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# Walshe's

## Magazine

1896

APRIL, 1896.

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# WALSH'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1896.

Portrait of Mr. Hugh Kelly.—Frontispiece .....	4
Governments and Government. ....	5
<i>Britain and Germany in South Africa—Venezuela—England's Preparations—The Irish in America—Portraits of Cecil Rhodes and President Kruger.</i>	
"Who Cannot Weep, Come Learn of Me." .....	10
"The Son of the King is Dead." .....	11
Drawings by W. MCKAY.	
Books and People .....	12
<i>An Allegory.—Poems by John B. Tabb.—William Carleton.—Lovers' St. Ruths.—Pope Adrian's Signature.—Mr. Kelly and the Library Board.</i>	
Easter Lillies—JOHN B. TABB.....	14
Drawing by WALTER MARKLE.	
The Future of the English Language and of English Literature—THOMAS SWIFT.....	17
The Dying Poet—F. W. GREY. ....	23
Facsimile of a Bull Signed by Adrian IV .....	25
The Musician—FRANK WATERS.....	26
Flashes From the French .....	31
The Troth of a Sword.....	32
A Requiem—F. W. GREY.....	37
Historical.....	38
<i>A Letter from a Passenger on a Fever Ship.</i>	
The Sign of the Cross.....	41
A Leaf from an Old Book.....	45
About the World.....	46

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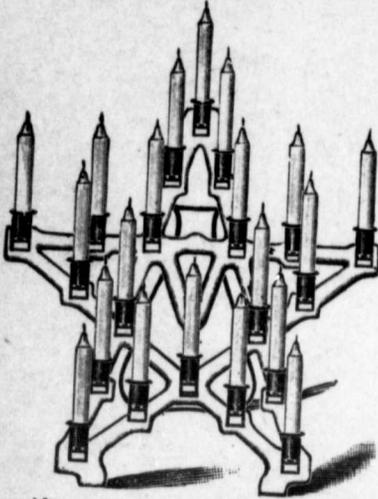
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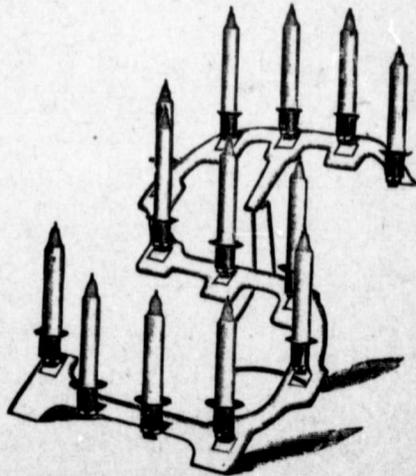
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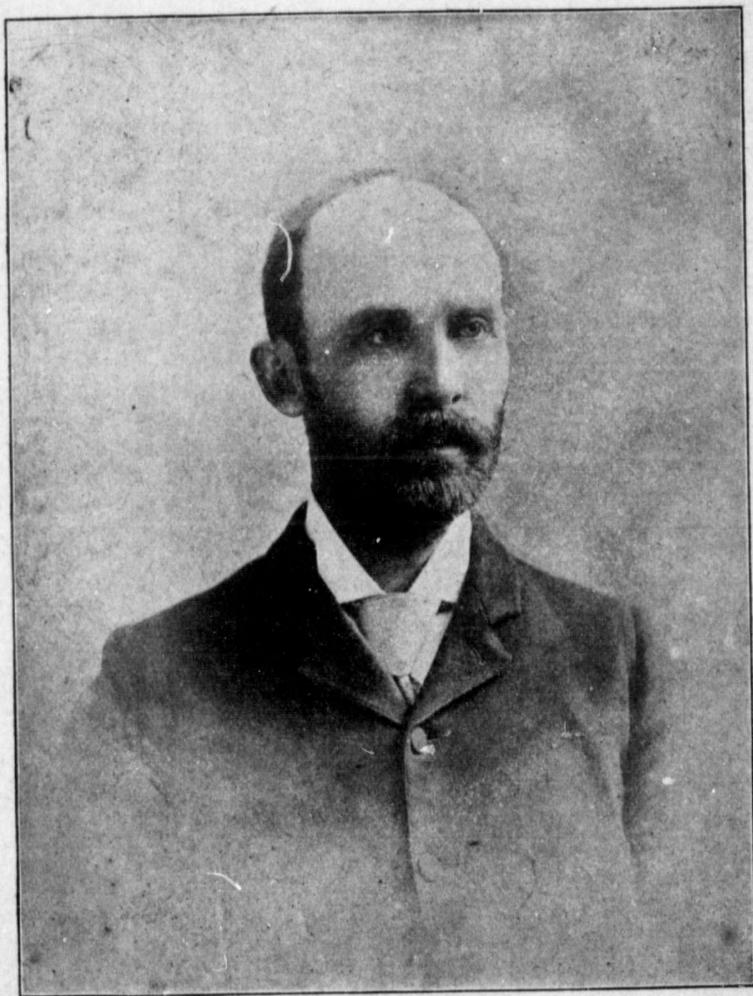
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(See page 16).

**HUGH T. KELLY,**  
Chairman Toronto Public Library Board.

# WALSH'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 1'

## GOVERNMENTS AND GOVERNMENT.

THE numerous colonial possessions of Great Britain are for the moment giving her a great deal of trouble. In Africa and South America things have reached an acute stage, and to the former, in particular, the attention of the world is now directed.

Africa is in our day the scene of much determined effort at colonization, and as usual the British have the best of the bargain. Steadily her colonists have pushed back the sturdy Dutch farmers who once held the southern end of the continent, until now these people have no possessions outside their little republics, and in these they are already outnumbered by the wealth-seeking Britishers. To these latter have been added a great number of people from the United States who have been tempted thither by the tales of gold to be had for the seeking. English money, coming from all classes of the people, has fairly poured in streams to aid in the development of the rich gold veins of the new territories. That there is ample justification for the enthusiasm which has accompanied the formation of companies for the purpose is proved by the dividends returned to shareholders, which reach in some cases to one hundred per cent. of the capital. The greatest of all these corporations is, of course, the gigantic British South Africa Company, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes is the president and directing spirit.

Mr. Rhodes is beyond question one of the very greatest among the energetic figures who are making history with such rapid strokes. In this opinion all seem to agree. Certainly he has promoted some of the most gigantic enterprises that could well be conceived. Between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five he amassed a fortune of five millions of dollars, and from this his wealth has gone on and multiplied. To-day he practically controls the diamond output of the world, and has his own share of the gold output. Reaching out has been the order of things, and northward the march of empire has taken its way.

Meanwhile Germany became alive to the importance of Africa as a colonization field. The cities and town of the Fatherland overflow with population, and those who take their departure from home have been for half a century lost to Germany by becoming citizens of the United States. The Emperor and his advisers have therefore fastened upon certain African territories as spots to which Germans may go and yet continue German. To this end Germany has secured two large sections

of the continent, one on the east coast, the other on the west, and is now aiming to secure possession of a narrow belt which will connect the two, and give uninterrupted communication right across the continent. Some authorities assume that the desire to secure this territory is the chief underlying reason for the Emperor's interference in the recent disturbance, when he with much bravado offered himself as the champion of the Boars. The territories that Germany wants are not just now in the market, and when they are William will agree to offset the rights of Germany in the Transvaal against those of England in the desired belt.

\*\*

If this agreement is to be consummated, as seems likely, President Kruger of the Transvaal is doubtless quite right in attempting to secure those worldly possessions which go far to atone for loss of govern-



PRESIDENT KRUGER.

mental control. If he can secure to his people in the few years that remain of independence some adequate remuneration for their centuries of toil, he will have done well, and the day of disaster having at length come, the sometime owners will not be in the same heart grinding condition as were the poor native Irish after the English settlements, looking down from the bleak mountains upon their robber successors on the fertile farms beneath.

\*\*

In the Venezuela dispute there has been little ostensible progress made. The statement is made by some that the real ground for the interference of the United States is not the one generally put forward, but



HONORABLE CECIL RHODES.

that the great American Republic is afraid of a possible arrangement between Spain and England, whereby Cuba would become another outpost of British commerce, whether as a direct dependency of Britain or by some other means. There are those in the United States who go so far as to advocate a British occupation of Cuba, but the sentiment is not at all likely ever to be popular with the American people.

\*\*

The gigantic preparations England is making for possible war are exciting the envy and admiration of the world. As a supplement to her enormous navy she is building a new fleet which in itself looks large enough to protect almost any country. It is evident that if the supremacy of the seas is to be challenged, the contest will not be child's play. Russia and France are both equipped with navies of the first-class, but so far as can be seen into the mystery of European politics, there is no immediate likelihood of any clash with either of them. There are too many advantages that England can concede to them. But it must restore financial and commercial confidence everywhere to see the immense efforts that are now put forth by the mightiest of trading nations to secure the freedom of the seas to her own and neutral ships.

\*\*

This critical period has evoked a renewal of the old time sentiment, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." It is a sad commentary on the English admiration of Ireland, and many of the more liberal of English statesmen doubtless recall with hearty emphasis the anathema of George the Second upon the law that deprived him of such subjects as they who turned the tables at Fontenoy. The British schemes of colonization and conquest are of that imposing character which appeal to the easy swelling emotions of the Celt; upon him indeed the brunt of the work has fallen in most of the successful exploits; but ever before his mind is the cause of the weak and oppressed, the world-wide sufferers of which is own race is the unhappy type.

\*\*

That venerable survival of New England as it was in the olden day, the blue-blooded Atlantic Monthly, has begun a series of studies of race traits and race influences in the life of the American people. The Irish in America are the subject of the first article, which contains a little of appreciation, some unpleasant truths, and a great deal of narrowness and injustice. When an Irishman reads a criticism of the Irish by an outsider, he reads with impatience. As a rule, he knows before beginning that the other's point of view will be different from his own, and that for every sentence of what appears to him sympathetic observation there will be ten bearing the stamp of old time prejudice. The author of the article now under consideration acknowledges this divergence of thought on most subjects of discussion, but does not deem that the same may apply to his own case. At times he strives to place a just value upon certain traits of the Irish character which are new to him because not to be found in the hard-headed New England race, for surely of all men the Irishman is farthest removed from the Puritan. But at other times he mistakes the situation utterly, assuming malice where there is only misfortune. It surely argues a lack of perspective

to assert in one sentence that the Irish in America, in spite of their relative poverty, are remarkably free from the evil of bribery and in the next to protest, without attempt of proof, that the influence of the Irish on American politics has been uniformly bad. Evil, no doubt, has followed from the pernicious system of hiring a penniless, broken-spirited people in the slums of the half-dozen great cities of the United States, when by a meagre outlay they might have been put in occupation of the vast farm lands of the then unoccupied West. Figs do not grow on thistles; and the boy who is born in a Bowery tenement, who has to live by his wits as soon as he can walk, who cannot receive an extensive education because he has to help support the house, who cannot get business training because the sons of the wealthy can afford to work for nothing; who cannot compete against trained specialists having the advantage of education and wealth, can scarcely be expected to look upon things in the same easy contented manner that another assumes, who is the product of twenty generations of comfort, who has been to the college, made the grand tour, acquired or inherited a fortune and considers himself the orthodox mouthpiece of Providence and Omniscience. The writer runs through the list of occupations and finds the Irish badly represented. He finds few Irish doctors, and concludes that the Irish are too lazy to make the necessary study. But if we think of the bright Irish boy of our immediate circle of acquaintance, one who might carry off the honors in a class, the discovery is made at once that he cannot get the start. He must earn bread while his heavy-witted comrade goes on to success and riches and the respect of the world. In many States one can qualify for the law by study in spare hours, and the Irishman gets into the profession and makes his mark. The Atlantic writer says it is because talk comes easy to him, and talk is easily mistaken for law. He does not find the Irishman in the chair of the President, in the Administration, in posts of honor. No; where there are any perquisites it is easy to overlook the Irish Catholic. No need to examine the practice in the United States. A Catholic soon learns that he is an important factor in determining a selection, but that he is easily set aside should he have any aspirations in his own behalf. If he can by hook or by crook, honestly or otherwise, accumulate a million of money, he can secure an office commensurate with his financial value to his associates. But not otherwise. If there are sacrifices to be made he is welcomed. The Atlantic writer admits with bewildered magnanimity that Irishmen merited more honor in the battles of the union than any other race. Then they had all the chance for distinction they could desire. Afterward there was still hewing of wood and drawing of water to be attended to. There can be no manner of doubt that the unlovely development of the tenement system has retarded the progress of the Irish in America and has prevented the adequate expansion of their talents; but in little more than a generation they have drawn up all but even with their more favored fellows, and the triumphs of the future may not unlikely be their triumphs, for a people who are loyal, who are courageous, who are patient in long suffering, who are humble in Christian humility, who are hopeful in adversity, who are ambitious of good repute, and who have the abounding natural talent which this people possess, cannot long abide a place below the level of practical equality.

# Who Cannot Weep, Come Learn Of Me

Dreaming, I walked in a stranger land  
And there I learned me a piteous tale,  
Half waking, half sleeping, a woman sate weeping  
And this the deep burden of her sad wail.

"My son in my lap lay  
Slain basely by treason  
Came mourn without ceasing  
For this the sad day  
I cry to all people who pass by the wayside  
Who cannot weep freely  
Come learn ye of me."

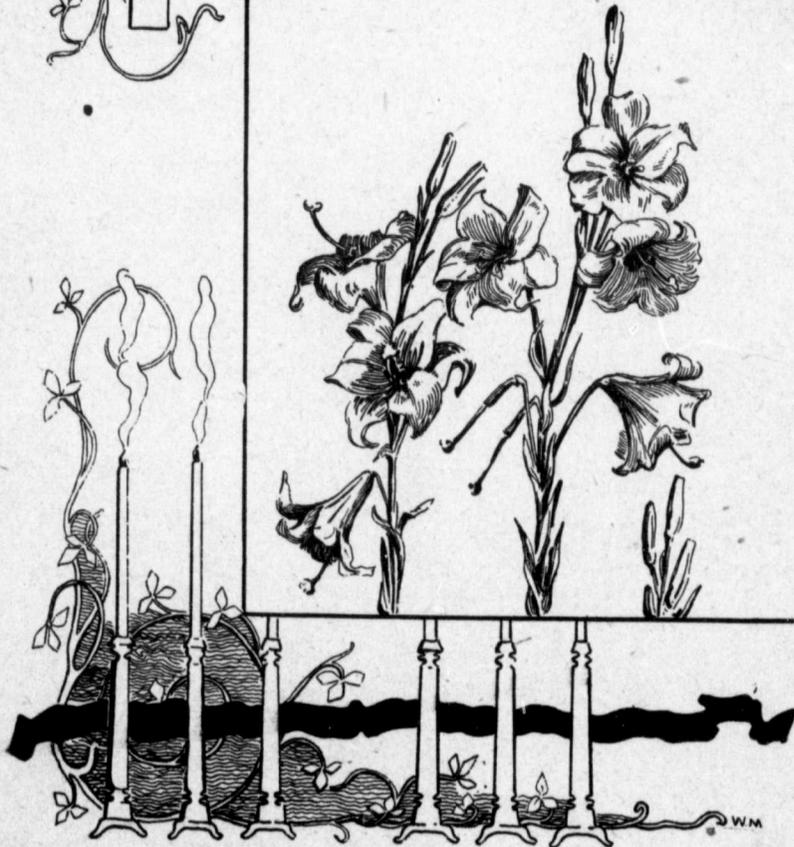
Dreaming I walked in the stranger land  
And there I heard me her piteous tale  
My mind it was fearsome but never a tear came  
Till she told me my father lay dead in the vale.

"My son in my lap lay  
Slain basely by treason."  
Now mourn I unceasing  
For this the sad day.  
"I cry to all people who pass by the wayside  
Who cannot weep freely  
Come learn ye of me."

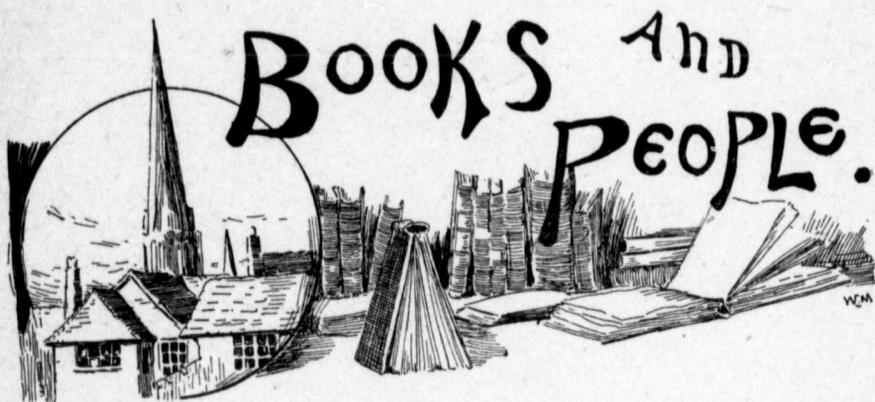




Wandering as I went fortune brought  
me to a solemn city. A lovely lady there  
I saw, a maiden fair, but alas, she ceas-  
ed never from mourning. Why I could  
not know, but sadly I beheld her to swoon  
and pine, and sigh and nearly was  
she spent. With water from the spring  
they bathed her temples, but with her  
hands she bruised her flesh and rent her  
hair, and for all questioning she answered  
only as one who does not hear,  
"The King's Son, my Son, is dead.  
The Son of the King is dead."



Drawings  
By  
Winifred McKay.



IN the early time, when all things happened of which the fables are the record, there were horses amany travelling on the main road in company. In time there came out of a cross street a man who drove a fair load of hay. Since that all proceeded awhile in one direction, the horses were, not unnaturally, curious concerning the merits of the grass. One, therefore, who knew the manner of their seeking, said to the others, "Behold now, I shall go forward and observe this hay, and do you stay behind whilst I am gone?" So running up he caught out a great mouthful, thinking his judgment would be none the worse for that he was hungry. And returning well filled he reported, "This hay to me seemeth sweet and well dried, with just the modicum of salt that fixes the taste. Do you advise your masters to buy the like. As for me, I have fear there is too much poverty about that ever I should enjoy such fare." Then they came to a town where was a packman with his boxes opened; and among the children who stood agape in a circle about him was one round whose neck hung a string of pearls, which seeing the packman praised to the end of praises, so much that the child made no complaint when one pearl was removed by cajolery. Now there is no moral to this story, for it was told by the thieves themselves, and every one knows that the moral of a fable is directed against some frailty of the hearer. But if there was any punishmet it must have been a light one, else the race of book reviewers had never come into being.

\*\*\*

It must be confessed in view of the foregoing veracious allegory that it is very wrong to use the little gem on the next page but one for the advantage of this magazine, when there is no excuse for so doing save that a beautiful little book, labelled "Poems by John B. Tabb," hath come into reviewing hands. Yet there is another justification too. Write how one may anent the hundred and sixty-four poems within the dainty covers of the book, it is impossible to indicate the depth, the insight, the truth, the delicacy and the beauty of these faultless chisellings of verse

with any approach to the effectiveness of the bare verse itself. Moreover, John B. Tabb is a Catholic priest, and, as every one knows, the riches of such an one are common property. It may not be known to you, madame, but there are some men who glory in a book whose pages have much margin and little type, provided that the type and paper are alike aristocratic. These men are few, indeed, for there is vastly too much common sense in the world for the beautiful ever to be loved enough. But a woman does not ask reasons for everything, and if a book comes into her hands which is beautiful in its own right, and yet contains a thousand threads of beauty and truth withal, she accepts it with reverence and without question. It would be too much perhaps, when only some two thousand copies have been printed, to hopefully adapt the fervent desire of St. Alphonsus Ligouri, who wished that a copy of one of his books might be put in the hands of every Christian, but every reader of this magazine should at least desire to have a copy of this book of Father Tabb's poems.

\*\*\*

It is to be feared that Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose spiritual home is in the fairy forts of Ireland, while his body irks in the city streets, does not read WALSH'S MAGAZINE; on the other hand the present scribe does read whatever the Bookman can prevail upon Mr. Yeats to write. The obvious deduction from these premises is that Mr. Yeats should not be lightly accused of plagiarising, and yet in the March number of the English edition of the Bookman the eccentric Irishman who cares more for a Sligo peasant's story than for the latest quotations from the stock market not only deals with Miss Edgeworth's novels, but treats of them in precisely the same fashion as was done in this department last month. But that has nothing to do with the story Mr. Yeats clips from the Autobiography of Carleton, which having been discovered is now given to the world, and will no doubt reach this section of the globe after a while. Carleton, by all accounts, was Celtic-Irish every inch. His father knew every old story of fairy and folk lore that had crept into the traditions of Ireland since long before the days of Cuchullin. And he could and did recite them in English or in the kindly olden tongue as demand willed it. Then too, Carleton's mother had as many generations of the Celt behind her as had her husband, and, moreover, she had a voice famous in all the county for its sweetness, and when there was a waking and her presence was anticipated, never a neighbor would miss hearing her raise the keen. So that the youngster came in the nature of things to be full up and running over with the poetry and the mystery, the genius of his people. One story told him was of a wonderful priest who, when necessity arose, had faith strong enough to enable him to walk upon the waters. If the priest could do so, why not he? Then followed days of preparation, of meditation upon faith and its powers, and in the end doubt gave way before enthusiastic conviction. He chose, with a reserving eye in case of accident, a shallow pool in the vicinity. Upon the surface there floated a lily leaf, and the doubting one, doubting in the highest moment of his ideal confidence, cunningly put his hope in the resisting power of that frail leaf. Lack-a-day. His foot was on the lily leaf, and the next instant he was up to his neck in the black water.



#### EASTER LILIES.

Though long in wintry sleep ye lay,  
The powers of darkness could not stay  
Your coming at the call of day,  
Proclaiming spring.

Nay ; like the faithful virgins wise,  
With lamps replenished ye arise,  
Ere dawn the death-anointed eyes  
Of Christ, the King.

JOHN B. TABB.

Many years ago the title page of a volume of *London Punch* had a vignette designated "Fun at St. Stephen's." In a pulpit box was a figure of Mr. Gladstone, earnest, vehement, unsparing; while beneath, on the floor, sat the rogue D'Israeli, wielding a long feather labelled "Satire," wherewith he tickled the nose and manifestly irritated the orator. Now you may be sure the friends of Dizzy-ben-Dizzy were back there in the crowd, congratulating themselves upon having the best of it, and feeling so pleased with themselves and their companion as not even to resent the abuse levelled at their precious heads. Some such feeling as that must have come over those Irish Catholics, not many perhaps, who having read the handwriting upon the wall which told them they had been weighed and found wanting in all the qualifications requisite to a reader of the *Atlantic*, observed that immediately succeeding this condemnation came a poem written, oh, the humor of it, by an Irish American, and a Catholic at that. It was no affair of Miss Guiney's, of course; there can come no advantage to her in having her religion continually held up for exhibition beside her work in literature; but it is good fun for the rest of us, nevertheless. Between ourselves, Mr. O'Hagan did not quite satisfy everyone in that admirable study of his published recently, principally for the most absurd reason that he did not quote every poem of hers that his readers had previously seen. Now, if Joan of Arc could have used the pen to as good purpose as the sword, and written some such valorous verse as Miss Guiney's, they would never have dared to burn her. Those lines addressed to one beset by the "terrible kings," "fighting, fighting, fighting, die driven against the wall!" can never be read without being remembered, nor ever remembered without a lump in the throat and a brave new resolution. Last Christmas time the poet published a book of short stories. There are four of them, one a tale of some lovers with whom the world's ways were evil ways and beside whose joy there walked a horror; one a tale of the war time, of a woman loving and not timorous, and a man brave but putting his love before ambition, and coming home with a bullet in his heart, so that almost the warmth of betrothal kisses passed from his lips when the spirit fled from its temple; one telling a father's sacrifice of reparation; and one the sad, sweet, loving story of the boy who went to sleep in the river so there would be money for his mother wherewithal the cough might be cured. Brave, good, wholesome stories all of them, that leave a clean, sweet taste, as of remembered honey. The author states that this is her apprentice work in fiction, and the only work of the kind she has done. It is issued "on approbation" so to speak. If there is truth in a recent statement that good wholesome reading is taking its proper place in the world, the experiment should convince Miss Guiney that she has made an underestimate of her power with the short story.

\*\*\*

Many of our readers will be interested in the fac-simile reproduced on page 24 of a document bearing the signatures of three of the Popes: Adrian IV., Lucius III. and Alexander III. The extract following is taken from a recent English catalogue:—"Breakspear (Nicholas), his signature as Pope Adrian IV., to a Papal Bull written on a large sheet of vellum, dated March 21, 1154, old style (i.e., 1155 new style), signed

also by Hubald Alloingoli, (elected Pope in 1181 under the title of Lucius III.) and Roland Bandinelli, (elected Pope in 1159 under the title of Alexander III.,) and also by seven other Cardinals. The autograph of Nicholas Breakspear is of such extreme rarity that outside the British Museum (where the document has been verified) and the Vatican, it is extremely doubtful if another specimen exists. He was elected Pope on Christmas Day, 1154 (old style), and only reigned until September 1, 1159 (old style). The document is in matchless preservation, and bears the leaden seal of Adrian. The text (of which only the first line is reproduced) is in the autograph of Pope Alexander III., then Cardinal Bandinelli, who succeeded Adrian IV., and canonized St. Thomas a Becket." The document sold for £55.

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Perhaps the greatest blessing known to the student, be he professional or be he casual, is that immense store-house of knowledge gathered within the walls of a public library. In the reference department of the Toronto Library one can procure almost any book of consequence, and those not now to be had, will, he may be assured, come in due time. The librarian and his assistants are thoroughly conversant with the contents of the shelves, and are obliging to a degree in meeting the requirements of the public. The governing body is the Library Board, the members of which receive their appointments from various other public bodies. The present representatives of the Separate School Board are Messrs. Hugh T. Kelly and W. T. J. Lee. The former has been two years on the Board, and such has been the efficiency of his work that he has now been elected its chairman. Possibly it is a misfortune that there should have to be provision made on such bodies for the direct representation of the Catholic people, but in this case, at least, there is a very pronounced need for that representation; and the Separate School Board appointments have always been conferred upon men of ability and of fitness for the position. The election of one of their appointees to the position of chairman is a distinct testimony of his worth. Mr. Kelly is one of the younger generation of Irish Canadians, having been born in 1858 in the historic township of Adjala, where for three-quarters of a century the faith of Irish Catholics has been preserved with all its old-world attributes, and whence have come generation after generation to the upbuilding of this and other cities. Mr. Kelly's collegiate course was made at St. Michael's College and Toronto University. He was called to the bar in 1886, and has since practised his profession in partnership with Mr. Jas. J. Foy, Q.C. It is certainly to be hoped that, having demonstrated so emphatically his fitness for public business, he will not relapse contentedly from public life when the term of his present office shall have expired. This has been the too frequent practice and should not be encouraged, particularly in a city where Catholic public men are an almost unknown quantity.

# THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

*By Thomas Swift.*

WE reason of the future from the past.

To arrive at any fair conclusion concerning the future of the English language and of English literature, it is necessary to know something of their antecedents and to examine their present condition.

The existing European languages may be classed in five divisions, largely in the order of occupation of the continent by the nations who speak them.

The Celtic, spoken in Ireland, Northern Scotland and Wales; almost or wholly extinct in Cornwall, Isle of Man and Brittany.

The Romance, in Italy, Spain and France chiefly. Modern Greek may also be included in this class.

The Gothic, in Germany, England, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Iceland and in parts of Belgium and Austria.

The Slavonic, chiefly in Russia and Poland; also in Eastern Hungary and in petty states north of Turkey.

The Tschudic, of which are the languages of the Finnic and Laponic races.

One prominent exception to this classification are the Basques, or the inhabitants of the coast around the Bay of Biscay, who are supposed to be the representatives of the earliest people of Europe, and their language a remnant of the original language of Spain.

Some people pride themselves on their blood, which seems to take different hues, probably from the color of the spectacles through which it is viewed. But no matter whether the vital current be of rare blue or of plebeian red, it is interesting to many, if not to most people, to know approximately to what race they belong.

As far as purity of race is concerned a standard authority in philology and ethnology says, "Inter-marriages and social and commercial intercourse during many centuries have brought it about that, with the possible exceptions of the Jews and Gipsies, there are no pure races remaining in Europe." These two exceptions have been, and in some countries are still, banned races, having racial or religious objections to inter-marriage with other peoples. This compulsory exclusiveness has, undoubtedly, preserved the purity of their stock.

The inference then is, absolutely, that the purer the race is, the less progressive it is; but only absolutely; for some nations of eminently pure stock have at various times led the van in progress; as for instance, Spain and France and Germany.

To mixed races, however, must the palm for progress be given at the present day; to the people of Great Britain, in what may be termed the immediate past and now, to the people of the United States now and,

according to indications of the times, in the future. The population of the latter is little more than a congregation of individuals from many nations, without much fusion. But, in the process of time and nature combined this fusion will take place; and the greatness of such a people must be in proportion to the strength and capabilities of the different elements, which go to make up the whole.

Now what is true of races is largely, though not by any means absolutely, true of languages and literature; whilst, in the case of the English language and its literature, the analogy especially holds good.

There are eighteen political divisions in Europe, not counting a few insignificant states, whose populations, so far as language is concerned, are included in the eighteen. On the other hand, there are sixty different languages spoken on the same continent. Each language represents a nation, though not a race of people. For instance, the Irish, the Highlanders of Scotland, and the Welsh have each a language of their own, and each is a national tongue. Yet these three languages are spoken by people of the same race, namely Celts. This fact points directly to the immense fusion that must have taken place in the course of centuries amongst the people of Europe, and bears out what has been said concerning purity of race.

Of the sixty languages spoken in Europe, English, French, German, Russian, Spanish and Italian are the strongest and most progressive; English the most progressive of all. Yet this English language, which thus stands pre-eminently first among European languages spoken now, is not a pure language. It is made up of two elements, the Gothic or Teutonic, and the Latin or Classic; the latter strengthening and enriching the former, the former enlarging, developing, perfecting the sphere of utility of the latter.

How these two elements came to be combined and fused in one another is a matter of history, as interesting as it is easily intelligible. Briefly, the conquests of which we read in the history of nations are of three kinds.

First, the conquest in which the conquerors dispossess or extirpate the conquered, as was the case in the English conquest of Britain—a purely barbaric conquest.

Secondly, where the conquering nation gained a footing but was content to share the conquered country with its previous occupants without interfering to any great extent with the customs or language of the subdued people, generally, because of coming in contact with a higher civilization than their own. An example of this occurred in the fifth century, when the Goths swept like a tempest upon Italy. Then, only Italy's superiority in civilization saved her from utter destruction.

Lastly, where the conquerors insist on no general occupation of the soil, permit the previous occupants to remain, and only demand that their dominion or rule over the country be acknowledged. This kind of conquest is that of one civilized nation by another. Civilization, no matter in what respect or degree, counts for a good deal.

The Norman Conquest of England in 1066 was essentially a conquest of the last description.

The Normans, as a body, did not transfer themselves to England. Duke William simply invaded England and mastered the country. A

foreign government was introduced, and introduced from the very first to stay ; but a new population was not to any great extent brought in. The Normans, however, were the rulers, and the native population the ruled. The Normans brought with them their own adopted language, known as Norman-French, which was of purely Roman or Classic origin, and which naturally, under the circumstances, became the language of the court, and of polite society, and so it remained for two centuries.

The old language, the Anglo-Saxon or English, remained firmly and uncompromisingly the language of the people, though it was the language of bondage. Norman-French was the language of the few, the cultured, the ruling class ; English, the language of the many, the unrefined, the cultivators of the soil, the people. In no way did the conquered English show their proverbial tenacity more forcibly than in this clinging\* to their national speech.

The English language, then, was not killed by the Norman Conquest ; but English literature was wounded to the death—for the time almost annihilated.

Of the many chroniclers who wrote before the Conquest, only one continues to any length after the disastrous 1066.

Then came a sad time for the old Gothic tongue,—a time of obscurity and disruption, during which the stately language, with its high-sounding endings that must have delighted the ears of the nation in pre-conquest days, was split up into a number of dialects. During this gloomy period of sullen submission to their proud rulers, there was no guide, no standard. There were no poets to show the way, no chroniclers to chronicle, no brave deeds to be recited and extolled ; and yet the language lived on. The song no more was heard in Saxon halls, but the English tongue found a safe and tender refuge in the humble homes of the conquered people. The people, who spoke the different dialects, could understand each other ; but there was no standard English language. English dialects became many ; but they produced no English literature. Out of this chaos, with startling suddenness, in the middle of the fourteenth century, a standard English language sprang into existence, which from its suitability and the ready recognition of it, came to be called the "King's English," just as certain highways in the country, later on, came to be named the "King's highway."

With it two men leaped into fame : Chaucer, the Father of English verse, and Gower, Moral Gower, as he has been called on account of the moral character of his writings.

Moral Gower, who was a contemporary of Chaucer, wrote three great poems : one in French, another in Latin, and a third in English. By so doing this modest yet great poet, longing as he did to reach the greatest number of readers, showed that he dared not, like Chaucer—even when Chaucer had led the way—trust the chaotic, uncertain state of the English tongue as a language of literature.

Now, when this new English language, under the magic pen of Chaucer, burst forth into the spring-tide of a new existence it was discovered that the old Anglo-Saxon tongue had come out of the struggle against its Norman-French rival triumphantly. It had lost many of its sonorous, superfluous terminations, but had put on a simpler and less ungainly style. It had also gained such a number of words of Roman

or Classic origin from the Norman-French as to cause it to feel at home as it were with its southern neighbors—the French, the Spanish and the Italian. This beneficial change rendered it capable of assimilating much more of the same element which came to it in after ages.

Here, then, in the middle of the fourteenth century, in the reign of Edward III., English literature, as it is known and studied by the average student, began; when, be it remembered, the language employed was made up of the two elements, the Gothic and the Classic. This Classic, or Roman, certainly represents ancient civilization, and if any one language more than another represents modern civilization, it is the Gothic or German of which English is the strongest and most vigorous child. Modern English, then, is the only one of all European tongues which combines the two elements which represents modern and ancient civilization. It is Gothic and modern in its skeleton or frame-work, in its mode and power of forming sentences, or in its manner of expressing thought; it is Classic and antique only in what is essentially superfluous, though highly useful and ornamental. In fact, up to the present period, and never more so than now, all things else being equal, the strength and force of an English writer's language is estimated by its purity—that is, by the use of words of English origin.

On the other hand it is an immense advantage to have a dual vocabulary for the expression of the differences and shades of meaning. This union of the Gothic and Latin elements gives the English language a proud pre-eminence over other European tongues—gives it a vast adaptability and assimilative power, which is most conspicuous in its freedom of construction and in word-making. It matters not to what tongue a word may belong, it can easily find a place in the English language.

Such, then, are the antecedents of the language in so much as it is the language of English literature; and the language of literature sprang into existence with the literature itself. As far as literature was concerned the language had lain in obscurity for two centuries and a half, but not dormant. During that time it was undergoing certain changes, developments, enlargements; so that, when the master-mind of the first great English poet tested its capabilities, it was not found wanting; and a modern literature was founded and formed. This literature was at first not so much dependent on thought or ideas as on the language having a sufficient capacity and development for the expression of thought and ideas. In other words, to make the literature of a country not only are men of brains wanted but the language of the country must be equal to these men's requirements for the expression of thought and feeling.

Briefly, then, the history of the English language and English literature as we know it, and as evidenced in the realm of thought and feeling, haps, is the truest criterion, is this: A strong and active childhood in Anglo-Saxon times; a vigorous and masculine youth in the age of Chaucer and Gower; a polished and full-grown youth in Spenser's period; a full, strong, fearless and heroic manhood in the time of Shakespeare and Milton; and a close, accurate, critical but withal artificial middle age with Pope and his contemporaries. Then, from artificiality and polish it was carried by Goldsmith on to the commencement of a new era of youthfulness and naturalness, which might not inaptly be termed its

second spring, as exemplified in the works of Cowper and Burns. This era was closely followed by a grand outburst of poesy and unrestrained passion, the result of changes in the social, political and religious aspect of things, as sung by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Moore and Shelley.

This brings us to the Victorian Age, which is far more notable for the extent and excellence of its prose work than for its poetry.

To-day the English language is the most widely spoken as it is the most progressive; its literature is the greatest of any modern or European tongue.

At the beginning of the present century twenty-one million people spoke English; thirty-one millions, French; thirty millions, German; thirty-one millions, Russian; twenty-six millions, Spanish; fifteen millions, Italian.

To-day one hundred and twenty-five millions speak English; fifty millions, French; forty millions, Spanish; seventy millions, Russian; thirty millions, Italian.

Eighty or ninety years ago English, in this respect, stood lower than French, German, Russian and Spanish, and only a little above the Italian. Now, the English language leads with one hundred and twenty-five millions, and this number is below rather than above the truth.

Now, this fact goes far to lead us to infer that the continuance and destiny of the English language will be long and remarkable. Its phenomenal extension and use in the United States of America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Africa and India guarantee it a wonderful length of life. In front of it lie stretched new countries and new peoples; behind it, centuries of development and culture that have fitted it to be the language of civilization and progress the world over. If its native islands were swallowed up by the Atlantic to-morrow it would still in respect of the numbers who speak it have a commanding lead over any other European tongue. It shows no sign of decay, or of abatement in its marvellous growth and diffusion. On the contrary, it seems fully capable of meeting the requirements and demands made upon it by science, art, discovery or any mundane development.

By the enterprise and propagation of English-speaking people and their lasting antipathy to learning new tongues, it has spread to such an extent that it has gradually grown to suit the conditions and requirements of many peoples. If not absolutely the language of diplomacy, it is of commerce; and, just as commerce extends, so, according to present conditions, will the English language and English literature spread towards universality wherever civilization is or advances.

English literature taken in its length and breadth and depth has never had a superior. It may fairly and safely be stated that it has no equal. It stands out as far ahead of all other literatures in the dimensions enumerated, as it does in the number and variety of its readers. As a necessary consequence its market value is correspondingly great; and it is constantly being enriched by other literatures that aim at increasing the number of their readers. Another very strong guarantee of the continued and extended use, cultivation and preservation of the English language and literature is this: They are heir-looms of nations and peoples. National animosities cannot easily assail them. The immense library of English literature contains the literary treasures not

only of nations but of peoples,—of nations and peoples who are first in progress and civilization at the present day, and who promise to be the leaders into the unknown future. Each of these nations and peoples has a key to this library, but which will be the first to use it for destruction? Now, what will be the quality of the English literature of the future?

Poetry, in all probability, will deteriorate—has deteriorated. A standard authority says:—

“In the last ages of the Georges, taking a period of thirty or forty years, and confining ourselves to writers of established reputation whose names are more or less universally familiar, we shall find about forty or fifty, ten of whom belong to the first rank and about ten to the second rank, leaving twenty or twenty-five for the third rank. In the succeeding thirty or forty years of the Victorian era we have about the same number of poets of established reputation, out of which we cannot count more than three or at most four (even including American poets in this enumeration), of first rank, and the remainder of the third rank.” This shows a great falling off in poets of the first rank.

Coming nearer still to the present day, to Tennyson and his contemporaries at the close of his career, only two other names were wont to be mentioned beside the Laureate's; whilst after Tennyson's death it seemed impossible to worthily fill his place.

The same authority goes on to say:—

“In prose literature this order is reversed. The literary greatness of the present age has manifested itself mostly in the works of writers in prose. Probably in no other period, moreover, has there been seen so much activity of female genius and talent.”

It may be added that this “activity of female genius and talent” has in the later years of Victoria's reign been ever on the increase. How can this decline in the excellence of verse, and on the other hand the prose greatness of the present age be accounted for?

The present age is an eminently practical age; not a poetical age. Immense movements are afoot; questions not merely of a national but of an international character are before the world; problems, social, political and religious vex the multitudes. Time was when poets led the van even in these respects; but that time is past, and prose has usurped the place of poetry. It informs through the press, rouses from the platform and thunders from the pulpit.

The age we live in is the most scientific age in the world's history. New discoveries and explorations of territory in art and science demand the use of prose; and so minutely, simply, clearly are results in every branch of learning and investigation put before the public that with the readers they replace the fascinations of the best poets.

The education of the masses does not tend to improve the position either of poets or poetry; for, whilst it raises the multitude to the plane of common prose, it does not at all proportionately increase the number of the votaries of poetry. The average reader prefers to take his literary food in the plainer and more digestible form of prose; whilst, for dessert, the all-ruling novel has taken the place of the poem.

Man likes an incentive to work. The greatest incentives to work are money and fame, and both are more easily attainable in the present

age in the fields of prose than in the gardens of poetry. The poets of the mother lands are somewhat better patronized and better paid than are those of America ; but even there the bard, with rare exceptions, has to live largely on fame. And so it has come to pass that men of literary bent who, had they lived in a past and less prosaic age, would have devoted themselves to verse, are found laboring successfully in the fields of prose romance. All things else being equal, they find it more congenial to delight the many than to be worshipped by the few ; to hear the rustle of bank notes than to listen to the honeyed words of praise.

"Of the making of books there is no end." But in the endless manufacture of prose works, in the rush of rapid composition, superficial thinking and loose writing that so much prevails in these days, it can only be expected that the standard of current prose will be, if indeed it has not already been, greatly lowered.

If this is true of standard book literature, what may be said of newspaper literature, and its effects on the literary taste of the present and the rising generations ?

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### THE DYING POET.

*F. W. Grey.*

Slowly the daylight dying  
Fades on my aching sight ;  
So my last hours are flying  
Swift to the long dark night :  
Hush ! let me pause, and ponder  
Ere the fierce strife be o'er,  
Ere, in the shadows yonder,  
Though ceaseth evermore.

All the bright memories olden  
Silently fade away ;  
Fade, like the twilight golden,  
Fade, like the dying day :  
Silence and gloom around me,  
Death, with his fingers chill,  
In fetters of ice hath bound me ;  
All groweth cold and still.

Still, on my feeble hearing,  
Echoes some once-loved strain ;  
Sounds that were once endearing,—  
Memories sad and vain  
Stirring, with restless fingers,  
The flowers, faded, dead ;  
Only the perfume lingers  
Their beauty is long since fled.

Dying ! alone in sadness,  
Dying ! while life is strong,  
Passing from all earth's gladness,  
Passing from light and song ;  
Passing away forever,  
Hasting—I know not where !  
Crossing the deep dark river,  
Dying ! in dread despair !



## THE MUSICIAN.

### A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

*By Frank Waters.*

*PART FIRST.—Continued.*

But now the bride,  
Who had beheld him rising from her side  
With sudden looks distraught, and read the whole  
Huge strife his face had written for his soul,  
And from the dread direction of his glance,  
Pieced to old tales of hideous circumstance,  
Conjectured what an evil thing befell,  
And saw the fiend-musician's master-spell  
Working before her—though her virgin ear,  
All finely tuned for heaven, no hell could hear—  
The bride, upstarting from deserted place,  
Laid timid hand—a last detaining grace,  
Provided by the Father for that hour—  
Upon her recreant lover's. Like a flower,  
She bended all her sweetness near to him,  
Her roses changed to lilies, every limb  
Throbbing a pulse of terror, and her breast  
A white dove rudely frayed in love's young nest ;  
And with a voice whose notes as throughly shook  
As the sweet lips that uttered, and a look  
Whose erewhile virgin bashfulness had grown  
Half maidlike—wifelike—tenderness in tone  
Of terror for the loved one—"O," she sighed  
"Whither away so late? The eventide  
Is dusking, and the Cave Accursed lies  
Yonder : and there thou wouldst not !"

Had his eyes  
But met her pleading loveliness of fear—  
That fear of love so Godlike in its cheer,  
So potent to a man in woman's face,  
Confessing him her highest earthly grace,  
And her his own twin being exquisite,  
The garden for him of a pure delight,  
Fashioned for him in semblance as of Love,  
And voiceful with sweet echoes from above,  
And all his own for thanking of the Lord,  
If haply man should think Him worth a word !—

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Had he but looked, perchance the tale at such  
 Had ended in the prologue. But her touch,  
 Though lightly kissing as a lily blown  
 To contact with its owner, and her tone,  
 Though sweet of sound as is the lily of breath,  
 Waked in his breast not love, but, underneath  
 Its tumult passion of insane desire,  
 The added tumult of a headstrong ire  
 At any check to passions free too long,  
 And anger such as mildest right in wrong  
 Is sure to waken if it bar the way  
 When this is bent on passage, yea or nay.  
 Grimly he stared with stony eyes before,  
 And rudely from her clasp his hand he tore,  
 And, setting teeth, "Away," he cried, "away!  
 The mighty music calls me! I obey!"  
 And, bounding fiercely, saw not where she fell,  
 But hurtled headlong for the throat of hell.

Under the shadow of the beetling crag  
 That grisly maw lay open : many a jag  
 Of splintered boulder set its bristling jaw  
 With snarling tusks of horror ; and an awe  
 Of hideous blackness gorged the dragon throat  
 Which led to entrails of a hell remote.  
 But now the inky air was all alive  
 With most stupendous music, as did strive  
 The glutted pit to spew its throttling gloom,  
 And, swelling high against the bars of Doom,  
 Shook with its choking bulk to awful sound  
 Reverberating justice clamped around  
 With wrath, and from blown discord taking tone  
 Of God's harmonious anger, sternly thrown  
 About, and strongly grasping, dissonance,  
 And crushing it to music.

If, perchance,  
 A fear did grip the madman entering in,  
 No hold it had to stay him. When from sin  
 Fair love a lofty nature puts not back,  
 Small hope that fear will stay it on the track.  
 The baser nature crouches from the lash,  
 And finds in that deterring ; but, more rash,  
 The nobler, once of love it burst the chain,  
 To straight destruction hurtles, by a pain  
 Of apprehended baseness winged the more  
 At every point of menace up to soar,  
 And feeling, madly, half absolved from wrong,  
 The more it plays at stake with hazard strong.

What way he passed, the madman never knew,

Or what of horror from his stony view  
 Fell shattered in the dusky corridors,  
 Or splintered on his orbs from stony floors,  
 Uprising at a vision petrifact,  
 And falling broken, or in cataract  
 Rained on his head from murky airs above,  
 Where heaven no longer vaulted him with love,  
 But the pit reeked, and thick a horror hung,  
 And vampire shadows through the gloom out swung.  
 He felt that such had been, but knew no more,  
 Till, in a blink of lid, did ope before  
 His thawing orbs, slow-melting back to sense,  
 The theatre of sound, the chamber whence  
 The Fell Musician from his stage of dread  
 Sent messengers of master-music, sped  
 To gather audience in his grisly hall,  
 Filled with potential voices of the Fall.

Deep in the blasted rock its seamy womb  
 Was rounded to a chamber quick with gloom  
 Of an infernal gesting ; and therein,  
 At back of all, fell down with thunderous din  
 A rush of water from the vault above,  
 And vanished in abysmal deeps that clove  
 To horrid entrails of the deep below,  
 Till, hissing on the fires of nether woe,  
 It belched again in roaring steam from hell,  
 And rushing found an exit none could tell,  
 To hear the curses of the damned abroad,  
 Vomited vainly at the face of God,  
 And missing Him by distance infinite.  
 The nearer side this gaping of affright,  
 A rocky throne, of most uncouth device—  
 All jagged with horrors, like a hellish ice  
 Congealed from Stygian blackness by the breath  
 Of Doom, that fiery chill of endless death—  
 Upreared its bulk, thrown out upon the view  
 Against that rushing veil, forever new,  
 Of woven waters passing to the deep,  
 And stretching from the ceiling's vaulted steep  
 To where they vanished, as a sounding veil  
 Of tissue terror shaken by the gale  
 Of wrath to lightnings and to thunderings.  
 Here, as impaled upon the pinnacings  
 Of frozen Justice in a horrid state—  
 That mocked the pride which would be wrongly great,  
 Enthroning rebel guilt on torment due—  
 The Fell Musician played, with bow which drew  
 From his dread instrument a heart of sound  
 That shook strange palpitations all around,  
 Throbbings of archangelic power in tone,

With archangelic nature overthrown ;  
 A harmony of mighty intellect,  
 Whose music was forever jarred and wrecked  
 By moral hurricanoes thrown from poise  
 Of one-time heavenly altitudes, with noise  
 Of rushing horror hurtling for the deep.  
 So, ever out a harmony did sweep,  
 And, springing, from its birth was shattered back,  
 Yet ever grew through all the tornade-wrack.  
 'Twas music and a discord both in one,  
 The emanation of a power undone,  
 A master-mind that lorded over all  
 A heart beshattered in stupendous fall.

But what the form or face of him who played,  
 The mortal might not fathom. 'Twas a shade  
 Of most substantial horror ; vague of line,  
 But horribly distinctive in design  
 Of evil personality ; a knot  
 Of twisted dwarfishness, whose inky blot  
 Of hideousness forever swelled and grew  
 To a Titanic growth of grisly thew,  
 And, growing, ever dwindled and shrank in,  
 An awful Thing puffed big with bloating sin,  
 And crushed to straightest smallness by the same.  
 And, for the face, except its eyes of flame,  
 Which shone the windows of an inward hell—  
 Malice, and wrath, and woe unspeakable ;  
 And hateful pride that would not learn to bend,  
 Though forced its hideousness to comprehend,  
 But tried to dress its nakedness with sneers  
 That blistered it all over ; awful fears  
 That hid themselves in vauntings of despair ;  
 And, burning slow through all, the thought aware  
 Of endless ages of eternities,  
 Enduring while the stretched infinities  
 Of God's tremendous being swelled and grew  
 From Deep to Deep in workings ever new,  
 Where the slow moulding of a universe  
 Is but a moment pricked with action terse  
 Upon a widening dial in whose plan  
 The sphyry ages count a second's span,  
 And the full round completed starts anew  
 In wider sweeps that aye shall widen too—  
 But for those eyes of horror, all the face  
 Bristled with hoary gloom, suggesting grace  
 That sprouted to a graceless filthy fell  
 Of shaggy vileness rooted in a hell.

While still with groping orbs the bridegroom sought  
 To make that Evil palpable to thought,

Behold, a voice, that clave the dread eclipse,  
 Made issue awful from invisible lips,  
 Which syllabled the throbbing music through,  
 As this had grown articulate, till it drew  
 From human speech a semblance quick with hell.

“ Ho, now ! Who visits the Musician Fell,  
 The master in discourse of lovely sound ?  
 Stand forth, I pray thee, Godling, nor, astound,  
 Gape on an artist brother. Welcome home !  
 Long have I waited for thee. Lo, ye come ! ”

And, all the while, with master-hand he drew  
 The bow across the string that lived, and knew  
 A torture 'neath the touch, and echoed it  
 With discord forced to harmonies which split  
 To most heart-quaking discords evermore,  
 The while a regnant spirit, brooding o'er,  
 Crushed harmony and discord to the key  
 Of a most dread and potent symphony.  
 So dread and potent that the listener there,  
 Hearing the voice, of all the taunt aware,  
 And writhing inly to it, yet subdued  
 By mastership in his artistic mood,  
 Shaping to speak with That, forgot his ire :  
 And out his answer flowed in words of fire.

“ O mighty master, surely Lucifer,  
 The Morning Star, the Glory's minister,  
 Who hailed the Light arising, long ago !  
 Thou orb of potent song eclipsed in woe !  
 Teach me thine art, and fix a price upon,  
 And if I then refuse thee, say—' Begone. ’ ”

Grimly the Fell Musician laughed through all  
 This sounding music. “ Worthy of the Fall  
 Art those, illustrious brother ! Thou hadst soared  
 A ruffler 'gainst the Kingship man-adored,  
 And bravely broken wing against the Throne.  
 Teach thee mine art ? But that is all mine own,  
 The essence of its being wholly mine,  
 My voice and hearted centre genuine.  
 Then if to thee myself I give away,  
 What less than thyself can the boon repay ?  
 Wilt thou sign all thyself away to me,  
 If of mine art I give thee mastery ? ”

Pondered the wild musician in his heart,  
 Then spake his thought : “ If therefore of thine art  
 Thou make me master, and I sign to thee,  
 How long shall I retain the mastery ? ”

And spake the other : " Lord not I of Life.  
 Yet if Another thou abjure, the knife  
 That cuts thee free from vassalage so shall give  
 Long life and large. A master shalt thou live,  
 And reign for fifty years, and pass to me."

Then shuddered the musician ! But to be  
 A signer of the bond—why, that was plain :  
 He sold himself—mortgaged his own domain.  
 But now—to sell his God ! Ay, either way,  
 He sold his God : but—grossly thus for pay ?  
 With no poor covering of a hoodwinked soul,  
 But eyes at large, that looked and saw the whole ?  
 He could not do it : something held him back,  
 And struck him dumb, the while desire's fell rack,  
 Disjointed all his thought, and strove to wring  
 Confession of the barter of his King.

" Thou wilt not ? "—so the tempting voice went on.  
 " Thou wilt not ? Wherefore, might I say, ' Begone,'  
 And spurn thee from my presence. Yet, behold !  
 So like a brother art thou cast in mould,  
 That other terms I offer. Wilt thou give  
 Thine instrument for mine ? So shalt thou live  
 A master yet through half a hundred years—  
 On one most small condition."

From his fears  
 Of forfeit art the mad musician broke,  
 And, hurling instant answer, straightway spoke :  
 " I give ! Take thou, and thy condition name !"

" Then draw to me," that other. And he came,  
 And stood before the throne of hideous state,  
 And saw a horrid shine of eyes elate  
 With hell triumphant, while the dwarfed one grew  
 A giant gloom through gloom that crushed and drew  
 The Titan in, yet held him not at all.  
 Too small for him, its grip crushed meanly small.

" Now, open ears, and harken," That went on.  
 " My viol shalt thou take, and then begone,  
 And lord my viol in the face of men,  
 If, when thou close thy door on public ken,  
 My viol then may lord it over thee :  
 In the world's eye, thine all the mastery,  
 But there at home the instrument supreme."

Vague horrors, like the flittings of a dream,  
 Rose whirling o'er the listener's clouded mind.  
 He heard the words, but of the sense behind

THE MUSICIAN.

Could only guess in shadow terrible.  
And his heart whispered—"Nay, is this so well?  
Holding a gift divine though unperfect,  
To barter for an evil gift, unchecked  
At the most central chamber of thy life,  
Lording the home, the child unborn, the wife,  
And thee, the house-bond, with a hellish sway.  
Better to wait upon the harvest day  
Of meted season, reaping proper grain,  
Than buy a dragon's tooth, sow, and be slain."  
But all the headstrong spirit in his blood  
Cried out on any waiting, and made good  
With stormy violence his prone overthrow;  
And, spurning opposition, "Be it so,"  
He stammered, hurling better thought away:  
"Take thou, and give, and have no more delay!"

(To be Continued.)

FLASHES FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE knows the value of pleasure only after he has suffered pain.—  
Fontenelle.

\*\*\*  
Attention is a tacit and continual compliment.—Mme. Swetchine.

\*\*\*  
O God! thy pity must have been profound when this miserable  
world emerged from chaos.—A. de Musset.

\*\*\*  
An idle man is like stagnant water; he corrupts himself.—Latena.

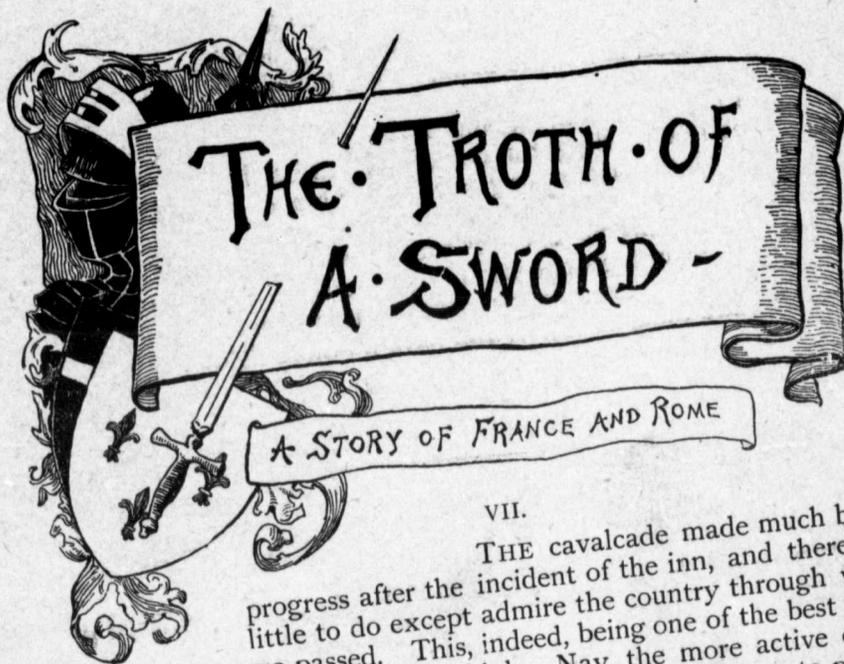
\*\*\*  
Solitude causes us to write, because it causes us to think.—Mlle. de  
Guerin.

\*\*\*  
The power of words is immense. A well-chosen word has often  
sufficed to stop a flying army, to change defeat into victory, and to save  
an empire.—E. de Girardin.

\*\*\*  
Hope says to us at every moment: Go on! go on! and leads us  
thus to the grave.—Mme. de Maintenon.

\*\*\*  
Paradise, as described by the theologians, seems to me too musical.  
I confess that I should be incapable of listening to a cantata that would  
last ten thousand years.—T. Gautier.

\*\*\*  
Those who seek happiness in ostentation and dissipation are like those  
who prefer the light of a candle to the splendor of the sun.—Napoleon I.



VII.

THE cavalcade made much better progress after the incident of the inn, and there was little to do except admire the country through which we passed. This, indeed, being one of the best in the world gave us much whereon to think. Nay, the more active of the young gallants went racing about seeking the choicest flowers to present to the young ladies, who, most of them, would have gladly gone off on like expeditions rather than abide the slower pace of their elders.

One day at noon just before we paused for luncheon, coming to the summit of a hill, we saw in the distance the bright walls of the city of Florence. At the sight the animation of the entire party leaped forth, for here we were to make a halt of some length before again setting out on the road for Rome. It was well into evening before we arrived in the city, where our appearance caused a considerable stir. In an hour we were safely housed and fed, and before long, leaving the party to their own devices, I went forth to see for myself the city whereof the fame had gone forth over the whole earth. I found it indeed handsomer than any of our own towns of France, for the number of its beautiful homes was very great. But it is not a large city, not to be compared with many French cities which surpass this wonderful Florence in size and activity, though in the making of great men none of them is equal. Walking thus about I observed coming in my direction a man past the middle life but yet strong and active in his bearing. From his broad shoulders there hung a long cloak of black material reaching nearly to his feet. This he held wrapped close to his person. His head was covered by a crimson turban under which nought showed save his face. The striking garb could not fail anywhere to attract attention by reason of its severe simplicity. But it was when the man drew nearer and one could observe the deep lines of power in the face, that

the curiosity became deepened, and certainty assumed the place of enquiry. None who knew aught of the world's doings in that day could doubt that this was Cosimo, head of the mighty house of Medici, the great prince of merchants who had been called by the city to the direction of her affairs. I think the knowledge that I now looked upon one of the half-dozen great men of that day who were carving out names for themselves and for Italy, must have made me forget myself, for I continued to stare at him as he approached, striving to grasp in that slender moment a lasting impression of the man whose name I had long held in honor, aye, and ever will. My surprise and confusion may be guessed then, when I heard myself addressed,

"A moment, if you please, my good sir."

"What you will, sir."

"Do I mistake in supposing you are one of the party recently arrived, as I have heard, from France?"

"I am here with that party, attached to the service of the Lady Margaret of Aulnac."

"You are of kin to Aulnac?"

"None."

"Forgive me, I thought there was something in your face I should remember. But would it be too much trouble to take me to the Lady Margaret? I promise you shall see Florence aplenty before you depart?"

"It will be more than a pleasure. Unless I guess badly, your requests are more to be obeyed than laws."

"Very well, let us along. But how come you to be thus informed? You are not an hour in Florence."

"One needs not come to the gate of the city to hear of the house of Medici. I have heard its praises since childhood."

"I did not catch your name?"

"Martin, my lord; at present attached to the service of Henri of Aulnac, whom I met in the wars."

"In war, eh! There is too much of war, although now we are happily at an end of it for the time. This war of yours plays an ill game with poor merchants, and with many another too, no doubt."

"There is always hope that right will prevail in the end."

"And the fairest hopes are oftenest the ones to be shattered. Why should not mankind go about its business, eating and drinking, buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, without this ever recurring war and pillage. Wait until you go South from here young man, through the land where for two years the pestilence has raged, slaying nigh all who were left after war had given it rise. Then perhaps you, who doubtless love the shock and the glitter, may think whether all that is not too much to pay for the vanity of a king or the glory of his captains."

"I think none can but agree that peace forever were a blessed thing. And yet, my Lord, there are those who suffer in times of peace, and there are jealousies and quarrels in the hearts of men that make for evil in the best of times, and a firm wrist and a strong arm often let out a deal of evil."

"We here in Florence happily enjoy a season of peace. Look out you and see the contentment of the people. Not a man of them

all but will tell you he is able to judge of my acts, and judge them he will as often as he is asked to judge. There is not a man in Florence, outside my own offices, who does not think the burden of affairs rests equally upon him with Cosimo. It is well that this is the case. I look to the time when contentment and prosperity will enable us to educate the young to something nobler and better in life than breaking each other's heads. But here we are at your inn, and the Lady Margaret will have more pleasant converse for us than this talk of war and blood."



THE MEETING WITH COSIMO.

we found the Lady Margaret in high spirits, she having spent her time in making merry over the woes of the good ladies who found travelling none so pleasant as they might were a dozen years or so taken from their score. And it ought to be set down that Cosimo, yielding to the charm which this lady ever exerted over the minds and hearts of men, soon abandoned the severity of his demeanor, and was as blithe and

merry as never surely since those days before he was sent an exile from Florence.

"Now you must come, all of you," he said before leaving, "and tomorrow we will inspect the works going forward in this city of Florence in these days of peace to the citizens. The new house I have just been building, to set an example to those who have been favored with wealth, is happily even now completed, and at the end of the day we shall have the honor of opening its halls to the entertainment of our friends. And the pleasure will not be the less, madame, that the daughter of my old friend of Aulnac, who is at rest while his companions struggle yet awhile, will grace the event by her presence."

Accordingly, early next morning we set out to view this city of Florence, and going a little way forth from the gates passed the many beautiful villas for which the hills in that neighborhood are famous. Cosimo himself rode with the Lady Margaret at the head of the party, and as he went gave a full and pleasing account of all that he knew to be of interest. At length we arrived at his own new villa, and dismounting went in parties through the magnificent gardens whose fountains and walks, sculptured forms, and forms the most beautiful in nature, were a delight to the eye how often soever it looked upon them. Here, truly, was a home fit for the peaceful moments of the mighty merchant whose hand was upon the destiny of every people having goods to sell or money wherewith to buy. Within the house the magnificence was yet greater. The stairs, the panellings, the doors, were of precious woods brought from the ends of the earth. In all the principal chambers the carving was the most exquisite conceivable, and there were in many places paintings done by those wonderful young men who have since, thanks to the bounty of Cosimo, made the names of Cimabue and Giotto famous in all resorts of culture and learning.

"It is our hope," said Cosimo, when we had remarked upon the excellence of these paintings, "to make Florence the home of all who have that genius wherewith men may be brought to a knowledge of the beautiful and the good. The advantages of wealth will not be spared in this resolve. Poor young men who show talent and desire for arts will always be encouraged. Such is the will of our Holy Father Pope Nicholas, who has himself risen to the highest earthly estate from a condition of humblest poverty. I recall very well the little fellow with the large head and deep meditating eyes who went about the streets of Sarzana. Now that he is Pope he does not scorn those whom fortune has not favored. But you are to see him, and will judge for yourself."

In listening to his talk on such subjects we passed most of that day, returning to the inn somewhat late in the afternoon only to at once set out again for the banquet. During the day I could not fail to observe that not only was Cosimo himself assiduous in his attentions to the Lady Margaret, but that before long Giovanni, his son, a likely and sensible fellow enough, came under the spell, ever taking advantage of his peculiar knowledge of the place to suggest some corner of interest which had otherwise been passed over. And in the end, when on our setting out for the inn Cosimo announced his intention to remain and await our return, Giovanni besought his leave to take the place of host for the journey.

So here as we rode along, the Lady Margaret and the Medici

together, I fell to thinking of the strange fatality that should have brought so many of these persons to the feet of one woman, how fair soever she might be. Behind us was Mornas, chafing no doubt over the need put on him by the constraint of courtesy that forced him to yield the place of honor to one who evidently enjoyed the privileges as much as himself would. And Cahussac, I was certain was at the same time smothering his bitter feelings in uproarious, almost unseemly jesting. It is the way of some men to bite with their teeth upon their bitterness, but there are others who because they are too proud or too selfish, laugh aloud when to hang the head would better suit the mood.

In these circumstances, so trying to the patience of her devotees, the behavior of the lady herself was mightily perplexing. No man knoweth the heart of woman, and he who speaks wisely of her to-day, to-morrow will laugh at his presumption. And yet there is none but strives awhile to learn the secret of her winsomeness. How many times have I not found myself weighing and balancing the evidences of her approval of the two rivals in our own party, only to find myself wrong in another moment. If she listened in fair and sweet attention to the grave and kindly talk of Mornas, I was sure her heart beat with dimly conscious answer to the words he must leave unsaid, and forasmuch as I had seen a vision that night in the Castle of Aulnac, a vision such as men see but once, my heart went down within me heavily. Or, if again the play of her wit echoed to the banter and folly of Cahussac, I could not but see how nearly these two were matched in all the superficial graces of the day, and how fitly she might adorn any position to which, with such a man, she might come. And yet no day ended with either of them certain of any advancement, Cahussac indeed preserving a carelessness of demeanor at all times which made futile any attempt to solve his moods.

Returning to the villa in the evening, we had no more than well arrived when I received word that Cosimo desired my presence in his more private apartments, and following the guide who brought the message I was soon arrived before him. He was seated at a large table on which were piled a multitude of documents of a legal look. Without parley he began,

"Sir, when we chanced to meet yesterday in the streets of Florence I may have appeared to you unduly solicitous as to your name and station. For that discourtesy I ask your pardon. None shall have it to say that Cosimo de Medici assumed to greater privilege than another. But it is only fair to say there was something in your bearing that recalled one well-known to me. For the time I could not distinguish the particular memory, for in my time there have been many faces known and loved or disliked as might be, and then in time faded away. But here," he continued, "in this case which you see is adorned with no little care, there are the miniatures of two young men. These were friends in their youth, learned from the same masters, sailed in the same ship to many of the world's ports. One of these, though you would not know it, is myself. The brow sits lighter, you think. The other is not unlike yourself in looks. This was the reminder. Nay, do not trouble; but if you be the son of Hugo, of Tourneville, ruined as I have learned through a war carried on with my money loaned to the King of France, and since dead, count upon the friendship of Cosimo de Medici, and you

shall never demand in vain. Meantime, since I am right, wear this ring as the seal of my promise, and take these papers conferring the privileges of a citizen of Florence. Nay, enough for the present, we must not delay the hungry."

Thus we went down together to the dining hall, and in a few words, addressing the Lady Margaret so as to be heard by all present, Cosimo explained that he had found news of an old acquaintance from me. Being seated, Mornas was at the left of Medici, and beside him the young Florentine wife of Piero de Medici. On the right was the Lady Margaret of Aulnac and by her side the now radiant Giovanni. I know not what demons of envy and jealousy might have sate down to spoil that goodly feast, had it not been that there came one who, by forcing new currents of passion, drove out the lesser ills. Scarce had we begun when a message was handed to Cosimo, and a few minutes later entered one for whom place was instantly made, a man loved by none and feared by all, Sigismond Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, the evil spirit of his generation, the plague of the North, whose coming was the signal for all our great misfortunes.

*(To be Continued.)*

## A REQUIEM.

*F. W. Grey.*

The weary day is done,  
 And, o'er the misty meadows,  
 Amid the forest shadows  
 Sinketh the golden sun :  
 Earth's busy noises cease ;  
 The aching eyes are closing,  
 The wayworn limbs reposing,  
 The sorrowing heart at peace.

The hard fought fight is o'er ;  
 The foes are backward driven,  
 The chains of earth are riven,  
 Once, and for evermore :  
 The sword, the red-cross shield  
 Are laid aside, for dreary  
 Hath been the strife, and weary,  
 The soul that would not yield.

Rest, weary one, oh rest !  
 Thy labors past forever,  
 Where sorrow cometh never,—  
 Safe on thy Saviour's Breast :  
 Thus gloomy death shall be  
 For thee, a heavenly portal  
 To lead to light immortal,  
 Where Christ shall welcome thee.



THE years of the Irish famine and the great movement of population to which that calamity gave impulse will always be a part of the study of him who would trace the story of Irish colonization. It will therefore be not out of place to here insert some information of an exact character bearing upon the subject. The letter from which copious extracts are here made was considered of sufficient importance by the Colonial Secretary of the time, Earl Grey, to warrant his enclosing it to the Earl of Elgin, then Governor-General.

“The fearful state of disease and debility in which the Irish emigrants have reached Canada must undoubtedly be attributed in a great degree to the destitution and consequent sickness prevailing in Ireland ; but has been much aggravated by the neglect of cleanliness, ventilation, and a generally good state of social economy during the passage, and has been afterwards increased, and disseminated throughout the whole country, by the meal-arrangements of the Government system of emigrant relief. Having myself submitted to the privations of a steerage passage in an emigrant ship for nearly two months, in order to make myself acquainted with the condition of the emigrant from the beginning, I can state from experience that the present regulations for ensuring health and comparative comfort to passengers are wholly insufficient, and that they are not and cannot be enforced, notwithstanding the great zeal and high abilities of the Government agents.

“Before the emigrant has been at sea a week he is an altered man. How can it be otherwise? Hundreds of poor people, men, women, and children, of all ages from the drivelling idiot of ninety to the babe just born, huddled together, without light, without air, wallowing in filth, and breathing a fetid atmosphere, sick in body, dispirited in heart ; the fevered patients lying between the sound, in sleeping places so narrow as almost to deny them the power of indulging, by a change of position, the natural restlessness of the disease ; by their agonized ravings disturbing those around and pre-disposing them, through the effects of the imagination, to imbibe the contagion ; living without food or medicine except as administered by the hand of casual charity ; dying without

the voice of spiritual consolation, and buried in the deep without the rites of the Church. The food is generally ill selected and seldom sufficiently cooked, in consequence of the insufficiency and bad construction of the cooking places. The supply of water, hardly enough for cooking and drinking, does not allow washing. In many ships the filthy beds, and teeming with all abominations and never required to be brought on deck and aired; the narrow space between the sleeping berths and the piles of boxes is never washed or scraped, but breathes up a damp and fetid stench, until the day before arrival in quarantine when all hands are required to 'scrub up' and put on a fair face for the doctor and the Government inspector. No moral restraint is attempted; the voice of prayer is never heard; drunkenness, with its consequent train of ruffianly debasement, is not discouraged, because it is profitable to the captain who traffics in the grog.

"In the ship which brought me over from London last April, the passengers were found in provisions by the owners, according to a contract, and a furnished scale of dietary. The meat was of the worst quality. The supply of water shipped on board was abundant, but the quantity supplied to the passengers was so scanty that they were frequently obliged to throw overboard their salt provisions and rice, (a most important article of their food), because they had not water both for the necessary cooking, and the satisfying of their raging thirst afterwards.

"They could only afford water for washing by withdrawing it from the cooking of their food. I have known persons to remain for days together in their dark close berths, because they thus suffered less from hunger, though compelled, at the same time, by want of water to heave overboard their salt provisions and rice. No cleanliness was enforced; the beds were never aired; the master during the whole voyage never entered the steerage, and would listen to no complaints; the dietary contracted for was, with some exceptions nominally supplied, though at irregular periods; but some measures were used (in which the water and several articles of dry food were served), the gallon measure containing but three quarts, which fact I proved at Quebec, and had the captain fined for; once or twice a week ardent spirits were sold indiscriminately to the passengers, producing scenes of unchecked blackguardism beyond description; and lights were prohibited, because the ship, with her open fire-grates upon deck, with lucifer matches and lighted pipes used secretly in the sleeping berths, was freighted with government powder for the garrison of Quebec.

"In the Quarantine establishment at Grosse Isle, when I was there in June, the medical attendance and hospital accommodations were quite inadequate, the medical inspections on board were slight and hasty; hardly any questions were asked; but as the doctor walked down the file on deck, he selected those for hospital who did not look well, and after a very slight examination ordered them on shore. The ill effect of this haste was two-fold:—some were detained in danger who were not ill, and many were allowed to proceed who were actually in fever.

"The sheds were very miserable; so slightly built as to exclude neither the heat nor the cold. No sufficient care was taken to remove the sick from the sound, or to disinfect and clean the building after the

removal of the sick to hospital. The very straw upon which they had lain was often allowed to become a bed for their successors; and I have known many poor families prefer to burrow under heaps of loose stones which happened to be piled near the shore rather than accept the shelter of the infected sheds.

"I must now advert to what has been the great blot upon the Government arrangements—the steam transmission up the country. The great principle, that the due regulation of passenger ships is a duty of the State, is admitted by the Passengers' Act. The Government itself enforces the heaviest penalties for the infringement of its provisions; but yet, when the Government itself undertakes to transmit emigrants from Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto, how has it acted? I state upon the authority of Mr. McElderry, the able and indefatigable emigrant agent at Toronto, who has fallen a victim to his zeal and humanity, that the government made an exclusive contract with one individual for the steam transmission of all emigrants forwarded by the State, at a certain price per head, without any restrictive regulations. The consequences were frightful. I have seen small, incommodious, and ill-ventilated steamers arriving at the quay in Toronto after a forty-eight hours' passage from Montreal, freighted with foetid cargoes of 1,100 and 1,200 'Government emigrants,' of all ages and sexes. The healthy, who had just arrived from Europe, mixed with the half recovered convalescents of the hospitals, unable, during that time, to lie down, almost to sit. In almost every boat were clearly marked cases of actual fever—in some were deaths—the dead and living huddled together. Sometimes the crowds were stowed in open barges and towed after the steamer, standing like pigs upon the decks of a Cork and Bristol packet. A poor woman died in the hospital here in consequence of having been trodden down when weak and fainting, in one of these barges.

"I do not make any apologies for troubling you at such length, because you requested me to write to you upon the subject, and because I am conscious that my observations have, at least, been patiently made, without prejudice or motives of self interest, and under circumstances which have enabled me to see, with my own eyes, facts which have probably never been detailed to you by a wholly disinterested witness."

This letter is signed, Stephen E. DeVere, who in a postscript adds: "Would it be possible to give a small pension to the widow of poor McElderry, who, I believe, is in great distress? I never saw greater zeal or intelligence than his; and to his utter recklessness of danger in discharge of duty he owes his early death."

# ANSWERS



## "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

THE Holy Catholic Church, the guardian and custodian of revealed religion and the living exponent of the teaching of Jesus Christ, contains in her sacred deposit of faith not only the dogmatic mysteries of Christian belief and the ethical principles of Christian morality, but also many beautiful customs and practices which though not explicitly inculcated in the Scriptural teaching of Christ are nevertheless thoroughly in accord both with the characteristics of true Christianity and the noblest aspirations of man's religious nature. Amongst these various customs and practices which have come down to us from the most remote ages of Christian history the devotion of the Sign of the Cross stands pre-eminent. It is a custom which is cherished with the most tender piety by the children of the Catholic Church in every land. None other has received such universal approbation, none enters so largely into the different phases of Catholic life, and none has ever exercised more salutary influence on Catholic morality than this beautiful and ancient practice. And yet there is no practice which has been subjected to such constant misrepresentation on the part of non-Catholics who cannot understand why we attach so much importance to a symbol apparently so trivial. For them it is a ceremony devoid of meaning, an irreligious observance—one of the many superstitions with which our religion abounds. These people have come to regard the Sign of the Cross in the same light as the mystic rites of the Jagas or the fetish symbols of the Damaras. This view of The Sign of the Cross is common to those outside the Church, and what makes it all the more unbearable is that it is shared in by those who wish to be considered as liberal and enlightened in everything appertaining to the religious customs of their Catholic fellow-citizens.

But for all true Christians of every age and nation the Sign of the Cross is no empty symbol or pagan fetish, but it is the glorious sign of man's redemption, reminding us of the infinite love of a God who gave up His life on Calvary's Cross for love of us; and who shall come again on the last day in the clouds of Heaven with the Cross by His side to judge the living and the dead. The official or public use of the Cross began with Constantine, though it had doubtless been employed in private devotion by the Christians at a much earlier period. In the differ-

ent catacombs under the Eternal city we see it represented in a thousand different ways. It is found over the altars, on the walls, and in the various inscriptions over the sepulchres of the Christian martyrs. The most ancient form of the Cross in the symbolism of the Church is that known as the "Crux Decussata" or St. Andrew's Cross. It consists of an X joined to the monogram of Christ with the word "salus" underneath, to show that salvation has come to us from the sacrifice of Christ on the Cross.

Another very ancient form of the Cross was the "Crux Commissa" or Tau, or Egyptian Cross. It was in the shape of a T, and was very frequently used in the inscriptions on the tombs of the martyrs, and more especially in those of the catacomb of St. Callixt. Didron holds that the Tau Cross is the anticipatory Cross of the Old Testament. However this may be it is certain that it was always connected in the minds of the early Christians with the wood borne by Isaac, and with the cross on which the brazen serpent was suspended. Tertullian refers this form of the cross to the celebrated passage in Ezechiel, where God commanded the angel to sign Tau on the foreheads of the righteous. "Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem and mark Tau upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and mourn for all the abominations that are committed in the midst thereof." "Ipsa enim litera Græcorum Tau, nostra autem T species crucis."—Tertullian.

As a religious practice the custom of making the sign of the cross is very ancient both in the Greek and Latin Liturgies. Tertullian (De. Cor. Mil. III.) says:—"In all our journeys, when we go out or come in, when we put on our shoes, at the bath, at table, when the lamps are lighted, and when on the point of retiring for the night we sign our foreheads with the sign of the cross."

St. Augustine says also:—"We ought at our rising in the morning give thanks to Christ, and perform all our actions with the sign of the cross."

St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who was an ocular witness of the discovery of the true cross by St. Helen, mother of Constantine the Great, writes (Contra Julianum lib. VI.): "Since Christ the Lord and Saviour of all divested Himself of His Divine majesty, and, leaving His Father's throne, was willing to take upon Him the form of a servant and to be made in the likeness of man, and to die the cruel and ignominious death of the cross, therefore, we being reminded of these things by the sight of the cross, and taught that one died thereon that we all might have life, value the symbol as productive of thankful remembrance of him." We bless ourselves in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, we sign ourselves with the symbol of man's redemption, in order to keep fresh within our Christian hearts the memory of the passion and death of Jesus Christ, confessing publicly by this solemn act that we are faithful followers of His life, and loving children of the Church He established on earth. The Sign of the Cross is the outward and visible testimony that we are members of the Christian faith and children of the Catholic Church. In the early years of Christianity, when to be a Christian was an act of high treason against the Roman power, and when, concealing themselves from the fury of the pagan populace, the Christians were forced to worship God in the wild fastnesses of the

mountains or in the vaults of the catacombs, the Sign of the Cross was the mystic token by which Christians of every condition of life recognized each other as members of the Church of God. By that sign also their religious convictions were made known to their enemies. An example of this appears in the Acts of Martyrdom of St. Afra where we read that in the days of persecution a certain pagan had accused St. Narcissus and his companions before the judges of being Christians, alleging as his evidence that he had frequently seen them sign themselves with the sign of the cross. In modern Christianity the sign of the cross is the principal external sign of our adherence to Catholic belief. "We recognize the members of the Church" says St. Augustine "by their devotion to the sign of the cross." In itself it has no signification, but as a religious sign which has been consecrated by Apostolic usage and sanctioned by the customs of all Christian tradition, it is one of the most necessary adjuncts of Catholic liturgy. We must have visible signs and figures in religion both because they help to remind us of the great truths of salvation, and more especially because they are necessarily the external channels of our interior belief in the dogmas of Christianity by means of which we communicate with one another in public worship. So necessary are these various religious symbols both for the expression and preservation of faith that it is impossible for any religion to subsist without them. This is exemplified in the actual state of modern German Protestantism, which having stripped its external worship of all ceremonies is now rapidly drifting towards atheism and infidelity. Religion is the theoretical and practical recognition of God as the Creator of the universe ; of Christ as the Redeemer of the human race ; and of the Church as the living exponent of Christian teaching. This recognition of God, which is implied in the idea of religion, is both a personal and a natural duty. And since man's nature comprises both soul and body it follows that his religion should be not only spiritual and internal, but it must also be corporal and external. He must fulfil adequately his religious duties to God, and, therefore, he must worship God not only in his soul but also in his body, expressing by corporal actions the interior religious sentiments of his soul.

This is done by external rites and ceremonies, which, though trivial in themselves are yet the symbols of internal belief and the divinely consecrated channels by means of which we make public profession of our Christian faith. For this reason the Catholic Church inculcates the frequent practice of the Sign of the Cross. It is the Christian symbol of the redemption, the emblem of Christianity and the public testimony of our religious belief in Christ crucified.

The Pagans abhorred this sacred symbol of the Christian Church. They regarded it with horror and loathing, as the image of a shameful and ignominious death—a death reserved by the penal code of ancient Rome only for the greatest criminals and the most notorious malefactors ; but for the Christians it was the symbol of eternal life which Christ merited for them through the sufferings of His passion and death. "*Crux mors tibi, vita nostra!*" By dying on the cross Christ has satisfied, in the fullest and most adequate manner, the offended justice of Almighty God.

By dying on the cross He has delivered us from the slavery of sin

and the bondage of Satan, and the parchment of divine vengeance which was written by that Almighty hand which centuries before had traced the impending doom of Babylon on the walls of the banquet chamber of her king,—that parchment of vindictive justice for sins committed during ages of human corruption, Christ nailed to the cross, wiping out its dark handwriting in the saving torrents of His blood.

By dying on the cross He conquered the enemies of human salvation—the world, the flesh and the devil, and repudiated for Himself and His followers their evil maxims. The world loves pride and glory and ambition, and what could be more galling to its criminal pride, what more irritating to its false honor than the humiliating spectacle of a God dying the shameful and ignominious death of the cross.

The sign of the cross teaches us the great lesson of Christian mortification. By dying on the cross Christ conquered the criminal appetites of the flesh. The body loves ease and enjoyment and delights in the maxims of the old Epicurean philosophy: "Eat, drink and be merry, to-morrow thou shalt die." This sinful flesh of fallen man with its corrupted appetites Christ has conquered by His mortified life and His ignominious death on Calvary's cross. These are the great salutary lessons of practical Christianity which the Sign of the Cross brings before our minds. Is it any wonder that we should revere it as the emblem of the redemption, for although as a material thing it merits no special attention, yet as a religious symbol of the great sacrifice of Calvary it is worthy of all honour. It reminds us as image never did before that we are children of a crucified God and members of a Church which, through ages of storm and tempest has borne nobly and faithfully the dark mantle of trial and persecution which she has inherited from her Divine Spouse and Master.

By dying on the cross He has hallowed forever the shame and disgrace attached to it, and what was before despised and dishonored was henceforth to become honored and glorified before the nations of the earth. Scorned by the pagan populace of Imperial Rome the cross of Christ was forced to hide itself in the subterranean vaults of the catacombs. Then when the epoch of persecution had passed away it emerged from this secluded abode and shone forth in the broad light of Roman day. It appeared in the heavens to Constantine as he was about to engage in battle with Maxentius. The emperor adopted the cross as his standard. His army was victorious, Maxentius was defeated, Paganism was destroyed forever, and on the smoking ashes of the pagan altars which centuries of religion and patriotism had erected and beautified the Cross of Christ was planted to be henceforward the Christian standard of the Roman Empire. Thence it has descended to us. It is emblazoned on the royal arms of every European sovereign, and it is thrice repeated in the flag of the British Empire.

In Catholic countries it is seen in the fields, on the high-ways and in the public places of the city. It is embroidered on the habiliments of the wealthy and on the delicate tapestry of the nobility. Everywhere, in all the various phases of Catholic life the sign of the cross appears as the most popular, and at the same time the most beautiful ornament of our religion. It is impressed on the new born babe when, baptized in the saving waters of regeneration, he becomes a disciple of the crucified

God ; and it is the last sacred ceremony which the priest performs when the eyes of the dying Christian are closed forever in that eternal sleep that knows no waking. And at last when the melancholy funeral procession retires slowly down the aisles of the church and through the busy streets of the city the only image that strikes the eye of the beholder and rivets his attention for the moment is the retreating form of the dark funeral cross. Thus in all the stages of human existence, through all the various vicissitudes of human life, from the cradle to the grave, the Sign of the Cross is the standard and shield of the Christian's life—the memorial of the crucifixion, the token of Christianity, the symbol of Catholicity. It proclaims from the pinnacle of honor where it has been placed by centuries of love and reverence that Christians must be faithful followers of their Master who died and reigned on Calvary's cross.

“Fulfilled is all that David told  
 In true prophetic song of old,  
 Amidst the nations, God, saith he  
 Hath reigned and triumphed from the Tree.”

---

#### A LEAF FROM AN OLD BOOK.

“APRIL the nineteenth : Yesterday I was minded by a new feel in the air of spring of the good we learned last year from Niccolo Petrucci ; and this morning at sun-up, while there were none of the curious about I put a trowel within a cloth pouch or bag, as one might call it, which the children do use in bearing their books ; then going some hundred yards to where I guessed the ground would be favourable, I came upon a patch of tender greens under the foot-walk, but upon that side where the sun shines in the morning. Digging with the trowel wherever there showed the speared leaf of the herb I sought, soon I was rewarded for the search, which needs much patience as well as skill, and for the aching that cometh easily upon one whom, alas, youth so often reminds that we are no more playfellows, and that the body must even bear the penances of age. As my trowel brings up from the sand the tiny golden stems of which the green spears are the pinnacles, it sometimes glads me to think, or mayhap it saddens, how little men know of the good that is to be found under their very feet, were they but wise enough to seek it there. For sure it is that of all growing things sent by a bountiful Providence none hath received such contumely as the dandelion. The eye looketh with disdain, or even without noting, upon whole acres of the gorgeous golden blossoms, or when the time is quickly sped, upon like acres of downy spheres transcendently light and beautiful. The world hath no grudge to utter against these beauties, for their profusion maketh them to be no longer precious. But the wise should know that it is with dandelions as with men and women, those which are to be held dear and desirable are away from the full light where all may see and disregard. Even as it is good to seek out the souls that beautify in humility, so it is good to go by yourself when the days are warmer unto places where sand is newly heaped, or where the furrows of the autumn plough have not yet been levelled. Here one is a true miner after gold, for the

shoots of the dandelion seeking the sun grow many inches in succulent luxuriance, and the bitterness of the noon-day hath not penetrated to their hearts. These do I gather with care and preserve them, losing none. Before they who labour with the hands have well begun their listless walk to the place of daily toil, so early have I filled my bag with these luscious viands, every sprig whereof hath in it the hope of health, the promise of a fuller and brighter life of health and cheer. Let not the unlearned tamper with so delicate a relish; it must be rightly dressed, and not overly smeared with that compound which gives a true salad the sweet taste it may not spare. The oil of France or Italy whereto the olives are sent as a blessing, vinegar of the grape, an egg firm cooked, and thereof the yellow, only, these with a seasoning of mustard and pepper and needful salt, and the mixture poured upon the dish and well stirred, leaves naught to be desired. If there be one who cannot with delight seat himself before a mess of the dandelion prepared in this wise, such an one hath sore need of the physician. But to such as think they might abide the dish, from what motive or craving soever, I do commend the morning search while dawn is still blowing with wind upon the black wings of shamed night. If he get this far, there can be no fear for the appetite he must bring with him to the table where the dandelions, if he have learned the secret of finding them, are dressed for the evening meal, aye, or the morning meal."



A BOY'S appreciation of the dangers that threaten the male section of the human race is brought out by little Charlie, whose mother asked him:

"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?"

The reply was: "I love papa most."

Charlie's mother—"Why, Charlie! I thought you loved me most."

Charlie—"Can't help it, mamma. We men must hold together."

\*\*\*

Gold leaf is synonymous with thinness. It would seem impossible for the gold beater's art to be carried beyond the reduction of the leaf to the ordinary commercial thickness.

The leaf thus produced is thick, however, as compared with that now made by depositing yellow metal with electricity in a bath upon a highly polished sheet of copper. In this manner a film only one four millionth of an inch in thickness may be produced. Mounted on glass it is transparent.

For many years the clock in Strasburg cathedral has held its own, but now it must give way before the work of an Italian, who has constructed the champion marvelous time-piece of the world.

It occupies a space of two hundred cubic feet and weighs 1,500 pounds. It has two hundred and sixty-five wheels—some as large as those on a four horse wagon—which are kept in motion by one pendulum and twelve weights. Of the weights, the first is wound up every eight days; the second, once in every six months; the third, once in each two years; the fourth, once in each twenty years; the fifth, once a century; and the twelfth, only once in each 3,000 years! The dial indicates seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, and the leap years from the year 1 A.D. until the end of the year 10,000. The Italian has been offered \$25,000 for his horological wonder.

\*\*\*

Frank Briggs, North Dakota's popular auditor, has lost his cat. Mr. Briggs and family feel the loss keenly; it had been in the family for forty-two years, having been a present to Mr. Briggs's father when a kitten. It was originally a white cat, but since living in Mandan it changed color every time the house was painted, and at the time of its disappearance was yellow with white trimmings. It wore side whiskers and sandburrs in its black hair, with a changeable tail. A big scar adorns one hip, which it got in the war the night it slept in the cannon. There was either some misunderstanding about the time of starting the cannon, or the cat overslept, and it struck a tree three miles in the country, and was lame for a week. It has always borne a good character, was amiable, and always seemed satisfied with Mandan mice or meat market liver. Two years ago it fell in with a bad dog, and lost some of the expression on its left side, but no one ever blamed the cat in the matter, and the dog didn't live long enough to be blamed.

\*\*\*

The human voice has a diversity of range which, considering the simple construction of the larynx, would seem incredible. From a whisper traveling but a few inches, there are all gradations of loudness up to the shout that has been made to travel eighteen miles. This latter remarkable feat was performed in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. A man shouted the name "Bob" at one end and was heard at the other end, eighteen miles away. Lieutenant Foster, on Peary's third Arctic expedition, conversed with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 6,696 feet, or about a mile and a quarter. Sir John Franklin said he conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile. Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles. Sound has remarkable force in water. Calladon, by experiments made in the Lake of Geneva, estimated that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard at a distance of more than sixty miles. Franklin says that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away. Over a surface of water or of ice sound is propagated with greater clearness and strength. Dr. Hutton relates that on a quiet part of the Thames, near Chelsea, he could hear a person read distinctly at a distance of 140 feet; while away from the water the same could only be heard at seventy-six feet. Persons in a balloon can hear voices from the earth a long time after they themselves are inaudible to people below.

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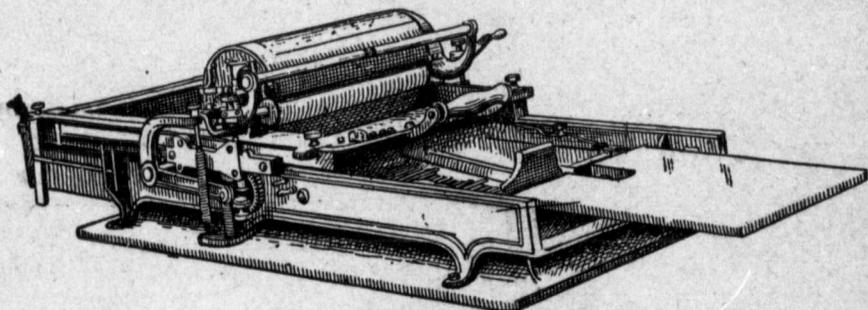
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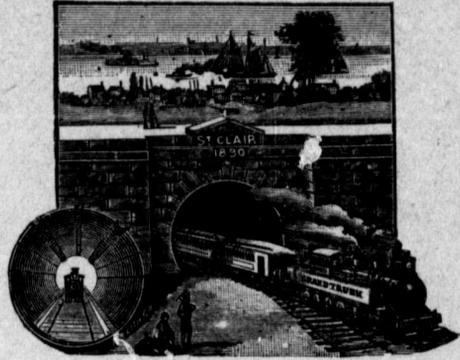
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