

THE WEEK:

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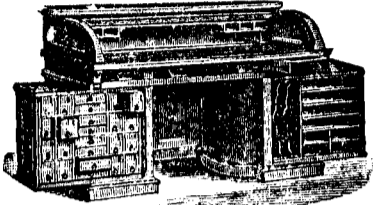
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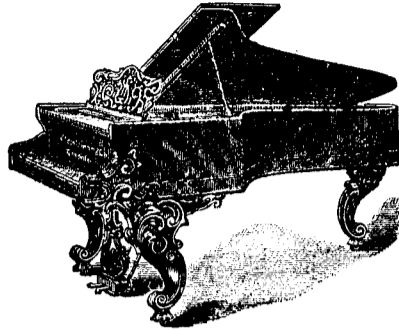
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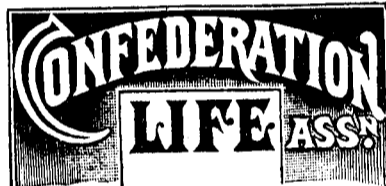
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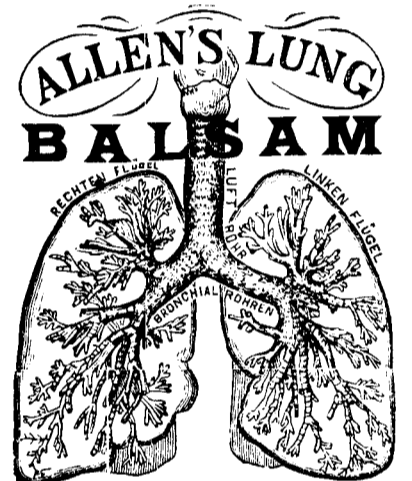
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE unseating of Dr. Montague, late M.P. for Haldimand on what is scarcely more than a legal technicality, adds another to many previous instances of the harsh operation of our Acts for securing purity of elections. The offence, as described by Chief Justice Ritchie, was that Harrison, agent for Dr. Montague at No. 6 poll, in the Township of Walpole, had induced Thomas Nixon falsely to take the oath as a farmer's son, his father having died a few months previous, and under section 93 of the Election Act this was a corrupt act. The case is one of undoubted hardship, inasmuch as Nixon was morally qualified to vote in another class, *i.e.*, as owner of the property which had formerly been his father's. But in this respect he was in no worse position than many others in recent elections in different localities who had acquired the qualification since the last revision of the lists, but were unable to vote because not registered. A still more serious injustice seems to be involved in the unseating of a candidate, and putting him to all the cost, and the constituency to all the turmoil, of a new election, in consequence of the act of an agent, when it is clear that that act did not affect the result. The presumption underlying this feature of the law is, we suppose, that the risk of voiding the election of his principal will be a sufficient incentive to the agent to shun the use of corrupt means. The result, in numerous instances, proves that this presumption is not well founded, and that many are ready to run the risk. The question that suggests itself is, Why not amend the law so as to make the men who do the wrong bear the penalty? Suppose it were enacted that no elected member should be unseated for any act of an agent, done without his sanction or knowledge, except in cases where there is some reason to believe that the act in question affected the result? Of course the severest penalties should in every such case be inflicted upon the guilty parties, the takers as well as the givers of bribes.

THE judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in the case of the Queen *vs.* St. Catherines Milling Company, removes, let us hope, from the arena of party strife, another of those vexed questions of which too

many have been raised between Provincial Governments and that of the Dominion. This case was, as is well known, an outcome of the decision rendered by the Privy Council a few years ago, in the Boundary dispute. The British North American Act provided that all lands, mines, minerals, and royalties which belonged to the several Provinces at Confederation should continue to be the property of the Provinces in which they are situated. Notwithstanding that the Boundary decision had confirmed the claim of Ontario to what had been known as the "Disputed Territory," the Dominion Government continued to exercise right of control over the mines and forests, resting its claim on the treaty made with the Indians in 1873, under which the territory in question was ceded to Her Majesty, her heirs, and successors forever. The Federal Government having concluded the treaty and assumed responsibility for the payments it called for, claimed that it was thereby entitled to represent the Crown in the ownership. The dispute really turned upon the prior question of the nature of the Indians' interest in the lands prior to the Treaty. Were they the actual owners of the Territory, and so competent to dispose of it absolutely, or did their possession merely cover certain privileges in respect to its beneficial use, the absolute ownership being already vested in the Crown? The judgment now rendered virtually affirms the latter view, from which it follows that the rights reserved for the Indians did not affect the right of the Province to revenues derived from sales of minerals and timber, and that, on the extinction of the Indian title, the Provincial Government became sole representative of the Crown in the ownership of the Territory, subject, of course, to any rights still reserved to the Indians in any portion of it.

THE decision above referred to suggests a curious inquiry as to the apparent futility of the cession by the Indians, in the terms of the treaties from time to time made with them, of territories which it now appears were already the property of the Crown to which they are thus formally ceded. Some questions of practical importance, which may lead to further complications, are raised by the seemingly just determination of the Judicial Committee that the Province must be responsible for the payments to Indians provided for in the Treaty. This presumably involves reimbursement to the Dominion Government of the sums already expended under the Treaty. It does not follow, we suppose, that the Provincial Government is to deal directly with the Indians in the matter, but with the Federal Government, whose wards the Indians are. This is a matter which may be of some importance in case of future negotiations for the surrender or modification of the Indian claims in the special reservations which are still set apart for their use under the Treaty. As the territory dealt with in the Indian Treaty lies partly without the "Disputed Territory," and so beyond the boundaries of the Province, a serious difficulty may arise in determining the exact proportion of the payments to Indians for which the Province now becomes liable. It may be hoped, however, that both parties have had enough of dispute and litigation, and will be found, when occasion arises, either able to make a mutually satisfactory adjustment, or willing to refer disputed points to the decision of friendly arbitrators. Surely now we may have peace.

A GOOD many Canadians are naturally, though we dare say needlessly, excited over the remarkable resolution introduced to Congress the other day by Congressman Butterworth, proposing to instruct the President to invite the appointment of commissioners by the Government of Great Britain and Canada, to arrange for the political union of the latter with the United States. The proposal is scarcely worth serious discussion. It has already been condemned by the better judgment of the most prominent American statesmen themselves, who, however they might personally favour such a union were there any reasonable prospect of its accomplishment, are too shrewd not to see that to act upon Mr. Butterworth's resolution would be offensive, if not insulting, to both Great Britain and Canada. Beside so gross an attempt to interfere in the relations between Great Britain and one of her colonies, such an inadvertent slip as that made by Lord Sackville would

appear insignificant. Had Canada directly or indirectly invited such interference, the matter would have a different aspect. To Canada belongs, by all the laws of international etiquette, the initiative in any such movement. It is her constitution, her mode of Government, her allegiance which it is proposed to change, and her's only. American statesmen, so far as they have paid any attention to the matter, are no doubt well aware that Canadian annexationists, so far as such a class can be said to exist, are in an insignificant minority. Meanwhile as Mr. Butterworth's resolution is but that of an individual, and has not been adopted, and is not in the least likely to be adopted, by Congress, it is, as Sir John A. Macdonald has observed, a matter of purely domestic concern. Neither England nor Canada has any need or even right to notice it. If nations having free parliaments were to be held responsible to other nations for all the offensive utterances of eccentric individuals in those parliaments, they would never be out of hot water.

THE election of the London School Board is an affair of no small importance. Seeing that this miniature Parliament controls an annual expenditure of about \$10,000,000, equal almost to that of a small nation; seeing, moreover, that upon its action depend important questions, not only of educational policy, but also of expenditure, and so of the rates which come home so closely to every man's pocket, it is no wonder that the annual contest attracts much attention. This year the struggle was exceptionally earnest, in consequence of differences of opinion in regard to such questions as those which constituted the battle ground between the majority and the minority of the Education Commission. Notwithstanding all this it is significant of the lack of interest of the majority in educational matters that but little more than one-fourth of the whole number of qualified electors took the trouble to vote. The result seems to have been tolerably satisfactory to both parties, for two distinct parties there were. The Liberals or "Progressists," who are opposed to sectarian control and favourable to an extension of the Board Schools, made considerable gains, though their opponents, the "sectarian reactionaries," as they styled them, are still in the majority. The *Christian World*, which favours the former party, says that of the fifty-five members of the new Board, twenty-four belong to the party of Progress, twenty-six to the reactionaries, and five are independent. The balance of power, therefore, is in the hands of these five. The contest was carried on on similar lines by the two parties all over the country, and with varying fortunes. On the whole the result makes it pretty certain that the policy proposed by the majority Report of the Commission does not meet with popular approval.

ONE feature of the London School Board election, quite apart from the merits of the respective parties and candidates, has considerable interest for politicians. The contest afforded an opportunity for trying on a pretty large scale the cumulative system of voting. To this system *The Spectator* refers, as one of the probable reasons for the abstention of so large a number of voters. The business becomes too complicated, it thinks, for many. If they were required simply to choose between two candidates they would probably make the choice readily. But when it is necessary to pick out five from a list of ten or twelve they become bewildered, and prefer not to vote at all, rather than to risk voting for the wrong man. On the other hand, to the working of this system is undoubtedly due the election of a number of good members, who, as the candidates of minorities, could not otherwise have been successful. This is certainly a strong point. No important class of electors is, probably, without a representative upon the Board. Even the Secularists scattered over the metropolis, have secured, in the person of Mrs. Besant, able and efficient representation.

IT is highly probable that the next great election reform, or innovation, in England will be the adoption of the "One man, one vote" principle. Mr. Gladstone and some of his lieutenants have declared unequivocally in its favour, and it is unlikely that the Unionist wing of the Liberal party will care to oppose it at the hustings. Lord

Hartington, in his speech at Rossendale, two or three weeks ago, did not, so far as we can discover, object to the principle itself, but dwelt on the improbability of its becoming law at any very near date. Even were Mr. Gladstone returned to power, the Irish Question would, he contended, swallow up all others, and the electors who had been gained by Mr. Gladstone's adherence to the principle of "One man, one vote," would have to put off the realization of their hopes until some indefinite future after the Irish Question had been finally settled. On the other hand, Sir George Trevelyan, in a speech at Newbury, promised that when the Liberals next come into power they would begin, not with the Irish Question, but by passing a law restricting every elector to one vote. *The Spectator* observes that it has no objection to the law, but pertinently inquires why it should be taken for granted that it will have a Radical effect when passed, seeing that household suffrage has been found, in all the larger constituencies, consistent with a Conservative majority. Into that question we need not enter, though it is an interesting one for English politicians. It might become still more interesting were it to happen, as in the light of past events does not seem impossible, that the Conservative leaders, aided by their Liberal allies, should, without waiting Mr. Gladstone's opportunity, adopt the principle and turn it to their own account. This might well be done by the authors of the Local Government Bill. It would certainly be hard for Tory or Liberal to show any good reason why the citizen whose property is scattered over three or four constituencies should have three or four votes, while his neighbour who owns an equal amount in one locality is restricted to a single vote.

LORD SALISBURY'S public announcement that he, personally, is in favour of giving women the political franchise must have been positively startling to many an English Tory of the old school. Such a declaration from one who is at the same time a representative of English aristocracy and the leader of a Conservative Government seems, at first thought, a phenomenon rather than a sign of the times. When, however, one recalls the change that has been coming over English public sentiment during these late eventful years, in regard to woman's work and sphere; when he remembers what women have been doing in connection with school boards and other public bodies, and as members of political leagues, as personal canvassers, and as platform orators, surprise will give way to other emotions, which will be of widely diverse character, according to the individual standpoint and predilection. But whatever may be the feelings of the representative of the lordly class who have so long monopolized the franchise, whether he will or will not, the fair cohorts are marching on, and will evidently not stop short of the polling booth. Lord Salisbury's confession of faith will give fresh inspiration and impulse for the final attack. This much at least is certain. When the majority of the good and true women of the land distinctly and unitedly demand the franchise there is no power in England or America which can long withhold it from them. The wedge has been fairly entered in England in the extension of the suffrage to woman in local affairs, granted by the new Local Government Bill, and may be driven home at the first opportunity.

STRIKINGLY suggestive of the way things may be done where women hold the ballot, and some burning question fires the blood, is the story of the late municipal elections in Boston, Mass., when more than 18,000 women marched to the polls, defeated Mr. O'Brien, the present Mayor, who had been elected by large majorities during four consecutive years, and elected Mr. Hart to take his place. Mr. O'Brien was regarded as the candidate of the "ring" controlling the City Hall machine, Mr. Hart as the citizen's candidate. So far the result seems to have been hailed by all citizens of the better class, of both parties, as the pledge of a purer administration of civic affairs. Truth to tell, however, the real reason for the vehement action of the Boston women, of whom not more than 2,000 had ever voted on a previous occasion, lies deeper than a mere matter of civic reform. The movement had its origin in the question of Roman Catholic influence in the Public Schools, over which all Boston has been in a furore for some time past. That question arose, as our readers will remember, in connection with the Roman Catholic objection to the teachings of a certain teacher and a certain text-book in one of the Public Schools—teachings which misrepresented, as Catholics protest and as fair-minded Protestants, we believe, admit, the Catholic doctrine of the indulgence. The Catholic influence on the School Board prevailed. The teacher was

dismissed and the text-book struck off the list. The result, due largely to the women's vote, is the replacing of the Catholic majority on the School Board by a Protestant majority. It is open to the cynical objector to say that this result is the outcome of sectarian prejudice, rather than of a dispassionate regard to the right and wrong in the case. Hence he may moralize on the danger to society in surrendering control of public affairs to those who will be governed by feeling rather than by reason. As, however, the Catholic women may be trusted to use the ballot as well as their Protestant sisters, and as in this case the Catholics still retain a proportionate representation on the Board, while the general character of the civic officers has been greatly improved, the objection will scarcely excite much alarm.

IF it were sought to characterize by a single word the relations subsisting in the Imperial House of Commons, between the occupants of the treasury benches and their followers, and the members seated upon the opposite side of the House, it would be, we think, *leniency*. Throughout all sorts of obstructionary tactics, throughout the most flagrant abuse of the usages of Parliament, throughout every form of opposition the Government has kept its temper, and instead of summarily moving closure, has listened patiently to amendment after amendment, to speech after speech, has accepted proposals, promised explanations, supplied returns, and done everything in their power to show that their endeavour was not simply to continue in power, but to carry Bills they believed the country to be in need of. They might have ridden rough-shod over their opponents, with a splendid majority always to be counted on, they might never have hesitated in moving the closure, and might have carried everything before them with a high hand. Instead of this, with a very laudable desire to prove to the country that they were perfectly willing to give their opponents fair play, they have allowed nothing to disturb their equanimity. Throughout the history of Lord Salisbury's régime are scattered evidences of this, but one of the most noticeable occurred quite recently, the arrangement, namely, that Irish members against whom summonses had been issued were not interfered with during the debates on the Irish estimates. Probably only the ministry know how much trouble and annoyance a few obstreperous Irish members can cause. It is surely evidence of their long-suffering when they make such an arrangement as this. The Sheehy incident, too, over which such a fuss was made, was another example of leniency. Mr. Sexton insisted that the committee should sit "forthwith." The House was busy with that very important Ashbourne Act and Mr. W. H. Smith was doing his best to hurry on to the estimates. Nevertheless the committee sat "forthwith" and the sitting was suspended. We hope the country will recollect little incidents of this kind at the next general elections.

NO Gladstonoclast—and politicians in England may now be roughly divided into Gladstonolaters and Gladstonoclasts—no Gladstonoclast will be surprised at any assertion of Mr. Gladstone's. But if it were possible for any to surprise him it would be the following sentence in a letter to Mr. L. Dillon, published in an English newspaper:—"I have always desired the settlement of the Irish question by the Tories . . . and I have made every effort in my power to promote such settlement." Of all rich things said by Mr. Gladstone (and of late years he has said a good many) this is the richest. Why, not even the most Conservative of the Liberal-Unionists would have or could have ("would" and "could" have, we fear, lost their distinctions with Mr. Gladstone) written such a sentence. But it is waste of words to attempt to reconcile this many-opinioned man's words with his acts. All that can be said is that, if he thinks the "Irish Question" (whatever that may mean) can be "settled" off hand by a Home Rule Bill, his own party would be the first to vote against it. For is not the settlement of the Irish question the one thing that Irish agitators do not want? Where then would be their occupation—and their remuneration? They want, certainly, an Irish Parliament. But what for? Merely as a means to carry on agitation. It would be a more powerful lever than is now the Parnellite party in the House of Commons; that is all. That it would mean a settlement of the Irish Question no one in his wildest moments could imagine.

AND what politician on either side of the House could define what is meant by the "Irish Question"? It is a network of questions. It includes such diverse problems as that of dealing with land tenure, with arrears of rent,

with periods of distress, with paid demagogues, with intimidation, with local government in all its branches, with the relations of the Executive with the Home Government, with police control, with the appointment of magistrates, with the diversities of religion, with the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, with the fate of Ulster, with absenteeism, with the institution and improvements of trades and manufactures, with Ireland's relationships with her brethren across the Atlantic, with elementary and secondary education—these are only a few of the problems included in the "Irish Question." The settlement of such a question will be not the work of one Bill or of one Session, probably not of one Parliament or of one party; it will be the progressive work of generations of unbiassed statesmen. What an obstacle has Mr. Gladstone already succeeded in putting in their way! It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!

EVEN those who are in the best position for forming a judgment can do little more than guess whether the story of the alleged capture of Emin Pasha and a "white traveller" by the Madhi's forces is true or false. On the one hand the notorious untruthfulness of Osman Digma, the writer of the letter received at Suakin, deprives his personal assertion of any weight on its own account. Again, the old date of the cartridges sent with the letter as confirmation, is strongly suggestive of fraud. There is, still further, the unaccountable and suspicious absence of any news through other channels of a battle between Emin's forces and those of the Madhi, though such news would have been pretty sure to travel as fast by means of missionary despatches and otherwise, as by the messengers to Osman Digma. On the other hand, the letter, recognized by General Grenfel as the original one he had drafted and delivered to Stanley for the Khedive, seems, at first thought, almost conclusive in support of the alleged capture. But even this is by no means absolute confirmation, seeing that there are several other ways in which the letter might have come into the possession of the enemy, e.g., by the capture of scouts carrying the letter to Emin, the capture of Emin himself after receiving it, the treachery of servants, etc. If any such supposition can be regarded as at all tenable, then the assumption that the possession of the letter had suggested the whole scheme as a means for securing a respite at Suakin, is far from unreasonable. On the whole there seems no sufficient ground for concluding that the statements of the letter are true, or that either Emin or Stanley has been captured, though there is more reason to fear in the case of the former than in that of the latter.

IN any event, the British Government is placed in a most trying position. It is very easy for critics to say now that an attempt to conquer the Soudan would be an attempt to fight against Nature, and that, in view of the impossibility of attaining any complete result, the continued defence of Suakin is useless and illogical. But is Egypt to be abandoned after all that has been done by British capital, financial skill, and pluck to rescue her for civilization and progress? Are Emin Pasha and Stanley to be left to the fate of Gordon? Is British prestige to be ruined in the eyes of the Arabs, and of all the barbarous tribes of Africa? If there is really no possibility of freeing the Soudan from the despotism of the Madhi and his fanatical followers, there still may be, surely, some means of retaining what has been gained in the more accessible parts of Egypt. Englishmen may well shrink, perhaps, from the thought of another Soudan Expedition, but it would ill accord with British tradition to confess defeat at Suakin, and hand over the Egyptians there to the tender mercies of the Arab hordes.

THE prompt, if not very formidable, demonstration made by the United States against Hayti suggests that it may be no safer to count on the magnanimity of great Republics, than on that of great monarchies, in their dealings with feeble States. The seizure of the American vessel by the Haytian authorities who are for the moment in the ascendant is probably unlawful; at least it has been so declared by the Washington Government, to whom the Haytians trustfully referred it. But seeing that no question of the life or freedom of American citizens is involved, such precipitancy in dealing with a petty sister republic seems, to say the least, somewhat unkind. No such hasty action, it may be safely averred, would have been decided on, had the offending State been even a moderately strong one. What would our American neighbours have said had England been equally hasty in demand,

ing the release of the Canadian vessels unlawfully captured by the United States' cruisers in Behring's Sea? There seems no reason to doubt that the moment a semblance of order was restored in Hayti reparation would have been made. All the laws of chivalry demand extreme forbearance from a giant towards a pigmy. But chivalry and magnanimity do not seem to be specially characteristic of great republics, or indeed of great nations under any form of government.

THE fact that the new Russian loan has been enthusiastically taken up in France, after both London and Berlin had refused to touch it, is one whose political significance can scarcely be overestimated. More than three times the amount asked for, 100,000,000 francs, was promptly subscribed, amidst the greatest enthusiasm. That the investors were actuated solely by financial considerations it is impossible to believe. The incident points unmistakably to a growing sympathy between the two nations, far removed as they are from each other in political methods. France does not forget her bitter humiliation, and is ever looking forward to a day of revenge. Russia finds in Germany and the Triple Alliance an exasperating check upon her ambitious designs, and will not be slow to appreciate and accept so unmistakable an overture. Who can tell what 1889 has in store for the continent of Europe?

WITH the refusal of the French Chamber of Deputies to consider the bill postponing the payment of the Panama Canal Company's liabilities, and the consequent collapse of the company, ends one disastrous chapter of the history of this Herculean enterprise. Had M. de Lesseps confined himself to sounder and honester methods in attempting to raise the enormous amount of capital required, he would have had the sympathy of the world in his downfall. As it is, that sympathy will be better bestowed upon the 850,000 shareholders and their families, to many of whom the failure of the company means, doubtless, financial ruin. There is some reason to fear also that the Republic itself may be involved in the same ruin. The shareholders' extremity may be Boulanger's opportunity. Already, it is said, a dangerous agitation is springing up in the Provinces, and the loud-mouthed denunciation of the action of the Deputies, by Boulanger and his journals, show that he is only too ready to seize the occasion by the forelock and turn it to mischievous account. Dispassionate observers can but commend the refusal of the Chamber to involve the nation more deeply in the ruinous affair. The Government's fatal mistake was in its previous endorsement of the Lottery Scheme. The future of the canal itself must be well-nigh hopeless. Another company and another huge lottery are talked of, but the suffering peasantry are not likely to put their smarting hands a second time into the fire, while any Government which should undertake to complete the project would find itself in danger not only of bankrupting the nation, but of coming into fatal conflict with the Monroe doctrine of the United States.

EDUCATION.

"WE have now got to educate our Masters," said the Honourable Robert Lowe, when Lord Derby's or Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill had become law. It would probably have been better if it had been possible to educate them before they became masters; but, at any rate, the sooner that men who have the power of determining the government of a country through the ballot box, get a small measure of intelligence, the better it will be for themselves and the minority whom they govern.

Certainly there is no lack of education, at the present moment, in any countries which are open to the influences of modern civilization. How it may be in Russia, no one can be quite sure. Russia is comparatively unexplored; and those who have visited parts of it give us such different accounts that one can only believe that the one set of reports must be drawn up by Russian officials and the other by nihilists. But in Great Britain, in France, in Germany, in Holland, in Italy, education is certainly not neglected.

Perhaps the chief defect of modern educational systems, as far as the poorer classes are concerned, is that we attempt too much. We try to give the children too much information, or perhaps rather, information on too many subjects. What is really wanted by all classes is not a great accumulation of facts, but the power of gaining information, the habit of thinking with some approach to accuracy, the formation of orderly, methodical habits of thought and action. This, with the power of reading fluently, of writing with ease, and if possible legibly, and

of doing a little arithmetic, would really form a much better equipment for the business of life than is possessed by many who have been educated in a more pretentious and showy manner.

But it is not so much of these matters that we are thinking, although indeed these simple statements involve principles which lie at the foundation of all right education. We are thinking rather of education as a process which is for ever being carried on as long as we live, unless we are contented to forget our actual mental endowments and intellectual attainments. The subject has been suggested to us by an address delivered, some time back, at the Chautauqua assembly, by Professor Henry Drummond, the well known author of *Natural Law in Spiritual Life*. There are some important truths brought out in that address, and there are some statements which in our judgment, are either defective or exaggerated. In any case, the subject is of perennial importance, and we may as well make our contribution to the discussion.

Mr. Drummond remarks with perfect truth that, although a man may be too old to cherish the hope of becoming a scholar in the technical sense of the word, he is never too old to become an educated man. It is never too late, therefore, to begin an education, that is to say, it is never too late to undertake the training of the mind, to introduce order and discipline into its action, to give it right modes of working, and to provide it with such stores of information as may be necessary and useful.

The lecturer remarked quite truly that "one of the greatest enemies to self-education is excessive modesty or distrust of one's powers." Such a statement, although hardly credible to many, we believe to be strictly true. If most of us spoke our real sentiment, we should say that conceit and self-sufficiency were the greatest hindrances to knowledge and to the labour which is the condition of knowledge. The fact is that conceit is a conspicuous vice, whereas shyness and self-distrust are unobtrusive. We believe that a great deal of the neglect of study which is put down to sloth, might properly be attributed to want of faith in one's own powers. No doubt sloth is a very powerful negative factor (if such expression can be allowed) in human achievement; but very frequently sloth is nothing else than the paralysis that comes from a sense of inability.

To young or to old, to those at school who are preparing for their work in the world, to those who have left school and feel that they have brought very little away with them, to all and sundry we would say, Have some faith in yourselves, believe that education is possible for you, although you may have to work for it; it is worth attaining and it is attainable. Wise masters of the spiritual life declare that there are many more souls ruined by despair than by presumption. In a new world, where the majority seem so full of confidence, these principles may seem inapplicable. Let us not be quite so sure. The look of confidence may often be the covering which is cast over the feeling of distrust and foreboding.

On one point Mr. Drummond is guilty of exaggeration, perhaps unconscious, but certainly real. It is where he is pointing out the very important truth that the discipline gained in the pursuit of knowledge is more valuable than the particular items of knowledge acquired. This is quite true, and Mr. Drummond quotes some excellent remarks of Sir W. Hamilton on the subject; but he goes beyond this position, so as almost to declare that we do not care and need not care for the particulars of knowledge at all.

Sir William Hamilton's words are these: "The question—is truth, or is the mental exercise in the pursuit of truth the superior end?—is perhaps the most curious problem in the whole compass of philosophy. At first sight it seems absurd to doubt that truth is more valuable than its pursuit; for is not this to say that the end is less valuable than the means?—and on this superficial view is the prevalent misapprehension founded. A slight consideration will, however, expose the fallacy. Knowledge is either practical or speculative. In practical knowledge it is evident that truth is not the ultimate end; for in that case, knowledge is, *ex hypothesi*, for the sake of application. In speculative knowledge, on the other hand, there may indeed seem greater difficulty; but further reflection will prove that speculative truth is only pursued and is only held of value for the sake of intellectual activity."

These thoughts are not unfamiliar to any who have thought much on such subjects. We express them in many ways. We say, for example, that "the chase is worth more than the hare." But Mr. Drummond goes too far when he says that the hare is worth nothing. "Our idea is," he says, "that we want the knowledge itself. In reality we wish no such thing." This is much too strong. It is quite true that many men study from mere restless-

ness, many from the love of the exercise; but if there were not the conscious pursuit of an end, and if that end were not regarded as of value, the student would know himself to be as one that beateth the air.

It is very much the same here as in the formation of character. When a man is living, and thinking, and acting, he has no special consciousness that he is weaving the web of his life, that he is building up a character which will be eternal. Yet this is what he is doing, and this is the best result of all his actions. Yet surely we do not reckon the good which he does to others, or the right actions which he performs, to be of no account. Besides—to return to the subject of education—the knowledge obtained by the student is in itself good, and useful, and necessary. It becomes to him the light in which he lives and walks, although, as he progresses in the acquisition of it, he gets something more precious and more permanent.

We are protesting against the exaggeration chiefly because of our firm belief in the importance of the general truth enunciated. The often quoted words of Malebranche and Lessing are exactly to the point. "If," said the French thinker, "I held truth captive in my hand, I should open my hand and let it fly, in order that I might again pursue it and capture it." And the German writer puts it even more strongly: "Did the Almighty, holding in His right hand *Truth*, and in his left, *Search after Truth*, deign to tender me the one I might prefer; in all humility but without hesitation, I should request *Search after Truth*."

The importance of these considerations is manifold. In the first place it enables us to understand that a man's education is not to be measured by his actual acquirements. Sometimes it may even be in the inverse ratio. A boy or a man may go on cramming himself full of facts and theories, and may get very little benefit by the process; whereas another, by the manner in which he acquires and the use which he makes of the knowledge acquired, may be disciplining and educating his mind in a very effectual manner.

So, again, there is comfort here to many—to all of us—who are conscious that many of our past acquisitions and attainments are slipping from us. So it must be; but we remain. The contents of the mind may change; but the mind itself matures. It is the work which tells. The food which a man eats is soon forgotten, the drill, the exercise, with the attendant pleasures and painful sensations—all these have passed away; but the well-trained frame retains, as long as the decay of nature is postponed, the result of all the training. It is the same with the mind, only that, when the earthly tabernacle is dissolved, we believe that it goes forth to a new life and to nobler employment—to a life for which all its earthly discipline has been a preparation.

LONDON LETTER.

THIS afternoon, wandering in some Temple rooms, with all sorts of ghostly noises echoing about me—eager words oddly pronounced, a stave of *Johnny Armstrong*, a few bars of a queer Irish jig—I passed by an open window close to which small, dingy London sparrows were fluttering and perching. As I looked into the quiet court where already the evening lamps were beginning to shine, there came trooping in the dim grey light the figures of those dear folk, who, never dying, whatever their epitaphs may choose to say, are to-day as much our companions as ever they were once the comrades of our fathers. And among this brilliant crowd, to the full as real as any poet, author, wit, you may like to mention, I saw—ah, whom did I not see? Friends one knows so well and cares for so much, whose names are household words, and who, filling these quaint squares and cloisters and green gardens with their delightful presence, are quickly recognized and gazed at smilingly even before we take off our hats with a profound bow to the wraiths of their creators. I watched Sir Roger De Coverley with his hands folded behind him for state—like Lamb's Samuel Salt—laughing as the short-faced gentleman talked, sighing as the widow was remembered; and Pen and Warrington on their way to Lamb Court, (don't you know the tones of their voices, the cut of their coats?) and poor Provis slouching to Pip's rooms, starting with a scowl at every shadow, every passer by; and Traddles walking briskly, his barrister's black gown flying in the wind; and Ruth, Tom Pinch, and John Westlock strolling to that famous dinner in Furnival's Inn. There is no more suggestive place than the Temple of a November afternoon, when the river-mists are drifting across and across past every decaying porch, past each begrimed casement, while above the bells of St. Clement Danes—the same bells, by the way, which pealed the cheerful psalm-tune what time Laura worked by Pen's bedside and the Major played

écarté with Warrington—toll solemnly the hour just as they did when Fielding listened to their chimes at midnight, and lonely, fierce, industrious Johnson dusted his books in his lodging near to Wren's gateway. I think it would be an impossibility for even the most prosaic person not to feel the influence of the place, with its peaceful charm and quaint memories of the past accentuated by the busy, vulgar roar from the Strand highway. At every season of the year, at any hour of the day, these lanes and quadrangles have attractions possessed by no other quarter of this wonderful old town.

I turned from the window back to the darkening room with its beautiful panelling hung with carved oak garlands, its fine frieze delicately cut into a leafy design, and looked about me at the very parlour once furnished by Goldsmith with mahogany, and mirrors, and Wilton carpets; and I stood by a hearth that has been altered not at all since the days when his ricketty entertainments were condemned by his neighbour Blackstone. Here in the sunshine of a brief prosperity came those friends, every line of whose faces we know by heart, to take part in the gorgeous dinners, the many suppers, at which the host was the cheeriest, the kindest, the gayest. I should like to have seen the modern furniture vanish, with the piles of law books and littered tables, and in their places to have found the shelves full of such treasures as the first edition of *The Deserted Village*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, the blue draperies against the panes, a great armchair pushed aside from which maybe Reynolds and Johnson had just risen. I can fancy an Indian Repast (as Boswell in the *Journey to the Hebrides* grandly calls tea) spread out by the side of the bright fireplace, with Miss Horneck ready to fill the china cups, and the "Captain in Lace" appointed to hand the cakes. Then, as now, the flicker of the flames fell on the same square of wall, decorated, maybe, with the flute, to the piping of which the Flemish peasants listened, the children of Green Arbour Court danced; then, as now, the fresh wind on its journey riverwards whistled past the windows, past the shadowy sundial: and the dusty casements opposite (behind which Porson once looked) glittered in precisely the same way with little sparkles of light. Nothing was altered (except that the rooks no more fly home to their nests in the elm-trees, and roses have ceased to bloom in the garden-borders) and I could hear, I thought, the last words of a parting speech, catch the last notes of a parting song, and could figure to myself the chairs that were in waiting down below to take on some of the merry party to the playhouse, to applaud, I suppose, at *The Good-natured Man*, or *She Stoops to Conquer*. And Goldsmith, left alone, must have sat times out of number by the chimney corner, pondering on a hundred delightful fancies and, resolutely refusing to think of that burden of debt gradually growing larger and larger, have occupied himself instead with the fond memories of that home in Ireland which cruel Fate never allowed him to re-visit, where his sisters trimmed their saques and concocted their face-washes, where little Oliver knew and sang all *Bill's* charming songs, and where the good pastor set an example of the most admirable piety. It was Rogers the poet who declared "that of all the books which, through the fitful changes of these generations, he had seen rise and fall, the charm of *The Vicar of Wakefield* had alone continued as at first." *Such is the reward* (says Forster), *of simplicity and of truth*. Think of that, ye would be George Merediths and Brownings, with your bags of tricks, your tiresome mannerisms, or do you scorn the good opinion of the multitude, and is it only the applause of the select few for which you crave?

Then there came those inevitable last days when there was to be no more rioting, days when Blackstone could certainly no longer complain of the dancing and feasting overhead, for Goldsmith lay dying in the small closet wedged in between the two parlours—a comfortless, windowless place—his remaining hours made wretched by the tardy remembrance of that debt of two thousand pounds which he was so incapable of paying. Here sat the doctor to feel the rapid pulse of his patient, and complain of the unaccountable amount of fever, to which remark the poor author answered that his mind was not at peace. There by the coffin that April day when the *Jessamy Bride* cut a lock of hair from the head of the dead poet, there, fitting a corner, was the old elbow chair, (now in the Kensington Museum) and the clamped desk stood on the table, and the gold-headed cane rested by the skirts of the Tyrian bloom satin coat, by the side of the cocked hat with its steel buckle. Here in the front room facing Essex Court gathered the crowd of mourners (you remember how Reynolds laid down his brush, and would paint no more, the day he heard of Goldsmith's death?) who afterwards assembled round the open grave in the Temple churchyard, and who later protested at Johnson's use of Latin in preference to English for the epitaph in Westminster Abbey. *Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man*; these words, written by one of his best friends, came to my mind as I stumbled down the dark staircase where nothing had been altered, even to the odd lanterns in the walks, since the time when those poverty-stricken men and women came thronging here to lament their benefactor's death. *Let not his frailties be remembered*. Who remembers the frailties of that generous, tender heart? I warrant no one dared to say a rough word of the dead man in the presence of Johnson, of Reynolds, of Topham, Beauclerk—their names are legion. *He was a very great man*. To be sure he was—and is: he, the author, poet, playwright is immortal.

This house (No. 2, Brick Court) should be marked with a tablet, for the casual visitor hardly knows how to find

the place; and there is another in Crown Office Row where Lamb was born, it is said, which I should like to see similarly decorated; and yet another nearly in Pump Court where Fielding wrote, which should be honoured with an inscription, too. The scent of the roses (the Cabbage, the old Provence, and the Maiden Blush all flourished till the beginning of this century) still clings to the pretty gardens in which I leant against a sycamore which must often have sheltered Goldsmith, and touched a cat-alpa tree planted by Sir Matthew Hale in the time of Elizabeth; the rooks still cawed for me, the river still flowed in a silver streak, swans floating double ("swan and shadow") on its untroubled waters. But it was a deceptive light, that twilight; I am conscious of that; and I knew, without being able clearly to see, that changes in the last few years have altered much of the dear old Temple. The house in Tanfield Court has gone, in which Sarah Malcolm murdered her mistress (there is a gruesome but interesting account in Thornbury's *Old Stories Re-told* of this lady, who sat, dressed all in red, to Hogarth, three days before her execution in Fleet Street), and Garden Court, loved by me, for Pip's sake, in conjunction with Barnard's Inn, has been re-built; and the Fountain has been barbarously restored; and the Thames is much further off than it used to be, and a good deal dirtier. But the Middle Temple Hall will survive my time, I know, as will the Church, so I threaded my way through the courtyards, past the twinkling lights, and the Jacobean porches and the old pumps and cisterns up to the Strand feeling thankful the alteration was no worse.

Such an uproar all about the Law Courts, where the newsboys screamed the latest news of the Commission and loafers, idling in packs, cheered, or jeered at those of the witnesses and principals in the great Case who were coming, weary enough (I should think), from the wrangling discussion. The splashes of mauve, yellow and red on the pavement, cast by the chemist's bottles of coloured waters,—there are not many of the old trade-signs left us—stained the damp greasy flagstones here and there with their coarse hues; otherwise the gas-lighted street and the hurrying crowds were colourless. It was odd to turn out of the quiet Temple precincts where the houses dream on of the Georgian days, and hardly a footfall sounds at this hour in the deserted quadrangles, into all the turmoil and strife of the nineteenth century. It is curious to remember that close to the spring which is to-day bubbling and filling the Roman Bath (where David Copperfield bathed) exactly as it has unceasingly done since the days of Julius Cesar, this great stream of Life pours unheeding past the arched walls and marble floors. Again, if you desire another strong contrast I do not know a much greater than to turn into Wine Office Court and so to Gough Square; in the former still stands The Cheshire Cheese where Goldsmith used to dine (they show you his favourite chair and table), nearly opposite to which are still the lodgings where he wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield*, while in the latter Square, from a corner house, Tetty, rouged and bedizened if we may believe Garrick, used to gaze eagerly, on the watch for her Johnson's safe return from his walk. Literary folk are certainly nearer and dearer to us than ancient Romans, and though I could have died content if I had missed the sight of the Bath and its black and white paved passage, I would have been sorry indeed never to have seen the hiding place of those who have made London what it is to me. These back waters, echoing with scores of old-world legends and stories are to be found at every turning off the Strand and Fleet Street, almost untouched by time, wholly untouched by the Special Commission.

As I turned westward on the way back through the parks my companion told me the outline of the story of an old South Country squire who died the other day, whose life, begun curiously, has ended "curiouser," as *Alice in Wonderland* would say. It seems that, only a lawyer's clerk, but cadet of a good family, he fell in love with an heiress at a race-meeting. The heiress reciprocated, and an elopement shortly ensued. The office was deserted, of course, the bridegroom having insisted on large settlements on himself, living with the bride on her estates, where he had much to look after. But soon came wars and rumours of wars, she crying of cruelty, he talking of foolish pride and nonsense; and then after fifteen years of terrible misery in a beautiful old house the poor heiress died, leaving all the rest of her property strictly tied up for her two little girls, which property was not to revert to the father unless the children died unmarried. So the squire, with many oaths, swore they never should marry; and he allowed them to grow up with absolutely no education, never permitting them to see anybody except the men and maids of the household, conduct which made them shy to the verge of idiocy. But Fate, that inscrutable power, arranged matters her own way, for a managing General, knowing of these great heiresses, contrived by a stratagem that his son should see the ladies, who, choosing and proposing in the space of six hours while the squire was away shooting, was clever enough to persuade the shy girl to trust to a post-chaise and a special license; so she, pretending to go nutting one fine morning, eloped as her mother did before her. One can imagine the squire's rage! He shut the other daughter up for the rest of her life ("She died a few years back," said my companion, "and on the occasion of her death the father wrote to me for congratulations, and sent me a haunch of venison in honour of the event") and never saw the married one again, or would hear her name mentioned. Some time ago he began to prepare for the Day of Judgment by building for himself a magnificent mausoleum which he had heated with pipes, as he hated the cold,

he said, and he was always buying coffins of new design. Once when some money fell to him unexpectedly he spent some of it in lining and covering one of his favourites with the best velvet, and decorating it with old silver handles and ornaments. "Last time I went to call" said my companion, "it was a wet day, and he was rather gloomy, so to brighten himself up a little he had arranged every detail of his funeral, and as I came to the door some of the available tenants were walking along the terrace, two by two, after four men who had the coffin on their shoulders. I saw the squire leaning out of the window. 'Curse you,' he called out to the bearers, 'you will jolt me to pieces; can't you carry me steadier than that?' My appearance didn't interrupt the performance; he went on for an hour drilling each one as to his deportment on the fatal day." Sir Pitt Crawley was an angel of light compared to this remarkable person, whose mad sayings and doings would fill a book, and yet who practically was partially sane. This queer type, after the Regent design, is dying out rapidly, if it is not dead already; it is one of the things we can spare exceedingly well. WALTER POWELL.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

"The bright and morning star."

THE sun goes down and the world grows old,
Meaned at sunset the chilling blast,
Life grows dark and Love grows cold,
And they mourn that Faith is failing fast;
But the Christmas bells are ringing!

And see where,—clear in the purple sky,
Hesper-Phosphor,—herald of light,
Holdeth his silver cresset high,
Gleaming brightest on winter night,
While the Christmas bells are ringing!

Hesper-Phosphor—herald of day!
The sun turns back from his downward course.
Winter and darkness are passing away,
And Faith wakes fresh from her primal source,
When the Christmas bells are ringing!

The star that shone from the Syrian sky,
Still shines clear, with its promise bright
Of the birth of a newborn humanity
That, long ago on a Christmas night,
Men heard the angels singing;
Oh, true Light-bearer, Star Divine!

Risen fair in earth's winter day,
Do thou touch all hearts with that love of Thine
That lights us on in the upward way,
Till we hear the angels singing!

THE winter solstice is here again; and while all without is at its darkest and dreariest the fire on the household altar burns its brightest, and the Christmas bells are beginning to ring; and, here and there—possibly a few Scrooges are saying—"Christmas is a humbug!" But the world is not tired of Christmas yet.

There is a bright side to the undeniable truth that human nature is scarcely ever logically consistent; and this, because it is generally swayed by forces that go deeper than its consciousness. The precept "Know thyself," is for the great mass of humanity a dead letter. And while in practice it often falls below its theory it sometimes, too, rises above it; so, while Agnostics are proclaiming that old faiths are dying out, and half the church-going people are reading *Robert Elsmere* with greater or less sympathy, and theologians are expressing gratitude to its author for maintaining at least a theistic position, the Christmas bells are ringing through the darkness as cheerily as ever—touching even callous hearts with tender associations, the sweetest and brightest that life can know! And the carts laden with greenery to be twined into Christmas wreaths for the church walls, and the richly-stocked and crowded shops, and the very decorations in the grocers' windows—all testify that the world in general is as busy as ever, if not busier, in preparing to do honour to the Christmas festival. Never, indeed, we might safely say, have so many labourers been at work—with hand and brain, pen, pencil, and tools of humbler sort—in preparing special productions of all kinds meant to serve in some way towards Christmas keeping.

Of course there are a thousand ways of keeping Christmas, for each will keep it after his own kind. Yet it can scarcely be celebrated at all, even by him who cares only for the Christmas feast, without being, at least, a remainder of that which the heart of humanity has gained by the first Christmas, never to lose again. For the Angels' Song celebrated more than the birth of a Child—even a Child perfect and Divine. It celebrated, also, the inbreathing of a new spirit into humanity—the spirit of Love. And Love is a great deal more than "Altruism," which, by the definition of some of its scientific exponents means simply beneficence to others from any motive; while Love, simply because it is Love, must pour itself into the hearts of others, and find its own happiness in seeking their good. The Angels' Song, as we find it in one version of the passage, "Peace to men of good-will," is no arbitrary promise. It is simply the statement of an eternal law, here first authoritatively declared. Love and Peace, if not Love and Happiness, are inseparable—as inseparable as are the twin opposites. And it is the glory of Christianity that it supplies not only the glorious ideal of humanity, but also the only force that can raise weak humanity to attain unto it.

So we may well greet every Christmas with hopeful joy, glad of its good things, patient with the weaknesses and inconsistencies that accompany the good, glad that through all this we can trace the same principle at work, love finding its happiness in its active exercise. And that may gleam as brightly in the doll that delights the char-

woman's child as in the costly jewel for the princess; nay, sometimes, even more brightly. We all remember—or ought to—how, in that incomparable Christmas Carol of Dickens', the torch of the benignant spirit flames up far more brightly in the poor little dwelling of the Cratchit family than it does anywhere else. And it is wonderful how a very little money—judiciously expended—can be made to yield rich dividends of pleasure in homes where a bit of Christmas cheer for dinner is all the luxury that can be afforded. In such homes how easy is it with the help of a few coins that most of us will never miss, to make a little heaven on earth on Christmas Day. In helping their children to give such pleasure to others, fathers and mothers can give them the most delicate, and beautiful, and satisfying of Christmas pleasures. Only there must be sympathy, that tender sympathy which can enter into the circumstances and wants of others with the comprehension of a friend—a thing which makes all the difference between the "old charity" which Robert Louis Stevenson tells us we are to banish from our life, and the warm helpfulness of brotherly kindness. We want the tender, sympathetic touch of the true Christmas spirit on all our charities; which, just because they are conceived in the vague and bare sense of duty that impels us to throw a bone to a dog, so often degrade and injure, rather than help and uplift. When they are inspired by brotherly love they will be at once more spontaneous and more complete. The best gift is—

"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver—is bare!"

And let us be thankful that every Christmas brings nearer the time of the fulfilment of the first Christmas Song, for which the Christian world has been watching and praying ever since the time of which Scotland's poet has sung in words which, translated into Hindostanee and sung by an oriental voice, once cheered the heart of a lonely and dispirited Christian missionary with the promise of a bright future:

"Then let us pray that come it may—
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brethren be, and a' that."

There are Christmas shadows as well as Christmas light. In many a home the shadows seem almost to obscure the light. Blanks of death and even of mere absence are hard to bear when hearts are craving for joyous re-union. Yet the torch of the Christmas spirit—of loving care for others—will disperse even the darkest shadows or at least turn them into half-lights!

There is a little childish figure well known to many of us—a child that never ceases to be a child—a little dream-child or "child-angel," who, for wings, has "a little crutch," and "limbs supported by an iron frame," and yet to many of us is closely intertwined with perennial memories of Christmas tide—memories which no one who knows him will willingly let die! His name is "Tiny Tim." There are many such about us, various in age yet children in heart, who bear the penalty of the follies or wickedness of others, but also to some extent the image of Him who came as a little child, and who made lame beggars walk and blind men see. "In that spirit may we all keep Christmas." And, as 'Tiny Tim said—'God bless us, every one!'"

FIDELIS.

MONTREAL LETTER.

A DEPUTATION of the city Council, under the guidance of the Mayor, has just returned from an important mission to England, announcing the complete success of its undertaking. The intention was to test the faith of Britain in our credit, and the result has been at once gratifying to Mr. Abbott and flattering to Montreal. It appears that we now hold a position in the financial market of the world, and if our Mayor's success has not induced a little hyperbole, the position is second to very few of even the old world cities. A civic loan has been floated on the London Stock Exchange at three per cent. The Council went into ecstasy over the report of the deputation, passed the necessary technical motions, appointed a registrar in Montreal and another in London, shook each other by the hand, and declared themselves at peace with mankind. The citizens may reserve their rejoicings for the day when the debt shall be redeemed instead of incurred. The credit of Montreal, the commercial Capital of a country not only alarmingly in debt, but year by year becoming hopelessly so, may have future reason to consider that the laws of finance, like the laws of nature, have a little way of revenging themselves.

Our magistrates have made an official inspection of the completed Flood Dyke, and have pronounced it not only "up to the mark" but two feet beyond that. The river must come in a body at least two feet higher than in any former flood before it can force its way over the town. But just as we were congratulating ourselves at our probable (it is almost cruel not to say certain, but a civic inspection in a coach and pair is not infallible) escape from extinction in one way, we were suddenly thrown into the jaws of danger in another. Our churches and theatres, our mills and shops, have been invaded, our noses and lungs offended, by the noxious and execrable fumes out of which the high dividends of the Gas Company are made. Physicians report much general sickness, faintings in public buildings, and one actual death as the result. A rush upon candles and coal oil has set in, and the ever-awake, eagle-eyed and swift-footed body corporate takes fortune at the tide and steps in with the species of commercial philanthropy known as public spirit. The Royal Electric

Light Company is in the full enjoyment of a contract for seven years, two of which have not yet expired; and, lest by any unforeseen accident, the Gas Company should some day succeed in supplying a pure gas, this company proposes to illuminate the entire city by electricity, and craves that the remaining two years of its present contract be extended into a monopoly of ten. On this understanding it tenders 800 lights for \$119,000 per annum. In spite of the fact that another company has tendered for \$87,600; that Quebec gets the same amount of light for \$64,000; and that the matter has in no sense been opened to public competition, the Light Committee (I understand there is no intentional irony in the name), by a vote of three to two, has accepted the proposal of the Royal, with its quite nominal—not profit, but superprofit, of \$550,000 from the transaction. Fortunately we have still two rays of hope. The question has to pass the Finance Committee, and then the Council. In the event of a ratification by the Council of this action of the Light Committee, I should like to see it tested whether our city fathers do not lay themselves open to punishment for a gross breach of public trust.

In connection with this the Council do not seem to have taken into consideration the utterly unimaginable probabilities of the science of electricity within the next ten years, nor, indeed, possibilities of scientific developments in the direction of eclipsing even the electric light. If our gas were pure, cheap, and submitted to constant scientific improvement, it is a better light for general purposes. The electric throws too deep shadows on the path, forming a perplexity which very often counteracts its advantages; and, while it ought to be the aim of our Light Committee to provide safety and comfort at night, there seems to be no need to turn night absolutely into day. Much of the restfulness of the evening stroll is gone, and, judging from the ceaseless flow of pedestrians in our principal thoroughfares, much of the restfulness of the evening itself.

Canada, with its unlimited extent and undeveloped resources, is not large enough for some of us. While we are draining our pockets to advertise the Dominion and court to our shores the hungry millions of Europe, we are going to drain the other to empty it again. With the lands, and mines, and timber of our own country idle, we are going to plough, and dig, and chop in another. One would fancy we had enough land for a century or so. But the North-West is too small. Our rivers and railways are too short. We are so overpowering in wealth, energy and civilization that we cannot contain ourselves. We must now *sub-colonize*. Those of us who have slept but a few years in Canadian tents must now esteem them ancient dwelling places. Brazil, with its waters, woods and gems, is to be our New Canada. A syndicate, chiefly of Montrealers, has been formed, and has already secured the exclusive mining rights of a vast territory. Silver in seams! Gold in abundance! the diamond, the sapphire, the ruby, the emerald, the topaz in rich profusion! And the useful metals in three millions of square miles! Whilst we are drowning in an effort to float ourselves on the emigration market, we shall perchance save ourselves by floating others.

If we cannot boast that we are a musical city, we can at least affirm that the air is full of music and musicians. The Patron Saint of Scotland always arouses an enthusiasm for a twenty-five cent concert, and abundant opportunities for glorifying the tear that would aye "doon fa'" for Jock o' Hazeldean, or the beauty of neck and "e'e" in Miss Annie Laurie, whose possession was the standard of life to her lover. Then we have the famous McGibeny Family—McGibeny père surrounded by a galaxy of sons, and McGibeny mère surrounded by a galaxy of daughters—the "largest musical family in the world"; for although the Russian National Opera Company recently appeared in London with twenty-four grand pianos, forty-eight performers and ninety-six bands, there was no pretence of their having secured for any given period the musical monopoly for one family. Many steps higher in the music scale are Mr. Septimus Fraser's Concerts, the anticipated first appearance for the season of the Philharmonic Society, and the announcement of the Mendelssohn Choir. Madame Albani is expected on Jan. 29 and Feb. 1.

At last Montrealers are able to arrive and depart by the Grand Trunk Railway without a feeling of shame. The new station recently opened is not only the realization of a long-deferred hope, but a handsome addition to the embellishments of the city, and when the glass roof extension on the track is completed we shall feel that we need no longer hold our breath and dive into our train. A new arrangement excluding from the platforms all except passengers not only prevents the indiscriminate crowding and jostling of idlers which has always been such a feature of Bonaventure, but has already increased the revenue from local tickets.

The repeated loss of life along the line of this company has long been a perplexity to the city as to how far it might go in enforcing, and to the company as to how far it might go in resisting, any agreement by which the safety of the public should be secured. The serious frequency of fatal accidents which have increased with the traffic has at length forced the question, and daylight is dawning. With the opening spring the city and the company are to share the expense of subways for pedestrians at least. It is by no means a satisfactory prospect, and can at best prove only a compromise. Sooner or later the railway must be elevated or sunk, and if not now we have ourselves to blame. This company, like all our Canadian corporate bodies, keeps a thumb on the pulse of public sentiment, and knows only too well how weakly it throbs. It is hope-

ful, however, that the Council of the Board of Trade has made a protest to the Department of Railways and Canals.

The building and grading of the new entrance for the Canadian Pacific is completed as far as Aqueduct Street, and the trenches still further. The unexpected postponement of wintry weather has favoured operations, and the new station is rapidly coming into shape. The architecture, however, though more solid than its competitor's is heavy and dismal, and not in harmony with the taste generally displayed by this company. These two great rivals are resuming negotiations which were commenced a few years ago, but which came to an untimely end—perhaps because their rivalry was not then sufficiently developed. It now looks as if their common enmity was to be soldered into a common amity. Memorials have been issued to the companies by the shareholders in Britain declaring that the present war of rates is ruinous and urging a powerful combination to remove competition. The British press, so fiercely alive to the thinnest of edges in a monopoly which robs John Bull to pay his neighbour has less compunction when the monopoly robs John Bull's neighbour to pay John Bull.

VILLE MARIE.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN FRENCH CANADA.

CHRISTMAS in Canada! There is magic in the sound, involuntarily bringing up before us fancies of an old-fashioned Christmas, filling our minds with visions of the most suitable place in which the festive season could be passed; bringing to our recollection our grandfather's and grandmother's oft repeated tales of the way in which they were accustomed to spend it; in the midst of frost and ice and snow and the sharpest of sharp bracing weather. Christmas in Canada! Does it not appeal to our imagination in a most convincing manner, conjuring up thoughts of comfortable firesides with huge blazing logs crackling and burning on the hearth within, while through the great windows of the old home we watch the snowflakes without, drifting hither, thither, in the wind; now with a sudden gust dashing up into our very faces against the window pane, and again being carried off in a whirlwind of flakes scattered in every direction; visions of sleighing, too, and the merry music of the bells; thoughts of tobogganing, skating, parties and dancing, to say nothing of sundry heart-burnings and heart-rendings, the inevitable result of the festivities of the season. Old Dame Nature, too, has most bountifully contributed towards making Canada, what might be called, the first Christmas resort in the world. The quantity and quality of the snow is indisputable, the annual ice-crop is invariably a success, and the clear bracing atmosphere is pronounced by competent medical authority to be productive of an appetite which, if it lasted all the year round, would drive the ordinary hotel-keeper into hopeless bankruptcy.

But the theme of this article is not a Canadian Christmas, but more particularly an eve of that great festival in French Canada. There, in the so-called land of ice and snow, in the Province of Quebec, in the hospitable manor-house of a French Canadian *seigneur*, and in the year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty-six, it was my good fortune to spend the Christmas season. Situated not a hundred miles from Montreal in one of those lovely valleys for which this part of Canada is so justly famed, and not far from the banks of the historic Richelieu, stands the old manor house. Erected over one hundred years ago, in the year 1780, built of hewn stone, with its French gables, slanting roofs, tall chimneys and French windows, it presents a striking memorial of the days of the French occupation of the country. Built on a rising ground, the land sloping in various directions, it commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. To the right, in the distance, is seen the Richelieu River winding its way in graceful curves to the St. Lawrence; scattered at irregular intervals are the cottages and farmhouses of the habitants, while down the valley to the left is the village with its neat looking houses and white-washed buildings. Towering above them all is also to be seen that peculiarity of a French-Canadian village, a large stone church, its spire and the tin-clad roof of the convent close by glistening in the wintry sun. The whole landscape, as far as the eye can reach, is covered with snow as with a blanket; the only thing living to be seen being an occasional habitant, comfortably settled in his cariole sleigh, a small streak of blue smoke arising from his short clay pipe, and his little French pony joggling along at an easy pace. The seigniorial property has been in the family for three generations, the grandfather of the present occupant, an officer in the famous Carignan regiment, having been the original owner by special grant from the King of France. The seignory at one time comprised a very large tract of territory, but was now much reduced in size.

My host was a fine looking man of perhaps forty years of age, of dark features and dark hair, with here and there slight tinges of grey, and possessing courteous and polished manners, the special characteristic of those who claim descent from the gentlemen of *La Belle France*. His wife, the only daughter of an old French family, was a handsome woman of about thirty-five years of age, of attractive appearance and most fascinating manners, and who, young as she was, had already seen a good deal of the world.

It was Christmas eve. A large number of relations and friends of the family had already arrived, and were gaily chatting in the drawing-room. First, there were two brothers of the host, with their wives and children; then came three young men, nephews of the host, arrayed in collars of enormous height, encumbered with which they appeared to have a difficulty in looking in any other

direction except directly in front. Near them was a venerable looking old gentleman, with an equally venerable looking old lady, his wife, whom the children hailed as Grandpapa and Grandmamma. Two spinster aunts, of questionable age, occupied two very ancient looking chairs in a corner, flanked by three pretty girls dressed in pink, in whose movements the three young gentlemen appeared to take a lively interest. There was a stout old gentleman from Montreal, a bachelor, and two other stout gentlemen with their wives, besides several other relations and friends. Last, but by no means least, came the parish priest. Strange to say, he was an Irishman by birth, of about forty years of age, with a fat, round, jolly-looking face, the embodiment of fun and good-nature, speaking French and English perfectly, and answering to the name of Father Thomas Macaulay. There was a heartiness about his face and manner, which spoke in eloquent language of the enormous proportion of the reverend gentleman's heart, and which made you feel that, were you Roman Catholic, Hebrew or Turk, you might look for his Christian sympathy in the hour of difficulty. He was full of stories and anecdotes, which he told in that inimitable manner peculiar to a good story teller, and to which his rich Irish brogue added a peculiar humour. He was good at any game of cards from spoil five to whist, and never allowed a good glass of port to be rubbed under his nose with impunity. Such were some of the assembled guests. A great deal of handshaking was going on amongst the males, and a great deal of embracing on the part of the females. The views of one of the young gentlemen in the tall collars as to the coldness of the weather were thoroughly coincided in by one of the young lady cousins, whom he had interviewed on the subject. The venerable old grandfather was making himself agreeable to one of the spinster aunts, telling her that this was the sixty-fifth Christmas eve which he had seen, and that he felt good for at least ten more. Another of the spinster aunts had succeeded in arresting the attention of one of the young gentlemen, and was industriously endeavouring to keep him away from those young chits of girls, who, in her opinion, were abominably dressed, talked in a forward way, and were altogether decidedly objectionable. The host and Father Tom were engaged in an animated conversation relative to parish matters, politics, etc. In fact, the ice was being thoroughly broken, everybody was beginning to be on the very best possible terms with everybody else, and hosts and guests alike seemed rapidly becoming imbued with that spirit of goodfellowship which so delightfully clusters around the Christmas season.

A sudden rush against the door of the drawing-room brought in the children, fifteen in all, romping and scampering about, their merry little faces beaming with smiles, and their voices resounding with the innocent laughter of childhood; they feeling that this was the time of all others in the year when their claims for consideration were of the utmost importance, and recalling to the minds of the elders the departed days of long ago. What is it about Christmas which seems to make it an institution specially intended for children? When dressed in their best, and looking their prettiest, their lively young spirits appear to expand to their utmost capacity, their young imaginations looking forward in bright anticipation to something wonderful and utterly extraordinary that is going to happen, a something which they are unable to define, but which they inwardly feel will prove one of the happiest events of their already happy lives, and is all summed up in the magic word—Christmas. Looking at a gathering of them, on the eve of that festival, who of mature years can say that it is not the brightest period of their existence?

And now comes the most important event of the evening to them, their Christmas presents. According to the old custom these were always given on Christmas eve. An enormous Christmas tree has been erected in the large dancing hall of the manor house, gaily decked with miniature flags and Chinese lanterns of various colours, the presents intended for each child, with its name and that of the giver pinned on, hanging from the boughs. The guests, led by the host and hostess, entered the room, which was brilliantly lighted by a very large old-fashioned cut-glass chandelier, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and brought from France over eighty years ago. In the great fireplace at one end of the apartment, some enormous logs were roaring and crackling away, the flames running high up into the expansive chimney, adding a lustre and brilliancy to the scene. The children, in anxious expectation, were outside the large folding doors, in charge of some servants, only being allowed to come in on each name being called.

At a signal from our host, the door opens, and the first child, Julie, in answer to her name, somewhat shyly enters the room. She is a beautiful girl of about seven or eight years of age, with a magnificent head of hair loosely hanging down her back, a round chubby face with the darkest of dark blue eyes. The face of the child as she gazes in undisguised astonishment at the Christmas tree, laden with all the things to her most precious, dolls and miniature baby carriages, snow shoes and toboggans, puzzle boxes, and toys of every imaginable description, was a study for an artist. Astonishment at the large number of things to be seen, hope that she might obtain a goodly share, and fear lest some one else should carry off that enormous doll which surmounted the top of the tree, were all vividly expressed. Her doubts and fears were, however, quickly put at rest by her father taking her by the hand, leading her up to the tree, and presenting her with the great doll. She carried it off in triumph, fondly gazing at its handsome face and its magnificent attire, even to its very stockings and tiny shoes, while the discovery that it possessed

the wonderful accomplishment of opening and shutting its eyes made her innocent little heart dance with delight. Then came the eldest boy, Lennox, who had been all this time industriously endeavouring to peep through the key-hole, his name having barely left his father's lips when he bounced into the room, making straight for the tree, in front of which he stood with his hands in his pockets, gazing with mingled feelings of awe and delight at the prospect before him; and when his father handed him a pair of snow shoes and a toboggan, with a handsomely illustrated book from Aunt Louise, and another from his grandfather, his feelings were too much for him, and he wanted, then and there, to try on the snow shoes and at the same time to see if the toboggan could be induced to slide down the room. Then came the rest of the children in order as each name was called, each being handed their presents, and each showing such evidences of joy and pleasure as to almost make one wish one were a child again. And last of all came the baby of the family, carried in the nurse's arms, and was presented with an enormous rattle, which it seized in its chubby little hands and shook with an energy only known to babies; and as the fond mother looked at it and the scene round her, the tears of joy in spite of herself came into her eyes, and she rapturously kissed it again and again, causing good Father Tom to suspend a story which he was relating, and, coming forward to pat it on the head, declare it was one of the finest boys he had ever seen in the whole course of his christening career. On it being suggested that he should kiss it too, the good-natured priest proceeded to do so in the most clumsy manner possible, whereupon the child set up a most dismal wail, and was carried off bodily to the nursery, there to spend the remainder of its first Christmas eve in the sweet sleep of childhood.

And now the hospitable host and hostess led the way to the dining-room, followed by the guests and the children, where a sumptuous supper had been prepared, and to which the children as a special privilege of the season were admitted. They were all seated, a blessing was asked by Father Tom, and the assembled guests and children began to exert their utmost efforts to do justice to the repast. Everybody was in the very best of spirits, everybody was talking and laughing, thinking what a delightful evening it had been, and what a glorious day they were going to have on the morrow. The children were doing their best to obtain as complete an assortment of everything on the table as the limited time at their disposal would admit, now and then pausing to clap their chubby hands in delight at some new joke of Father Tom's. Even the spinster aunts felt the influence, and one of them rashly ventured on a reminiscence of another Christmas eve, which she said was some two years ago, but which Father Tom, upon investigation and by dint of cross-questioning, conclusively proved to have been ten years back, whereupon the three young gentlemen in the tall collars audibly smiled, and, it proving too much for their weak nerves, they broke into a roar, greatly to the amusement of the three young ladies in pink, and much to the discomfort of the spinster aunt aforesaid.

But when the venerable grandfather arose to propose his annual toast, a duty which he had been accustomed to perform for years back, all was hushed and still. He quietly asked the elder ones to fill their glasses and drink to absent members of the family and friends. They did so amid a deep silence, recalling to the minds of some, memories of the almost forgotten past, of absent ones scattered in almost every clime; memories, too, of those who, in years gone by, had gathered about this very table and were now quietly sleeping in the village churchyard close by.

After the supper they all adjourned to the large dancing hall, where the children had been promised a dance. An enormous bunch of mistletoe had been hung in the centre of the ceiling, and the logs in the great fireplace were blazing away as merrily as ever. Two old fiddlers had been brought in from the kitchen, where they had been toasting their shins at the kitchen fire, and regaling the cook with reminiscences of the many previous Christmas eves they had spent in the old house. They were now occupying two chairs at the end of the room, and were industriously engaged in the interesting operation of scraping and tuning their instruments. The children were all ready and impatient to begin. Under the direction of the hostess and the two maiden aunts, they had been formed in two lines, facing each other, the boys on one side, the girls on the other. Everything was ready, the two fiddlers struck up the inspiring strains of "The Fishers' Hornpipe," and away they went down the centre of the room, where they all collided in a bunch, but from which they were rapidly disentangled by the united efforts of the two maiden aunts. Away they go again, this time with more successful results, and then begin the mysteries of right and left, ladies' chain, etc. The elders look on with approving eyes, the three young ladies in pink think it delightful, and the three young gentlemen in the tall collars pronounce it "awfully jolly," and declare they would not mind having a shy at it themselves. After the dance it is proposed, seconded, and duly carried, that, as a windup, the elders and youngsters combined shall indulge in another country dance. It was further insisted that Father Tom should take a hand, but the reverend gentleman vowed and protested that it would never do. "Consider my cloth," said he; "Oh, hang your cloth," said the hospitable host, "take off your coat if you like." Much against his inclinations, the good-natured priest took his place in the line, with one of the maiden aunts as his partner; the two fiddlers, with renewed energy, again struck up, and the host, leading off with one of the young

ladies in pink, dashes down the centre of the room. He is followed by the young gentlemen in the tall collars with their partners, and they in turn by the aged grandfather and grandmother and others of the guests; then comes Father Tom himself, with the spinster aunt, she, with her head on one side and high in the air, holding the tips of his fingers at arm's length with one hand, and the skirts of her gown with the other, looking the pink of propriety and decorum, and the burly priest, his face diffused with smiles, honestly endeavouring to induce his short fat legs to produce some extraordinary steps, hitherto undreamt of in the annals of the terpsichorean art. Then come the children, all laughing and dancing away as if their little legs were specially constructed for that purpose and no other. Away they all start back again, down to the other end of the room, then to commence the process of right and left, cross over, etc. The fiddlers, meantime, scraping away, stamping their feet and wagging their heads in a most excited manner, as if they were enjoying the fun as thoroughly as anybody else. But when Father Tom escorted the spinster aunt down to the end of the line, and formed an archway, directly under the huge bunch of mistletoe suspended from the ceiling above, under which all the partners, young and old, were expected to pass, great was the bobbing of heads, loud were the exclamations and many were the sundry and divers hasty kisses on the part of the youngsters and some of the elders too. And when they were all gone through, upon Father Tom turning and tenderly embracing the spinster aunt, loud were the shouts of laughter which went up, making the old walls ring again, and great was the pretended indignation of the maiden lady, causing the three young gentlemen in the tall collars to experience an almost unconquerable desire to go and do likewise to the three young ladies in pink.

As all good things must come to an end, so did the dance of the evening. The children were marshalled off to bed, carrying their presents with them, and insisting upon either sleeping with them or having them placed in close proximity to their beds. The ladies retired, and the men, led by the host, returned to the dining-room, where an enormous bowl of hot punch had been manufactured, and where they drank to their next merry meeting on another Christmas eve.

The little cariole sleigh and the sturdy French pony of the worthy priest were brought round to the front door; he was assisted on with his great fur coat and hat, and tucking himself in under the buffalo robes, with a parting blessing, and amid many good-byes he started on his homeward journey. The last that was heard of him, as he drove along in the moonlight, was the merry tinkling of his sleigh bells, sounding harmoniously on the frosty air, and the last that was seen of him was the curl of smoke ascending from his short black pipe, as he rounded a corner and was lost to view.

As we ascended the old oaken staircase to retire to rest, a sound heard away in the distance attracted our attention. Listen! Borne along the quiet valley by the breeze, 'tis the bells of the convent ringing out a joyous peal, heralding the dawn of another Christmas, and calling the faithful to prayer. MORTIMER THOMPSON.

FANDANGO.

SOMEONE is thrumming on a guitar in the next room. It is my new neighbour, the stout, blonde, young man, practising I suppose. But the walls must be very thick or else he is playing very softly. How far away and fine his music sounds! Farther and farther away into distance it seems to recede. It hurries me along with it and carries me whither it will.

It has halted at last where the sun shines down hotly in a little, white square of a foreign city. Behind the girdling garden walls over which the broad vine-leaves run free and trail, rise white, antique houses with slender pillars and light, springing arches. There is a yellow flag barred with red, drooping high aloft in the sultry air. At one side is a score of men and women; some sitting on the ground, some standing carelessly erect. It is an outlandish costume they wear and ragged, but they wear it in a stately fashion. I cannot tell what they are saying but the words flow upon a rich, full melody. The music has taken on a slow, deliberate movement. A man and woman glide out from the little group and front each other in the white blot of sunshine. The man is swarthy and strong as a gladiator; the woman is dressed in frayed red and yellow silks; she has large, dark eyes and her arms and neck are bare and brown. They follow the music, advance, recede slowly as the stately music moves; recede, advance, shift to and fro. The languorous notes seem to sway the dancers' motion; the music and dancing are one.

But a change comes: there is a new, tense picking at the strings. The short, sharp notes crowd quicker and quicker; faster and faster move the dancers, though never losing their balanced ease of posture. The music stings, as a scorpion stings, as fire stings. The woman has little spheres of metal in her hands which click rapidly as her arms wave about her like floating scarfs. They clash so swiftly that it sounds like the rattle of an angry serpent. The music grows fiercer: it seems to stab like those smooth, keen poniards the men wear in their sashes. The fire has struck up from the grey flags and down from the burning sky and entered into the dancers' blood. Their movements, their attitudes are freer, more unconstrained, answering to every mood of the urgent music. The hot passion of the South has kindled; he moves his head haughtily, proudly; he sues, she refuses, relents and again

CHRISTMAS.

repels. The men and women at the side call out sonorous words of approval and applause, and through it, over it all, shrills the viperous rattle of the castanets. Still the dancers recede, advance with infinite moulded grace but their nimble feet move swifter and they seem to quiver like the heated air above the pavement; the woman's smooth brown bosom is rising and falling fast.

Suddenly the flame dies down as quickly as a tropic sunset. The scorpion tones cease all at once and the same instant the force seems drawn from the dancers' limbs. The music has gone off into a musing tone of reverie half sad, half sweet; and the man and woman glide slowly up and down, change to and fro with the old, unfailling stateliness.—But the music has stopped.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

ERRATUM.—In the article entitled "Heartha," in our issue of 7th inst., for "Now I had the key to hoké legend and har worship," read "Now I had the key to Hoké legend and Lar worship."

TEA AND JAM.

IF the Frenchman who said that "life was tolerable except for his pleasures," and that other who said that the English take their pleasures "*si tristement*," had just come from one of our modern "afternoon teas," they might have had a fuller justification of their complaints. The original idea of the "afternoon tea" was good enough. An hour or so of lounging in a friend's cosy, fire-lighted drawing room—whiling away in pleasant chat the desultory interval "between the lights," when the busiest people generally "stand at ease" for the "blind man's holiday"—while the "cup which cheers but not inebriates" adds its mild and refreshing stimulus—is a charming institution, all the pleasanter for its easy informality and the lack of pomp and parade about the entertainment. Far be it from this pen to write one word in disparagement of such a pleasant and unceremonious form of hospitality!

But alas! as we all know, the world may corrupt one good custom, just as readily as "one good custom may corrupt the world," and the present rage for bigness in entertainments, as in other things, has most emphatically made "a toil of a pleasure." Unfortunately, the intractable materials of which our houses are built do not expand with the views and ambitious wishes of their inhabitants, and when a hostess, fired with the laudable desire of repaying her social debts, or the doubtful one of having a bigger "at home" than her dearest friend, will insist on inviting a hundred or two guests into rooms which will only contain twenty comfortably, she pays the penalty of inflicting a penance on her friends instead of affording them a social pleasure. For what social pleasure can there be in standing for a mortal hour—if one can stand it so long—wedged in close ranks that make one think of herrings in a barrel, or the crowd at a bankrupt sale—or even (towards the end of the hour) of the Black Hole of Calcutta? Anything that could be called "conversation" is obviously impossible in such circumstances—when, in order to make one self heard above fifty voices all talking at once, one must fairly shout one's sentiments into one's neighbour's ears—sure very soon to weary both his auditory nerves and his own vocal organ—and prevented by the pressure about one from change of place and interlocutor—unless one's disposition is particularly *pushing*, seats are naturally at a premium, and they and their occupants are securely hidden by the surrounding crowd. Even the most enchanting music is scarcely appreciated by the tired, hot, cramped guests, who try to look amiable and serene, and to make believe that they are enjoying themselves. Cups of tea are eagerly accepted, when they have at last been bravely carried through the serried ranks at the imminent peril of dainty toilettes, and though the operation of drinking them is by no means unattended with peril, their refreshing influence helps the sufferers to bear up till the hour of release, which the first arrivals are glad to claim at the earliest polite moment. As for the poor hostess, she is harassed between the anxiety not to leave any of her arriving guests ungreeted, or any of the company un supplied with tea, until she often becomes hopelessly lost in the vain attempt to distinguish between the arrivals and the departures. "So sorry you are going so soon!" was the rather bewildering greeting which an arriving guest lately received at one of these afternoon crushes—and such mistakes must frequently occur, and show how much personal attention a hostess in such circumstances can possibly give her guests.

We should suggest that entertainments such as these should be "differentiated" from the real "afternoon tea" by some descriptive name. On the "At Home" cards should be inscribed the suggestive words, "Tea and jam—ending with a stew," where the number of invitations was specially large. People would then know what to expect, and those who prefer their tea *without jam* might send their cards to represent them, which would really be kinder to the hostess, and might prevent the *stew*.

Would that the shade of the *Spectator* could be invoked to persuade *Mesdames* Brown, Jones, and Robinson to give up this inhospitable semblance of hospitality, exhausting both to their friends and themselves; and if they must give afternoon teas, to ask no more guests than they can comfortably accommodate in cosy sociability! Otherwise they may some time find their numerous invitations answered by

NOBODY AT ALL.

Canada may Well be Proud of "The Week."

It has been enlarged to the extent that readers will be supplied with one-half more matter than hitherto. THE WEEK is a publication of which Canada may well be proud.—*Barrie Examiner*.

OH, Master, comest thou to me again?

And I unmoved! How many times before
Have thy sad footsteps faltered at my door,
Or paused beside my sheltered window pane?

How many times? God knoweth. Oft there came
The Man of Sorrows. What had I with him?
And then the Comforter. Mine eyes were dim
With multiplying tears. He called my name

More soft than June wind, and more tenderly.
Then said my soul, "There is no comfort but
Forgetfulness." And so the door was shut.
"Come not again, I have no need of thee."

And often triumphed o'er by doubt, when none
Were near to aid, I saw the Counsellor;
Beneath his touch I felt my weak heart stir;
Then sigh, "Lord, not Thy will but mine be done."

Alas! alas! the joyous Christmas bells,
That sound so merrily in other's ears,
But open up the plain of bygone years,
Through which the stream of mem'ry fails or swells.

Sometimes when bruised and broken by the length
Of a fierce war with sin, whose lovely face
Yearned longingly to my withheld embrace,
I conquered—yes—but was it my own strength

That saved me? That sure strength on which I lean?
Or did the Saviour stand beside me there?
To Him I gave no thanks, I made no prayer,
And yet the weight of the unknown, unseen

Is heavy on me. What of Heaven's bliss
Would we not give for one touch of His hand?
What faith for just the power to understand?
What joy for His own garments' hem to kiss?

Oh heav'nly Child, who comes so oft in vain,
Year after year with gifts of love and peace,
Break our hard hearts, and bid our doubtings cease,
And make us little children once again.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Since my last communication of the 10th inst., a *jubilate* has been sounded throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

The Canadian Government, it was said, had backed down on one of the most vital points of the whole fishery question, and had permitted the transit of cargoes of fish from Canadian ports to the United States.

Certain Canadian papers, also, who appeared to think that all matters emanating from our neighbours' pens were as true as "gospel," gave currency to the statements without stopping to enquire whether there was any foundation for the report; while others sought and found that it was a mere "mare's nest."

It appears that two American fishing vessels had put into port under stress of weather and for repairs, and had been permitted to tranship parts of their cargoes, consisting of some 5,000 pounds (more or less) of fresh halibut, etc., to another vessel bound for Boston.

We read that the American consul, on being "interviewed," had looked very grave and winked, but that he was very reticent on the subject. Wicked consul, to treat "our own correspondent" so very cavalierly! Hence the "gospel" according to the journals and the "Fish Bureau," who hinted that they knew it would be so. Hence the "mountain in labour," that had brought forth "buncombe."

Even though permission had been given to those storm-bound fishermen to save their fresh fish—by transition in bond—under such conditions, would any one say them nay? I am sure Canadians would not.

It is only when we consider the evils that would arise from the opening up our ports to the whole of the American fishing fleet, thus virtually giving up the whole of our fisheries to be raided, that we must pause and reflect on the consequences.

There is no check to American fishermen in the use of any kinds of appliances for the capture of fish. They have destroyed their own fisheries along the Atlantic seaboard—off their own coasts; but they can not be permitted to destroy the fisheries of Canada.

Already, by their own admission, they have fished up to the "three miles limit," with their "immense purse seines." Give them the right of transit of fish through our territory, and how long would they keep within the limit?

In what condition, I would ask, would our fisheries have been at the present time, had not the Fishery Acts of 1857-1858, and others, been drafted and enforced? Is any one so insane as to believe that but for the protection that the Governments of Canada have afforded, our fisheries would have been in a better condition than those of our neighbours?

We have been building up. They (the American fishermen) have been tearing down and rooting up the spawning beds around their coasts. We have given efficient protection to our fisheries—fishing only in proper season, and with proper appliances. They fish when, where, and how they like. Our Canadian fishermen are, as a rule,

law-abiding men. I would I could say the same of our cousins "across the border."

I have digressed somewhat from my proposed intention, but will now advert to the practical working and effect of the Reciprocity Treaty so far as the fishery clauses were concerned.

One may imagine the effect of opening up an extensive coast line of some two thousand miles, with the sinuosities of bays and gulfs, of fisheries unequalled. Conceive these fisheries to be opened up to a fleet of some 1,000 to 1,500 vessels, manned by skilful and energetic fishermen, to whom those fisheries had been, as it were, a "mare clausum," a sealed book, but whose statesmen had opened up for them this mine of wealth.

The Reciprocity Treaty was passed in 1854, but for some time previous to the measure being assented to the busy hum of the shipbuilder and the artisan of the different trades was heard once more in the almost deserted ports on the New England shores, each (both skipper and crew) being eager to be the first to explore the new Eldorado—Canada's fishing grounds. It was a splendid sight to scan the horizon, and to see some fifty or a hundred of these fishing vessels, sailing on the wind, on the look out for the schools of mackerel that were ever to be found (in their season), around the bays and gulfs of British waters.

Ottawa, 17th Dec., 1888.

SPECTATOR.

CANADIAN TRADE RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Every Canadian in this country with eyes to see is perforce an advocate of Free Trade between Canada and the United States. But he need not reflect very deeply to discover that before Unrestricted Reciprocity can become an accomplished fact two parties must agree to it. Were the matter one to be settled by Canada alone, it would, I imagine, soon be off the *tapis*. Not much more time or argument can be necessary to convince Canadians in which direction their interest lies. But how about the other party? Is Barkis willing?

During a residence of more than three years in New England, I have had some opportunities for observation, and, having followed with keenest interest the discussions on both sides of the line, I venture to give THE WEEK the answer to this question, which I have been forced, much against my will, to accept. The United States is not *willing*, and never will be, until Canada is ready to include her political status in the discussion of her trade relations with this country.

In New England—where almost everything in this country must originate if it is to come to anything—no public man of any prominence has pronounced in favour of Unrestricted Reciprocity with Canada. Not only that, but popular sentiment here is mostly either indifferent or positively hostile to the scheme. Those manufacturers of Canada who are so solicitous to keep the Canadian market exclusively for Canadians, may be surprised to learn that the manufacturers of New England are even more suspicious of Unrestricted Reciprocity than they are. If, as the ultra-protectionists of Canada fear, Commercial Union would ruin Canadian manufacturers by giving the Canadian market to Americans, one would naturally expect to find the long-headed Yankees eager to enter and possess the new and goodly land. The fact that they are opposed to Unrestricted Reciprocity proves either that they are not as shrewd as they have been credited with being, or that the fears of the Canadians are groundless.

Apart from the tier of States bordering on Canada, there is, for the most part, utter indifference to Canadian trade, and even in the border States, the interests arrayed against Unrestricted Reciprocity are sufficiently strong to effectually block any movement in its favour. With a population of 60,000,000, and with unbounded wealth and every variety of soil and climate, this country does not feel keenly the need of Free Trade with 5,000,000 of neighbours, especially as the export products of Canada are precisely similar to the products of the adjoining States, and, under Unrestricted Reciprocity, would come in direct competition with American products in the American market. American producers fear Canadian competition much more than they covet Canadian trade.

But there are other considerations. The United States and England are great commercial powers—the greatest in the world. England is still, nominally at least, a monarchy. The United States is a democracy, intensely jealous of European, and above all, of monarchical domination on this continent. Is it likely that the United States will do more than she can help to build up and strengthen Canada while Canada remains a dependency of Great Britain? This attitude is of course intensified by Irish-American influence, which is so potent a factor in American politics. It is not, however, necessary to prate of America's enmity towards Britain. Enmity is not necessarily a factor. The Monroe doctrine and not Irish influence is at the bottom of the sentiment of which I am speaking. It is a matter of national policy, of self-preservation from the American standpoint.

So that it comes to this: Canada must make a choice. On the one side is *status quo* and the Mother Country; on the other is political fusion with the United States. The first excludes Commercial Union, the other includes it. There is, I am convinced, no middle course by which Canada can reach the desideratum of Free Trade with this country. Were Canada an independent republic, one of the obstacles to Commercial Union would be surmounted, but enough would still remain to balk the plan, and new ones would arise incident to the comparative weakness of

the new nationality. The discussion will go on, but it will lead to nothing until the question of Annexation is settled one way or the other. Meantime, it is apparent to all, that loyalty to the British connection does not make the Atlantic one mile narrower or the boundary line between Canada and the United States one whit the less imaginary. It is a condition that confronts Canada, not a theory.

Yours, etc.,

W. E. RANEY,

Saco, Me., Dec. 15th. Late of Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

ERRATUM.—In the letter on "The Government and the Railway Act," signed W. in last week's issue, page 28, for "the Government declined" read "the Government desired."—EDITOR.

MORNING.

EARTH'S sleep is o'er; Heaven's clock proclaims the hour;
The eyes of morn push back the lids of night
To gaze upon the flood of bursting light,
That in a thousand streams asserts its power;
The dew-beads vanish from each leaf and flower;
Bees, birds and butterflies prepare for flight;
Sweet blossoms lift their casket-lids so bright
And pour their treasures in one odorous shower;
The red sun rises; all the planets fade
Beneath the grand refulgence of its might,
As spirits sink before God's holy sight
In marvel worshipping all He hath made,
As we fall now at break of morn and pray,
Thy blessing rest, O Lord, on this new day.

SAREPTA.

MRS. FORSYTH GRANT'S "HAWAII."*

IT may be safely said that not many people, even in these days of wide travel, know much of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, that interesting Polynesian group situated in the North Pacific Ocean about midway between our mountain province of British Columbia and Britain's great colonial possessions in the Southern Seas. However this may be, we take it that few Canadian readers, at any rate, will demur to make acquaintance with them in the company of a Toronto lady, who some years ago paid these Islands a prolonged visit, and whose delightful reminiscences, which first appeared in the columns of THE WEEK, are now presented to the public in the elegant volume before us. Though these "Scenes in Hawaii" are already familiar to your readers, the narrative which describes them, as well as the country of which it is the theme, is well deserving of notice, and especially so, as the author's narrative, in its now collected form, makes a distinct and attractive addition to the native literature. Mrs. Forsyth Grant, in her preface, modestly disclaims any ambition to seriously instruct the public about this little kingdom in the Pacific. Her aim simply has been to interest her readers by setting before them a few "notes and observations" made during a journey to the Islands, and while on a stay of some little time upon them. The reader will, therefore, encounter no heavy reading, no weighty disquisition, and but little in the way of statistics. What he will find is a bright, pleasant, and chatty narrative of such scenes and incidents as came under the notice of a lady whose high social position and charming manners gave her the opportunity of seeing society, including royalty, and all other sights of interest on the Islands, and who can describe what she sees naturally, unaffectedly, and with some considerable power of descriptive writing, not wanting at times in piquancy and humour.

The islands of the Hawaiian group present features of interest to the student in politics and social science. Their geographical position, as the author points out, gives them importance in the eyes of those nations having political and commercial interests in the Pacific. Since their discovery, a hundred years ago, exceptional favouring circumstances have changed their condition from one of savagery, and even cannibalism, to one that bears the marks of a comparative civilization. Their state, doubtless, is a transitional one, for the natives are fast dying off in consequence of an exterminating leprosy, which is not sufficiently coped with, and the intrusion of a more dominant and enterprising race. In the meantime, Hawaii presents a curious spectacle in the field of governing, as well as in many other features of its political, economical and social life. Its form of government is a constitutional monarchy, which is a curious mimicking of the state and circumstance of Old World kingdoms. This must soon fall before intruding democracy and the commercial spirit, the influence of which has done little to improve the social and intellectual condition of the people. Its material development is now undertaken almost entirely by the civilized races, against which the inertness and inanity of semi-barbarism can make no show of defence. Of these matters we incidentally gather hints from Mrs. Forsyth Grant, though her book, in the main, confines itself to less serious and more entertaining topics.

The topics our author chiefly deals with are those of a social and descriptive character. Here Mrs. Grant is in her element, and very attractive and entertaining are those portions of her book. The author is at her best in her descriptions of nature, particularly when she is describing the tropical flora of the Islands, the variety and luxuriance of which are most striking. Very charming also is the account of her various interviews with royalty, especially the narrative of the incidents connected with King Kala-

* *Scenes in Hawaii; or, Life in the Sandwich Islands.* By M. Forsyth Grant. 1 Vol. crown 8vo. 203 pages. Toronto: Hart & Company, 1888.

kua's coronation, given in the eight chapter. Delightful also is the record of her visits here and there to the homes of European residents on the Islands and the glimpses we get of happy domestic life in the interior as well in Honolulu and among the planters. These portions of the book abound in quotable passages. Interesting also is the record of the author's excursions to the various islands of the Hawaiian group, her rides and drives, with the delightful descriptions of scenery *en route*, her visit to the volcano of Mana Loa, with the account of native superstitions and the sad record of the slow extermination of the people by leprosy. In reading the narrative of those expeditions we are a little "at sea" as to the geography of the places visited; but the author atones for this defect in the amusing incidents introduced, and in her vivid and loving descriptions of nature. Her pages have some literary blemishes, not only typographical, but in the occasional careless construction of her sentences. These the reader, no doubt, however, will overlook in the enjoyment to be derived from the perusal of the bright narrative and the information to be gathered from the author's pleasant sojourn in the island kingdom of the Pacific.

G. M. A.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

THE practice of hailing the nativity with music, in commemoration of the song of the angels, is in full observance in Roman Catholic countries as well as in our own. There are, we fancy, few of our readers who have not had opportunities of listening to the divine strains which mingle in the Roman services that usher in the blessed morning itself. The *noels* of France are of the same character as the Christmas carols of England; and the visits of our street musicians at this season are closely resembled by the wanderings of the Italian *pifferari*. These *pifferari* are Calabrian shepherds who come down from the mountains at the season of Advent, and enter the Italian cities, saluting with their hill music the shrines of the Virgin and Child which adorn the streets. Of these rude minstrels Lady Morgan, in her *Italy*, gives some account, and states that having frequently observed them stopping to play before the shop of a carpenter in Rome, her inquiries on the subject were answered by the information that the intention of this part of their performance was to give his due share of honour to Saint Joseph. Our friend, Mr. Hone, in his *Every-Day Book*, has given, from an old print in his possession, a representation of this practice, in which two of these mountaineers are playing before the shrine of the Virgin. The practice is continued till the anniversary day of the Nativity. With modern carol-singing there are few of our readers, in town or in country (for the practice, like that of which we have just spoken, is still very general), who are not well acquainted.

For some curious antiquarian information on the subject we must refer them to Mr. Sandys' "Introduction" and to a paper in Mr. Hone's book of *Ancient Mysteries*. The word itself is derived by Brand, after Bourne, from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy; and although in vulgar acceptance it has come to be understood as implying particularly those anthems by which the Christmastide is distinguished, it has at all times been properly applied to all songs which are sung upon any occasion of festival or rejoicing. In strictness, therefore, even in its application to the musical celebrations of Advent, a distinction should be drawn between those carols which are of a joyous or festive character, and those more solemn ones, which would be better described by the title of Christmas hymns.

The practice itself, as applied to religious commemoration, is drawn from the very first ages of the Church.

It is frequently referred to in the Apostolic writings, and the celebrated letter of the younger Pliny to the Emperor Trajan, in the seventh year of the second Christian century, mentions, amongst the habits of the primitive Christians, their assembling at stated times "to sing among themselves alternately a hymn to Christ, as to God." Such a practice, however, constitutes no peculiarity of the new worship, hymns of praise to their deities having made a portion of the rites of most religions. Indeed, in the more severe times of the early church there are prohibitions against this form of worship, as against several other practices to which we have alluded, on the express ground of its resemblance to one of the customs of the pagan celebration.

The custom of celebrating the festivities of the season by the singing of carols in these islands appears to have mingled with the Christmas observances from the earliest period. We have specimens of the carols themselves of a remote date, and have already given an extract from one, the manuscript of which, in the British Museum, is dated as far back as the thirteenth century. There are evidences of the universality of the practice in the fifteenth century; and the great popularity of these songs about this time is proved by the fact of a collection thereof having been printed in the early part of the following century by Wynkyn de Worde. It is to the Puritans that we appear to have been indebted for the introduction of the religious carol. Those enemies of all mirth, even in its most innocent or valuable forms, finding the practice of carol-singing at this festive time too general and rooted to be dealt with by interdiction, appear to have endeavoured to effect their objects by directing it into a channel of their own, and probably retaining the ancient airs, to have adapted them to the strange religious ballads, of which we must give our readers a few specimens. The entire version of the Psalms of David, made by Sternhold and Hopkins, was published about the middle of the sixteenth century; and some time before the middle of the seventeenth a duo-

decimo volume appeared, under the title of "Psalms or Songs of Zion, turned into the language and set to the tunes of a strange land, by W. S. [William Slatyr], for Christmas carols, and fitted to divers of the most noted and common but solemn tunes everywhere in this land familiarly used and knowne."

Of these old ballads of both kinds, many (and snatches of more) have survived to the present day, and may be heard, particularly in the northern counties of England, ringing through the frosty air of the long winter nights, in the shrill voices of children, for several weeks before Christmas, probably too, to the old traditional tunes. They are, however, as might be expected of compositions which have no more substantial depositary than the memories of the humble classes of the young, full of corruptions, which render some of them nearly unintelligible.

The difficulty of restoring these old carols in their original forms is becoming yearly greater, in consequence of the modern carols, which are fast replacing them by a sort of authority. In country places many of the more polished carols, of modern composition, find their way into the church services of this season; and amongst the singers who practise this manner of appealing to the charities of the season with most success are the children of the Sunday schools and the choristers of the village church. These, with their often sweet voices, bring to our doors the more select hymns and the musical training which they have gathered for more sacred places; and from a group like that which stands at the parsonage door in our plate, we are more likely to hear some carol of Heber's, some such beautiful anthem as that beginning, "Hark! the herald angels sing," than the strange, rambling old Christmas songs which we well remember when we were boys. These latter, however, occasionally are not without a wild beauty of their own. We quote a fragment of one of them from memory. We think it begins:

The moon shines bright, and the stars give light,
A little before the day,

and wanders on somewhat after the following unaccountable fashion:

Awake, awake, good people all!
Awake, and you shall hear
How Christ our Lord died on the cross
For those He loved so dear.

O fair, O fair Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my griefs be at an end,
That I thy tents may see?

The fields were green as green could be
When, from His glorious seat,
The Lord our God He watered us
With His heavenly good and sweet.

And for the saving of our souls
Christ died upon the cross!
We never shall do for Jesus Christ
What He has done for us!

The life of man is but a span,
And cut down in its flower;
We're here to-day and gone to-morrow,
We're all dead in an hour.

Oh, teach well your children, men!
The while that you are here;
It will be better for your souls
When your corpse lies on the bier.

To-day you may be alive, dear man,
With many a thousand pound;
To-morrow you may be a dead man,
And your corpse laid underground—

With a turf at your head, dear man,
And another at your feet,
Your good deeds and your bad ones
They will together meet.

My song is done, and I must begone,
I can stay no longer here;
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a happy New Year.

Our Lancashire readers know that a similar wish to that expressed in the two last lines is generally delivered in recitative at the close of each carol, or before the singers abandon our doors—which wish, however, we have heard finally changed into a less quotable ejaculation in cases where the carolists had been allowed to sing unregarded.

The gradual decay into which these ancient religious ballads are rapidly falling was in some measure repaired by Mr. Davies Gilbert in 1823, who published a collection containing upwards of twenty carols in a restored state with the tunes to which it was usual to sing them in the west of England. Of Welsh carols various collections are mentioned both by Hone and by Sandys, and in that country the practice is in better preservation than even in England. In Ireland, too, it exists to the present day, although we have not met with any collection of Irish carols; and in France, where there are numerous collections under the title of *Noels*, the custom is universal. In Scotland, however, it was extinguished, with the other Christmas practices, by the thunders of John Knox and his precisians, and we believe has never been in any degree restored. We should add that there are numerous carols for the Christmas season scattered through the writings of our old poets, amongst whom Herrick may be mentioned as conspicuous.

But the most ample and curious published collection of Christmas carols with which we have met is that by Mr. Sandys to which we have so often alluded; and from the text of this collection we will give our readers one or two specimens of the quaint beauties which occasionally mingle in the curious texture of these old anthems. Mr. Sandys' collection is divided into two parts, the first of which consists of ancient carols and Christmas songs from the early part of the fifteenth to the end of the seven-

teenth century. We wish that in cases where the authorship belongs to so conspicuous a name as Herrick—and indeed in all cases where it is ascertained—the names of the authors had been prefixed. The second part comprises a selection from carols which the editor states to be still used in the west of England. We can inform him that many of these we have ourselves heard, only some dozen years ago, screamed through the sharp evening air of Lancashire at the top pitch of voices that could clearly never have been given for any such purposes, “making night hideous,” or occasionally filling the calm watches with the far-lulling sounds of wild, sweet harmony. The practice, however, is, under any circumstances, full of fine meanings that redeem the rudeness of performance; and, for ourselves, we like the music at its best and worst.

Of the festive songs we have already given occasional examples in the progress of this work, and shall just now confine ourselves to extracts from those of a more religious character. From the old part of the collections before us we will give a verse of a short carol, which, while it will exhibit in a very modified degree the familiar tone in which the writer of these ancient songs dealt with the incidents of the sacred story, is full of a tenderness arising out of that very manner of treatment. We give it in the literal form in which we find it in this collection, with the exception of extending an occasional cypher. It begins with a burden:—

“A, my dere son,” sayd Mary, “a, my dere,
Kys the moder, Jhesu, with a lawghyng chere;

and continues:—

This endnes nyght I sawe a syght
All in my slepe,
Mary that may she sang lullay
And sore did wepe,
To kepe she sawght full fast a bowte
Her son fro cold.
Joseph seyde, “wiff, my joy, my liff,
Say what ye wolde;
No thyng, my spouse, is in this house
Unto my pay;
My son a kyng that made all thyng
Lyth in hay.
“A, my dere son.”

Some of these ancient carols run over the principal incidents in the scheme of man's fall and redemption; and we are sorry that our limits will not permit us to give such lengthened specimens as we should desire. We will, however, copy a few verses from one of a different kind, in which, beneath its ancient dress, our readers will see that there is much rude beauty. It begins:—

I come from heuin to tell
The best nowellis that ever befell.

But we must take it up further on:—

My saull and lyfe, stand up and see
Quha lyes in ane cribe of tree;
Quhat babe is that so gude and faire?
It is Christ, God's Sonne and Aire.

O God, that made all creature,
How art Thou becum so pure,
That on the hay and straw will lye,
Among the asses, oxin, and kye?

And were the world ten tymes so wide,
Cled over with gold and stanes of pride,
Unworthy zit it were to Thee,
Under thy feet ane stule to bee.

The sylke and sandell, Thee to eis,
Are hay and sempill sweiling clais,
Quhairin thou gloiris, greitest king,
As Thou in heuin were in Thy ring.

O my deir hert, zoung Jesus sweet,
Prepare Thy credill in my spreit.
And I sall rock Thee in my hert,
And neuer mair from Thee depart.

The Star-song in this collection is, if our memory mislead us not, Herrick's, and taken from his “Noble Numbers.” It begins:—

Tell us, Thou cleere and heavenly tongue,
Where is the babe but lately sprung?
Lies he the lillie-banks among?

Or say if this new Birth of ours
Sleep, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with deaw-light, Thou canst cleere
All doubts and manifest the where.

Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out?

The second part of Sandys' collection contains an imperfect version of a carol of which we find a full and correct copy in Mr. Hone's *Ancient Mysteries*, formed by that author's collection of various copies printed in different places. The beautiful verses which we quote are from Hone's version, and are wanting in that of Sandys'. The ballad begins by elevating the Virgin Mary to a temporal rank which must rest upon that particular authority, and is probably a new fact for our readers.

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
And he married Mary,
Queen of Galilee,—

which, for a carpenter, was certainly a distinguished alliance. It goes on to describe Joseph and his bride walking in a garden,—

Where the cherries they grew upon every tree;

and upon Joseph's refusal, in somewhat rude language, to

pull some of these cherries for Mary, on the ground of her supposed misconduct:—

Oh! then, bespoke Jesus,
All in His mother's womb,
“Go to the tree, Mary,
And it shall bow down.

“Go to the tree, Mary,
And it shall bow to thee,
And the highest branch of all
Shall bow down to Mary's knee!”

and then after describing Joseph's conviction and penitence at this testimony to Mary's truth, occur the beautiful verses to which we alluded:—

As Joseph was a walking
He heard an angel sing:
“This night shall be born
Our heavenly king.

“He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

“He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen
As were babies all.

“He neither shall be christen'd
In white wine nor in red,
But with the spring water
With which we were christened.”

The strange wild ballad beginning,—

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning,

and the still stranger one of “The Holy Well” we would have copied at length, as examples of these curious relics, if we could have spared the space. Of the latter, however, we will give our readers some account, to show the singular liberties which were taken with sacred personages and things in these old carols.

In the one in question, the boy Jesus, having asked His mother's permission to go and play, receives it, accompanied with the salutary injunction,—

“And let me hear of no complaint
At night when you come home.”

Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And there did see as fine children
As any tongue can tell.

On preferring, however, His petition to these children:—

“Little children, shall I play with you,
And you shall play with me?”

He is refused on the ground of His having been “born in an ox's stall,” they being “lords' and ladies' sons.”

Sweet Jesus turned Him around,
And He neither laugh'd nor smil'd,
But the tears came trickling from His eye
Like water from the skies.

Whereupon He returns home to report His grievance to His mother, who answers,—

“Though You are but a maiden's child,
Born in an ox's stall,
Thou art the Christ, the King of Heaven,
And the Saviour of them all;”

and then proceeds to give him advice neither consistent with the assertion in the last line nor becoming her character:—

“Sweet Jesus, go down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And take away those sinful souls
And dip them deep in hell.”

“Nay, nay,” sweet Jesus said,
“Nay, nay, that may not be,
For there are too many sinful souls
Crying out for the help of Me.”

Both these latter carols are given by Sandys as amongst those which are still popular in the west of England; and we remember to have ourselves heard them both many and many a time in its northern counties.

We must give a single verse of one of the ancient French Provincial *noëls*, for the purpose of introducing our readers to a strange species of chanted burden, and then we must stop. It is directed to be *sur un chant joyeux*, and begins thus:—

Quand Dieu naquit à Noël,
Dedans la Judée,
On vit ce jour solemnel
La joie inondée;
Il n'étoit ni petit ni grand
Qui n'apportât son present
Et n'o, n'o, n'o, n'o,
Et n'offrit, frit, frit,
Et n'o, n'o, et n'offrit,
Et n'offrit sans cesse Toute sa richesse.

—From the *Book of Christmas*.

THE Wagnerites are accustomed to assert that Wagner's music does not injure the voice. But this pleasing delusion will not bear the test of experience. Let any one listen to Heinrich Vogl when he comes, fresh from his summer vacation, to such rôles as Severus or Don Ottavio, and then hear him again after he has been through the Nibelungen Cycle, and there will no longer be the slightest question as to the effect of Wagner's music upon the voice. Vogl has the advantage of a perfect method added to the gift of an organ exceptionally strong. Yet the tired sound does not leave his voice for weeks afterwards, and there is no doubt that his power will fail prematurely in consequence of the tremendous strain so frequently applied.—*Atlantic*.

ZENOBIÆ.

THE handsomest, bravest, most learned and most chaste of women was at the time of Odenathus' death little more than a girl in years. She had proved herself an experienced hunter and a brave warrior, for, like her husband, she delighted in the pleasures of the chase, and by his side had tasted the excitement of war. She was a brunette, with sparkling black eyes “beyond measure lively, divinely expressive, and of incredible beauty,” and her teeth were so dazlingly white “that many thought them pearls rather than teeth.” On great occasions she was dressed, as we picture Minerva, with a helmet on her head, and across her forehead was a purple band fringed with jewels. Her dress was fastened at the waist by diamond ornaments, and sleeves hanging from the shoulder left her shapely arms bare. She lived with royal pomp, receiving adoration like the Persian monarchs, and banqueting like the Roman emperors. At these banquets she would drink with her chief officers out of golden goblets set with jewels. She was temperate in drink as in all things, but found that wine loosened the tongues of her captains, and of the Persians and Armenians who surrounded her, and she was thus enabled to dive into their secrets. Sometimes she used a chariot, but more frequently rode on horseback. At other times she would walk great distances on foot at the head of her infantry. She was not, however, only a warrior and huntress. She was equally eminent for learning, having studied the Greek authors and poets under the celebrated Longinus. This philosopher had quitted Athens, where his position as literary critic was unrivalled, to live in the East where he had been born, and which attracted him back even from that great seat of learning. Zenobia was not only proficient in Greek but also studied Latin, and was so well acquainted with the Egyptian language and with the history of the East that she was able to compile an abridged history for her own use. Her character was well summed up by Aurelian in one of his despatches: “She is prudent in council, firm of purpose, an experienced general, generous when necessary, severe when severity is justice.” It is said that she was almost persuaded to become a Christian, but by what means we learn nothing. It is certain, however, that she was no fanatic in religious matters, as she tolerated Christianity in her dominions, and would not allow the churches of the Christians to be converted into synagogues.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE FIRST “PICKWICK” PICTURES.

THE picture-maker of “The Book of Christmas,” Seymour has a little history. He was born of a good family in Somersetshire near the close of the last century, and coming up to London about the year 1814 with his father, who had fallen into misfortune, he was apprenticed by him to a pattern designer in Smithfield. But the boy's taste ran to caricature. Everybody was admiring the great Gillray in those days. Seymour indeed, never approached the playful force that underlay Gillray's comic touches. Who could? But he did deserving things that had their applause, and his later thrusts at the dandyism of George IV. were full of fun. His best work, however, was done under the newly dawning influence of George Cruikshank; and traces of that master's manner show up and down in *The Christmas Book*. Some picture jokes of his upon texts from Shakespeare were very popular, and for a while he was main supporter and sufficient wag for the old London *Figaro*, that forerunner of *Punch*, which was started and managed by Gilbert à Beckett. Withal, Seymour, though not so gifted as to blaze a wholly independent path, was proudly sensitive, impatient of fault-finding, and eager to make his pictures lead the text rather than illustrate another man's ideas. Whoso reads closely will find that poet Hervey in *The Christmas Book* is, through many pages of it, a mere showman of the artist's drawings. Quarrelling with à Beckett (at whom he made some fierce pictorial lunges not wholly undeserved), Seymour bethought himself of portraying in a series of designs the adventures of Cockney sportsmen astray in the country—wanted to find a good plastic author who would write up to such a series with cleverness.

Chapman, the publisher, who was friendly to him, advised the employment of a young fellow—Charles Dickens—who had written various “Sketches” which had been uncommonly well received. It does not appear (so far as I can interpret conflicting accounts) that author and artist met this juncture; but out of the negotiations through third parties came the start of the famous Pickwick Club; and among the drawings furnished by Mr. Seymour for the first number of the club papers, was the excellent, never-to-be-forgotten portrait of the paunchy Mr. Pickwick in spectacles and gaiters. In the next number of *The Pickwick Papers* (Chapter III.), the curious reader will find that dreary, melodramatic episode of the “Stroller's Tale” (every good Pickwickian, I think, skips it). At this Seymour rebelled, as a breaking away from the plan; maybe wrote saucily—who can tell? but sent his interpretation of it, to which Dickens excepted—wished it mended; and, thus mended—with what heartburnings and repressed rage of the artist no man can know—the picture of the “dying clown” may be seen in any copy of the original issue of *The Pickwick Papers*. It was the last complete drawing Seymour ever made, for after the “mending” of it, he finished the same evening a promised drawing for Jackson, the engraver, and the next day, in a fit of mortification or of desperate rage, destroyed himself.—*Book Buyer*.

MUSIC.

TORRINGTON'S ORCHESTRA.

THE first concert for the season of Torrington's Orchestra, on Thursday evening last, was not nearly as well attended as the aim of the organization deserved. One would think that a body of performers, with the evident capabilities shown by these people, and with their ambition, would receive sufficient material support in a city like Toronto to encourage them to develop the resources of the greatest musical instrument in the world, especially as any success and renown achieved by the band would redound to the credit of the city. But the hard, cold, practical facts fall sadly short of the dreams of sentiment and enthusiasm, and the conclusion forces itself to the surface, that the bulk of those recognized here as music-lovers are such more for their own amusement than for reverence of Art. Be this as it may, a larger audience would have been welcome on this occasion. The performance was a good one indeed, when it is considered that the bulk of the performers was composed of amateurs. There was a solidity of tone, even though the intonation was a little scattering here and there. The precision of the players was unquestionable, and considerable light and shade was evolved under Mr. Torrington's expressive baton. The volume of tone in forte passages was splendid, and those pegs on which the *quasi* critics love to hang their fault-finding—the brasses—were prompt and in good form. The band gave especially fine renderings of the "Coronation March," of Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," and of the "Fest Overture," and entered into the playing of the "Glacier Garden" waltz and "Winter Frolics" galop with great dash and spirit. The *allegro vivace* from the Jupiter symphony was quite an undertaking for a young orchestra, and was very creditably played. The school created for the players by such an effort is even of greater value than its mere performance. The instrumental solos of Messrs. Smith, Arlidge, Hahn and Clark were, as might be expected, extremely well rendered. The orchestral accompaniments of Mlle. Strauss' selections, however, were somewhat loud and unyielding in tempo and expression. This young lady created a profound impression. She has a voice of great range and volume, of brilliant and sympathetic quality, and she has an excellent method. The tone flows from the throat without effort, and whether loud or soft its quality is never impaired. Owing to the rigidity of her accompaniment, she was hardly able to give proper play to the power of artistic phrasing which it is quite evident she possesses. Mr. Blight's solos rounded off the programme most acceptably.

MR. ARCHER'S RECITAL.

ON Saturday, the College of Music formally opened its fine organ with a lecture on the instrument by Mr. Frederic Archer, which was fully as interesting as might be expected from a master of his wide and varied experience. He further illustrated the German, Italian, English and French schools, and closed with transcriptions of the prayer and barcarolle from *L'Étoile du Nord*, by Meyerbeer, and Weber's *Freischütz*, overture. In the evening, Mr. Archer gave a voluminous recital of organ music, in which the classical and romantic styles were judiciously blended. His wonderful powers of registration and immense technical resources were fully displayed, and met with warm applause from the many professional people and students who were present.

THE VOCAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

THE concerts of this Society have become events of the greatest artistic importance in the musical history of the city, and that they are duly appreciated was fully shown by the large and enthusiastic audience which greeted the fine choir of the Society on Monday evening. The chorus may possibly have sung better, in individual instances, at previous concerts, but the Society never had a better "all-round" concert than this one. The general excellence of the chorus singing, and the artistic performances of the soloists engaged, made it enjoyable from first to last. The chorus sang with commendable discipline and attention, not only to all marks of expression, but also to the easily intelligible direction of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, its conductor. Its fine gradations of light and shade have become famous, and were on this occasion as noticeable as ever. It is only in the quality of tone that any deterioration from the high standard of the Vocal Society is evident, and in this respect there is a little roughness in the tenor detachment, and in the basses a lack of vigorous tone. Beautiful renderings were given of "O Who will o'er the Downs so Free," of Reay's "Dawn of Day" and of the "Song of the Vikings." Mons. Ovide Musin was in fine form, though suffering from illness, and delighted the audience with the rich, warm tone he draws from his violin, and with the artistic sentiment he imparts to his interpretation. His selections were essentially light and pleasing, and many who were present would have been pleased to hear M. Musin in the more serious numbers of his repertoire. His power of concealing the technical difficulties of his selections was freely shown in the Paganini "Carnival de Venice." Mme. Annie Louise Tanner's singing was notable before all for its ease and absolute fidelity to intonation in the florid *bravura* work of the Proch air and variations. Apart from this, her voice is sympathetic and rich in that quality which carries to all parts of the large room without depending on mere volume for its power. Mr. Whitney Mockridge sang with the tenderness which the peculiar quality of his voice makes possible,

and gave splendid renditions of the great tenor aria from *La Reine de Saba*, and of "O Vision Enchanting." As an encore piece he sang the pretty little, "Tell Her I Love Her So" with telling effect. The piano solo of Mr. Edwin M. Shonet was carefully rendered, evincing great technique, and artistic interpretation. B NATURAL.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WORTHINGTON'S ANNUAL, 1889. New York: Worthington Co.

This handsome holiday book of over two hundred pages is full of interesting and instructive reading for the young, consisting of verse, short stories, sketches and biographies, and papers on natural history. It is profusely illustrated with upwards of five hundred well-executed engravings. Few of the annuals for young people surpass *Worthington's* either in reading matter or illustrations.

HALF-HOLIDAYS, ELYSIAN DREAMS, AND SOBER REALITIES, by Harold Van Santvoord. New York: John P. Alden. 12 mo. Cloth, gilt tops, pp. 269, 75 cts.

This is a collection of some forty or fifty essays on a variety of subjects, from "Kissing," and "The Art of Pleasing," to "The Fear of Death," and "Proofs of Immortality." The essays are all short and not one of them is dull. They are written in a bright attractive style and give evidence in every page of the author's extensive reading and his habits of observation and reflection.

THE SCHOOL PRONOUNCER. Based on Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This handy little volume is divided into three parts, and its scope cannot be better shown than by quoting from the author's introduction. Part I. has for its object, to make the pupils acquainted with the leading facts in the elements of pronunciation, such as the number and nature of the sounds in our language; the definite signs that stand for them in this book and in most spellers, readers, dictionaries, etc., and to make them acquainted with the letters and combinations of letters by which the elementary sounds are usually represented; Part II. is devoted to word analysis, or to spelling words by sound; and Part III. is a practical application of the principles and exercises of the preceding parts to words often mispronounced.

The lessons are short, carefully graded, and easily mastered. The work is eminently practical and cannot fail to be useful to pupils and helpful to teachers. On page 246 there is a list of long peculiar and difficult words inserted as curiosities, containing some technical terms in chemistry such as Trichlorodimethylanilenamidophenol. The alphabetical list of twenty-four hundred words often mispronounced will be found convenient for reference.

IN THE NAME OF THE KING. By George Klinge. New York: Frederick Stokes and Brother. Toronto: D. T. McAinsh. \$1.00.

This is a collection of short poems in many forms and "in divers tones." The music of them is sweet but too often sad. The religious spirit pervades nearly all them, and resignation, submission, self-abnegation, faith, are the favourite themes of the poet's song. We quote "If," not because it is the best in the collection, but because it illustrates the author's mental attitude towards problems full of perplexity to so many:

I cannot tell how spheres were made,
Or man created, or granite stayed
In sculptured crests; I do not know
Why death prevails, or souls in woe
Wail night and day; I cannot read
The world's blurred page; but all my need
Is met in this—God knows; and so
Whatever is, I know, I know,
Is planned of love, was made to be
Beneficent in ministry.

I cannot tell why suns shine red,
And jaspers gleam, and flowers are fed.
Above the dust on race and race,
Or why is laid on beauty's face
Damp earth; but this I know,
Beneficence has planned it so,
And has the reasons we might see
If we were only Deity.

The book is beautifully printed and very daintily and tastefully bound.

OTTO OF THE SILVER HAND. Written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 170. \$2.

This is a story of Germany in the Dark Ages, and turns on the feuds between the robber barons of Druchenhausen and Trutz-Drachen. In one of the constantly recurring conflicts Baron Conrad was unhorsed and sorely wounded by his vengeful enemy, while kneeling for mercy. Otto, Conrad's only son, kidnapped in his father's absence, by Baron Henry of Trutz-Drachen, was cruelly mutilated by his captor and kept a close prisoner in the Baron's grim stronghold until his rescue by One-eyed Hans. Otto's rescue and his father's heroic holding of the bridge against the pursuers, while Hans and the little baron escaped to St. Michaelsburg are stirring episodes in the story. Otto, although he afterwards attained to high rank and became a trusted counsellor of the Emperor, never wielded sword or hurled lance, for Baron Henry's cruelty had deprived him of his right hand, and the one that hung at his side was of pure silver. The illustrations are as commendable as the story; and the book, which is a large octavo, is handsomely and substantially bound.

PHILIP'S HANDY-VOLUME ATLAS OF BRITISH AMERICA. With Statistical Notes and Index. London: George Philip and Son. 1s. 6d.

This very convenient little atlas is the Canadian section of the publishers' larger work entitled *Philip's Handy-volume Atlas of the British Empire*. The Canadian section is published separately because Canadians, "being in possession of territories, continental in extent, capable of illimitable development, and demanding their almost exclusive attention, can scarcely be expected to have an equally absorbing interest in other portions of the Empire"; but, the editor says, "British Colonial Federations throughout the world are leading slowly but surely towards the final federation of the whole Empire." The Atlas contains sixteen maps, showing the British Empire throughout the world, with main connecting routes, the Dominion and each of its Provinces, Newfoundland, British West Indies, and all the other British possessions in America. Geographical, statistical and historical notes are prefixed to each map. Those relating to Canada were revised at the Office of our High Commissioners in London, but not very carefully we should say, for "University at Toronto with over 800 students," is put among the Quebec notes, and Ontario is hardly treated with justice either in notes or map, the latter representing her without the extensive territory which is no longer "disputed." Notwithstanding these and other defects the *Handy-volume Atlas* must prove a very useful and convenient publication.

THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co. 50 cents.

This is a very pretty little book, and one of the sweetest stories we have seen this season. Carol Bird was a Christ-baby, and while her mother lay with the little stranger nestling in her arms, the boy-choir in a church close by sang out:

Carol, brothers, carol,
Carol joyfully,
Carol the good tidings,
Carol merrily.

"Why, my baby," whispered Mrs. Bird in soft surprise, "I had forgotten what day it was. You are a little Christmas child, and we will name you 'Carol'—mother's little Christmas Carol." And so she was named Carol, and this little book tells the sweet story of her brief life, for ten years afterwards the "wee birdie flew away to its home nest," while a white surpliced boy in the organ loft of the church sang with a tender thrill in his voice:

Like a bairn to its mither,
A wee birdie to its nest,
I fain would be gangin' now
Unto my faeher's breast;
For He gathers in His arms
Helpless, worthless lambs like me,
And He carries them Himself
To His ain countrie.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This admirable series of political science pamphlets seems to grow in usefulness as the number increases.

No. 46 of the series is an attempt to check the progress of the Henry George crusade by an exposition of the true nature of "property in land." It would be too much to claim that the author, Mr. Henry Winn, has successfully disposed of *Progress and Poverty*, but he has certainly added an interesting and useful chapter to a great controversy. The argument of the essay is directed rather against Herbert Spencer than against Henry George, and just because the latter's statement of the land question is the more recent and otherwise the more attractive of the two, Mr. Winn has made a mistake in ignoring him to any extent. His analysis of "rent" into "natural site rent," "artificial site rent," and "improvement rent" is interesting but fruitless, for Mr. George contends that "artificial site rent," which arises from the progress of the community, is quite as equitably as "natural site rent," the property of the community. The better term by which to designate this element in the value of land is Mill's term, "the unearned increment," for so long as this portion of the value is not earned by the owner, it makes no difference to the Georgian doctrine whether it is due to nature's bounty or to the growing scarcity of opportunity caused by increase of population.

No. 54. *Tariff Chats*, by Henry J. Philpott, is a pamphlet on the evils of the present customs tariff of the United States. The writer is a well known enthusiast on the subject of free trade, and he puts his case with great skill and effectiveness. Of course, during the recent Presidential campaign, pleas quite as skilful on the opposite side were placed before the voter, the immediate result being to leave matters much as they were to all appearance, so far at least as the farmers are concerned.

Anything which appears from the pen of David A. Wells is sure to be worth reading, and his *Relation of the Tariff to Wages*, No. 54 of the series, is no exception. For twenty-five years Mr. Wells has held a place second to that of no other writer on social and economical questions. This little brochure has for its key-note the assumption that low wages are not essential to cheap production, a doctrine that is securing yearly more general acceptance among economists. His position is that, paying the wages now paid to artisans, the United States manufacturers would be able to compete successfully against the whole world were they not handicapped by the taxation of their raw material. If this view is correct, then the repeal of the tariff as a whole would probably not injure the manufacturers and the repeal of the duties on their raw materi-

als would certainly benefit them. It follows, of course that the removal of the customs duties on manufactured goods would not have any depressing effect on the wages of operatives but rather the reverse.

JOHN WARD, PREACHER. By Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Montreal: J. Theo Robinson. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

This is a very powerful book, and may be safely recommended, not only to the ordinary novel reader, who, unless he is peculiarly foolish or careless, will certainly find entertainment in it, but far more strongly to those who take pleasure in the study of human character and action. We can quite easily imagine a reader of this book getting hold of it, so to speak, by the wrong end, and so failing to appreciate its living reality and its deep human interest; and therefore we will warn those who undertake the reading of the story, simply to accept the characters as they are here presented and go along with them and, if possible, sympathize with them, and then, we are sure, they will not regret the time spent upon the book.

For it is quite likely that some readers may take exceptions to their company from the very outset. What horrible opinions that dreadful John Ward holds about predestination, reprobation, and future torments! one impatient person will say. And then, to represent a man holding such terrible opinions as gentle, loving, humble, tender! As Charles Wesley, in his ardour against Calvinism, once said, "It is an impossibility, a contradiction." And then that sweet Helen—to love such a man, to marry him, to continue to respect him even when he thought she was on the way to hell! here is another incredible and unintelligible person. And perhaps a critic from another side will pronounce, with equal confidence, the great unlikelihood of a girl like Helen, with no religious opinions worth mentioning, who thought all doctrines of very much the same value, and that it did not matter at all whether she and her husband agreed about eternal torment,—being of the sweet, saintly character which distinguished John Ward's wife.

Then, again, there is Dr. Howe, the Anglican Rector, Helen's uncle, what an old Sadducee he is! How could a Christian minister, who can be represented as really a very worthy, good kind of man be depicted as so very indifferent about spiritual things, and, when he found that Helen had been expressing freely her disbelief in the Calvinistic doctrines in her husband's parish, could only think how imprudent she had been, and what trouble it might bring upon her husband and himself?

We would earnestly entreat the readers of *John Ward* to put all this nonsense out of their minds, and take the characters just as they stand, and we can assure them that they will receive amusement and edification, and will find themselves stirred by watching some of the most moving aspects of human life. There still exist, if not in such numbers as in former days, such men, holding such opinions as John Ward; and such men have been gentle, loving, and tender as he is. But we have seldom read anything more touching than the struggle in John Ward's mind, when his love, amounting to worship, for his sweet young wife, bid him abstain from shocking her by preaching doctrines which he yet believed that God commanded him to preach. If any reader can follow that long struggle without sympathy, admiration, pity, then we would rather not undertake to say what kind of literature would please such a reader. Or again, when we watch the long agony in the soul of Helen, yet undisturbed by one moment's doubt of her husband's truth and goodness, telling those who blamed him that they did not understand him—him whom, with all their differences, she understood as well as she loved, we are tempted to pronounce the whole thing improbable, if not impossible; but then we know all the time that it is true. We should like to tell the story and to make our comments upon it; but that would be hardly fair to the reader. What we are trying to do is to put him into a right attitude, and to stimulate his interest.

So far it will appear, from the hints we have given, that the interest of the story is of a tragical nature; and it is one of the few stories of that kind which we should like to have read, even if there had been no broad lights to relieve such shadows. But this is by no means the case. One episode in which the judicious reader must needs be deeply interested comes to a very happy ending. Nor are John Ward and Helen and Dr. Howe the only living characters that stand out distinctly in the narrative. Every important or prominent actor in the drama is clearly recognizable, and lives and moves and acts according to the character which is imprinted upon him or her. In speaking of them it is difficult to begin or to end.

There is the Rector's daughter, Lois, a charming creation, placed in the strangest and most trying circumstances, in which one trembles lest any calamity should befall the beautiful girl, and yet with a firm hope, amounting to certainty, that somehow all will come right in the end. There is her aunt, the Rector's sister, Mrs. Dale, the aunt of Helen as well, who, like an old English aristocrat, attributes some of Helen's troubles and her remarkable conduct to the other side of her family not being so blue-blooded as the Howes; and there is her husband, the good and shrewd Mr. Dale, who has much more in him than any one at first would dream. Mr. Denner, again, is a delightful creation with his harassing doubts as to which of the ladies he should propose to, the heroic efforts which he made to arrive at a decision, and the way in which the question was settled. Nor are the two spinsters, Deborah and Ruth, to be ignored, even if they had not had the

place which they preserved in Mr. Denner's thoughts, even if they had not been the aunts of Gifford Woodhouse, that fine manly young fellow who comes very near being the hero of the book.

Indeed we have not nearly done. Davis, the drunkard, and his wife, who can't give up religion, yet cannot possibly love a God, who, she is forced to believe, will torment her husband forever, altho' the poor man never had a chance and died in the attempt to save the life of a little child; Elder Dean with his remorseless fidelity to the standards of the Church, carrying his theories into force even against his own pastor's wife, altho' with something of misgiving; his daughter, Helen's "help," who can sing the most terrible hymns about "damnation and the dead" in the most cheerful tones; even Mr. and Mrs. Grier, the comparatively shadowy Presbyterian minister and his wife, are yet all clearly depicted, interesting and intelligible; and to go no further, Dick Forsythe is really a very excellent specimen of a shallow Brummagem kind of gentleman, who has a good deal of money, and would like to marry a pretty girl, and is very angry because she will not consent, but changes his mind in a very natural manner.

We do not suppose that Mrs. Deland had any special theological aim in writing this book. We almost hope she had not. Still of course all true representations of human life have their moral and their lesson, and so has this. Mrs. Deland has seen what she has depicted; and yet her work is not mere photography, there is creative work as well as reproductive. May we soon have something as good from her hand. Anything better we hardly expect from her or anyone else for many a day to come.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH'S recent paper in THE WEEK on "Keeping Christmas," has been published as a Christmas booklet for private circulation.

DAWSON BROTHERS, Montreal, have recently published *Translations from Classic Authors*, by Dr. J. M. Harper, of Quebec. The translations are Book IV. of the Iliad and Books I. and II. of the Aeneid.

THE London *Free Press* has published a handsomely illustrated Christmas number, with two plates well worth framing, "The Three Scapegraces" and "By the Lakeside," the latter a figure of a lady, with camp stool and sketch book standing on a cliffy shore looking out on the water dotted with sails.

THE catalogue of Messrs. L. Prang & Company's Christmas and New Year cards, Tiles, satin Art Prints, Art Novelties, Art Books, Booklets and Calendars makes quite a large pamphlet, and, if we may judge from the samples before us, the most fastidious can make satisfactory selections from the varied and beautifully designed publications of this well known house.

THE *Boston Musical Herald* presents unusual attractions in its Christmas number. It is especially strong in its editorial department, while its question and answer, review of new music, musical reading course, and other departments, make the journal invaluable to students of music. Three choice Christmas carols will be welcomed by choristers. \$1 per year. *Boston Musical Herald*, Franklin Square, Boston, Mass.

THE *Canadian Practitioner*, edited by Drs. A. H. Wright, J. E. Graham, and W. H. B. Aikens, will be published from and after the first of January, as a semi-monthly, instead of a monthly as heretofore. *The Practitioner* is entering on its fourteenth year, and the fact that the publishers are about to double the number of issues in the year without reducing the size of the magazine or increasing its price is evidence that it is properly appreciated by the medical profession. (Messrs. J. E. Bryant & Co., Publishers, Toronto.)

THE *Quiver* for January begins a new volume, and gives an agreeable foretaste of what may be looked for throughout the year. Among the contributors are Rev. Prof. Church, Rev. Newman Hall, Rev. Prof. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D., Rev. Harry Jones, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's and Hon. Chaplain to the Queen, the Venerable Arthur Gore, M.A., Archdeacon of Macclesfield, and Rev. Hugh MacMillan, D.D., LL.D. With such writers contributing to its pages the *Quiver* fully merits the high position it occupies as a magazine of Sunday reading.

THE December number of the *Overland Monthly* completes its twelfth volume. The leading article "From Klamath to Rio Grande," by Charles H. Shinn, is a pleasantly written account of ramblings over the Pacific Coast. "Hydraulic Mining Illustrated," by Irving M. Scott, is as interesting to general readers as it is useful to the practical miner and mining engineer. Many short stories, sketchy and amusing articles on various parts of the Pacific Coast from Costa Rica to the Coos, and some meritorious verse make up a very seasonable number.

Temple Bar opens with a new story entitled, "A Chronicle of Two Months," and ends with the last chapters of "The Rogue," by W. E. Norris, which has been running throughout the year. A paper on "Society Poets" has some characteristic examples of the verse of Praed, Calverley, Mortimer Collins, Frederick Locker, Austin Dobson and Ashby Sterry. Two short stories, "Where are the Tickets?" and "The Baronet and the Balloon;" "Sketches of Athens," a short sketch of William Whewell, D.D.; "A Reception at Alfred de Vigny's" and "Recollections of Madame Frédéric O'Connell," make up the number. Two new stories will commence in January.

WE have received from the Copp Clark Co. their excellent Canadian Almanac for 1889. This publication, now in its forty-second year, has become as necessary to the

Canadian public as Whittaker's is to the public of Great Britain. From the same publishers we have also received the first number of the *Illustrated Canadian Almanac*, having, in addition to many other well-executed pictorial embellishments, excellent portraits of Baron Stanley, Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Oliver Mowat and Hon. Wilfrid Laurier. While the *Illustrated* contains much of the useful information to be found in the *Canadian Almanac*, it has a great deal of popular literary matter in prose and verse. A commendable feature in the *Illustrated* is the reproduction of specimens of the work of leading Canadian and other artists. An engraving from a drawing by Ede appears in this number.

THE Christmas number of the *Cosmopolitan* has all the characteristics that its name indicates. Opening with a paper by William H. Ingersoll, on "National types of Christ," illustrated from paintings by Seimiradski, Titian, Rembrandt, Kellar, Hoffmann, Gay, Delarocche, Holman Hunt, Carl Bloch, Oertel Verestchagin and others, it has a western Christmas story, "In Sierra Valley," by John Preston True; a French Christmas story, "Salvette and Bernadon," by Alphonse Daudet; a Russian Christmas story, "Makars Dream," by Vladimir Korolenko; a Chinese Christmas, "Poh Yui Ko," translated by Wong Chin Foo, and "Christmas in the Northland," by W. W. Thomas, Jr. Other attractions of the number are poems by W. H. H. Murray, Margaret Steele Anderson, Elizabeth McClesney and Ariel Siegfried; "The Metropolitan Museum of Art," and "Carmen Sylva," by John P. Jackson.

THE signed articles in the *Andover* for December are exceedingly interesting in subject matter and attractive in treatment. Andrew Peabody, D.D., LL.D., discusses and contrasts "Classic and Semitic Ethics;" Prof. Bliss Perry writes on "Christianity and Tragedy;" Bernhard Berenson, in "Contemporary Jewish Fiction," traces the development of Jewish fiction through Mapu to Smolenskin, "the two writers who specially deserve attention in a study of the evolution of that branch of literature;" and Walter S. Collins contributes a useful summary of the laws of "Marriage and Divorce in the United States." The editorial and other departments of this valuable review are as usual filled with instructive and ably written papers on literary, religious and theological questions of interest to thoughtful readers. This number completes the tenth volume, and contains a comprehensive and attractive announcement for the coming year.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Union of Canada and the United States will soon leave the press of Sampson Low & Co.

DR. HENRY M. FIELD'S new book of travels, *Gibraltar*, will be published at once by Messrs. Scribners.

AN article on "The Athletic Problem in Education," by N. S. Shaler, is announced to appear in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January.

AN edition of Fitzgerald's *Rubáiyát*, of Omar Khayyám, is to be brought out by Macmillan & Co., with a memoir by Dr. W. Aldis Wright.

THE new volume of *Littell's Living Age*, which will begin with the new year, will be the 180th of this periodical. Four volumes are published yearly and *Littell* is therefore 45 years old.

IT is interesting to know at the present moment that one of M. Zola's short stories, *L'Attaque en Moulin*, has just been issued as a text book for use in English schools, with notes, etc. (Hachette, Paris).

MR. COURTNEY'S *Life of John Stuart Mill*, which will form the next volume of the "Great Writers" series, will contain, besides other judgments on Mill, a letter from Mr. Gladstone on Mill's career in Parliament.

MRS. CRAWSHAY, of Brecon, Wales, has placed in the hands of William Rossetti the sum of \$12,000, the income from which is to be used annually as a prize to the woman who shall pass the best examination in the writings of Byron, Keats, and Shelley.

FOR the first edition, says the London *Publishers' Circular*, of Sir Morell Mackenzie's great book, *The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble*, twenty-eight tons of paper were used; the printers used 4 cwt. of printing ink, and the binders 3½ miles of cloth.

OWING to the vast amount of labour involved in the manufacturing of Paul Du Chailly's great work, *The Viking Age*, the publication of the book has been postponed by the Scribners. The magnitude of the work may be learned from the single fact that there are to be over 1,200 illustrations.

A POSTHUMOUS work of the lamented Sir Henry Maine, on *International Law*, is about to be published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. The work was fortunately left in manuscript ready for the printer except for some trifling editing of ambiguities. The sheets were seen through the press by Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. Frederic Pollock, both of Lincoln's Inn, who were appointed two of Sir Henry Maine's executors.

A. B. WARD, the author of "Hospital Life" in a recent issue of *Scribner's*, will contribute to the January number an equally sympathetic picture of "The Invalid's World," which includes the Doctor, Nurse, and Visitor. It is now known that "A. B. Ward" is the pen-name of a woman. Dr. George P. Fisher, of Yale, will contribute to the same number an article regarding the amenities which should be observed in all respectable controversies, but which are generally violated,

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

THE WEEK

Commences its SIXTH VOLUME with every prospect of a long and brilliant future.

PRESS OPINIONS IRRESPECTIVE OF PARTY.

One of the Ablest Edited Journals.

THE WEEK now appears in an enlarged form. THE WEEK is one of the ablest edited journals in Canada.—*Exeter Advocate*.

Only Journal of its Kind in Canada.

THE WEEK, with the number for December 7, began a new volume, and is considerably enlarged. We are glad to see these evidences of THE WEEK's prosperity. It is the only journal of its kind in Canada, and discharges very fairly its critical work.—*St. John Globe*.

Always Entitled to Respect.

We draw attention to the advertisement of this ably edited journal, which as a leader of public opinion takes much the same place as the *Saturday Review* in England. Though frequently differing from the views expressed in THE WEEK, its arguments are always entitled to respect.—*Perth Expressor*.

Largest Weekly of its Kind.

The Toronto literary and critical journal, THE WEEK, founded by Goldwin Smith, has been greatly enlarged and improved, and is now the largest weekly of its kind on the continent.—*World, Chatham, N.B.*

Belongs to the Higher Class of Canadian Journals.

THE WEEK, a Canadian journal of politics, literature, science and arts, published in Toronto, has entered on the sixth year of publication. It has been enlarged and improved in every respect. THE WEEK is a creditable publication in every respect. It belongs to the higher class of Canadian journals and deserves general support.—*Seaton Review*.

As Thoroughly Independent in Politics as Ever.

THE WEEK, Canada's leading literary journal, has entered on its sixth year. It is as thoroughly independent in politics as ever, as ably conducted, and judging from its evident prosperity, as thoroughly appreciated by the public. It has recently been enlarged and improved generally.—*Milton Champion*.

One Half More Reading Matter Than Formerly.

THE WEEK has entered upon the sixth year of its existence, and celebrates this auspicious event by appearing in enlarged form, so that its readers get nearly one-half more reading matter than formerly. We are pleased to note these signs of prosperity, and hope our contemporary's future will be even brighter, showing that Canadians are ready to warmly support a high-class literary weekly of their own.—*Berlin Weekly News*.

A Thorough Canadian Journal.

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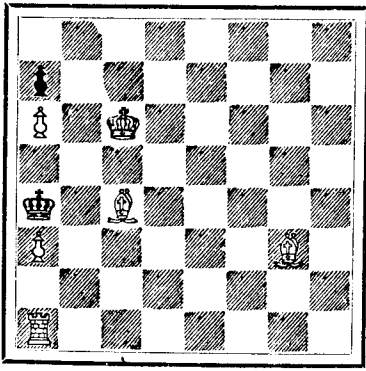
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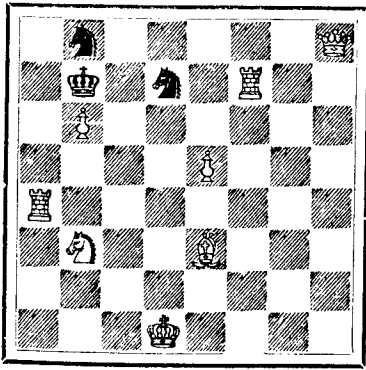
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B-B 6

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2. Q-B 6 Moves
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If 1. B-Q 3
2. P x B + K x Kt
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Table showing chess moves for Mr. Boulbee (White) and Dr. Ryall (Black) in a Scotch Gambit game. Moves include P-K4, Kt-KB3, P-Q4, Kt x P, B-K3, P-QB3, P-KB4, B-B4, P-K4, Kt-QB3, P x P, B-B4, Q-B3, K Kt-K2, P-Q3, P-QR3, 9. Castles, 10. B-Kt3, 11. P-K5, 12. P x P, 13. B x P +, 14. Kt x Kt +, 15. Kt x Q and White wins.

(a) Quite oblivious of the attack.

NOTES.

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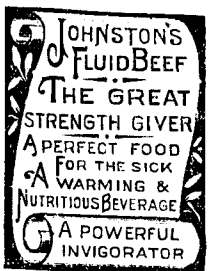
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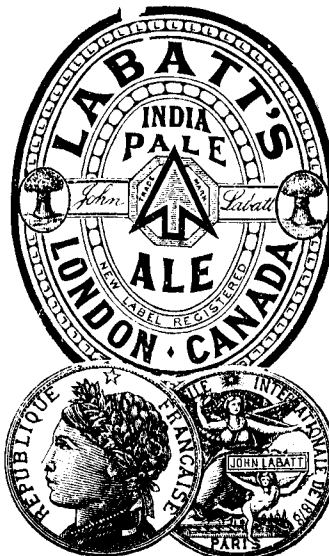
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