

# THE WEEK:

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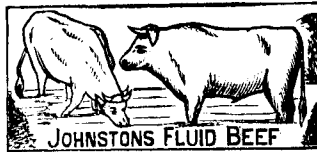
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE promised reconstruction of the Dominion Cabinet was commenced very promptly on Sir Charles Tupper's departure for England. Of the changes and appointments thus far announced, it can only be said that they must have their justification in the future conduct of the departments. It can scarcely be said in respect to either that it has its full justification in the past record of the new minister. Mr. Foster had, it is true, applied himself with commendable diligence, and with a fair measure of success, to the duties of the Marine and Fisheries department. He is also said to have given to Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues satisfactory evidence of superior financial ability. It will be greatly to his advantage in the more responsible position of Minister of Finance that no important questions, save of administration, are likely to come up before another session of Parliament, and he will thus have ample time for the study of the more difficult and complicated principles involved. The remark that first and most obviously suggests itself in regard to the choice of Mr. Foster's successor in the Department of Marine is that a man so young and inexperienced would scarcely have been chosen for such a position had he not been the son of Sir Charles Tupper. By this is meant no disparagement of Mr. Charles H. Tupper's acknowledged, and no doubt inherited, ability. Now that the appointment has been made, it might, too, seem invidious to dwell upon the strong objections that might be urged against the principle underlying such a mode of appointment. It is quite probable that Mr. Tupper may show himself his father's son by his able and energetic discharge of the duties of the office, and thus best demonstrate the wisdom of the Premier's choice. With regard to the rumoured, but as yet unconfirmed nomination of a successor to the late lamented Minister of the Interior, it may not be amiss to hope the rumour may prove unfounded. A Cabinet Minister should be above suspicion of being capable of using the opportunities of office for private ends.

WITH a Russian railway stretching with but a single break from St. Petersburg to Samarcand, and soon to be extended to the very borders of Afghanistan; with China yet sore over the occupation of Upper Burma, and freshly annoyed by the virtual exclusion of her subjects from Australia; and with a new source of hostility of unknown extent recently tapped on the confines of Thibet, it may well be believed that the eyes of

the British Government are just now turned India-ward with some solicitude. It is no slight mark of confidence in the capacity of our late Governor-General that he should be sent to guide the destinies of the great Eastern Empire at such a time. It may be hoped that the Russian journals are sincere and well-informed in protesting that the new railroad is a harbinger, not of war, but of peaceful commerce, but Russian protestations are usually taken with large grains of distrust. The railway may mean peace, or it may mean war. All will depend on the Russian view of the exigencies of the situation. It is probably rash to say, as a leading English Tory journal has said, that the advent of the railway means that England must either "fight Russia or bribe her," unless, indeed, the word bribe is used in a peculiar sense. But it is none the less impossible to close one's eyes to the fact that Russia is a military power first, a commercial nation afterwards. Her first care will no doubt be to create in the vicinity of the railway terminus a great military stronghold and arsenal, such as would serve, on occasion, as a base of operations for carrying on a war either with British India or with China. Nor is it wholly inconceivable that the march of events might find her some day in alliance with China in a great struggle for the displacement of British rule in India.

THE British and the Indian tax-payer may devoutly pray that the result of having Russia establish herself as a neighbour on the northern boundary of the Indian Empire may not be analogous to that which the contiguity of this belligerent nation produces in Europe, and compel, or be thought to compel, the maintenance of enormous armaments in the Punjab. Possibly some advanced British statesman may think it not yet too late to begin to inquire whether the traditional policy of attempting to restrain the natural ambition of this pent-up Slavic Empire to find a European outlet to the sea and compete freely for the world's traffic has been the wisest and best. May not the idea some day begin to dawn even upon a British Ministry that this policy may have been both narrow-minded and short-sighted? It is not quite easy to assign any just and reasonable cause why Russia has not a natural right to free entrance into the Mediterranean. Nor is it utterly beyond the bounds of possibility that the opening up of such a vent for her tremendous and ever-restless energy might not have the effect of transforming the nation from a standing menace to the neighbouring Powers into a friendly rival in the domain of commerce and the arts. If once the barriers of mutual distrust and jealousy could be broken down, and Russians of all classes brought into closer contact with modern free institutions and ideas, who knows what a career of peaceful development might be opened up before her? Such a dream is surely not wholly utopian. Its realization would do more than almost any other conceivable change to render disarmament and a long era of peaceful progress possible in Europe.

WITHOUT fuller information it is impossible to form an opinion as to what is involved in the recent attack by a Thibetan force upon the British garrison at Gratong. It may mean no more than a temporary misunderstanding or a tactical blunder, or it may mean a great deal more. If the attack was but the single-handed assault of some warlike Thibetan tribe, acting on the responsibility of its own local chief, the occurrence may be without special, or at any rate far-reaching significance. But if it foretakens the organized hostility of the great Buddhist chief or high priest, Dalai-Lama, whose influence is said to be powerful not only throughout Thibet but over other large districts of Asia, the consequences may yet be serious. The consequences may be still more serious if, as there seems some reason to suspect, the hostile Thibetans are moved by Russian instigation, or if, as it is at least equally probable, seeing that nearly the whole of the Bod-land is tributary to China, Chinese diplomacy is at the bottom of the affair. In reference to the latter supposition it is said that influential Anglo-Indians are advocating the "opening up of Thibet," which is, of course, the British euphemism for occupation or annexation. This is the usual, often the apparently unavoidable, outcome of such conflicts with border tribes. It will probably be the ultimate result in this case, though it is a result that seems, at present, hardly possible without having to reckon with China. But where is this process of "opening up" to end?

THE rejection of the Fisheries Treaty by the United States Senate may now be considered certain. The Republicans have carried their point, and the discussion in open session has commenced, Senator Frye, of Maine, taking the lead. To say that Senator Frye's speech was characteristic, is to all who have read his out-pourings on former occasions equivalent to saying that it was a tissue of extravagant and absurd denunciations of Canada and England, and their alleged course throughout the controversy. We must do the American proletariat, to whom such harangues are really addressed, the credit to believe that those of the Senator Frye type will disgust more than they will convince. The unreasoning prejudice and dislike of some will no doubt drink in every word as truth, but the more thoughtful will conclude that the cause must be weak which needs such advocates. Should the prospective rejection of the Treaty be followed, as we suppose it must, by the abrogation of the *modus vivendi*, and the renewal of strict protection with all its dangers, the fact will be regrettable. Otherwise we are not sure that the failure may not be a blessing in disguise as leaving the way open for a more complete settlement of the difficulty under better auspices.

A GOOD deal is being said, especially in American journals, about the smallness of the amount of personal property the late Matthew Arnold was able to leave his family. The fact is commented on by many as if it involved some grave moral delinquency on the part of the British people. We have no means of knowing how liberal was the remuneration Mr. Arnold received from the publishers of his books and essays in Great Britain. No doubt his income would have been considerably increased by contributions from the United States had an international copyright law been in operation in the latter country. But it need not be supposed that Mr. Arnold's life would have been made either much happier or much more useful by a princely fortune. He no doubt lacked the money-making faculty, or if he ever possessed it, had suffered it to remain undeveloped. He had a higher mission. One contemporary thinks it a severe reflection upon the money-making methods of the day that money did not flow into the coffers of such a man as Mr. Arnold. No doubt many of our money-making methods are reprehensible enough. But it is hard to conceive of any times or circumstances in which a Matthew Arnold would have accumulated wealth. The universal law is that "he that seeketh findeth." No man can reasonably expect to obtain money unless he makes it the object of desire, and devotes time and energies to its acquisition. Mr. Arnold, no doubt, understood the law, and cheerfully accepted the penalty. Nor is it at all likely that he would have accepted, or that any one who knew the man would have cared to offer him, the largess which men of talent have sometimes been but too ready to receive from men of wealth. The man who makes philosophy his profession and the highest truth his *summum bonum* is not likely to be overburdened with filthy lucre. He would find it a clog.

WHATEVER else the Southampton election may or may not have meant, it is now pretty clear that it meant popular condemnation of the "compensation" clause of the Local Government Bill. The immense gathering in Hyde Park a few days since has afforded full confirmation, if any were needed, of the strength of popular feeling in this regard. It is hard to account for the prevalence of such a sentiment in the nation which did not hesitate to pay the former slave-owners when it decreed the manumission of their slaves. An influential American journal has tried to express the prevailing view in the present case in an epigram. The people refuse to admit that there can be a vested right in a public wrong. But this is an attempt to conjure with mere words. If the selling of liquors under license is a public wrong, it is a wrong which the people have hitherto not only condoned but have permitted for money. It is surely a little late in the day for those who have been for many years not only granting the publican his license but making that license a source of public profit, to turn around and declare they cannot on principle compensate him for the loss they are about to inflict by withdrawing it. That would hardly be in accordance with our ordinary conception of British justice. The fact perhaps is that, owing either to some defect in the clause itself, or to a mistaken apprehension of it, it is supposed to leave the way open to claims for enormous "constructive" damages, from which the taxpayers might well recoil. What course the Government will now take in the matter remains to be seen. If they cannot limit the liability in such a way as to quiet popular apprehensions, they may be obliged to expunge the clause, though this would probably involve the withdrawal of the whole subject of license from the province of local option.

It has often been said that the best way to effect the repeal of a bad law is to enforce it. Acting on this principle, Mr. Kennedy, the gentleman

who set the law prohibiting the importation of contract labour into the United States in motion against the Church of the Holy Trinity in New York for having brought the Rev. Mr. Warren across the ocean as rector, has probably succeeded in effecting his purpose. That purpose was avowedly, it seems, to bring discredit upon the Act. That Mr. Kennedy had no other end in view appears from the fact that he is a member of the church in question, that he is personally favourable to Mr. Warren as rector, and that he has even promised to pay the fine of \$1,000 imposed under the statute. To an onlooker it is not, indeed, very clear why it should be thought so much more absurd to import a clergyman under contract into a land abounding with clergymen than to import say a cabinet-maker into a country abounding with cabinet-makers. But so it strikes the majority, and it is very likely Mr. Kennedy's action may ultimately bring about the repeal of the Bill. All such legislation is objectionable, because it puts a premium upon evasion, and because it naturally tends to keep out the best immigrants while leaving the door open for the worst.

THE outside observer of a Presidential contest in the United States must be struck with the comparatively slight importance attached to the choice of the Vice-President. Indeed, so feeble are the attractions of the office that prominent men whose names are canvassed do not hesitate, in some cases, to say they will not accept the nomination on any terms. This reluctance is easily enough understood. Under ordinary circumstances the functions of the Vice-Presidency are as nearly as possible reduced to *nil*, and the incumbent, no matter how strong a man, is effectually shelved and muzzled. As *ex-officio* presiding officer of the Senate the Vice-President is not only removed from the arena of debate, but he may not even vote, save in the very rare event of a tie. And yet, as experience has but too emphatically shown, it is really necessary to national dignity and safety that the Vice-President should be one of the best men in the nation, seeing that he may be called upon at any moment to take the Presidential Chair. As the *Nation* reminds its readers, four of the eighteen men elected to the Presidency during the first century of the Republic died in office, and, by consequence, four men elected to the Vice-Presidency became the chief magistrates of the nation for longer or shorter periods. Nevertheless the Vice-President is usually chosen almost without a thought of his qualifications for the supreme office. "He is," says the *Nation*, "hastily picked out to strengthen the ticket in a doubtful State, like Hendricks, in 1884; or as the representative of a faction in the convention which has failed to get its candidate for President, like Arthur, in 1880; or to represent some 'element,' like Johnson, in 1864, as the type of the loyal man in the border States." This is surely a serious defect in the workings of the electoral machinery, though it cannot be said that any great harm has come of it as yet.

CONSIDERABLE interest, both scientific and theological, attaches to the recent action of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, in the case of Dr. Woodrow. This clergyman, who was until recently a professor in a southern institution of learning, was some two years since, by the Synod of Georgia, pronounced guilty of the offence of teaching an unscriptural doctrine, namely, the evolution of man from the lower animals. From this action Dr. Woodrow appealed to the General Assembly. Before the latter he seems to have pleaded his case with much ability and eloquence, showing by various incontestable instances that Christian bodies had often in the past made the mistake of condemning as unscriptural scientific theories which are now universally accepted as demonstrated truths. Several strong speeches were made by other ministers in support of Dr. Woodrow's position, and a few did not hesitate to declare boldly their absolute belief in the theory of evolution. Nevertheless the appeal was rejected by a vote of 109 to 34. The action does not speak well for the education and broad-mindedness of the Southern Assembly, as, however far the theory in question may be, as yet, from having been demonstrated, it is clearly a scientific rather than a theological question, and should be treated as such by lovers of truth and freedom. Dr. Woodrow's appeal was for liberty of thought and investigation. "If," said he, "you convict me, you take a similar stand to that taken by the Church against the truths discovered by Copernicus and Galileo. You say to all young men: You cannot hold the doctrine of evolution, and be Christians." Not by such methods is the cause of Christian truth to be promoted.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY is about to do what it can to raise journalism to a place amongst the learned professions, if it has not already attained that rank. It has arranged for a Course in Journalism, under the direction of one of the Professors who has had experience in the work. The method is

much the same, *mutatis mutandis*, as that pursued in connection with other professions, such as Law, Medicine, Engineering, etc. Theoretical instruction is to be combined and supplemented with experimental work. Students taking the Course are to resolve themselves, from time to time, into bands of reporters, writing up accounts of all kinds of events occurring within the range of their observation. These reports are to be criticised, arranged, etc., by the Professor, acting in the capacity of Managing Editor before the class. The most obvious objection to such a scheme is that it adds another to the ever-lengthening roll of college courses, and that it is not the work of an institution of learning, as such, to prepare its pupils for the practice of any profession. But the rejoinder is equally ready. Nearly all great universities are now doing this very thing through their Law, Medical, and other faculties. Has not journalism now reached a position of importance and of influence which entitles it equally, with either of those, to recognition and place? Nor, on second thoughts, is it easy to find a satisfactory reason for not giving an affirmative answer. But where will the process of university extension end?

THE recent German decree imposing stringent restrictions upon Frenchmen entering Alsace-Lorraine, is being accepted in Paris with more stoicism than would have been anticipated. The Decree provides that all travellers entering Alsace-Lorraine from France, whether they are merely passing through those provinces, or whether they propose to take up their residence therein, must present passports viséd by the German Ambassador at Paris, and dated not more than one year prior to the time of presentation. Foreigners presenting themselves without the proper passports will be ruthlessly turned back, or if found in the Territory will be conducted back to the frontier. Germans arriving from France and inhabitants of French frontier districts going into Alsace-Lorraine on business, are exempt from the conditions of this decree if they can satisfy the frontier police as to the truth of their claims. It is creditable to the pacific intentions of the present French Government and Assembly, that they have suppressed any resentment they may feel. A wild scheme of retaliation proposed by one excited deputy was supported by only an insignificant minority. At the same time the existence of such a decree can but intensify the dangerous antagonism already existing between the two nations.

#### TOO MUCH GOVERNED.

THE idea conveyed by these words—"too much governed"—suggests a state of things which must at least be admitted to be possible. There is a difference, for example, between the amount of control which should be exercised over a child, a youth, or a grown man. We should say that a young man of eighteen was a great deal too much governed, if his mother dealt with him, in regard to advice and control, precisely as she did when he was eight. She might find it difficult; but that is not the present question. There are some rude people, we believe, who are accustomed to call this kind of government, or the laws which make such government possible, by the name of "grandmotherly legislation." It is not a pretty expression; but it is more important to consider whether it represents a fact.

According to Kant, "the fundamental aim of jurisprudence is to realize external freedom by removing the hindrances imposed on each other's free action through the interferences of other wills." We suppose that this statement will be generally received by all reflecting men. The ideal condition of man is a state of perfect liberty.

It is because men are not universally disposed to do right that laws must be passed to check their evil dispositions, and especially to do so by punishing them when they exercise their liberty in such a way as to injure others and abridge their rightful liberty. When therefore men talk in a lofty way of the curtailment of liberty by legal enactments, the simple answer is, that these enactments have been passed not for the abridgement of liberty, but for its protection and maintenance. When the Nihilists of Russia make war upon law and social order in the name of liberty, they are simply bringing back chaos which not merely is not liberty, but which soon must cease to be anything. Law, then, is an absolute necessity in the present conditions of the human race.

Necessary, however, as law must be considered, it will be admitted by all who understand the meaning of the terms, that the fewer laws we have, in the sense of positive enactments, so much the better. It is Lessing who remarks that there are three stages of human education, the first, when the child is bid to do what is right; the second, when he is old enough to understand and imitate example; the third, when the man is guided by

principle? To introduce the first into the sphere of the third, is to confess that the education has more or less failed. Of course, this is the actual case in human society. Many men are mere children, a good many are very naughty children, and they must be treated to the word of command and to the birch rod.

Still, we repeat, the less we have of this the better; and it can hardly be denied, by any serious student of history, that in countries which have enjoyed the most perfect forms of liberty, there has very seldom been any excess of law-making or of governing. Under despotisms there has often been a perpetual and universal meddling with all the relations of social and private life. Under the British Constitution, which has for centuries been the principal guardian of civil and religious liberty, this interference has been reduced to a minimum. There is at the present moment a great and visible danger of the modern democracies bringing back the despotism of the old autocracies and oligarchies.

This is no new thought with students of contemporaneous politics, nor is it by any means the first time that expression has been given to a fear of the danger which is here indicated. Our immediate reason for drawing attention to it at the present moment is found in some admirable and pithy utterances of one of our judges in connection with the early closing movement. We are indebted to Judge Ferguson for his outspokenness. "This country is too much governed," said the judge. "A great deal too much," is our reply; "and we are grateful to a man of your high position and your undoubted ability for telling the public plainly what you think on this subject, seeing the words of weaker men might pass unnoticed."

The occasion was the motion for an injunction to restrain the enforcement of the early closing by-law recently passed by the City Council, under the provisions of "The Ontario Shops Regulation Act" criticised by a correspondent in these columns last week. "His lordship," says the report, "was not gratified by the appearance of the counsel and their mission, and at once said: 'I will not hear the motion to-day. This country is too much governed. We have school trustees, city councils, provincial legislatures, the House of Commons, and the Senate, and surely that is enough to run this country without having to call in the aid of the courts.'" The judge was very moderate in his enumeration. He might have gone on to Scott Acts, (proposed) Prohibition Acts; and, if the possible future were contemplated, there would be no end of the enumeration. One association has proposed to put down the smoking of tobacco, another has declared against animal food. Adam did not eat of it, the antediluvians did not eat it. It was allowed for the first time to the postdiluvians, as any one can see by turning to the Book of Genesis, and see how much sooner people died after that time. It is of no use telling people like these that we are postdiluvians and that we would rather not live nine hundred years, as we are quite contented with the hundred and twenty of Jacob, or even with the three-score and ten or the four-score allowed by David. There is no reasoning with the "fixed idea," and is quite within the bounds of probability that, at some future time, a state or a province may be found on this side of the Atlantic in which the inhabitants are, by compulsion, not only total abstainers from alcohol, but also vegetarians.

As an illustration of this eagerness for too much government, we have now the early closing by-law. It is unnecessary to say that the end proposed by this by-law is excellent. The end of all these meddling measures is always excellent. It would be a splendid consummation, if we could put an end to murder, and possibly some association may some day propose a commission to go through the land and examine people's heads, and order the locking up of all persons who have their organ of destructiveness abnormally developed. Would not such a remedy involve more suffering than the existing evil, terrible as that evil is confessed to be?

Now, touching this early closing, it is undoubtedly a good and necessary thing to protect the poor and the dependent from the cruelty which would impose upon them excessive labour to the detriment of their health, the undermining of their constitutions, and the shortening of their lives. This is a matter which has not been neglected by the legislature. In many cases the hours of labour are regulated by statute, and with good advantage. It is possible that some extension of this legislation might be made to the case of young men and women serving in shops and stores. We think we could, if necessary, make suggestions which, if adopted, would have the effect of affording relief to this class, while enabling shopkeepers whose customers are forced to deal late to meet the needs of their purchasers. But the present question is to determine the utility or disadvantages of the proposed by-law.

Now, it appears that action has been taken somewhat precipitately in regard to this matter. The City Council declare that they have no option in the matter, that wherever seventy per cent. are in favour of early

closing they are bound to enact that it shall be so; and as they were led to believe, by the petitions presented to them, that a very much larger percentage were in favour of the measure, they so decreed. It is now alleged that fifty per cent. of the dealers in dry goods are opposed to the change, and that the small shopkeepers regard it with terror as involving the ruin of their business.

There can be no doubt that it will be a very serious matter for the keepers of small stores. Most of these people carry on their business without assistants, by the help of their children and other members or connections of their families. Accordingly they urge that it inflicts no injury upon any one to have their shops open. On the other hand, they urge that the principal part of their business, which is with the poorer classes, is transacted after the hour at which they will now be required to close. Before this article comes into the hands of our readers, the case may be decided by the Court, and it may be necessary that we should return to the subject again. For the present we have referred to it as an illustration of the important truth which was uttered by Judge Ferguson: "This country is too much governed."

### MONTREAL LETTER.

TAKE away the ever ridiculous anomaly of workmen, east end urchins, and decayed duchesses in Sunday clothes, and we find the Corpus Christi procession not only curious but at times charmingly picturesque. As fitful sunlight enveloped now a company of white veiled damsels, now the gilded, multicoloured banners, an artist must have felt that even out of Montreal some good can come, some characteristic, paintable life.

Heretics, reassured by Chief Hughes' orders forbidding any interference with those who failed to kneel, or to uncover while the Host passed, might philosophically contemplate this pretty remnant of mediævalism, tough-hearted, strong-visioned Old World legislators condemned long ago. Several policemen headed the procession. Their presence in such good company was politic. There came a few priests and choir boys, followed by a company of young girls in black, with blue ribbons about their necks, and great white veils ruthlessly crushing down their holyday curls. The small boys, under the Brothers' all-observant look, recited prayers with exemplary fortitude. I hardly think the *Union Musicale* of Montreal could have been amongst those bands that serenaded Mr. Gilmore the other day, and to whose leaders the wily American said he well saw our city had no need of him. "Les gens de la congrégation," if I mistake not, is the name given to the societies formed in the different churches. These societies are all placed under the patronage of some saint. They seemed innumerable, composed as they were of such—material as, as societies are composed of. After the Société de St. Pierre walked a liliputian company—charming imps dressed in gray and red, with a self-possessed young chevalier, bewigged and clad *à la Louis quatorze*, at their head. The pretty little white robed communicants Jules Breton has taught us to admire, in the noon-day light were exquisite as a "tache." Only by their short hair and straw hats could we distinguish the orphan girls from the ordinary students of the convents, clad with that admirable simplicity one might recommend to many bedizened young ladies in secular schools. More societies, more bands, more choirs, then a solemn body of priests in dazzling vestments—gold embroidered stole and cope, or of brocade so exquisitely tinted our bric-à-brac nature glowed again. It is the Host that passes under a huge canopy of yellow silk, the bishop raises high aloft the ostensorium, while before two censers swing. Everybody kneels except misbelievers, and these feel strongly tempted to bow the knee with — the crowd.

As always happens at such seasons, poor, miserable little habitations far outshone cut-stone districts in the originality and luxury of their decorations. A flower formed I.H.S., yards of bunting, and cheap pictorial art adorned an otherwise poverty stricken dwelling; while two other houses belonging unquestionably to the period of *la décadence* could boast shrines pathetically quaint. One showed some twenty tiny green wine-glasses where flickered as many lights, flowers, images, and a nail-pierced hand, the work of an ultra naturalist.

Clang went the bells, the organ pealed, yet the band outside continued playing, oblivious of all. The procession, with the exception of the few surrounding the Host, merely passed through Notre Dame and dispersed. So ended what seems essentially the people's *fête*. Verily, mother church, thou art fearfully and wonderfully made; thou knowest no such Christian anomaly as a *mission church*, to which the poor are relegated like lepers, but in thy arms all classes and conditions of men may meet, yet for each hast thou a special unction.

Don't you think there is a tendency among English-speaking people to judge an actor rather by his plays than by his art? Perhaps we may find the reason in the fact that almost all our opera-bouffe players are such inartistic creatures. Pauline Hall, of "Erminie" fame, is to Theo as a Marionette is to Bernhard. Do people imagine burlesque parts capable of an interpretation which for consummate art would be well nigh equal to that of some distinguished tragedian's pet rôle? The louder the laughter the more disgusted must every discriminating critic be when he sees a really excellent comedian turned into a buffoon by inane public applause.

Mr. Dixey's "Adonis" is on the whole delightful. This "fascinating burlesque dream" has been played to fair houses during the week. A sort of "pot-pourri," stage-struck maidens, titled professional beauties, the "legitimate drama," and the most famous actors, all receive alike beneficial taps in it. Though as the statue, the chevalier, and sundry minor individuals, Dixey does himself credit, as Irving he is an artist. The grunt, the limp, the ominous backward glance, were rendered in truly marvellous fashion. Now and again a hurried word, an exaggerated step, betrayed

his eyes were on the audience, but apart from transitory concessions he played with a far more genuine talent than his model.

The Hon. James Ferrier has left behind him the picture of a life every sober-minded citizen must appreciate. First tradesman, then member of the corporation, mayor, colonel, life member of the Legislative Council for Canada, and finally member of the Legislative Council for Quebec, French and English papers are unanimous in his praise, and rightly so, for to make money honourably, to be successful, yet respected and loved, is not given to all men.

LOUIS LLOYD.

### A SUMMER NIGHT.

[From the French of Fréchet.]

WE wandered together, Louise, and you knew  
That the dreams of my heart were tender and true.

Silent and calm was the midsummer night,  
Our dreams grew more dazzling, as faded the light.  
What echoes are filling the solitudes vast,  
What sounds are those floating on wings of the blast?  
The Spirits of Midnight are chaunting the words,  
The wind of the desert is striking the chords.  
The meteors of heaven illumine the sky,  
And the voice of the pine tree is lost in a sigh.  
From nests in the branches the fond turtle doves  
Are warbling to heaven their infinite loves.

We wandered together, Louise, all the way,  
And surely you knew what my heart had to say.

The night air was stirring, it rustled the trees,  
Our foreheads were fanned by the scent-laden breeze,  
Which sprinkled the dewdrops o'er meadow and lea,  
And crept o'er the lakelet, to die in the sea.  
No sleep for our eyelids—we roam in delight,  
And weave in a garland the hours of the night.  
O joys of the moment! too fleeting you seem,  
The soul is in cloudland, the mind in a dream.  
As the fire of youth kindles, and breaks into flame,  
What harmonies waken, and thrill through my frame

We wandered together, Louise, all along;  
You echoed my heart when it murmured in song.

Where a cloudlet comes sailing through ether serene  
The moon bursts in glory and silvers the scene.  
Though voices of lovers are whispering low  
The Angel of Parting commands us to go;  
For happiness stays but an hour from its birth,  
And pleasures, so perfect, are not for this earth.  
The moments are fleeting, we falter and sigh,  
Our hearts are both broken, for parting is nigh;  
With pledges and kisses we mingle our vows,  
When breezes of morning are stirring the boughs.

You are gone, my Louise; will you ever forget  
The sighs at our parting, the joys when we met?

J. D. EDGAR.

### LONDON LETTER.

I do not think even the most easily pleased among us can call the Anglo-Danish Exhibition a success. It is true there are glass corridors where flotsam and jetsam from I should say the Soho Bazaar are tastelessly arranged on stalls; and ridiculous painted canvases of snow mountains amongst which careers perpetually that vulgarity The Switchback Railway, whose proper home is Rosherville and Rosherville alone; and an entertainment consisting of more or less tiresome tableaux from Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales; and lastly, the so-called Danish Village composed of three dark hovels inhabited by men and women in picturesque winter costume, unsuitable enough with their glaring colours and thick materials for summer wear. But beyond these attractions there is nothing. On the opening day the admirably arranged pretty ceremony in the Albert Hall was well worth seeing even to Londoners who knew every item in the programme by heart. The central figure on the dais "all clothed in gray"—the Viking's daughter from over the sea whom that courtier Time smiles at, and never presumes to touch with his cruel hand—went through the often repeated routine with a freshness and grace that belongs as a rule only to happy youth. While the Prince took his share with a hearty goodwill which spoke volumes for his sense of duty. By their side, a little above us, on the red cloth under the crimson canopy, stand the fair-haired, blue-eyed daughters (not to be compared in point of beauty with the young ladies worshipped by Fanny Burney), and all around the air is full of the melody of *Home, Sweet Home*, which Albani, a trifle affectedly I must own, has just sung to us. These pleasant-faced ladies in their simple gowns, that fluent hardworking gentleman with his courteous manner—are these the tyrants of whom the East End orators speak with such scorn and loathing, the figure-heads at whom *Truth* continually laughs? I remember last time I was here an old lady in black was sitting in the Princess of Wales' place, on whose clasped hands, as Albani sang, the tears were falling fast, and whose voice, when

she proclaimed the Colonial Exhibition open, was so nervous and low we could hardly hear a word she said. This timid lady with the shining eyes was Queen Victoria, who, after an apprenticeship of fifty years, has a manner in public like that of a shy school girl. Though none of the Royal folk to-day look as if they were afraid of us, still they must be glad when the time comes to escape from our rather obtrusive loyalty.

Along the gravel paths of the garden we follow the company when the short ceremony is over, halting when they halt, listening with all our might as the Princess rapidly speaks to the stall-owners, and buys this thing and that, scattering sweet smiles, and shaking hands with the curtsying dames who are playing at shop. We only part with them reluctantly at the doors of their carriages, and as the procession trots off we stare after it as if we had never before seen those brilliant red liveries, those well-groomed bays, though indeed they are most familiar to nearly all of us. The bands playing on under the great shady elms that once shed their leaves on Lady Blessington's skirts, call us with their shrill music to return to the many exhilarating delights of the Exhibition; and after a time, when the light pales and alters, and in the gray gloom garlands of coloured globes outline the bridges, the Prince Consort's statue, the arches of the conservatories, then one sees that even such places as these have their moments of suggestive charm, and as the summer twilight deepens the Present, with its commonplace familiar air, fades, fades, till in its stead the Past stands, shadowy and dim. From the branches of the tree close by a nightingale begins its tender yearning songs—can't you hear it—and by the veranda of that low house (through the windows I see a score of girandoles and sconces in which the candles are ablaze) Landseer lounges, sketching the sky, and the leafy branches, and in particular that little brown bird who is singing of the sorrows of his heart. For ever the bird trills on, and the window shines, and the leaves rustle in the darkened air, for the drawing has been preserved, and hangs on the walls of the neighbouring museum. Under the elms and limes—the walnut and mulberry trees of which Wilberforce spoke when he was a tenant here have disappeared—the Great Duke strolls with his hostess, and Dickens talks to Miss Power: and Louis Napoleon, a diamond eagle for a scarf-pin, wanders moodily with D'Orsay, and while Moore hums his charming airs out here in the moonlight: Thackeray, Rogers, Bulwer Lytton, Planché, Landor—the ghosts of these men haunt the paths now lighted by these twinkling cremorne lanterns for the laughing groups of holiday makers. And then do you remember when Lady Blessington fled to Paris in debt, and a great sale took place—it was in '49—of the magnificent furniture she had gathered round her, how, among the crowds of careless lookers on, of busy buyers, the only person who seemed to think of, to feel sorry for, the late owner of all this finery, and who loitered in and out among the familiar rooms with tears in his eyes, was that hard-hearted cynic, the author of *Vanity Fair*? I have seen a golden cabinet which Ward, R. A., bought here at that time, and I have heard his testimony of the manner in which Thackeray showed his sorrow for the downfall of his kindly extravagant friend. For a year or two Soyer took Gore House, and turned it into a restaurant (christened by its owner *The Symposium*; called by the customers, with regard to the immense prices, *The Imposium*) the walls being decorated by Sala the journalist, bred as an artist. Then the nation bought it as a site for the proposed new National Gallery, but ultimately on the ruins of that verandahed villa where Hans Andersen spent those days he speaks of so prettily in his Letters, the Albert Hall has arisen, and the shady three-acred garden forms part of the exhibition grounds. So the notes of the nightingale have been supplanted by the Cigarette Song from *Carmen*, and the talk of those brilliant men of the last generation is silenced by the noisy clatter coming from the region of the Switchback as it bounds among the snow mountains.

That great contrast between East and West of which Professor Goldwin Smith tells you in his papers on England, struck me anew as I went down the wide Mile End Road this afternoon on my way to the People's Palace. I had come, *via* green countryied Kensington through the fresh breezy parks, through the lines of magnificent streets—Piccadilly, and the region about St. James' filled with carriages, with the idle admirably dressed well-looking leisure classes crowding the pavements—and so by way of the busy Strand past St. Paul's (how much dearer to me than the Roman St. Peter's) Cornhill and Aldgate, right into the heart of Whitechapel. Such a glorious blue and yellow afternoon is this—does that phrase remind you of the *Edinburgh Review*?—just such a one as Whistler in his humorous *Ten o'Clock* bids us not to admire, when no cloud is to be seen in the mysterious sky, and the gentlest winds ruffle the leaves of the poor little country posies lying lost in a dream of cool woods, of deep fern-trimmed hedges, in the flower girls' baskets at the edge of the roads. In the West, only a mile or two away, Society is a-pleasuring, and the days being all too short, half the night is stolen for the round of junketings: but here in the East these many-coloured hours which Belgravia sets to music pass by sadly and silently enough. These people, whom Besant in his *Children of Gibeon* tells us to remember are, despite their clothes and manners, precisely the same at heart as ourselves, toiled through their work till lately unhelped, unpitied for the most part from year to year—for them, poor souls, there is not much, beyond the Palace, worth living for, one would think, though Mr. Rogers, of St. Botolph's, says indeed their condition has immensely improved of late owing to the help of a self-sacrificing body of clergy.

And that reminds me that I should like to take you to a certain small church (not far from where Joe Willett once stabled his gallant steed), on the outside of which, wrought in mosaic, *Love and Life* looks down on the ugly, mud-coloured multitude, each little stone glittering with all sorts of hues. Watts and Winkles! 'Tis an odd combination! But that it is a step in the right direction I am sure. An imitator of Burne Jones has painted beautiful angels with jewelled wings, who guard the Notice Board

against the door, and inside the quiet pillared room, a veritable oasis in this howling wilderness of costermongers, hang coloured drawings from Watts's poetical pieces, of which *Love and Death* is the best to me, while here and there are photographs of some of the Madonnas from the galleries of Dresden and Florence. I am told the parson is an Oxford man, that he and his clever wife live in the midst of this squalor and misery, never ceasing for a day their care of the people about them; and I am shown adjoining the Vicarage a sort of club house, built round a peaceful quadrangle, where live sundry young gentlemen, also Oxford educated, who devote their time to the society of the East End instead of the society of the West, with the best of results, it is said. Turn a little from the highway, and continually you find such tokens of practical Christianity, the best of all answers to the tirades against religion of such men as M. Renan and his kind.

And now, passing the original of *Titbull's Almshouses*, where the three stone steps and Mr. Batten's pump are to this day (if you don't know that particular *Uncommercial Traveller* pray read it at once), I come at last to the People's Palace, which, standing on the high road to the Essex Marshes, in the centre of dismal poverty, has the power of attracting all manner of men from the fine squares and terraces the other side of Temple Bar to this hitherto unknown land. In such a curious country is this Palace that one comes away bewildered, touched, troubled, I think, at the many, many signs of generosity relieving want, of unselfish goodness battling with ignorant vice, the evidences of which in almost every street and alley round about Mr. Besant's Spanish Castle (the crown of this great work) makes one start at one's own indolent selfishness, one's own craven life.

The gold and white hall this afternoon was filled with readers in fustian, readers in corduroy, taking as much interest in the papers and books before them as do the richer classes in the British Museum, and requiring as much quiet as they study. Keen-faced men, shrewd-faced boys turn the leaves with that peculiar touch which tells you at once that those careful fingers would scorn to dog's-ear the corner of the pages—one sees by the way people look at the volumes and hold them in their hands whether they are really book lovers or no—and, lost in the new lands where they are wandering, never take their eyes, whatever the interruption, from the magicians who are showing them these undreamed of wonders. I suppose the first sign of Culture (Mallock's *New Republic*, and poor Matthew Arnold, the *Mr. Luke* of the party, comes back to one's recollection at this watchword) is a healthy love of literature—a means to the end, by no means the end itself—and if this place has only taught its visitors the pleasure to be derived from the thoughts, the travels, the talks of wise folk, it has done a great deal; how to apply these experiences as helps to oneself is surely a matter beyond the teacher. Round about the Central Hall are gathered many technical schools, gymnasiums, and swimming baths, all managed in the best possible way, all crowded night after night by the hard-working men and women who, without these bright clean rooms, would have to entertain each other on door-steps, as did Melinda and her friends. It is impossible to do justice to a Palace such as this in a few sentences; but after all, above and beyond praise, like the Old Masters whom Sir Joshua met and loved in Italy, one's approbation is here almost an impertinence. Only, will you remember when next you come to England, that proud as we are of our magnificent wealth in the West of London, there is also something worth seeing on the reverse of the medal, where instead of the Royal Arms and Crown, you will find the impression—not faint by any means—of a Divine Figure whose only symbols of authority are Mercy and Compassion?

WALTER POWELL.

#### A CANADIAN KRÄHWINKEL.

KRAHWINKEL is not very near to any of the railways or great towns of the rich, populous Province of Ontario, but lies, stranded as it were, beside the broad river of commercial life and activity. This gives it an air of quiet, and being out of the world that distinguishes it from the usual country town. Its single long street runs north and south, and both approaches are picturesque and pretty. From the north the road winds suddenly down a steep hill from the wide, well-tilled upland, and the town, with its two meeting rivers, the mill at the bridge and the maple-bordered street between the prim houses, rests on the plain below your feet.

From the south a turn in the road first brings the town in sight. You stand on a little rise of ground, and the long, straggling street stretches away to the line of hills with their fringe of woods. On the right hand, close to the road, is a little, weed-grown, God's-acre, "Peace-court," as the Germans call it, with a huge black cross in the middle. The grassy mounds from which it rises are marked with other smaller black crosses, as well as the white headstones. The inscriptions are in the old German character, and usually begin "*Hier ruhet*," or with the request to pray for the soul of the departed. In a moment you seem to be back in the heart of the Middle Ages. On the left, and not so near, the pleasant little river flashes and glistens between the beeches from its broad shallows.

There are other streets besides the High Street; but they seem to have lost heart in a race with the main highway, and stopped short in some inglorious blind-alley. A native told me the people were so proud that no one wanted to live on a back street. One great advantage which a village has over the city is that the building contractor has rarely exercised his mischievous activity there. The villager builds his own house to suit himself, as his needs, tastes, circumstances dictate; and so where you do not get picturesque effect you get the first element of it at least—variety. The Krähwinkel houses are both varied and picturesque. Beside the rectangular wooden house of the distinctively new world type there is occasionally the long-walled, high-roofed hut, with one door and one window on

the side that looks as if it had been picked up bodily in Westphalia, and set down on this Canadian hillside. And there are tall erections of stucco, full of starey windows and washed all imaginable shades of pink and yellow. The very door-handles have an outlandish look, being stout iron levers set parallel to the lock, instead of knobs. The few sign-boards bear such names as Linsig, Ploettiner, Wurster, and are in both German and English. Farther up the street, in the May-fair of Krähwinkel, you find some big houses of the former great men of the village, built when the grain business was good, but now with an air of desolation hanging over their huge fronts and neglected gardens. And here and there is a really pretty cottage, of brick usually, and one story high, with a white porch in front, looking comfortable and cheerful amid the well-kept flower beds of its tidy yard. For every one in Krähwinkel must have flowers about somewhere, even if the mignonette and roses have to take their chances with the lettuce and cabbages.

The daily life of the village moves with a slow, even pace. At seven in the morning the bell is rung from the wooden spire of the Lutheran Church, which is modelled on some far-off "Dorfkirche" in the Fatherland, the factory whistles blow, and the town awakes. If it is a market day, there will be long lines of farmers' waggons trundling by all the morning to the neighbouring town; if not, you may look up and down the sunny street for hours and see nothing living but a flock of geese or a stray cow or a woman running into a neighbour's for a morning gossip. At noon there is some slight stir about the post office, for the mail has come in, and there will be perhaps a dozen people in the shop or under the awning in front of it at one time. A long drowsy afternoon follows, and at six the whistles blow again. After supper the factory girls put on their smartest gowns and walk up and down the street, the Salvation Army makes its noisy round, and draws off the villagers from the street corners, a sort of curfew is rung from the church, and the day is done.

On Sundays you have not much choice of services: there are only three. Nearly every one goes to the Lutheran Church, where you will hear hymn-singing with a melody and heartiness that lingers long in the memory, and impassioned preaching from the soldierly young Herr Pastor; his theme is usually the eternal sadness of life, for he has had his own troubles, poor fellow. Once a month the Roman Catholic priest comes over from the neighbouring seminary, and then the little stone chapel in the acacia trees is crowded to the doors. Services are held also at irregular hours, morning and evening, in the smart new Methodist Church.

The inner life of the village is decidedly German. There are many organizations of a social nature. There is a strong lodge of Freemasons, with whom, as well as with the *Heilsarmee* and *Die Dummen Temperenzler*, the Herr Pastor is continually at daggers drawn. An old brewery has been fitted up as a *Turn-halle*, but the chief purpose of the *Verein* seems to be to furnish a lot of bad old boys with an excuse for getting together on Sunday afternoons to drink beer and sing German songs. Once a winter the *Turners* give a grand ball, which is justly regarded as the event of the season. Another neat little hall, built for the Good Templars, has been turned into a theatre in which a local dramatic club often gives performances. The acting might be improved, and better taste shown in the choice of pieces; but Krähwinklers come to be amused, and criticism is not a high art with them. Occasionally a second-rate minstrel troupe comes to town and plays a night or two to crowded houses. The village council maintains a good brass band which plays on summer nights on the wooden platform in front of the schoolhouse. The factory hands have a base ball club, and the public school boys play football at recess and on Saturdays, when shoals of hardy young Canucks may be seen covering themselves with bruises and glory, and laying the foundations of future fame as the heroes of college and Provincial matches. There is an asthmatic old fire engine that is subjected to mysterious experiments at uncertain hours of the night. The effect is quite Rembrandtish to come upon this shapeless black thing by the creek, lit up by the glare of torches, and to hear muttered commands in a foreign tongue, and the groanings of the machine as the huge handles are worked up and down by stalwart arms.

But Krähwinkel has its intellectual life. The Mechanics' Institute is one of the best in the Province, and has a large membership. Two nights in the week the tall, gaunt librarian lights the fires and the lamps of the long, low-ceilinged room over the fire hall, and keeps it open from six to ten o'clock. During the evening a score or so of Krähwinklers drop in to exchange books or to read and chat. The current magazines lie on the reading table, and besides a small but well chosen library of German classics, such journals as *Fliegende Blätter*, *Ueber Land und Meer*, *Gartenlaube* are regularly subscribed for.

In the winter there is much gaiety; balls and parties of different kinds, sleighing parties, dancing parties, hotel parties (for the good of the house) furnish enjoyment to the young men and maidens. There is even the nucleus of good society, and an exclusive "our set," who are hated and secretly envied by all not within the charmed circle. My Frau Wirthin, the stout red-faced consort of Uncle Joe, can remember when it was all different; she laments the growth of the aristocratic spirit, and regrets the good old times when nobody had any pretensions or gave themselves airs, and everybody was like everybody else.

And so life moves on quietly from year to year, untroubled by what passes in the great world outside, and yet not so very different from that great world after all.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

DEATH is like everything else—a foe to be fought, a wild beast to be kept at bay. They who contend with most spirit live the greater number of days. The will to live and the determination not to die, make the most efficacious antidote against the poison of the "lethal dart." The hopelessness of fear is that poison itself.

## EGO.

Not that stern, inward monitor I praise,  
The wielder of the pitiless, smiting rod,  
The index finger of the wrath of God,  
But that which ever woos from error's ways  
By hope and pardon (sorrowful it stays  
The other's hand upraised in righteous scorn),  
Self-pity, first in mortal's bosom born,  
And last to leave the soul in darkest days.  
O surely, blighted though the life may be,  
And lost to virtue in the sight of men,  
There dwells some good the inner eye can see,  
Some subtle worth concealed from outward ken  
In every heart, the vital cause why we  
Extend toward self such Christian charity.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

## WITH NATURE IN MAY.

### I.

"CAMPING out"—providing one's self with tent, blankets, cooking utensils, and food, and leaving the city and the office to enjoy a fortnight's communion with Nature, free from care and far from business, is a form of recreation peculiar to the New World. But I doubt if many of the readers of THE WEEK, bred and born in the New World though they may have been, have indulged in this pleasant form of holiday-making in the month of May. May in Canada is a nondescript month. One knows not literally what a day may bring forth—to-day a snow-storm, to-morrow the buds; to-day a warm shower, to-morrow December cold. It is a conglomeration of winter and summer: cold gales and genial sunshine, warm July skies and a leafless January earth. A truly feminine month is May—fascinating, capricious, incomprehensible, but altogether lovable. Apparently clear as crystal, but with a misty clearness that conceals potentialities incredible. This at all events has been the character of this loveliest of all months in this year of grace 1888.

Despite its capriciousness, however, I was tempted this year to brave cold and storm, to escape for a time from roofs and ceilings and streets and shop windows, and to live for ten days where I could see the buds burst and hear the birds sing; and so enjoyable did the experiment prove that I venture to set forth as best I may, and to share with my reader some of my delights.

Nature is a jealous mistress. Fully to enjoy her one must enjoy her alone. She tells not her secrets, she reveals not her hidden charms to such as woo her not whole-heartedly. She will have your whole heart or she will have none of it. Single-eyedly, and with a determination to forsake all other pursuits during your courtship, you must watch her, or she will elude you and spurn you, show you nothing of her matchless beauties. But if you give her all your heart, in return she gives—what? All her heart? Ah, no; she cannot. But that is your fault, not hers. She cannot, though she would. How can the small, one-chambered human heart house the palace of Nature? Especially as into that one chamber we crowd, too many of us, a mass of lumber: mercenary habits, low-thoughted cares—furniture which Nature abhors. Now into a part compress the whole? Still, sought in earnest, I say, of herself Nature will reveal much. But to seek her in earnest one must sacrifice much. One's pet hobbies of thought and action must be laid aside. Home comforts and town luxuries must be spurned; brambles, mosquitoes, flies, sunburn, prickly-heat, dish-washing, porridge-boiling, bacon-frying, blanket-airing, and such camp-life discomforts and drudgery, must be joyfully undertaken and borne. A companion also is not permissible.\* I recommend that the Nature wooer's sole companion be—a pipe. But forget by no means to take with you also a small supply of that universal amicum, the *spiritus frumenti* of the pharmacist; in plain Keltic—good whiskey. Should you want a little favour done by any whom you chance to meet—the hardy farmer or his stalwart son—you will find this useful medicament as good a warmer of the heart as of the stomach. Books I would eschew, unless with the single exception, for change of thought and relaxation of attention, a pocket volume of Isaiah—when surrounded by sublimity of form and colour, sublimity of thought and expression will suit well. But take not any other writer. Scientific treatises by the score on natural phenomena, I know well, you will crave when your eyes are opened to see some of Nature's miracles. The history of that round-worn rock in the grassy meadow, the metamorphosis of that gay dragon-fly, the reason of the markings of those three nestling eggs—the infinite chain of cause and effect in every minutest object, animate and inanimate, will arouse your thirst for knowledge. Why do I not know something of botany and zoology? you will ask yourself. Why have I neglected the elements of mineralogy and geology? And you will long to be a palæontologist, a palæophytologist, a crystallographist, an ornithologist, an entomologist, an ichthyologist—any and every -ist that could tell you something of the world about you. Every midget will create a desire for a monograph, after the manner of, or even fuller than that of, Huxley on the crawfish, or Mivart on the cat. But take heart, despite your ignorance you can wonder, and admire, and enjoy. Without biology you can lift a little Nature's

\* Every observer of Nature will bear me out when I say that it is impossible to see the animal world properly unless quite alone: the presence of more than one individual person seems to frighten away the birds and other animals, besides being distracting to each observer. The true way to see animals at large is to sit silent, still, and with half-closed eyes.



## IN DIXIE'S LAND.

veil, and perhaps revel in her blushes as much or more than the dissectors of frogs and catfish. One needs not to know the anatomy of a feminine hand to thrill at its momentary half-felt pressure, and who thinks upon the corpuscles of Paccini at the touch of warm, red lips? No; reserve the study of law for the laboratory; omit it not, if you would be Nature's lover in thought as well as in deed, for the more you know of her the more of herself will she be enabled to reveal to you; but when in her company, when enjoying sweet converse with her, admire her as an artist, not as a man of science; as a seeker of beauty, not as a seeker of laws; as a Ruskin, not as a Tynfall. For you need not to know the process of germination to delight in the manner in which the Spring changes the brown earth into glittering glass blades, and the bare woods into yellow-green leaf-buds. You have come to see the results of her work, not the methods of her work.

And if thus you look on Nature, what will you see? Ah! what will you not see? I write sitting ensconced, sheltered from sun and wind, between two huge roots of the stumps of a burned pine on a bare hill overlooking the river. Not a place in which to see much, as you would say. Pardon me, reader, you are entirely wrong. You, shut in between four superficies of wall paper, a whitewashed ceiling, and a carpet, know absolutely nothing of the clouded sky as I know it gazing at it unconfined from horizon to zenith. It is indescribable. Far overhead, the delicatest vapoury cirri fleck the purest blue; in the distance, bold, rounded, white cumuli rise above a misty haze of gray, against which as a background rise in points and curves and lines dark-green furs and round-topped birches and emerald hillsides; and below these, and nearer, comes the water, and this is as indescribable as the clouded sky, in no two spots the same—ruffled and unruffled, wavy and still, dark blue and lead gray, in eddies and in currents; here dimpled, there like a mirror; now dazzling you as with a thousand thousand dancing, flashing, moving, twinkling, floating stars,\* there sullenly bearing up the reflections and shadows of the great, dark trees above it—at one moment thus, and while you say it, otherwise. For a symbol of God—serene, shapeless, profound, in eternal repose, unchanging, all-embracing, majestic—give me the blue sky; for a symbol of Man—tossed, shapen, ever at strife, changeful, unresting, evanescent, with dark depths and foul weeds, sombre and woful when deprived of the light of heaven, and beautiful only when beautified by skyey tints—give me the water. And after the water, and closer, comes my foreground—tufted grass and brown soil, with dandelions and clover and mullein, and here and there a piece of glistening granite or a quaint-shaped, rotting tree trunk. Amongst these, hops fearless, while I sit still and silent with half-closed eyes, the robin or the graybird, chasing insects a few feet from my foot; while above me, on the very stump against which I lean, perches the various-coloured high-holder. Truly, it seems as if Nature had taken me to be one with her, recognized me as part of her manifold immensity, looked upon me as a consort, a co-mate. And am I not a part of her? It needs not to comprehend the harmonious workings of mighty natural laws to perceive the unity of all things, each minutest spot on this earth verifies the truth. I need not move a step to find evidences of it. I look at my blackened stump, and not one square inch can I find which is not instinct with evidences of life within life; life interfused with, dependent on, co-related with other life, with signs of the ceaseless being born, growing, dying—with processes interlinked with processes. It is a universe of processes, this in which we live; not a universe in which this, that, and the other separate thing subsists for a time, but a universe of subsistences, made up wholly of existences. Wherever I look on my stump I see mosses and lichens and creeping ants and beetles, and the holes of boring worms, and the marks of woodpeckers' beaks, cryalides, seeds, twigs. To each of these the stump is its universe: they regard it as we do the solar system, as a place, a locality, made for them to inhabit. They do not understand that the stump is itself but part of a greater whole of life, of thought; a link in an endless chain of existence. And so we often forget that this infinitely various and changing universe which we call ours, which we look upon as our habitation, our dwelling-house, in which we move about as lords and masters, is after all but an infinitesimal fragment of the real demense of the true Lord of the Manor. And what if after all we were not even bailiffs of this manor? What if we were but the furniture in some small attic—mirrors, it may be—and that what we call our universe prove to be nothing more than the small part of this attic which is reflected in us! Forgive me, reader, I had intended telling you something of the charms of my new-found beauty—Nature; I find myself repeating to you the growls of my surly old friend—Philosophy. I have degenerated from *Phusis* to *Metaphusis*. I will mend my ways, and promise to trouble you no further with crude ontological speculations.

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

(To be continued.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Will you please allow me to correct a misprint in the third line of my letter of last week, which is directly contrary to the meaning intended. I certainly did not write "not," and think that what I did write was "just"; the object being to "pervert," or turn aside, Posthumus' anger, or, what would be the same thing, to pervert his belief in Imogen's infidelity to disbelief.

Faithfully yours,

D. FOWLER.

\* This, I think, is a fairly faithful description of this phenomenon—so often described by poets, from the famous phrase of Æschylus down—both from an artistic and a scientific point of view. I have examined it long and carefully through a blackened gun-barrel. The word "moving" is not, I think, superfluous, for the innumerable reflected images of the sun not only "dance" but seem to move in the direction of the current caused by the light wind which raises the wavelets which cause this beautiful appearance.

As in Western pioneer settlements, society in the South is in a primitive state. It is true that even here there are classes: not classes and masses but classes into which the masses are divided. There is one broad line running through society and dividing it equally. That line is as impassable as the gulf between Dives and Lazarus. Among the whites there are no such divisions as those to which we are accustomed in Canada and England. There is not even the aristocracy of wealth which characterizes the Northern States. If there is any criterion governing social intercourse, it is one neither of birth nor of wealth, but simply of respectability. Among themselves, the Southern whites illustrate the fundamental American doctrine that all men are free and equal; but they stop short there. They cannot but admit that the blacks are born free, but that the blacks are born equal to their white fellow-citizens, the latter absolutely refuse to believe, and not being born equal, the deduction is that they always must remain unequal. Thus, in one sense an aristocracy of race does exist in this portion of the great Republic.

Rightly or wrongly, however, the blacks are everywhere in the South treated as inferior beings, and it really seems impossible to do otherwise. So distinct a caste do they form, that not only must they have separate schools and separate churches, and travel in separate cars, but they must even purchase tickets to an entertainment at different stands. There are some inconsistencies, no doubt, in the intercourse between the races. For instance, a boy who would scorn to sit in the same school room with a "darkey," will play all day with the same objectionable youth.

I have not heard to what extent the picturesque ritual of the Roman Church has succeeded in winning negro converts. The Baptists and Episcopal Methodists seem to comprehend a large majority everywhere; and no one can regret the popularity of the former denomination, since nothing could be more desirable than the open-air bath by which they initiate their converts. One could only wish that their principles differed from the practices of their neophytes by requiring often-repeated immersions. Bishop Thompson very aptly and strikingly describes the "intense religiosity" of the coloured people: "The negro is naturally religious. His religion is 'heart religion,' and the white man's is 'head religion.' In much larger numbers than the white, he is 'a member of the church' has 'got religion,' been 'converted,' 'made his peace,' etc., . . . prays louder, sings longer, goes oftener into trances and ecstasies, and has many more revivals and protracted meetings. These last are kept up all right and are commonly wild orgies; but religion is largely their life, and the dancing, singing, shouting, and stamping are to them the evidences of its reality, and indeed its essence. His religion is the centre of his social interests, he is entirely satisfied with it and dies happy."

It is not to be wondered at that "a religion which has its highest expression in a midnight debauch of the nervous system" does not produce a high type of Christianity, or even lead to the practice of the "heathen virtues." And here we are met with the great negro problem, as far as the Americans are concerned. Constant as is the increase of the negro race in the South, I do not think it will ever be so great as to destroy the present balance of population; but even if it should do so, there need be no fear of numerical superiority carrying with it political power. At any rate if the moral and mental problems cannot be solved, the political problem will never call for solution. Of the two questions,—the negro's capacity for improvement in morals, and his capacity for mental development,—the former is undoubtedly the most important, and yet it is to be feared the most hopeless. The warmest friends of the negroes are to be found among the planters, strange as it may seem; for the planters are the children of the old slave-owners. The closest possible relationship between the two races is that between the planter and his dependents. There is on plantations very often a surprising amount of friendly intimacy and almost mutual regard. Many a negro or negress has lived twenty or thirty years within a hundred yards of the planter's residence, has perhaps daily entered that residence, has taken faithful care of the children, and has been treated with uniform kindness; and yet at no time during that lengthened period would the mistress trust any one of them with a brass farthing. The negro does not wait until he can get a silver spoon or an article of jewellery he will appropriate a common plate, a handkerchief, a piece of ribbon,—any trifle seems to gratify his kleptomaniac. In the towns they are constantly being arrested on charges of petit-larceny, and are as constantly imprisoned. They seldom escape, as their ingenuity rarely extends beyond the momentary flight with the spoil. Lying is of course resorted to freely as a necessary preventive to discovery, and although it does not deceive, it sometimes answers the immediate purpose.

Lynching, which is here supported by public opinion, forms the regular punishment for indecent assault and rape, in which a negro is almost invariably the criminal. But, as Bishop Thompson says, "Lying and stealing are a slave's vices or weapons of defence, and chastity would scarcely be expected to be a characteristic virtue among a people who had no legal marriage till within twenty-five years!" And he adds in substance that in this respect too many whites live in glass houses to make it safe to throw stones. It may also be remarked more in explanation than extenuation, that the negro is above all an imitator, and that some of his bad qualities may be (like his religion) exaggerated imitations of those of white men. Whatever good precepts their religion may teach, they do not appear to have any appreciable influence on their general conduct; and worst of all, it is said that usually the negro preacher is merely a more clever rascal than any member of his congregation! This is a problem for "our common Christianity," as people euphemistically term the wild sectarianism of the United States.

The prospects for mental development seem better, and this may or may not go hand in hand with moral improvement. If it does, the race will yet take its place as distinctly superior to the orang-outang, with which some writers take pleasure in proving it has more points in common than with the white man!

When we know that the negroes are numbered by millions in the Southern States, and indeed constitute nearly half the population, it strikes us as surprising that the colour should be considered a disgrace. The late Minister to Liberia has recently devoted himself to the task of eradicating such notions and evolving a distinct type of civilization, so that the blacks may no longer be random imitators of their white neighbours. An example of the contempt or dislike the negroes have for their own colour was furnished to me by a photographer. He said that if he attempted to produce an exact likeness of the sable beauty, she always refused to take it, saying emphatically, "I may be dark, but I'm not as black as that."

His "church" is the focus for all the negro's joys and sorrows. How curiously they combine the serious with the ludicrous may be seen from the following programme, which I copy word for word from the handbill before me:

"Grand tableau to be given at No. 1 Eureka School, by Rev. J. H. Smith and his pupils at the M. E. Church, on Toombs Street, Valdosta, Ga., on Friday, the 18th inst. (November, 187 ) Will be rendered, 1. The form of opening school; 2. 'To the Cross I cling;' 3. Dialogue; 4. Thirsty children; 5. Barber shop; 6. General occupations; 7. Greasy Bill; 8. Marriage; 9. Courtship and various other delightful and entertaining pieces; 10. Music performed on the organ by Miss Innis, of Quilman; 11. Music by Valdosta Concert Band. Also there will be a grand entertainment, refreshments, etc. Admission—single, 15 cents; lady and gentleman, 25 cents; children, 10 cents. Tickets for whites can be had at B. W. Bentley's, and for coloured people at Wm. Jone's and J. O. Ross's stores. Good order will be kept. Reserved seats, 25 cents."

No. 4 was performed in this way. A woman is seated sewing. First one child comes, quietly asking for water; another follows with the same request; then more rapidly comes twos and threes, crying with increasing vehemence; and finally a grand rush is made by the remaining children, who yell and scream piteously until the poor woman is nearly distracted. Then a bell tinkled, and two darkeys rushed the curtains across to their meeting place in the centre, and the tableau was complete. At this point, the rev. conductor appeared at the junction of the curtains, and said: "You see how it is, ladies and gentlemen, when you're married. It's all very well when there are only two or three children, but when it comes to thirty it makes papa squeal!" I awaited No. 7 with great interest, but his reverence announced with much regret that owing to some mishap they would be unable to produce Greasy Bill. But for this, he added, they would substitute the well-known psalm, "Meet me in the promised Land."

I have hardly any space left to speak of the white Southerner or his mode of life. Every one is proud of the South generally, and of his own State in particular. A Georgian tells me that Georgia is called "God's country," a Floridan, that Florida is "the greatest country in the world." But while they clearly recognize their advantages, they seem incapable of enjoying them. During the greater part of the year the weather is delightful, and to my taste, the so-called winter is the most pleasing of all. But there are undoubtedly in winter short periods of imported cold which are all the more severely felt because of their contrast with the preceding mildness. These follow almost invariably on a rain-storm, so that the weather is never really unexpected. The Southerner, however, has constructed his house so loosely and carelessly that the air-holes admit the cold immediately on its arrival. He has not provided himself with enough fire-wood, and what there is, is uncut, and besides thoroughly soaked with the usual rain. Several days are spent in abject misery, and pneumonia often seizes the opportunity and its victim. But in a few days the weather moderates. The hot sun bursts forth, warms and dries everything, obliterates all traces of discomfort; and the shiftless, thoughtless, dilatory Southerner forgets what manner of man he was.

Perhaps it was war and privation that have made the Southerner serious, but from whatever cause, he seems not to have much appreciation of humour. Bill Arp has been represented to me as one of their chief humourists. Through some of his articles I have plodded as steadily as Gray's ploughman wended his weary way, but with the same sense of weariness. On one occasion I lent "Artemus Ward" to a Southern youth. He read a portion of it, and could not resist laughing; but he soon gladly returned it, saying quite seriously, in response to my inquiry: "I don't care much for it. It made my side ache!"

The worldly motto, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," is here replaced by the scriptural one, "Take no thought for the morrow." The Southerner says there are 365 days in the year, and that in this glorious climate one day's as good as another. This is true enough; but the consequence is he does not do as much in the whole 365 days as a Canadian or Yankee does in half the time. The Southerner is indeed his own enemy solely. With all the rest of mankind he is at peace. No one need wish to be placed among a more kindly or open-hearted people than the citizens of the Southern States. They are in general well educated, and occasionally of literary tastes; and are, with hardly an exception, most cordial in manner and intelligent in conversation. A more obliging and courteous people I never expect to meet.

Florida, 1888.

C. E. A. SIMONDS.

THERE are between eight and ten millions of Moslems in Arabia. The Moslems throughout the world number something like two hundred and ten millions.

## CAUGHNAWAGA BEADS.

KANIWAKI \*—"By the Rapid"—  
Low the sunset 'midst thee lies,  
And from the wild Reservation  
Evening's breeze begins to rise.  
Faint the song of Kōnoronkwa †  
Drifts across the currents strong:  
Spirit-like the parish steeple  
Stands thine ancient walls among.

Kaniwaki—"By the Rapid"—  
How the sun amidst thee burns!  
Village of the Praying Nation, ‡  
Thy dark child to thee returns.  
All day through the palefaced city,  
Silent, selling beaded wares,  
I have wandered with my basket,  
Lone, excepting for their stares.

They are white men; we are Indians;  
What a gulf their stares proclaim!  
They are mounting; we are dying;  
All our heritage they claim.  
We are dying, dwindling, dying:  
Strait and smaller grows our bound;  
They are mounting up to heaven  
And are pressing all around.

Thou art ours—little remnant,  
Ours from countless thousand years—  
Part of the old Indian world:  
Thy breath the Indian ever cheers.  
Back to thee, O Kaniwaki!—  
Let the rapids dash between  
Indian homes and white men's manners—  
Kaniwaki and Lachine!

O, my dear Knife-and-Arrows,  
Thou art bronzed, thy limbs are lithe,  
How I laugh when through the crosse-game  
Thou dost slip like willow-withe!  
Thou art none of these palefaces!  
When with thee I'll happy feel,  
For thou art the Indian warrior  
From thy head unto thy heel!

Sweet the song of Kōnoronkwa  
Floats across the currents strong,  
Clear behold the parish steeple  
Rise the ancient walls among!  
Skim us deftly, noiseless paddle:  
In my shawl my bosom burns,  
Kaniwaki—"By the Rapid"—  
Thy own child to thee returns.

Montreal, May 7th, 1888.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

## THE GRAVE ON THE HILL-TOP.

ON the summit of a conical-shaped hill which overlooks a little creek lined with scrubby willow and alder, and distinctly within range of vision of a certain portion of the track of the — Railway in Central Ontario, there lies a low mound of earth surmounted at one end by a large stone. I came upon it during a country ramble, one sultry day in the summer time, and being tired, sat down close at hand to rest. It was green with creeping vines and scented wintergreens and the very loveliness of the surroundings made me curious of its significance. After laboriously scraping the rough hewn side of the stone clean of its mossy covering, I was enabled to decipher the rudely-chiselled characters forming the single word "Bill." My active imagination twined round this solitary grave a long string of fanciful incidents, and the impression they made upon me, as I walked homewards, prompted me, before leaving the neighbourhood, to discover who, perchance, "Bill" might have been.

As I surmised, mine host of the old inn, at which I was temporarily located, was not only cognizant of the existence and history of the hill-top grave, but was readily open to interrogation upon the subject. "As for Bill, after all, there isn't a great deal to tell," he began, in that slow, deliberate style of speaking, even educated folks, out of the way of the influences of town life, invariably fall into. "I knew him first, thirty years or so ago, when the railroad was building through these parts and raising the settler's hopes about future possession of valuable village lots. Bill (that's the only name he ever owned to) was an axeman in the first gang that

\* Kaniwaki—"Above the rapid" is the present native form of the name of Caughnawaga Indian village, which is situated in its reservation, at the head of the Sault Ste. Louis Rapid, and opposite Lachine, about twelve miles from Montreal.

† Kōnoronka, meaning "my dear one," is a frequent word in Caughnawaga choruses, which are soft and extremely musical.

‡ The Caughnawagas were called the Praying Nation, originally being a settlement of Jesuit converts.

followed the engineer's stakes; a deep-chested, broad-shouldered, athletic man he was, and perhaps of the age of five-and-twenty or thirty. Good-natured, though of a quiet disposition, he became a general favourite among the others, and often when I would be down of an evening, listening to the merry songs and rough jests of the men, there was noticeable the sobering effect his entrance had on their boisterous, uncouth jollity—not that he was either what you would call a wet-blanket on their spirits at all,—for frequently he joined in their amusements, after a day's work, and not one of the men was there then, but what would have stood up for Bill before strangers, had needs been.

"But he was given to strange spells of melancholy—the men said—had even been found once or twice, sitting on a bench in the empty shanty, with his head between his hands and sobbing like a child. Perhaps for this very reason—the possession of troubles of his own—certainly not for any superiority in education, for he was as innocent of book-learning as the rest—but his were the ears his fellow-workmen, without a single exception, selected into which to pour their little grievances, and his the voice to give advice or encouragement.

"As for the work—railroad construction in those days was not the quick job modern invention and experience has made it. Cutting and filling down on the line proceeded slowly; block of huge forest trees tardily gave way before the axe's stroke, and masses of rock yielded only before repeated charges of gunpowder. All my spare time was spent at the works and very little of anything went on unknown to me. Bill was still the same conundrum to his comrades—but yet—still about the same favourite. A change was coming, however.

"Giles Morris, a late acquisition to the gang did not join those worshipping at Bill's humble shrine. It soon became evident, he lost no opportunity to belittle the motives that prompted the poor fellow's actions, and even went the extent of hinting that a man whose past life had been above-board and honest should not be at pains to conceal his history. Bill, if he heard these mutterings at all, took no notice of them, but went on in his own way.

"One afternoon, he got orders to present himself at the chief engineer's shanty. It leaked out that a messenger from Toronto had been sent, requiring Bill's immediate departure for town—anyway before night closed in, he had set out, stick in hand, down the line on foot. Talk and conjecture about all this went round among the men for three or four days, till the return of the absentee—gloomier-looking than ever—added to the cloud of mystery enshrouding him. Morris openly asserted that Bill was being favoured too much by the chief, and that his place should not have been kept open for him. 'P'raps when he struck town, he didn't do nuthin' too good, after all,' he would say, and—alas that human nature is so mercurial—the sentiments of some of Bill's former admirers ran in the same direction. His reticence seemingly was fatal to his popularity. The hostile feeling ran higher and higher till shortly Bill found himself on all sides distrusted and even disliked. At this stage, the men decided to hold a private court of inquiry on him, and the coming evening was fixed for the event.

"That afternoon, I learned subsequently, saw a tragic scene. A monster pine was being felled. A rope had been secured in the branches some thirty feet up, and at the base, Bill and Morris together, by some strange chance, were at work on the finishing bit of chopping. At last the men straining on the rope called out warningly that the tree was moving. The axemen stepped quickly aside and watched the tall column yield to the pull. Suddenly Morris—a daring man at any time—signalled them to ease up, and ran in under the leaning pine quite close to the foot of the trunk, now creaking ominously, and hastened to move a barrel of tools, presumably forgotten in the hurry and bustle, but directly in a spot where the tree must fall. The barrel was heavy, and Morris, evidently finding some trouble in moving it, leant down low to exert his strength to better advantage,—when, in an instant, a cry from the onlookers went up—"Look out for the tree!"

"The warning was needed, in truth. All at once the huge trunk started falling of its own accord. It was plain the call had been unheard. Each one ceased breathing and gave up Morris for lost—when, like a flash, a figure was seen to rush in his direction. The next second the massive tree lay prone upon the ground, and while yet the noise of the fall was ringing in every one's ears, Morris rose amidst the splintered branches, unhurt but alone. Search discovered poor Bill beneath the great trunk with his back broken. No time was lost in extricating him. Rough but willing hands bore him to the shanty, where, between life and death, he lingered till evening.

"News of the accident reached me late in the afternoon, and when I got down to the shanty Bill had but just regained consciousness. He lay upon a bed in the centre of the apartment, motionless and not uttering a sound. The men, strong fellows, all of them, but seemingly aghast at the prospect of witnessing death, were ranged silently round the four sides of the room, now and again casting nervous side-glances in the sufferer's direction.

"Presently Bill spoke. 'Don't look so blest sad, all 'o' ye's,' he said in a low, painful tone. 'You've all bin good ter me.' A sort of half-suppressed snuffle broke out in different places of the scarcely animated circle surrounding the couch. Then he continued after a pause, 'Take me out'n the open air, b'ys, its powerful stuffy in here.' Four stalwart fellows bore couch and all out beneath the trees, and placed it gently on the ground in such a position that the sun couldn't dazzle the fading eyes of the prostrate man, so that he looked away in the direction of the green hill where his body now rests.

"'B'ys,' he broke out, as we gathered near—his voice was a trifle stronger now—'b'ys, I havn't told ye's all 'bout myself, an' I know'd you thought me queer, but I hadn't the spunk. Now with death hangin' over

me, I ain't so narvous-like as I was. Say fellers,' he continued—and we all craned our heads to catch the words—'Did any one o' ye's ever hev a sweetheart?'

"Not the faintest suspicions of levity existed, as we heard the curious question. The occasion was solemn, and one or two nervously tugged at a coat-sleeve or button-hole. Then receiving no answer, he went on, 'Well I had one but now she's dead. Died o' fever last week. Poor Annie it's kinder good now, she went afore, for she luv'd me. The chief has bin kind ter me an' tuk me back ter work whin the fun'ral was over—an'—an' I guess—he'll—hev ter tell—the rest b'ys—speakin's so hard—'

"He ceased; the faltering words had been getting gradually more indistinct, and as he laid back wearily on the coat that served for his pillow, we knew the end was approaching. I dared not look round me, but I felt that tears were freely flowing.

"The wounded man lay still for a few minutes—his breath coming quicker and quicker. Suddenly raising himself on one arm, he pointed with the other to the verdure-clad hill, rearing its crest high before him. 'What d' ye's see thar?' he asked quickly. I looked, but saw nothing to cause the agitation on the speaker's face. The sun sinking lower every minute was now crowning the hill's summit with a blaze of golden light, pure and rich; while below, the hill-side was shaded away to hue of darkest green. 'Don't ye's see nothin'—a big purseshun—like, a-comin' this way—right up an' over the hill. Don't nun o' ye's see it?' and Bill's arm fell to his side, as from sheer exhaustion, he lay back on the couch and closed his eyes. We thought the end had come.

"In a moment he looked up again. 'Why the hill's goin' way—disappearin' clean,' he said excitedly—'an' the sky's a-comin' closer an' nearer—an' joy!—thar's me Annie, a-lookin' so happy an' smilin'-like. She couldn't hev struck luck, could she? Thar she's callin' me—Annie, Annie! I'm a-comin', I'm a-comin'!' and the weary lids closed once more over the glassy eyes. This was death.

"We buried the body of poor Bill on the hill among the swaying cedars. Morris himself, influenced by feelings of the deepest remorse, cut and placed the rude headstone, and another week hadn't gone by when he left the works for good. We saw no more of him."

And this is what I found to be the true story of the hill-top grave.

C. M. CANNIFF.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Queries* for June has a portrait and biographical sketch of Miss Murfree, "Charles Egbert Craddock."

*The Andover Review* for June has a number of papers on important subjects. The Gladstone-Ingersoll controversy is dealt with editorially, and among the book reviews is one on Renan's *Histoire du Peuple d'Israel*.

*The Eclectic* for June contains the cream of recent English magazines and Reviews. It would be difficult to make a more judicious selection from periodical literature; and to those who cannot afford to buy the many high-priced publications we commend the *Eclectic*.

*The Pansy*, edited by Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy) and published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, is an admirable little magazine for the young folks. The literary matter is not babyish, and yet not too "old." It is entertaining, suggestive, and its influence cannot be other than beneficial.

The late Dr. Nelles is the subject of two papers in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*: one by Professor Reynar, and the other by Rev. Dr. Douglas. A sermon by Dr. Nelles, printed not from the late Chancellor's manuscript, but from the notes of a gentleman in the audience, also appears in this number.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has collected, principally from the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*, a volume of "Political Essays," which will be published shortly by Houghton, Mifflin and Co. The earliest dates back about thirty years, and the latest is the address delivered in New York just before he sailed for England.

We have received the first number of the *Bibliographer and Reference List*, published by Messrs. Moulton, Wenbourne and Company, Buffalo. It is intended to be a "guide and handy help to the student and lover of books, to the author, publisher, bookseller, and librarian;" and if the plans indicated in the "announcement" are carried out there can be no doubt of the usefulness of the publication.

*The June Magazine of American History* has among many articles of interest one that will at once attract the attention of students of History: Popular Government in Virginia, 1606-1776. Another giving some personal recollections of Wm. H. Seward, President Lincoln's Secretary of State in troubled times, would be of more value if the writer, Mr. Tuckerman, made fewer references to himself and told us more about the statesman of whom he professes to write.

*The May Fortnightly* has another of those tedious papers on the British army, by the author of *Greater Britain*, dealing this time with the question of national defence in the pessimistic spirit that characterized the previous articles of the series. In "The House of Lords and the County Councils," Prof. Freeman deals with important problems of practical politics in a way that should be serviceable to the practical politicians who must solve them. Sir Henry Pottinger, Henry James, Grant Allen and William Morris are contributors to the number.

THE *Contemporary* for May has an appreciative article on "Francis Parkman and his Works," by F. H. Underwood, LL.D. "Parkman's works fulfil one condition indispensable for success: they are always attractive, often brilliant, and have a continuity of interest that holds the reader as under the spell of a great historical novel. . . . Readers will notice the many graphic pictures of scenery in these books. The author is at home in aboriginal woods, by the banks of rivers, and on the shores of sylvan lakes. He seems to know every tree and bush, every wild animal, fish and bird."

"THE Defencelessness of London," by General Sir Edward Hamley, M.P., is the first article in the *Nineteenth Century*, for May. Lord Thring criticises the Local Government Bill; Lord Lynton has a paper on "Tinkering the House of Lords"; Captain Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., expresses his opinions about the way the Royal Navy is managed; the Right Hon. Hugh Childers, M.P., writes about Niederbronn, an Alsatian town, giving a great deal of information not to be found in the guide books; and Mr. Gladstone reviews a novel, *Robert Elsemere*, making it the text for a characteristic defence of Christian belief.

THE frontispiece of the June *Harper's* is a portrait of Mrs. Craik. The "counterfeit presentment" of an author is sometimes disappointing, but this portrait though taken from a photograph, clearly indicates the bright intelligence, womanly grace, and placid thoughtfulness that characterized the literary work of the author of *John Halifax*. The second paper on "London as a Literary Centre," sketches the novelists with portraits of the most eminent. The personal comments are made in a proper spirit and with excellent judgment. They cannot offend those who are the subjects of them, and yet they satisfy the reasonable curiosity that most readers feel about the personal characteristics of the authors whose works they have read and enjoyed.

THE June *Forum* contains a number of articles treating of subjects of more than ordinary interest by distinguished contributors. The opening paper on "The Next American University," by Andrew D. White, deals with some important questions connected with higher education. Senator Wade Hampton discusses negro supremacy in the South; "Remedies for Railway Troubles" are suggested by Professor Arthur T. Hadley; "The Haste to be Rich" is deprecated in a very timely and thoughtful paper by Chancellor Howard Crosby; and Professor F. A. March in "A Universal Language" sets forth the claims of English to become the speech of the world. These are only a few of the articles in an exceptionally good number.

"PLAINS and Prisons of Western Siberia," is the first and probably the most important paper in the June *Century*, but many readers will turn with keener interest to other contributions not embellished with photographic illustrations. Indeed it seems to us that the *Century* and other magazines of its class rely too much on the camera for their pictures. The literary qualities of the number are quite up to the average. John Burroughs very temperately criticises the late Matthew Arnold's criticism on American Civilization; Julian Hawthorne, Henry James, T. W. Higginson, Edward Eggleston, Brander Matthews are other contributors. Prof. C. G. D. Roberts has a stirring poem in a manner he does not often use, entitled "How the Mohawks Set Out for Medoctec."

It will probably be a matter of surprise to many persons to learn that in the City of New York overcrowding exists to a very much greater extent than in London. According to Dr. R. Stracey, the Registrar of Records, overcrowding in New York—to the extent of 16.37 persons to a dwelling in 1880, as compared with 7-8 in London—is such as to render it very improbable that the death-rate of New York can ever be reduced so low as that of our metropolis. In accounting for this, the difference of climate, which Dr. Stracey considers is much more trying in New York, must also be taken into consideration. We have no deaths from sunstroke to record, and registration below zero is almost unheard of in London.—*Medical Press*.

A GREAT and noble woman died in Rome, December, 1722,—a woman whose force and intellect, calm judgment, and statesmanlike ability surpassed that of any uncrowned ruler of her sex in history. So unprecedented is her place in story that historians have sometimes preferred to doubt the part she played in the War of the Spanish Succession. No memorial of the Princess des Ursins exists in Madrid, the city which was saved and restored under her rule. Her last act before leaving Spain was to establish an institution like the French Academy. Madam des Ursins lifted Spain from the dust; she placed a weak and vacillating monarch upon his throne among a foreign race; and assailed by all the powers of Europe, she supported the sovereignty of Philip V. by measures of constitutional right almost unknown to the governed of that day. Madame de Maintenon's tactics were as inferior to those of the power behind the Spanish throne as her aims were baser and her self-seeking more undisguised. But Madame de Maintenon was the obedient servant of the Church, in its most narrow sense; it became the object of that Church's ministers to uphold her power in France. Madam des Ursins, with broader, more enlightened views, opposed the Inquisition and the greed, vice, and hypocrisy of the priests and monks, and she sealed her doom. She had weaknesses, else she had never had those winning traits which made the thralldom of the governed a willing bondage. But no act of injustice, cruelty, or tyranny can be ascribed to her during her ten years of rule. She drank the bitter cup of royal ingratitude to the dregs,—that winter's drive was like the retrospection of the judgment day; but if her heart affirmed the accusation of Wolsey, her lips refused to publicly proclaim it.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

## MUSIC.

## THE CHORAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

THE concert with which the Toronto Choral Society closed its labours for the season 1887-8, on the 29th ult., was in many respects a memorable one. As far as at present determined upon, it is the last concert in which the Society will appear as a choral body, it being intended that any future efforts shall be confined to coöperation in the proposed Musical Festival of 1889. This decision will meet with general regret, as the Society is admittedly a powerful and effective organization, and every lover of music and its influences would like to see its efficiency survive the proposed loss of its conductor. Another feature which distinguished this concert was the friendly coöperation of Signor d'Auria and of Messrs. Torrington and Haslam, each of whom wielded the baton in recognition of Mr. Edward Fisher's worth and attainments. While the work allotted to the chorus was not as exacting as the first performance of a consecutive work would have been, it was generally conceded that it never sang better than on that Tuesday evening. It exhibited a splendid tone, well balanced and true, and sang with faultless precision and certainty under the exceptionally trying condition of a kaleidoscopic succession of conductors, all of whom have characteristic qualities of style, differing sufficiently to confuse the best trained chorus. The brilliant performance of the chorus speaks volumes for the faithful study which Mr. Fisher gave his society. Another event of note was the performance of two orchestral *morceaux* composed by a resident of the city. Signor d'Auria, in these two selections, showed himself a past master of the art of orchestration and of conducting, if he did not display great originality of creation, and the performance of his pieces by the band was one of the most agreeable features of the evening. The vocalists were all taken from the ranks of the Society, and gave most creditable renderings of the parts allotted to them. Mme. d'Auria's spirited singing of the "Inflammatus" shared the honour with the performance of the Jewel Song, from "Faust," by Miss Bunton. The latter lady has a very pretty voice, of light and pleasing quality. Mr. Blight, also, was very happy in his singing of "Why do the Nations." Mr. Boucher's violin solo was an excellent demonstration of executive capacity, though his tone was somewhat light. Altogether the last concert of the Choral Society was one of the best it has ever given.

## THE GILMORE CONCERTS.

GILMORE's celebrated band gave three concerts to crowded houses at the Pavilion this week. The fame of this band leads one to look for almost superlative excellence, and in many respects this aspiration is fulfilled. As a band it is well nigh perfect, and when it plays good legitimate music the critic is lost in the admirer; but when pieces are put on the programme for no other reason than that they are curiosities in the shape of band arrangements of well-known piano pieces, and when the hearer is amused at the ingenuity of the arrangement rather than pleased with the music, it is time to say that there is humbug in music, just as there is in other matters. The performance of three standard overtures and other legitimate band music was delightful, and the transition from this to the booming of cannon with the National Anthem was sufficiently gradual to leave some other tid-bits for the musician before the groundlings had their innings. Of the soloists, Mme. Annie Louise Tanner and Sig. Tagliapietra easily bore off the honours, with Sig. Liberati in the instrumental section. Tagliapietra is well-known as a good baritone, and Mme. Tanner is deservedly a favourite here, her gentle manner and exquisite voice having long ago determined her position. Mr. Torrington's assistance with his chorus did much to elevate the tone of the entertainments.

## MR. H. M. FIELD'S RECITAL.

CONSIDERABLE interest was felt in this young gentleman, who, before his departure to Germany, had already achieved quite a celebrity in Toronto musical circles. Since his return he has avoided public appearances until the evening of Wednesday of last week, and to this delay we may largely attribute the comparatively small house which was assembled to hear him. It was much to be regretted that the recital was not more generally attended, as it was one of the most enjoyable entertainments that we have had this season. Mr. Field is a charming pianist, in matters both of technique and taste. He has a facile, sure touch, rather round than brilliant, and rather broad and soft than strong. His general interpretation is perhaps too inconsecutive to those who are accustomed to admire the symmetry of a Carreno's performance, or the strict equilibrium of the rendition of an Aus der Ohe. It is in this dreamy tendency to meander that his interpretive weakness consists, but this is atoned for by a fine, thoughtful phrasing, and a well-digested conception of the piece under treatment. He is by no means devoid of force or breadth and fire, and a general opinion that his playing lacked force was due more to the selection of pieces on his programme than to any defect in his playing of those chosen. This was abundantly shown in the Liszt numbers with which the evening closed. In the "Polonaise" Mr. Field was full of delightful dash and force, while in the "Petrarch" sonnet he surprised all by the poetic, passionate fire with which he adorned it.

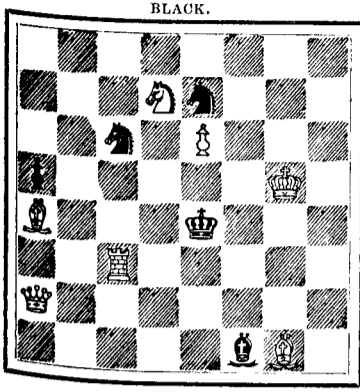
Miss Huntington, as the vocalist, added to her many triumphs in Toronto. She has never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion. A broad, even tone—whether *forte* or *mezza voce*,—an exquisite soft tone, and a rare artistic delivery, made her songs among the most charming ever heard in Toronto.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 259.

By G. J. SLATER.

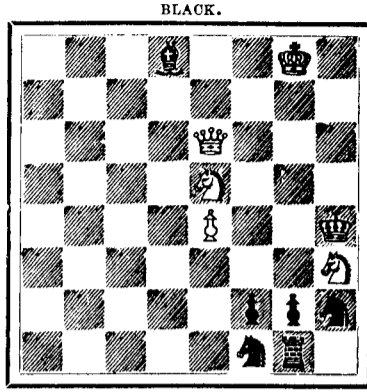
From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*.



White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 260.

From *Le Monde Illustré*.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 259.
- |                |        |
|----------------|--------|
| White.         | Black. |
| 1. B-Kt 5      | K x P  |
| 2. Q-Q B 1     | K x Kt |
| 3. B-B 4 mate. |        |

- No. 260.
- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| White.        | Black.       |
| 1. R-B 2      | K x B        |
| 2. P Queens + | K moves.     |
| 3. Q mates    |              |
| 2. R-Q Kt 1   | If 1. P x Kt |
| 3. Kt mates   | moves.       |
- Other variations easy.

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB, JUNE 1st, 1888.

- |              |          |
|--------------|----------|
| Mr. A.       | Mr. B.   |
| White.       | Black.   |
| 1. P-K 4     | P-K 3    |
| 2. P-Q 4     | P-Q 4    |
| 3. P x P     | P x P    |
| 4. B-Q 3     | B-Q 3    |
| 5. Kt-K B 3  | Kt-K B 3 |
| 6. Castles   | Castles  |
| 7. P-K R 3   | P-K R 3  |
| 8. P-B 3     | B-K 3    |
| 9. P-Q Kt 3  | P-B 3    |
| 10. B-R 3    | Kt-K 5   |
| 11. B x B    | Q x B    |
| 12. K Kt-Q 2 | P-K B 4  |
| 13. P-B 3    | Kt-K 6   |
| 14. R-K 1    | P-B 5    |

- |                |           |
|----------------|-----------|
| Mr. A.         | Mr. B.    |
| White.         | Black.    |
| 15. P-B 4 (a)  | P x P     |
| 16. R x B      | Q-Q 5 +   |
| 17. K-R 2      | P x B     |
| 18. Kt-R 3     | Kt-K 2    |
| 19. Kt-B 4     | Q R-K 1   |
| 20. R-Q 5      | Q-B 7 (b) |
| 21. R x Kt     | P-Q Kt 4  |
| 22. Kt-K 4 (c) | Kt x Kt   |
| 23. P x Kt     | Q-Kt 6 +  |
| 24. K-R 1      | P-B 6     |
| 25. Q-Q 2      | P x Kt    |
| 26. Q Kt P x P | R x P     |
| 27. R x Q P    | R-K 7     |
| 28. Q x R      | P x Q     |
- and White resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) This move loses a valuable P, and gives Black the better position.  
 (b) Good. White will gain nothing by taking the Kt.  
 (c) Not good. He should have played Kt-R 5.

We give below the moves of one of the shortest games on record :-

- |          |        |               |        |
|----------|--------|---------------|--------|
| White.   | Black. | White.        | Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-Q 4  | 5. Q-R 5 +    | P-Kt 3 |
| 2. P-K 5 | P-Q 5  | 6. B x P      | P x B  |
| 3. B-Q 3 | Kt-Q 2 | 7. Q x P mate |        |
| 4. P-K 6 | P x P  |               |        |

**THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.**—The report of the annual meeting of "The Ontario Mutual Life," which we publish elsewhere, illustrates how a Life Insurance Company, commencing in a small way may by careful and conscientious management, attain in a short time to a position so strong that public confidence need not be entreated, but as voluntarily given. The report to which we refer our readers, speaks for itself.

**THE DOMINION BANK.**—The report of the last annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank, which appears in another column, presents some features which will confirm the public in the impression long ago formed of the prudent management under which it has been carried on ever since its doors were opened for the transaction of business. The profits of the year amount to over a quarter of a million, enabling the Directors, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts, etc., and paying a liberal dividend and a bonus of one per cent. to shareholders, to carry \$80,000 to the credit of the reserve fund. But the year's business, which was remarkably good, is not the only gratifying feature to be considered. The large amount of specie, Dominion, Provincial and municipal securities, indicate that the earnings of the Bank have been invested so as to be absolutely safe, yet always and immediately available.

The carter who drove his wagon into the rut, then shouted out to Hercules to come and help him to pry it out, is the prototype of the *fainéants*, who ruin themselves by their carelessness or their folly, then tumble into a helpless mass like so many limp rags, and have to be upborne by their friends, who are unwilling to see them die. The world is full of those wretched apologies for men; and scarce a family exists which does not own, at the least, one among its members who is always coming to grief and falling back, like the stone of Sisyphus, from any safe ledge where he may have been lodged.

DOMINION BANK.

Proceedings of the Seventeenth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders, held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto, on Wednesday, May 30, 1888.

The Annual General Meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the banking house of the Institution on Wednesday, May 30th, 1888.

Among those present were noticed Messrs. James Austin, Hon. Frank Smith, Captain Mason, William Ince, James Scott, R. S. Cassels, Anson Jones, Wilmot D. Matthews, R. H. Bethune, E. Leadly, Aaron Ross, E. B. Osler, W. J. Baines.

It was moved by Mr. W. J. Baines, seconded by Mr. E. B. Osler, that Mr. James Austin do take the chair.

Mr. W. D. Matthews moved, seconded by Mr. James Scott, and Resolved—That Mr. R. H. Bethune do act as Secretary.

Messrs. R. S. Cassels and William J. Baines were appointed Scrutineers.

The Secretary read the report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitting the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows :

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1887	\$842 76
Profits for the year ending 30th April, 1888, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	254,532 34
Total	\$255,375 10
Dividend 5 per cent., paid 1st November, 1887	\$75,000 00
Dividend 5 per cent., payable 1st May, 1888	75,000 00
Bonus 1 per cent., payable 1st May, 1888	15,000 00
Amount voted to Pension and Guarantee Fund	5,000 00
	170,000 00
Carried to Reserve Fund	\$85,375 10
	80,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	\$5,375 10

Owing to a somewhat more active money market during a portion of the year, your Directors have been able to employ the funds of the bank to better advantage than for some time past. A bonus of one per cent. has been paid to the Shareholders, in addition to the dividend, without in any way reducing the amount usually added to the Reserve Fund.

During the year offices have been opened at Guelph and Spadina Avenue.

JAMES AUSTIN, *President*.

Mr. James Austin moved, seconded by the Hon. Frank Smith, and Resolved—That the report be adopted. It was moved by Mr. Aaron Ross, seconded by Mr. W. J. Baines, and Resolved—That the sum of five thousand dollars be granted to the Guarantee and Pension Fund of the Dominion Bank.

It was moved by Mr. I. O. Heward, seconded by Capt. Mason, and Resolved—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services during the past year.

It was moved by Mr. R. S. Cassels, seconded by Mr. Aaron Ross, and Resolved—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Cashier, Agents and other officers of the Bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

It was moved by Mr. Anson Jones, seconded by Mr. E. Leadly, and Resolved—That the poll be now opened for the election of seven Directors, and that the same be closed at two o'clock in the afternoon, or as soon before that hour as five minutes shall elapse without any vote being polled, and that the scrutineers, on the close of the poll, do hand to the chairman a certificate of the result of the poll.

Capt. Mason moved, seconded by Mr. Anson Jones, and Resolved—That the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. James Austin for his able conduct in the chair.

The scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year : Messrs. James Austin, Wm. Ince, E. Leadly, Wilmot D. Matthews, E. B. Osler, James Scott and Hon. Frank Smith.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. James Austin was elected President, and the Hon. Frank Smith Vice-President for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Capital stock paid up		\$1,500,000 00
Reserve fund	\$1,150,000 00	
Balance of profits carried forward	5,375 10	
Dividend number 34, payable 1st May	75,000 00	
Bonus one per cent., payable 1st May	15,000 00	
Reserved for interest and exchange	67,392 66	
Rebate on bills discounted	26,790 68	
		\$1,339,558 44
Total		\$2,839,558 44
Notes in circulation	\$1,209,865 00	
Deposits not bearing interest	1,225,086 45	
Deposits bearing interest	5,998,664 10	
Balances due to other banks in Great Britain	42,003 46	
Balances due to other banks in Canada	12,640 87	
		\$8,488,868 88
Total		\$11,328,427 32
<i>Assets.</i>		
Specie		\$289,050 49
Dominion Government demand notes	601,351 00	
Notes and cheques of other banks	387,212 81	
Balances due from other banks	764,686 52	
Provincial Government securities	356,008 63	
Municipal and other debentures	1,044,637 50	
		\$3,442,946 95
Bills discounted and current (including advances on call)	\$7,655,851 26	
Overdue debts secured	36,462 48	
Overdue debts not secured (estimated loss provided for)	33,301 56	
Bank premises	156,888 08	
Other assets not included under foregoing heads	2,976 99	
		\$7,885,480 37
Total		\$11,328,427 32

Dominion Bank, Toronto, 30th April, 1888.

R. H. BETHUNE, *Cashier*.

# THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.

THE Annual Meeting of this popular and prosperous Company was held at its Head Office, Waterloo, Ont., on Wednesday, May 30th, 1888. The attendance was large and representative, embracing a number of prominent business and professional men from a distance, with the usual quota of the Company's General Agents and leading men of the town.

The President, I. E. Bowman, Esq., M.P., having taken the chair, the Secretary, W. H. Riddell, Esq., read the notice calling the meeting. The Minutes of the previous Annual Meeting were, on motion, taken as read. The President then read the

## DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Your Directors, in presenting to you their Eighteenth Annual Report, being for the year ending on the 31st December, 1887, have much pleasure in stating that the business of our Company has again been highly satisfactory.

The number of Policies issued, the amount of assurance granted, the income from premiums and interest, are all in excess of any previous year, and the assets held in reserve for the security of policy-holders are proportionately increased.

The following tabulated statement shows that the steady progress made by the ONTARIO MUTUAL from year to year since its organization is still fully maintained:—

	1885.	1886.	1887.
No. of Policies issued .....	1,355	1,917	2,181
Amount of Policies issued .....	\$1,867,950 00	\$2,563,750 00	\$2,716,041 00
No. of Policies in force .....	6,381	7,488	8,605
Amount of Policies in force ..	\$8,259,361 71	\$9,774,543 38	\$11,081,090 38
Total Cash Income .....	273,446 85	319,273 98	356,104 80
Total Assets .....	753,661 87	909,489 73	1,089,448 27
Reserve held .....	695,601 36	802,167 24	1,004,505 64
Death Claims paid .....	76,836 00	54,250 00	60,156 00
Matured Endowments paid .....	1,000 00	3,000 00	3,150 00

After the completion of the Auditors' Statement, the Executive Committee carefully examined and passed in detail the several securities specified in the general statement of assets and liabilities to the 31st December last and found the same correct, and also verified the balance of cash.

Our death rate, although somewhat in excess of the unusually low mortality of 1886, is yet much below the expectation, and our ratio of expenses to income has again been reduced.

We regret to have to report the death of one of our Directors, I. B. McQueston, Esq., M.A., late of Hamilton, whose place has been filled by the appointment of Francis C. Bruce, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. John A. Bruce & Co., of the same place.

The Detailed Statement, prepared and duly certified to by your Auditors, is herewith submitted for your examination.

You will be called on to elect four Directors in the place of Robt. Melvin, Robt. Baird, Jas. Hope and C. M. Taylor, whose term of office has expired, but who are eligible for re-election.

On behalf of the Board,

I. E. BOWMAN,  
President.

Having read the Auditors' Report, the Chairman referred to the thorough checking and examination which had been made, by the Executive Committee of the Board, of all the securities held by the Company and the verification of the cash on hand and in the Banks at the close of the financial year, and he was pleased to be in a position to state that the various amounts invested in policy loans, in debentures and first mortgages, were found by them to be correctly set forth in the Company's published statements. He pointed out that the Agency Staff was perhaps never in a more efficient state than at the present time, as was shown by the fact that the issue of new policies during the first five months of 1888 was considerably in excess of the same period of last year. He showed that though this Company issued a larger number of policies for 1887 than any Company doing business in Canada, the expenses in proportion to new business were less than those of any of the competing Companies; and while he gave the figures for the information of the members present, and which were taken from official reports, he deprecated the practice, too common of late with many Companies, of making unfair, unjust and invidious comparisons with rival institutions, and publishing the same through the Press in their annual reports. He thought each Company should stand on its own merits, without an attempt to disparage the standing of its neighbours. He had much pleasure in moving the adoption of the various reports.

Several members spoke in support of the motion, congratulating the Directors, Officers and Agents on the continued prosperity, the high financial standing, and growing popularity of the Company, which they agreed in believing was destined to be at no very distant date the leading Life Assurance Company of Canada—a position it was pre-eminently fitted to occupy owing to its careful and energetic management, its principles of mutuality and equity, its payment of death losses immediately on the completion of the claim papers, without any abatement or discount—a practice which THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE was the first to introduce in Canada, but the credit for which some of its rivals were now trying to rob it. This Company has no interests to serve apart from those of its members, who get their assurance at net cost. It was maintained that too much could not be said in favour of the liberal and equitable cash surrender and paid up values guaranteed in plain figures under the Company's seal on each policy, thus enabling members to know with certainty the value of their policies should unfortunate circumstances, which often occur, necessitate their relinquishment. Its policies, old and new, were now without conditions in regard to travel, residence and occupation, and after the lapse of two years indisputable on any grounds whatever.

Among the speakers were the Rev. Messrs. Morrow and Carson, and Messrs. Frank Turner, C. E., Wm. Bell, J. B. Hughes, Geo. Lang, Charles Packert, S. Burrows, E. M. Sipprell, Wm. Hendry, the Company's Manager, and others. The retiring Directors having been re-elected, the Auditors re-appointed by vote of the meeting, and the usual votes of thanks passed, this most successful and influential meeting was brought to a close.

After the adjournment the Directors met and re-elected I. E. Bowman, Esq., M.P., President, and C. M. Taylor, Esq., Vice-President, for the ensuing year.

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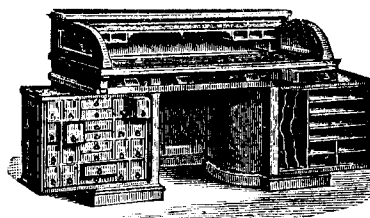
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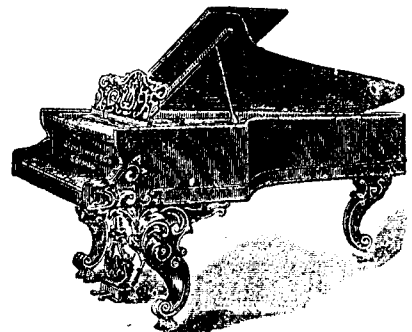
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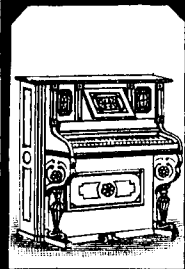

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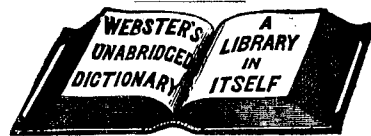
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