

THE WEEK:

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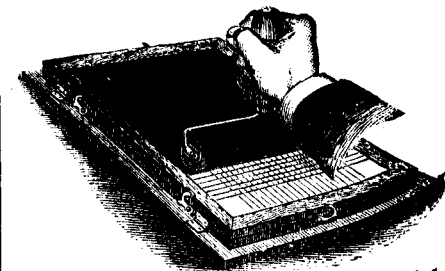
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THE WEEK.

Fifth Year.
Vol. V., No. 4

Toronto, Thursday, December 22nd, 1887.

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THE COMFORTS OF LIFE.

LEON GAMBETTA is reported to have said, "There are no questions but social questions," by which he meant, no doubt, that the only propositions worthy of prolonged argument are those concerning the welfare of mankind at large. In all ages and in all countries there has been contention between those who possessed a full share of this world's goods and those who had little. The demands of modern Socialists for a more equal distribution of the comforts of life are the same in principle as were made in the earliest ages; the machinery proposed for enforcing them alone differs from their predecessors. Requests for higher wages are still met with indignation by men—and women also—once wage earners themselves or the children of wage earners. Asiatic despots or feudal barons could hardly display more entire contempt for the *bienêtre* of their serfs than do many employers in Democratic America. They refuse to take into consideration the poor food, the insufficient clothing, the wretched shelter of the labourer, his dread of starvation, or its alternative, alms seeking. They treat these evils as allotted by Providence to a particular class. Even the benevolent who spend their days and nights in efforts to relieve distress will not tolerate the idea that workingmen or women have a right to improve their condition by bringing pressure upon their employers. They regard the "lower classes" to have been appointed by Providence as media for displaying their own beneficence, and look with alarm at the growth of trades societies, which seek higher wages by means of strikes. Few indeed of the influential classes undertake an enquiry into the justice of the demands of the workingmen or the cost of satisfying them. Employers pay what they cannot help, and workingmen and their families live from hand to mouth, anxiously looking for a time when they will enjoy a greater measure of mental and physical comfort.

A man child is born; he grows to be a lad, exhibits a fondness for accumulation, saves his pennies, puts by dollar after dollar, shows business faculty, becomes a master builder, employs many workmen, undertakes large contracts, and grows rich. His brother is a good workman, a thinker and reader, a good husband, father, and citizen, but is without high ambition, business talents, or taste for accumulating money; he lives sparely, and if he suffers mishaps from sickness or has a large family, must eat the bread of carefulness all his life, and may nevertheless die dependent on charity. It is true that the qualities of the first of these individuals are rare and therefore bring a higher reward; but they are not in themselves more praiseworthy than the other's, nor necessarily more useful to the community. The population would be housed as well and cheaply if the millionaire had not possessed so eminent a faculty for making gain. If some of his great profits had been distributed among his workmen they would have lived better, they and their families would not have been a burden to the community and the sum of human happiness would have been greater.

It is much easier to prove the accuracy of these statements than to show how a remedy is to be provided. The employer acts after the manner of his kind. He has to compete with his rivals; he buys his

labour in the cheapest market and thinks he has discharged his duty if he pays what he promises; the workman, on the other hand, is forced to find work day by day to provide for his family, the civilized world is fast becoming over-populated, and if there are any lands where day's labour is amply paid they are far away and travelling expenses heavy. Rarely is he able to impose terms on his employer; as a rule he must take what is offered, in general not more than the bare cost of living.

Seeking a remedy, the wage earner has hitherto adopted only two remedies for his condition, the most effective of which is combination to raise wages, by means of unions bound to refuse work at lower wages than agreed upon by the majority. These societies are very numerous and powerful in Britain, and have undoubtedly achieved success in improving the condition of workingmen and their families. All authorities agree that the English wage earner is now better lodged, fed, and clothed than he was thirty years ago, in spite of increasing competition in the foreign and home markets, and to the trades unions the improvement is largely owing. In North America also these societies are very influential, and they are increasing in number and power throughout continental Europe. It is easy to raise an outcry against these associations, to denounce strikes which fail to secure an increase in wages as injurious to trade and to the strikers themselves, to describe the officers of the societies as agitators making a living out of the weakness of their followers. But experience shows that wherever trades unions exist wages are higher and strikes fewer, and that workingmen are shrewd enough to guard against the self seeking of their leaders. A strike may not accomplish its immediate purpose. The object aimed at may be unreasonable and impossible of attainment; yet it may show the strength of the union, and give irresistible emphasis to a more reasonable demand at another time. Certain it is that the great employers of labour in Britain have learned to respect strikers and to dread strikes, and readily submit to arbitration differences between themselves and their workmen. They do not now say, "Take what we offer, or starve." They pay due consideration to the cost of living, as well as the condition of trade and the profits which they are making, and the results are beneficial both to employer and employé. In America also employers will learn in time to adopt this wise expedient, and find profit in it.

Co-operative societies are by no means of recent origin, and their progress has been slow; but they have secured a firm foothold in Britain, and the prospect of development is good. They are, in brief, combinations of workingmen, who unite their money and labour to carry on manufacturing enterprises. It is no doubt a gain that the workman should have an interest in profits, but the single proprietor, with his faculties sharpened by the prospect of large gains, is apt to excel in trade the head of an association, who has only a small share, and is controlled by men probably less intelligent and enterprising than himself. Nevertheless co-operation exists, and may fructify to the benefit of workingmen who have patience to pursue an object during a course of years amidst trials and losses.

As to the other remedies for the inequality of condition of mankind, it is only necessary to mention briefly the Socialism of France and Germany and the land theories of Mr. Henry George. The idea of regulating by law the amount of money or food which each individual or family shall expend in a given time has not yet commended itself to the good sense of mankind at large. It would withdraw the stimulus to exertion which men believe to be beneficial to the world. Within bounds, competition, rivalry, and even strife, are eminently beneficial. The civilized world pities the feeble who fall out by the way, and provides for them; but it does not encourage them to be feeble. All the great blessings of life come from exertion, and those who work hardest are, as a rule, the happiest. The desire to acquire wealth is not to be numbered among the higher emotions, and is often the motive of very bad actions. But how many of the great inventions which have benefited mankind have proceeded from the desire of accumulation? Great fortunes should not be allowed to descend to single individuals, but the man who labours hard with skill and energy should have his reward in his own life, and be able to provide a moderate portion for his descendants.

Mr. Henry George's proposition to tax land heavily in order to compel the proprietors to sell at a low price, and so benefit the poor, has recently been submitted to the people of the great State of New York, and while

it met some favour in the towns, it was almost unanimously rejected by the farming community. Obviously what Disraeli called the "territorial democracy" of America is not willing to be deprived of its property by force of law, and as they form an irresistible phalanx, it is not likely that we shall hear much more of Mr. Henry George in practical politics.

The wage-earner has some consolations in his poverty. Given the qualities which make him useful to an employer, he is tolerably certain of work, and is free from cares which sit heavily on the wage-payer. That, barring misfortune, he is able in Canada by steady working and saving to acquire a slight provision for old age, and educate and put out his children in life, is proved by thousands of examples. His employer must also be parsimonious and industrious to accomplish his end. But the self-denial is much greater in one case than the other, and the temptation to let the money go as it comes infinitely more pressing. No man who loves his kind and looks at this matter with an unselfish eye can help desiring that the comforts of life were more equally distributed among all sorts and conditions of men.

J. GORDON BROWN.

CHRISTMAS IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

An' is it "merry Christmas," lad, you're wishin' me, to-day?
Indeed, I didn't know the time had slipped so fast away!
You wonder I don't think it long, alone here, an' half blind,
But life to me goes by like dreams, an' then, the folks are kind.

I sit here, still an' quiet, an' the old days come again,
Like friends who sit an' talk with me of long past joy an' pain;
An' many a dear face smiles at me out of the bygone years,
That I have sadly missed so long,—that last I saw through tears!

Aye, lad! I know it's lonesome for an old man to be here,
With ne'er a soul of kith or kin his closin' days to cheer;
But He who came at Christmas came to bless the poor and lone,
An' I know that He is with me, an' they are still my own.

There's one,—the fairest face of all,—or so it seems to me,
A dear old face that long hath lain beneath the churchyard tree:
Mother an' father,—both—she was, so brave an' gentle, too,—
No love has ever been to me more tender or more true.

An' there's another bonnie face, that looks as young an' sweet
As when I looked, at eventide, its blush an' smile to meet;
I see it, as I saw it when we stood up side by side,
While there, before the altar rails, I took her for my bride.

Ah well! too soon she left me an' the little ones to mourn,—
There was Jenny, Jack, an' Molly—an' Willie newly born—
I did my best—God knows—for them, but, with the best of will,
It's hard for a poor man, alone, a mother's place to fill!

My Jenny! I can see her, too, so merry and so bright,
In darkest days she cheered us all—our household's very light;
But all too hard for her young strength, the task she tried to do,
An', with her mother's very look, she drooped an' faded too!

Then Jack, my boy!—so big an' strong—I thought he would have been
A prop for my old totterin' feet, a staff whereon to lean;
But he went on "the road," an' there, there's many a risk to run,
An' home one day they brought him—dead—ere half his work was done:

An' little Molly married soon, and her big family
Soon kept her busy—little lass! but still she cared for me.
She died too, an' the childer's all scattered far an' wide,
There's none to mind the old man now since my poor Molly died.

But Will!—who had her look an' smile, my heart is sore for thee!
They lured my boy to evil ways, an' long he's lost to me;
An' I have mourned him many a day, but now I leave my prayer
With Him whose love is round him still—a Father's love and care!

What, lad! you say you've heard from him—have seen him too, may be?
An' is he turned to better ways, an' does he mind o' me?
Nay, now, there's somethin' in your voice that minds me o' my boy!
God bless thee, Will! an' thank Him, too, for this best Christmas joy!

FIDELIS.

LONDON LETTER.

THERE is a charming passage in that curious book, *The Woodlanders*—which might have been written, almost chapter for chapter, by two men of totally opposite characters—in which Hardy describes with some of his delicate touches (like Caldecott's drawings in quality), how, directly a sapling is planted, it sighs, sighs, sighs, never ceasing, only increasing in volume, till its last hour. Here among the Bournemouth pine woods, lining the deep cleft between the hills which runs down to the sea, tall trees, swaying backwards and forwards, moan unceasingly in mournful, melancholy undertones, while beneath their shadow invalids echo the sound; and the two combined—mournful invalid and moaning tree—are apt to be a trifle depressing. It is true the sun looks in occasionally on these dark plantations, and brightens us considerably when he does appear; and the music of a

small brook, so spick and span as hardly to look natural, which trips along the valley-meadow, makes us forget for a moment the troubles of the pines; while the town band, with *Ruddigore* and the latest valse at its noisy finger-ends, occasionally drowns our own griefs in a bewildering braying of many instruments. But about three o'clock on a November afternoon, with rain in the air, a light mist rising, colourless skies overhead, gray waves swishing backwards and forwards on the deserted beach, it takes a strong-minded person indeed not to be influenced by these adverse circumstances, and pronounce Bournemouth unutterably dreary. People are fond of this place, though. Henry Taylor lived here for years, and died here. Stevenson, the writer, possesses a small gabled villa (now shuttered, and forlorn-looking enough) on the east cliff. Close to his back doors a wild common comes struggling up in picturesque disorder of hillock and furze-bush, after the appearance, particularly as regards the inequality of the ground, of Hampstead Heath,—dividing him and a few other householders, with its gaunt arms, from the rest of the town. Near to the sea, girdled by trees, the great woods belonging to Lord Londesborough shelter him from the east winds. In this retreat he spends all the days he gives to England. Hardy, who lives outside Dorchester, a few miles off across the heather, told me how a tall gentleman walked into his room the other day to congratulate the author of the *Mayor of Casterbridge* on his great success, and to suggest that the novel should be dramatized. The gentlest, quietest, most modest of little men was charmed to discover that his unknown visitor was Stevenson, and the two had a long talk; but no one has yet succeeded in making a play out of the book, though it is full of good situations. Was there ever a better opening for a melodrama than the scene where the wife is sold by her husband to the sailor at the fair? The land on which Hardy's house is built, by the way, is a small portion of some part of the New Forest, bought by the Black Prince, and now the property of the Prince of Wales, who hitherto has allowed no one to rent it; but when the novelist applied for a few acres, permission was at once accorded from head-quarters, "in acknowledgment of the pleasure Mr. Hardy's books had given His Royal Highness"; and this permission is a source of immense delight to the author who, when young and very poor, made up his mind that some day he would have a place of his own on this very spot, if possible, which is close against his native town, and well within some of his beloved Dorset dialect. He counts among his ancestors the famous Captain Hardy, Nelson's friend, of whom he gives a sketch in *The Trumpet Major*. But also he is not in the least ashamed of mentioning those humble members of his family who have built their modest fortunes with their own hands. Why does Hardy allow the Mr. Hyde of his nature occasionally to snatch the pen from him, and not only write whole chapters, but whole volumes? Is it from that curious inconsistency of character which one expects more in a woman than in a man? Did identically the same person write *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Two on a Tower*; or, *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *A Laodicean*?

To the left of Bournemouth, on the outskirts of the woods, in the cleared centres of which the prettiest villas, facing the sea, are planted, is Boscombe Manor, where the only son of the poet Shelley lives at such times when he is not in town, or abroad, or yachting. It is a charming, comfortable, unpretentious house, with a wide veranda, and is full of all sorts of relics; for here Sir Percy showed me, set in a glass case, the last pen—a worn-looking quill—which Shelley used, and had left lying on his desk; the volume of *Æschylus*, in worn cover and defaced leaves, which was in his pocket when he was drowned; a sketch of him by the young Duc de Montpensier; a portrait of him sitting among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, painted by Miss Curran, who, all the world remembers, was once engaged to Emmet, and, spending her days "far from the land where her young hero sleeps," came across the poet's party in Rome; a lock of Mary's hair; a fine portrait of her by Opie, and many and many another possession, carefully cherished for over half a century. There is a curtained recess in the morning room in which is placed a copy of the marble monument to Shelley's memory in Christchurch, and in a silver vase, in front of which bloom heartsease, Shelley's favourite flower, is the heart over which Byron and Trelawney watched so carefully that brilliant July morning on the Mediterranean shore. Books, with the poet's autograph in them, has Sir Percy in plenty; manuscripts too, and letters to "Madre,"—that pretty Italian name by which Mary Shelley's son speaks of his mother; and the affection with which both he and his wife regard her memory is very touching to see. I think it was in 1859 that she died, and was buried in St. Pancras, with her father and mother, the Godwins; but when the railway ran shrieking across the great cemetery, and the tombs were levelled, the Shelleys had the three coffins brought to Bournemouth, and buried afresh in peace on the slope of a hill, in one of the prettiest churchyards in England.

Once I met Mme. Mohl at Boscombe, and that brilliant little lady entranced us all with her talk; and another time I saw Grantley Berkeley, who showed us next day, at his own house, the curtained bed in which Edward II. was done to death in Berkeley Castle. Mr. Berkeley wore the D'Orsay turned-over wristbands and collar, of which he boasted he was the only man living who had still the pattern; and he was interesting on the old, old scandals of the society of forty years back, when he frequented town,—long ago practically deserted for his curious cottage away in the wilds. "He who is solitary is always luxurious and generally mad," was one of Johnson's sweeping remarks. In Mr. Berkeley's case there was no sign of the madness, and very little of the luxury. I remember hearing from him a curious thing in connection with the assassination of William Rufus. A priest from Christchurch came early in the morning of the day of the murder, and, demanding audience of the King, implored him not to go hunting. "I have had a dream," said the father, "in which I saw your Majesty with a grievous wound." But William paid no heed to the super-

stitious monk,—or was the plot known to the Christchurch fraternity, and was this a kindly timid warning, or salve to conscience, on the part of one of the weaker brethren?—and went his way, we all know with what result. What is not generally known is, that that part of the River Stour across which the murderer plunged is called "Wat Tyrrell's Ford" to this day; that his horse casting a shoe, he got a blacksmith to attend to the accident, escaped to the coast, and eventually to France, where he died years after; and, the country up in arms about the murder, the blacksmith, putting two and two together, told how he had shod the horse of an agitated stranger a couple of hours after the catastrophe. He was heavily fined for aiding and abetting, even unknowingly, the flight of an assassin, and the owner of the property on which the forge stood was ordered to pay for ever a certain small sum to the Crown, which order has been religiously obeyed ever since—nearly 800 years ago! There is still a forge, in exactly the same position, they say, as the one which was so serviceable to Tyrrell. They buried William Rufus in Winchester Cathedral (that pretty scene in *Esmond* recurs to one's memory: Rachel Castlewood and Frank Uncel in the carved oak stalls; the music of the psalms—we know their very words—peals down the aisles; and Henry, a hundred different feelings at his heart, sees again his beloved mistress and her son), where, even after death, misfortune followed him. Three times has the great stone coffin narrowly escaped being smashed to atoms by the fall of the centre tower, and the fracture of pillars. The tomb was opened not long ago, and the arrow-head was found among the bones. In the contemporaneous account of the murder it is mentioned that the arrow broke in the body. Round about the dust, portions of the gold-embroidered mantle were discovered, in which His Majesty was wrapped, the pattern being quite distinct, and beautiful in design.

"Riots to right of us, riots to left of us," I hear from London, "to say nothing of fogs all day long, dense, yellow, and evil-smelling (like the one in *Bleak House*), which remain with us, unwelcome guests enough, from early morn till dewy eve, in the most exasperating fashion. At the Albert Hall Patti warbled delightfully, and gave us 'Home, Sweet Home' in the most touching manner. By her diamonds' flash alone we knew when she was on the platform; for we could hardly see a feature of her face, the fog being everywhere, making us look like blurred photographs,—early daguerreotypes. Louis Engel played the accompaniment to his little foolish trilly song of 'Darling Mine,' which Patti insists on singing everywhere, and which, did she and he but know it, every one dislikes. Santley took his well-deserved *encore* in the best of ways by giving us the 'Vicar of Bray' and 'A Jacobite Toast;' and Lloyd charmed us with a delightful serenade. The weather seemed not to affect the singers in the least, except Trebelli, whose voice is getting harsh and discordant. It was left to the audience to grumble and shiver. R. was a special constable on Sunday, and had absolutely nothing to do but march in company with 149 others up and down Great Cumberland Place. He confesses he felt very foolish, particularly when he found the small boys jeered his badge and baton. It is hard to be jeered when doing more than one's duty, he says. If the crowd had only cheered the Specials as they did the Guards on the Trafalgar Square day, R. says he would have been ready for any heroic deed, down to laying down his life for England, home, and beauty; but to be jeered and laughed at, quotha, takes the spirit out of any man. He came home quite depressed to dinner. An Inspector—visiting us on the track of an area-sneak, who crept down the steps into the housekeeper's room, and made off with a clock (and key!) which happened to take his fancy—told us every thief and rogue in London was with the 'unemployed.' Lisson Grove, our Inspector's beat, was completely emptied of its criminal population; and it is to these men that those inflammatory speeches are addressed."

WALTER POWELL.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

IN the materialism of the time, modified only by a Positivist gospel, it will hardly seem an exaggeration to say that we nowadays largely miss the significance of the Christmas season. The rays from the cradle of Bethlehem, which have streamed across the centuries, and whose warmth and light were wont to be eagerly hailed at the joyous Yule-tide, have seemed of late to lose their lustre as the age has lost its faith and become incredulous and critical. It is not merely that old fashions have died out, and that a change has come over the structure of society—a change that has not been altogether beneficial, or that in any appreciable measure has tended to promote the reign heralded by the angelic messengers, of "Peace on earth and good will towards men." Nor is it merely in the fact that Christmas, as an ecclesiastical festival, has been shorn of much of its characteristic rejoicings, that we find indications that the significance of the season is largely lost sight of by the modern world. It is rather that, with the loss of faith, we have become insensible to the higher influences which flow from the historic event we celebrate at this season; that we are loth to acknowledge the divine life on earth as the most potent agent in humanizing and elevating society; and are unwilling to make sacrifice of ourselves, or in any helpful degree to bear one another's burdens, which is the test of obedience to the will of the derided Nazarene, and of conformity to the spirit and teaching of His Gospel.

We are far, however, from holding that the intellectual world of to-day is mainly sceptical, and, while taking a merely speculative interest in religion, is unconcerned about its issues, and rejects Revelation as the solvent for the enigmas of life. On the contrary, our conviction is that perhaps there never was a time when men of intellect brooded more over the problems of human existence, or manifested a more deeply religious tone and temperament than is manifested to-day. But while there is a large tacit

assent given to the essentials of Christianity, this, it seems to us, is based on a modicum of conviction, and on little which ought to be the groundwork of faith. Much of the religious literature of the time manifests this unreasoning and purely nominal acceptance of the truths of Christianity. Where it is not latitudinarian, it is apt to be merely the expression of the emotions or of a more or less vague intuition. Its acceptance is of ethics rather than of creeds. The result is an eviscerated Christianity and a religion greatly lacking in earnestness and moral force. Even Christian song, in these latter days, seems to have lost its fervour, for we rarely have those inspired lays from the poets, having the Incarnation as their theme, which were familiar to the early Church, or even to the Church of a past generation. Where shall we nowadays look for the counterparts of those grand Hymns of the Nativity, for instance, which we owe to the devotion of the ancient Latin Church, or to that of the Middle Ages? In our commonplace religious poetry it will be difficult to find anything like the sustained beauty and majestic cadence which characterize such mediæval hymns as the "Cur relinquis Deus cælum," the "Parvum quando cerno Deum?" or the devotion which breathes in every line of:

Altitudo! quid hic jaces
In tam vili stabulo?
Qui creasti cœli faces,
Alges in præsepio.

But to confine ourselves even to modern times, where shall we find, in the hymnology of to-day, such sacred song as has been given us by the hymn-writers Milman, Newman, Toplady, Alford, Neale, Faber, and Keble? We shall no more find them, we fear, than we shall find the equals of the oratorios of Mendelssohn and Handel, or of those grand cathedral edifices of the Old World that express the art influence of Him who is the "Light of the World," and manifest the devotion of a simple but trusting faith. How far are we even from approaching the compositions of the divines of the last century, such as Doddridge, Newton, Watts, and Wesley? Association, of course, has greatly helped those early hymn writers, while familiarity with their work has made much of it dear. But in our modern hymns, that the essential qualities of faith and fervour are wanting few surely will gainsay. For the sake of contrast let us cite a few familiar examples. Take, as instances, Nahum Tate's "While Shepherds watched their flocks by night," Doddridge's "Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes," Wesley's "Hark! the herald-angels sing," or Morrison's

The race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light.

For depth of feeling, elevation of tone, and simplicity and harmony of expression, these hymns of the Nativity are almost unapproached by anything that has since been written. And these are but a few specimens, which might be largely extended, of the compositions of an earlier time. Of those of recent date, is there one that more intensely and with more poetic beauty voices the Christian's desire than the stately lines of Heber?—

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

There is much even in the Christmas carols of "England in the olden time"—allied often as they were to secular tunes—to put our modern hymnology to shame. Let but one well-known specimen suffice:

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

In this simple, familiar carol there is not only the voice that speaks to the heart of humanity, but an expressive creed and a well-defined theology. But despite the unbelief of the time and though the age, in large measure, has lost its religious fervour, and looks with little tolerance on the dogmas of the Church, we are told that morality is as high to-day as it was ever in the past. How long it will remain so, when for that which gives it its sanction it takes Science as its Divinity and mere "matter and motion" as its inspiration, we are not careful to say. It is also affirmed that the age has never been more humanely stirred or been more actively and beneficently philanthropic. But this, it cannot be claimed, is the outcome of a code of ethics which finds its authority, to borrow a Carlylism, in a "revelation of dirt" and its motive force in a gospel of negation. Nor can this materialistic source be credited in the "service of man" with giving the impulse to the founding and maintenance of the many secular institutions for the relief and reclamation of the masses, which have so abundantly sprung up of recent years in all civilized communities. These, we hold, are, in the main, the expression of a believing, not of a sceptical, age,—the product of hearts warmed by the love and influenced by the example of a divine life. But in crediting belief in Christianity with much of the philanthropy of the time we are not unmindful of the noble traits of character displayed by the great heathen philosophers, or of the grand moral maxims taught in their works. Nor are we incredulous when we are told that the lives of many who call themselves by the modern term, Agnostic, are models of all that is good and reputable. When we are confronted with this argument we can but regret that so many unreflecting minds treat with a conspicuous lack of candour these anticipations and presentiments of Christian truth to be found in earlier religions, and, at the same time, deplore the fact that the individual life of to-day reveals so few manifestations of the higher qualities of Christian faith and practice which, whatever its source of inspiration, often found transcendent expression in ages less favoured than ours.

But does not this argument of the Positivists and Agnostics make

for our case, when we say that not only has the faith of the time relaxed, but that many even Christian people fail to evince by their lives the regenerating power of their creed and manifest little of the love of Him whose nativity is commemorated in the season? Nevertheless, it will be said, that our multitudinous churches are well-filled, and that the assent given to the truths of Christianity, in outward form at least, is undeniably large. But on how much of this assent, as the expression of the belief of the time, can we practically calculate; and how much denotes that spirit which makes for union among the various branches of the Christian Church and frowns on all ecclesiastical bitterness and strife? How much of it, in short, is influenced by the spirit, if not by the doctrine, of the Founder of Christianity, and to what extent are men conscious of and impressed by the infinite worth and beauty of the Divine character? Whole congregations, we know, subscribe, with more or less reservation, to a theological creed, and nominally at least, give their adherence to the distinctive doctrines of one or other of the ecclesiastical systems. But what proportion manifest a living faith in the divinity of the once Babe of Bethlehem, and a real trust in Him who has so wonderfully exercised a spiritual empire over human hearts?

This question may surely not inappropriately be asked at the return of the Christmas season. It may not inappropriately also be asked, when social and industrial unrest is everywhere expressing itself, and when much of the thought of the time is being influenced by an anti-theistic science and a philosophic infidelity. In so-called religious circles not a little of modern thought now looks away from the Founder of Christianity, and is seeking in the ethics of Buddha and Mahomet, or in Comte's gospel of Humanity, all it wants with religion,—a mere police influence to keep the world from anarchy and to prevent a lapse in civilization. In this discrediting of Christianity, and in the substitution for it of the gospel of Comte or the creed of Islam, that the world will find the safety and assurance it seeks, must be a delusive hope. And this is our consolation; for the disparity between the best of the non-Christian religions and that of the simple Galilean peasant, as the world will one day confess, is well-nigh incalculable. Nor does it to-day need proof. Many Rationalists, even, are fain now to recognize this; and while they reject the supernatural element they admit the surpassing beauty of Christianity, and acknowledge the validity of much of the testimony upon which it rests its claim to acceptance, including that which historical criticism has affirmed is contemporary with the events which the New Testament narrates. Nor has historical criticism withheld its testimony to the more than human character of the central figure of the Gospels, and to the voice of unmistakable majesty which speaks through them to the human race. Even a Rationalistic historian, speaking of Gethsemane and its victim, is constrained to say that "for the first time the aureole of sanctity encircled the brow of sorrow and invested it with a mysterious charm." Nor could Renan, in his *Life of Christ*, though he views his subject entirely on the human side, and for attachment to the Person of Christ substitutes attachment to His teaching, do less than make the Founder of the Christian Church "the hero of a Galilean idyl." But with all the assaults upon Christianity, and with the many present-day defections among its once staunch friends, there is an ever-growing conviction that there is nothing better to take its place. With an earnest longing for certitude in the matter of belief, undisturbed by anxious and perplexed questionings, there is also an earnest longing for that which is the stay of the human heart in its upward strivings and for that which alone can give strength and ardour to faith. There is, besides, the world-wide craving, if not for some object of worship, for some object to trust and love. It is this aspiration and longing that will most effectively manifest itself in the charity of the present sacred season and impress the world with some measure of its profound significance. Finally, in these confessions of humanity's need there is hope for the world's regeneration, and assurance of the triumph of Him who in the stable at Bethlehem humbled Himself to bring it about.

G. MERCER ADAM.

SCENES IN HAWAII.

No question nowadays raises much more interest in a household than that of Servants! Even in the most civilized countries one has to confront this, to the mistress of the house, important problem, and consider the best way of solving it.

How much more then must the stranger, accustomed to the comfort of the modern "Registry Office for Servants," feel the weight of this question on arriving in a far off land like Hawaii, where, except in the capital, Honolulu, one must take what is presented, and be thankful if patience and temper will alike hold out during the weary work of training a new "hand" or "help" as the servants were often called, ignorant of each other's language even, and the knowledge that the mere necessities of every day comfort must seem to the ones to be taught the most uncalled for and absurd superfluities of existence.

The large number of Chinese in the Islands, and the almost impossibility of making the natives into the most ordinary domestics, render it generally the best thing to do, to employ Chinamen altogether, inside and outside the house. On my first arrival at our house, I found a family of Chinese Christians had been provided for my comfort; they were considered a wonderfully lucky chance, and had been living in a very small bachelor household for some months in the hope of proving thoroughly competent servants, which hope, however, was soon dashed to the ground.

The family consisted of one old woman, who was supposed to look after the poultry, her daughter, engaged as general indoor servant, and her husband, who was cook, also their two small children.

They all lived in two rooms outside the house, and thought a great deal of themselves, as they were "Christians," the younger woman having been brought up by the family of the Anglican Bishop of Demerara, from whence they had come to Hawaii.

Ting was the name of the man, Emily that of his wife, and I never heard what name the old woman went by; Ting appeared delighted to see me, laughing and nodding a great deal; Emily likewise beamed on me, and the mother kept in the distance with the two children clinging to her, claiming a friendly welcome.

The two women were clad in the short full trousers and long jacket made of dark blue linen, fastened with tiny round buttons, common to all ordinary classes of Chinese women; the old woman had a blue cloth covering disposed in folds on her head and falling about her face, but Emily's black locks were arranged in a most complicated coiffure, held together by long silver pins, and a big comb. Both women had bare feet, and wore silver or metal bangles on their arms.

Ting was an excellent cook, like many of his race, and could make most appetizing dishes out of almost nothing, but his kitchen was best beheld from a distance. Emily was both lazy and impertinent, flatly refusing to do any work at all after two o'clock, and in a few days we found out that they had merely been making use of the house given to them, and had been making their own arrangements to go off as soon as they found they could not do exactly as they liked; so we parted with no very kind feelings, and so ended our one experience of Christian Chinese, Christian only in name, I fear.

Our next experiment was "Charlie"—a raw hand out of the fields, but he wished to go back to the field work soon. He spoke very broken English, and when he had to go off to the baker on the plantation, would always tell me he "Was going to get bled!"

Ah Lee followed him, and was with us for nearly a year. A most excellent servant was Ah Lee, a funny-looking little fellow, very quick and active, and cooking the plain food attainable in such a way as to be really delicious at times.

He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and I was always in doubt as to whether the mistake he made in his cooking one evening was done on purpose, or as a bit of fun on his part to provoke us.

We were expecting two strangers to dine with us, and, as on these occasions, one has frequently to depend on what Americans call "canned goods," I told Ah Lee to open a tin of curried fowl, and serve it with the rice, which only a Chinaman can cook properly. These curries were always in tins covered with green paper, and Ah Lee knew their appearance perfectly. In the storeroom, on another shelf, I had put away some half dozen pots of "cherry tooth paste" which compound was much affected by one of the members of our household; these were white china, as unlike the tin of curry as could well be imagined.

Our friends arrived, and the inevitable beef having been removed, I was thinking the curry would be an agreeable change, and was pleased at the appearance it presented, when Ah Lee brought the dish in, with the limes and chutney all *de rigueur*, and put it down with a grand flourish, and then stood beside his master's chair, with his usual demure look of attention. I was talking at the time the plate was put before me, and at first did not notice anything peculiar, but on tasting, oh horrors! the first mouthful, it was evident something was wrong. I turned the mass over, looked at it again and suddenly found what? "Cherry tooth paste!"—I said with a gasp, "Ah Lee, what *did* you take the curry out of?" He made a kind of a jump to the door, which opened on the veranda, rushed into the kitchen, and brought back the empty china pot!

"Yes Misse, yes Misse, you see cully all the same"—his face distorted by the true Chinese grin, quite charmed at his own handiwork.

We felt sure Ah Lee meant the whole thing as a delightful practical joke, though he would not allow it, but the expression of his face I shall never forget. There was nothing to do, of course, but to scold and laugh—our friends joining in heartily.

Ah Lee fell a victim to opium, and had to be sent to prison, but on his trial by the native judge was acquitted, as he bribed judge and lawyer both—though his pipe was produced in court as it had been found in his possession.

Opium is the great curse of the Chinese—they lose their health, are unable to attend to their work or business; but still the drug has such a fascination for them that they cannot give it up. I have seen them with their faces the colour and appearance of parchment, their eyes heavy and dull, their hands trembling, and yet the pernicious habit is so strong that they are unable to avoid it.

The opium in the smoking state is like a thick black paste, with a heavy sickly smell. This is lighted in a huge wooden pipe with a long stem and long deep bowl.

Ah Lee, we found, used to tuck himself up in his mosquito curtains, and smoke till he was in a heavy, stupid state, making him unfit for work, and we were obliged to give him up, for which we were very sorry.

He was, apparently, something of a fire-worshipper, as one morning, when a Chinese feast was in progress on the plantation, we heard a tremendous cracking and fizzing, and on going out to inquire into the cause of the noise, we found Ah Lee had lighted two bundles of fire-crackers which were going off in every direction, and Ah Lee, with his hands up to his forehead, was bowing and grimacing to the crackers, as though they were so many spirits, and muttering what I supposed were charms against evil.

Chinamen are inveterate gamblers, and coming through the quarters on a fair day, the clink of silver dollars can be heard all over, with the incessant cackle of the voices, as Chinamen always talk together; they will gamble everything, clothes, trinkets, wages—anything they can get hold of.

The Chinese quarters in Honolulu are curious to walk through. It is always called Chinatown, and their shops and boarding houses are all crowded together.

Little shops with nothing in the windows, but when one enters, all sorts of fancy curios are to be found in the shape of china dragons, wooden bowls gaily painted, silk handkerchiefs, embroidered shoes, straw slippers without heels, etc.; in others where provisions are sold, one sees strange dried fish, eggs packed in salt in little boxes, which are so old that they are perfectly putrid, in which state they are immensely relished by the Chinamen, in fact they are a New Year's treat.

New Year is the great Chinese festival. It begins with the first moon in January, and every one who employs Chinese is obliged to give in to the universal custom, and allow their servants to go off for three days at least.

On the plantation their joss houses are trimmed up with long lines of small flags of every hue hung on top of the roofs, the smell of pork cooking is savoury on the air, and the shop keepers have open houses for the three days. Those with whom you deal invariably bring offerings of the best they have; thus the Chinaman who had the plantation "store," Kong Lung by name, sent us always a ham, a big box of *licyus* (a kind of soft nut very sweet and nice), a bottle of vile brandy, jars of ginger, sometimes a caddy of tea, silk handkerchiefs, and quantities of dried fruits.

They also grow plants of narcissus so as to have them in bloom at that time, and the china pots and dishes full of the yellow and white flowers, look very sweet and fresh.

Cards are exchanged then too, being in the form of extraordinary looking black signs on slips of pink paper, which are sometimes pasted on the doors as well.

Huge coloured lanterns, several feet in circumference, hang in their verandas, and all day and sometimes all night will be heard the twang of their favourite musical instrument, a cross between a banjo and guitar, which has literally no music in it, but which seems to furnish an unending source of amusement.

Woe to the unlucky ones who have the pleasure of owning a poultry yard, as for weeks before the New Year they are infested with human foxes in the shape of Chinamen, who do their best to denude the roosts to furnish their tables with good cheer for their festival.

MINNIE FORSYTH GRANT.

THE RAILWAY STATION: A SONNET.

THE darkness brings no quiet here, the light
No waking; ever on my blinded brain
The flare of lights, the rush and cry and strain,
The engine's scream, the hiss and thunder smite;
I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain;
I see the hoarse wheels turn and the great train
Move labouring out into the bourneless night.
So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful eyes,
Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and guesses;
What threads of life, what hidden histories,
What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,
What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

Ottawa, Ont.

A. LAMPMAN.

MONTREAL LETTER.

WHAT with the Laprairie elections, and the arrest of some of our first detectives, I fear Montreal is scarcely in good odour abroad. On the other hand, however, the unqualified disgust expressed everywhere at two revelations so melancholy must partly redeem us. One may predict with a certain amount of confidence that the Hon. Mr. McShane's recent little game among voters at Laprairie will no longer allow him glory in an enviable appellation—"The People's Jimmy." But perhaps, after all, the noble gentleman is quite content with plain "Honourable," and abandons rather gladly any claim to so inappropriate a title as that which his over-indulgence in bribery prior to Mr. Goyette's election certainly proves him not altogether worthy to bear.

As for the detectives' case, our minds may well be concerned about it; and if the men at present under arrest be convicted, we shall have the satisfaction of discovering how favourably a real, live scoundrel compares with the heroes that haunt the imaginations of dime novelists. Private Detective Fahey, chief of the Dominion Detective Agency, ex-Detective Louis Naegele and Constable Bureau are at present lodged in jail, charged with robbing the Bonaventure Depot safe. All their machinations were discovered and disclosed by one Frank Wilson, a New York detective, aided by two others, men who really do their nation credit. It appears that the robbing of a house of which Fahey held the key excited grave suspicions some months ago, the detective himself being held responsible for the crime. The interested parties accordingly asked Wilson to come here, and with infinite subtlety did the sharp-witted Yankee win the confidence of Messrs. Fahey, Naegele and Bureau, getting them to confess past, present, and prospective misdemeanors after a fashion truly astounding. Then, that written evidence should not be wanting, Wilson went to Boston, and from there corresponded with Fahey, who was on the look out for some "good safe-blower." Such an individual appeared in the person of John Maxwell, a detective from Detroit, sent as a "likely" aid to the gang. Plans were

just maturing, and a scheme of wholesale robbery had been concocted, when the Americans judged it was useless to allow matters to grow more serious. This was fortunate, as among the numerous prizes they intended to capture figured Sir D. A. Smith's beautiful picture, at present, I believe, in Toronto. One would hardly have liked to see the lovely "Communicants" in the hands of such ruffians.

APROPOS of Sir Donald, a very pretty compliment was paid him the other day by the lady under-graduates of McGill University. These Lady Psyches have formed a debating club quite as formidable as any masculine affair, and in recognition of all their benefactor has done for them, they call it the "Delta Sigma Society." A certain kind-hearted lady, well known to take infinite interest in matters educational, summoned the charming students to appear at her house last Thursday afternoon, and decide before Sir Donald Smith the weighty question, "Are We Better Than Our Grandmothers?" At first these capped and gowned young sages frightened us, for we are of less cheeky stuff than Florian and the rest; but ere long our misgivings vanished—vanished beneath the soft glances and the kindly voices, albeit a trifle nasal and flat, of the debaters, who seemed desirous of anything rather than an inaccessible castle, and to whom nothing but "she-society" for all time would doubtless prove the greatest punishment on earth.

THE Art Fair, or rather its *mise-en-scène*, will doubtless look charming once again, now that the anachronism of nineteenth century inventions in Elizabethan shops has disappeared. Truly our dignified art gallery lent itself with very good grace to architect and carpenter, and at present we find the large room converted into an old English square, with town hall, post office and shops of every description. The illusion is complete as we stand now dreaming before the dear old houses, untormented by pretty, too pretty, saleswomen that made life miserable for artistic but poverty-stricken visitors last week. It is to be hoped all the trouble beauty and learning have lavished on the enterprise will be a success. The funds, I believe, are destined to pay for the education of poor artists.

WE have laughed over *Erminie*, we have applauded it, and we have enjoyed it, and *Erminie* is gone, a fact at which people who are very anxious about the musical pulse of Montreal should rejoice. Heinrich and Mr. Ernest Longley recently contributed more or less to our happiness by a concert. The former was disappointing. As a drawing-room singer, and playing his own accompaniment, we can understand his evoking some enthusiasm, but the stage seems no longer the place for him. Mr. Longley played very well. We would remind him, however, that mannerisms, of which he has a fair share, disagreeable enough in an old artist, are ten times more so in a young one.

WANT of space prevents my speaking at any length about the Mendelssohn Choir concert. Again it charmed us by its exquisite rendering of the delicious little songs of the Master. Under Mr. Gould's bâton the choir has attained a position enviable by any musical society in any city. Of Fraulein Aus der Ohe as a pianist what can be said—what? but that she is worthy of so great a master—Franz Liszt.

ALAS! the rain, the rain! Oh! take from us what you will, our aldermen, yes, what you will, but leave us our weather!

Montreal.

LOUIS LLOYD.

THE STOOPING VENUS

TURNING to the left on entering the Louvre, I found myself at once among the sculpture, which is on the ground floor. Except that Venus of Milo was in the collection I had no knowledge of what I was about to see, but stepped into an unknown world of statuary. Somewhat indifferently I glanced up and then down, and instantly my coolness was succeeded by delight, for there, in the centre of the gallery, was a statue in the sense in which I understand the word—the beautiful made tangible in human form. It was then at least thirty yards distant, with the view partly broken, but it was impossible to doubt or question lines such as those. On a gradual approach the limbs became more defined, and the torso grows, and becomes more and more human—this is one of the remarkable circumstances connected with the statue. There is life in the wide hips, chest, and shoulders; so marvellous is the illusion that not only the parts that remain appear animated, but the imagination restores the missing and mutilated pieces, and the statue seems entire. I did not see that the hand was missing and the arms gone; the idea of form suggested by the existing portions was carried on over these, and filled the vacant places. Absorbed in the contemplation of her beauty, I did not for some time think of enquiring into material particulars. But there is a tablet on the pedestal which tells all that is known. This statue is called the "Venus Accroupie," or Stopping Venus, and was found at Vienne, France. The term "Venus" is conventional, merely to indicate a female of great beauty, for there is nothing in the figure to answer to what one usually understands as the attributes of the goddess. It is simply a woman stooping to take a child pick-a-back, the child's little hand remaining upon the back just as it was placed, in the act of clinging. Both arms are missing, and there appears to be some dispute as to the exact way they were bent across the body. The right arm looks as if it had passed partly under the left breast, the fingers resting on the left knee, which is raised, while the left arm was uplifted to maintain the balance. The shoulders are massive rather than broad, and do not overshadow the width of the hips. The right knee is rounded, because it is bent; the left knee less so, because raised. Bending the right knee has the effect of slightly widening the right thigh. The right knee is very noble, bold in its slow curve, strong, and beautiful.—*Magazine of Art.*

The Week,

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WE are glad to stand corrected by the Kingston *Whig* in regard to the punishment provided by the Dominion Act for the receiver of bribes. The action in the Lennox case had escaped our notice or memory. The cases are so very rare in which any serious penalties have been inflicted upon those found guilty of taking bribes that one might almost be justified in looking upon the provisions of the Act in that regard as a dead letter. Until the consequences are made to follow the commission of the crime with much greater certainty and severity than hitherto, the law will not do its perfect work, nor will the offence be regarded in its proper light. It should be made the duty of the courts to impose, as a matter of course, the penalty of fine or imprisonment or both, whenever a case of bribe-taking can be established. Prompt punishment in a few instances would be wondrously effective in opening the eyes of thousands, who have come to regard their votes and influence as legitimate articles of commerce, to the heinousness of their offence against the commonwealth.

THE appointment of a Commission to enquire into the workings of the Municipal system in Ontario should be productive of good results. We do not know that exception can be taken to the *personnel* of the Commission, save on the ground of its partisan complexion. It would have indicated a broader policy, and its recommendations would have been much more likely to command general assent, had both parties been represented in it. The somewhat complicated Municipal system of Ontario has been on trial for a good many years, and, while its operation has, on the whole, been excellent, it would be strange if it should not now be found capable of improvement in many respects. There can be little doubt that the tendency of free institutions will be more and more in the direction of local management of all matters of purely local concern. This general principle is capable of wide application, and of being wrought out through an almost infinite series of divisions and subdivisions of the body politic. The more perfect the machinery, the less the danger of neglect of local rights and interests on the one hand, and of congestion and blocking of wheels in the higher legislative organizations on the other. This is the true "home rule." Few things are more suggestive of waste of power, disproportion between means and ends, and general political incapacity or blundering, than the sight of great legislative bodies striving hopelessly to overtake a multitude of petty details.

THERE is not, and never yet has been, any such thing as a pure democracy. Those who are accustomed to congratulate themselves that in democratic Canada and in the still more democratic Republic beside us, the voice of the Governments and Legislatures is the voice of the people, will be astonished, on reflection, to find how little the mass of the people have to do with shaping the course of legislation. The New York *Tribune* points out that while the half-million workers in the towns and cities of the United States who are organized as the Knights of Labour are continually putting forth their opinions as those of American labourers, the ten millions of farmers, who really do more work than all other classes of labourers put together, do not ordinarily take the trouble to express their ideas, even on the most important topics. The same thing is true of Canada. The apparent anomaly is easily explained by the comparative isolation of each of the multitudinous units which make up the agricultural population. But this fact does not make the thing itself less undesirable and unfair. The *Tribune* has been inviting the farmers to express their wishes on the subject of tariff reform. If it conducts the investigation fairly, and succeeds in making it real and reliable, it may very likely, as the leading journalistic representative of the extreme protectionist view, find that it reckons without its host in assuming that the bulk of the agricultural population is on its side. It seems hardly likely that the average hard-headed farmer will be easily persuaded that paying taxes on the necessaries of life lessens the cost of those necessaries, or helps him in the struggle to "make ends meet." In like manner the Commercial Unionists, who are appealing specially to the Canadian farmer to accept their specific, may find themselves mistaken in supposing the sturdy yeomen ready to surrender their commercial autonomy and make their country, for purposes of trade, a mere annex of the United States. But if

they can really get the attention of the farmers, and induce them to take a more active and intelligent interest in public affairs, the agitation will have served at least one useful purpose.

THE Government of Manitoba is evidently *in extremis*. Mr. Norquay has long played his cards skilfully. We do not say he has played them well, for straightforwardness and consistency usually succeed best in the end, even apart from moral considerations and consequences. Whatever shape the plans for his retirement, now seemingly inevitable, and the establishment of his successor may finally assume, there is one feature of the situation which should be carefully noted by all who wish for harmony and stability in the Canadian Confederation. We refer to the running to and fro between Winnipeg and Ottawa, and the almost open consultations, not to say intrigues between the Dominion authorities and the Manitoba politicians. Whether the programme of future movements is being correctly forecast in the press, or otherwise, there is scarcely room to doubt that both the leader of the moribund provincial administration, and the new aspirant to the premiership have sought counsel and help from Ottawa. Such a course, though but too well supported by precedent, is vicious in principle and mischievous in practice. The independence of the local administrations is essential to the peace and prosperity of the Union. Few things would be more fruitful of distrust, dissension, and possible disruption than any well-founded suspicion of collusion between the Dominion Government and local politicians for purposes of party manipulation. Any interference with the free will and choice of the local electorates is sure sooner or later to be fruitful of dissensions. If the people of Manitoba are either spirited or wise they will mark their resentment of the weakness or self-seeking which drives local leaders to invoke Ottawa interference or influence in the formation or re-construction of the local Cabinet.

THERE can be little doubt that some mode of settlement of the Manitoba and North-West railway question will be proposed by the Dominion Government at the approaching session of Parliament. There is nothing inherently improbable in the Brandon *Mail's* announcement that the settlement will take the shape of a guarantee of the bonds of the Canadian Pacific Railway to a certain amount, on consideration of its abandonment of all its monopoly rights. The directors and shareholders of the company must be by this time pretty well convinced that the maintenance of the monopoly is impossible. No Government could protect them in its exercise for the balance of the full term stipulated without serious danger of insurrection, and of that both the Government and the country have already had more than enough. On the other hand it will no doubt be stoutly contended that we have also had more than enough of huge subsidies to this great corporation. But however ill-advised may have been the original agreement with the company, and however indefensible any subsequent advance from the overdrawn Dominion exchequer, it is clear that Canada can afford neither to maintain the monopoly nor to break faith with the company. There is, it is true, excellent reason for believing that the Manitoba contention is sound, and that the Dominion Government had no right, and perhaps no intention, to restrict that Province in the exercise of its constitutional powers. This fact, however valid as a plea for lessening the amount of damages to be paid the company in lieu of the promised monopoly, is of no weight whatever in regard to the added portion of Manitoba and the great North-West beyond, in respect to which the monopoly is unquestioned, and to which it would soon become as obnoxious and the demand for free railroad communication with their southern neighbours as imperative as they now are in the older districts of Manitoba. The lesson is likely to be an expensive one to the Dominion. It is to be hoped that it will be well coned.

"EVERY good Catholic is an Ultramontane." This has, in substance, been recently asserted by a Canadian Catholic whose words should carry weight. We do not remember to have seen the sentiment repudiated by any one qualified to speak for the Catholics of Canada, though it is to be hoped, in the interests of both Catholicism and patriotism, that it is not the teaching of the prelates and clergy of that Church in the Dominion. As Bishop Coxe demonstrated at the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Washington, such has not been the teaching of the most eminent Catholic divines, jurists, and canonists in the past. Bossuet said, "Let us be Catholics, but let us be Gallicans." "The Roman pontiffs retained the French bishops in full communion after the Declaration of 1682." "Even Pius IX., in his better days, banished them [the Jesuits, which is but another name for the later term Ultramontanists] from Rome." "So then, as a Roman Catholic, if I were one," says Bishop Coxe, "I should quote 'Infallibility' for my position that Ultramontanism is at war with governments, with Christian civilization, and with the peace and integrity of the

Roman Catholic Church itself." The question is just now being forced upon the attention of the people of the United States by incidents and signs which are supposed to prelude a concerted attack upon the common school system. There are not wanting, in the opinion of some prominent Canadians, indications of the beginnings of a similar movement in Canada, though the Separate Schools of Ontario should, one might think, go far to take away the chief motive for such a movement so far as this Province is concerned. Every true Canadian will cherish the fullest civil and religious liberty for Catholic and Protestant alike, and for that reason will never submit to the intrusion of foreign dictation or influence in matters of public policy. On similar grounds, we cannot but deem the rumoured purchase by the British Government of Ultramontane influence to settle affairs in Ireland, at the cost of endowing a Roman Catholic university and acknowledging the temporal sovereignty of the Pope by sending a British envoy to his court, as utterly beyond credence.

Now that English papers are to hand with full reports of the great Loyalist demonstration in Dublin, even those who dissent from the conclusions reached can hardly fail to recognize the great ability which marked the speeches of Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen. That of the former was especially broad and statesmanlike. It is, indeed, matter for regret that arguments so calm and cogent could not have been addressed directly to the Irish malcontents themselves, instead of being in a measure wasted, as they necessarily were, upon a picked audience which needed no convincing. Another unfortunate necessity of the case was that both speeches should dwell upon the too evident fact that the struggle in Ireland is emphatically one of "the classes against the masses," the landlords, capitalists, manufacturers, merchants, and professional men against the agriculturists and other labourers. While, as Lord Hartington freely admitted, the latter are undoubtedly in the majority, it is no less true, as both he and Mr. Goschen insisted, that the former are indispensable, not only to the progress but to the very existence of a nation. It is possible that in comparing Scotland with Ireland in order to show that in the former "one Parliament and one Executive Government has been found to be compatible with the existence of a totally independent system of law, with an independent and separate national Church, with an independent and distinct system of national education, and with the administration of all Scotch offices by Scotchmen," in short, with the fullest play of national sentiments and aspirations, Lord Hartington failed to take into account the historical elements of the problem, the long, dark records of confiscation, political disability, and race and creed antipathies, whose effects, as well as memories, still linger in Ireland. But he certainly put his finger with telling effect upon the weak spot in the Home Rule Scheme when he pointed out that the chief of all the Irish Questions still unsettled is the very one which it has been distinctly declared by the leaders of the English Home Rule party cannot be left to be settled by an Irish Parliament, viz., the land question.

THE question just now brought to the front in religious circles in England by Spurgeon's "Down Grade" articles in the *Sword and Trowel*, emphasized by his withdrawal from the Baptist Union, is vastly broader than the bounds of the Baptist denomination. It is substantially the same question suggested a score of years ago by the author of *Ecce Homo*, when he maintained that the Churches should be just as tolerant of an imperfect creed as they are of an imperfect practice. In another version the same question may be made to read, "Is there room within the Christian Churches for a progressive orthodoxy?" To this, Mr. Spurgeon, and many like-minded in all the denominations, would respond with an unhesitating "No!" But does not such an answer strike at the roots not only of all genuine freedom of religious thought, but of that very right of private judgment or liberty of conscience, which is the cherished principle of Protestantism? The strong men either within or without the Churches are surely not those who profess to think just as their fathers thought, or to believe just what they have been taught to believe, no more, no less. A grand truth is that wrapped up in Tennyson's well-worn aphorism:

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

No Church, no Union, no Conference, no Synod, has any patent of orthodoxy, or any infallible test for Scripture interpretation. Who is Spurgeon, or who the leaders of any Ecclesiastical Union, that they should claim the right to interfere with the free and conscientious thinking of other men, equally learned, equally devout, equally loyal to the highest truth, and possibly more broad-minded and free from the trammels of seventeenth century traditions?

THE third instalment of the evidence taken by the Royal Commission on Elementary Education in England has been published. It contains a mass of information in regard to the past history and present condition of

public school education, but the portion of it which will attract most attention is that containing the various schemes which have been laid before the Commissioners for the re-organization of the central and local administration of the Elementary Schools. Prominent amongst these schemes is that proposed by Lord Lingen, who for twenty-three years, before 1869, was Secretary of the Education Department. Lord Lingen's scheme, as outlined in brief by the *Educational Times*, is as follows: He would create, in connection with those local bodies that may be called into existence by any future Local Government Act, Boards of Education. If the county were chosen as the unit of area, then there would be for each county a Board of Education chosen by the ratepayers, and charged with the duty of providing and maintaining elementary schools, adequate, efficient, and suitable, within its own jurisdiction. Municipalities in the County Board's area would be free from its control, and treated as independent educational units responsible to the central department only. To every such educational body the State would grant a fixed subsidy, calculated on the basis of population to bear a fair proportion to the whole cost of elementary education, and in no case to exceed (a) fifteen shillings per child, and (b) the aggregate sum arising from fees, rates, endowments, and voluntary contributions. In addition to distributing the State subsidy amongst the schools, those local bodies would have great freedom in dealing with the whole educational system within their areas, with a view to its improvement and assistance. They would treat with the Voluntary and with the Board Schools as in their discretion they might see fit; the exercise of this discretion being controlled only by the obligation of satisfying the central department that the schools in the district were sufficient, efficient, and suitable for the population. It is clear, as the *Educational Times* points out, that the successful working of any such system would be perilled on the character of the elected County Boards. But surely the good sense of the people could be relied on to elect honest and efficient men. If any were negligent in the first instance the process of popular education would be very rapid, under the pressure of experience and responsibility. It would be of vast advantage to all the interests involved to have the Education Department relieved of the vast amount of work involved in communicating with the managers of some 20,000 schools respecting details of organization and management.

THE *New York Evening Post* calls attention to the fact that, while Jacob Sharp has been able to get his case before the Court of Appeal and have the decision of the lower court reversed, O'Neil, one of Sharp's companions in crime, who was tried and took his appeal before Sharp, has not yet been able to get a hearing before the Appellate Court, because he had not money wherewith to pay lawyers' bills and printers' charges. The result is that O'Neil languishes in prison, while Sharp, who apparently has no better case, is released on bail, the advantage being due simply to his wealth. The *Evening Post*, which, as one of its New York contemporaries observes, is a journal which has not ordinarily shown much sympathy with the poorer classes, says: "We warn both lawyers and legislators that the power of money over the course of justice is a dangerous thing in a free State, and does more to breed Anarchists and to sap popular respect for law than all the harangues of all the Mosts and Jablowskis in the country." The remark is weighty and no doubt truthful. Simple justice demands that some means should be provided whereby the way to the higher courts should be made as easy and expeditious to the poor man as to the rich.

THE see-saw in the tenor of European cable despatches is still kept up. One day we are told that the great military Powers are on the eve of war-like demonstrations; the next, that all that has previously appeared is exaggerated or sensational, and that there is really little cause for alarm. In the absence of more reliable information, especially with reference to the movements of Russian troops on the Austrian frontier, speculation is well-nigh idle. If it had not been found necessary to take with so large allowance any representations emanating from Russian Government sources, the recent article from the *St. Petersburg Military Gazette* might be accepted as showing that the Russian military movements are merely moderate precautionary measures rendered necessary by the enlarged and threatening armaments of Austria and Germany. As it is, the statements and arguments of the article have had no mollifying effect upon the situation, while its tone seems to have increased rather than lessened the tension, so far as Austria is concerned. Between the redoubled military preparations by both nations and the recriminatory articles in the journals of both, it will be almost a marvel if a rupture does not shortly take place. Perhaps the best safeguard against such an European calamity is to be found at present in the great strength of the triple alliance. The combined resources of the three nations present an array so formidable that it would seem little short of madness for Russia to precipitate herself against it. From whatever point of view regarded the situation is threatening and deplorable.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A SONG OF TRUST, AND OTHER THOUGHTS IN VERSE. By W. P. McKenzie, B.A. Toronto: Hart and Company.

These few leaves of charming verse are silk-tied in a fleecy-looking snow-white paper cover. There are only twenty-one poems altogether, and they are all short; but they possess such unquestionable merit that our only regret is that Mr. McKenzie has not seen fit to give us a larger collection of his works in a more permanent, even if in a less dainty form. Although far too meagre, it is a valuable contribution to Canadian literature—and it is very distinctively Canadian. The beautiful pieces entitled "Faith," "Sea Fog," "Mist," "Snow on the Rockies," "The Troubled Sea," and others, show that our author has been a student of many aspects of Canadian scenery, and that he has seen with the true poet's eye what he so well describes. The music of Mr. McKenzie's verse is sweet, but much of it is sad. There is throughout an unmistakable note of suffering and sorrow; and while there is no suggestion of repining, there is something almost pathetic even in his songs of trust and peace and resignation. We cannot forbear quoting a stanza or two from "A Song of one Weary":

Brood mother-like over me, Night,
Come with thy dark wings of cloud;
Meet me with gentle Sleep
As under thy wings I creep,
And the burdens 'neath which I bowed
Are forgot in the dreamy delight
Of thy fostering care, O Night.

Send Sleep, thy good angel, Night,
I have waited so long—so long;
Let her cool, soft hand be pressed
On my eyes that throb with unrest,
Let her sing me her drowsy song
Till I feel her enchantress might
And am lulled in her arms, O Night!

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO SONG BOOK. Toronto: I. Suckling and Sons.

The Compilation Committee and the publishers of this handsome and unique book are to be congratulated not alone upon its appearance and its careful editing, but upon the happy eclecticism that wisely prevails in its pages, and upon the care that has been expended in order to produce something of distinct literary and musical value. The only previous college song book extant in Canada at the present date is, we believe, the McGill University Glee Book, and it was quite time that a similar compilation should appear in the interests of its *alma mater*, the beautiful University of Toronto. With regard to the contents, they are chiefly made up of standard songs, such as easily catch the ear and appeal to the wants of an undergraduate body, while several decidedly superior numbers attest to the growth of an artistic sense among our students. Such are the "Kermesse" and "Soldiers' Chorus," from *Faust*, "Ye Shepherds, Tell Me," and "The Cloud-capped Towers," by Stevens. A fine instalment of national airs precedes the more purely local and more effervescing productions like "Meerschaum Pipe" and "Three Little Kittens," among which occurs a fine arrangement of the Marseillaise. Numerous American importations testify to the popularity of the Yale and Harvard college songs, while we are particularly gratified to note the representative use made of some of the most melodious and vigorous French-Canadian *chansons*, *Malbrouck*, *A la Claire Fontaine*, *En roulant ma boule* and *Alouette*. In the last named however, there is a slight deviation from the original accent—as sung at least in some places in Lower Canada. But the most important of these specimens of French-Canadian song is unquestionably the famous *Drapeau de Carillon*, words by the gifted Quebec poet, Octave Crémazie, and music by Charles Sabatier. This beautiful strain, conceived in the most flowing and elegant manner of the modern French school, is charmingly arranged by Mr. Theodore Martens for solo and four-part chorus, and it will be found an interesting addition to concerted music, either as sung in the drawing-room or college hall, or upon the concert stage.

As far as possible, the authors' and composers' names are given throughout the work, and every effort made to insure accuracy and awake the interest of the reader or possessor of this elegant volume. Last, but far from least, are prominent the names of several of the Faculty and many of graduates and undergraduates of the University, in the relations of author, composer, and translator. The dedication to the venerable Professor Wilson is pleasing and timely, while that much-esteemed gentleman appears frequently within the pages as a versifier of humorous intent. Taken for all in all, the publication is in every way a creditable one, and will no doubt be eagerly sought after by all friends of the University. Mr. Theodore Martens has fulfilled his duties as musical editor to the letter.

THE HEART OF MERRIE ENGLAND. By the Rev. James S. Stone, D.D. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The hope expressed in his preface by the author of this delightfully written volume to the effect that England and America have never been so closely knit together than at this time, and may learn to love each other more as the ages roll on, is in keeping with the general sentiment within its pages. A lover of England, having been born and partly educated there, he is yet a lover of America and the American people, and maintains a happy communion with the two countries. His tenderness, his reverence, and his admiration, however, for the land of his birth are apparent throughout this work which consists of glimpses of obscure

hamlets among the Chiltern Hills, the historic towns of Oxford, Stratford, and Canterbury, and various other interesting local landmarks, described with a most graphic pen and a keen appreciation of all that is beautiful in Old England. The author's familiarity with village customs, folk-lore, and dialects tends to considerably enhance his descriptive chapters and perhaps the most noticeable feature of his work is the one he himself desires to draw our attention to, namely, his choice of unfrequented and therefore unhackneyed localities and towns. Among the latter is Watlington, a quaint and ancient burgh with a town hall built in 1664. "Its gray mullions, high-printed gables, dark arches, antique clock, nail-headed door and general appearance furnish a perfect and pleasing specimen of the architecture of an age when England was rejoicing in the restoration of its king and the passing away of Puritan gloom and rigour." Nor far from Watlington is the ancient moated castle of Shirbourne. The present structure dates from 1377, but an earlier one was built in the reign of William I. by Robert d'Oily, to whom the Conqueror had granted Shirbourne. The castle is perpendicular in style, defended by a drawbridge and portcullis, and differs little from its appearance in the fourteenth century. "Upon the wide moat swans swim in all their stateliness." "Chaunt a lay of the olden time, recall a scene of Froissart or a page of Chaucer, and you may see merry and mediæval England alike in the swelling beech-clad hills of Chiltern and in the towers and the turrets of Shirbourne."

Glimpses and more than glimpses of such interesting and noble relics occur in every chapter, mingled with the good-humoured comments of the author. Indeed, the writing throughout is charming, revealing traces of deep social wisdom and kindly sympathy with varied types of humanity.

"Education is the order of the day," he remarks, in connection with the old world ideas prevailing in the sleepy town of Thame, "Ploughboys have a chance to learn Greek, and girls whose mothers washed dishes at two pence an hour can embroider and play the piano. And what will be the end? You cannot have wait on you at table a fellow who knows the rudiments of Sanskrit, and all about conic sections, nor can you have to scrub your floor or to starch your collars a woman who can speak Italian and criticise Matthew Arnold. When everybody knows as much as you know, what will become of you?"

In this connection Mr. Stone must surely have been informed of the curious habits of the seaside waiter in his adopted country. But in the main his remarks are characterized by truth and good sense. The book is a welcome addition to literature of the kind, and lovers of England will no doubt linger affectionately over its entrancing pages.

UNCLE RUTHERFORD'S ATTIC. A Story for Girls. By Joanna H. Mathews. With Original Illustrations. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.

It is difficult to know just what is meant on this title-page by "original illustrations." They must be by the author, and in that case, why not say so? Whoever they are by, though they are only four in number, they are of a character conducing to hard language and harder thoughts on the part of the unfortunate reader, who, in other respects, might find the book a fairly interesting one. It certainly is rare to find the once æsthetic and still painstaking house of Stokes, Allen, and Company, reverting to such painfully inferior pictures as these that mar a very pretty and instructive tale for young girls.

Every one will read it and every one will be disappointed on finding that there is in reality so little about Uncle Rutherford's attic, a delightful old lumber-room—how fond American authors are of old lumber-rooms!—full of decayed and shimmering brocades, and furs, and satins, and plumes, and sashes. A fault of construction makes it appear as if Miss Ella Raymond, a nice young specimen who gets into debt and steals a pair of diamond ear-rings and is introduced to us in the fifth chapter, rather interferes with the course of things in the attic, though her Becky-like qualities are very well sketched. The boy, Jim, is quite a touching little character.

MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK. A Novel. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. Toronto: William Bryce.

Probably any analysis of *Mr. Barnes of New York* would be considered rather late in the day if persevered in at this date; and further, it is hardly the kind of novel that calls for much analysis. The apprenticeship of its author to the writing of modern society plays has not tended to heighten his ideal of fiction, though it may have helped to materially smarten his dialogue, and furnish him with chapters almost absurdly sensational. But the childishness of some of the situations is atoned for by a certain sharp, clever ring in the writing that just redeems the book from being utter trash. The universal use of the present tense recalls the famous books of *The Duchess*, and the mixture of American, English, and Italian types is well done in parts, although we incline to the opinion that Mr. Gunter's peculiar share of literary *afflatus* will do better work in the way of stage adaptations and original (*sic*) plays than in fiction. *Prince Karl* is perhaps the most ambitious and at the same time the best of his known plays.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE EVERGLADES. By F. A. Ober. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

This is an account of the club's visit to Florida and the members' thrilling adventures while exploring Lake Okechobee. The pictures of episodes in fishing, hunting, and Indian warfare will at once win a verdict of approval from all youthful readers who love tales of danger and adventure.

JEAN MONTIETH. By M. A. McClelland. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

This unpretending little volume—one of the publishers' popular Leisure Hour Series—has afforded us a genuine and very pleasant surprise. For some reason, or for no reason at all, we did not expect to find very much to admire in it; but we did not lay it down until we had finished the last page. The scene is laid down in a "straggling out-at-elbows little village," in Northern Alabama. There is not much plot in the story to speak of, and the characters are not numerous, but they are sharply drawn; the situations are striking and interesting, and the narrative bright and picturesque. For a while we seem to sojourn in the sleepy Southern village, and mingle with its people and listen to their gossip. Altogether the book is very much better than many that are more pretentious.

DOWN THE ISLANDS. A Voyage to the Caribbees. By William Agnew Paton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There is no kind of reading more delightful than a well written book of travels. Mr. Paton's account of his five weeks' visiting among the Windward Islands—the Cannibal Islands of the early navigators—and on the Island of Trinidad and the mainland of British Guiana is a very satisfactory example of this class of literature. The style is bright and vivacious, the topics are varied, and, while the reader is constantly entertained and often amused, he is acquiring almost unconsciously a great deal of historical and other knowledge about these islands, their inhabitants, and industries. The book is printed on rich, heavy paper, and beautifully bound. It contains fifteen full-page and a great many other illustrations by Mr. M. J. Burns, who visited the islands for this purpose.

BODYKE. By Henry Norman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Bodyke? What is it? The first sentence in the book answers the question. It is "a pleasant little village of a score or two houses and half a dozen shops" about twenty miles from Limerick. It does not appear on the map nor in the Irish Bradshaw. A few months ago it was as utterly unknown to the world as the obscurest hamlet in Turkey; but the evictions carried on there by Col. O'Callaghan, and the vivid descriptions of them by Henry Norman in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, made the place well known to the whole English-speaking world and the subject of enquiry in the British Parliament. The book is an American reprint of Mr. Norman's letters, and forms one of the "Questions of the Day" Series.

HALF HOURS WITH THE STARS. By Richard A. Proctor, F.R.A.S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Professor Proctor has done and is doing much to popularize a most delightful branch of study. This book, as the title page informs us, is "a plain guide to the knowledge of the constellations, showing in twelve maps the position of the principal star groups night after night throughout the year, with an introduction and a separate explanation for each map." The maps and text have been specially prepared for American students, and are so plain and intelligible that any person, though entirely ignorant of astronomy, can readily make himself acquainted with the names of the constellations and their appearance and position in the sky.

THE TALMUD: WHAT IT IS. By Rev. Bernhard Pick, Ph.D. New York: John B. Alden.

The Talmud is a vast aggregation of traditions, opinions, maxims, fancies, and old tales. It is the product of many minds, the growth of many centuries. "It is," says Milman, "a wonderful monument of human industry, human wisdom, and human folly." It is often mentioned, and is sometimes quoted, but is very little known. Dr. Pick undertakes to tell us in this little volume "what it is and what it knows about Jesus and His followers." He appears to have condensed a great deal into about one hundred and forty small pages; and those who are curious about such matters will doubtless find it advantageous to consult them.

GUNETHICS; OR, THE ETHICAL STATUS OF WOMEN. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

Much has been written and spoken during the last century on the status of women. Women's "rights" have been vindicated, their "wrongs" have been described, and their "subjection" has been deplored; and doubtless their status has been very greatly improved. This well printed, neatly bound, and ably written little book is an earnest attempt to show that woman has "equal inheritance, endowment, and dispensation with man in the matters of religion," and should "be conceded equal rights in every field of life."

OUR LAND ILLUSTRATED IN ART AND SONG. THE CHRISTIAN GRACES. Toronto: The Willard Tract Depository.

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SLAV OR SAXON? By W. D. Foulke, A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a study of the growth and tendencies of Russian civilization, in which the author discusses the struggle which he thinks is impending between England and Russia to determine whether the civilization of the Saxon or that of the Slav is to be the civilization of the world. He gives a very clear account of the growth and present condition of Russia, and urges that in the struggle for supremacy American sympathy should be with England.

THE OLD SOUTH AND THE NEW. By Hon. William D. Kelly. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In 1867 the author visited a great portion of the South before it had begun to recover from the deplorable effects of the Civil War. In 1887 he revisited the same portions of the country that he had traversed twenty years before; and in these letters he describes what he has seen, tells what the new South now is and what its future is likely to be.

CHATTERBOX FOR 1887. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

This popular annual for young folks has the same variety of reading matter and the same wealth of illustration as its predecessors. It is one of the best and cheapest gift books for the holidays.

THREE VASSAR GIRLS AT HOME. By Lizzie W. Champney. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

The "Vassar Girls" visit the South and the wild West, and this volume describes much of what they saw and heard and adventured. It is attractively bound and profusely illustrated.

We have received, but too late for review in this issue, a volume of poems entitled, *Fleur de Lys*, by Arthur Weir; and, in pamphlet form, *A Christmas Chat: A Fragmentary Dialogue on Love and Religion*, by T. Arnold Haultain.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated for January comes to us ahead of all its contemporaries. The most notable articles are those on the historian, Bancroft, and on "The Telescope and its Revelations," both of which are illustrated. Another interesting illustrated article is that on Columbia College.

The *Overland Monthly* for December has nothing to distinguish it as a holiday number. It comes in the same modest cover as heretofore, and in the contents there is only a single stanza, "December," that refers to the season. But the number does not lack literary and artistic attractions. Several articles descriptive of Californian scenery are graphically written, and are embellished with numerous illustrations. There is little poetry, but the quality of it is good. The fiction is interesting, and has a strong western flavour.

The *Andover Review* for December has, among many able articles, a very thoughtful and appreciative review of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by Charles James Wood. It is an attempt to trace the development of the poet's genius and ascertain his mental attitude towards the great questions over which he brooded, and shows a thorough and conscientious study of Rossetti's works. Mr. Edward W. Bemis contributes an addition to the already voluminous literature called into existence by Henry George's land theories; and Dr. Lyman Abbott continues his examination of St. Paul's Theology.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.—The *Syracuse Standard* says of the New Karl, which is to be produced all next week:—"Charles A. Gardner, who began an engagement at the Grand Opera House, has come in time to earn his compliment of applause in this field. One would have imagined that all the good there was in the jolly Dutchman would have long ago been thrashed out of it, but with a new face under the puffed cap and a new song on the red lips, the public rallies at once to the latest star. Mr. Gardner received yesterday the most cordial reception from the patrons of the Grand. The theatre was crowded. Mr. Gardner, who is of a fat and cheerful figure, was lavish in musical offerings. His voice is a light tenor. The songs themselves are written to plaintive melody and are incidental to the play. Mr. Gardner is a roving peddler in occupation, which throws him in the way of righting wrong and punishing evil, in the good old fashion of the standard drama. The abduction of a child is made the incident on which the plot hinges. Karl constitutes himself the guardian angel of the little waif, and in the end sees him restored to his home and wealth. The peddler is, of course, just in time in the play whenever the vilest deeds were afoot. It was with boisterous approbation that he was greeted when he wreaked his just vengeance. Mr. Gardner, too, gave the audience every satisfaction in his singing. Over and over again he was recalled, and he appeared to have an unlimited supply of verses and airs. Good support is given the star by the company.

DURING Christmas week Mr. Joseph Murphy will occupy the Grand Opera House. Of his new play the *Detroit Free Press* says:—"Mr. Joseph Murphy presented his new play 'The Donagh,' to a packed house at the Detroit last night. In number of presentations 'The Donagh' is scarcely more than a month old, yet it has begun to assert its strength in a way that cannot be misinterpreted. Its best possibilities are still in the embryo state, notwithstanding which fact last night's audience hailed it with glad welcome and set upon it the seal of a generous approval. It is full of stirring incidents—scarcely inferior in that respect to 'The Shaughraun' of Boucicault; its comedy is racy, its love interest is both rational and romantic, its characters are well defined, its tone is high, its sentiments are wholesome, and its movement is rapid enough to warrant the conviction that a year hence it will have been made one of the best acting Irish dramas of the period. It certainly aroused quite unusual enthusiasm last night, and when the beautiful panoramic representation of the Killarney lakes and hills and romantic ruins was disclosed one might have thought that all Kerry had come into its own again, so long continued and tumultuous was the applause. 'The Donagh' may fairly be regarded as the coming sensation in Irish drama. It is one of the recommendations of 'The Donagh' that it has in it the seeds of growth. It is a vigorous sapling now; it bids fair in time to become a sturdy tree. Mr. Murphy is to be congratulated upon his acquisition."—*Detroit Free Press*, Thursday, Feb. 17, 1887.

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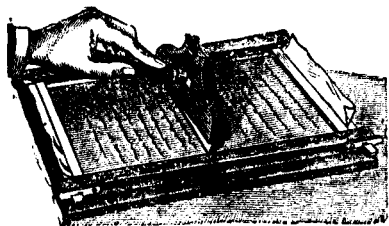
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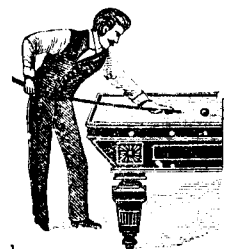
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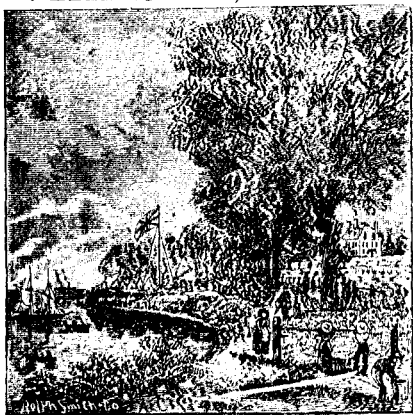
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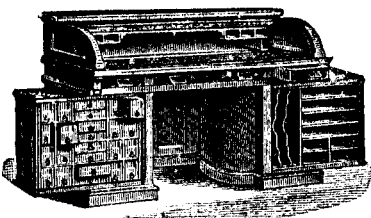
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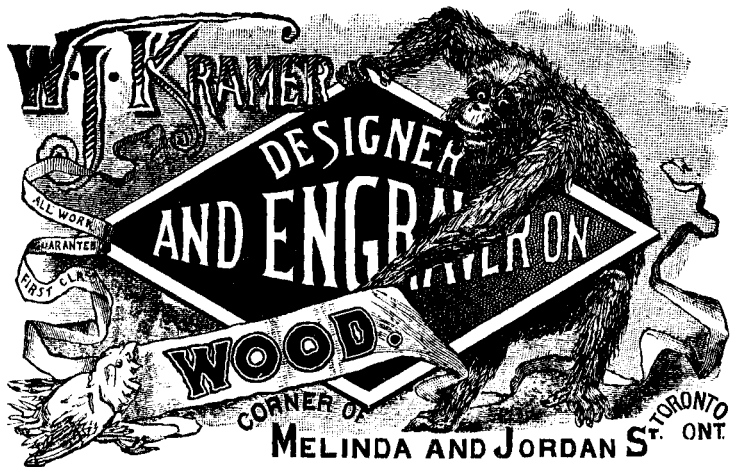
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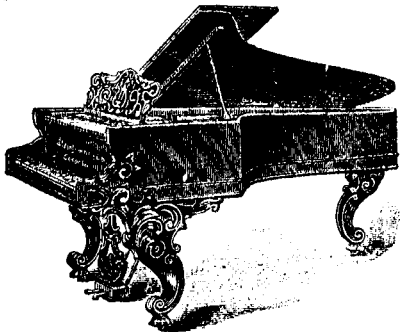
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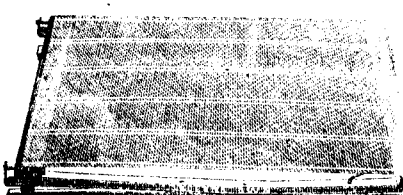
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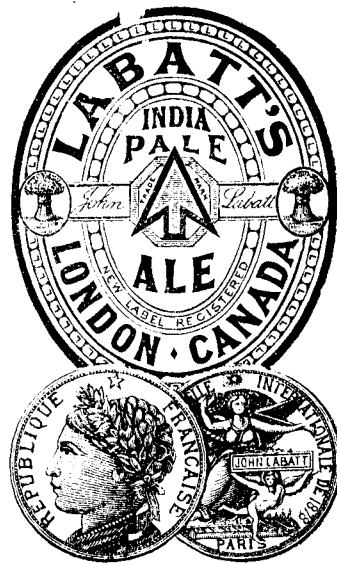
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