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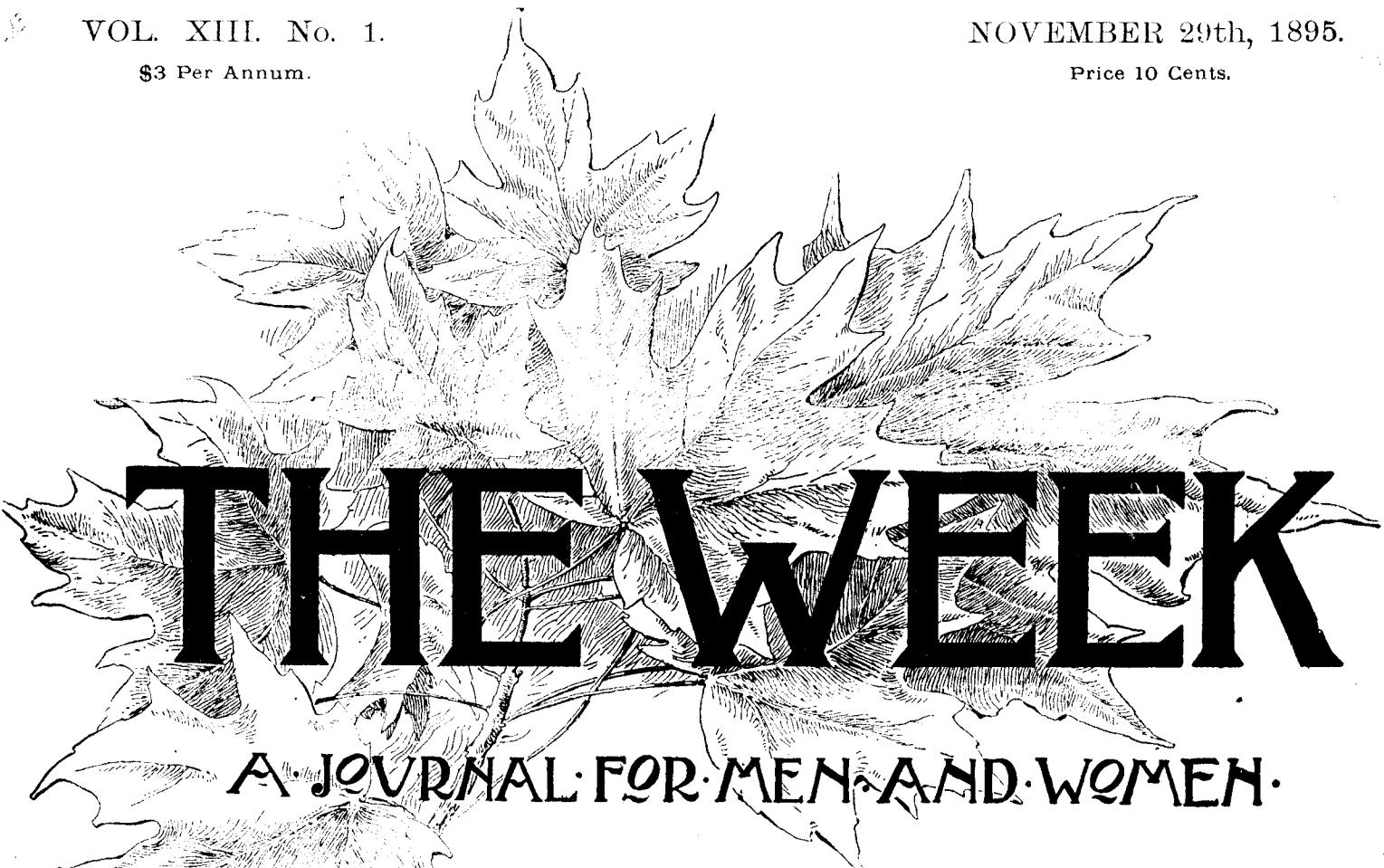
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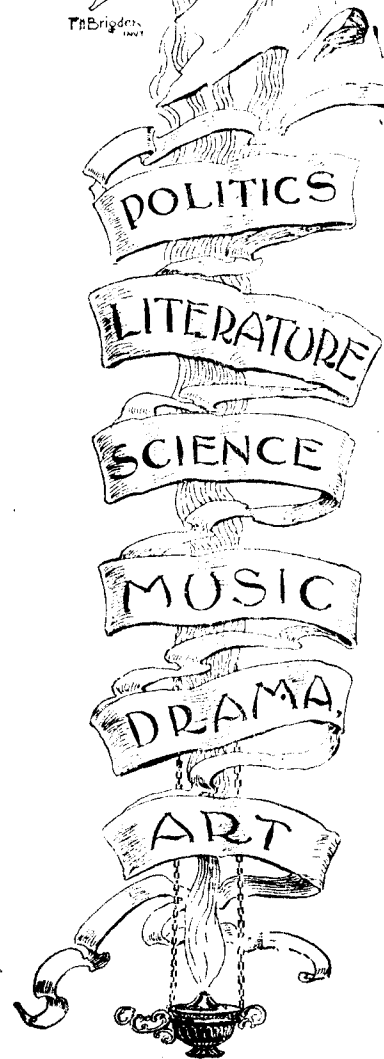
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, November 29th, 1895.

No. 1.

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Current Topics.

After Twelve Years.

With this number THE WEEK enters upon its thirteenth year of publication. We consider that THE WEEK is justified in believing that it never stood so high in the opinion of Canadians as it does to-day, whilst abroad it is now generally recognized as a national journal expressing the educated and independent thought of the Dominion. The ideal which originally inspired the enterprise has been kept steadily in view, and though THE WEEK has had its ups and downs, its difficulties and its disappointments, it has yet won for itself a high and firm place in public estimation, and has attained withal a very respectable age. We have been told frequently of late by our leading newspapers that THE WEEK ranks easily with the best London and New York weeklies, that it is a credit to the country, and a large factor in promoting the political and literary development of the Dominion. It is often remarked, too, that the foremost of our writers and thinkers choose THE WEEK for their medium when they wish to address the country at large. More manuscripts are offered to the journal than could possibly be used were it three times its present size. That these manuscripts come as frequently from Nova Scotia and British Columbia as they do from the central Provinces is a tribute to THE WEEK's wide circulation and to its national character. Nor is its influence and repute confined to the Dominion; from prominent men in distant parts of the Empire and in the United States, we receive with literary contributions letters of congratulation and approbation. In this connection it is interesting to note that several of our fellow-journalists in this Canada of ours have, within the last few months, frequently contributed to the columns of THE WEEK themselves. Many of them—Conservatives and Liberals—have written notes of warm approval and encouragement. Their words of kindly cheer are highly prized. They strengthen our belief that THE WEEK has taken root in Canada, and that it has become a recognized institution. It is a matter for sincere thankfulness to us that, with all its defects, THE WEEK has helped many thousands scattered far and wide over this broad land to feel a deeper consciousness of the

brotherhood of the Canadian people, and the great part that is theirs in the British Empire. To strengthen the ties which unite us to our Queen, to promote Canadian unity and loyalty, to quicken our political and literary life, to make more strong and energizing the fibres of common interests and common sympathies, to unite all who love to work in the service of our country, is the task that is given this journal to do, and earnestly would we appeal, after these twelve years, for the co-operation and hearty support of all our fellow-countrymen in the achievement of so great a task.

Political Affairs.

Last week the Montreal Star published a notable leading article on the Manitoba School Question in which the attention of the country was called to the startling fact that there is now every probability that our fiscal policy for five years will be decided, and our national Government chosen, largely with reference to the stand taken by our public men on the question whether less than four thousand children in Manitoba shall be educated in this or that kind of school. The Star made a strong appeal to Mr. Greenway to set Manitoba right before the Privy Council and the public, and save Canada a hurtful and profitless religio-political campaign. If Mr. Greenway "will do his duty and remedy the injustice of his own laws, the rest of us, including the Ottawa Ministry, will turn with readiness to the proper business of politics once more." The Toronto World announced on Wednesday that the Manitoba School Question is to be compromised by the Greenway Government. We trust it is true. Another newspaper article which attracted much attention was The Globe's appreciative comments on the Galt Tariff of 1859. This was a tariff of twenty per cent., and The Globe states that it is regarded by protectionists as "having been largely instrumental in laying the foundations of manufacturing in Upper Canada and therefore as having been the cause of an extraordinary burst of prosperity. No doubt it did boom manufacturing." Some Conservative papers state that the Liberal Party is coming out with a new policy and that this policy will be the Galt Tariff of twenty per cent. In the way of public meetings there has been little of interest. Mr. McGillivray, who was nominated at the Conservative Convention in Cannington last week, as a candidate for the North Ontario election occasioned by the death of Mr. Madill, opened his campaign in Bracebridge on Monday. The struggle in this riding is a three-cornered one, Mr. F. J. Gillespie being the Liberal candidate, and Mr. Brandon the Patron nominee. Mr. Gillespie began his crusade by a public meeting at Longford Mills on Tuesday. He is a Roman Catholic, but has announced himself an opponent of any interference with Manitoba in the Separate School muddle.

The Canadian Link.

The Times has published an article on the Pacific cable and the proposed fast steamship service to Canada direct. It says the success of the movement is largely due to Canada. The Government does not intend to subsidize the Australian Pacific service from Australia to Vancouver. It is also understood that the Government will only subsidize the Atlantic section of the service on condition that better time can be made over the

Canadian Pacific Railway than can now be made under existing conditions. In both the steamship and the cable schemes the principle is recognized. In order to have British connection exclusively, the line must, in the first instance, be carried westward from the centre. By the acceptance of this principle, Canada obtains a position she has never occupied before, as the main highway of the British Empire. It is interesting to note that Sir Mackenzie Bowell received a cable message from Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain confirmatory of the despatches in reference to the conference on the Pacific cable scheme, and inviting the Dominion Government to name two Commissioners to represent Canada at the gathering. It is abundantly evident that the Intercolonial conference is bearing fruit. Dr. Sandford Fleming will certainly be one of the Commissioners. He is better fitted for the important office than any other Canadian of whom we can think.

Mr. Hugh Ryan's
Generous Gift.

Toronto's more wealthy citizens have, as a rule, never been remarkable for public spirit or for generosity in the way of endowing public institutions. There have been a few notable exceptions, but Toronto has lagged far behind Montreal in this respect. It is to be hoped that the example recently set by Mr. Hugh Ryan will be followed by other men of wealth in Toronto. With fine public spirit and generosity, Mr. Ryan has built and completely equipped a large and handsome wing, which he has added to St. Michael's Hospital. The capacity of this indispensable institution has thus been doubled, and its means of carrying out its work has been increased in the same proportion. The doors of St. Michael's Hospital are closed to no one who needs its shelter and its aid. Mr. Ryan's splendid gift is a gift to the city, and his generosity is sincerely appreciated. He receives the warm thanks of the whole community.

Under the
Southern Cross.

Australia is moving steadily in the direction of Federation, or some form of union, and of freer trade relations. Both lines of movement are interesting to Canadians, because there is no part of the world with which we do so little business in comparison with what could be done, and no part of the world that is so entirely on the same social, political and constitutional plane with us as the great, wealthy, and enterprising Colonies under the Southern Cross. There has been no outside pressure to bring about Federation there, as there was in Canada. Hence the delays which have taken place. But recent action by the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, the premier Australian Colony and the one which has hitherto for various reasons held back, shows that the sentiment in favour of Union has become overwhelming. By a majority of 62 votes to 5, the Assembly has passed the Federal Enabling Bill, which provides that a convention of ten representatives of each Australian Colony shall meet to draft a Federal Constitution. This Constitution is to be referred to the direct vote of the electors of each Colony for acceptance or rejection; and if accepted by three Colonies it shall then be presented for Imperial enactment. There can be no doubt of Victoria and Queensland following the lead of New South Wales; and even if the others do not come in at once, they will not stay out in the cold very long. The very name of "Australia," which, of course, must be given to the new Dominion, would be enough to bring in South and West Australia. Tasmania is almost as ripe for Union as Victoria. As for New Zealand, it is already a Confederation by itself, and will not merge in Australia for a long time. There will therefore soon be two Dominions in the

Southern Seas, and the closer the relations of all kinds between them and their older sister—Canada—the better for all concerned.

The Situation in
Europe.

The nations of Europe appear to be forming their opposing lines. England and Italy seem of one mind. Russia and France are undoubtedly moving in accord. Germany is hesitating. It is well known that old Bismarck's policy was to let Russia have her own way. He cared nothing for England. The sop to Cerberus was to take the shape of Austria's German provinces. We are not sure that that would not be best for Germany after all. If this Russo-German alliance could be revived it would end the Franco-Russian *entente*. England's only possible policy is to uphold the present state of matters. She must try and do for Turkey what she is doing for Egypt. She must get things straight and act as Receiver until they are straight. It is a big contract, but it is her best plan. If she undertook this work Austria would probably work with her out of dread of the Bismarck game of grab. If Russia gets hold of Turkey, and Germany becomes really Germany, Austria and France sink into second-rate powers. England would lose her hold on India because Russia's *prestige* there would become so great that a Russian invasion would be followed by an immediate and probably successful rising of the native population. England's strongest alliance would be Germany, and if the price for that alliance is to let Germany get the German Provinces of Austria, it is only what is right after all, and it is not too dear to pay for German assistance in holding Russia out of Constantinople even if it involves keeping the "unspeakable Turk" there some generations longer. In time we may see Austria again the Empire of the East, and this compensation may console her for the loss of her German provinces.

Gold Withdrawals
From the United
States.

The withdrawal of gold from the United States is again causing anxiety. In an article published lately in these columns we called attention to the serious state of financial matters across the line. We foretold that the drain of gold would continue, and that unless it was stopped it would reach dangerous proportions. We see no reason to alter that opinion. Unless the wise efforts of President Cleveland to restore sound financiering are successful the United States will have to pass through the most dangerous crisis they have yet experienced. Foreign capital has been furnished to them hitherto most lavishly. Now the creditors are requiring payment, and taking it in gold; no bonds, thank you. Another issue of bonds nevertheless is spoken of; another *coup* for somebody to make another \$10,000,000 out of. How long will the credit stand? Jonathan has been going it at a pretty rapid pace. How long can he keep it up? An ugly word stands in front of him. It is a long way off still, but it is there. Repudiation! If he listens to President Cleveland he can keep clear of it. If he is guided by the silver kings and the paper money men he will come to it. The men who have the solid money bags know the state of the case, and Jonathan, rich and strong as he is, cannot for ever violate universal laws with impunity.

Next Year's
Copyright Act.

In a speech delivered by Mr. Hall Caine at Ottawa on last Monday night he announced that the better legislation which Canada promised to authors is under way. "The much disputed Copyright Act of 1889," said the distinguished novelist, "will never again be offered to your Parliament or sent to England for Imperial sanction. Instead of that there will be an amended act to be called the Copyright Act of

1896. What provisions the Act will make is a matter to be made known by your Government when the proper time arrives. But I am betraying no cabinet secret when I say that at the conference with the Ministers of Justice and Agriculture, which my colleague, Mr. Daldy and myself, together with the Canadian Copyright Association and Canadian publishers, were permitted to hold in Ottawa to-day, a draft measure, which forms an agreement between myself as the delegate of English authors and the interested parties in Canada, was submitted and recommended to the Ministers, and we have every reason to hope that, in the wisdom of your Government, it will be regarded as a probable general basis for forthcoming legislation. By this agreement the time within which a copyright holder can publish in Canada and so secure an absolute and untrammelled copyright is extended from thirty to sixty days, with a possible extension of thirty days more at the discretion of the authorities. Also by this agreement the license to be granted for the production of a book that has not fulfilled the conditions of Canadian Copyright law is limited to one license, and this single license is only to be issued with the copyright holder's knowledge or sanction. Further, the copyright holder who has an independent chance of securing copyright for himself within a period of sixty days, is to be allowed a second chance of securing it after it has been challenged and before it can be disposed of by license. And finally the royalties of the author are to be secured to him by a regulation of the Revenue to stamp an edition of a book on the issue of a license. This is the ground of the Draft Bill which the Canadian Copyright Association has joined with me in recommending to your Ministers, and on its general principle I have to say, first, to Canadian authors, that a bill framed on these lines will not put them into a position of isolation among the authors of the world; and next, to the authors of England and America and of all the countries having a copyright treaty with England, that it will secure to authors the control of their property, and put them all alike on an equal footing, and therefore, it will not, I think, disturb the operation of the Berne Convention so far as Canada is concerned, or the understanding between Great Britain and the United States. Beyond this I must allow that the arrangement is a compromise. There have had to be concessions on both sides. The people who are sticklers for principle will condemn us all round, and there are always folks enough to holla for the moon when they only want green cheese."

Some
Details.

The draft copyright measure agreed to at Ottawa is said to be satisfactory to those who framed it. It is a compromise. The necessity for re-publication in Canada in order to obtain a Canadian copyright is preserved. By the Act of 1889 only one month was allowed for this purpose. This period is to be extended to two months, with a possible extension of another month at the discretion of the authorities. Under the Act of 1889 if an author did not copyright his book any person who chose could reprint it. Under the Draft Act only one person will be able to secure that right, and that person must secure the author's or copyright holder's sanction. Under the Act of 1889 a royalty was nominally payable on reprints, but it was only a nominal obligation. Under the Draft Act this royalty is to be secured by each copy being stamped with a Government stamp which will only be affixed on payment of the royalty; any other impression may be seized as an illegal issue. The point on which the compromise has been made is that the Canadian Press Association succeed in their contention that in order to entitle an author to get a Canadian copyright he must

publish in Canada. The English authors, fighting their own battles, and also that of Canadian authors, have succeeded in getting a reasonable time allowed in which they may re-publish if they choose, and if they do not choose to do so they will be fairly well secured of some reward for their work by the better collection of royalties which they will receive. Between the free trade doctrines of England and the protectionist policy of the United States, Canada has chosen the latter. Public opinion has spoken so strongly on this point that it is useless to contest it. Theoretically England may be right, practically the protectionist fallacies seem to have answered their purpose on this continent, and situated as we are in Canada we cannot help ourselves but must follow in the same lines. It is a matter for very great congratulation that the operation of the Berne Convention, so far as Canada is concerned, is not likely to be disturbed by the proposed Act. Any legislation which would imperil Canada's position with respect to the Berne Convention and force her authors into a position of isolation could not be accepted by us. It is highly satisfactory to note, also, that the understanding between Great Britain and the United States is not to be disturbed. That understanding is of vast importance to both countries concerned and we are glad that its importance is appreciated by the Copyright Association.

Views and
Opinions.

Mr. Hall Caine concluded his interesting speech by some very appreciative remarks on Canada. A novelist's impressions of the Dominion are not without interest at any time, but in the case of Mr. Hall Caine, who apparently came to us with prejudices not particularly favourable, his remarks have an added interest. And this is what he said:

"If it is not ungracious to say so at this genial board, it is not my fault that I came to Canada, but it will be my fault if I do not carry home from it a vivid and unfading memory of a great and beautiful country. I cannot easily tell you how Canada has impressed me. It has impressed me from the point of natural grandeur as the most wonderful country I have seen on this continent. Its mighty forests, its great inland seas, its vast oceanic planes—I can never forget them. But Canada has impressed me yet more as a commonwealth, as the youngest among the nations. In this regard it is difficult for any exercise of the imagination to be fantastic, to be overstrained, to outdo in dreams what the future may bring forth in fact. Your great cities that are yet to spring up out of the desert, your mighty railways that are to link ocean to ocean, your future ships that are to bridge the sea, your future telegraphs that are to abridge the land, your material science that is to conquer even the frozen territory that frowns on you from the north,—nothing can affect the imaginative mind more profoundly than these near and imminent possibilities. But it is of Canada in relation to England that I think oftenest when I allow myself to make visions of your future. Gentlemen, if you ask me as a matter of romance which of the two promises the most romantic future—Canada as an independent nation, fighting its own hard fight and winning its own place as a separate state among the states of the world, or Canada as the newer England, the greater England beyond the seas, the young son of an old sire—I cannot hesitate for a moment. I see Canada in the time to come, if you can forgive the figure, as Joseph the son of Jacob being sent out to the strange land, becoming master there, and if the days of dearth should ever befall, feeding with his corn the sons of his father from the old country. It is a great future that is before Canada, and I rejoice that no little thing, no narrow interest, no interest of class whether high or low, is to be allowed by you or by yourselves to strain the relations between us."

We have no doubt that the visit of Mr. Hall Caine to Canada will do a great deal of good in more ways than in Copyright matters. We can but regret that his visit has been so brief.

Ourselves.

IN another column we have commemorated the fact that the present issue commences our thirteenth volume. An existence of a paper like THE WEEK continued through so many years is satisfactory evidence of a principle of vitality in the constitution of that paper. It is well known that the distinguishing feature of our columns has been, in the discussion of political questions, an independence of party or personal influence. Without in the least making invidious comparisons we may safely say and appeal to our past as evidence that our motto has been *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*. We have, we confess, one matter strongly at heart, and that is, to do our utmost to awaken and encourage a strong Canadian sentiment. We believe that wherever possible we should assimilate our institutions and mode of government to the English model, but at the same time we also wish to see our own native talent strike out for itself. We desire to see Canadian development on Canadian lines. As for imitating our neighbours to the south of us, or making ourselves or our institutions a reflection of them or theirs, we most strenuously object to anything of the kind. We believe that of the two ideals the British is by far the one to be preferred. But we do not want to see Canada the tail of anybody's kite. Our efforts should be directed to making ourselves able and willing to hold our own among the nations of the world. This policy we have always vigorously supported, and any other policy or any policy tending to sink our national individuality we will forcibly oppose. With this reservation our columns are open to men of all opinions for the purpose of giving them an opportunity to state their views. In Canada there is a large and increasing educated class. These men have no satisfactory neutral ground common to all in which they can publish their opinions and argue a debatable question. The daily press are party papers. They exist by, with and for the party. There are many able men who detest party and everything connected with it. They have strong convictions on certain subjects, but cannot bring themselves to follow A., B., or C. in everything A., B. or C. does or says. The views of these men, who are generally moderate, are most deserving of attention. They may not be "practical politicians," but they are worth listening to with respect and their advice followed may save the state. To such men as these THE WEEK is open.

In Canada, further, there is required a satisfactory outlet for that miscellaneous talent which lies dormant in many people. In spite of the demands of the age and of the exacting rush of competition most men keep somewhere in their heart one soft spot for the pursuits of their leisure hours. We have moreover an able and zealous scholastic class whose investigations are commencing to bear good fruit. From time to time spasmodic attempts have been made to give an opening in Canada for the abilities of both species of cultured native talent. The attempt has, we fear, too often been abortive, but we must not give up the effort. We have heard objections to any paper of the objects and standard we claim for THE WEEK that it is too high a class of paper to be maintained in Canada, that it is beyond the scope of Canadian intelligence, that it is a generation too soon, and so on. We trust these objections are not well-founded. We believe the very contrary, and we trust to see such gloomy criticisms not borne out by the results. Between the Atlantic and the Pacific we maintain several good universities—we turn out some hundreds of graduates each year. Is it to be believed that these men are so destitute of talent that they cannot produce a national literature? We acknowledge that the

strength of the vast majority of these graduates is frittered away in the struggle for daily bread. Many of them drift across the border. Many of them join the Provincial press and coin their brains for ducats. But there are many who would welcome an opportunity of saying what they really think, of confiding to their fellow-countrymen their hopes, their fears and their fancies. To such as these we say, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Help us in sustaining a vigorous non-partizan Canadian literary paper in which our people may know that they will find public questions calmly discussed, current topics fairly presented, and literary work honestly criticized. In dealing with these matters we trust that we shall be moved by neither fear, favour, nor affection. We lay our work in the hands of the Canadian people and appeal to their patriotism to maintain a Canadian independent literary journal.

We feel that an objection may be made that a paper of the class we advocate may become a medium for preserving the fads of cranks. It is sufficient answer to the objection that we point it out ourselves. A tree is known by its fruits and we must be content to be judged by what we produce. Good wine, they say, needs no bush. We make no protestations, but present our readers with the first number of Volume Thirteen. We respectfully bespeak public support and promise to do all we can to deserve it in the future as in the past.

* * *

Cost and Profit of Liberty.—II.

EVERY one admits that Canada cannot remain a dependency much longer, no matter what the price of freedom may be. It is also clear that there are only three roads open, and a little reflection will show that there is only one. To unite with the United States means an annual expenditure for military purposes of about seventeen millions *per annum*, plus the cost of a militia to be borne by each Province. This would be the smallest cost, but it is mentioned because the value of money is understood by men who understand nothing else. We might grow into the feeling that from seventeen to twenty millions was not too high a price to pay for national unity, honour, responsibility, privileges and life, but to be pitchforked, at a moment's notice, into paying such a sum, contracted too by others, ought to take the breath from the windiest. How much worse to be pitchforked into a Constitution which we had no hand in making, and into conflicts over dishonest money, British aggression, and other issues which would perpetually disgust or rasp us, and end by driving most of us out of political life! An apology is required for referring to this road, but only a reference is made to it, not an argument. I will not argue it with anyone. The other road, nicknamed Independence, is thornier still. A citizen of the United States gets something worth while, for paying twenty times as much for military purposes as we pay. Go where he will, the mighty organization of which he is a member protects him, and at home the current of the national life flows through his veins and infinite opportunities of individual enterprise are open to him. The other day, American missionaries in Asiatic Turkey reported that they were threatened, and the United States Minister promptly informed the Porte that if the threats were followed by action, his Government would hold the Turkish ministry personally responsible. This warning will be quite enough, for the American fleet is a reality, and the United States could exact reparation more promptly than any other power, just because it is not in the European concert, and could act without any suspicion that it intended to play a selfish game. But what would warnings from the Minister of St. Domingo, Costa Rica, or Venezuela amount to? What does the citizen of any of these "independent" Republics get for the military, naval and diplomatic services of his State? Simply the proud consciousness that he belongs to Lilliput. Canada is commercial and cosmopolitan by birth. Our ships are on every ocean; our commercial interests are bound up with those of the world; our missionaries are to be found in the new Hebrides, where

French collision is threatened, in Corea, in China, in Japan, where sleeping and active volcanoes abound, in Trinidad and near the mouths of the Orinoco, where Venezuela is attempting to play high jinks, in India, in Burmah, in Africa, and I do not know where not; and our people are beginning to travel for pleasure, for gain or for investigation. Now, if we determined to play a lone hand, what would it cost us? In these days of huge Empires and huge enterprises of every kind, more than we could afford. To propose it simply shows that a man is afflicted with softness of brain or swelled head.

The only road open to us is the one on which we have walked since 1763. We have evolved, during the last 132 years, successfully, from lower to higher stages of political life, till we are at length within measurable distance of full freedom. "Oh, you mean Imperial Federation! Some papers call that a fad." Well, I am not concerned about names. Let us stick to things. You admit that we cannot remain "a dependency." What then do *you* propose, if not to share the responsibilities and privileges of full nationhood? It is clear that we are shut up to one road, and that being so, it is our duty to walk along it firmly, taking one step at a time, persuaded that in that way we shall eventually get to the goal. This, for us is a supreme question of duty. It is important to Britain, but not indispensable. Britain would be great without Canada. Canada would be little without Britain. The question, too, will never be solved by men unable to rise above personal or local selfishness. There is something pitiful in any Canadian paper collaring the first Colonial Secretary, who has had the nerve to face the problem, with a cry for immediate cash, on penalty of denouncing him as insincere. "If you mean business give us preferential treatment in your markets, or direct the current of British immigration away from the States and into Canada," is the substance of two or three editorials I have seen. Depend upon it, gentlemen, Mr. Chamberlain will comply with neither the one nor the other demand. Your outcries inspire us with less respect than we would like to feel for the anonymous guides of public opinion. They misrepresent and degrade the country. To suppose that the British people will disorganize the mightiest trade structure the world has ever seen, and disgust 97 of their customers simply to put money in the pockets of the other 3 is to suppose that they are lunatics. Or, does anyone suppose that intending immigrants consult Mr. Chamberlain as to where they should go? They inquire for themselves where they are likely to do best. Few of them consult immigration agents. They have heard about our North-West, and they know that a great deal of the soil is first-class, but they know also that as the winters are long and terribly severe, it costs to live comfortably. They must buy a great deal of coal, of coal oil, of woollens, of cottons, of crockery, of hardware, of agricultural implements, of blacksmith's work, and scores of other things, and while these are "protected," even though produced in Britain, they get no protection in any market in the world for what they raise. It is no comfort to them to be told that the United States are protectionist. The winters there are not so severe, and free trade is secured among sixty or seventy millions of people. That is "a home market" worth the name. In a word, Canada can do something to divert British immigration to itself, but Mr. Chamberlain can do nothing, and to cry to him is a waste of breath. If we have not learned yet the lesson of the last census, we—unlike Maryland—must be blind and deaf and dumb.

As to Mr. Chamberlain's attitude, it is just what might have been expected from his whole career. He is the legitimate successor of John Bright, in the Midlands, as an exponent of the sense of fair play and other deep instincts of the British Democracy, while—partly because of his organizing power—he is more of a political force than Mr. Bright ever was or could have been. He is ready to give local Home Rule to any extent, but he has too much hard, common sense to consent to break up the United Kingdom, and too much healthy Imperialism to contemplate with pleasure the downfall of the British Empire. He recognizes, however, that the unity of the Empire is in the hands of the great self-governing Colonies more than in Britain's, just because much was done before his days to induce them to, or at any rate, in the hope that they would, set up house for themselves. Coercion is, therefore, now out of the question, should one of them resolve to separate. But, "as the possibility of separation had become greater, the wish for separation had become less."

It depends on themselves, then, whether their wish shall harden into will, or be evanescent as a dream. He does not even say that he believes in Imperial Federation. It is too nebulous as yet, and has been too often called a dream, for a practical statesman to say that. All he allows himself to say is that it is the kind of dream which lays such a hold upon the imagination that it has a fair chance of realizing itself. In the meanwhile he will give his best attention to any proposal, the object of which is to bind the different parts of the Empire more closely together. Were we Englishmen, we would say no more. Being Canadians, we must do more.

As citizens, we cannot consent to occupy permanently an inferior position to our fellow-citizens in England, Scotland and Ireland. We save dollars by our present position, but if we lose moral fibre, our loss infinitely outweighs our gain. For no nation was ever destroyed by poverty, handshakes, or external enemies of any kind. Its deadliest foes are always internal. It is lost when it loses its soul, just as a man or woman is lost. We can survive, in spite of defeats or sins, but the loss of self respect is fatal.

What then is needed to put us in right relations to our fellow-citizens, and to entitle us to demand a reasonable share in determining the supreme questions, from which no free people can divest themselves without acknowledging that they are in a condition of pupillage, and so forfeiting the respect of others as well as self-respect? In the first place, an effective militia. A recent article in the London Spectator puts this necessity in a nut shell, while it has the additional merit of referring to Britain itself without a thought of reflecting on Canada. "We are not going to dictate to our great self-governing Colonies what they shall do," it says distinctly. "We are only going to concert as far as possible a working alliance with them. But an ally is of no use who is not strong in his own home." Precisely so; and I have yet to meet with an authority who will venture to allege that our militia is in an effective state. I do not argue with people who take the position that we should have no militia at all, and that the million we spend on it is so much money wasted. They are amiable people and have a perfect right to their opinion. Some of them may go so far as to allege that cities should have no policemen, and orchards no watch-dogs, or, at any rate, that the policemen should on no account be allowed to shoot or the dogs to bite. But the common sense of Christendom is on the other side, always excepting Tolstoi and the Quakers, who, in interpreting Scripture, forget that "the letter killeth." Every State has its defensive force, and a militia has "Defence, not defiance" as its motto. It cannot be marched out of the country, even to repel anticipated invasion, save with its own consent. But, so warmly attached to the Mother Country are Canadians that *if she were in great peril*, our militia would volunteer for foreign service. Why, in 1878, when Britain had on hand a little war, about 10,000 of them forwarded to Ottawa applications to be sent to the front, and these applications were sent to the war office, by order of the Hon. A. G. Jones, then Minister of Militia. What a blessing that the offers were not accepted! I made enquiries as to the condition of some of the regiments that applied, and—though, or just because, the spirit of the men was all that could be desired—it would be unfair to describe their utter and absolute inefficiency. They were about on a par with Falstaff's regiment. But I must reserve for another communication what even a bystander can see to be needed under this head. It is necessary to enter a little into detail here, and I am desirous that my readers should digest my preface, and then follow me intelligently, step by step.

G. M. GRANT.

A Thought of Death.

A sleep—and yet a sleep that hath an end,
An end that rest o'ertaking;
(Though bone and fibre with our earth-bed blend,
The dormant soul forsaking.)

A sleep,—yet through the sleep a sense of fear,
An awful half-life making;
A dread, increasing countless year by year,
The dread of an awaking.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

The Socialism of To-day.—I.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE,
BY HAMPDEN BURNHAM, M.A.

CENTRAL Europe, as Tacitus describes it, was occupied in the first stage of its history by a number of independent tribes chiefly of the same race, and having the same forms of tribal government. As the most important affairs of any people, and those upon which its existence may be said to depend, relate directly or indirectly to land, it is practically unnecessary to go into detail with respect to any other part of public polity.

Landholdings amongst the embryo-forms of the modern German, French and English nations were under the allotment of the magistrates. As these magistrates were elected by popular vote, and were directly responsible to the people, the land itself may be said to have been under popular control. When the Franks conquered Gaul and came in contact with the Roman civil law whilst they adopted some of its best provisions, they did not change in any essential the chief features of their own simple system. Position and power were due to wealth. The rank due to noble birth had not yet been evolved. As the capabilities of all men are different, so are their circumstances likely to be, and thus in the very earliest times we find that some members of the tribe had acquired more property than others. Naturally, too, the dependent placed themselves under the protection of the wealthy and powerful, and so, in course of time, we find the position of the chief men of the country due not only to their wealth but to the number of their dependents as well. History had advanced a stage. The accumulation of property had the effect of gradually repressing the nomadic habits of the people who began to prefer settling down upon land and a fixed abode to the uncertainty of a wandering life.

Upon this foundation of society was built the Feudal System from which has sprung such a vast proportion of our modern systems of society and government.

The accumulation of property made it necessary to devise means for its better protection. Hence arose the castles and armed bands of retainers. In time these owners of property, surrounded by armed dependents, became the order of nobles.

The making of arms and the simple instruments of agriculture produced in turn the artificers and craftsmen who when they had at a later date formed themselves into Guilds, took rank as a distinct class.

The principle of the early Feudal System was neither degrading nor oppressive, and the duty of mutual obligation was both recognized and obeyed. In the formation of these armed bands for purposes of protection and display began the profession of arms. A profession whose followers were so splendid and so powerful, naturally became the nursery of a leading and exclusive class. From this class arose the order of gentlemen. To perpetuate the distinction between those pre-eminent in power and the profession of arms and the class of dependents and retainers, and to render this distinction at all times provable, heraldic devices were employed. To those whose ancestors had possessed heraldic badges descended the ancestral glory and pride of origin. Pride of birth therefore succeeded pride of property, and the customs of the country secured preferment to the high-born, whilst corresponding disabilities fell to the lot of the dependents. But whatever the distinctions were that marked the line between class and mass, the essence of the Feudal System itself was that all should live upon and out of the land. To even the humblest follower was secured the privilege of private tillage and his rights of common were extensive and profitable.

Below the order of gentlemen were the freemen and villeins. The freemen in towns were the citizens and burghers, and in the country those whose tenure of land was not such as bound them in person to the soil. The villein was not free. Personal slavery had originated in time immemorial through captivity, crime, or debt. In the early middle ages it was greatly extended by periods of famine lasting occasionally for more than a quarter of a century at a time, and causing even freemen to sell themselves into servitude. The villein could not leave the lord's estate or sell the holding upon which he dwelt provisions which while they nominally curtailed his freedom, often rescued him from

becoming a landless, homeless wanderer. Upon the continent there was, it is true, a large number of villeins who were at the still readier disposal of the lord. Yet even these had sources of subsistence that sufficed for all their wants. And it is also to be noted that the relations of dependents to others than their lords were almost wholly unrestricted.

The condition of society had not yet become so artificial as to put a barrier between the humblest peasant and his daily bread. The position of the lower orders was tolerable if not satisfactory. The development of class distinctions was not retarded by discontent. In fact so easy and inoffensive was their rise that it was accompanied by a voluntary and needless subjection of the people. The loss of manly spirit and self-respect became alarming. But as usual when a grave crisis arises a solution is at hand. The higher classes bestirred themselves. From Hallam we learn that "the clergy and especially several popes enforced it as a duty upon laymen and inveighed against the scandal of keeping Christians in bondage." The chivalrous spirit of the age responded. The practice of manumission grew rapidly, and, as Hallam further says, "as society advanced in Europe the manumission of slaves became more frequent. . . . Even where they had no legal title to property it was accounted inhuman to divest them of their little possession, nor was the poverty perhaps less tolerable upon the whole than that of the modern peasantry in most countries in Europe." But this advancement of society was accompanied by a gradual process of separation from the land of the peasant or dependent class which to-day is the proletariat, without land and at the bidding of the capitalist. Such then is the transformation. Instead of securing protection and a large measure of personal comfort at the hands of a class of landowners whose chief concern was to parade an army of retainers, workingmen, are reduced practically to selling their labour to the capitalist for a bare and uncertain means of subsistence.

The first important step in the changing condition of the labourer was in the alienating by the lord of small portions of his domain. This marks the decay of the feudal principle. The occupants being no longer required and receiving their freedom set out for pastures new. No obstacle was put in their way. Although their earnings were at their lord's disposal he seldom took them, and, as Hallam finely remarks, "But this which the rapacity of more commercial times would have instantly suggested might escape a feudal superior who, wealthy beyond all his wants, and guarded by the haughtiness of ancestry against the desire of such pitiful gains, was better pleased to win the affection of his dependents than to improve his fortune at their expense." As a fair example of the generosity of the lords, and there certainly are but few records of their oppressing in these early times, we may take the case of copyhold. The free tenants-in-villinage were allowed a copy of the entry of their *customary* right upon the court-roll a concession as binding as it was often inconvenient to the lord. Then, too, the laws for the recovery of escaped villeins were not strict. By manumission, escape and disintegration, before the end of the fourteenth century, the class of serfs and villeins had become changed into that of free labourers-for-hire. Had enfranchisement by manumission gone on and without interruption by the alienation of the labourer from the land, and by the development of capitalism, we should now have a free people upon a soil held by a free tenure, two conditions that seem absolutely necessary to the prevention of want and misery. Any system is pernicious by, or by permission of which their means of procuring direct subsistence from the land and the people themselves are separated.

In England the present land system really rose with the Restoration. "The House of Lords began during the popular rejoicing by emancipating the estates of the great landowners from their ancient liabilities at the expense of the poorest class of the community, those who were thenceforward visited by the excise" (Rogers). The estates of those freeholders who had no documentary evidence of title were confiscated and turned into tenancies-at-will. A century before the magistrates had been empowered to fix the wages of labourers and artizans. The latter were now on the very threshold of calamity. Though without rights they were tied to the soil by the law of parochial settlement. They were worse off than ever before. During the Commonwealth the employers had relaxed the severity of the laws against work-

ingmen, but after the Restoration they were put in force. "The landowners," says Prof. Rogers, "had made them (the labourers) social pariahs and serfs *without land*." The Act of Elizabeth with the magistrates' assessment had "rendered pauperism general and dangerous" and it was therefore found necessary to annex four acres to each labourer's cottage. But in the reign of George III. it was found that these little homesteads hindered the expropriation of the peasant's rights of common. For the landless, houseless peasant the poor law was provided.

Were it not for the increased and more general intelligence, though not the humanity of this age, the serfdom of the ninth century would have been exchanged for a more degrading servitude in the nineteenth. A system of local stability has become one of general instability. As men have gained in nominal freedom they have lost in comfort. The very name of labour is made a jest by the hocus-pocus of gambling stock-jobbers. Our system of commercial economy is merely a system of thimble-rigging in which the stakes are lives. Pride of birth may have carried with it an absurd affectation of superiority but the motto, "Noblesse oblige," was well understood and had a practical bearing. The history of that age did not embalm Jay Goulds, but men of chivalry like *Du Guesclin*, and the ruling, if not, universal spirit of those times partook so much of the character of romance that it seems unreal in comparison. In place of the Black Prince or Richard of the Lion Heart, we have the Nitrate King, the Oil King and the Knight of the Brazen Serpent. Yet whilst we are rapidly losing the heroic quality which pointed to the ruling of men by heroes, we have gained immeasurably in our national government which seems indeed to have gone far in advance of the aptitudes of the people themselves.

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Parisian Affairs.

THE good effects of Lord Salisbury's famous speech are relatively wearing away; but the chief corner stones of that important discourse remain—the united action of the six powers and the pledge that no member of Sextuple alliance will seek any advantage for itself at the expense of Turkey. That programme, while securing great moral force for England, is accepted as the sole solution for the precarious situation of the Sultan, and the prevention of the partition of his realm. But where is the triple, where the dual, alliance now? That is the puzzle for the French, who are in a curious mood, pessimistic and apprehensive. They see nothing but danger ahead and the inevitable unknown.

The powerful English Ministry, and the nation united like one man behind it, make a profound impression on the French. It is not an agreeable situation for a Frenchman to feel that at any moment he may be ordered to "fall in" and to march where glory waits him. Smoking-room and arm-chair politicians have no doubt that a general war is imminent. The Bulgarians are likely to counteract all the efforts of the Sextuple alliance to ward off the looming cataclysm. Their plan of campaign is becoming very clear. It may be nipped in the bud by Austria marching on Salonica—which means the cession of Trieste to Italy; Constantinople can be declared a free city, under the guardianship of all the powers, like Brussels. That implies a free waterway from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, just as exists between the Baltic and the German Ocean. Varna is discounted as a coaling station for England in the Black Sea. Russia will help herself to the hinterland of Asia Minor, while Germany will claim as much of Syria as France would demand. And the Holy Places? Who will be entrusted with the "keys"—the Latins or the Greeks—an old sore, while on the present occasion Italy, Germany, etc., may also demand a key for the Holy Sepulchres.

The United States of America, so say 'Mericans here, must have a coaling station in the Levant, and they are right to insist upon possessing such a *piéd de terre*. Italy will expect Tripolitania and a few et ceteras, while England, in addition to Egypt, will insist on the possession of some strategic islands or peninsulas, and, as usual, will commence when the débacle sets in—by helping herself. That's the work, *Vraisemblable*, if not exact—only the war can precise the takes—blocked out by cool observers. Can a Congress do anything?—next to nothing, because France

will not renounce her grip on Tunisia, England upon Egypt, nor Russia dismantle Batoum and re-make it a treaty free port. And the existing treaties? About as valuable as prize essays. Force and wealth are the Archimedean screws and levers that rule the world; all else is but leather and prunello.

The Bourgeois Cabinet, that its defeated adversaries predicted would only endure the length of a November sunset, continues to keep the even tenor of its way. It looks as if it "came to stay." It has not the slightest intention of turning the world in general, and France in particular, upside down. The ministers are very earnest, very courageous, and very resolved. They are knocking the fee faw fum element out of postponed reforms, that their predecessors had not the grit, nor the audacity to bring to the front, and that the nation has made up its mind to have voted. The Bourgeois ministry, no matter whether labelled radical or extremist, is eminently reactionist, because kicking against the policy of doing nothing of preceding cabinets, of keeping ameliorations in the Greek Kalends section of their programmes, and, instead of marching on, with or without political hallelujahs, merely executed capers before the political groundlings. Then the new cabinet—becoming every day older—is thoroughly in earnest in the cleansing of Augean stables, and in the removal of functionaries, the tritons, not the minnows—strike at the head, was Caesar's "Rome expects every man will do his duty"—whose speciality was the purest mandarinism. Even M. Berthelot, whom the *mot d'ordre* was to pooh! pooh! is now admitted to have common sense and to be brainy, although only a renowned chemist. The ablest of living statesmen—I name Lord Salisbury—is, too, a chemist. Both are also distinguished in the manipulation of the political search-light.

The 100 fr. millions for the 1900 exhibition have been secured: 20, guaranteed by the municipality; 20, by the State, and 60 taken up by the public. The legislature has only to pass the agreement, mem. con., when the works can be proceeded with, political wind and weather permitting. The Abbé Charbonnel energetically pursues his campaign, for holding a Parliament of Religions in 1900, to sow the germs of a *rapprochement* of consciences. He is opposed tooth and nail by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, who has left for Rome to secure the disapproval of the Pope, and so an extinguisher upon the movement. The Abbé declares he will resist, not as a *révolte*, but in the name of liberty. Many prelates and members of the clergy are in favour of the parliament till His Holiness speaks. The Calvinist and Israelitish churches applaud the idea, and such "lay cardinals" as Jules Simon, etc., have given it their benediction, on condition that no dogmas or the metaphysics of religion be touched upon. The parliamentary system is unpopular in France, still Parisians do not object to one more—it will have the redeeming feature of being a novelty. The materialists and atheists will also hold an anti-religious parliament. General Booth had better have an extra corps d'armée ready.

It is reported that this month will be remarkable for shooting stars; it is to be hoped they will have no relationship with the two eastern questions, because the stars and aerolites are the debris of extinct glories. Shooting stars are merely scraps of comets' tails; but meteorites are celestial boulders, with red hot calcined surfaces that would crack one's skull, as effectually as was that of Æschylus when the eagle dropped the tortoise on his bald pate—there were no hair restorers then—mistaking it for a stone. When a planet or a satellite breaks up, its chips race about in space till the sun or our earth attracts them. The big devouring the little as ever. Our planet then, isolated though it be in space, receives visits, but does not return them. The wandering stars send us their cards in the form of golden showers. We receive samples of old comets and specimens of played-out worlds: and this exchange of politeness will continue till the fragmentation of our earth ensues. By then the question of bloated armaments will be settled.

A war now rages between the single and married needlewomen. Employers lean to give work to wives with families, while the single woman insists upon the right to obtain work to live. She has the advantage over her wedded sister in being able to work in a factory, or from home. M. Honoré, the director of the Louvre Magasins, says that the painful distress among needle women is due to the substitution of machines for hand-labour, to intermediaries, who cannot be

wholly dispensed with, and to the uniform cry or passion of purchasers for cheap goods. In these questions neither the Government nor the Municipal Council can change anything.

The Carmaux strike of glass makers—now seven months standing—has received an unexpected, but happy solution. A lady has presented 100,000 frs. for M. Rocheforth to see expended in the opening of a factory to be organized and worked by the 600 hands on strike. If the idea or fashion extended for the wealthy to aid the working classes with capital to run co-operative factories, that would help to solve the antagonism between capital and labour practically.

Z.

At Street Corners.

I HAVE often wondered why the Street Railway Co., who have done so much for us in Toronto in the way of making transit easy, do not add to their deeds the virtue of making their cars conspicuously tell what route they belong to. The virtue of legibility is of much moment and the present sign-boards are altogether inadequate. I do not want to wait until a car is within a few yards of me before I can tell whence it comes or whither it goes. Nor do I want to peer, by the aid of an electric light that may just at the moment be dim, at a signboard that the driving snow may have rendered very obscure. There has been an attempt at night to have distinctive coloured lamps but the plan is not well carried out. The Railway Company is wealthy, why does it not offer a couple of prizes for the best mode of getting over this difficulty? The gain to the public by its solution would be very great.

With regard to the letter of "A Christian Scientist," which appeared in last week's issue, and the denial that the same was written by a Christian Scientist in Toronto, I have to say that the letter can be seen at the office of THE WEEK by application to the editor and satisfactory proof furnished that it was written by one who held a diploma authorizing him to practice the peculiar method of healing advocated by the Christian Scientists. I will also give another instance of this method of healing.

Some years ago at an American watering place a little babe, the child of well-to-do parents, lay sick of scarletina. There came that way a large and healthy Christian Science woman. She declared that the medical treatment which the little one was getting was not calculated to restore it to health, and so magnetic was her power of persuasion that its parents, already favourably disposed towards "Christian Science," yielded to her wishes to give it "mind treatment." It was sea air and sunshine the little one wanted, she said, and taking the babe to her ample breast, she, for a whole afternoon, walked up and down by the sad sea waves with it for she was a willing woman and a vigorous. From time to time the mother looked towards the coming and retreating figure as it perseveringly exposed the little one to the fresh air and sunshine. At last the self appointed nurse came in and gave the child to its mother's arms, saying, "It will soon be all right now." But it was a little stiff corpse that the mother received, for the sea breezes had blown the little soul away.

A correspondent writes as follows :

DEAR DIOGENES,—Going through a picture gallery a few days ago, Thomson's lines :

"Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers,"

were involuntarily recalled as one paused before a purple barn and water which reflected a bright green sky. It had to be confessed that "imagination" could indeed boast hues that were not like hers. The "proper caper" among certain artists seems to be a straining after these violent effects. *Ars est celare artem* we are told, but nowadays it seems rather as though it were to "conceal nature." The heretical sentiments I thus express doubtless presuppose, from the professional standpoint, a want of artistic taste. If, however, the qualifications necessary for being considered artistic is a belief that grass, turned up to represent the sky is an improvement on nature's handiwork, the connoisseurs will, let it be hoped, remain in the minority.

Your's truly,
PHILISTIA.

My comment on this is, *chacun a son gout*. If there were not people who appreciated green skies, I suppose green skies would not be painted.

The Military Encampment, held in the 13th Batt. Armouries, Hamilton, under the auspices of the Wentworth Historical Society, proved a genuine eye-opener to many, who had hitherto thought themselves well grounded in the history of their country. The really interesting collection exhibited in the old log cabin brought one in actual contact, as it were, with those events of the past, of which we had only read in unsympathetic type. The old stories of Canada's bygone struggles became no longer an historical "may have been" but an actual "was" in the presence of the overwhelming tangible proofs which surrounded the visitors on all sides. It is needless to add that many a noiseless victory was won over the male things who patronized the event by the charming battalions of uniformed members of the fair sex, to whose efforts is attributable the grand success of the undertaking.

DIOGENES.

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XX.*

AT WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THERE is an air of newness about Westminster Presbyterian Church in Bloor St. which seems altogether at variance with the idea of the Westminster Confession which the title of the Church suggests. The assembly of divines who drew up the creeds and catechisms which have ever since been more or less the doctrinal standards of Presbyterians sat from 1643 to 1647. But the church in Bloor street is as spick and span as if it had only got out of the contractor's hands last week. Its snug modernity stops on this side of architectural grandeur, though its stone front, with a handsome tower and a spire of red tiles looks decidedly smart and up to date. The stone work goes no farther than the front, the body of the church being of brick, while at the rear are some of the most commodious and pleasant Sunday School rooms and other church offices in Toronto. The interior is perhaps a trifle smart for a Presbyterian church, and it may be said that it altogether escapes the heaviness that is sometimes confounded with dignity. It is not impressive, but it is very comfortable and pretty. A handsome organ stands at the end of the church, behind the pulpit, its prevailing colours seem to my memory to be gold with a touch of red, and some of its pipes are massive, with smaller ones ranging off into a sort of perspective on either side. In front of this are the crowded choir-pews, for the singing at this church is a striking feature of its *menage*. The ceiling of the oblong auditorium is a sea-green arch supported on iron pillars, from which smaller arches run laterally to the walls which are broken at regular intervals by tall windows with semi-circular heads. There are plenty of windows so that the church is light. The pews are of reddish wood with crimson cushions. The carpets are crimson. There is an arch, with a rococo ornamented stripe around it, over the recess in which the organ stands. From the centre of the ceiling hang considerable gaseliers which are also fitted with electric lights. The ornamental iron work in front of the gallery does not adhere to straight lines, but has a curved sweep in it distinctly gay. I should have fancied myself in a Methodist church rather than a Presbyterian, and having attended two services there, I am of opinion that the

* The articles which have already appeared in this series are :— I. Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Feb. 22nd. II. The Jews' Synagogue, March 1st. III. A proposed visit that was stopped by fire, March 8th. IV. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, March 15th. V. St. James' Cathedral, March 22nd. VI. The Bond Street Congregational Church, March 29th. VII. Jarvis Street Baptist Church, April 5th. VIII. St. James Square Presbyterian Church, April 12th. IX. At the Church of S. Simon the Apostle, April 19th. X. Rev. W. F. Wilson at Trinity Methodist Church, April 26th. XI. Rev. Wm. Patterson at Cooke's Church, May 3rd. XII. St. Peter's Church, Carlton Street, May 10th. XIII. At the Friends' Meeting House, May 17th. XIV. At the Unitarian Church, Jarvis Street, May 24th. XV. At Holy Trinity Church, May 31st. XVI. At St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Jarvis Street, Sept. 27th. XVII. At St. Paul's Anglican Church, Bloor Street East, Oct. 4th. XVIII. At the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Oct. 18th. XIX. At Grace Church, Elm Street, Nov. 15th.

Presbyterianism of the Westminster Church is of the bright, lively, popular variety. The services and sermons are not tiresome. Neither are they marked by that massiveness and severe dignity which one associates with some Presbyterian churches. The Psalms are sung to lively tunes, the prayers are short, there is an anthem by the choir during the offertory and the sermon is rapid, sketchy, and illustrative. I have been in scarcely any church in Toronto with less of the traditional flavour of past days in it. Those old divines sitting in Henry VII's chapel, discussing catechisms and confessions of faith, I never thought of them once. I doubt if the congregation could stand a sermon of the heavy theological sort, such as some of their ancestors listened to with gusto a century ago.

There was a very good congregation present at both services on Sunday, and it is evident that the church and its services are very attractive to a highly respectable and intelligent class of people. They may be said to occupy the centre of one of the best church-going districts in Toronto. I do not know whether the pews are as wide from back to front as they are at most churches, or whether less room is given to aisles than is usual, but certainly the effect is produced of a solidly-massed congregation. You have the feeling of joining in the services with a crowded assembly, whereby a sort of electric touch of sympathy and contact is maintained which is altogether impossible with a sparse attendance. In the singing exercises, too, the congregation keeps up to time far better than is usual, even in the back rows, where it is a common thing for people to be a beat or two behind the choir. Something of this may be due to the admirable acoustic properties of Westminster Church, and I am inclined to think that the arched roof, with its hanging, many-branched lamps has something to do with it. Whether by happy accident or design, the building is certainly well-adapted in every way for a fraternal, worshipping assembly.

Nowhere is the tendency towards a full attendance more manifest than in the choir pews in front of the organ. Seats there, and even standing room, are evidently at a premium. The organ is ably manipulated by a lady organist who has a capital notion of "time," while the proper modulation and phrasing give evidence of careful leadership. There are also several particularly good voices, while the general average of choral ability is high. The anthems on Sunday were rather of the religio-sentimental than the ecclesiastical order. They were more appeals to poetic feeling than ascriptions of praise. They were sung in a touching and impressive manner. Sometimes there was an interval for a solo or a quartette and in such case the vocalization left nothing to be desired, while the deportment of the members of the choir was reverent and devotional. It may be said, indeed, that a proper behaviour in the "house of the Lord" is a mark of those who attend this church.

On Sunday morning last the services were conducted in the absence of the pastor, Rev. John Neil, B.A., by a retired missionary of advanced years, who has laboured among the lepers of India. He was a spare ascetic looking man with white hair and beard, and his rather prominent eyebrows shadowed keen and penetrating eyes. His style was severely simple, never wandering into the ornate and oratorical, and he preached a sermon of the old school, in which he emphasized the atonement as the central doctrine of the scriptures. He said that if this were taken away from the Bible it would be of no more value than the Hindoo Shasters, the books of Confucius, or any other of the sacred books of heathen religions. His text being, "My flesh is meat indeed and My blood is drink indeed," he took the opportunity of controverting to some extent the doctrine of transubstantiation, and dwelt much on the mystical assimilation of the spirit of Christ by believers, deprecating rational interpretations and the obstacle of regarding the truth of the text by the light of fallible human reason. It was a sermon to make one think and it prompted questions that many people long to have answered. It is the fashion of the preaching of the day to avoid to a great extent controversial questions. The sermon of Sunday morning made at least one hearer think of years ago when definite doctrinal theology formed the chief material of pulpit discourses.

Rev. John Neil, B.A., who was in his accustomed place in the evening, looks a somewhat imposing and dignified figure in the pulpit in his ministerial black gown and bands. He is an active, well-set-up man in the prime of life, with a substantial head from which the hair has somewhat retired,

so that its liberal cranial development is fully observable. What remains is iron grey, and the rev. gentleman wears a moustache. The head is of the Bismarckian type, but Mr. Neil has not the bushy eyebrows and rugged look of the great ex-chancellor. He gives you the idea of a sane, well-balanced, vigorous personality. There is nothing distinctively clerical about him. He might pass for a successful barrister or a prominent business man who is inclined to look on the sunny side of things, and who finds a good deal of satisfaction in the daily round of his duties and the recreations with which they are interspersed. His aspect does not convey the impression of one who will spend his days pondering on the insoluble problems of life, or will even be much troubled by them; he will rather turn to the work that lies next to his hand and do it with all his might. A cheerful activity pervades his pulpit style and is observable in every vigorous gesture and movement. Quite at home in his ministerial duties and with perfect *aplomb*, he has a pleasant voice and a very great facility of speech, never pausing for a word, so that sometimes the word seems a little in advance of the thought. So much is this the case that a deliberate person would feel a little hurried by his manner, it is so prompt and business-like that suggests the gospel-while-you-wait idea. One sentence succeeds another so rapidly that you would not have time to take them in if they were at all difficult. All, however, is facile. The style is that of an elegantly written primer of rudiments, and if the preacher spoke twice as fast, you would have no difficulty in keeping up with him. The sermon on Sunday night was from the verses in which the Apostle, after urging the "putting on of the whole armour of God," enumerates the different pieces thereof. Nothing could be more pleasing or pictorial than the way in which the probable origin of the words was sketched. Paul in his own hired house at Rome, but chained to a Roman soldier, who, after serving an allotted time was replaced by another, was clearly put before us. Then the typical quality of the various articles of warfare was to some extent described. Here, however, the preacher had set himself a somewhat difficult feat, and the differentiation was scarcely clear. The sword was very much like the breastplate, and the helmet was of the same nature as the shoes. But the great lack of the discourse was that the deep seriousness of the conflict in which the Christian has to engage,—a hand to hand struggle in which flesh and heart often fail and the smoke and blood and sweat of which are enough to try the strongest faith—was scarcely apparent. It was as though the sword, breastplate and spear were gay properties, to be used in some sunny tournament where all was bright and delightful. The deeps of life were not touched

J.R.N.

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Music and the Drama.

NOTICE that Robert Freund, the great Hungarian pianist, will arrive in the United States sometime early in the new year and give a series of concerts throughout the country. He will be assisted by Miss Lillian Sanderson who is said to be an unusually gifted and charming singer. I have never heard Freund play, but have always understood that he is a very poetic and impassioned performer, and stamps everything with his own individuality. Artists flit across the Atlantic now-a-days as easily as going from Buffalo to New York a few years ago: a good thing for this country, as the people are thus enabled to hear many famous artists which in itself is more or less of an education. Freund was a Liszt pupil. Did you ever think how many of the present day celebrated pianists were pupils of Liszt? For instance:—Emil Sauer, Alfred Reisenauer, Moriz Rosenthal, Bernard Stavenhagen, Eugen d' Albert, Arthur Friedheim, Alexander Siloti, Sophie Menter, and others who are all in the very first rank. Speaking of Friedheim reminds me that he has been giving recitals in Copenhagen this fall with tremendous success.

Rivarde is a most refined violinist. In *legato* he is particularly entrancing, as his tone is exquisite in its purity and mellowness. He is not unlike Sarasate in looks, as he is dark and slender, and he wears his hair in the same fluffy, disordered manner. He has not, however, the passion or brilliancy of the distinguished Spaniard. His playing of the Greig Sonata in G, op 13, for piano and violin, with Mons Aime Lachaume at the piano, at the Foresters concert, was really beautiful, although the piano somewhat overweighted

the violin. I have read many times that Grieg is not successful in the composition of Sonatas, as the form is too severe for him. I do not agree with this verdict. His three sonatas for piano and violin in F, G and C minor in themselves refute such statements. The themes are fresh and spontaneous, and the working out amazingly imaginative, and thrillingly effective. If a sonata has to be calculatively and pedantically dry, without any sweep or freedom, then certainly Grieg is not a sonata composer. Lachaume is a splendid pianist, and I admire him greatly. His tone is magnificent, full and authoritative, and his touch and execution unerring and full of charm. He plays musically also, and with much artistic abandon. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson have improved greatly, and were lustily cheered. But then they deserved it, for their work was finished, and carried a certain conviction of sincerity.

I did not hear Victor Herbert and his fine band, nor was I able to attend any of the Thanksgiving concerts, which, I am told, were very excellent, especially that given under the direction of Mr. T. C. Jeffers in the Central Methodist Church on Bloor Street.

The issue of the New York Musical Courier, Nov. 13, is a superb number. Besides the usual amount of musical news from everywhere and the contributed articles by the paper's own staff of excellent writers, several pages are devoted to descriptions of the Carnegie Music Hall and Library in Pittsburg. Apparently it is a magnificently appointed structure and will be a lasting monument to the generosity of the donor, after whom it is named, Andrew Carnegie. It contains a splendid organ and the great organist Frederic Archer has been engaged at a very large yearly salary to give two or three free organ recitals each week.

There is a very funny picture of Brahms, the great Vienna composer, in the "Raconteur's" column in the above mentioned issue of the Courier which amused me greatly. I have seen him frequently with just such an outfit on in Ischl where he spends the summer; a massive intellectual head and large, although short, body enclosed in the most ill-fitting garments, or at least they looked so. If I remember correctly his trousers were either several inches too short or else rolled up London fashion, and his coat, a well-worn one made of tweed, with long flowing tails. It is comical enough, but what a master? The profundity and depth of his music amazes one, it is so inexhaustible, yet when one gets to its very core the purling ripples of its harmony and enticing melody repays one for the study a hundred fold. Still I often think of this colossal music thinker, as I used to see him in lovely Ischl, walking along the beautiful paths, or drinking his coffee in the Café Walther, by the swift running river Traun, which, at this moment, will be murmuring its own silvery song as it glides rapidly on to the sea. The waters of the river are as clear as crystal, the current is rapid, the banks are fringed with exquisite green, and away above are the mountains many of which are capped with snow. Brahms lives there from May until October, and amidst such surroundings, where the air is the purest, he composes his wonderfully rich music teeming with genuine inspiration and the thoughts of a noble mind.

W. O. FORSYTH.

The usual Thanksgiving concert took place at the Central Methodist Church on the evening of the 21st inst. The choir, under the direction of Mr. T. C. Jeffers, rendered a number of choruses in a highly creditable manner. Several readings were given by Miss Jessie Alexander, and vocal solos were contributed by Mr. Harold Jarvis and by members of the choir. The church was filled to overflowing and the audience gave evidence of its enjoyment by granting numerous recalls.

M. Charles LeSimple, a noted European violoncellist, who has been spending the summer in Canada, and has recently played at a number of concerts in the principal cities of Ontario and Quebec, is staying for a few days in Toronto. It is hoped that arrangements will be made for him to appear here in public before leaving the Province. He has been received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and certainly his fine technique, his virile style, and the remarkably sweet tone which he draws from his instrument would win for him a like recognition in this city.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

On Thanksgiving Day a Musical Service was given in the West Presbyterian Church, under Mr. W. J. McNally's direction, which appears to show that the prejudice hitherto existing among the members in regard to services of the kind is weakening daily. This is encouraging, and no doubt is largely due to the excellent choir and the good work generally done by Mr. McNally.

The pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds gave a very fine recital in the hall of the Conservatory of Music on the 18th which reflected highly on their talented instructress.

On Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 12th, the pupils of St. Joseph's Convent gave an entertainment in honour of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto. The entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music, and a festal drama. This drama, we understand, was written by one of the Sisters, and was exceedingly pretty. Miss Nordell, as the Crown-Bearer, and little Miss Herson, as Canada, might be singled out for special notice, though all the young ladies taking part acquitted themselves creditably. The choral class did good work in the choruses, while the instrumental music was well rendered. Miss Herson sang Millard's "Ave Maria" with good effect. The whole entertainment was a success, and this success was largely owing to the efforts of Miss Bowes and Miss Hillary, who had charge respectively of the drama and the music. At the close the Archbishop, in a few well-chosen words, thanked the pupils for the pleasant entertainment they had given him.

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Art Notes.

WATTS has painted at least two portraits of Leighton—now Sir Frederick, and president of the Academy; but the early one—a romantic treatment of a handsome subject, and a deep-toned, richly-coloured picture—remains in my mind as one of my first and most pleasurable recollections of the official leader of English Art. Another of those recollections is a long picture representing a formal procession of well-dressed Greeks—if one may so describe the compatriots of Homer—who were passing before the eyes of the spectator along a marble terrace bounded by pines of somber hue and formal growth. This scholarly composition (with a name a trifle too scholarly for recollection) made a deep and almost sad impression on my youthful mind; and although, as far as I remember, there were no positive signs of mourning in the picture, I was wont to recall it in after years as a funeral procession. The picture was more noteworthy, then, on the Academy walls, than it would be now when not only Tadema and Leighton are occupied with Grecian subjects, but Schmalz, Wegeulin, Poynter and half a dozen others: and the effect of a group of stately men and maidens in the draperies of the Parthenon freizes, when surrounded by *genre* pictures of the English school, conventional portraits, and the drab-coloured pastorals of Sidney Cooper, was very striking and impressive.

Leighton's interest in the people of ancient Greece is perfectly genuine; his classicism is not the effect of a long course of academic training, but is the sincere expression of a great love for beautiful form: and, as no period of the world's history produced men and women of nobler mould, nor garments more suitable for the display of graceful line, his mind is filled with visions of this day of Athen's glory. His women are Helens, Daphnes, Junos, nymphs, and courtizans; his men are heroes of the Isthmean games, quoitthrowers, Arcadian shepherds, satyrs, Ganymedes, Apollos and Hectors. His manner of dealing with these subjects is not of the correctly antiquarian sort. He is presumably familiar with the facts relating to the manner of life of the ancients—the architectural details of their houses and temples; the style and pattern of their dresses, etc.—but his presentment of these classic themes is in the broadest and most decorative spirit. Splendour of colour and grace of line are the great charms of his designs; and he never attempts to display, realistically, the facts of Athenian life. That he is familiar with these facts is, I repeat, eminently probable, but his pictures display anacronisms almost as palpable as those of the Italian masters. An Alexandrian feast by Sir Frederick Leighton would have the sumptuous breadth of a Venetian banquet scene and would be almost as untrue to the actual facts; but the Fates preserve us from those antiquarian painters who busy themselves with the texture

of Grecian table napkins (if they ever used them) and the quality of Pericles' favourite pickles!

Looked at as a subject for biography Leighton should present attractive features to the writer. His precocity was so remarkable that, when still a boy, the sculptor, Hiram Powers, predicted that he could succeed as an artist almost to any extent that he chose. Physically, he is endowed with a fine constitution, a well set-up figure, and a head that has earned him the nickname of "Apollo." He is a remarkably gifted linguist; a polished speaker; and, I am told, a good lecturer to the students of the Academy schools. His tastes are luxurious. His house is palatial—bronzes, marble tapestries and fountains give an almost Eastern sumptuousness to the scene within the walls of his residence in Holland Park Road. He is something of a musician, too, and his face is a familiar one at the better class of London concerts—and it is a notable face.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Dictionary of National Biography.*

THERE are perhaps fewer names of the first rank, or even of the second rank, in this volume than in most of its predecessors, but this does not really detract from the interest of its contents, which are as full, as varied, and as accurate as we have always found them. Indeed there is no one in the first rank at all, unless we would place there Pelagius, the heresiarch; or Penda, the old wolf of Mercia; and both of them were not a little troublesome in their time.

The volume begins with the Pastons, and the most interesting point in this connection is the quiet assumption of the genuineness of the Paston letters, a matter which was fiercely contested not long ago. Now, we suppose the matter is definitely settled and needs no further discussion. Soon after leaving the Pastons we come upon a very interesting and appreciative article on Mr. Walter Pater, by Mr. Edmund Gosse. We find that his complete name was Walter Horatio Pater, and we are glad to learn that the coldness which had sprung between him and Professor Jarrett was removed before their death. The latter, it is said, greatly appreciated Mr. Pater's volume on Platonism which we can well believe.

The Rev. Mr. Olden writes very pleasantly on the great St. Patrick, pronounces him to be, by birth, a Scotchman, without noticing some recent themes which point in another direction, and gives a very sufficient account of his doings. The writer's remarks on St. Patrick's conciliar doings seem to imply a rather limited acquaintance with the work of the Church synods.

The name of the martyred Bishop Patteson is duly honoured by the new Dean of Ripon, Dr. Fremantle, and it is indeed a name to be kept in remembrance—of one who did much for Christianity by his life and by his death. Near him stands a very different man, with only one letter altered in his surname, Mr. Mark Pattison, the late rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. There are few memoirs in the volume of a deeper or almost of a more painful interest than the story of this eminent scholar, whose inner history was marked by such revolutions and yet such steady development. Few will leave a line unread.

Poor Sir John Dean Paul is commemorated briefly, a number of Paulets (or Poulets, or Powlets) come in for mention, all of them apparently of the same Somersetshire stock. No reference is made to the tragedy which is at present only the subject of a newspaper paragraph, but which will, some day, belong to history. Then we have Paxtons and Paynes, and Payne Smith and Peabody. Sir Joseph Paxton achieved the distinction of designing the erection of the building for the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851, and its subsequent removal, as the Crystal Palace, to Sydenham. Mr. Joseph Payne made important contributions to the subject of elementary education. Dr. Payne Smith, late Dean of Canterbury, was an excellent Syrian scholar; and everybody knows what Mr. Peabody was and did.

Then we have Peacocks and Pecoaks—some of them

quite important; and Pearsons—Mr. C. H. Pearson, the historian, who was rather roughly handled (for his good) by Dr. E. A. Freeman (after his manner)—and the great Pearson to whose learned work in defence of the Epistles of St. Ignatius, and his still greater work on the Creed, full justice is done by the Rev. Mr. Saunders. "Peden the Prophet" comes in for a very interesting sketch by Mr. T. F. Henderson, who, however, gives no opinion as to the character of the prophecies which were part of the Christian religion, at one time, in some districts in Scotland.

Perhaps the most important article, in some respects at least, in the whole volume is that devoted to the great Sir Robert Peel. Although written by one of his own name, the memoir is eminently just from beginning to end, and has some words which might well be meditated by politicians or statesmen of every age: "In an age of European revolutions, Peel may alone be said to have had the foresight and the strength to form a Conservative party, resting not on force or on corruption, but on administrative capacity and the more stable portion of the public will. As for his more specific achievements they are a mitigation of the vigour of the penal laws, a sound financial system, a free unrivalled commerce, the security of our persons from civil disorder, and the cheapness of our daily bread. Other political leaders may be credited with a more original eloquence, a greater obedience to the ties of party, or a stricter adherence in age to the political principles which animated their youth. But no other statesman has proved more conclusively that the promotion of the welfare of his countrymen was the absorbing passion of his life."

Among other papers of interest we may note one on Peele, the dramatist; then one on Pelham, and on Penns, one on Pelagius, one on Penda, some excellent articles on the Percies, and a first rate, smart, useful article on Samuel Pepys.

Prophets of Israel.*

WE have read this book with much profit and great pleasure. It is well got up and well printed. Doctor Cornill's fascination and charm of style loses nothing in this excellent translation. The frontispiece reproduces Michael Angelo's "Moses."

The purpose of this little book is to popularize the results of the recent Old Testament study. It explains the nature and import of Israelitic prophecy and exhibits the position it occupies in the history of the religion of Israel. The historical conditions and the contemporary environment of the various prophets are portrayed, their significance, their peculiar original achievements briefly characterized, and finally the attempt made to assign and establish for each prophet in the developmental process of the religion of Israel his logical and organic position—in what respect his influence was promotive, and in what respect reactionary; so that the book may be viewed as a brief sketch, giving only the salient and important outlines of the religious history of Israel from Moses down to the time of the Maccabees.

This programme is faithfully carried out with great, though suppressed, learning and greater brilliancy. Though we cannot always accept our author's critical position we never fail to find illumination and inspiration. Doctor Cornill is Professor of Old Testament history in the University of Königsberg and a disciple of De Wette, who has learned much from the labours of Wellhausen, Kuenen, Duhm, Stade and Smend. He opens his work thus: "I must preface my remarks with the statement, which is to-day not superfluous, that I regard the traditions of Israel concerning its ancient history on the whole as historical." We question whether at this time of day it can be substantiated that "the oldest accounts we have of Moses are five hundred years later than his time," but notwithstanding this rather astounding assumption Dr. Cornill regards "Moses as the founder of the Israelitic religion—Jehovah, alone the God of Israel, who suffers no one and nothing beside Him, who will belong entirely and exclusively to this people, but will also have this people belong entirely and exclusively to Him, so that it shall be a pure and pious people, whose whole life, even in apparently most public and worldly matters, is a service of

* "Dictionary of National Biography." Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XLIV. Paston-Percy. Price \$3.75. New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

* "The Prophets of Israel." By Carl Heinrich Cornill, translated by Sutton F. Corkran. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1895.

God, and this God source and shield of all justice and all morality—these must have all been the genuine and specific thoughts of Moses."

We wish we could follow further this brilliant exposition by a man who believes that "the whole history of humanity has produced nothing which can be compared in the remotest degree to the prophecy of Israel. . . . Let this never be overlooked nor forgotten: the costliest and noblest treasure that man possesses he owes to Israel and to Israelitic prophecy."

* * *

Recent Fiction.*

"**MOLLY Darling**," by Mrs. Hungerford, is a volume of stories which are trifling and pretty. The same *motif* runs through all. The course of true love never did run smooth. We cannot honestly say that the stories add to Mrs. Hungerford's reputation as an authoress nor do they deserve extended notice.

"Tales of an Engineer" are written by an enthusiast in railway matters. A description of a thousand mile trip on this continent is followed by an account of a voyage across the Atlantic, and that by a description of an English, a French and a continental railway. The most amusing chapter in the book is an account of the railway between Jerusalem and Joppa. Apparently the author knows how to keep his hand on the throttle, but we fear, to judge from the verses at the end of the book, he cannot write poetry. The prose tales are well told; the verse is feeble and ought not to have been published.

"A Magnificent Young Man" is simply rubbish of the worst kind. How the author of such good work as "Bootles Babies" could produce this stuff we cannot understand. The hero is a fool, the heroine uncommonly silly, and there is not one single character in the book worth remembering.

"Lady Bonnie's Experiment" is another collection of stories which might just as well have been left unwritten. They not only do not add to the reputation of the author but they positively detract from it.

"A Singular Life," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is a beautiful story. This book is so good that if we had space it deserves a lengthened review. The life of an earnest young minister in a down east fishing town is most feelingly described. His efforts to rescue the perishing are set forth; and with it all is intertwined a love story of a delicate and sympathetic strain which appeals to every sentiment of romance. The last scene of all is worked up with a natural effect which makes the reader single out the book as one to be remembered. We cannot recommend a better book for a

*"Molly Darling and Other Stories." Mrs. Hungerford, author of "Molly Bawn," "Phyllis," etc. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Autonym Library. 1895.

"Tales of an Engineer with Rhymes of the Rail." A. Warman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25. 1895.

"A Magnificent Young Man." John Strange Winter, author of "Bootles Babies," etc. London and Bombay: Geo. Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

"Lady Bonnie's Experiment" Tyne Hopkins, author of "The Nugents of Carriconna," "The Incomplete Adventurer," etc. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1895. Buckram Series.

"A Singular Life." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Riverside Press. \$1.25. 1895.

"A Ringby Lass and Other Stories." By Mary Beaumont. Illustrations by J. Walter West. Macmillan's Iris Series. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

"The Nimble Dollar, with Other Stories, By Charles Miner Thompson. Riverside Press. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00. 1895.

"Through Russian Snows: A Tale of the Russian Campaign of 1812." By G. A. Henty. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50. 1895.

"A Knight of the White Cross: A tale of the Siege of Rhodes." By G. A. Henty. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50. 1895.

"Daniel Defoe's Journal of the Plague Year." Edited, with notes, by George Rice Carpenter. Longmans' English Classics. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

"A Bubble." A story by L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," "The Baby's Grandmother," etc. The Aemé Library Westminster: A. Constable & Co. 1895.

"Kafir Stories." By William Charles Scully, author of "Poems," etc. Autonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin 1895.

"A Chosen Few: Short Stories." By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

present to young people than "A Singular Life." It will give them a high ideal and make them understand that there is something better to go by than the trash they so often get—and yet, not in the least "goody."

"A Ringby Lass" and other stories we can also cordially recommend. The fragrance of an English garden hangs about the pages of the story of "the Ringby lass." "Poor Jack" is a very pathetic tale, almost too sad. There is also a curious Norwegian story, "The White Christ," which is worth reading.

"The Nimble Dollar" is a pleasant contrast to the general run of story. There is some humour in it and the characters with their dry sayings and their curious doings give one a relief from overstrained sentiment or clap-trap horrors. This book, also, we are able to safely recommend, and to say that its readers will have a pleasant hour or so. The last story of the book, which deals with the fright of a small boy got through the silly but unintentional act of an elder brother is, we imagine, founded on fact. It is certainly a fright which might easily be caused exactly in the way described.

Any father or uncle who wishes to give a small boy or young lad a Christmas box cannot go wrong in giving either of Mr. Henty's books "Through Russian Snows" or "A Knight of the White Cross." We prefer the former. There is considerable ingenuity shown in getting two brothers, one on the Russian side and the other on the French side, in the Napoleonic expedition into Russia in 1812. An account of a duel between a fire-eater and one of the brothers is very well told. The adventures of the other brother with the smugglers and then in the French army are all consistently enough worked up.

"The Knight of the White Cross" introduces an English boy as a Knight of St. John in the island of Rhodes. His adventures with the slaves are the best part of the book. We hope all uncles and aunts who have promising nephews will take the hint and invest in one or both of these books.

As to the next book on our list, "A Long Vacation," by Charlotte M. Yonge, we fear Miss Yonge's many admirers will be disappointed. We do not wish to write harshly of so old a friend as the author of "The Daisy Chain," but we feel that this book is a disappointment. The characters are jumbled up. The situations are strained and there is a current of Pharasaical self-satisfaction running through the book. We wish it had not been written. "The Daisy Chain" was a beautiful book in its time. It is not easy to revive in these days the feelings which were then dominant in a certain section of the middle-class. Even if it were possible this book is not the one to do it. It would repel instead of attract, and defeat its very laudable object.

Defoe's "Year of the Plague" has been selected as a text book for school boys. We must say we pity them. We cannot understand the selection. A more dreary book to read we do not know. There are isolated passages in it of vivid ghastly description, but the bulk of it is very heavy reading. In this edition there is an elaborate and useful preface by the editor. But we protest most decidedly against the selection of the book as a school text book. School is often bad enough, but to have the *Plague* of Defoe rammed down the throats of scholars as a text book is too bad. Of the edition itself we have nothing but praise, but why choose a book from which to teach English, which, on every page, requires explanatory notes to make clear the sense on account of obsolete phrases or unimportant local allusions. Whoever chose this book it seems to us blundered cruelly.

"A Bubble," by Mrs. Walford, is an exceedingly pretty story. It is the old fable of the moth and the candle reproduced in the shape of a modern young lady and a Scotch student. The poor young fellow loses his head and his heart at the same time and General Mauleverer and his charming daughter find themselves in an exceedingly unpleasant position. A good fellow named Havering appears on the scene too soon for the student's peace of mind, for the bubble bursts with sad results. It is a pathetic book and will repay perusal.

"Kafir Stories," by William Chas. Scully are very powerfully written. We do not know that we can single out one above the other. We do not know any set of tales which we have found, on the average, more impressive. There is a local colour about these stories which gives them an air of verisimilitude very direct in its effects. A glossary of South African terms is provided for the use of the unin-

initiated, but it is not much required because the stories so strongly speak for themselves. If we were called upon to select the most typical we would hesitate. "Ghamba" is a reminder of Gagoal and her friends. "The Fundamental Axiom," illustrating the old maxim *naturam si furca expellas tamen usque recurrit*. To some extent these tales are echoes of Rider Haggard, but they have an individuality of their own and we cordially recommend them.

"A Chosen Few" is a collection of tales grouped together as representative of Mr. Stockton's best-known work in this line. It contains selections from "The Lady or the Tiger"; "The Christmas Wreck"; "The Watchmaker's Wife"; "The Bee-man of Orn." It is published in the Cameo Edition and has as a frontispiece a handsome etched portrait of the author, who is represented as seated at his writing-desk. As regards the binding, letter-press, etc., it is sufficient to say that it is in Messrs. Scribner's best style. The published price is: Half calf, g.t., \$2.75; half levant, \$3.50; cloth, \$1.25. That the selection has been judiciously made will appear from the fact that it includes "A Tale of Negative Gravity" and "The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke," stories which the late R. L. Stevenson has marked out for especial commendation; "His Wife's Deceased Sister," "The Lady or the Tiger," "A Piece of Red Calico," all old favourites whose composition, we learn from the preface, was occasioned by actual experiences of the author. It is interesting to note that "Thomas Hyke" was written in emulation of Clark Russell, the writer's aim being to describe some sort of a shipwreck which had never yet been made the subject of a story. These stories, and, in fact, all the stories contained in this volume, are too well known to need a notice. Among many old friends, however, the present writer has been fortunate enough to find a new one—"Asaph." Richer and more delicate humour than is contained in this story of a man "who liked to use his head so that other's hands might work for him," and who endeavoured to barter his wealthy sister's hand for the replenishment of his wardrobe, it would be hard to find. Whatever may be one's opinion of Mr. Stockton's ability to compose long stories with intricate plots, he is certainly king in the realm of short stories, and every one of the present series is such a work of art that it will stand frequent re-reading.

* * *

As it Was in the Fifties*

WE do not know who "Kim Bilir" is, but we wish we did for a stronger story than "As it Was in the Fifties" we have rarely read. It is the account of the adventures in America of a young Englishman of Welsh descent, by name Evan Evans. The young man is not very fairly treated by his father and dissatisfied with his fate decides to leave England to go to the gold mines. He has heard accounts of the gold discoveries in British Columbia and determines to go out there. His uncle, "Uncle Bob," who is a very charming old naval officer, helps him most materially and the interview between him and Evans' father is very amusingly described. On the voyage across the Atlantic Evans saves the life of a young fellow-passenger and makes the acquaintance of a poor Irish family named Murphy. Two of his fellow-passengers—an American lady, Mrs. Beck, and her rival, "The Honourable Sweet P," are very well drawn. On reaching New York his adventures begin. A trip up the Hudson gives him an introduction to some poker sharps and a very lively game in which "four sevens" figure against a "full house" opens his eyes to the mysteries of poker. When he returns to the city he finds that his outfit and spare cash have been burned with his hotel. The consolation he got is described as follows:—

Just then he caught sight of a man whom he recognized as the hotel clerk amongst the crowd looking on at the ruins. He immediately accosted him and stated his claim.

"Kept a chest with an outfit worth £150 and £60 in English notes up in your room, did you? Read the notice over the bell?"

Evan had to confess that he didn't think he had read it.

"Clause xi. Proprietors will not be responsible for damage or loss arising from any cause whatsoever to any property belonging to guests in this hotel unless such goods have been deposited in the

office and checks obtained for same," quoted the clerk glibly. "Got any checks?"

Evans said "No."

"That let's us out," answered the hotel clerk.

Fortunately, Evans meets an English nobleman who is living in New York as Mr. Armitage and is a sort of city missionary. This character is not as strong as the others in the book and might be considered impossible did we not in Canada remember Lord Cecil. Through Lord Armitage's intervention Evans pulls up his loss and starts at last for San Francisco. He then disappears. The Murphy family re-appear and Mr. Murphy who, after seven years, had landed out at the Pacific coast, has blossomed out into being the proprietor of a miners' bar. The man whom Evans had saved, Jim Fink, also turns up, being a friend of the daughter of the family, Martha Murphy. A lively picture follows of the doings in Murphy's Bar. A Judge Lynch Court tries a man whose offence is thus described:—

"Boys," he said, "this here's a pretty serious business, and has got to be dealt with right here. This gold-durned Britisher is accused of having insulted the flag of the United States. He is further accused of having called it a dirty rag. That is the charge against him."

The sentence of the court is unique:—

"As I was about to remark, the sentence of this honourable court is that the prisoner at the bar be condemned to pay a fine of one hundred dollars, to be expended in drinks on this honourable crowd, and, furthermore, that he gets upon this honourable platform and sings 'God—the Queen;' in default of which he shall be taken from this honourable court and planted up to his neck in the sands upon the shore of the Pacific ocean and there left to be devoured by the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and all that in them is."

How it was carried out must be learned from the book. The scene is one of the most thrilling and pathetic we have read. If Her Majesty could know the devotion which many a poor fellow, utterly unknown to fame, has shown in her cause it would make her feel wretched to think that to them personally she can do so little in recognition. Fortunately, the sentiment is its own reward. Loyalty to the Crown is part of a British heart and to be true to the Queen is just as natural as to be true to one's sweetheart. It is a feeling, too, which lasts to the end and often comes out, is, in fact, often called out at the last supreme moment of life.

Evans rejoins the Murphy family, and the love of Martha Murphy for him leads to many sad complications. Jim Fink's devotion and his affection for Evans are sorely tried but survive and triumph. Towards the end of the book we are re-introduced to the Evans family in England. The wanderer's absence has been so long that he has become a dim memory to all except his "little mother." How he returns and the reception he gets must be read in the book.

We trust that "Kim Bilir," whoever he is, will no longer hide his light under a bushel. On the Pacific Coast doubtless he is well known. We observe by the preface that the story originally appear in The Province newspaper of British Columbia, but from here to there is a "far cry" and we desire to welcome a new, strong Canadian author under his own name. We cordially recommend this book.

* * *

Letters to the Editor.

THE QUESTION OF A CONFLICT BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

SIR,—Having read the article in THE WEEK, "Delenda est Carthago," and the Rey. Principal Grant's strictures there upon, with THE WEEK's comments, I wish to say that I believe the views of THE WEEK are the more correct of the two. For more than forty years I have been a constant and close observer of the attitude maintained by the Government and people of the United States towards England and Canada. I have frequently visited the States and several times sojourned there a considerable time. Three years ago I passed nearly a year there. Besides I have met a great many of their people who were visiting Canada with whom I took occasion to converse respecting the international relations of the two nations. And I have this to say,—that I believe there is an unalterable intention, or determination, handed down from administration to administration at Washington, to seize the first opportunity presented by an untoward position of England,—where her hands may be tied by some fierce struggle in the old world, to find a pretext, as in 1812, to declare war against her and invade Canada. It is all very well to talk about the better element

* "As it Was in the Fifties." By "Kim Bilir," author of "Three Letters of Credit" and other stories. Victoria, B.C.: The Province Publishing Company. 1895.

among the people of the States; but it would be found totally impotent to control or reverse the long-held desire to have the stars and stripes floating over the whole continent. At the close of their civil war a United States newspaper had at the top of the column containing the announcement of the surrender of the Southern forces these words: "No pent up Utica contracts our powers; the whole continent is ours." This, I believe, is the motto, virtually, of the nation. The motive to secure this condition lies at the foundation of all their conduct towards Great Britain. It is the main-spring of action of all their statecraft. It requires no close scanning to detect it all along the century of their national life. It is seen, notably, in Webster's double dealing and in the purchase of Alaska; and almost innumerable instances might be given. It is a common belief in all parts of the States that Canada could be easily conquered, that many Canadians are in favour of union with the States. In their supreme egotism they cannot believe that Canada could hold her own, or that any other Anglo-Saxon nation could co-exist with theirs on this continent.

There seems to be only one way of averting an ultimate conflict between England and the States with respect to Canada, as I pointed out some years ago as a possible event in the future (for which I was laughed at), and which is concisely stated by Principal Grant in his communication, namely, to obtain "a moral union of the English-speaking race, commercial union based on free trade, a common tribunal and a common citizenship, if not more."

WM. CANNIFF.

OUR DEFENCES.

SIR,—There are persons to whom the recent articles in THE WEEK regarding the possibility of war between Great Britain and the United States may be a surprise, and some by whom, as you say, you will be roundly abused for speaking of such a possibility. (But why should it be an offence on your part to refer to such a matter while American papers are lauded to the skies for their declamations on the same subject—such utterances, moreover, not by any means confined to the moderate language which you use?) On the other hand there are many of your readers to whom what has appeared in your columns is nothing new, and who are fully convinced of the folly of our people—or some of them—trying to persuade themselves that no such war is possible—that we will never have an attack made upon us. Others there are who believe, or fear, that if attacked, Canada would be indefensible, and that we should not attempt a defence, an opinion not concurred in by military experts. Canada has certain weak points—no doubt thoroughly well known to our neighbours—but she has also certain elements of strength, of which I believe our neighbours to be ignorant. But the subject is much too large to discuss in all its bearings, even if it were desirable to do so.

But there is one thing suggested by your correspondent, whom you quote at length in THE WEEK of the 15th inst, which may, perhaps, be advantageously referred to, as it is much misunderstood by ourselves, even by those who ought to know better, and seldom gets the credit to which it is fairly entitled. I mean our Militia Force, upon which, in case of invasion, certain duties, well understood in higher military quarters, will devolve, and which duties I am convinced they will be well able to perform if they are encouraged—I had almost said permitted—to keep up to such a reasonable standard of effectiveness as is practicable for a corps constituted as they are. The capabilities of a Canadian militia corps are very considerable. For example, I have seen at a time when each company was allowed fifty per cent more men than at present, a rural regiment appear on parade at the County Town, ten companies strong, and every one filled up to the last man, and with good steady men at that. Another rural corps I have seen at one time a half-trained mob, and the very same corps, not long afterwards, under more favourable circumstances, was brought to Toronto as a model rural corps to be "shown off" at a review, and made a most creditable appearance. Your correspondent is quite correct in saying that the Canadian is a born soldier. Many officers of militia will corroborate that statement. The Canadians are a thoroughly military people, and may be relied upon to do as they did in 1812, put a force in the field far away beyond a due proportion to the actual number of the population. That this is true is evi-

denced by the actual present state of the active militia, imperfect as it is, when it is considered that this force has been kept up for thirty or forty years in the face of continued discouragements sufficient to have utterly extinguished it, if it had not been kept alive by the inborn instincts of the people. Such instincts may, no doubt, be accounted for by the fact that Canada was to a great extent settled by discharged soldiers, and their spirit lives in their descendants.

The best means of using this element of strength is a matter which is worthy of the most earnest attention of our statesmen, and where a defect exists a remedy for it should be sought. On a former occasion I ventured to point out such a defect, in the public press, and to suggest a remedy which I thought to be at least worthy of consideration, and which at the time attracted some attention. Whenever the militia regiments are called upon to furnish men there is not likely to be any difficulty or hesitation about it, but the trouble will be with regard to officers, and consequent delay in organization. Most militia regiments are weak in officers, and it is always difficult to keep up the full establishment. The demands upon the purse and time, especially the latter, of militia officers are so great as to exclude many capable officers from the service, while those who are able to continue in it, are overtaxed with expenses and duties. There are, and probably always will be, a large number of trained officers in the country, but, except those actually holding commissions, they are not in touch with the force, and cannot be made available as promptly as occasion may require. The remedy for this fault in our system seems to me to be a large increase in the officers actually commissioned, thus not only enabling the expense to be borne and the work to be done by a greater number than at present, and thus lighten the all too severe burden which these unremunerated gentlemen bear for their country, but also to provide ready at hand the necessary organization for an emergency. The question is, how is this to be done? The suggested method is simple. Let all "battalions" of militia be constituted as "regiments," and consist of two or more battalions, of say six half companies, with a Lieut.-Col. commanding the regiment, a Major, Adjutant, Surgeon, Quartermaster, and Sergeant-Major to each battalion, and two officers and as many non-commissioned officers to each half company. The three Infantry regiments of Toronto could easily keep up fifteen such battalions, which would mean eighteen field officers, fifteen adjutants, fifteen surgeons, fifteen quartermasters, and one hundred and eighty company officers, with a due proportion of sergeants. Upon such an establishment a strong brigade could be most expeditiously organized. If the force should be called out, the first battalion of each regiment could be immediately filled up to full strength and sent forward, to be speedily followed by a second, and so on as might be called for, one depot battalion always remaining at headquarters.

The expense of such a corps would be very little greater than it is under existing circumstances, as there would be but one band for the regiment, and no greater actual strength, excepting in officers and sergeants, would be maintained than at present. It would not be necessary for the battalions to parade separately; they could parade as one battalion or more as might be ordered.

If a regiment now consisting of ten companies should be divided as proposed into five battalions, A and B companies would be identical with the right and left wings of the first battalion and could form on parade either as Nos. 1 and 2 companies of the whole regiment in one battalion, or, in their separate organization, as the first battalion of six half companies. And so with the remaining companies. It would be unnecessary for all officers to attend all parades; their tours of duty, whether in attendance on parade or in their many other more prosaic but equally necessary duties, might be a matter of regimental arrangement. I cannot but think that such a plan would enable a large number of officers to be kept in the service who are now practically lost to it.

The efficiency of the force, as your correspondent points out, is dependent upon their being armed with the best modern weapons and supported by an efficient system of supply depots and transport. These are very serious questions and surely receive more attention at headquarters than your correspondent, though evidently well informed, believes.

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The November Reviews.

Oliphant Smeaton writes the first article in The Westminster Review, taking as the subject "A Gallery of Australasian Singers." In noticing the conditions under which an Australasian poet has to labour, the writer says: "In fact, the Australasian poet in many respects revives the old Greek conception of his office as the 'doer' (ποιητής), or the 'maker,' uniting in himself the duties of the sturdy colonist, the political organizer or reformer, and the singer!" Among the poets commented on by the writer we may mention Alfred Domett, Adam Gordon and Henry Kendal. William Trant, well-known to readers of THE WEEK, contributes "Treatment of the Canadian Indians," describing how the Indians of the Provinces and of the Plains are provided for by the Dominion Government. Incidentally Mr. Trant brings out the leading features of Indian character, and finds that their chief faults are indolence and improvidence. The conclusion of the paper is well worth quoting: "It is argued by many that, figures notwithstanding, the Indians are dying out. Even if this be so, surely it is better that their last words be words of thankfulness and blessings for the good done to them, rather than imprecations and curses against those whom Destiny has placed to rule over them." G. G. Greenwood writes a critical essay on "The Persistence of Dogmatic Theology." R. G. Burton discusses "Russian Fictional Literature," dealing especially with Lermontoff, Tourgenieff, Tolstoi and Gogol. Walter Lloyd is the writer of a paper on "The Philosophy of Nonconformity." Walter F. Reed comments on the late Prof. Huxley, as seen in the light of an evolutionist. W. J. Corbet writes about "Scientists and Social Purity," commenting especially on the views held by Darwin, Huxley and Drummond. Other papers in the Westminster Review are contributed by Ellen S. H. Ritchie, J. F. Rowbotham, Seymour Williams and A. Gilbertson, the latter contributing a short but able paper on "Immoral Ethics."

The Contemporary Review presents as its opening article a paper by Mr. E. J. Dillon on "Our Foreign Policy." The writer finds that the interests of the British Empire would hardly be promoted by adhering to either of the European alliances, at present constituted for European objects solely; nor would an alliance with Russia, however bright it might seem to be theoretically, be without some serious obstacles which do not meet the eye of the uninitiated on-looker. Only one course is left, Mr. Dillon declares, and that course he terms "The isolation of self-reliance." M. Louis Pasteur, the late distinguished scientist, is the centre of interest in a delightful and well-timed article by Patrick Geddes and J. A. Thompson. Count Leo Tolstoi writes about the persecution of Christians in Russia. "Governments," writes the Count, "have continued to pursue their vocation (of obscuring the true idea of Christianity) by creating State institutions, by piling up laws and institutions one on the other; hoping under these to bury the undying spirit of Christ born in the hearts of men. The Governments have continued their labour, but at the same time the Christian teaching has done its work, more and more penetrating the minds and hearts of men. And now comes the time . . . when the effect of Christianity overcomes the effect of Governments." The question of Church Reform is dealt with in an able manner by the Editor, who concludes his paper with the statement that "A constitutional Church of England, largely governed by lay opinion, may be trusted, on the whole, to take the reasonable view of religion which is natural to the nation. And if the Church took this complexion, the way would probably be open for such a union, or at least for such relations, with the Free Churches, as would secure the maintenance of the Reformed religion." Canon McColl writes concerning the massacre in Constantinople, and takes occasion to emphatically deny that the Armenians were responsible for the recent riots in Constantinople, asserting that the life and property of a Christian subject of the Sultan are safe nowhere in the Ottoman Empire. "For him there is no justice even in Constantinople" T. W. Rolleston contributes a paper on Victor Scheffel, the German

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ESTES & LAURIAT, BOSTON.

poet. Herbert Spencer writes about Judges and Lawyers, tracing their historical development from the clerical class. Among the other contributors to this month's Contemporary are William Larminie, M. G. Mulhall, Father Tyrrell, S. J., Dean Farrar and Archdeacon Wilson. The November Contemporary deals mainly, we notice, with religious questions rather than secular.

The Expository Times, among many articles of great interest—views, comments, theological and critical articles—has some remarks on Sunday school teaching of peculiar importance at the present moment. They come from Dr. W. R. Harper, President of the University of Chicago, who has given much thought and spent much time in the endeavour to promote the scientific teaching of the Scriptures. Dr. Harper seems to have a very intimate acquaintance with the state of Sunday schools in the United States, and he says that the scriptural teaching in them is as bad as useless, if not worse. This is very serious information, when we consider the practical exclusion of religion from the Common School. Let us hope that things are not quite as bad with ourselves.

The Critical Review has a large number of notices of current works on Theology and Philosophy, all of which are interesting to read for those who affect such studies, and seem to be done by thoroughly competent hands. That great enterprise—the International Critical Commentary—which we have already commended to our readers, receives careful examination, and a high judgment is pronounced upon the commentaries on Deuteronomy and on Romans. Among other books reviewed we may notice Ramsay's work on the cities and bishoprics of Phrygia, Strack's condensed commentary (in German), an excellent series, Griggs' Philosophical Classics—highly commended, as they ought to be, and a number of works of more or less interest.

The Fortnightly Review contains a formidable array of contents, no less than fifteen articles making up this month's number. Mr. W. S. Lilly contributes the first of these fifteen, and tries to convince Liberals that modern Liberalism is illiberal, arguing that its essence is the tyranny of the majority—which, of course, is included in the very idea of representative constitutions. The writer suggests some needed reforms, but fails to give any personal opinion as to how these reforms can be put into practice. Mr. L. M. Roberts writes about the correspondence which was carried on between the poet Burns and Mrs. Dunlop. Concerning this correspondence the poet's biographers are unanimously of the opinion that it does the greatest credit both to his head and heart. Mr. Roberts gives the reader some extracts from unpublished letters of the poet. Professor Karl Pearson makes a criticism of "Sectarian Criticism," confining himself especially to Mr. St. George Mivart. Vamadeo Shastri gives a Hindu's views of Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," arguing that Mr. Balfour's opinions are really as noxious and deadening to theology as the views of the naturalists. Mr. E. Kay Robinson, in writing "The Afghan Alliance," shows that the Amir's object is to be independent of the Government of India. Professor James Sully contributes an able paper on "Child-Study," a study which has been of recent years attracting more and more attention. "The quite commonplace child has a mind which is well worth depicting if only the artist's hand is directed by a perfect knowledge of his subject," is the concluding statement of a most interesting and readable paper. There is a peculiarly entertaining article by Madame Colmache, who tells the story of the way Cuba might have belonged to France in 1837. The writer narrates fully the way in which such a transaction was proposed, and states that it came to nothing owing to Louis Philippe's unconquerable desire to drive a good bargain. One of the most interesting papers in the number is the concluding one by Mr. Richard Davey, who writes about "The Sultan and his Harem," endeavouring to correct certain current errors concerning the Turkish Sultan and his court.

Mr. C. M. Aikman, in the Scottish Review, presents a most interesting paper on Argon, the constituent in the composition of air which has been but recently discovered, the discovery of which won for Lord Rayleigh and Professor William Ramsay the first of the Hodgkins Fund Prizes offered by the Smithsonian Institute for scientific discoveries. Mr. Aikman, starting from the views held by the ancient Greek philosophers, traces briefly the discoveries made from time to time in regard to the constituents of the atmosphere, and then deals at length with the new discovery, sketching the manner in which Lord Rayleigh developed his discovery. Mr. Aikman discusses the question as to whether or not Argon may be merely a more condensed form of nitrogen, but arrives at the conclusion that Argon is probably really a new element. "Granting this," says the writer, "the question which naturally first occurs to the ordinary mind is—what is it good for? We must, however, be content to wait a little longer for an answer to this question. Indeed, if we judge by the analogy of nitrogen, it may be a very long time before we discover what functions Argon performs in the terrestrial economy." In conclusion the writer mentions the discovery of Helium as a result of the discovery of Argon, and seems to think that a third discovery is sure to follow, "since examination of the Spectra of Argon and Helium suggests the presence of an unknown constituent gas, common to both, which, however, yet awaits isolation." Professor Herkless, LL.B., deals with "The Legal Position of a Chairman." The writer discusses the question as to the ground of the authority in general exercised by the chairman as seen in the three principal classes of meetings, public meetings, party meetings, and meetings of continuing bodies. Professor Herkless writes: "A chairman who has the qualities that fit a man for the position can usually show some reason for his ruling, so that in most cases of its being disputed he is able by a few words of explanation to remove objection, or at any rate to satisfy the meeting as a whole. . . . Having stated and recommended his view, he is not concerned, in

his character of chairman, to uphold that view against the will of the meeting. No censure is involved in the meeting's disagreeing with his ruling." There is a most readable article on Pierre Loti; the writer who has distinctly shown the sea's formative power on human character. The article deals with the influence of the sea both upon the man himself and upon his writings. The three books, *La Roman d'un Enfant*, *Pêcheur d'Islande*, and *Mon Frère Yves*, all keep unceasingly before us the influence, the "personality" of the sea. Loti is one of the writers who most distinctly show the influence of environment on the character. Other articles in the Scottish are contributed by Col. T. Pilkington White, Wm. S. Douglas, T. A. Archer, W. Anderson Smith, and a Scottish Conservative, who contributes an able résumé of the Scottish elections of 1895.

* * *
DEVELOPING.

The control of the bulk of the clothing trade is doubtless in the hands of firms manufacturing Prepared Clothing. It would not be prudent to state that a large element of our gentlemen "order" their clothing, or that they are comfortably fitted. It would be truthful to state, however, that many order the suit and are rarely suited. When "Oak Hall" made reply to the inquiry of last week regarding the Prepared Clothing it did not mean to convey the impression that you can not buy a well fitting garment from the respectable tailor. There is an abundance of good and reliable gentlemen in this land who will fit your form as a glove can be fitted. Yes, even better. But still the fact remains that the "Prepared Clothing manufactured by Sanford, of Hamilton, will fit any figure," not out of sorts, equally as well as the merchant tailor. The tailor, that is the practical tailor, the one who is qualified to measure, cut and fit, is the tailor who enjoys the position of designing and fixing patterns for the great manufacturing houses. The results of years of careful labour and watchfulness have made "Oak Hall" the leading Prepared Clothing house of the Dominion. Mr. Pirie, the Toronto manager, states that his trade has developed in a good encouraging order.

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Sir Henry Ponsonby, for many years the Queen's Private Secretary, is dead. He was a faithful servant of Her Majesty, who reposed the utmost confidence in him, and was guided in a thousand and one matters by his judgment and long experience. The Queen is fond of her old servants, and Sir Henry's death will be severely felt by her. United States newspapers have scoffed at her sorrow for old John Brown, but people whose

hearts are in the right place will prefer Her Majesty's way of dealing with her subordinates to that of some rich Americans, who turn their wornout servants out on the street, without giving a thought as to what becomes of them.

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No. 157 Emerson St., South Boston, is the present home of Rev. C. J. Freeman, B.A., Ph D., the recent rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Anaconda, Mont. During the reform movement which has swept over Boston, Dr. Freeman has been frequently heard from through the various newspapers, and although a resident of a comparatively recent date, he has exerted much public influence, which has been increased by the fact that he was ten years ago on a commission appointed in England to investigate the troublesome question of the vice of great cities.

He has preached before cultured audiences in the old world, as well as to the rough pioneers in the mining towns of the Rocky mountains, and his utterances as well as his writings have been in the line of progress and liberality, well-seasoned with practical common sense. Dr. Freeman has written this paper a letter which will be read with interest. He says:

"Some five years since I found that deep study and excessive literary work, in addition to my ordinary ministerial duties, were undermining my health. I detected that I was unable to understand things as clearly as I usually did; that after but little thought and study I suffered from a dull pain in the head and great weariness, and all thought and study became a trouble to me. I lost appetite, did not relish ordinary food after eating, suffering acute pains in the chest and back. There was soreness of the stomach, and the most of my food seemed to turn to sour water, with most sickly and suffocating feeling in vomiting up such sour water.

"At this time I consulted several physicians. One said I was run down, another said I had chronic indigestion; but this I do know, that with all the prescriptions which they gave me I was not improving; for in addition, I had pains in the regions of the kidneys, a very sluggish liver, so much so that I was very

much like a yellow man, was depressed in spirits, imagined all sorts of things and was daily becoming worse and felt that I should soon become a confirmed invalid if I did not



REV. C. J. FREEMAN, B.A., PH.D.

soon understand my complaints. I followed the advice of physicians most severely, but with all I was completely unable to do my ministerial duty, and all I could possibly do was to rest and try to be thankful. After eighteen months' treatment I found I was the victim of severe palpitation of the heart, and was almost afraid to walk across my room. Amid all this I was advised to take absolute rest from all mental labour. In fact, I was already unable to take any duty for the reason that the feeling of complete prostration after the least exertion precluded me from any duty what every, and it appeared to my mind that I was very near being a perfect wreck. As for taking absolute rest, I could not take more than I did unless it was so absolute as to rest in the grave. Then it would have been absolute enough.

"It is now quite three years, since, in addition to all the pains and penalties which I endured, I found creeping upon me a peculiar numbness of the left limbs, and in fact could not walk about. If I tried to walk I had to drag the left foot along the ground. The power of locomotion seemed to be gone, and I was consoled with the information that it was partial paralysis. Whether it was or not I do not know, but this I do know, I could not walk about and I began to think my second childhood had commenced at the age of 41 years.

"Just about two years ago or a little more, a ministerial friend came to see me. I was sick in bed and could hardly move, and he was something like old Job's comforter, although not quite. He had much regret and commiseration which was a very poor balm for a sick man. But the best thing he did say was this: 'Did you ever see Pink Pills?' I said, 'Who in the world is he?' He said, 'Why do you not try Pink Pills?' He said good by very affectionately, so much so that doubtless he thought it was the last farewell. Nevertheless, after thinking a little, I just came to the conclusion that I would make an innovation and see what Pink Pills would do. I looked at them, and I said can any good possibly come out of those little pink things? Anyway, I would see. I was suspicious of Pink Pills, and I remembered the old proverb: 'Sospetto licentia fede,' 'Suspicion is the passport to faith.' So I ink Pills I obtained, and Pink Pills I swallowed. But one box of them did not cure me, nor did I feel any difference. But after I had taken nine or ten boxes of pills I was decidedly better. Yes, I was certainly improving, and after eight months of Pink Pills I could get about. The numbness of the left limb was nearly gone, the pains in the head had entirely ceased, the appetite was better. I could enjoy food and I had a free, quiet action of the heart without palpitation. In fact, in twelve months I was a new creature, and to-day I can stand and speak over two hours without a rest. I can perform all my public duties which devolve upon me, without fatigue, and do all the walking which I have to do, and am thankful for it. I can safely say I was never in a better state of health than I am to-day, and that I attribute

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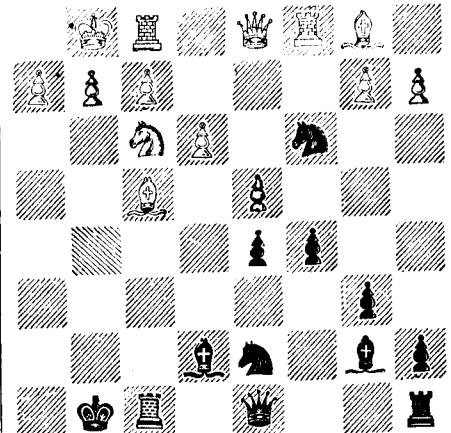
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	Pillsbury	Schlechter	White	Black
1	P Q4	P Q4	VD	dv
2	P QB4	P K3	UC	eo
3	QKt B3	Kt Kt3	22M	7p
4	B Kt5	K K2	33y	6e
5	Kt B3	QKt Q2	77P	2d
6	P K3	P QKt3	WO	bk
7	R B1	B Kt2	1133	3b
8	P xP?	P xP	Cv	ov
9	B Q3	Castle	33 N	57
10	Castle	P B4	5577	cu
11	B QKt1	Kt K5	N22	pE
12	B B4	Kt xKt	yF	EM

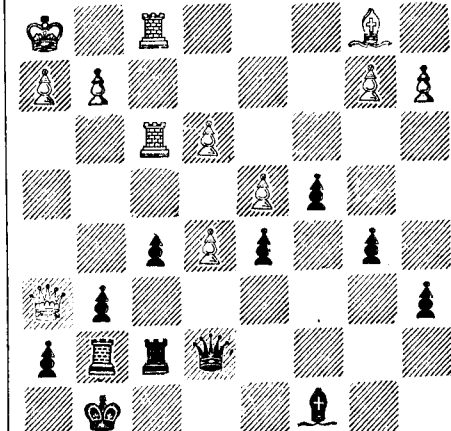
7 a la Steinitz in 1887.
8 not very advantageous
11 B B5, Kt K5; 12 B xB, QxB, 13 B xKt, Q xB; 13 P xP?
12 B xB, Q xB, 13 P xP, Kt xKt, 14..... P xP?
12... best in this position
(1KR1QRB1, PPP3PP, 2NP1n2, 2B1P3.



4pp2, 6p1, 3bn1bp, 1kr1q2r)

13	R xKt?	P B6	33M	uC
14	Kt K5	P B1!!	Pw	fx!
15	KR1!	Kt xKt	7788	dw
16	B xKt	B Q3	Fw	en
17	P B4	B B1!	XF	b3
18	QR5	P QR3!	44z	aj
19	R B3	R R2	66P	la
20	R KR3	P Kt3	PR	gq!
21	QR6	K xB!!	Zr	uw
22	BP xB	R Kt2	Fw	ag
23	R B3	P QKt4	RP	kt
24	R QB1	Q K2	M33	4e
25	QR B1	R(B1)B2	3366	6f

16... black playing cautiously.
17... to prevent P Kt4 attack.
20... PR3, 21 QKt6, BxR, 22 BxP, KR1, 23 P Kt4!
25... preventing 26 P Kt4.
(K1R3B1, P P4PP, 2RP4, 4Pp2.



2p1p1p1, Qp5p, prrq4, 1k3b2)

26	P KR4?	B K3	ZH	3o
27	P Kt4	Q Q2!	YG!	ed
28	P xP	P xP	Yx	qx
29	QR5	R Kt3	RZ	gq
30	B xP	B xB	22x	ox
31	R xB	R xR	Px	fx
32	R xR	P Kt5!	66x	tB
33	Q B3	P B6!	zP	CM
34	P xP	P xP	TM	BM

26 causing embarrassment
27 most enterprising move.
27... P xP; 28 R B6!..... 29 P R5!
29 wins P at cost of game.
32... formidable pawns looming up.
32... formidabte pawns looming up.



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Publications Received.

- Victor Hugo. Letters to his Wife. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.
- "Q." The Delectable Duchy. New York: Macmillan Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Clive Holland. My Japanese Wife. New York: Macmillan Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- James Otis. Stories of American History: The Boys of 1745. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- Edited by Augusta H. Leypolt and George Hies. List of Books for Girls and Women and their Clubs. Boston: The Library Bureau. Montreal: E. M. Renouf.
- Dr. Max Nordau. The Right to Love. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.
- Paul Bourget. The Land of Promise. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.
- Mackenzie Bell. Spring's Immortality and other poems. London: Ward, Lock & Bowden.
- Rudyard Kipling. The Second Jungle Book. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Mary Ronald. The Century Cook Book. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- R. P. Brorup. Christianity and Our Times. Chicago: International Book Co.
- Dr. Max Nordau. The Comedy of Sentiment. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.
- Clara Erskine Clanert. The City of the Sultans. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- M. E. Paul. Ruby's Vacation. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- Laura E. Richards. Melody. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- James Otis Jerry's Family. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- Alexander black. Miss Jerry. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Edward Sandford Martin. Cousin Anthony and I. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Robert Grant. The Art of Living. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Reflections and Comments. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Chas. Egbert Craddock. Mystery of Witch Face Mountain. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Bret Harte. In the Hollow of the Hills. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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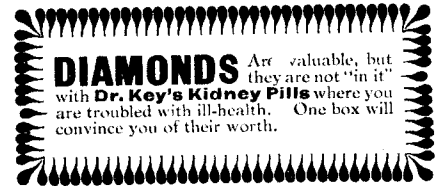
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