or Chinese. In 1890, the Kaiser, athirst for novelty and popularity, took up the International and burned his fingers; he soon had to drop that live coal. But the evil had been done; the question of eight hours a day had emigrated from the streets to parliaments, followed by a demand for a minimum scale of wages—an equal division of unequal earnings; of the general strike as a solution for labour disputes; of the conduct of internationalists in case of war; of their general attitude towards the military system; of the necessity to socialize the land, and now, the merchant marine. That's where we are at present. Happily London is still the refuge of practical sense; its Internationalists start, with a deep love of their country despite all its faults, the repudiation of German doctrinarism, of French revolutionary claptrap, and of collectivism deceptions.

The Lille Congress has opened the eyes of dreamers; it shows that the hatred of the French for the Germans is as fresh and as deep as ever, and only awaits the favourable opportunity to make itself felt. It has done more; it has turned the attention of the French, search-light like, to the situation, the practical goings on of the Germans. They accuse the latter of aiming to come between them and Russia, and that the old policy of Bismarck has never varied—that of setting nations against nations, so as to slip between them and reap the spoils. They note that while France, in her fatalism for glory, drains herself of blood and money to found unproductive colonies, or to hold possessions that Frenchmen avoid like a pest, the Teuton keeps his resources concentrated, ready for use at home, while leaving nothing undone to capture the trade of the world. In the latter respect she has done nothing more than what other rivals were free to adopt; she has brought to bear on her industries and trades the same scientific and plodding discipline that have made her army what it is. In this commercial campaign she has defeated France as completely as at Sedan, and now is trying a fall with England, delivering some very successful broadsides to her outputs and trade, so that John Bull has not a moment to lose to take up position and equip himself to not only parry the attack, but to carry the war into his rival's commercial strongholds. The French accuse the Germans of playing a sly and waiting game; to leaving France to knock her head against some stone wall, or be led into some fatal diplomatic tangle. Germany has three objectives in case of general war; with Russia, she can win the latter's western, rich and German peopled provinces; with Austro-Hungary she can, with the smash of that empire, attract its German millions; with France, Germany, as is openly stated, will take a new Alsace, from Dunkirk to the Vosges, with Algeria thrown in. But she will not fight England save to wage more fiercely the present commercial battle and that she is at present winning so completely all along the line. It is time for Britain to rouse from her Rip Van Winkle slumber. Germany is scoring all the innings.

Li-Hang-Tchang—one must so call him still, though a French abbé, long resident in China, protests that is not his name at all, but only a sobriquet—is evidently becoming fatigued with the role of commercial traveller for his country to take stock of Western civilization. And he has England and America yet to "do." He must feel consolation in the fact that he has his coffin in safe keeping in the London docks—Sarah Bernhardt has hers now in a public warehouse. It is wonderful how the Ambassador, taking into consideration his great age, is able to achieve all the work he does. He drinks nothing stronger than tea, and only eats rice and tinned animal food brought from his own estate. These are placed beforehand on the table at which he takes a seat when enjoying an official meal. But this, after all, is only what many public persons who dine out practise; their valets bring their own favourite brands of wines and brandies in advance, and serve only that. Li has given no orders for any goods, he has only noted samples and prices. He in actual business but negotiates the consent of the Powers to have their exports to China subjected to augmented taxation. The bent of his mind is certainly to war *material*—as is that of the Japanese Government.

The Cretan resistance to Turkish bad faith and cruelty

does not create much interest here. The time has passed when France invested in distressed nationalities; she now prefers big, live states. What Turkey can do, or will be allowed to do, is uncertain. She can only count platonically on Russia and France. It will be difficult to rein in the Greek excitement, which aims at the disruption of European Turkey. In that speculation she does not want well-wishers. Public opinion is perfectly indifferent about the outbreak of a continental war. They are sick of patch-work peace-making.

Poor M. Spuller was wrong to die in the "dead season." A public funeral, with no one in town, was not what he merited. He was one of the most hard-working and useful of the Gambetta republicans, and was the best loved disciple of the great patriot. Odd that he should die—though more slowly, of the same disease—cancered intestine—as his great friend. Spuller's character was enviable and a model, without ceasing to be an upright and no-surrender republican. He was proverbial for the urbanity and respect with which he treated his opponents. And Jules Ferry, that greatest of misunderstood public men, has had his statue inaugurated at St. Die in the Vosges, in the region of the granite hills, and that seemed to have been reflected in his fearless and unyielding temperament. It is not too much to say he was the only real statesman the Third Republic produced. This may explain why he towered so much above his contemporaries—a mortal fault—in a democracy, and why an unpopularity was organized to fiercely hunt him down. Gambetta really experienced the same fate. Jules Ferry was an excellent journalist and never sought in mere words the style of his article; he sought facts and drove them home. As a Minister, he carried the home obligatory and free education bill, which does not yet please many. He, however, secured Tonkin, Indo-China and Tunisia for France—and she will no more quit Tunisia as she promised to do, than England will Egypt, Russia, Kars and Batoum, Germany, Schleswig, or Austria, Bosnia. The Powers agree in common that what is good to take is always good to keep. Jules Ferry had an immense amount of political courage and of unfaltering confidence in living down undeserved unpopularity.

There is said to be ever something pleasurable in the misfortunes of our best friends. British difficulties in South Africa and the Soudan would not cause the French to put on sackcloth and ashes. They admit, but do not write, that Lord Salisbury's despatches in the last Venezuelan Blue Book dispose of the pretensions of the waspish Indo-Hispano republic to take over next to the whole of British Guiana. France is quite prepared for her summons by Monroe & Co. to produce her claims to annex a portion of the Brazilian republic to her slice of Guiana. As usual, the Dutchman is snug in his West-Indian cheese—for the present. In South African matters the tide is turning in favour of Cecil Rhodes. That he sympathized with the British of Johannesburg, deprived of all civilized rights, to obtain redress, was what every freeman would do. But that he approved of Jameson's invasion has yet to be proved. If Uncle Paul has any documents to establish the contrary, now is the moment to produce them, or henceforth hold his peace. It is the third and last time of asking.

The English people are leaving the French far behind in the matter of thrift. The annual savings banks returns of both countries attest the French are left far behind.

Consolation for depressed farmers: Chemist Berthelot states that the time is at hand when science will discover in the economy of alimentation the inutility of growing wheat or raising cattle and sheep for rump steaks and cutlets. About the same time the atmosphere will be the highway for all transit.

M. Zola assures his sacrilegious critic, the Rev. Pere Martin, that his writings have not been inspired by his love for cats, dogs, pigs—and such small deer.

Paris, July 29th, 1896.

The monument to Franz Suppé in the Central Cemetery, Vienna, will be soon unveiled. The work is by the sculptor Richard Tautenhahn, and consists of a bronze bust on a marble block. Between figures allegorizing music and song lies a sheet containing the notes of "O du mein Oesterreich."

Palaologus.

When Palaologus felt the approaching hour,
His heart foretold his fearful doom,
Pale victim of the Moslem power,
Last of the Greeks, the last of Rome.

And Honour weeping pointed to the path
To expiate his country's shame,
For her he fell, with rapine and with wrath
The turbaned conquerors onward came.

Ascendant Glory viewed the falling Brave,
Proudly triumphing o'er his foe's despite
He guards within a solitary grave,
A deathless name, a deathless light.

G. C. R.

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Letters to the Editor.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

SIR,—I am sorry to see that our good neighbours south of line 45° are still in danger from an attack of the silver craze in its most virulent form, combined with Free Coinage, which some of their papers tell us is favoured by three-fourths of their electors. As to these the case is simply that the scheme is a new but not honest way to pay old debts with coin worth only about one-half their amount, the number of debtors being probably about four to one of the creditors. You will remember that I and your worthy correspondent, Mr. S. E. Dawson, had, in 1893, a friendly discussion in THE WEEK on the Bi-metal question, he taking the Bi and I the Mono side, and that I did then, as I do now, maintain that it is impossible that two metals of fluctuating value with respect to each other and to property of any kind, can be advantageously and honestly used as standards of value and made legal tender in the same country and at the same time, in payment of debts of all kinds and of all amounts, giving, as I thought and think, valid reasons for my belief, which you will find in my letter printed in THE WEEK of the 24th February, 1893, and by which I abide, as I do, also, by my assertion in my letter of the 26th of the same month: "That if our Government will give us plenty of our own Canadian silver, we shall have the best currency in the world—decimal, convenient and sound; following the good example of England in using the three metals, but improving on it by adopting the decimal system and, as in England, limiting the legal tender quality of the two inferior metals in any one payment." You may, perhaps, like to refer to my letter. I make no pretension to originality in the arguments used in them, though they contained, perhaps, the first statement of them in any Canadian journal. W.

Ottawa, 8th August, 1896.

FISKE'S BEGINNING OF NEW ENGLAND.

SIR,—My attention was directed to Mr. Fiske's suggestive book on the "Beginning of New England," by some criticisms in a recent article in THE WEEK, objecting to its being placed on a list prepared for students by a committee of Toronto University. Since I read that article I have enjoyed the perusal of this book with very great pleasure and profit. I must say that I am at a loss to understand why the writer of the article in question should have called it a book written "in order to glorify the American republic." So far from this, the actual story of the "Beginning of New England" occupies not much more than the third part of a small volume of about 300 pages; the larger portion being taken up with the beginning of Constitutional Government in general. The origin of our modern democratic institutions is traced out into the remote past of the Teutonic peoples, and contrasted with the history and tendency of the Roman Empire, which, as other writers have pointed out, cannot properly be said to have ended in the fifth century when the throne of the Caesars was first occupied by a barbaric conqueror. The two streams and ideals of government—the imperial ideal of rule from above or without, and the democratic ideal of government for the people by the people, which has moulded our modern representative institutions—are traced, in their respective antagonistic courses, up to the beginning of the present century. The debt of humanity to the Christian Church throughout what are popularly termed the dark

ages—especially in modifying the tyrannous sway of the imperial ideal—is candidly and generously acknowledged. The rise of what is known as "Puritanism," which has been so beneficent a force in the long struggle for civil and religious liberty, is traced, in the "Separatists" who came from the Balkan, the Waldenses of France, and the Lollards of England, and also now points out how political and geographical conditions determined the very different fates of the "Protestant" reaction in France and in Britain.

The series of European complications which resulted in the memorable expedition on the "Mayflower" to the shores of New England, and of the other bands which followed, are carefully disentangled, and we get a clear idea of the rise and progress of the little cluster of settlements finally grouped together under the name of New England, as well as of the foes without and the dissensions within which menaced the existence of these pioneer settlements. Scarcely anything, however, is said of the raids on the New England colonies from New France; the havoc wrought by the three war parties and the massacre of Schenectady. These do not seem to loom so largely in the history of New England as in that of New France, and it is rather with the relations of the Colonies to the Mother Country, and the gradual development of the power of self-government that Mr. Fiske chiefly concerns himself. The struggles of the colonists to save their rights and liberties, under the tyranny of Charles II. and his son, give an interesting glimpse of the way in which history repeats itself; and as these struggles are not complicated with the irritation which still bristles about the period of the Revolution, there is no reason why the most ultra-loyal Briton should object to it. The story of that section of our race which has grown into such a nation as that to the south of us, is surely of the very greatest interest to us, and should be included in any adequate programme of education in history.

FIDELIS.

ENGLISH IN THE SCHOOLS.

SIR,—Of all subjects studied in the schools, whether elementary or advanced, English is, without doubt, the most important.

Not only is it important as a mere item of the curriculum; without its agency no instruction in the other branches of the curriculum can be intelligently imparted.

Classics we might do without—Athens is dust, Rome but a name—what is best of their intellectual life is with us, done into English by such scholars as Morshead, Worsley, Lang, Myers, Munro, Chapman, Pope, Derby, Gladstone; French and German are not indispensable to the Briton or his descendants; we may compel, nay, we do compel foreigners to assume our own speech. So with other tongues; they are accomplishments, not necessities; ornaments, not fundamentals. Science is admirable; but, until the last few decades, the world got along very well upon its bare elements. Man believed in the nobility of man, and the apishness of the ape. All this is changed, doubt and even despair have usurped the throne of Immortality. Mathematics, outside of the ordinary measurements and simpler calculations, may be ignored by the average man or woman. It is a fine thing to know the distance to the nearest fixed star; but the bread-winner who toils ten hours a day for a loaf cares more for the price of wheat, than for all the trigonometrical formulæ and computations which fix, not seldom inaccurately, the distances of nebulae and comets and such-like itinerant departures from the orbit of his daily labour and daily pain.

But the mother-speech he must have, in which to think, in which to converse, in which to read, in which to live and love and die. It is his mental food. The average man can exist without the physical luxuries of life, but he must have bread; he can exist without the *onomics*, the *ologies* and the *isms* of hyperculture, but he must have his mother-tongue. It is born with him, it endures with him, it progresses with him, it perishes with him so far as he is concerned. With him it dies or lives again. If not, with what speech and with what knowledge shall he answer to the roll-call of that Other host?

English is an essential, a bare essential of education, consequently it has been the fashion to ignore it—as it is fashionable to ignore much that is nearest and most familiar—and to assume with a new-found apishness of pedigree, apishness of finery and superficiality of all descriptions, *ergo*,

apishness of mental accomplishments. Good, robust, outspoken Anglo-Saxon has had to give place to French, mostly "after the schole of Stratford at Bowe;" and the commonest, and, therefore, the most useful, mathematical operations have been so shrouded by egotistical examiners in the mysterious gaberlunzies of a pitiful self-glorification as to be practically unrecognizable in their bewildering motley. Men who can scan Homer cannot write a page of grammatical English; and enthusiasts who know all about the conic sections, and many sections besides that are not conic, do so consistently and persistently murder the Queen's and their own speech, as to make it matter of grave doubt whither their souls will go after death, that is, if matricides have souls.

Of late years some attempt has been made by the advocates of higher English in Canadian schools to give it greater prominence on the curriculum; of course, with the usual result, loud outcry from the ranks of the nebulous—but much remains to be done before the subject receives that just appreciation which is its meed, and takes its proper place in the educational plan.

It is a well known fact that, at present, English is handicapped with commercial *legèr-de-main*, drill, calisthenics—what the acrobat physical has to do with Ælfred's royal tongue is an enigma to some—and other trivialities too numerous to mention. The English master, especially the junior English master, is supposed to be a repository of all second-hand learning, an encyclopædia of odds and ends, the very rags, bones, and bottles of the humanities. This fact alone might lead one to suppose that his salary should be far in excess, instead of far in arrear of that of any other member of the staff of teachers of which he may happen to be one.

And such English as sometimes goes with the graceful swing of the clubs—in corsets—or the agile hysterics on the horizontal bar of some unfortunate later edition of the Pickwickian fat boy!

There was once upon a time a laughing philosopher; he was supplemented by a weeping philosopher. Would it be too much to suppose that both had their origin in the *palais-stra* of ancient Greece?

Was the Greek used by the instructors in those days anything like the English used by ours? If so, no wonder Parnassus is forsaken, and Olympus has hidden his head in clouds!

A truce to levity. All these things are very good in their place, and no man can be a cultured gentleman without a liberal education; classics, moderns, mathematics, science, what not. We admit it all.

But there comes an after-thought. A man may be a gentleman, if not a very highly cultured gentleman, with a sufficient knowledge of his mother-tongue alone. The Greeks themselves knew but Greek. All else was mere *bar bar*; hence, those who used the *bar bar* were *barbarians*. What a lesson!

And mark, without a sufficient knowledge of his mother-tongue, no man can be a cultured gentleman or even a gentleman in the true sense of the word at all, though we know the *Aeneid* by heart, quote *Aschylus* or *Euripides* by the page, and read *Corneille* and *Goethe* in the original; though the integral and differential calculus be to him as household words, and the Fourth Dimension or the fossils of the earth's strata as a printed book. To hear a mathematical High School teacher pronounce the word "doth" with a long *o*, or inform his class that "he seen" a meteor, and that two and three "aint" six, in the august hall of instruction itself, is as, though one had encountered a Divinity blind of an eye, deaf of an ear, or halting in his gait.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,"

reverence for the eternal fitness of things, and knowledge of everything that is best worth knowing; but let us, before all, have it first in English, not in parti-coloured Dutch, or hypochondriac French, or demented Ciceronian—pronounced with a *k*—the good, level-headed, honest-tongued English, in which Shakespeare wrote and Tennyson sang, used by Pitt in Parliament, and Wellington at Waterloo; not English acquired second-hand, but English English, from the well, pure and undefiled, as spoken by the best Englishmen in their own land. Let us have the genuine article if we can get it, regardless of expense, or as near a sample as we can get.

Consider what English is, and what he who undertakes instruction in the subject should be conversant with; then judge whether it should be handicapped with anything more ignoble, and whether its emoluments should not be at least on a par with the other subjects of the curriculum.

First, the language itself should be pure, grammatical, fluent in the teacher's mouth; for remember, English is English, not Canadian nor American, no, nor even Irish, but English, gifted not by plutocrat or sciolist of to-day, but by the viking and the bard of many yesterdays.

Consider the magnitude of its history; the wealth of its literature; the intricacies of its grammar; the subtlety of its philosophy. Its history; its birth, development, progress, transitions, perfection. Its literature, prose, and poetry—and the marvellous border land between, the realm of Ruskin and DeQuincey, of Lander and Blackmore;—biographical, historical, scientific, didactic, romantic, epic, dramatic, lyric, humorous. Its grammar; orthoepical, orthographical, etymological, syntactical, prosodial. Its philosophy, its ethics, its æsthetics, its aspirations, and accomplishments on the spiritual side; the psychological side; the idealistic side, in poetry and prose.

And with literature will go composition, and with composition is closely allied universal history, biography, geography, all that tends to intellectual development in the best sense of the word as far as is consistent with the study of a single language, that language the one into which has been translated the best of every other known language, ancient or modern.

Truly, here is a fine field for study, a fine field for tuition, not to be lightly undertaken by any mere novice with a smattering of commercial chicaneries, or a taste for the swinging of arms or jerking of legs, nay, rather is it the whole duty of an expert, born to it, matured in its atmosphere, impregnated with that atmosphere, able to speak of it and in it, as his very own, his birthright, his love—with authority, not as one of the scribes.

Are such paragons, then, to be found in Philistia? Perhaps; but *nepotism* to them is a foreign word, and so, again, perhaps, forbidden.

Lastly, no useful tuition can be conveyed in any other subject, save by the means of this once openly ignored, at present little understood and less valued mother-tongue.

This thought alone should give us pause; for if instruction be worth anything, its value must be in direct proportion to its accuracy and its thoroughness. What labourer ever produced a *chef-d'œuvre* with unworthy or alien tools? What universe was ever summoned from the abysses of chaotic time and space, but by the noblest voicings of the home-inspired intelligence.

"Let there be light!" Wonderful words these! Uttered in no foreign tongue to listening Nature!

Are things changed now so very much from then?

A. H. MORRISON.

THE ATOM AND THE SCHOOL.

SIR,—As Gold is the god of modern Society, so is the Atom of modern Science. The worship of Gold is easy and natural, perhaps owing to its general invisibility; but, one needs special training ere he can prostrate himself in lowly adoration before the all-mighty Atom. The general lack of such training is simply deplorable, and the School must see to it without further waste of time. Ignorance of the Atom means a state of Savagery. This we have on the authority of Prof. Huxley, who has been in the Atom-business all his life. The high-priest of an exploded superstition wages impious war on this one true god. Medievalism would shoot at him from the loopholes of the Separate School. A sad spectacle! Man's most precious interests are at stake; for, what becomes of us all, should disaster befall the Atom? A dark outlook; but, the dawn appears. Superstition is "a house divided against itself." Its Stronghold, the School, will soon be the Temple of Atomism. To this noble end let all true friends of humanity strive might and main. It is the battle-field of Truth *versus* Error; we yield not an atom of ground till victory perch on our banner! For, if Man must bend his lordly knee to some thing, at least let it be to the Greatest Thing. I do not say the "biggest." I am not an American.

As the Race has struggled up from its far-off unspeakable Slough of beastment, tripped by Priestcraft, it has bent

the knee to queer things without number; at last it nears the hill-top where flames the Torch of Science around the throne of the Atom. Shall it be rolled back into Night? That is the Separate School question. Think of your forefathers: blind men in a jungle. Picture their unhappy lot, especially the first Christians. Poor fellows! they never so much as heard of the Atom! Standing, as we do, in the blaze of high noon, it almost baffles us to realize their case: no finger to point them to the one source of life, and hope, and all things. And so Superstition waxed great; and still would wax. But the Christendom section of its domain is rent in twain—one half under a Pope; the other under many: both hostile to the Atom whilst throttling each other. This is our chance. In the name of the Atom, let Secularism knock their heads together. Then shall our cause triumph. Then shall their heaven, their hell, and such-like delusions and bugbears disappear. Then shall Man be set free "to take his pastime in the fields of time;" and, with his fellow-beast, return to the bosom of the Atom, whence he came. What shall separate him from so lofty a Destiny? Shall that miserable anachronism called "Separate School?"

Bad as is the Church, the Separate School is worse,—it moulds the dough while yet so soft. Nor is the *Public* school much better; tainted, as it is in text-book and teacher with the Old Superstition. What Atomism demands is a purely Secular School. We confess it will be hard to get. It means more than extended Bibles, Decalogues and Prayers. Pure Secularism cuts deeper than that. With the Bible must go most of the present text-books, so tinged with Superstition; and the heathen classics. In short, Atomism calls for the destruction of all literatures, save the Atomic. You cannot have a purely Secular School so long as the faintest odour of Superstition attaches to teacher or text-book; and it does, yea even to the school walls; for the very air is laden with it. All manner of Thought outside the Scientific; nay all Thought within, which is antagonistic to the Atom, must be annihilated, ere we reach the purely Secular School. Once reached, the guileless Protestant will walk into the net; but his more wary Brother will say: "In vain is the net set in the sight of any bird." The old War will continue; but the Atom will have captured the multipope half of Christendom.

"Rhapsody," dear Reader? Nay,—the chastened utterance of sober conviction: a calm plea for Truth and—the Atom. For, Science is Truth; and Truth is mighty: the Atom, all-mighty. You shake your head?—"he is such a little fellow!" Where wast thou born, "O thou of little faith?" Go back to Evolution's Dawn; behold him there at work; and see for yourself what a big little fellow he is. Why, all the worlds nestle together in his elastic little belly! This is the last decision of that Privy Council from which lies no appeal. You can't take it in? Of course not, all at once. Your "imagination" has received no "scientific" discipline. Let me try to make it clear: The Universe was contained "potentially" in the first Atom, and set free by a "shock" from the second. Now you understand. No? Oh, stupid! Let me try again: The whole Universe, organic and inorganic, was potentially contained in the primordial Atom; and is the result of a shocking, unprovoked interaction of the molecules composed of the atoms of which the primitive nebulousness of the Universe is compounded! There! If you can't see it now, your own nebulosity beats the—Universe.

The Atom is fast routing all imaginations, save the "scientific": all ghosts, naked or clad. Souls are no more. Mind has been packed off to the limbo of Superstition. Thought itself is but a shadowy secretion of the brain. The very Ego goes down before his irresistible lance. The vital principle has gone with the rest. In a word, all things not built of molecules, are swept from the Universe. The queen Lies of Time lie dead. And duped humanity weeps for its slaughtered Phantasms.

You ask me what the Atom is? Frankly I don't know, if you are too exacting. Be moderate, and I shall do my best. The Atom is a small speck of matter. It takes a lot of them to make a molecule: which is too small for the naked eye. Split an Atom: you get two. Split these: you get four. And so on, *ad infinitum*. You must split away, till you can split no more. Then, and then only, have you reached the true Atom,—the Vortex, or whirl, whence issued all things: that wondrous THING which first made all

things; and then—itself! Of course all this is very crude illustration. You cannot physically split an Atom: that were a contradiction in terms. But, you can do it mentally. By aid of the "scientific imagination," you can go on splitting till you end in a "whirl," where split and splitter alike vanish. This is the Nirvana of Science; that blessed re-absorption in the Atom for which we hope. A soul-inspiring hope, of which Superstition would rob us; that is to say, if there were a soul to rob, or—a WE.

Thus you see *why* we oppose Religious Education, and specially hate the Separate School. Our motto is: Not an Atom of Religion; but—the Religion of the ATOM.

JOHN MAY.

* * *
Music.

THE new opera by Mascagni, entitled "The Japanese Girl," is based on a very poetical and fanciful libretto by Illica. Among the characters represented are a doll, a screen—that is, the figures painted thereon—the sun, a lotos flower and the Fates. Among human personages are a pair of Japanese lovers, and a cruel father, whose cruelty is of no avail, but who has ultimately to hand his daughter to the detested lover. There are also some low comedy characters.

By the terms of the last will of the late Ambroise Thomas, M. Weckerlein, Librarian of the Conservatory, has received all the papers and manuscripts of the deceased, including the scores, namely, *Le Guerillero*, *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*, *La Tonelli*, *Le Carnaval de Venise*, *Le Roman d'Elvire*, *Mignon*, *Hamlet*, *Francoise de Rimini*, the ballet music to "The Tempest," *La Cour de Célémène*, *Psyché* (in two versions) and *Le Caïd*. The last named score is minus the overture, the sheets of which had been lent to a conductor who has "forgotten to return them." Ambroise Thomas had never been able to recall his name or his address. *Le Ménestrel* comments, "Ne prêtez jamais vos livres ni vos partitions." Ambroise Thomas left a considerable sum to found two prizes bearing his name, one at the Conservatory, the other at the musical section of the Institute.

Dr. Heinrich Riemann, one of Berlin's best musicians and most versatile organists, is giving a remarkable series of organ recitals upon the superb new instrument at the Emperor William Memorial Church. The third of this series of weekly concerts took place on the 2nd inst., and offered a programme of more than passing, and indeed historic, interest. Thus the first number consisted of a concerto (No. 2 in A minor), which Johann Sebastian Bach arranged, or rather transcribed for organ from a violin concerto by Antonio Vivaldi. The three movements of the work (allegro, adagio, and finale allegro) are short, and in Riemann's virtuoso tempo the allegros seemed shorter than necessary. The second number was an organ concerto in D minor, by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach (1710-84), the most gifted, but also the most shiftless of the great Johann Sebastian's sons, and a fellow who died in utter poverty here in Berlin in 1784. Only few of his works have been handed down to us, and of these the above concerto (consisting of a prelude, fugue, largo spiccato and finale) is one of the most important. The third organ piece was a concerto in F major (No. 5), for organ with orchestra, by Handel (arranged for organ alone by Dr. Riemann). It consists of four movements, *largetto*, *allegro*, *alta Siciliana* and *presto*. All these works gave Dr. Riemann occasion to show his variety and colour charm in registration, and his brilliant technic.

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Art Notes.

A GENIUS for portraiture, delightful and enviable as it may seem to others, is not a gift without alloy. Possessing it a painter gives hostages to Art. If he be a man of powerful physique, and the equable temperament that forgets yesterday and takes no thought of the morrow, the painting of portraits may become an agreeable way of making an income the amount of which would satisfy a Queen's Counsel. But if a man has the heart of an artist, and the desire to express his sense of the beauty of the

visible world, the fate that compels him to paint portraits, year in and year out, to the almost entire exclusion of more imaginative work, is apt to become almost unbearable. The mental and physical strain put upon him during the flood-time of his prosperity is hardly conceivable. Landscape and *genre* artists are wont to complain of the evil effects of exhibitions, with inexorable dates, upon the quality of their work; but they at least can paint privily, and when brain grows fagged and colour-sense dulled, they can turn the picture to the wall, and promise themselves finer passages and a clearer insight next time. But the hours of the fashionable portrait painter's day are allotted weeks beforehand, to which Sir Joshua Reynolds's note-books bear eloquent witness. Having exhausted himself over one sitter, he cleans his palette only to set it for the next, and his working day passes in a crescendo of gallant efforts to be at his best. For a dozen years Mr. J. J. Shannon has been, of the younger men, quite the most popular portrait-painter. He began to be the vogue at an age when many youths have not taken their degree, and by 1893, when he had but just turned thirty, I find by Mr. Graves's "Dictionary of Artists" that in the eleven years that had elapsed since 1881 he had exhibited altogether ninety-two pictures, chiefly portraits, of which twenty-nine had been hung at Burlington House, and eighteen at the New Gallery. On one occasion no fewer than eight of his canvases were accepted by the Royal Academy, a remarkable testimony to the high average of his achievement. He is equally skilful in the portrayal of a vigorous and characteristic personality like his admirable portrait of the old fox-hunting squire, which won him a gold medal at Paris, as in the painting of a lively and beautiful face, the shimmer of white satin, or the rainbow hues of an iridescent silk dress. He does not, like Bastien Lepage, obtain fine textures and the velvet softness of women's skin with small brushes. No, his is the vigorous and swift technique of the square brush laid on with unerring precision. He is a graceful and rapid worker, with a remarkable power for suggesting a likeness, and he has been known to produce an excellent half-length at a single sitting. The portraits he has painted of tall, graceful women would alone fill a gallery. The fleeting suggestion of a beautiful soul shining forth from the eyes of a beautiful body, or that still more fugitive and rarer air of Distinction, seldom elude him. Mr. Shannon was born in New England. He came to England in his teens, and entered, of all places in the world, at the South Kensington schools, where he painted under Mr. Poynter and Mr. Sparks. There he won the gold medal in 1880.—*Lewis Hand, in the "Studio."*

* * *

A Jewish View of Christ's History.*

THIS is a little book of less than 50 octavo pages. It is, nevertheless, worthy of a short sketch, as being a learned Jew's attempt to present a fairer account than that given by any Christian of the Life, Mission, Doctrines and Activity of Jesus of Nazareth. This account is meant to be historical and objective, and, therefore, as free as possible from any admixture of personal or national religious bias. The author first complains of the scanty and unreliable nature of the sources for an authentic biography of Jesus. The Gospels are the chief sources and these are made up of hearsay, which was handed down from generation to generation until, at a comparatively late date, a written record was made.

Here is either gross unfairness or fundamental error. The widespread of Christianity in the first century can hardly be disputed, and yet this could not very well have been accomplished without records being written of the life and work of Jesus. The early existence of the Gospels may also, we think, be argued from their unique and superior character; they are not like the later Christian literature. We have, too, positive external evidence from the second century which vouches for the genuineness of our records.

Dr. Hamburger makes a point that the titles of the Gospels assert their traditional character. It is, in our view,

a mistake to build much on superscriptions which are acknowledged to be not autographic, but of late addition. Admit, however, the evidence, and it does not follow, because an account is "according to Matthew," or one of the others, that Matthew or one of the others did not himself write the record. A scribe writing the four Gospels at a later date would, with particular reference to the variety of the accounts given by the Evangelists, write as superscriptions just what appears. Precisely as we might to-day say the History of the Victorian Era according to A (a Liberal), or according to B (a Conservative), or according to C (a Home Ruler); the expression *κατά* is not unimportant, but its significance does not involve any denial of the genuineness of the Gospels. When it is claimed, further, that there are subjective elements in the gospel records, which a writer of the life of Jesus of Nazareth must eliminate, we may be warned against a presumptively subjective attitude on the part of the would-be biographer.

Without much confidence in the author's attitude regarding his sources, let us go further and see what is said.

There were two directions of Messianic expectation in the time of Jesus, a mystical, represented by a small section of the nation, principally found among the Chasidim and Essenes, and a politico-national, found among the Jewish rulers and the people at large. The former expectation Jesus fulfilled, the latter he disappointed.

This position we endorse.

It is said that "Jesus Himself accepted many titles, but did not recognize that of Son of God, except that in the fourth Gospel He approved it, when used with reference to the mysterious origin of His human nature."

We, of course, dispute the explanation here given of the title in John's Gospel, and besides take opportunity to say that the evidences in the Gospel of Divine Sonship are very numerous apart from this title.

"Of His possible Davidic descent He Himself made no mention." This is true, but He accepted the homage of those who addressed Him as of David's line; and genealogies are given, with too many difficulties for modern scholars to solve, but with the aim of satisfying Jewish expectation as to Jesus' Davidic and Abrahamic connection. We do not know that these genealogies were in early times disputed by the Jews.

"The accounts of His birthplace are confusing everywhere Jesus is named Jesus of Nazareth. We may, therefore, conclude that Nazareth was His home and also His birthplace."

This is a setting aside of the explicit record of both Matthew and Luke. Matthew says, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King," and Luke is more circumstantial still in his reference: "And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judæa, to the city of Bethlehem . . . and it came to pass, while they were there the days were fulfilled that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son."

"According to the most recent research, Jesus was born three or four years before the death of Herod I. Herod died in the year 4 B.C., accordingly the year of Jesus' birth would be either 8 or 7 B.C."

We give this only for the purpose of information. The author cites Keim's *Geschichte Jesus*, p. 89, as his authority, but as this work is not at hand, I cannot give Keim's grounds for this conclusion. Up to this time we have held B.C. 4 as the true date of our Lord's birth.

As to the proficiency of Jesus in the Old Testament and its current interpretation, Dr. Hamburger thinks it possible that He may have received instruction in a school which existed near His home, and, when more advanced, He may have been sent to Jerusalem for more complete education. It is pointed out that this was the method of the time, except that where no school existed the parents were obliged to undertake the earlier instruction. According to the Talmud, Children's Schools were instituted upon the authority of the Sanhedrim President Simon ben Shetach, 100 B.C. The High Priest Joshua ben Gamla, 64 B.C., is said to have provided Children's Schools in every town of Palestine.

Keeping in view these considerations, the incident in the Temple when Jesus was twelve years of age receives an explanation which is quite in harmony with the record in Luke. It was customary in Jerusalem, and in every syna-

* "Jesus of Nazareth." A Tractate, by Dr. J. Hamburger, Over-Rabbi in Strelitz, Germany. Second edition, 1895.

gogue over the land, that, on the Sabbath and feast days and as well on every Monday and Thursday, portions of the Law and the Prophets should be read, a translation into Aramaic or Hellenistic Greek, as the case might be, given, and thereto such explanations as might be needed of the passages read. Jesus had been accustomed to this kind of instruction at His home, and at Jerusalem simply uses His better opportunity to satisfy His desire for a knowledge of the law of His fathers. From this activity as a scholar in the schools, and from His contact with various teachers, came His large acquaintance with the sects of the Jews, and their doctrines. From Matthew v. 47, and vi. 7, it is concluded that He had also some knowledge of the paganism of His time.

The learned author does not accord with his sources when he says that the baptism of our Lord was an act of consecration to His future mission. John's baptism was one of repentance, and he objected to administer it to our Lord; but Jesus said, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." This is not the language of formal consecration to His mission, but a reason for His undergoing an act which symbolized repentance. The incidents occurring immediately after He had undergone the water ordinance made up the consecration, but they are no part of the baptism.

The conception of the mission of Jesus as spiritual—the establishment of a mystical kingdom of God on earth—is one to which no Christian will take objection. But hardly so, when it is said that the mystical element was not original with our Lord, but was an earlier secret teaching among certain sects of the Jews, who borrowed it from Parsism and the Indian religions. "The ban of secrecy under which these doctrines were held was broken in the last century before the destruction of the Jewish State by two men; they were John the Baptist and Jesus of Nazareth." What can we say to these views? I feel quite sure that Oriental mysticism had found its way into Jewish theology and into some Jewish hearts before Christ came, and we may readily believe that many transcendental teachings would be kept for initiated ones only. One may go further, and grant that Jesus published some views of a mystical character which had been previously kept secret. But, still, there is no record anywhere of a teaching private or public like His—transcendently spiritual and beautifully practical.

"The life, clothing, and food, and the sojourn in the wilderness on the part of both John the Baptist and Jesus, especially the latter, make it appear that they were disciples of the Essenes."

No one who is acquainted with the exclusive life of the Essenes would say that this statement could be verified. John and his Master were only more like the Essenes than they were like the other Jewish sects, nothing beyond that. In a passage occurring later on, the author admits that the Essenes disbelieved in the resurrection of the body, and that the teaching of our Lord was much fuller than theirs.

"This idea of the dissolution of any bond between Jerusalem and the Temple, on the one side, and the true religion on the other, is one which, even before the appearing of Jesus, had taken possession of the Jewish mind among the Diaspora in Egypt and in the other distant lands, in which the Jews remained in only very loose connection with Jerusalem and the Temple. The Temple of Onias in Egypt, the synagogues in Alexandria, Rome, Antioch and other places, were independent temples, with each a system of worship of its own which displaced, for the Jews in these respective places, the Temple in Jerusalem. Beside the Essenes, who had also proclaimed the separateness of the kingdom of God from Jerusalem and the Temple and no longer offered sacrifice there, the same view prevailed with some of the Hellenists. This idea was no new one with Jesus, He only defined it, and gave it distinct utterance." This passage calls our attention to a preparation for the Christian dogma of the universality of worship and Divine communion with men. We believe the author to be correct in his position at this point.

Teaching of this kind, this Jewish writer says, could not be forbidden though intensely distasteful to the ecclesiastical authorities, for the reason that freedom of speech and of teaching was an inviolable right in Judaism. A teacher could be arrested only when he incited to resistance against the recognized authority in Church or State.

The expressions used in relation to the Sermon on the Mount appear remarkable. A comparison is begun with the Ten Commandments of Sinai, and then follow the words: "The ten commandments belong to the world of reality, and in the performance of them men meet with no opposition from circumstances which are extraordinary. On the other hand, the demands of the Sermon on the Mount are not suitable to all conditions of men; it cannot be expected that they should be universally followed; they remain pious wishes, which can only be brought to actualization in a narrow circle of men especially devoted to that end." They are said to be doctrines of the over-pious. A rational reading of the Sermon of our Lord could hardly lead to any such conclusion as that enunciated. It seems as though the letter of the precept had been so magnified as to shut out any view of the spirit and sense.

Speaking of our Lord's success these words are used: "His following was formed of the lower, discontented populace on whom the higher and better classes were accustomed to look with contempt; the country people, who did not adopt the prescriptions of the teachers of the law . . . further, restless, agitating persons, law-breakers, the poor and the suffering, and to these, later, a part of the Hellenistic Jews. These persons were drawn to Jesus as a following in consequence of His assaults on the scribes and teachers of the law." The last sentence of the passage we may question, but we think it true that the following of Christ did embrace people of the despised classes enumerated. We have, nevertheless, good reason to feel sure that some of the more honourable people found the message of Christ an acceptable one, and even if they had not found it so, it is no disgrace to any religion that it becomes a blessing to the poor and even vicious classes of society.

"The number of them (apostles) was first twelve, not without reference to the twelve tribes of the Israelitish people; later, He enlarged their circle to seventy men, in all likelihood after the example of the seventy elders under Moses, and the number of members of the Sanhedrim, also in relation to the seventy peoples of the world." Here is confusion; the record says, "He appointed other seventy also," not apostles, these were a distinct group. The symbolism of the choice of our Lord we may adopt, if we wish. It affects the truth to no extent.

We come now to the most important portion of the tractate under review. It deals with the causes of the arrest and condemnation of Jesus, and the manner of the process against Him. The definite beginning of the trouble was the action of driving out, and this author says, inciting His following to drive out the sellers of offerings and money changers from the Temple.

Here, no doubt, we have a cause for action against Him by the ecclesiastical authorities, but Dr. Hamburger lays the condemnation of Jesus, not at the door of the Jewish rulers as a whole, but of Annas and Caiaphas and their partisans, and also at the door of the Romans. We believe it will be understood that Jesus showed Himself to be justified by the highest authority in doing what He did, and, besides, we do not find any record of His having incited His following to act with Him in the case.

The triumphal entry into Jerusalem and the acceptance of the homage of the people to Him as the heir to David's throne are said to have been the causes of Pilate's undertaking any action against Jesus. St. John's account quickly shows that Pilate found Jesus guilty of no crime against the Roman authority.

The grounds of offence against Judaism are enumerated as follows: (1) The announcement of the Kingdom of God as a Kingdom of Heaven, that is as *spiritual*. (2) The claim of the disciples that Jesus was the Messiah. (3) The expansion of the ancient law. (4) The rejection of the ordinances of the teachers of the law, and the public contemning of the same. (5) The forgiveness of sins. But, continues the writer, it must be repeated that neither the teaching nor the personal views of Jesus were ground of action against Him, but solely His resistance to authority and His inciting of others to resistance.

"It is remarkable that the accusation against Jesus as it is given in the Gospels speaks only of criminal action against the Roman authority, and makes no mention of punishable conduct in relation to religion. The cause of this is that Jesus was not an ordained teacher, and the penal regulations of the Law were to be applied to such persons only."

This curious statement, which leaves out of account the trial before Caiaphas and the charge of blasphemy at the same time, does so on the ground that the disciples and the evangelists could never know what happened at a trial for blasphemy, for only the judge and witnesses could be present at such a process. It is intimated by the author that this Caiaphas incident is brought in to unfairly implicate the Jews in the condemnation of our Lord; but there is no sufficient reason for the rejection of the record, and there are several ways of accounting for the securing of the information given. Whether He were an ordained teacher or not, we may hold that Jesus was condemned before Caiaphas and the Jewish rulers for blasphemy. I think there cannot be urged a contradiction between the statements of Matthew, Mark and Luke that there was a hearing before Caiaphas, before any took place in the civil courts and that of John who, as if he knew of the synoptic relation of the matter, says Jesus was brought to the house of Annas first, and then goes on to say what occurred at the high-priest Caiaphas' house—the intimation of the change of place being, as it seems to me, from some unexplained cause found in the middle of the account, in verse 24. He follows this up, of course, with the hearing before Pilate.

In regard to the false witnesses, the author claims that Matthew is the only Gospel which speaks of these as sought out, and that his account is a departure from the other narratives. The truth, he thinks, is not that false witnesses were sought; but that they came, and that the high-priest and the council sought to ascertain whether their testimony were false or not. Luke and John omit any reference to witnesses in the trial before the council, and, as to the record of Mark, it assuredly does appear to differ from that of the first evangelist. Mark says, Mark xiv. 55ff.: "Now the chief priests and the whole council sought witness against Jesus to put him to death; and found it not. For many bare false witness against him and their witness agreed not together. And there stood up certain, and bare false witness against him, saying, We heard him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands and in three days I will build another made without hands. And not even so did their witness agree together. And the high-priest stood up in the midst and asked Jesus, saying, Answerest thou nothing? What is it which these witness against thee?" The account proceeds to intimate that the high-priest did not press this question, but turned his attention to the claims of Jesus to the Messiahship. This passage says no word about the seeking of witnesses, and favours a close sifting of the evidence such as is contended for; but one can see that Mark's meaning clearly is, that witnesses of any kind were sought, but that true witnesses were not found. Matthew must be understood in this way, too; not as meaning that it was the only purpose of the Jewish authorities to find false witnesses, but that they sought any kind of testimony, and in their search secured much that was false. I conceive that the real search of the rulers would be for reliable rather than unreliable evidence.

The writer of the tractate denies that there was any judgment of Jesus as worthy of death before a Jewish tribunal, for the reason that such would have been against their own law. He calls Luke and John as witnesses against Matthew and Mark; but the lack of express mention of the capital finding in the two former is largely made up by circumstantial evidence (cf. Luke xxiii. 10, 13-25 and John xviii. 31, also xix. 6-7, where judicial action on the part of the Jewish rulers is presupposed.)

The claim is made that Annas and Caiaphas with their following, mostly Sadducees, being known as weak adherents of Roman authority, wished to show their faithfulness to Rome; and, consequently trumped up a charge of treason or sedition against Jesus, delivered him to Pilate, and excited the populace to demand a sentence of death. But their conduct after Pilate had pronounced our Lord innocent shows their real motive to have been intensely Jewish and not Roman.

The following grounds why a Jewish sentence of death could not have been passed are enumerated: (a) The charge of blasphemy must have been tried before the full Sanhedrim of 72 members. The place of trial required to be the Square Hall of the Temple, where the Sanhedrim regularly met. The session must have been held by day, judgment could not be pronounced until the follow-

ing morning, and only after a repetition of the process. Three days must follow for the publication of the sentence, and for possible modification of the result by the reception of fresh evidence favourable to the prisoner. Threefold notice of the charge must precede the trial. All these conditions fail to appear in the case of Jesus. (b) The crime was said to consist in the claim of Jesus that He was the Son of God, that He would sit at the right hand of God, and that He would descend with the clouds of heaven. The punishable offence according to the Law was the utterance of the sacred name יהוה in imprecations or insults. (c) The Law required in the case of a false prophet that judgment should be passed only after a time sufficient had been allowed for the accomplishment of the sign or miracle named by the alleged prophet as his credential. (d) The claim of Jesus that He was the Messiah the Son of God was only an opinion, and, as such, was not punishable in a land where freedom of speech and teaching was allowed. (e) The Law of the Halacha says expressly that he who announces himself as God is not to be visited with death, because all the world may say of him, "What is he more than we men?" (f) The claim of Jesus that He would sit at the right hand of God was one which in the mystical writings themselves was ascribed to the Messiah. (g) Jesus knew and regarded as fundamental the cardinal Jewish doctrine of the Unity of God. (h) The Halacha Law ordered that none could be put to death on his own confession of crime alone, as it was held that he was probably weary of life or afflicted with melancholia, and longed for death. (i) It was an ordinance that a unanimity in judgment among the Sanhedrists vitiated the judgment. The Gospels represent the Sanhedrim as of one mind in condemning Jesus. (j) As the trial (for blasphemy) must have been secret to be legal, the accounts of the Gospels cannot be reliable. (k) It is unthinkable that a Sanhedrim should pass sentence of death upon a man which would be fulfilled by a heathen Roman authority in such a frightful manner as crucifixion, which in Jewish circles was abhorred.

We do not stay to review these points, but will add only that they appear to the author sufficient to justify the conclusion that the crucifixion of Jesus was an act of the Roman Procurator, Pontius Pilate alone, and that Pilate's occasion for condemning Jesus was given him by the High-Priests Annas and Caiaphas and their following, who "feared that the Romans would come and take away their place and nation." Other cases of the execution of such persons by Roman governors are on record. Fadus executed Theudas, Felix would have put to death the Egyptian for whom Paul was mistaken. The record of the death of Jesus by Tacitus makes mention of Pilate only as the judicial cause of his death.

Two curious documents, with little doubt unauthoritative, are cited as supporting the view that the Jews had no part in the crucifixion, either in the trial, the sentence or the execution. The words of one document are given, and the other is said to be similar in its contents. The one cited was found among a collection of manuscripts destroyed in the burning of the archiepiscopal palace of Bourges in 1871. The following is the translation: "Jesus of Nazareth of the Jewish tribe of Judah, because of deceit and rebellion against the divine authority of Tiberius Augustus, delivered, and on account of this sacrilege, upon prosecution of our lord Herod, representative of the Emperor in Judæa, by the sentence of the Judge Pontius Pilate condemned to death, shall be led in the early morning of the 23rd before the ides of March under guard of a detachment of the Prætorian guard to the usual place of execution. The so-called King of the Jews shall be led through the Stranean Gate. Jerusalem, 22nd before the ides of March, 783, A. U. C.

After this argument to excuse the Jews from the guilt of our Lord's death, it is claimed that at the basis of the accounts in Matthew and Mark is a mock trial before Caiaphas for blasphemy, held by arrangement with the Governor, so that the justice of the condemnation by Pilate might be confirmed to his superiors by the result of this Jewish process.

It is strange that, after asserting B. C. 7 or 8 as the year of Jesus' birth, the tractate should, in its last sentence, say: "So died Jesus after his public activity of two and a half years in the year 35, aged 33."

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Artistic posters are issued with the August numbers of The Century and St. Nicholas, of which The Century poster took first prize in the recent competition when about 700 designs were submitted. Mr. Leyendecker, who designed it, is a young Chicago artist now studying in Paris.

Miss Alice Morse Earle has written a series of articles on "Curious Punishments of Bygone Days." A certain number of these are to appear in the Chap-Book, beginning with the issue of August 15th, and continuing through the autumn. Then they will be gathered into a small volume.

Chess.

We give the final standing at Nuremberg by table, etc.: Lasker 1st prize, Maroczy 2nd, Pillsbury and Tarrasch (a tie) 3rd and 4th, Janowski 5th, Steinitz 6th, viz. :-

	Teichmann.	Schallopp.	Porges.	Showalter.	Albin.	Marco.	Charousck.	Blackburne.	Schiffers.	Tschigorin.	Schlechter.	Walbrodt.	Steinitz.	Janowski.	Tarrasch.	Pillsbury.	Maroczy.	Lasker.	Winawer.
Lasker	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	13½
Maroczy	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12½
Pillsbury	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12½
Tarrasch	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12
Janowski	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	11½
Steinitz	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	11
Walbrodt	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10½
Schlechter	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10
Tschigorin	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10
Schiffers	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	9½
Blackburne	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	9½
Charousck	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	9
Marco	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	8½
Albin	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	8
Winawer	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	7
Showalter	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	6
Porges	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5½
Blackburne	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5½
Schallopp	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	4½
Teichmann	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	4

CENTRE GAMBIT.

85 moves—	Marco-Blackburne	Won by	white
31 "	Schlechter-Teichman	"	white
57 "	Winawer-Janowski	"	black
21 "	Steinitz-Winawer	"	black
22 "	Schiffers-Schlechter	"	drawn
39 "	Porges-Tarrasch	"	drawn

FRENCH SNEAK.

50 moves—	Walbrodt-Albin	Won by	white
51 "	Pillsbury-Lasker	"	white
44 "	Steinitz-Lasker	"	black
26 "	Schalopp-Albin	"	black
41 "	Albin-Maroczy	"	black
46 "	Porges-Walbrodt	"	black
36 "	Schiffers-Porges	"	drawn
46 "	Walbrodt-Maroczy	"	drawn
49 "	Tschigorin-Maroczy	"	drawn

GIUOCO PIANO.

46 moves—	Blackburne-Tarrasch	Won by	white
40 "	Steinitz-Blackburne	"	white
49 "	Maroczy-Janowski	"	white
56 "	Blackburn-Tschigorin	"	black
41 "	Porges-Tschigorin	"	black
39 "	Teichman-Janowski	"	black

QUEENS DECLINED.

46 moves—	Steinitz-Schalopp	Won by	white
46 "	Tarrasch-Teichman	"	white
49 "	Pillsbury-Tschigorin	"	white
36 "	Steinitz-Marco	"	white
59 "	Teichman-Schalopp	"	black
62 "	Tarrasch-Maroczy	"	drawn
61 "	Tarrasch-Schiffers	"	drawn
40 "	Tarrasch-Schlechter	"	drawn

QUEENS GAMBIT.

56 moves—	Lasker-Tschigorin	Won by	white
61 "	Pillsbury-Tarrasch	"	white
21 "	Janowski-Schalopp	"	white
49 "	Showalter-Winawer	"	black
49 "	Showalter-Blackburne	"	black
64 "	Pillsbury-Blackburne	"	black
32 "	Showalter-Tarrasch	"	drawn

QUEENS PAWN TWO.

52 moves—	Lasker-Schiffers	Won by	white
31 "	Showalter-Tschigorin	"	white
31 "	Marco-Tarrasch	"	black
69 "	Schlechter-Charousck	"	drawn

RUY LOPEZ.

30 moves—	Janowski-Marco	Won by	white
69 "	Pillsbury-Albin	"	white
44 "	Marco-Schalopp	"	white
29 "	Schlechter-Winawer	"	white
36 "	Winawer-Porges	"	white
56 "	Lasker-Blackburne	"	white
51 "	Albin-Steinitz	"	white
71 "	Janowski-Lasker	"	white
66 "	Teichman-Charousck	"	white
37 "	Porges-Lasker	"	black
45 "	Teichman-Steinitz	"	black
35 "	Schalopp-Walbrodt	"	black
41 "	Schalopp-Tschigorin	"	black
24 "	Maroczy-Steinitz	"	black
37 "	Schlechter-Janowski	"	black
69 "	Janowski-Tarrasch	"	black
51 "	Showalter-Walbrodt	"	black
56 "	Walbrodt-Janowski	"	black
57 "	Marco-Albin	"	drawn
41 "	Schlechter-Pillsbury	"	drawn
56 "	Janowski-Pillsbury	"	drawn
84 "	Winawer-Charousck	"	drawn
36 "	Lasker-Walbrodt	"	drawn
46 "	Walbrodt-Steinitz	"	drawn
51 "	Porges-Pillsbury	"	drawn
44 "	Schiffers-Charousck	"	drawn
51 "	Maroczy-Teichman	"	drawn
64 "	Albin-Janowski	"	drawn
26 "	Schalopp-Tarrasch	"	drawn
46 "	Marco-Walbrodt	"	drawn
51 "	Schlechter-Porges	"	drawn

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could not sleep at night, and I became so nervous that the least noise would make me tremble and cry. I could not eat, and was reduced almost to a skeleton. My whole body seemed racked with pain to such an extent that it is impossible for me to describe it. I got so low that the doctor who was attending me lost hope, but suggested calling in another doctor for consultation. I begged them to give me something to deaden the terrible pain I endured, but all things done for me seemed unavailing. After the consultation was ended my doctor said to me, you are a great sufferer, but it will not be for long. We have tried everything; we can do no more, I had therefore to prepare myself for death, and would have welcomed it as a relief to my suffering, were it not for the thought of leaving my husband and child. When my husband heard what the doctors said, he replied that we will at once go back to Canada, and weak and suffering as I was we returned to our old home. Friends here urged that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills be tried, and my husband procured them. After taking them for some weeks I rallied, and from that on I constantly improved in health. I am now entirely free from pain. I can eat well and sleep well, and am almost as strong as ever I was in life, and this renewed health and strength I owe to the marvellous powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in gratitude I urge all sick people to try them.

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Literary Notes.

The author of "Mr. Magnus," a novel Mr. T. Fisher Unwin issued a few weeks ago, turns out to be Mr. F. Reginald Statham, the well-known South African journalist who made a quadruple appearance in England as poet, novelist, social essayist, and musician. a few months ago

The New York Journal calls "Without Sin," by Martin J. Pritchard, "the most startling novel yet, which has taken London's breath away," which in these days of startling novels is a strong statement. The book is published by Herbert S. Stone & Company, the new Chicago house

Sir Donald Smith was summoned to a private investiture held by Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle on July 15th, to receive the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the official announcement of which runs as follows:—"The Honourable Sir Donald Alexander Smith, who was presented to Her Majesty as High Commissioner for Canada, was introduced in like manner attended by the King of Arms of the Order carrying the Insignia, when the Queen conferred upon him the honour of Knighthood and invested him with the Riband and Badge of a Knight Grand Cross (by placing the Riband over the right shoulder obliquely to the left side), and affixed to his left breast the Star of the Order."

The Macmillan Company announce "The Life of Richard Cobden," written by John Morley, to be published in the autumn. After a brief narrative of Cobden's early life, of his commercial and mental progress, and of his early travels, special attention is given to his life in Manchester, and the long fight against the Corn Laws which first gave him fame. His life in Parliament, his correspondence with Sir Robert Peel, and later with Mr. Bright and other public men, together with his own intimate knowledge of all that was of most importance in English history during a half century which saw the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny and the American Civil War, furnish rich material for a biography which must be interesting, even in less capable hands than the author's. In Mr. Morley's hands the book will be of unusual importance as well as of supreme interest.

At last, so runs report, we are to have a thoroughly self-respecting edition of Dickens, in a large and worthy type. Up to the present, by far the best reprint has been that which bears the autograph upon its red cover; but even in this, it must be admitted the print is somewhat trying to tired eyes. Messrs. Chapman & Hall, under the energetic conduct of Mr. Oswald Crawford, are now about to issue a uniform issue at six shilling which shall do justice to the improvements in modern printing. It is particularly fitting that this should be done by the firm with which the name of Dickens has been so long and so honourably connected, and everyone who cares to see an old friend suitably presented will wish the venture the success which it so eminently deserves. There is also to be a new Carlyle, at three-and-sixpence a volume, equally carefully produced.

The Kingston School of Mining announce their annual tour of three weeks for the practical study of geology and prospecting methods. The travelling will be done chiefly by canoes. The party will be supplied with tents and a camp outfit, and will leave Kingston on Tuesday, Sept. 1st. Each member will be expected to assist in all the work of the party, and pay his share of the expenses. It is estimated that the total cost will not be more than twenty dollars for each person for a three weeks' trip. The party will be limited to twenty, but circumstances may arise which will necessitate taking a smaller number. A deposit of twenty-five dollars must be made with the Bursar by each member of the party, not later than August 20th. At the end of the tour the unexpended part (less a tuition fee of three dollars) will be returned. Those who wish to join the party or who desire further particulars concerning the trip should apply to Mr. Wm. Mason, the Bursar, Kingston, Ont.

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Periodicals.

The Review of Reviews for August, while largely given over to the issues of the Presidential campaign, finds space for the treatment of other important topics. Besides the character sketch of Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, the Review has illustrated articles on Harriet Beecher Stowe and Dr. Barnardo, the father of "Nobody's Children." There is the usual elaborate *resume* of the current magazines; and the departments of "The Progress of the World," "Record of Current Events," and "Current History in Caricature" answer the typical American demand for what is up to date.

In The Canadian Magazine for August, Miss Constance Rudyard Boulton concludes her very interesting and well written account of her bicycle tour in Italy entitled "A Canadian Bicycle in Europe." Other papers in the number are: "The Flower Child," by W. E. Hunt (Keppell Strange); a story by Isabel A. Steacy, called "Editha"; "The Eagle and Child," by Thomas Swift, which is also a story, and very well told it is. Besides these there are a number of other essays and poems, all pleasant reading. The verses, "O Clearest Pool," by Charles G. D. Roberts, and "The Mermaid's Pool, An Idyll from the Dust," by Lee Wyndham, both appeal to us as good work.

The June number of The Educational Review commences with an article entitled "The Work of the London School Board," by T. J. Macnamara. Among other papers it contains are: "College Organization and Government," by Charles F. Thwing; "Possible Improvement of Rural Schools" by James H. Blodgett; "Evolutionary Psychology and Education," by Hiram M. Stanley; "College Entrance Requirements in Science," by Ralph S. Tarr; and "Horace Mann," by Francis W. Parker. In the editorial remarks we are glad to read that "... those who have used the public schools to pay political debts and to provide places for unworthy favourites are just beginning to learn that the honest and fearless administration of the beneficent law (of 1895) will put an end to the *spoils system* in the public schools of the Empire state" It is to be hoped that similar action in all the other States will speedily follow. This vicious system has been a blight on educational advancement in the United States for many years.

The midsummer holiday season is fully observed in the August St. Nicholas "An August Outing" is a full-page picture drawn by M. O. Kobbe, and I. W. Taber sets forth the Minuet at "The Grasshoppers' Ball." "The Little Duchess and the Lion-Tamer" is a Russian story by Fanny Locke Mackenzie, telling how a quick-witted child saved the Czar from assassination. Ernest Ingersoll, in "The Tricks of Torpedo-Boats," describes the night practice of these dangerous little craft when they are manoeuvred against the great battle ships Harry M. Lay shows the possibilities of "A Sand-Pile" in the way of furnishing subjects for realistic photographs. He had a pile of sand in the yard of his city home and with the aid of toy soldiers, horses, and cannon, made the most surprising battle-scenes. Two papers are full of reminiscences of Eugene Field. They are written by Mary J. Reid, and Henrietta Lexter Field, and Martha Nelson Yenowine. Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in "The Palio at Siena," tells of the annual horse race between the different quarters of that quaint old Italian city. The illustrations to the article are by Joseph Pennell. In "The Swordmaker's Son," the serial by William O. Stoddard, the hero starts on his travels and a glimpse is given of imperial Rome. "Sinbad, Smith & Co.," the queer people of Albert Stearns' serial, admit a new partner to their firm. "A Bunny Romance," a poem written and illustrated by Oliver Herford, tells how the rabbits competed for a prize bestowed upon the one who showed the greatest timidity. "A Fool's Wit," is a ballad of the olden time by Zitella Cocke, with illustrations by Reginald Birch. There are a group of poems by Margaret Frances Mauro, remarkable in view of the fact that the author was only twelve years of age when they were written.

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Periodicals.

Littell's Living Age for the 8th August contains: "Talks with Tennyson" from The New Review; "Mr. Wrong," from Temple Bar; "From the Emperor of China to King George the Third," from the Nineteenth Century; "Letters on Turkey," from Longman's Magazine; "Cycling in the Desert," from the National Review; besides other choice selections and poems

The August issue of Massey's Magazine is called the Fiction Number, and contains four short stories besides the continuation of "The Mystery of Two Cheques," by Clifford Smith. "The Prospective Province of Newfoundland," is the subject of an article by Dr. Harvey, and "The British Army of To-day" is contributed by Major-General Gascoigne. Other articles in the number are: "Glimpses of Charles Dickens," "The Annual Camp of the American Canoe Association," "Cuba in War Time," and a number of poems.

In The American Kitchen Magazine for August the article on the Indianapolis Industrial Training School, and Miss Hope's list of furnishings for the Boston School Kitchens, are timely, seeing that this is the season when new schools are being fitted up. Mrs. Doughty's description of the common edible mushrooms will interest those who desire information respecting these curious productions of nature. The remaining articles are full of good suggestions for the summer season.

The Journal of Hygiene and Herald of Health for August opens with an essay on "Suffering: A Psychological Study," by O. B. Frothingham. In "Notes Concerning Health," by the editor, he writes (on the subject of Proper Foods), "Lachmann says first in order of value come green vegetables, salads (with lemon juice, not vinegar), and fruits. Second, flesh diet, eggs, bread, potatoes, pulse, farinaceous foods, etc. From the former should be consumed about two-thirds, and from the latter one third." There are many other valuable hints in the number.

The Edinburgh Review for July opens with a review of the life of Cardinal Manning and the Catholic Reaction of our Time, followed by an article on "The New Scottish Novelists," viz.: J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Ian Maclaren and Jane Helen Findlater. Other able articles consist of "Sheridan;" "The Universities of the Middle Ages;" "The Countess Krasinska's Diary;" "The Paget Papers;" "Gardens and Garden Craft;" "The Government of France Since 1870;" "History and the National Portrait Gallery;" and an important paper on "Egypt" and the present state of its affairs.

A review of the life of General Sir Edward Hamley opens the July Quarterly, in which reference is made to the unpleasantness which occurred between Sir Edward Hamley and Lord Wolseley after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, although the reviewer does not mention Lord Wolseley by name. Other articles in the number are: "Dante's Vita Nuova;" "The Garden;" "Democratic Finance;" "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald;" "New Methods of Historical Enquiry;" "Claudian;" "Our Indian Frontier;" "The Philosophy of Belief;" "Dante Gabriel Rossetti;" "The French in Madagascar," with map; and "The Citizenship of the British Nobility."

Temple Bar for August opens with a new novel by Mary Cholmondeley entitled "A Devotee—an Episode in the Life of a Butterfly," of which the first four chapters are given. John Macdonell contributes "Lord Bramwell," a sketch. "A Day in Goa" is another short sketch by J. Lawson. "A Russian 'New Woman'" from the Russian of Loukinov, is also brief, though an interesting paper. Edward Manson writes on "Matthew Prior," and Tighe Hopkins on "Biêtre." "The Guests of the Wolfmaster," is by Egerton Castle. The other papers are: "Literary Ladies;" "The Bondage of George Berkeley," a tale by Harriet W. Daly; "Butterfly Years," by George A. B. Dewar; and a further instalment of Mr. E. F. Benson's "Limitations." This issue fully sustains the reputation of this excellent magazine.

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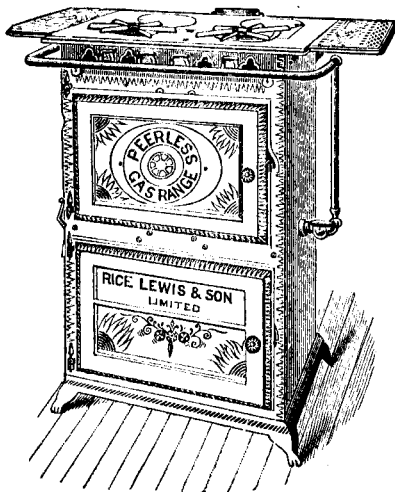
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