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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

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EDITED BY G. MERCER ADAM.

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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JULY, 1880.

COMMERCIAL UNION WITH THE UNITED STATES.

BY ARCH. MCGOUN, JR., B.A., B.C.L., MONTREAL.

THE people of Canada are being instructed and perhaps enlightened by a series of letters from a gentleman in the United States, Mr. Wharton Barker, of Philadelphia, addressed to certain men of prominence here and in his own country, who do not appear, however, to honour them with much attention.

The object of these letters, we may venture to say, would seem to be the wish to instil into the minds of the Canadian people a feeling of dissatisfaction with existing institutions, and thus to induce them to 'look to Washington' for a happy escape from the ills they are supposed to be suffering from.

The writer of the letters is variously described as 'one of the Executive of the International League of the United States,' and as 'Secretary to the Industrial League' in that country, and the latter appellation may remove from our minds the apprehension that it is a Nihilist or Socialist who ventures to become the prophet of this new school of economy. What the International League may be, or why Mr. Wharton Barker should be our

guide, counsellor and friend, we are left to imagine; perhaps it is not necessary we should be informed. These letters have, however, served our purpose, to draw attention to an important question for Canada, since several of our prominent journals have published and commented upon the question of which they treat, though they are given to the world evidently not by their recipients, but by Mr. Barker himself. The propositions these letters deal with are mainly three: 1. That our commercial relations with the United States are of an unsatisfactory character; 2. That this state of affairs cannot be permanently bettered by a Reciprocity Treaty liable to constant variation upon changes of government; 3. That Canada belongs to the American 'system,' and that she should not be isolated commercially from the continent to which she belongs. It is gratuitously asserted, moreover, that the Dominion of Canada is a purely artificial union effected for selfish purposes by England, and independently of the desire of the people of Canada themselves.

The subject of a Commercial Union

is one upon which our people have generally been reluctant to let in the light of day. In the possible political result of the adoption of such a policy, its economical bearings have been allowed to be lost sight of. This is the more unwise as the commercial effect of any policy is bound to be one of the most important elements in determining what will be its ultimate political influence. And one of the consequences of this timidity has been to defeat the very object sought to be attained, as many tacitly assume that our real economic advantage lies in a commercial union, while objections to it are of a purely sentimental nature. If this be the case, it will be well to know it; but it cannot be well from sheer indifference to admit a conflict between our predilections and our interests in the matter.

In the present state of public opinion in the United States, and so long as their existing fiscal system prevails, a commercial union with that country must be formed by our adopting against all other countries their high rate of duties on imports. We shall still be able, as they are now, to dispose of our exports in Europe, and especially in free trade countries like England; but we shall not be able to buy, except to a limited extent. The problem, therefore, resolves itself into this: Will the American market for our exports compensate for the damage that a commercial union would do to our trade with all the rest of the world?

Let us in the first place look at the value to us of the United States market at the present time. The States stand second on the list of the countries, to which our exports are sent. In 1879, our exports to the United Kingdom were about \$36,000,000; to the United States, \$24,000,000; and to the rest of the world, \$8,000,000, making a total of \$68,000,000. The exports to the United States are to be classified thus:

Agricultural produce	\$3,600,000
Animals and their produce	4,600,000
Produce of the forest	4,600,000
Produce of the mine	2,700,000
Produce of the fisheries	2,000,000
Manufactures	1,200,000

The foregoing table shows that the great bulk of our exports to United States consists of raw products, these forming \$22,800,000 of the total. The following table furnishes a more detailed statement of the chief articles that go to make up these exports to the United States, together with the total amount of our exports of these articles to all countries:—

Free to U. S. market:	To U. S.	Total Exp's.
Commodities.		
Produce of the fisheries	\$2,000,000	\$7,000,000
Gold from British Columbia	944,000	944,000
Produce of the forest	876,000	see below.
Eggs	554,000	574,000
	<u>\$4,374,000</u>	
Dutiable to U. S.:		
Barley	\$4,650,000	\$4,789,000
Produce of the forest	3,724,000	13,700,000
Wheat	1,490,000	6,275,000
Horses	1,181,000	1,377,000
Potatoes	1,134,000	1,261,000
Coal	784,000	937,000
Sheep	630,000	988,000
Wool	548,000	692,000
Undressed furs	453,000	1,190,000
Malt	423,000	423,000
Horned cattle	404,000	2,100,000
	<u>\$19,775,000</u>	<u>\$42,250,000</u>
Manufactures:		
1. The produce of Canada:		
Ironware	\$104,000	\$138,000
Furniture	87,000	96,000
Other woodware	60,000	205,000
Spirits	30,000	99,000
	<u>\$331,000</u>	<u>\$538,000</u>
2. Not the produce of Canada:		
Sugar	\$66,000	\$69,000
Spirits	52,000	78,000
Ironware	33,000	54,000
	<u>\$482,000</u>	<u>\$739,000</u>
	U. S.	Total.
Total exports	\$24,000,000	\$68,000,000
Total manufactured exports	1,200,000	3,200,000
Manufactures of Canadian produce alone	882,000	2,700,000

It will be seen then that the great bulk of our exports to the United States consists of agricultural, animal, and forest produce; indeed farm produce including both agricultural produce, proper and animals, amounts to the annual sum of \$13,200,000, out of twenty-four millions; and purely Canadian manufactures to the sum of \$882,000 only.

Now, the next question of interest for us is, what duties the United States Government collects at present upon our exports to the other side. It will be found that at least \$4,500,000 enter the American market free of duty, namely: certain descriptions of lumber, the produce of our fisheries (leaving out of consideration the petty impost on lobster cans), almost a million dollars of gold, and over half a million dollars worth of eggs. It will further be found, that the duty on barley, our principal agricultural export, is fifteen cents a bushel, equal to 16·7 per cent.; on lumber, except what is free, 20·52 per cent.; on wheat, about 22½ per cent.; on all living animals (horses, cattle, sheep, &c.), as well as furs and malt, 20 per cent. Even a number of our manufactures of wood pay only 20 per cent.; while potatoes, wool, and most of our manufactures alone pay a duty exceeding 25 per cent. The duties on exports to the United States may then be summed up as follows:—

Free, at least	\$ 4,500,000
Duty under 25 per cent	17,000,000
Duty over 25 per cent. (at most) ..	2,500,000
Total	\$24,000,000

If, however, a commercial union were to take effect, it is believed that many of our manufactures would be greatly stimulated by having the market of the entire continent thrown open to them. Let us, therefore, consider the effect it would produce upon our manufacturing industries. It may at once be admitted that an impetus would be given to certain manufactures in this country by any arrangement by which

the American market would be secured to us. Manufacturers that have already established factories would, during a short time, realize large profits. In considering a question that involves the entire future of our country, however, we must be guided only by the probable permanent effect that would be produced upon these industries and on the whole country, and not the mere transient benefit of a few individuals. What then would be the ultimate effect upon manufacturers in Canada of a commercial union with the United States? One of our chief industries at present is the manufacture of boots and shoes. It ranks immediately after saw mills, and flour and grist mills. According to the census of 1871 there were at that time three and a half million dollars invested in this industry; the number of establishments was 4,191, and the total number of hands employed over 18,000. What are the natural advantages we possess in regard to this industry? They are principally two-fold: abundance of material, and cheapness of labour. We export large quantities of hides and of leather, besides living animals. In 1879 we exported to the United States \$356,000 in value of hides and skins; \$42,000 of sole and upper leather, the duties on which were at the rate of fifteen per cent. for leather belting, and twenty-five per cent. for calf skins and tanned leather. It will not, I think, be wrong to infer that our raw material is twenty per cent. cheaper than that of our competitors in Massachusetts and the New England States. We have a great advantage, too, in cost of labour here. The rate of wages per annum paid in this industry is \$234 to each employee. It is \$600 in Massachusetts, according to the Report of the Bureau of Statistics for 1878. In the two items of material and labour we have a great advantage over them, probably to thirty per cent., amounting at least to twenty-five per cent., in cost of production, and all our people reap the benefit of the low cost of boots and

shoes here in consequence. But it must be at once evident that these advantages would certainly disappear under a commercial union. For wages and material would almost immediately come to the same level in the two countries. In furniture and other wood work the same would be true. In woollens our advantage in cost of material is even greater, being at least thirty per cent., while labour here is \$206 per annum compared with \$350 in Massachusetts, a difference of sixty per cent. It requires a very high duty therefore to exclude us now from the American market. In cotton, it is unnecessary to add, we could not begin to compete, as we have to import the material from the United States, and the double freight would kill our chance of success in that branch of manufactures. But all these advantages would be neutralized by any measure that would raise the level of wages and material to that of the United States.

It is urged, however, that the loss of these advantages would be more than counterbalanced by our gaining a vastly extended market, and that it is that alone that can make it worth while to invest the capital necessary to develop these industries so peculiarly appropriate to the country. This is perfectly true, and if we could get the United States market at a fair price we certainly ought to take it. Before setting forth the reasons for believing that entering into a commercial union would be too high a price to pay for this market, I wish to advance a few considerations upon a subject, at least closely associated with the matter in hand. I have admitted that the American market would enable us to receive a larger return on capital invested on manufactures than we can hope for at present. The question then arises: Is this the most profitable investment we can find? The amount of capital Canada can command is limited. The lack of it is felt to be the great want of the country. The amount would probably be somewhat increased

under a commercial union by an influx of American capital; but all we can get must still remain small in comparison with the amount required fully to develop our natural resources. What then, either now, or under a commercial union, would be the most remunerative enterprise in which to invest our limited capital. The answer is, whether a commercial union were to take place or not it would best repay us to invest most of it: 1. In developing our agricultural and forest wealth; and 2. In providing every facility for transport. These two branches of investment ought for the next fifty years to absorb far more than all the capital we can command, and yield a vastly larger return than any other on the investment. And if it be pretended that a purely agricultural community cannot be a great nation, we reply that this would not make us a purely agricultural community, but one, in many respects, similar to France. France is a country that is essentially agricultural, and it is the praise of such a country that not only is there much wealth, but that the wealth is better, more fairly and evenly distributed, than anywhere else in the world, except, perhaps, in our own Province of Ontario. But France is not, and Canada will not be, an exclusively agricultural community. Even previous to 1871, there were in Canada over 200,000 people actually engaged in industrial or manufacturing pursuits. There were 37 industries, each of which had more than 100 separate establishments, 12 having more than 1,000 establishments. There were 17 industries in each of which over a million dollars capital was invested; there were 21 industries each of which employed over 2,500 hands. The principal of these were saw mills, boot and shoe, and clothing establishments, blacksmithing, carriage making, foundries, ship yards, flour and grist mills, wool-cloth making, &c., &c. It cannot, therefore, be maintained that Canada has been reduced to tilling the soil

and hewing down the trees of her forest as the sole occupations of her people. Those I have enumerated are all healthy, prosperous branches of manufacturing industries that need no protection and each of them assists in developing the natural wealth of the country. But while this is incontestable, it does not detract from the truth of the proposition that the commerce in agricultural and forest commodities adds the most to the nation's wealth. How unwise it is to protect manufactures cannot be better shewn than by inquiring which class adds most to that national wealth. The number of people in Canada engaged in agricultural pursuits in 1871 was 479,000, or about half a million; the number engaged in industrial occupations, exclusive of fishermen and lumbermen, being about 160,000. The precise numbers have probably altered since that date, but the proportion must be about the same. This proportion then may be assumed as about three agriculturists to one industrial. Now the export trade of a nation represents the surplus produce of the people's labour. Suppose we manufactured everything we require, produced all the timber and minerals, grew all the food consumed in the country, and exported a quantity of each class besides; then the exports would shew how much each class of produce added the most to our riches by seeking a foreign market which, in purchasing, would contribute to the country's wealth.

A comparison of our agricultural and manufactured exports, therefore, will show how much each adds to our wealth, and any difference in favour of agriculture is so much the more to be accepted, as we can produce all we use of that, while we are obliged to import a large proportion of the manufactured goods we consume. In 1879, our agricultural exports, including animals, amounted to thirty-four million dollars of Canadian produce alone (independently of re-exports of foreign produce), and our manufac-

tured exports of the same description amounted to two million seven hundred dollars; the proportion here is 12.6 to one; and, as we have seen, the agricultural to the industrial population is as three to one, it follows that each agriculturist produces more than four times as much as each person engaged in manufactures. The same thing is true of the United States. It is therefore important to know what would be the effect of commercial union on agriculture in Canada. And this brings us to the main point of the discussion.

Canada's exports of agriculture (including animals) amount annually to \$40,708,000, of which \$6,979,000 is not the produce of Canada; and adding to this the forest exports, they amount to \$46,990,000 of Canadian production and \$7,515,000 not the produce of Canada, giving a total of \$54,505,000. Out of this \$36,700,000 are sent to other countries, and \$17,800,000 to the United States. Or, referring back to the beginning of this article, the exports to the United States form twenty four millions out of a total of sixty-eight millions. It is well known, however, that the United States are not importers, but large exporters of all the articles we have to send them. Let us try then to ascertain what portion of these exports are actually consumed in the United States, and what portion is re-exported or serves merely to replace a like quantity of the same articles exported by them. It is to the interest of Canada—at least to her commerce—that the goods she has to export should remain in the hands of her own merchants and forwarders until they reach the market of consumption. If, therefore, Canada exports to the United States what they re-export to another country, it is evident that she loses a good deal in the way of trade. By the table above given it appears, then, that the United States is our *best* market. 1. For gold and eggs, which are now admitted free of duty,

and which, therefore, a commercial union would not affect; 2. For barley, for horses, potatoes, coal, sheep, wool and malt, and also, though in very small quantities, for certain descriptions of iron-ware, furniture and spirits; while for every other article of export she is a much smaller market than Great Britain. It may be added that though, up to the 30th June, 1879, the date of the last complete returns published, the United States were our best customers for sheep (\$630,000 as opposed to \$335,000 exported to Great Britain), still the British trade has been the growth of three years only, and has probably by this time exceeded the United States; at all events her exportation of sheep largely exceeds the importation from us. As against the amounts of the chief articles we now export to the United States above stated, may be set off the following amounts which they export of the same articles for 1879:—

Commodities.	U.S. Imports from Canada.	U.S. Exports.
Barley	4,650,000	410,000*
Lumber	4,600,000	2,500,000†
Wheat	1,480,000	96,000,000
Horses	1,181,000	770,700
Potatoes	1,134,000	545,000
Coal	784,000	2,300,000
Sheep	630,000	1,083,000
Wool	548,000	17,000
Undressed furs	453,000	4,828,000
Malt	423,000	
Horned Cattle	404,000	8,379,000

As for the manufactures, the amounts are too trivial to notice them.

The only articles of which the imports from Canada exceed the exports are, barley, horses, lumber, potatoes, wool, and malt, in which the excess, or amount retained in the United States, is, at the very outside estimate, \$8,293,000. This, then, may be taken as the amount for which the United States is a consuming market for our produce—independently of the free goods unaffected by a commercial

union. I do not mean to assert that a greater amount than that is not actually consumed in the United States, but simply that for any greater quantity consumed, a corresponding amount is exported, and we therefore might as well have that export trade as leave it to them. The general proposition, then, cannot be denied, that the United States is a consuming market for less than nine millions of our dutiable produce.

It may be said that but for the duties she would import and consume a greater quantity; but the chief reason why she does not do so is not the duties, since they amount to only about 12 per cent. on an average (*c. a. d.* about \$3,000,000 on a trade of \$24,000,000), but simply because they themselves can and do produce, not only enough for themselves of everything we can sell them, but an immense surplus, for the sale of which they are our rivals and competitors in the other markets of the world. The real truth is, the United States do not want our produce, and can never be the best market in which to sell it.

In opposition to the nine million, or adding the free goods, say the twelve million, for which the United States is a consuming market, we export to other countries \$44,000,000, the greater part being to markets of consumption; of this, \$36,000,000 is to the United Kingdom, which certainly is, and always will be, a large consumer of the very articles we are best able to produce. As the price of her exports to other countries, Canada has coming due to her forty-four million dollars a year; how is this to be paid? How can we make the greatest profit out of this immense export trade? Is it by shutting up our ports by a prohibitive tariff to everything those countries can send us? If we enter a commercial union, and thus adopt the high American protective tariff, in what are we to be paid for our exports? Is it in gold,—in coin and bullion? If we insist on being

* In 1878 it was \$2,565,000.

† I believe this is under-estimated.

paid *cash*, we shall get the smallest possible return for our merchandise. Great Britain has vast quantities of commodities which are a necessity to us, and which she can supply us with better and cheaper than any other country. She is the best market in the world in which to purchase many articles that neither we nor the United States can produce except at a greater cost, and with greater difficulty.

To illustrate this, take an example: A cargo of 5,000 quarters of wheat is sold by a Canadian exporter in Liverpool at 56s., or \$14 a quarter. He receives the price, in Liverpool, \$70,000. If the freight from Montreal to Liverpool cost 6s., or \$1.50 a quarter, and other expenses, say 50c. a quarter, the amount netted to the Canadian exporter would be \$60,000, viz.,

5,000 qrs. wheat at \$14.00 . . .	\$70,000
Freight at \$1.50 per qr	\$7,500
Other charges, at 50c. "	2,500—10,000

Amount netted to exporter \$60,000

If now, under our present tariff, (which is almost a revenue tariff compared with that of the United States) the ship that carried the grain across earns freight to the amount of \$5,000, and by advancing our duties, which, as against England, are now (including free goods) 17.9 per cent. to the rate of United States duties against England, which is about 35 per cent., the return cargo is so diminished that the ship earns only \$2,500, evidently the shipowner must advance the rate of freight from Canada to England, so as to make up for the loss. The freight on the wheat will now cost \$10,000 instead of \$7,500, and the transaction will be—

Amount received in Liverpool . .	\$70,000
Freight	\$10,000
Charges	2,500—12,500

Amount netted to exporter . . . \$57,500

being a loss on this cargo of twenty-five hundred dollars. But this is not the entire loss. For now, owing to the duties being doubled, the merchant cannot spend the \$57,500 to the same advantage in England. He must bring

it back, in great part, in cash, to be spent in this country, and here very probably he can only get half the quantity of goods he could have bought in England for the same money. The Canadian, exporting a valuable cargo of grain, would therefore get in return perhaps only about half the value that he now receives.

If then, on such a transaction, which is one of every day occurrence, so great a loss would be entailed, what would be the loss on our entire foreign export trade of forty-four million dollars a year? And what on the returns from the United Kingdom alone?

There is a way of arriving at the *minimum* loss we would suffer, independently of loss in freights, and damage to shipping. Suppose we entered the commercial union and adopted the American tariff, our duties on imports from Great Britain would advance from 17.9 per cent. to 35 per cent., being an advance of 17.1 per cent. The duties collected at present on imports from the United Kingdom amount to about \$5,550,000, and the amount of imports required to produce this revenue (at 17.9 per cent.) is \$30,944,000. To produce the same revenue by a duty of 35 per cent. would require imports of the value of only \$15,850,000. Suppose that to be the amount imported, it leaves a sum of \$15,094,000 to be spent in this country. With this sum, we have to purchase articles that could have been bought in England 17.1 per cent. cheaper; or, suppose that competition between merchants within the limits of the commercial union to reduce this to 15 per cent, then the damage to our trade by the advance in duty will be—

Loss of 17.1 per cent. on the \$15,850,000 of imports from England, for every dollar's worth of which this additional cost will have to be paid by the people	\$2,710,350
Loss of 15 per cent. in decreased value received for the \$15,094,000 spent in this country	2,264,100
	<hr/>
	\$4,974,450

being a loss of five millions per annum in the value of the commodities we receive as the price of our thirty-six millions of exports to the United Kingdom, independently of a heavy loss due to increased freights, as in the above example.

The effect upon our total foreign export trade may be traced in the same way. We have seen that this trade amounts to forty-four million dollars. The average duty on *all* imports for 1879, was 16 per cent. ; that of the United States was 30·8 per cent., being a difference of 14·8 per cent. The revenue we have to raise from this trade is about thirteen million dollars. The amount of our imports which produces this revenue at present, is about \$80,178,989. To produce the same revenue with a duty at 30·8 per cent., the amount of imports required would be—\$41,890,772, on which the loss would be 14·8 per cent. *c. a. d.*, the people would pay 14·8 per cent. higher for every article that was thus imported. While the loss on the balance of \$38,288,217, which would be spent in this country would, at the same rate, or even if reduced by competition here, be at least 14 per cent. Adding these two together then, the loss would be—

14·8 per cent. on \$41,890,772 of imports	\$6,199,834
And 14 per cent. on \$38,288,217 spent within the commercial union	5,360,350
	<hr/>
	\$11,560,184 -

or eleven million and a-half on our total foreign import trade. The real loss resulting from this cause alone could not fail to be very much greater than this, because the calculation is absolutely of the lowest loss that possibly could be made. To this, moreover, the loss in additional freight on our exports, occasioned in the manner above shown, and which would amount probably to two million dollars a year more, would have to be added. We may well infer, then, that by commercial union a damage of at least thirteen

and a-half million dollars a year would be caused to our trade with all other countries besides the United States.

This loss is quite independent of the serious damage that would be caused to one of our most important industries, one in which we justly take the most pride. As a ship-owning nation, Canada can now boast that she ranks the fourth among the countries of the world, and not only is this a proper source of pride to her people, but it is a source of great profit and wealth. It will be observed that I have taken a rough account of the loss to our exporters in freights, and this might be thought to cover the loss to our shipping. Such is not the case, however. It is true that shipowners must be indemnified for the trips their vessels are compelled to make in ballast; but if we were to adopt a high protective tariff, the shipping would pass out of the hands of our people. It will not be improper to repeat here what has very frequently been urged in economical discussions. The shipping of the United States has suffered most severely from the effects of their protective tariff. Previous to the adoption of a protective tariff a very large percentage of American shipping was done in American vessels. In 1858 the proportion of American vessels was 73·7 per cent. In 1861, when the protective tariff was just introduced, there was still 65·2 per cent.; this has since then constantly decreased until the figures for 1877 were 26·9 per cent.; 1878, 26·3 per cent.; and 1879, the lowest point of all, 22·9 per cent. Under the old system, the tonnage of United States shipping kept continually increasing, and rose from one million tons in 1803; two million in 1839; three million in 1848; four million in 1852, to 5,353,868 in 1860, the date when protective tariffs began, since which time it has constantly decreased, in spite of the immense advance in volume of trade, until in 1879 it is only 4,169,801 tons. In

fifteen years nine hundred million dollars have been paid by the United States to foreigners for freight on export of produce; in 1879 alone seventy-five millions were paid for this purpose. And there is every reason to believe that the same will result here if Canada continues to follow the lead of the United States in adopting a highly protective tariff. It would seem that a country cannot advance, as a ship-owning community, unless the greatest possible freedom be given to both import and export trade. I am not at the moment in a position to make an accurate estimate of the probable amount of this loss, but it is certain that it would make a large addition to the thirteen and a-half or fourteen million dollars a year already spoken of.

It has, however, to be considered whether the conditions of the American market offered to us in return for this are such as to warrant the belief that it would make compensation for this loss. It is urged by those favourable to commercial union that the nearest market is the best, because it gives the speediest returns; and that the money or its value can change hands many times, and always with profit. This was a very important argument half a century ago. Sir Walter Scott tells of the time, about 1737, when there was so little communication between London and Edinburgh that the mail sometimes arrived in the Scottish capital with a single letter in it; when the usual mode of travelling was by post-horses, the traveller occupying one, and his guide another; and he praises the celerity of his own happy time of the well-appointed stage-coach. Now we know of the tens of millions of letters that pass every week from this continent to Europe, and the trips of from seven to ten days from port to port. It now takes but ten days at most from Quebec to Liverpool; and less than a month to send a letter and get a reply.

But even admitting that there is a

certain advantage in immediate contact between the buyer and seller, there is a more powerful countervailing reason why our export trade with other countries is more profitable than trade with the United States. The most profitable trade is that between countries which naturally produce different commodities. Thus a trade between this country and Great Britain is valuable, because Canada has a large surplus of natural produce, England has an equally large surplus of manufacturing commodities. Canada can send England food; England can send Canada clothing. So also a trade of a most valuable kind might be carried on with most European countries. Antwerp annually imports millions of dollars worth of goods that Canada can well supply. A trade with Brazil, also, could scarcely fail to be profitable if once fairly set afloat, since there are a very large number of products that each can exchange for what the other has in abundance. It will certainly take capital to develop such trade, but why divert capital by means of protection into unnatural and permanently unprofitable channels?

Trade, it is to be noted, with the United States does not possess this advantage. Both Canada and the United States have a super-abundance of raw products. It is an altogether erroneous idea to believe that the United States are becoming larger exporters of manufactures. As far back as 1860 the proportion of agricultural to the total exports of the United States was 78 per cent.; in 1878 it was 82 per cent., and in 1879 it was again 78 per cent. And her exports of manufactures are only 12.5 per cent. for 1878 and 12.3 per cent. for 1879, which leaves 87.5 per cent., or 87.7 per cent. of the total of the United States exports as consisting of raw products, whether agricultural or otherwise. It is evident, then, that in their essential features the products of Canada and of the United States are identical.

This being the case, there is no great advantage to be gained by developing this trade at the expense of our foreign trade which has every element necessary to make it increase enormously. By trading with each other, both Canada and the United States derive less profit than either would by trading with a country whose products are dissimilar. We may be told that Canada can purchase in the United States, or could purchase within the limits of the commercial union, everything she can find in England, and that the best evidence of this is that our imports from the United States already exceed those from any other country. But it must be remembered that there is now no restriction upon importation from the United States. Our duties upon similar articles are the same against all countries. Hence there is the most conclusive answer to this in the fact that our chief imports from the United States are raw products, to be re-exported. This will be evident upon looking at the largest items in our import trade from the United States, compiled from the last Blue Book. The amounts of the same goods imported from Great Britain are given in a collateral column :—

1. Free Goods.

	From U.S.	From G.B.
Wheat	3,955,860	
Indian Corn	2,444,254	
Coin and Bullion	1,565,819	25,270
Wheat Flour	1,367,575	9,615
Coal, anthracite	1,251,289	1,414
“ bituminous	1,014,802	113,075
Hides	988,992	180,636
Raw Cotton	983,013	1,034
Raw Tobacco	734,172	450
Settlers' Effects	532,726	184,948

2. Dutiable Goods.

Sugar, above 13 D. S.	3,055,129	1,105,169
Hardware	1,345,013	391,557
Tea, Green	1,064,098	297,073
Cotton, jeans, &c.	1,013,845	1,535,060
Cotton, manufactured	945,884	1,779,549
Indian Corn	814,867	
Small wares	649,348	1,242,376
Cottons, bleached and unbleached	647,453	256,429
Wheat	513,906	

The above comprise all articles of which our annual import exceeds half a million dollars. On examining it, what is stated above suffers exception only in regard to (1) coal, (2) sugar and green tea, and (3) hardware, manufactured cotton and small wares.

The first of these classes is largely composed of an article we cannot purchase to so great advantage elsewhere, and, therefore, the trade is of a profitable nature. The second consists of imports not *from*, but *through* the United States, for, until a direct trade with the West Indies is opened up, and until our Pacific railway is extended across the continent, we must be content to receive our tea and sugar through the United States. As to the third class, it will be noticed that our imports of cotton and smallwares from Great Britain very largely exceed those from the United States, and hardware remains as the sole instance in which we receive for consumption a larger quantity than from Great Britain. It is not necessary to underrate its importance, but we may frankly admit that it is an article, for which the United States is a good market in which to purchase. This is what is shown by the returns of 1879, and a few years previously show a similar result. It is a question, however, whether this be not the mere export, with scarcely any profit, of a surplus, for which Canada was made a slaughter-market. That will be verified by the experience of the next few years. But it appears sufficiently well established that the United States is not the best market in which we can buy, except for a limited number of things. Compare what has just been shown regarding our United States import trade with the following statement of our principal imports from the United Kingdom with corresponding amounts for the United States :—

1. Free Goods.

	From G.B.	From U.S.
Steel Rails	764,921	18,934

2. Dutiable Goods.

	From G.B.	From U.S.
Woollen manufactures	4,230,758	124,689
Cotton	1,779,549	945,884
“ jeans, &c.....	1,535,060	1,013,845
Silks.....	1,260,236	28,209
Small wares.....	1,242,376	649,348
Sugar, above 13 D. S.	1,105,167	3,055,129
Tweeds.....	896,209	7,069
Tea, Black.....	792,604	275,075
Flax & manufactures.	789,899	53,085
Iron bars, rods, &c..	754,845	133,887
Woollen Clothing....	590,518	79,485
“ Carpets.....	409,799	8,568

This list shows a great quantity of staples which cannot be produced, except under most unfavourable conditions, in our own country. It could be extended throughout the whole thirty millions of our imports from Great Britain. It may fairly be concluded, then, that proximity of markets is a less important element in trade than dissimilarity of products.

I may now sum up in a few words the whole of the argument. The United States, being already over supplied with everything we can furnish her, can never be the best market in which to sell our produce. She must always be our rival in the other markets of the world. By lesser cost of living we may compete with her to greater advantage, and this can only be secured by keeping duties on imports at the lowest possible point. Great Britain and many other countries must, for ever, be our best customers, and we can only make large profits out of our trade with her, and then by receiving

into our ports their exports with the least possible restriction. A policy that would increase the duties on the produce of those countries would be seriously detrimental to our interests. We can find highly profitable investment, without unnaturally stimulating any industry, for more than all the capital we can attract. Our country, if it would advance to a high state of prosperity, must not depend upon constant changes of policy in government or changes of national existence, but should take advantage of the free institutions we enjoy and try to develop the resources we possess in such abundance. This can be done by encouraging agriculture by every possible means, and chiefly by improving our means of communication with the outside world. Give cheap and speedy outlet to our natural produce; bring, in the shape of imports, to our agricultural population all the comforts of civilization at the lowest possible price. If our farmers' sons wish to leave their eastern habitations, let them be the occupants of our vast and fertile northwest. Educate our farmers by establishing good schools, colleges and libraries, within their reach. Let them feel that they are Canadians, and incite them resolutely to live for Canada; and who can picture, who can conceive of the greatness, the wealth, and the power of the nation Canada may yet become.

THE ITALIAN BOY.

BY FRANCES E. SMITH, LUCAN.

HARK! a sound of soft music floats down the dull street,
 And enlivens the gloom of the chill evening hour,
 While it wakes in the heart olden memories sweet,
 That look upward and smile 'neath its magical power.
 But I pause, and the joy-notes are turned into pain,
 As alone, in the twilight, the minstrel draws near,
 And I cannot rejoice in the gladness again,
 Though as wild, and as sweet, are the strains that I hear.

Little child—with the arm yet too weak for the strife,—
 And a heart that, if sad, still must feign to be gay—
 Lonely footsteps, too soon in the rough path of life,
 With no kind eyes to watch if they wander astray.
 Little exile—the flowers that we bring from thy land,
 We are careful to shield from the cold wintry blast,—
 They are tenderly nurtured by many a hand
 That this tide-drifted child-flower has heedlessly passed.

But for me, every song has the sound of a sigh,
 From thy young heart too early in life's noon-tide heat,
 While thy rosy-faced childhood is passing thee by,
 With her ungathered blossoms crushed under thy feet.
 For I think of thy home with its soft sunny skies,
 That all poets have loved, and in rapture have sung,
 Till a spirit, too sad, seems to look from thine eyes,
 And moan in each chord that thy fingers have strung.

But the hand on the harp cannot pause in the strain—
 And the list'ner must pass with a wish on his way—
 May the music of life be as sweet a refrain
 As those small hands have won from the harp-strings to-day
 And if e'er hopes the dearest prove fruitless and vain—
 When the idols of earth shall their faithlessness prove—
 May there still be a tone in the echo of pain
 To tell thee the power that awaked it, was Love.

A THREE WEEKS' FISHING TRIP TO MUSKOKA.

BY H. V. P.

IT was a lovely morning, the 8th of September, 1879, and as the north-bound train steamed out of the City of Toronto, the autumn sun rose bright and unobscured over Lake Ontario, giving a golden lining to a few fleecy clouds which floated across the sky, and carving a wide glittering highway over the still waters. It looked very promising to us, who were off from the humdrum daily routine of office work on a three weeks' fishing trip to Muskoka. As we moved swiftly onward, however, past stubble fields, fresh-tilled land, and nestling hamlets, cloud after cloud floated up from the south-east, and what at first promised so fairly, set in, after we had been a few hours on our journey, a cold wet day. On we speed, nevertheless, regardless of weather, past the thriving town of Newmarket and busy little Allandale, and so to Barrie, looking wonderfully clean and cozy as it lay out before us, nestling on the beautiful slopes of Kempenfeldt Bay. Away again, through thickly-wooded country, until we appeared to gradually lose ourselves in an endless path of the primeval forest, looking wet and miserable as the rain soaked through the foliage; and the monotonous clipper-clap, clapper-clip of the wheels, as they revolve over their iron road, made dreariness more drear. Past Orillia, on the southern slopes of picturesque Lake Couchiching. On past Lake Seguin, until we rush by rugged masses of rock, obtruding across our direct road, and the contour of the country changes into a rugged rocky land, on which the gnarled roots of the hardy pine find but a precarious hold. Through deep

jagged cuttings, and round sharp jutting bluffs, till Gravenhurst lies out before us, with its new buildings, and its busy saw-mills, buzzing and hissing on the lake shore.

Here the *Wenonah*, a small and not over commodious steamer, was waiting at the wharf, and we are soon away through a chain of beautiful little lakelets, surrounded on all sides by abrupt rocky shores and thickly-wooded grades, which increased in ruggedness and grandeur as we wended our tortuous course onward. Here a mighty eminence rose up perpendicularly from the water's edge, almost within arm's length, as we passed by; there a beautiful bay ran far away, until it seemed folded in the embrace of the distant forest; and on all sides rose high above everything the magnificent Canadian pine, lording it as it were away over the heads of its more lowly neighbours, the maple, larch, and oak, and spreading its gaunt branches far out over them, from its stately upright trunk. Past wide stretches of water, and lonely islands lying like emeralds on its surface. On for an hour or so, and then our little boat turns sharply up the Muskoka river, which is not a quarter of a mile broad, and in many places but a hundred yards across.

The river runs through the thick overhanging forest, with here and there a small patch of low lying marsh land, to break the monotony of the darker foliage with the bright emerald green of its water plants; and at intervals of a mile or so, the log shanty of some hardy bush farmer passed, and his small open patch of a year or two's

hard work against the almost impassable forest.

Further up the river, however, signs of man's existence are more apparent, and clearing follows clearing at short intervals, though small and but evidently of a few years' standing, still having more the appearance of comfort and growing importance in the more pretentious dwellings and out-houses on them. Here also the soil is of a far more inviting appearance, and the greater part of that rocky, unfavourable land has gradually disappeared, although here and there may be seen a high granite rock, rising abruptly out of the subsoil, telling that its presence is still part of the peculiarity of the country. On a little longer, round a sharp bend, and we are at Bracebridge, a thriving village, straggling up hill and down dale, with the main streets running north and south. It is at the head of the first Falls, which here stop the further navigation of the river to large craft, only canoes which can be carried over the falls being used above this.

Here we met H. and C. on the wharf, who came up two days before us, and have been improving the shining hours by making sundry inquiries regarding the ways and means of reaching Lake Kahweambelemagamog, our intended destination, and also in laying in the various articles of provender requisite for our three weeks' consumption.

They find, to our disappointment, that our journey beyond this will be attended by various delays, teaming seventeen miles to Lake of Bays over a road which was said to be anything but smooth travelling—Muskoka roads are most annoyingly heavenward in their tendencies at one moment, and the next ridiculously downward in their desperation, and considerably wabbly all through—also that numerous portages would have to be made afterwards on our way up a river by canoe to the lake.

Taking these facts under our grave

consideration, the shortness of our time, and our anxious wish to be at work as soon as possible amongst the finny tribe, we came to the unanimous conclusion that we had better strike for pastures new. We therefore started down the village in search of information, and 'landed up' at the barber's shop. He, the barber, was a garrulous and most learned man on the subject most near to our hearts at the present moment, being quite an authority on the topography of the country and its various resources.

After weighing the *pro* and *con* of several places proposed, we finally decided to take the *Wenonah* next morning down the river again, and across the lake to Bala, where the fishing was said to be better than in the lake to which we had first intended going. We took up our quarters for the night at the — Hotel, which turned out to be very clean and comfortable—rather a rarity in the back country. By the by, our worthy hostess was a most elaborate lady, who, by her queenly manner, and stately way of dealing out her small talk, evidently intended to impress us with the feeling that she was a person of importance, and worthy of our serious consideration and respect.

We are up at four next morning, cold and raw—that is, the morning was—with every appearance of a miserable day before us. After routing each other out of bed by sundry persuasive whacks with that school-boy's delight, a bolster, which had to be again brought into force, as two had returned to their reclining attitude regardless of there being no time to play the fool with, we were off betimes and went on board, and were soon vending our way down the tortuous and sluggish Muskoka river, rather sleepy, decidedly hungry, yet in the best of spirits.

Away past the outlet of the river, and out into the lake. On we steam through long stretches of water, past picturesque little islands, jutting head-

lands, and through narrow channels ; and now the sun is coming forth, and the water turns from a dark, inky colour to a liquid blue, and rock, lake and foliage look smilingly bright and fresh after the late dull and unpropitious weather.

We call at a landing or two to exchange mail bags ; but whether there are any letters in the bags I cannot say, for they look lean and lanky, and decidedly in want of a good meal.

There is only a small shanty at each place, and everywhere wild, rugged country around, with no sign, except these isolated dwellings, of civilization until we run in at the wharf of Bala. There are only two or three houses here : the village, if it has arrived at that stage of importance, is prettily situated at the extreme end of a beautiful bay.

Here we landed and portaged our canoes and possessions for almost three hundred yards to the foot of some lovely falls, which leap and foam over the rocks from the lake above into the * Muskoka river below.

After sundry attempts to stow our cargo in our two canoes, we start on our own account down the river. It is rather wide at first, being in reality a long low-lying lake, but after running for about two miles, this gradually decreases in width, and we are passing between precipitous rocky shores, till in the distance can be heard the roar of falling waters.

Passing the outlet of the river, we round a promontory, and paddle in to a small bay on its southern shore, having now left all signs of civilization far behind us.

Here a long portage had to be made of five hundred paces, through the bush, to the river below the falls. After making five trips across we had all our effects landed safe and sound on the bank of the river about five o'clock.

Time is not a matter of momentary

consideration with us now, and I am not sure as to being quite correct, but we each thought some one else would bring a watch, and every one in consequence very naturally left theirs behind, so we have to guess how the time goes.

Here we selected our camping ground, on a beautiful spot under the shade of some large hemlock trees ; surrounded on all sides by brush covered hills, except to the south, where the river Muskosh lay out peacefully before us, with its rugged pine clad banks on the opposite side rising abruptly from the water's edge against the deep blue sky.

We had a busy time getting up our tents, one for sleeping in and the other as a store room ; but at last everything was snug and comfortable, and by sundown a fire is brightly burning, on which some potatoes are broiling, bacon frying, and a pot of tea drawing near.

By dark our first meal is served up on a rough table near the fire, which is very soon done ample justice to by our four famished selves, and touched off with a raw onion apiece by way of dessert. Then the fire is replenished, and we have a quiet smoke round it, soon afterwards turning in to our canvas mansion ; and as the night breeze sighs amongst the tree tops, we vie with each other in trying who shall take the most sleep out of the first night in camp.

By the way, we had a visitor on this our first night, who introduced himself by asking if we wanted a hand.

He had pulled over from near Bala, hearing of our arrival. Being informed that we were our own body servants, and did not require any such luxury, he did not press the matter ; but making himself at home by the fire, sat in obstinate silence, evidently thinking that after our first night's experience of chopping and cooking, the game would be in his own hands. We left him there when we turned in, and there he was the next morning, crouching over the dying embers, a woe-be-gone, coiled-up looking lout, who, re-

* The river locally known as the Muskosh is a continuation of the Muskoka river, which carries the waters of the Muskoka lakes into Georgian Bay.

ceiving many unspoken hints that we wanted him not, slunk off through the bush and was seen no more.

Up next morning soon after dawn, a mist rises from the river, hanging like a pall over everything around, through which can just be seen the pine tree tops on the opposite bank ; but as the morning advances, and the rising sun comes upon the scene, the mist gradually lifts, and floating away, forms round fleecy masses of cloud, which, mounting higher and higher, finally dissipate, leaving the morning sun shining down bright and unobscured on bush and river.

Whilst R. and myself start the fire and put the kettle on, H. and C. are away to the foot of the falls, and very soon they return with thirteen good-sized bass, and give us glowing accounts of the fishing to be had there.

Soon a goodly fry of fish is served up for breakfast, and is pronounced by all to be excellent. After breakfast the dishes are washed, camp tidied up, and bedding put out to air, and we all start out to fish. We are soon hard at it, hauling in pickerel and bass ; not at one place only, but trying each likely rapid or pool, and always with success. After catching thirty-two good fish, R. and I start down the river to explore, but are soon stopped by some more rapids and falls following each other in quick succession between rocky banks and overhanging branches and culminating in one grand leap into the river below. We named these Beverley Falls, and then returned to camp. After a hearty meal of boiled fish, we smoke, tell yarns, sing songs, and discuss the day's events and our plans for the future round a blazing fire, and go to bed well satisfied and tired, and are soon sound asleep.

With a good night's rest we are out again, and in the misty morning have a glorious bathe in the limpid waters of the river. After breakfast we paddle up stream, and as R. and I have determined to try if we can run up the rapids, we take everything out

of the canoe and our boots off, in case of an upset, and start.

This was rather a hazardous undertaking, as the water rushes through a narrow channel for over a hundred yards, between precipitous granite rocks, which frown down on the fast flowing river. A hard paddle, with a narrow upset or two, as the whirling waters rush surging and bubbling past us, at times almost overcoming our strenuous efforts, and we are in comparative safety at the foot of the falls, which here boil and foam into a basin carved deep in the solid rock. Running under the lee of a cliff, we land, and have some splendid sport.

Again we shoot back down the turbid river to camp, as the slanting rays of the setting sun shine through the forest, and the unmistakable warnings of our internal economy inform us that the dinner hour is nigh, and the day is nearly spent.

We remained at this camp a week ; with faultless weather and splendid fishing everywhere, with which was combined the beautifully wild scenery around, and undisturbed, unbroken solitude. We could not wish for more. And let those who talk of freedom of nations, church or state, go to the pathless backwoods where freedom reigns supreme—more free than the flowing river that keeps its accustomed bed ; more free than the antlered deer that yields to the hunter's skill ; more free than the fleecy clouds that drive with the changing wind ; there you are free, absolutely free ; unshorn, untrammelled, and un-seen.

On Monday, the 15th, we are up and out early, and are soon striking tents and packing the canvas, have breakfast, and are off, as we intend travelling further down the river. Soon unloading again at the head of Beverley Falls, where a long portage of 640 paces leads us to the river below. Away again down stream, which now gradually widens out into a small beautiful lake, lying glistening and

still under the bright sun, like a burnished mirror in the depths of the forest. As our canoes cleave their way through the peaceful water, and our paddles break the placid surface, some wood-duck rise with clamouring note in dismay before us, and a lazy heron flaps his heavy wings over our heads as he soars from his quiet nook on the shore. On past rocky little islets, like sentinels of the deep, till the channel gradually lessens in width, and the stillness is broken by the sound of angry waters rushing through a narrow outlet in its course onward to the mighty lakes.

Running into the left bank close to the edge of these rapids, we soon have our canoes, after a short carry over, in the water again, and swing down with the strong current for half a mile more, when another ugly-looking rapid compels us to take the shore again.

As it was now getting late in the day, we selected a camping ground below these rapids, and soon had the tents up, and a savoury fry of bacon and potatoes on the fire.

By the time dinner was over it had set in a wet evening, obliging us to keep under canvass, where, after a pipe and a game of euchre, we settled ourselves for the night, with the rushing waters roaring past us and the rain pelting down in torrents on our tent. We did not sleep well, however, as, owing to the sloping nature of the ground on which our tent was pitched, we had a wakeful time of it keeping our heads at a respectful distance from our toes, and starting at intervals out of our snooze, with the dreamy conviction that we were having a midnight roll, and plunging into the rapids at the bottom of the hill in our vain attempt to wash it down.

It looked rather dull and unpromising next morning, but after removing our tent to a more level spot we were soon off fishing for our breakfast, to which we shortly returned with ample supplies.

After breakfast had been disposed of, I tried my hand, for the first time, at bread-baking. This is a very simple sort of thing to look on at, when some one else is going through the process, but it is no light matter when you do it yourself. First of all you don't use enough water, and the flour won't mix; then you add just a little, which makes it stick too much; then you add some more flour, and it looks, as you think, correct. Putting it into a flat pan, it is set before the fire at an angle of 45 degrees to rise, and for a moment you turn away your head to admire the surrounding scenery, during which, instead of rising up, it has quietly slid down the pan into the ashes. Of course you make a dive, and catch hold of the pan, which you immediately drop, and go through a war dance round the fire, snapping your fingers in a most joyful manner, and passing many cursory remarks on the success of your undertaking. After sucking your fingers for a time, you pick the dough out of the dirt, slice off the mottled exterior to the best of your ability, and set it in position again; but there is no rest for you, that dough will slide; you turn the pan one way, then another, and it seems hopeless, until your patience has completely gone and you are nearly suffocated and blind with the smoke, and half baked with the heat. When this has reached an unbearable point, the stuff begins to behave itself, and keeps tolerably quiet, but it won't rise, oh, no, not it! but it will burn, and a log will fall off the fire on top of it every now and then, just for variety sake. When it looks pretty black, you think it advisable to turn it, but it won't turn—it sticks like grim death to the pan, and, after much patting and coaxing, you give it a wrench in your despair, and, pulling off the top crust, leave a mass of untouched dough looking up at you. However, something must be done, so you scrape it up in a lump, put the crust upside down in

the pan, and pat the rest down on top, and your loaf is turned at last, but at what a sacrifice! All things must have an end, even baking, so at last you pronounce it done. But it is extremely ungenerous, after one has gone through so much for others, to be told that it is as hard as a bullet, or all pap inside, or to be gravely asked 'what sort of a thing do you call that?' All of which remarks must be meekly borne, for you know you are helpless.

Next day, H. and I determine to take a trip further down the river. So, while the others start up to the lake above trolling, we are away. Passing a bend, round which we swing with the swift current, we soon come to a rapid, which, as it seems to run in a pretty even-inclined plane, we determine to shoot. Paddling to the brink, and taking what seems to be the easiest course, we are soon rushing down with the swiftness of an arrow, and are shot into the bubbling waters below, dipping the bow deep into the angry waves and shipping a sea which nearly upsets us as we run past into comparatively smooth water. Away we paddle, past stretches of still water and rapid eddies, as the river widens and lessens in width, for about two miles, when again the roar of falls ahead are heard. We paddle close into shore, not trusting to luck this time, but determining to look before we leap, and it was lucky that we did so, as a surging, rushing mass of water, tearing at a fearful rate over an almost perpendicular ledge of rock, goes foaming and whirling on to many feet below. Carrying our canoes over the ledge, we take to the water again, and go merrily down the turbid river, which here divides into two channels. Following the right hand branch, we swing along at a rapid rate, and turning a sharp bend, are almost carried over another fall, the sound of which had escaped us, owing to the proximity of the other one just left behind. There was not a moment to spare, and with a determined paddle

across stream the nose of the canoe runs with a heavy thud into the bank, almost on the brink. Jumping ashore, the canoe is quickly secured and we look below. There the rapid river, rushing over a sharp ledge, goes deep down into a seething abyss, where the water drives and leaps in high, angry waves, in which no canoe could ever live for a moment.

We now turned our canoe over on the bank, and crawled underneath, as a smart shower of rain and hail had come on, and then had some cold fish and biscuit by way of luncheon. After a pipe, we start campward; having had quite enough water-falls for one day.

Our hardest work now began, paddling against a heavy stream. Once we were nearly overpowered at starting; but a hard tussle, and a knowledge of the danger behind brought us safely through.

On nearing camp we threw out the troll, and caught some of the largest bass we had yet seen. Back again all safe, where C. and R. are busy with the preparations for dinner, having had a good haul up the river.

Starting out next day with my gun, in search of something in the way of fresh meat, to relieve the monotony of our fare, I tumbled a porcupine out of a maple tree, where he was taking a grave inspection of myself; and, after a prickly encounter, had him skinned and put on the fire to stew. During this operation, however, although everybody was anxious to partake of the animal and, in fact, longing to do so, at least we all said we were, it was quite evident there was a general feeling of doubt as to its being palatable, and when it was cooked and waiting for us, there was, somehow, an uncomfortable pause. Fresh meat, however, had been a rarity with us, and after a very diffident taste all round, it was pronounced to be excellent; tasting a good deal like a mixture of pork and rabbit.

After spending our second week

here, we determined to move onward, and, on Monday, the 22nd, are up with dawn and away.

It is rather a cloudy morning, but as the day advances, the clouds gradually melt away and leave the sky clear and unobscured. We are soon at the fork of the river, and have our canoes over the falls. Taking the left channel, we pass the outlet of the right-hand branch, which empties again into the left, making a wide and deep river. There is hardly any perceptible current now, and we move onward down the river, between banks covered to the water's edge, on both sides, by lofty trees and thick underbrush. The sun shines brightly downward, the tints of the autumn foliage varying in colour from a light lemon through every tint of yellow and crimson to a dark copper colour and olive green, throwing their varied shadows into the bright mirrored surface of the placid river, till they seem lost to sight in the deep depths below, blending in the reflection of the blue sky beneath; and we seem to be calmly floating onward, through the air of some enchanted fairy land.

The river runs in an unbroken stretch for some miles now, and as we paddle on, the shrill note of the kingfisher breaks the dreamy solitude, and numerous wood duck rise with alarming note ahead; some of which afterwards make us a very good supper.

We pass by alternate stretches of marsh, low lying bush land, and sandy banks; on which are many tracks of bear and deer, until another rapid puts a stop to our further progress.

It has now clouded up, and looks very threatening. We therefore land and pitch our tent, just in time, for the rain comes down in torrents, compelling us, after some difficulty in the preparation of our supper, to take it under cover.

We remained here for two days, and had some very fair sport; the fish being of a large size, and taking the trolling hook very kindly.

On the third day, we started for a day's trip further down the river.

The portage here is 420 paces long, and as we did not take anything but our canoes, we were soon over the road and in the water again. Here the falls are very beautiful. After a succession of rapids, the water rushes over a semi-circular ledge, in a deep fall, and then goes rushing between and over large masses of rock into an almost circular pool below.

We named these Hayes' Falls, and started on our voyage of discovery. After passing along apparently good level land for almost four miles, through which the river slowly wends its way like a good road through some stately avenue of trees, the timber becomes more scarce, and rocky eminences appear, until we emerge into a lovely little lake, about two miles in diameter. Naming this Vernon lake, we started in a straight line across it, and fortunately found the outlet of the river again without any trouble. At the entrance we were stopped, however, by a magnificent fall; pulling our canoes therefore on shore, we walked over to inspect it. The river here rushes past high rocky banks, and tumbles in one immense sheet of water to some forty or fifty feet below, and then roars in a succession of leaps in foaming anger, over rocks and through deep channels into a lovely stretch of the river below, which wends its way into the distance as far as the eye can reach, past rocky shores and wooded glades, dividing into many channels between lovely islands, and joining again into one mighty stream; forming one of the most picturesque and beautiful landscapes it is possible to conceive.

We named these Lonsdale falls, and after luncheon, tried a line at the foot of them, and caught some fine sized bass, then turned homeward with regret at having so soon to leave a scene so bright and fair.

After a most enjoyable day, we are back again at camp, and make a hearty

dinner off boiled fish, stewed duck, and the last of our potatoes.

It is now the 25th, and we are homeward bound. Whilst a glistening coating of frost shines on grass, leaf, and twig, under the bright rising sun, we are packing our possessions in the canoes, which, owing to our good digestions, are now considerably reduced in bulk.

Our first camping ground is to be reached to-day if possible; as our holiday time is now drawing to a close. After a good hard day's paddle, and tedious packing over portages, we arrived just before dark at the old camp ground, thoroughly fagged out.

No one has apparently been here since our absence, and in fact since we left we have not seen a single human being, with the exception of our four selves, who what with soiled and ragged clothes, tanned skin, and beards of a week's sprouting, are, to say the least, anything but respectable representatives of our species.

It seemed almost like coming home again, so kindly did we feel towards the old place, and after we had satisfied our hunger, we lit our pipes. While we smoked round the fire, the moon rose over the pines, and cast its glittering silvery beams across the river, and an old owl, perched up in a tree above, welcomed us back with his mournful hooting. While the crickets chirped, and the bull frogs held croaking conference, we spoke of home, and talked over the events of our most enjoyable trip down the Muskosh.

It is our last day in camp, and we

mean to have a whole day's fishing to wind up with. The morning breaks over the solitary forest, calm and still; not a cloud is there to be seen, and not a breath of air to stir the gorgeous foliage, or ripple the surface of the river. Soon we are at the old fishing ground, and there remain steadily till evening; and when the shadows are lengthened far out across the river, and the golden beams of the setting sun glow warm and ruddy in the western sky, we paddle slowly home, and there count the day's spoil. We had caught seventy-five pickerel and bass, varying in weight, but most of them over a pound, and many over three.

Before dinner we indulge in an almost forgotten luxury, a comfortable shave, once more recognising in ourselves the beings of three weeks ago. Our last dinner-table is illuminated for the occasion with the remaining stock of candles, almost two pounds; and after dinner we have a jolly old roast round a roaring fire, and then to bed to sleep the sleep of the weary.

Again we are on the road to civilization. Once more the cow-bell is heard tinkling in the woods, and the bark of the house-dog breaks clearly on the morning breeze; and as we near Bala, the shrill whistle of the steamer reverberates round the echoing hills.

Soon we are speeding along on the south-bound train, and are again but as cogs in the wheel of that mighty machine, called humanity, and freedom's spirit has fled.

THE MEMORY OF A SONG.

BY CESTUS.

THE window-curtains, rich and dark,
 Are drawn behind the pane ;
 The shadows from the firelight
 Flit with the same refrain
 As once they did, in happier days
 That long ago have flown,—
 Calling back sunny memories
 Of home's sweet monotone.

The owner of the mansion sits
 Alone, and in the shade ;
 He sees no dancing firelight,
 Nor heeds the shapes it made ;
 His thoughts are of a picture, fair,
 He holds with loving hands,
 Set round with pearls and diamonds,
 And linked in golden bands.

He sees the dear, dear face he loved,
 A face so young and fair,
 With bright, true, laughing eyes of blue,
 And flowing auburn hair.
 Oh ! who can know the bitter pang
 That rends a heart in twain,
 When death takes all that made life sweet
 And leaves behind the pain !

A strain of music rises now—
 But harsh—from out the street,
 Beneath that lofty window's arch
 Where dark, rich curtains meet,—
 A youthful voice untutored,
 And hoarse from wet and cold,
 Sang feebly to a well-worn harp
 A song both blithe and bold ;—

A song of loving and of love,
 A song of daring deeds,
 Of knights in armour, tilting,
 And prancing of their steeds.

It brought a flush of angry hue
 Across the listener's brow,—
 'He shall not sing her song, out there
 It is too sacred, now.'

He heard the powdered footman stop
 The music in the street,
 He heard a slow, reluctant step
 Go past the window-seat,
 Then back he drew the curtained silk
 And saw a child go by,
 Bent down beneath his weary harp,
 With a face too brave to cry.

A moment, and he watched the boy
 Leaving his pillared door,
 Then a kindly look came o'er his face,
 A look unknown before.
 'I was too harsh,' he said aloud,
 'He did not think it wrong ;
 But oh, what feelings crowd around,
 The memory of her song.'

He paused in thought a moment,
 A moment lingered near :
 'Yes, for her sake, I'll follow him ;
 That song is now so dear.'—
 Forgetting wind and rain and cold
 The millionaire set out,
 And traced the poor boy down the street,
 Nor stopped to think or doubt.

He followed on through cold, wet streets
 Where dim lamps shed their light,
 Though jostled by the passers by,
 And thrust to left and right ;
 He struggled on, for still he thought
 Of song, and wife, and love.—
 Was it the song that guided, or
 Our Father's hand above ?

He toiled still on, a weary way,
 Through alleys far and near ;—
 At length, a stairway steep and dark
 Leads to a garret drear.
 He heard, while pausing at the door,
 The words of mother and son,—
 'No mother, I couldn't a penny get.'
 'Well, dear, "His will be done."'

He enters now the room, and sees
 A woman on a bed,
 The old harp hung upon the wall,
 The boy's hands to his head.
 A moment more, they tell him all ;
 Their tale of want and woe,—
 A moment more, they bless his name,
 With happy hearts aglow !

The mother's strength is ebbing fast,
 Her eyes with tears are dim :
 'To-night I'm going home, dear child,
 Yes, going home, to Him.'

* * * * *

So when the last sad look is o'er ;
 For death's cold hand is there,
 The stranger takes the poor boy thence,
 His house and home to share.

And now within the mansion great,
 The wand'rer, safe and glad,
 Is taught to know the rapturous power
 Of music, gay or sad ;
 And so by kind instruction's aid
 He leaves the strings he played,
 And learns the truer, nobler strains
 The grand old masters made.

Years have passed slowly o'er their heads,
 The boy has changed to man,
 His old friend's head is whiter far
 Than when the tale began ;
 And in the quiet evening
 Together they are seen,
 In a time-worn, gray Cathedral, dim
 With lights and shades between.

And now in that proud gothic pile,
 Though time has passed away ;
 The old man, still the one to hear ;
 The boy, the one to play.
 'Tis now no song of ardent love
 Or knight's bright fame they raise,
 The organ's golden pipes proclaim
 The great Trisagion's praise.

At first through that deep stillness, float
 Soft, silvery waves of sound,
 The sweet-toned *vox humana* calls
 And echoes far around.
 An angel's voice then speaks to earth,
 Æolian whispers come,
 To faces grotesque on the corbels carved
 Grim-writhing lips, yet dumb.

The full notes of the clarion
 Are ringing all along,
 The loud and stirring trumpet's voice
 Blends in the wondrous song.
 Each lending power to raise and swell
 That anthem's glorious sound
 Till the diapason's thunder shakes
 The clustered shafts around.

There,—as they play and listen,—each
 In that Cathedral, see!
 Where pale cold marbles speak of life
 From pain and sin set free;
 And there, as music rich and glad,
 In ringing echoes throng,
 Let both, with thankful hearts recall,
 The memory of a song.

TORONTO.

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

PROCEEDINGS OF FIRST MEETING, REPORTED BY DOC.

IN the language of Wordsworth's immortal little cottage girl—'we are seven:' the Judge, the Duchess, the Poet, Smarty, Doc, Grum, and Lily Cologne. We are all girls—all old friends and chosen comrades. The idea of forming ourselves into a club came to us during a talk we had at the Poet's the other evening. The Judge suggested it, the Duchess gave her gracious approval, but said that 'coterie' was the name we should take; Lily declared it to be perfectly splendid, and Grum perfectly unreasonable. 'We are good friends already,' urged the latter, 'we can be no more. Why should we endanger the natural ties of sympathy and good-fellowship which join us together, by introducing an artificial and utterly meaningless bond of union? She talked on in this strain for some time.

'That is precisely what you are expected to say,' put in Smarty, calmly. 'No matter what the feeling or belief of the rest of us may be, Grum, you always represent the Opposition; that is your never-failing characteristic, your chief charm, your strongest—that is to say your weakest—weakness. I'm glad of it, for it is always necessary to the success of an undertaking that some one should object to it.'

'It is also necessary that it should have an object,' I suggested.

'An object,' broke in the Poet, running her fingers through her short, soft hair; 'what object should we have but talking—heaven's first best gift to woman. Let us meet every week and talk

"Of many things;
 Of chalk and cheese, and sealing wax,
 And cabbages and kings;
 And why the sea is boiling hot,
 And whether pigs have wings,"

with other matters of like weighty import. You needn't scowl at me, Judge. That's not original.'

'We'll set the fact down to your credit,' good-humouredly remarked the Judge. 'For myself, I should like to form a club, every member of which shall be pledged to do and say exactly what she pleases.'

'I do you the honour of believing that you don't mean that,' said Grum. 'People have no right to do as they please.'

'Except when they please to do right,' quoted the Judge, with her 'slow wise smile.'

'And how can it be imagined that we could possibly please to do otherwise?' queried the Duchess, loftily arching her delicate brows.

'How, indeed?' asked Smarty, with an exaggerated imitation of the Duchess's tone and gesture, at the same time trying on Lily Cologne's hat, which had been lying on the sofa beside her.

'Why, it's a great deal too small for you,' cried Lily. 'You *have* got a big head!'

'Where did you suppose I kept all my brains?' inquired her friend.

'Come girls,' I said, 'let us stick to the question of the evening. What is to be the object of this club—if it is a club?'

'The study of Shakespeare,' mused the Poet, half inquiringly, half affirmatively. 'We have read him frequently in the past. Why may I not add in the words of the old rhyme, "and so we shall again"?''

'Oh, Shakespeare!' echoed Lily Cologne, sinking back, with her pink finger tips pressed to her eyes. 'I'd rather talk gossip.'

'I believe you!' said Grum, with melancholy emphasis.

'You're on my side, aren't you, Judge?' pleaded Lily, turning to our representative girl, who clasped her long arms behind her head to consider the subject.

The Judge is a grand girl, and that's

a fact. She is not so bright as Smarty, nor so pretty as Lily Cologne; her manners are not so fine as are those of the Duchess, nor her knowledge of books so extensive as the Poet's; she herself admits that she is not quite so strong as the present reporter. These qualities are somehow belittled in her presence. She gives one an instant impression of disinterestedness, force of character, and reserved power. There is something so simple and admirable in the way in which she comes into a room, and takes a chair, and looks in your face when she speaks to you. I never supposed, before I knew her, that it made much difference how such little things were done.

'I like to gossip,' she said, frankly, 'but I don't know that I approve of it.'

'It seems to be one of the strongest instincts of civilized human life,' said I. 'How do you account for it, Smarty?'

'Oh, I don't account for it at all,' returned Smarty, lazily.

'There is no surer sign of a shallow nature,' said the Poet, alliteratively, 'than this habit of small talk. It is the poorest soil that produces the most weeds. When a person's mind is cultivated—that is, when it is strengthened, deepened, and enriched, it produces—I mean it becomes the —.' She hesitated a moment.

'There! the Poet's swamped,' cried Lily. 'That's what comes from having one's mind too much enriched, &c.'

'Well, I'd rather be swamped, as you call it,' said the Duchess, in support of the Poet, 'than use that vile word. I think we ought to pass a by-law excluding the use of slang from this society.'

'By-law!' echoed Grum; 'we haven't got a constitution yet, and we don't want one either.'

'I quite agree with you,' declared Smarty. 'Not one of us girls has a constitution worth a cent—always excepting Doc here. She has a splendid one.'

I do believe Smarty thought she had ruffled my feathers with her answer to my last question, and she intended to smooth them with this little verbal caress. She knows I am proud of my perfect health. But I declined to look gratified. Smarty gets altogether too much encouragement from the rest of our set.

'No, I'm not,' said the Poet, who apparently had not heard a single word since Lily Cologne said she was swamped. 'This is what I mean: that small talk is the natural outgrowth of small minds. When a person cannot travel, and will not read, what is left for their intellect to feed upon but the worse than trivial sayings and doings and happenings at their neighbour's homes?'

'That's very prettily said,' remarked Grum, 'and I don't doubt it's true; but its only part of the truth on the subject.'

'Gossip in itself may be a vice,' observed the Judge, 'but it springs from a noble root—it springs from the deep and abiding interest which every living person takes in every one else. Grant that human life is a very poor affair, it is, after all, more worthy of our attention and regard than anything else under the sun. Everyone has his own battle to fight, and everyone, naturally, is most anxious to know how his neighbour is fighting his—whether nobly or ignobly. I am interested in a variety of subjects, but the one of most importance to me is man.'

'What man?' asked Lily Cologne; but no one took any notice of the question.

'It seems to me,' languidly put in the Duchess, 'that we might appropriately call ourselves a debating society.'

'Oh, we mustn't debate,' said Smarty. 'That is a vain masculine habit, which implies that a thing has only two sides, whereas most truths are many-sided,

and require to be seen from various standpoints to be fully understood.'

'After dwelling in the rarefied atmosphere of the highest thinking,' said the Duchess, in reference to our Shakespearian readings, 'we ought to be above the pettiness of silly society-talk. It is the capacity for intercourse that distinguishes man from the lower animals; and it is a gift capable of a vast deal of improvement.'

'I couldn't have expressed it any better myself,' exclaimed Smarty, admiringly.

'Then it is finally decided,' said Grum, 'that we are to meet each week for the purpose of chattering amicably upon any subject that "happens along." We may be a decently educated set of girls, but we have been entertaining Shakespeare's royal thoughts, if not in a very royal manner, for some time past, and I, for one, do not feel like shutting them out and opening my doors to tramps.'

'Speak for your own guests, Grum,' cried I. 'My ideas are shabby enough, but as long as they keep a cheerful face I shall always survey them with interest. I look upon them as my poor relations. It would be mean to treat them meanly.'

'It seems to me,' said Smarty, 'that we ought to celebrate the birth of our Coterie by some solemn ordinance or other. Let's all make a vow of secrecy and kiss the Poet's album.'

'Better not,' warned Lily. 'Blue-stockings never dust things half, you know.'

'Oh, don't they!' cried the Poet, reddening.

Lily Cologne compromised the matter by opening the album and kissing the pictured face of the handsomest young man therein contained; a proceeding which she claimed was much more sensible than the one Smarty had recommended. Then, as it was growing late, the girls shook hands heartily and separated.

KEE-CHIM-AH-TIK :

(A Rhyming Legend of the 'Broken Fall,' now known as the Falls of Elora.)

TIME, ABOUT 1750.

ON the topmost twig of the loftiest
pine,
Rock-rooted by verge of the Broken
Fall,
Did the tardiest sunbeam lingering shine,
As if it were crowning the tree-king tall.

Right over the river the night-hawk,
shrill,
Cried 'Kr-a-a-ng' as it dived on grey-
moth bent ;
In a distant covert the whip-poor-will
Was tuning his voice for his evening
plaint.

The scarlet-bird and the oriole
Were hidden away in the maples' shade :
And, close to the fragrant cedar's bole,
The waxwing and robin their nest had
made.

A chattering chip-munk here and there,
Still crouched on end of beechen bough,
And scolded hard in the evening air,
With quivering sides and ruffled brow,

The bark of the 'coon, and the wood-
chuck's call
Came through the woods with a wierd-
like wail :
While the torrent rushed roaring o'er
Broken Fall,
Through the rocky gorge to the grass-
clad vale.

But, see ! and the startled squirrels hide,
A bark-boat pushed by a swarthy crew,
Who silently strain 'gainst the rapid tide,
For the place is sacred to Manitou.

(With moss-grown cliffs o'ertopping trees
all round,
And caverns where the echo spirits dwell,
From out whose depths comes forth mys-
terious sound :
That Manitou is here the men know well.

Yet, landed once, and some thank-offer-
ing made,
Then silence may be broken—food pre-
pared—
The pipe passed round, and warriors,
arrayed
In paint and feathers, dance what they
have dared.)

As yearly moons, so many were the men ;
Mother and daughter of another tribe
Their prisoners—victims to be slain—
The one to please the Manitou—the
other, bribe.

Before a cave, there stood a massive stone,
With the bound on which had captive
maiden lain,
In fear of death did th' aged mother
moan—
Her awe-struck captors whip'ring threats
in vain.
She called on the Great Spirit in his
home
To come and help her at this time of
pain.

The Ojibwan braves were terror-dumb,
Expecting naught but that the rocks
would fall,
Or, that the Manitou himself might come,
In answer to Waw-saw-bun's piteous
call.

Her brown cheek flushed like summer
sunset sky ;
She clutched her matted locks, her eyes
glowed fire,
While, as she spoke, the crags took up
the cry—
Now sad and low, now wild with anguish
dire.

' By this great cave in which we stand,
' This rock whereon my child lies bound,
' By this ravine to higher land,

' Up which ye pass the Broken Fall ;
 ' Ev'n by the Fall itself, I swear,
 ' And by these rivers here that flow,
 ' Before a thousand moons shall die,
 ' Not one Ojibwa here shall dare
 ' The fortunes of the hunt to try,
 ' Not one Ojibwa of you all
 ' To throw a spear or bend a bow.
 ' The white man from Ontario's shore,
 ' Will make this country all his own ;
 ' Your people slay, your lands run o'er,
 ' Your tribe, like mine, now,—small,
 ' unknown.
 ' Then why should ye aid the Pale Face
 ' With stealthy step and cunning bound
 ' To send so many of our race,
 ' —For we are one—
 ' Away to the Great Hunting Ground
 ' Beyond the sun ?
 On the altar-rock she sprang, and stood
 Pleading in accents hoarse and wild :
 ' O ! brothers, if ye must have blood,
 ' Slay me, but spare my child.'

' No, mother,' cried Sah-koo-nah-quaw,
 And painfully she half arose ;
 ' If only one of us may die,
 ' Live thou to tell our tribe that I,
 ' Who dread of suffering never saw,
 ' Have gone to lands beyond the sky,
 ' Where no Ojibwa goes !'

Appalled stood every Indian brave—
 Appalled stood Chief Kee-chim-ah-tik
 Amazed to hear the captives rave,
 Mid rock and tree-shades falling thick.

At last the chief found tongue and
 spoke :
 ' Waw-saw-hun and Sah-koo-nah-quaw,
 ' Our rule of silence ye have broke.
 ' Now, may the Spirit whose summer-
 home
 ' Is 'mid these caves and round these
 streams
 ' (Whose voices fill our hearts with awe
 ' When after wolf or deer we roam),
 ' But let mine eyes see morning's beam
 ' Again light up each rock and tree,
 ' I promise, should my braves agree,
 ' To offer up instead of you,
 ' As sacrifice to Manitou,
 ' The best of all our spears may slay,
 ' In wood or gorge, throughout the day,
 ' If you, unbound—adopted—free,
 ' My mother, and my wife, will be,

' For none have I, where'er I go,
 ' My wood to bring, my maize to hoe.'

The braves assent with scowl and grunt,
 The morrow all take up the hunt.

* * * * *

To his island-home the Great Spirit
 withdrew

To reckon his wampum, smoke, and
 rest—

The nights bedecked each plant with dew
 The days in golden haze were drest.

Soundly he slept, four moons or so—
 The Frost-god clad the earth in snow ;
 Locked were the streams and keen the
 air—

The bush, all save the pines, was bare.

Awoke at last, He ruled again,
 With length'ning day and gladsome rain,
 The rocks re-echoed the waters' roar,
 And the birds returned to their haunts
 once more.

With leaf-bud russet and green and
 gray,
 Beech, maple and birch had a warmer
 look ;

Whilst cranes' -bill and snow-flower, in
 modest array,
 Peeped timidly forth from sheltered
 nook.

* * * * *

Kee-chim-ah-tik—false to the Indian
 maid—

Was spearing fish in the pool below ;
 She, hidden deep in the cedary shade
 Of the islet above, was crouching low.

Like wild-cat on its prey intent,
 Her steps were crafty—silent, slow,
 Then with unerring aim she sent
 A flinty shaft from a jealous bow.

The wounded chief's last lance is
 thrown—

No more his whoop shall cheer the
 Brave

Who, guided both by splash and groan,
 Has found and led him to a cave.

With loss of blood, the end soon came,
 He died in cavern's shadows thick.
 E'er since the place has borne this name,
 ' The Cave of Chief Kee-chim-ah-tik.'

WALT WHITMAN AND HIS POEMS.

BY MRS. KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

IN these last years of the nineteenth century, when some who have made the study of language and literature, the work of their lives—read in the growth and development of our English tongue, and especially in the increasing light with which modern science has explored all the nooks and hiding-places of mystery and romance wherein the subtle spirit of poetry was supposed by them to have its most congenial habitation—the signs of decay, and even the ultimate extinction of the poetic sentiment in man—the fact that a new poet may have arisen, entitled to be considered the founder of a new race of poets for the near future of the world, is one which may, perhaps, interest but a small portion of the mass of mankind. But that such an one should have the courage to announce himself as the prophet of a more enlightened religion—a broader and more comprehensive humanity,—or as the teacher, not of a new, but of a very old and simple code of morals, as simple as the divine rule of loving one's neighbour as one's self—this is a fact sufficiently startling to arouse the interest, and apparently the eager antagonism, of everybody.

For both these reasons, therefore—general indifference to the progress of poetic literature—especially that which is distinctively American—and the almost universal dislike of people to hear even the most undeniable principles of either religion or morality set forth in any but the old formulas, Walt Whitman is not likely in this century or generation to become popular either as a poet or phi-

losopher. And, as in politics and religion, a certain conservatism marks the popular effort to stay the tide of advancing thought which, to the alarmed apprehension of the many, who neither reason broadly nor profoundly, seems about to sweep away in indiscriminate ruin even the rock-hewn foundations of eternal justice, and trust, and goodness, along with the idle shells, sand and seaweed of empty forms and creeds which have survived the living principle which once animated them, so also in literature there is an orthodox code with formal lines and boundaries, and a measuring and weighing apparatus which would fain make a fixed quantity of the element of beauty, and allot a certain circumscribed sphere to the divine creative faculty of genius itself.

As the exponent of this orthodox conservatism in literature, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* brings this unique production of Western 'democracy' and 'savagery,' to the test of the old formularies, and naturally finds it wanting. The many-sided marvel of this large and luminous nature refuses to be fitted into the old round mould, and straightway it is found that the strange barbaric song he sings is a mere 'glorification of nature in her most unabashed forms, an audacious protest against all that civilization has done to raise man above the savage state.'

Notwithstanding the high authority for what is here asserted, it would be well to remember, in forming a just estimate of Walt Whitman's claim to be considered a poet, and of the lite-

rary value of *Leaves of Grass*—his most considerable poem—that he has already an audience ‘fit though few,’ and widening day by day across the Atlantic, if not here. The names of William Michael Rossetti, of Swinburne, and Robert Buchanan, are not unknown among modern British poets and artists, as well as writers of reviews and critical essays, in the most widely-read journals and magazines in the English-speaking world. As these writers may fairly be supposed to represent no inconsiderable portion of contemporary opinion in literary taste at home and abroad, it cannot be thought irrelevant to the subject to cite their conclusions here. In the *Dictionary of English Literature*, may be found these words from the pen of Robert Buchanan :—

‘Let it at once and unhesitatingly be admitted that Whitman’s want of art, his grossness, his tall-talk, his metaphorical word-piling are faults—prodigious ones;—and then let us turn reverently to contemplate these signs which denote his ministry, his command of rude forces, his nationality, his manly earnestness, and last and greatest, his wondrous sympathy with men as men. He emerges from the mass of unwelded materials—in shape much like the earth-spirit in *Faust*. He is loud and coarse, like most prophets, “sounding,” as he himself phrases it, “his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.” He is the voice of which America stood most in need—a voice at which ladies scream and whippersnappers titter with delight, but which clearly pertains to a man who means to be heard. He is the clear forerunner of the great American poets, long yearned for, now prophesied, but not perhaps to be beheld, till the vast American democracy has subsided a little from its last and grandest struggle.’

It is not to be supposed that a poet, like the author of *Leaves of Grass*, who shows so plainly that mere graces of composition do not enter into his idea of poetic expression, at least as

indispensable adjuncts thereto—and who so daringly sets at defiance all the received rules of poetic art in the matter of rhythm and rhyme,—whose lines run flowingly, or halt, as the case may be, upon any number of feet, with a rhythmical accent anywhere or nowhere in particular—would be received without a flutter, and a stir amounting to a revolution among the gods who sit high on Olympus. Yet a despiser of elegance and grace he is not. If he turns not aside from his swift, direct, and eager quest to seek them, neither does he go out of his way to avoid them when they fall naturally into the rush and melody of his impetuous, onflowing, and abounding theme, which, like a mountain torrent, seems to bear all before it. Every page of his books teems with inspired texts to furnish forth a score of lesser poets with material out of which to build volumes of better verse. For himself, the mighty power within which dominates the man, and all the work which is the outpouring of his own life—most vital and magnetic—has no time to spend in fashioning tinsel ornaments out of the splendour of its own evident affluence. To him ‘the true poets are not the followers, but the august masters, of beauty.’ Turning at random over the pages of these two volumes, *Leaves of Grass*, and *The Two Rivulets*, one stumbles perpetually upon phrases and passages of exquisite tenderness, or vivid pictures wrought at one stroke of the master-pencil which, with all its scorn of the artificial and the conventional, has ever a profound and loving reverence for nature and for humanity. Uncouth and formless as he at first appears, he has often a marvellous felicity of depicting the familiar aspects of ‘earth’s soil, trees, winds, tumultuous waves,’ and of so interpreting their language to that ideal sentiment, lying deep in every sensitive nature, that thereafter the association remains fixed and indissoluble—to be recalled whenever the same scenes or images

present themselves. As when he speaks of the 'Ocean's poem,' and—

'—We feel the undulating deck beneath our feet,
We feel the long pulsation—ebb and flow of endless motion ;
The tones of unseen mystery—the vague and vast suggestions of the briny world—the liquid-flowing syllables,
The perfume—the faint creaking of the cordage—the melancholy rhythm,
The boundless vista, and the horizon far and dim.'

How graphically correct to the ear is the sound of the sibilant line—

'The carpenter dresses his plank—the tongue of his fore-plane
Whistles its wild ascending lisp.'

Or this, when the sounds of the open vowels and the natural pauses in repetition are skilfully made to give the rhythmical beat of the blacksmith's hammers :—

'From the cinder-strown threshold I follow their movements ;
The lithe sheer of their waists plays even with their massive arms ;"
Over-hand the hammers swing—over-hand so sure :
They do not hasten—each man hits in his place.'

But it is not possible, in parts to analyse and understand Walt Whitman, or think by gathering here and there a fragment to apprehend the meaning that underlies the whole. For, without ever becoming didactic or metaphysical, after the modern poetic fashion, one may be quite certain that under all his rude symbolism there is a meaning which it is worth while to study. A well known essayist, author of 'Our Living Poets,' in his introduction to that work—discriminating between artistic excellence merely and that higher excellence which may be described perhaps as artistic moral excellence—has this very just and somewhat remarkable passage :—

'But however splendid and great the style or way of saying things, it is not that alone, or that mainly even, that endears noble art-work to large circles of readers ; what does this most

unfailingly is the true artist's unlimited sympathy with all animate and inanimate nature, shown in the exquisite sense of the beautiful *minutiae* of scenery as well as of its large effects, and in rejoicing with the great and small joys of great and small people, sorrowing over the large and little sorrows of the lofty and lowly, drawing near with infinite loving pity to the erring, whether in petty weaknesses or grave, sad crimes. These universal sympathies are what go to make up a noble and wholesome ideal of life, such as all true artists possess individually to a greater or less extent ; and this ideal of life, coupled with a fine imagination, brings forth such fruit of idealisation in art as no other combination of qualities avails for. This large sympathy adequately expressed is the attribute of great poets, and the most endearing of their attributes. It is this that makes Shakespeare the king he is over the hearts of men, and it is this that makes the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning still sweet and grateful on the lips of all who have known her as a poetess, however conscious they may be of the shortcomings and sins of her style. This it is, too, that unfailingly seizes on any mind which places itself in contact with that strange great gospel of Walt Whitman's—where, perhaps, it is found in the intensest form it has ever yet taken.'

One cannot better express what applies with equal appositeness to the distinctive shape Walt Whitman's work has assumed, than by quoting the words of the concluding portion of Mr. Buxton Forman's paragraph, which says :—

'Mere sympathy, however universal, does not make an artist unless there be also the power of expressing it ; and, on the other hand, no amount of wordy ability will enable a man to express what is not in him—what he has not felt at all events deeply enough to conceive some other person as feeling. But it is very doubtful whether there

is such a thing as this great beautiful sympathy without the power of expression in some adequate degree. The expression may be perfect, or it may be faulty; and, technically, a man will be judged according to his success in expression; but the strong probability is that whatever of this greatness of soul is in a man will find its way out in some sort or another, and go to work in the world in form more or less artistic. Sympathy implies expansiveness, and expansiveness implies action, of which artistic exposition is perhaps the most intense form.'

His own idea of what constitutes true art is like all his utterances upon any subject—simple, concise, direct—and ends with that undeniable final appeal to nature which is most certain of finding a responsive chord in our bosoms. 'The art of art,' says the poet, 'the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity—nothing can make up for excess or for the lack of definiteness. To carry on the heave of impulse and fierce intellectual depths and give all subjects their articulations, are powers neither common nor very uncommon. But to speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and *insouciance* of the movements of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside is the flawless triumph of art.'

That he has himself achieved this great result in a more striking manner than is exemplified in any other book, except—with reverence be it spoken—the one Book which lies at the foundation of our faith and religion, there are not wanting individuals of sufficient intelligence and culture—and it may be added—of sufficient daring and candour to assert; nor is it probable that any one, sitting down dispassionately and divested of preconceived ideas and prejudices to the study of Walt Whitman's poems, will be disposed to deny it. Perhaps no one quality is more marked and universal

throughout them all than the spirit of joyous and abounding healthfulness of soul and body by which they are pervaded; a wholesome and contagious gladness which is the natural result of unquestioning faith in, and love for, humanity, and yet larger faith in God. One is obliged to give up the search for particular passages in illustration, not because they are obscure, but because they are everywhere, and the spirit and aroma of them so underlie and envelope, as in a fluid atmosphere of their own, every thought and image presented, that to detach any portion seems like a removal from its native element—or rather, like presenting a fragment of rock to give an image the towering height and grandeur of a mountain. The beautiful invocation *To Him that was Crucified* will perhaps bear transferring as well as any. It is too long for insertion in this necessarily brief paper, but it is so lovely an example of this always-presented feeling of human and divine brotherhood that it seems a sort of sacrilege to mutilate it.

My spirit to yours, dear brother;
Do not mind because many, sounding your
name, do not understand you;
I do not sound your name, but I understand
you, (there are others also);
I specify you with joy, O my comrade, to
salute you, and to salute those who are
with you, before and since,—and those to
come also,
That we all labor together, transmitting the
same charge and succession;
We few, equals, indifferent of lands, indif-
ferent of times;
We, enclosers of all continents, all castes,—
allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions,
but reject not the disputers, nor anything
that is asserted;
We have the bawling and din—we are reached
at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations
on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us, to sur-
round us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole earth
over, journeying up and down,
Till we make our ineffaceable mark upon
time, and the divers eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men
and women of races, ages to come, may
prove brethren and lovers, as we are.'

To him it is that the soft unheard

voices of nature speak by day and by night,—

' Calling my name from flower beds, vines,
tangled underbrush,
Lighting on every moment of my life,—
Noiselessly passing handfuls one of their
hearts, and giving them to be mine.'

Even the much quoted line about the 'barbaric yawp' is not without a certain rude beauty of significance in its place,—for to the quick eye of the poet, the inconsequent flitting by of the night-hawk in the twilight, with its aerial, melancholy, abrupt cry furnishes the comparison and the quatrain :—

' The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me—
He complains of my gab and loitering.
I too am not a bit tamed—I too am untrans-
latable ;
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of
the world.'

It is a difficult task to single one from the mass, any one passage which shall convey an adequate idea of the qualities of largeness and strength—of width of comprehension, united to a singular intensity of feeling which are rarely found in combination, and which render the resulting work so homogeneous in itself that any division is like a mutilation. William Michael Rossetti, in a very full and carefully written prefatory notice to the first English edition of 'Leaves of Grass,' thus concludes his remarks on the then almost unknown writer :—

' I commend to the English reader the ensuing selection from a writer whom I sincerely believe to be, whatever his faults, of the order of *great* poets, and by no means of pretty good ones. I would urge the reader not to ask himself, and not to return any answer to the questions, whether or not this poet is like other poets—whether or not the particular application of rules of art which is found to hold good in the works of those others, and to constitute a part of their excellence, can be traced also in Whitman. Let the questions rather be—*is he powerful? Is he American? Is he new? Is he rousing?* Does he feel and make

me feel? I entertain no doubt as to the response which in due course of time will be returned to these questions and such as these, in America, in England, and elsewhere, or to the further question, "Is Whitman then indeed a true and a great poet?"

' I believe that Whitman is one of the huge, as yet mainly unrecognised, forces of our time ; privileged to evoke in a country hitherto still asking for its poet, a fresh, athletic, and American poetry, and predestined to be traced up to by generation after generation of believing and ardent—let us hope not servile—disciples.'

The superficial or unsympathetic reader will not comprehend nor admire Walt Whitman. His song is not 'a mere tale—a rhyme—a prettiness'—intended to fill up one of the pauses in the serious business of life, to be laid aside and forgotten when the hour of leisure is over. One must bring to the study no preoccupations, no prejudices, but the same willing acceptance of truth with which we come to the study of science or philosophy ; and though we may not always be able to grasp the whole meaning of the writer, no one can rise from communion with such a mind without being penetrated with a new and broader idea of humanity and religion, and without having received 'endless suggestions' to thought.

It is wonderful that an intelligence so microscopically keen to perceive, and so formed to worship all the beauties and graces which exist in natural things—the sound of wind in the leaves, of rain on secluded cottage roofs, of the voices of birds and all wild, shy things that have their dwelling remote from man, and whose loving vision beholds in man himself the most beautiful and perfect of natural forms, and finds in the human voice a mystic fascination which calls him,

' As the waters follow the moon silently, with
fluid steps,
Anywhere around the globe,'

should not also discern the beauty of

form and sound which belong by right supreme to poetry. As in the highest thoughts of man wherein are embodied his religion, the form and the symbols which are its adjuncts and expression—the outward and visible signs of the living spirit within, became, through the accretions of ages, and his own lack of spiritual insight, but the beautiful mausoleum of the dead faith which was flown—until the stern iconoclasts of the Reformation arose in their anger and, in seeking to restore the simple ancient faith, laid waste its stately temples, and attempted to abolish all form. So, we may imagine, this strong loud prophet of a new evangel escaping impatiently from the shackles and fetters of old systems, and in his grand scorn of empty shrines, returning like the persecuted Huguenots and Covenanters to the mountain fastnesses, and the hills and 'groves which were God's first temples.'

It is impossible to conclude this imperfect presentation of Walt Whitman and his poems without referring to his sins of grossness and coarseness of style, which, notwithstanding the assured belief which their author must have aroused in the breast of every

candid reader of the singular healthfulness and sweetness of his own moral nature, are felt to be, nevertheless, painful deformities which one cannot help wishing did not exist. It is by no means the least important phase of their objectionable character that the ordinary reader is repelled by them at the outset, and a prejudice is created which prevents any further exploration or attempt to comprehend what might afterward seem to be a just reason for their admission. But while we cannot withhold the sincere homage of our hearts from the artist whose very faults arise out of his loyal and unswerving devotion to nature—in every part of whose full-orbed circle he is at home as a child in his father's house—it must still be admitted that in true art, as well as in speech, silence is sometimes golden, and the perfect artist is shown in the delicate and chaste treatment of details, as well as in the bold and grand limning of outlines. Something of this one feels in reading more or less of Walt Whitman's verse, but the feeling which remains when the book is closed is one of joy that America has found at last a poet of her own.

CANADA, OUR HAME.

(Dedicated to Scottish Readers.)

BY FIDELIS.

FU' mony a Scottish bard has praised, i' mony a noble sang,
 The beauty o' the weel-loed isle frae whilk our fathers sprang,—
 How shall we fitly celebrate, in patriotic strain,
 The praises o' the bonnie lan' we proudly ca' our ain?—
 A lan' the foreign potentate misca'ed 'some leagues o' snaw,'
 When frae his faint and feckless grip he loot it slip awa',—
 A lan' sae stored wi' walth untauld, aneath his smilin' face,—
 Sae rich i' mony a pleasant hame, and bonnie bidin' place!

What though nae rugged mountain-zone our wide horizon boun'
 Wi' swathin' robes o' purple mists, their heath-clad sides aroun'
 Yet bonnie are the rosy cluds that greet the risin' sun,
 An' gowd and purple tints that wrap him roun' when day is done.
 Though frae the lift we dinna hear the lavrocks soarin' sang,
 Nor the lintie and the mavis whistlin' clear the wuds amang,
 We hae sweet sangsters o' our ain, in ilka bush and tree,
 That mak' the simmer mornin' sweet wi' gushin' melody !

As sweetly shines the mornin' sun fra out the lift sae blue,
 As bright, on ilka blade o' grass, its crystal drap o' dew,
 As balmy is the caller air o' incense breathing gowd,—
 And brichter lies the light o' noon upon the woden corn,
 As saftly, through the cool green wuds, the bickerin' sunbeams play,
 When shadows lengthen and the kye hame tak their wanderin' way,—
 And when the trysting hour is come,—an' hearts wi' luve are thrang,
 As sweetly i' the gloomin' soun's the milkmaid's evening sang.

An' whan the simmer slips awa' amang the drappin flowers,
 An' the early rime upo' the grass foretells mirk wintry hours,
 What walth o' glory on the wuds then meets the wonderin' sicht,
 An' scatters o'er the country-side a shower o' gowden licht.
 The amber fleeces o' the birks, wi' white stems shimmerin' throu',—
 The maples' gowd and scarlet, and the aik's deep crimson hue,—
 Wi' purple and wi' russet mixed, an' feathery larch between,
 An' ower a', 'neath the opal sky, the pine-tree sombre green.

An' syne, when a' the glory's gane, and cauld the north-winds blaw,
 An' mirks the lift, wi' smoorin' drift, an' blindin' cluds o' snaw,
 Hoo brichtly,—whan the onding's o'er an' a' the strife is done
 The pure white warl, i' snaw-wreaths wrapt lies shimmerin' in the sun.
 Hoo gaily soun' the merry bells as sleighs gang glidin' by,
 Hoo swiftly, o'er the glancin' ice, the skater seems to fly,
 And when the last reid sunset hue fleets frae the frosty nicht,
 Hoo keen the sparkle o' the stars an' flittin' Northern Licht !

We dinna see upo' the brae, the bonnie bush o' broom,
 Nor whins sae rich i' gowden glow, an' saftly breathed perfume,
 Nor crimson-tipped gowans glint amang the dewy grass,
 Nor primroses, along the lanes, smile at us as we pass ;—
 But wi' the breath o' comin' Spring, the sweet wee Mayflower wakes,
 Lily and violet brichten up the lanely forest brakes,
 An' showers o' simmer-blossoms smile amang the shady dells,
 Wi' snaw-white clusters, roses wild, and gracefu' pendant bells.

We hae nae ruins,—auld an' grey, wi' lichens crusted o'er,—
 Grim relics o' the bluidy strifes our fathers waged of yore,
 Entwined wi' stirrin' tales o' raid an' capture an' relief,
 When pibrochs ca'ed the gatherin' clans to rally roun' their chief ;

Nae bards hae gi'en ilk wimplin' stream an' ilka rocky scaur,
 A tongue an' story o' its ain, o' duel or love or war ;
 Scant are the memories we meet, where'er the eye can turn,
 We hae nae hapless Floddenfield,—nae glorious Bannockburn !

But we hae leal, true Scottish hearts within our bosoms yet,—
 The prowess o' our fathers' arms we never may forget,—
 The sangs that fired our fathers' bluid our heritage we claim
 An' gin the time o' need arrive, their deeds we winna shame !
 True to the Queen we loe 'at hame,' the flag that o'er us waves,
 The han' that wins the lan' fra us maun win it o'er our graves,
 The bluid o' some baith wise and brave has wat Canadian sod,
 We'll guard the lan' they died for freedom and for God !

Methinks I see it a' outspread, frae far Columbia's stran'
 To where the saut sea licks the rocks o' misty Newfounlan'—
 See fertile strath an' granite isle an' bonnie rollin' lea,
 An' bristlin' pine-clad hills that guard the entrance frae the sea ;—
 I see braid rivers swiftly rin by mony a busy toun,
 An' wimplin' streams an' rocky scaurs, wi' broun waves dashin' roun,
 An' mony a steadin' midst its field, baith bield, an' trim, an' fair,
 An' the white steeples o' the kirks, that ca' the folk to prayer.

An' lookin' earnestly alang the mists o' comin' years,
 A fair an' noble future, spread before our lan' appears,
 A wise, God-fearin' nation,—no to be bought or sold,
 A lan' where freedom, truth an' richt mair precious are than gold ;—
 The people a' thegither boun' i' faithful britherhood,
 The leaders no' for *pairty* keen, but for the public guid,—
 A lan' where social virtues thrive, an' Truth upholds the State,
 Where the puirest are accountit the brithers o' the great !

Lang may the doo o' peace unfauld her wings aboon her shores,
 An' plenty, wi' a bounteous han', increase her yearly stores,
 The stoot an' sturdy pine that too'ers sae hie, her wuds amang,
 Be emblem o' her gallant sons, upricht an' leal an' strang,
 Ready to daur a' manly deeds,—a' noble tasks to do,
 Steadfast their country's guid to seek, a' change an' discord throu'
 Among the nations o' the warl',—to win a worthy place,
 An' gie the God wha gies us a', the glory and the praise !

MARIAN'S MISERIES.

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CHAPTER I.

PROLOGUE.

ON the deck of the good ship *Peruvian*, as she neared Quebec, stood two men, emigrants to Canada, the unfittest for survival in that state of life, who could have been chosen from the hundreds on board. One was James Field, a surgeon, of speculative and unpractical habits; the other, a native of the same town, whose only occupation had hitherto been that of parish schoolmaster in one of the small schools conducted under clerical influence, in a country parish of Somersetshire. Neither were practical; neither were physically capable of labour; both had been allured by the misrepresentations of Canadian life, given in an emigration agent's *couleur de rose* lecture, and had resolved to go to Canada, take up Free Grant land, and set up as landowners; forgetting the trifling drawback that neither were capable of cutting down a tree or sawing a stick.

With these two undesirable additions to the industry of the Dominion, stood a third person, Marian Ford, the schoolmaster's wife, of whom it may be said that she was eminently capable of self-preservation in any land the natives of which might be supposed able to appreciate the attractions of a pale, but child-like and singularly pretty, face, dark eyes, a profusion of dark-brown hair, features that expressed the innocence of the dove, and a figure that had the grace and suppleness of the serpent. Marian was the daughter of a builder

and carpenter at Portsmouth, who had been adopted by an uncle by marriage, a general practitioner in a London suburb, at whose house she had enjoyed such social education as was to be got from free intercourse with the lower middle-class section of society in the neighbourhood, and flirtations with a few curates and medical students, which flirtations, however, were of the *cul de sac* kind, leading to no result except that of practice in the noble arts of flattery and self-display. On her uncle's death, Marian was wooed and won by Thomas Ford, then appointed parish schoolmaster in the well-known district of St. Platypus, in Somersetshire. The income of the newly-married couple was sixty pounds a year, with a pretty cottage close to the school, rent free, where Marian occupied the time she could spare from dress making and personal decoration, in doing a little work in their garden, in reading society novels from the circulating library, and for an hour every afternoon in teaching plain sewing to the score of village girls who formed half the school. She was a favourite in the neighbourhood, quiet, unobtrusive, always amiable, though never intimate with women, her home a model of neatness, and the lithe little figure dressed with good taste, admirable in one whose income was so small. The apprentice at the village drug-store, who was also the poet of the local newspaper, addressed more than one copy of verses to the 'Lily of St. Platypus,' and Marian's store of cheap perfumery and scented soap was kept in a most prosperous condition. Even the curate of the parish church was observed to visit

the school most assiduously on those hours in the afternoon when Marian shared her husband's duties; he occasionally called to leave her such works of devotion as 'Thoughts on Chasubles,' 'Incense and Altar-flowers,' or 'The Married Lady's Manual for Auricular Confession.' Under this teaching Mrs. Ford's religious ideas assumed a bias which they have never lost, towards that noble theology known as the High Church Revival. The curate himself was influenced, perhaps, more than he knew, by his fair penitent, certain it is that if, in reciting the Athanasian Creed, he was observed to face, not due east, as is the orthodox custom, but east and by south-half east, it was suspiciously in the line of vision of the schoolmaster's pew, where Marian stood, with her pretty velvet jacket and the gold cross given by her ecclesiastical guide.

But Mr. Ford did not prosper as a schoolmaster, debt after debt beset and beleagured the sixty pounds of income, and on the school being united to that of another division of the parish, it became necessary to look out for a fresh start in life. Just then it befel that he, as well as Dr. James Field, attended the emigration agent's lecture on 'All Play and no Work in Canada,' and hence it came to pass that the three stood, as before mentioned, watching the spires, shipping, and hill of Canada's most historic city.

The first day on shore they spent together at a hotel in the upper town; Mr. Field treating his patient, as he still called her, to a present of a coquettish fur cap, which admirably set off her dark eyes, and to a drive round the city. Marian had a charming way of accepting presents from her gentlemen friends, and few were they who walked any distance by her side on the pathway of life without giving her opportunities of displaying it. Then Dr. Field took his leave, not of the schoolmaster, who was a heavy sleeper, but of the pretty wife who knew the charms of a friend's presence at the

six o'clock breakfast, before the westward train left Point Levi. As he looked at the bright, fresh face and neatly dressed figure, James Field felt regret at parting from one who seemed the last link with the home they both had left. They parted at the hotel porch with many promises to write and keep each other informed of their fortunes in Canada. James Field was bound for a village in Ontario, where he had bought the good-will of a surgical practice. Marian and her husband for somewhere near the Free Grant lands in the back townships. He had known her but for a month, yet it was with a perfectly natural impulse of long established friendship that he bent forward for the farewell kiss, which those pretty lips, if they did not invite, certainly did not refuse.

Two days afterwards the Fords were sufficiently rested to pursue their way, they travelled as far as Clarendon by railway and stage. Then Mr. Ford tried his maiden effort at cutting down a small maple tree, much to the amusement of the farmer who lent him the axe and witnessed his discomfiture. For several months they boarded at a farm house, living on their small stock of money brought out from England. Then Mr. Ford obtained work at the only vocation he seemed fitted for, teaching in a small school by permit temporarily given by the inspector. That came to an end with the expiration of the permit, his inability to pass the examination for a certificate, and the dissatisfaction, for some cause or other, of the school section, parents and children. By selling some of Marian's trinkets and rings, enough was raised to carry them to Toronto, where they lived in a vacant house lent for the time by an Englishman whose acquaintance they made at a Ritualistic church, and whose heart was touched by the frequency and grace of Marian's genuflections, and the gold cross she wore so prominently. Through his kindness they procured a shelter for the time at the house of an English gen-

tleman on a business visit to Toronto, as housekeepers. While this lasted Mr. Ford had the good sense to work sufficiently hard to pass the examination for third-class certificate. When the Englishman returned home, Marian bethought her of James Field as one whose interest in the part of the county where he had settled might possibly secure a school.

CHAPTER II.

JAMES ACCEPTS THE OMEN.

UNPRACTICAL as he was, James Field had profited by the opportunity of his voyage from Liverpool to talk over his prospects as a settler in Canada with the surgeon of the ship, an Ontario man, educated for his profession at the Toronto Medical School. James had been able to render this gentleman some service, in aiding him to reduce a severe dislocation, caused by one of the crew having been struck by a spar which had been carried away in a slight collision with a timber ship, during a fog, while they were still in the channel. The surgeon advised him to give up all thought of any other work than his own profession in Canada; it was over-stocked with men not remarkably gifted with the promptness, quickness of eye, and aptitude of hand which he observed in James. 'You'll be sure to succeed,' he said, 'don't go to the backwoods as you were talking of doing, you would be worked to death and paid in cordwood; don't go to the cities, they are over-stocked with good men. I think I know what will just suit you to begin with; an advertisement about the good-will of a practice in a small village in one of the best counties on Lake Ontario; these sort of advertisements are often delusions, but I know all about this one; it is *bonâ fide*; the man who had it, Grant, was an Edinburgh man—he is dead; his friends

want to get a small sum for his widow; there's not much money to be made at first, mind you, but a really capable fellow like you would, after a bit, work his way among the other villages, that's a sure thing,' said Dr. Neilson, as he paused to relight his pipe, for the two were in the surgeon's cabin solacing themselves with that assuager of the passions and promoter of manly confidence. 'If the advertisement is still in the *Mail* when we make Quebec, you had best go there right off, and I'll tell you what: I'll give you a "recommend" to Mr. Hill, who is the leading man in the place, he is the Conservative member for the county, and by all that's lucky, he'll be at his own place now, as Session's not on.'

'The Canadian Parliament Session?' said James.

'Yes, the Dominion talking-shop in the big lumber shanty on the Ottawa, the place where they manufacture law and lucifer matches, and little else to speak of; you'll like Mr. Hill, and he'll like you if I'm not mistaken; he is not only a thorough gentleman of the old school, one of a breed of Yorkshire bulldogs made a little milder by a generation in Canada, but he is one who reads and thinks—a thorough Liberal.'

'I thought you said he was a Conservative,' said James.

'Young man, when you get a little posted on our politics you'll find the two very much convertible terms in our country,' he went on, 'letters of introduction and testimonials are not of much use; our people take a man on his own merits; still I think my good word will be worth something in this case. But I say Field, are you dead set on pretty faces?'

'Why do you ask?' said James, as he puffed an aureole of tobacco-smoke to wreath over his head.

'Because at Spookville—a sweet name isn't it? *garde à vous!*'

'I think I've learned to dread the

sight of a pretty woman's face as much as I dislike the stupid talk associated with it in all cases but that one in a million whom I have never met and don't expect to.'

'Right you are,' said the sea-going practitioner, as he puffed his meerschau sympathetically. 'You stick to that, one pipe full of such Caven-dish as this is worth the "hull of them," as you'll hear them say in the vulgar tongue in Ontario.' This was Dr. Neilson's very sincere opinion. He had a happy and unusually bright and gay home at the house of his sister, a young widow, an *élegante*, a charming singer and a frequenter of whatever was pleasantest in Kingston society. By her, and the young ladies whom he met at her house, on perfectly irresponsible and non-matrimonial terms, he had been spoiled for what by the priestesses of Hymen are called 'serious views.' James Field had not been so spoiled; he had in a way fallen out of the ranks of his own class in society. While his mother lived there was plenty of good middle-class professional society at his father's house in a pretty suburb of Brighton; but love of adventure and longing to explore beyond the present horizon, led him to go to sea as surgeon to a ship in the West African trade. There for many a night as he lay on the thwarts of his boat, kept awake by the cries of wild beasts in the forest, and the splashing of the river horse among the reeds, he had dreamed of his own ideal, dreams undefined as ever flitted from the ivory gate; undefined as to type of face or figure, but conditioned by a pervading grace and tenderness; by a beauty that should rather express the soul and sympathies, than form an ornamental apex to the body; a figure not unworthy of the ever-living types of womanhood, of the fair-haired queen whose temple is the Iliad, of that Emily

Who was 'fairer to be seen,
Than is a lily on its stem of green.'

When he returned to England to

live with his elder sister in the old home left to them by their parents, who had died in his absence, the sort of women whom he met were little likely to realize the ideal of a poetry which not one of them could have cared to read—the watering-place boarding-houses, the increased habits of expense and ostentation, seemed to have vulgarized the neighbourhood where they lived since Brighton's quieter days in his childhood. The class system of English society, never so exclusive and never so universal as now; the *caste* impress which marked on the manners of all below the higher *caste* the stigma of exclusion from what they coveted, and could only pretend to, made those whom he had not seen, artificial, insincere, in all things third or fourth rate copies of the aristocracy to which they paid the utterly unrecognized homage of their awkward imitation.

By Marian he had felt, to a slight and almost imperceptible degree, attracted—belonging to a class confessedly below the lowest in the *caste* hierarchy, the parish schoolmaster's wife had *almost* the manners of a lady, all the more so that she was very humble and took to herself no society airs. She seemed so graceful, so sweet and guileless, too good to go into the wilderness to cook for a backwoodsman who did not know his own work. However, he did not give many thoughts to the subject, she belonged to the past, and he was looking forward to the future, and to the freer air which, according to his friend the surgeon, Canada had to give him.

Whirled along the lake shore by the Grand Trunk, for as Virgil has it, '*jacet ingens littore truncus,*' he arrived on the noon of the next day at Brenton, the G. T. R. station nearest to the Village of Spooksville, here, having in vain tried to get a cab to drive to Spooksville, a gentleman, whose carriage was waiting at the station, offered him a seat as far as Spooksville, 'the roads' he said 'are muddy and you would

not get any conveyance between this and town.' The gentleman was rather below the middle height—with snow-white hair and beard, with a brusque, but kindly and yet somewhat sarcastic manner. He seemed from the manners of the people at the station to be a person of some consequence; his vehicle, a handsome but plainly painted double buggy, was drawn by a pair of strong bay horses, whose impatience at being kept waiting by a young lady who was still engaged in some enquiries in the baggage van, seemed to be fully shared by their master. Thanking the stranger for his offer, it turned out that this was the very Mr. Hill to whom he had the letter of introduction. 'Very good, very good,' said Mr. Hill, as he glanced over the letter, 'come home and dine with me and tell me all about Neilson—good fellow was poor Grant's pupil, we knew him well. By the way, he says, you want to know something about buying Grant's practice, we'll talk of it by-an'-by.' He had evidently but looked hastily at the letter, having enough to do to control his horses, as James at his request, accompanied with a hasty word of introduction to 'my daughter,' who now at length emerged from the station laden with parcels, helped that young lady to her place in the buggy. She sat on the seat behind them, and from the glance James got at her, she seemed to be a young lady of about twenty-three, with a decidedly graceful figure, grey or blue eyes, and a pleasing face flushed by exercise, and crowned by a tiara of light brown hair; she wore a plain but rich and becoming hat, which showed her pretty light hair well to advantage; she was dressed in a style suited to country life, yet in full harmony with the prevailing fashion. Her father seemed as impatient as his horses; he was on the verge of rebellion against the young lady, whom he addressed as 'Lucy.' The latter, however, in a tone, in which sweetness seemed united with conscious authority, half-coaxed,

half commanded her papa to stop the carriage once more when they reached the main street of Brenton. She got lightly down without waiting to be helped, and glided into dry-goods store after dry-goods store, and finally, having apparently exhausted the resources of Brenton in that line of business, she went to the one surviving drug store, which was also the book store.

'What have you got for me to read, Lucy?' said Mr. Hill, as the young lady at last came out. She replied by holding up the latest numbers of the *Contemporary*, the *Nineteenth Century*, *Bystander*, and the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, as again, without help, without haste or effort, she sprang lightly to her place.

'Since poor Grant died,' said Mr. Hill, 'I have not had a neighbour to talk with about the only kind of literature I think worth reading or talking of.' They drove along a pleasant road skirting the lake water, fresh with the pure blue colour of spring. James was quite familiar with the two English reviews.

'Of course I am a stranger in Canada,' he said; 'in England the parson of the parish is generally interested in such things more or less; not that I have much experience of the sacred cloth,' he added.

'I can only speak of the Episcopal Church, as we call it,' said Mr. Hill, 'to which my wife and daughters belong, and to which I subscribe. I can only say that as to the truths to which all educated men among laymen are practically agreed, they either do not know them, or if they do, they ignore them in their teaching. You should have seen our minister's face when he called the other day and caught Lucy reading Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century!"'

'But, Papa, you must remember that Mr. Rubrick was quite right from his point of view; he was only doing his duty; and you know I get so little scolding at home that

one from the Reverend Ignatius Rubrick is quite a wholesome tonic.'

'It's the best return I get for my fifty dollars a-year,' grumbled her papa. 'Opiate sermons and irritant conversations for myself are a tonic as you call it, which is certainly very wholesome for wife and daughter.'

James Field had introduced himself on first entering the carriage, and though Mr. Hill was far too well bred to ask any further questions, James felt encouraged by what he had seen of father and daughter to speak of his plan of buying the medical practice advertised for sale, if he found he could make his way of settling down in the township. He added that he had wasted a great deal of the best part of life in wandering about the world, and now wished, if possible, to make a home for himself.

'May I ask if you are married?' said Mr. Hill. 'I only ask the question for the sake of information, as Miss Rosa Dartle says, and in the interests of a large *clientèle* of marriageable but unmarried young ladies.'

James replied that he was unmarried and unengaged, but he feared too poor and too old, perhaps unimpressible and too far gone in old bachelor ways to affect the interests of the matrimonial market; his only living relative was an old maiden sister, whom he had left in charge of the small house at Brighton which had come down to them from their father—their joint project, he added, had been, that if he succeeded in getting a living by his profession in Canada, she should sell the house in England and come out to live with him. Mr. Hill told him that he was Dr. Grant's executor, that it was not at all so easy to convey the good-will of a practice to a stranger in Canada as no doubt it was in England: that here all success to a new practitioner stepping into a practice would depend on the impression made among the people. But he was anxious to gain a small sum of money for

his friend's widow, and the fact was it might any day happen that an outsider might 'put up his shingle' in the village, who would pay her nothing, probably not even buy the poor doctor's late surgery and fixtures. If Dr. Field liked to come to his house for a week or so he would drive him about among the people of the township, and if he and they seemed to like each other, and Dr. Field thought he could succeed, why then they could arrange the terms, which he said would be found reasonable enough. This offer, as pleasantly made as it was encouraging, James was glad to accept. 'I accept the omen,' he said to himself. 'But here we are at "our village,"' said Mr. Hill; 'it lies on the other side of yonder hill with the clump of pine trees; that is the cemetery, which is much frequented by funerals from all the country round, this settlement being the oldest, and this old timber church—you see it now—like a broken-down lake-steamer, with the belfry for a funnel, the first church built in the county; in fact, the cemetery is our one great public institution, just as marble tombstones are our one manufacture, which I suppose the *GLOBE* will say the National Policy will ruin by making life too pleasant to the farmers.'

CHAPTER III.

SWEET AS SUMMER.

JAMES FIELD'S first experiences of Canadian hospitality were the pleasanter for contrast with his past life. Mr. Hill's home, close to the border of Lake Ontario, with a garden that sloped down to the water, commanded a pretty view of lake and island. His stay was made to lengthen by Mr. Hill being convinced that he was just the man to replace Dr. Grant. During the morning Mr. Hill generally drove him to visit the farmers in the township, with whom Mr. Hill, from his

political position, had great influence ; the evenings were spent in the drawing room in conversation, with music, and now and then a quiet game, such as 'logomachie,' which was just then coming into fashion. There was a small society of young ladies, friends of Lucy's, to whom the new doctor was soon introduced, and whom he was constantly meeting, either at Mr. Hill's or at one of the other houses. There was Bertha Grant, a niece of Mr. Grant, a tall, bright-looking girl, and Nina Small, a less pleasing young woman, with lank hair, cold, fish-like eyes, and a hard manner and expression, but not wanting in shrewdness and power of being amiable when it suited her purpose. These girls set each other off. Nina was the leader of the Opposition, but the reins of government were generally in Lucy's hands. All had been from childhood on intimate terms with each other, and were most good-natured and affectionate. It was usual to find Lucy and Bertha sitting with their arms round each other's waists, while Nina nestled on the floor, her head in Bertha's lap. All these young ladies and their families were pleased with James Field; he received a great deal of kindness and hospitality, and was struck especially by what seemed to him a new type of feminine nature, combining the grace and culture of the best society of English life, with a freedom and frankness which he had not met before. None were mere country-bred lasses. The facilities of travel in Canada, and the self-dependence of women in a country where the 'unprotected female' of English comedy is unknown, had given each of them a thorough insight into the social life of several of our cities and towns. In their intercourse with him they were perfectly self-possessed, and he was soon made aware of the fact that he had secured the friendship and respect of all, as well as of their families. His success had been great in an operation of conservative sur-

gery by which, without the amputation which another surgeon had insisted was necessary, he saved a limb, fearfully lacerated by a mowing machine accident. This, and the patience and tenderness with which he tended several children attacked by an epidemic of diphtheria, spread his fame to the furthest part of the township. To Mr. Hill his society seemed always welcome. The study-table, and often that of Mr. Hill's drawing room, was bestrewn with the best literary and philosophical periodicals. Lucy listened to their talk, in which she did not often join. When she did, she showed her evident appreciation of their interest in those speculations and truths which, in our days, engage the attention of most educated people.

Mrs. Hill listened; but the good lady had a way of falling into a nap, from which her husband used to rouse 'the old lady' after an hour or so. She would always protest that she had been awake all the time, and always fell back into her trance in a few minutes. Lucy was Dr. Field's constant companion; at odd times he would find himself at her side in the garden, holding her scissors or the string with which she bound up the roses or fuchsias after rain. In the evening they would sail in Mr. Hill's cutter over the still waters of the bay, or sometimes drive together by the lake-side road under the maples and white blossoming acacias. James's success had been so great that he felt justified in building a small house, on a lot of five acres bought from Mr. Hill, and in writing for his sister to make arrangements for joining him, under the escort of a Toronto gentleman, a brother of Mrs. Hill's, who was returning home after a visit to England. Mr. Hill and his wife took warm interest in the furnishing of the new home. Several presents were sent in from Dr. Field's farmer friends. A gentleman at Brenton, whose only son had got through a severe attack of typhoid under James's care, sent

him a present of a handsome young horse, well broken in to single harness. One evening as Lucy and he drove home from a school room concert a few miles off, Lucy told him how glad they all were of his great success, and especially of his being so sure to have the happiness of meeting his sister. James owned that the few months of that summer had brought him much that he valued; it had brought him a good income, a home, many gifts, and the society of the pleasantest and kindest friends he had ever known. 'Still *one* thing was wanting to make his life complete; did Miss Lucy permit him to say what that one thing was?' The permission was not refused. The shadows of the locust trees closed over the ancient, ever varied, ever new, question and answer, the first in Love's catechism. When they returned, Mr. Hill's consent was asked by James to their engagement, and willingly accorded on condition that the marriage was deferred till James's income reached a clear twelve hundred a year. Meantime he was to be absent that winter in order to visit Ottawa for the session—that would require a stay of several months, and Lucy would accompany him on a visit long promised to a married sister, whose husband was in the civil service.

So the fall succeeded and was as pleasant as the summer. Bertha, Nina, and Lucy's other friends were as warm in their sympathy as if Lucy had been their own sister. James's practice was increasing daily, and his sister was duly conveyed to his very door by Mrs. Hill's brother. She was soon quite at home, and received a present of several valuable hens from Mrs. Hill, and a beautiful cow from the farmer whose son Dr. Field had saved from the amputation. Their house looked homelike and pretty with the Virginia Creeper Lucy had trained over the veranda, and the scarlet and white geraniums in the windows. All had gone well with James Field.

CHAPTER. IV.

MARIAN.

LUCY had gone with the Indian summer; after James had read and re-read her first letter from Ottawa, he noticed another letter very badly written, with the Toronto post-mark. It was from Marian, asking him if possibly to secure a school somewhere in the district, where she learned he had succeeded so well. In driving to see a patient that day, James heard of a school where a temporary master was needed till New Year, when, if successful, he would be re-engaged. This he easily succeeded in engaging for Mr. Ford, to whom he wrote, inviting him to come at once, and stay at his house till matters were settled. Mr. Ford came on a few days after this, and James on returning from a business drive found him and his wife already there. He was a little surprised at seeing her there—but his sister Patty had taken the greatest fancy to her. 'Oh! James, she is so nice, she has been telling me all about her misfortunes, poor thing, we must really do all we can to help them.' They did all they could: the Fords were established in James's room. Marian—for so they soon began to call her, was indeed nice. She made quite a companion for Miss Patty, during James's long absences. They were both from the same English town—that was a tie in a strange country. Miss Patty had given her several pieces of real lace, and a black silk dress, very little worn, which a very little work would make a perfect fit. In the process of reconstruction the two ladies talked dress-making and domestic gossip, and quite opened their hearts to each other. It was noticed by friends in their neighbourhood that since the Fords came Miss Field saw hardly anything of any of them. She was an old maid, of rather precise and conservative habits. She had never thrown herself into

anything of intimacy with the friends James had made, except Lucy, who left soon after her arrival.

There was one person in the household who did not approve of the Fords. That was Sarah, the 'hired girl,' although for the first two or three days Mrs. Ford had made much of her, had gone to chat with her in the kitchen, had made believe to help in the work, and had once even kissed her as she left for bed. But she soon found that Marian had no special aptitude for any work but her own dressmaking, and that she required a great many little luxuries, such as hot water for washing, whereas the Canadian ladies Sarah had been accustomed to, were of Ninon de l'Enclos's opinion that cold water was the best of all cosmetics. Then Sarah noticed that Mrs. Ford improved most wonderfully in dress since her arrival. She arrived looking neat, but poorly got up in a black print dress, and a shepherd's plaid shawl. But on the second Sunday Mrs. Ford had come down dressed for church in 'a new black silk dress fit for the queen!' She wore a velvet jacket with a gold cross over it—her hair was built up into a tiara, and her pretty face and neck were set off by a light blue neck-ribbon, with a fringe of lace. She had a pair of new kid gloves, Miss Patty's last purchase at Brenton, a faint odour of some delicate perfume, exhaled as she swept by the indignant Sarah, her very shoes were steel-buckled with open fronts, and her stockings ringed as Sarah said, 'like a garter-snake.'

Now these things became known to others besides Sarah. It became also known that Mr. Ford did not get on well with the school trustees, who when Christmas came, declined to re-engage him. His wife cried in the drawing room, and must have scolded him in the bed-room, for Sarah heard him exclaim as he shut the door, 'I never knew a woman who had such a devil at the end of her tongue!' But with the Fields, Marian was silent, submis-

sive, and tearful. James pitied her sincerely, and promised to do his best to get Mr. Ford another school.

This was not very easy. An impression had got abroad among the farmers that Mr. Ford did not succeed as a teacher, and it was also thought by the farmers' wives that the Fords were living on Dr. Field, who very undeservedly got the credit of some of the presents by which his sister had so much improved that lady's appearance.

At last he came home with the joyful news that he had got Mr. Ford a six months' engagement at a place called 'Carthage,' in another part of the township. The salary was four hundred dollars a year, but the neighbourhood was a cheap one, and the trustees had thrown in a small log shanty near the school as a home for the teacher. The school was a large one, big boys and girls, rather unruly, and the chief point was to keep good order. There was rejoicing at the tea table that night. Miss Patty produced her best cake. Next day she borrowed James' horse and drove over to Brenton where she assisted Marian to get a few chairs, a bed and mattress, and a second hand cook-stove, and a few other necessaries. These procured, the two ladies visited the dry goods store, where Miss Patty gave Marian a couple of dollars to spend. They both enjoyed such expeditions. Mr. Ford went to his school a week before his wife, in order to prepare the house. Marian stayed, the more readily as Miss Patty had a severe feverish cold, during which, to Sarah's disgust, Mrs. Ford took Miss Patty into her own hands, brought her her food, and even slept with her in order to give the medicine at proper intervals. At breakfast and tea she looked after James—cheerful, helpful, carefully looking to his comfort. In the evening she sat in the room with him, his sister being drowsy, and liking to take a nap. Generally James read his book, a volume of some historical or philosophical work, or a review. She sat opposite, sewing, the picture of cheer-

ful industry. Sometimes he talked to her a little, just to cheer her and shew sympathy. She too talked, always pleasantly. Not of books or art or social questions, as Lucy and the other ladies of her set liked to do, when they were encouraged. She talked to James about his wonderful success in practice, of his engagement and the charming expression of the young lady's photograph. She shewed deferential interest in everything he said to her, she never attempted flattery, but by every delicate attention showed how much she appreciated his kindness. For instance, when he drove out on his round of duties in the morning, she was the last to leave the hall door, lingering in the veranda as she watched him drive away, and on his return she was the first to open the door, to fetch his slippers warm from the fire, her pretty face bright with a smile of welcome, and the blue ribbon and Miss Patty's lace in her hair.

At last the house was ready, and one drizzling day of a January thaw James drove her in a borrowed cart containing the household goods. Marian bore the dismal journey of four miles with admirable good humour. They passed the school where Mr. Ford was then engaged at his duties, they came to a little dilapidated log shanty by the road side, with two dingy windows, a door half open, the fence logs thrown open for their reception. James carried in the furniture, and a box of groceries. Marian lit up the stove, and made a cup of Miss Patty's tea which she insisted on Dr. Field's partaking after his journey in the wet. The place was a wretched hovel, one room, and pegs driven into the wall whereby to climb to a sleeping place under the rafters. But Marian was not a bit discouraged, cheerful, bustling about her work, a brave woman, James thought, and with her bright face and light supple form, making 'a sunshine in that shady place.'

Mrs. Ford was not popular in Spooksville. She was not at her ease in talk-

ing to the ladies she met, and their impressions were not favourable. Meanwhile the Fords, or rather Marian, were often to tea with Miss Patty. At first the accounts of the success of the new school were most favourable; then James heard isolated complaints that the children were too much out at play; that clothes got torn; that the Carthagian boys and girls danced wardances on the school desks. One Saturday Marian had come in the morning to help Miss Patty with some dress-making, her husband was to follow at dinner time. He did not come that day or on the Sunday, and next day James Field promised to drive Marian home if no tidings came. But on Sunday afternoon a note was brought by a farmer's boy. Marian read it—she turned white, then red, and the large tears slowly gathered in her eyes. It was a scrawled note from her husband, he had been dismissed for incompetency, the trustees threatening to lock the school against him. Marian cried bitterly, her friends in vain trying to comfort her.

That evening James came when she was sitting in his sister's room. He had a proposal to make. Mr. Ford had in part prepared for the ordination examination of an English Bishop, but was not able to come forward, not having a University degree; now it seemed possible that some Canadian bishop might pass over this defect, if, as James had heard was the rule, Mr. Ford would study Greek enough to construe one of the Gospels. They could live with him for ten months, which, with hard work, ought to be quite time to prepare Mr. Ford for the ordination at that period. In order to enable them to afford to do this, he proposed that Mr. and Mrs. Ford should help in the house-work, Sarah having suddenly declared her intention of abdicating the position which she had condescended to occupy in their kitchen. Mr. Ford arrived during the conference. The plan proposed by James was there and then

adopted—Miss Patty only too glad of her friend's continued presence. No need to dwell on the tedious details of the teaching process, or to tell how Marian made herself all that was amiable. She need not have done so, for James Field only thought of carrying out his purpose, and giving husband and wife another chance. Marian was, of course, far too virtuous a woman to attempt any sort of flirtation with a man who she knew was heart and soul devoted to the young lady at Ottawa. She was simply 'nice,' sympathetic, attentive, always pretty and well got-up. She kept her husband to his bargain of doing his share of the work, and as much of her's as she could manage to throw on his hands. He took the utmost pains, in the compass of his intellect, at studying the Greek grammar.

Meantime people talked. Sarah told stories. She was not untruthful, but, not possessing 'the historic consciousness,' she was unhistorical in her stories. Nina Small, who had never liked Lucy, sneered at the engagement, and insinuated that the morals of the Doctor were no better than they should be. She cut Mrs. Ford and the Doctor as she met them going to church, emphasizing this lady-like and Christian act by a marked bow to Miss Patty. James knew there was some unpleasant feeling abroad—his practice was diminishing, he certainly was not received with the kindness he had met last summer.

The consequence of this was that James withdrew to a great degree from the society of his friends, and lived an isolated life. His one great happiness was in receiving Lucy's long and affectionate letters. In several of them it seemed as if she divined that some trouble was besetting him, for she exhorted him to go on in his efforts to do right, and to be sure of her confidence now and always. He missed both her and her father, not only for their own sakes, but for the influence which their calm good sense

and superior tone of character exerted on all around them. Meantime he redoubled his exertions as a teacher. Mr. Ford seemed to prefer sitting with his books in his own room, so Marian said. She was with Miss Patty most of the time; on the rare occasions when visitors called, she was with her friend to receive them, as if, as Nina Small said on one of these occasions, 'that dreadful man had the cunning to blindfold his sister into receiving the artful, sly baggage as if she were installed mistress of the house.' Now, as has been said with absolute historic truth, there was in this case no flirtation nor anything like one. James had no thought of such a thing. Marian had, no doubt, been taught by her ritualistic *Manuals* the importance of the Seventh Commandment; indeed the various forms of offence classified under this head were matters on which they were thought to deal with somewhat undue unction and fulness of detail. But perhaps they did not warn as fully against the danger of sin in *thought* and *spirit* as well as in outward acts of indiscretion. It is certain that she knew very well the kind of things people were saying of her; a little reflection would surely have taught her the injury such reports might do to one who had certainly deserved well at her hands. Yet she appeared more than once in the week driving out with Dr. Field; never once was she seen with her husband, who even walked to church by himself, his shabby coat ill-matching his pretty wife's velvet and lace. In the evening she often sat with James. Miss Patty invariably got tired over her novel and went to bed. Marian sat opposite James at her needle-work. Sometimes, when he laid down at last his volume of Buckle, or Lecky, or Spencer, she would look up with a glance of arch sympathy, as much as to say, 'Are you not tired at last of your dreary philosophy books?' A few minutes' talk would

follow, which certainly did not partake of anything ordinarily described as flirtation. Marian was serious, sympathetic in all things—a being too pure, too fragile, and far too refined for her present position. Once or twice James read her one of the more picturesque passages in Lecky's 'Eighteenth Century.' She looked most interested, and expressed her gratitude for the pleasure of hearing anything so beautiful. Mr. Ford, she said, never read to her.

People went on talking. Nina Small made the discovery that she had never really liked Lucy, of whom, in fact, she had been envious ever since her engagement. Against Dr. Field she proclaimed in her own mind a sort of holy war, and made it her mission going about from house to house, and among the young people she knew, repeating, insinuating and exaggerating, her small, starchy eyes blinking with malicious intelligence. Of course she did a great deal of harm. When slander, ever so vile, is thrown plentifully some of it will be sure to stick. Many people who did not like Nina, or approve of her gossip, yet thought Dr. Field's conduct very strange—things looked black; to give him credit for the simply good motive of wishing to help the Fords never entered their thoughts as long as an evil motive could possibly or plausibly have been attributed—so far is this nineteenth centennial of Christianity from attaining St. Paul's ideas of the charity that 'rejoiceth not in iniquity. And no one of the better class of women who really had not made up their minds to condemn James without a hearing, had the good sense and courage to tell him to his face what was being said—for slander is so closely allied to cowardice that it infects with that quality all which it taints.

Meanwhile the Hills came home from Ottawa. Lucy had not been an hour returned before Nina Small came to see her, with her precious balms of pretended sympathy. She

began by kissing and caressing, but there was an eagerness which belied this action in the haste with which she passed to commiseration of her dear Lucy for the dreadful things that had happened in her absence. The awful stories that were going about Dr. Field!

But she was not allowed to get beyond that name.

'As to the nature of the falsehoods that may have been circulated about any of my friends in my absence, I have had my suspicions, as also I have my thorough certainty of their being baseless calumny. If people presume to repeat them, they had better take care that Papa does not take serious steps as to libel. Meanwhile, I have not the slightest intention of discussing the subject with *you*, Nina, and least of all shall I allow you to gossip in my presence with reference to my affianced husband.'

Nina Small was quite unprepared for the supremely effectual snubbing then and there administered. Thoroughly cowed by this first lesson in the art of minding her own business, she effected a quick retreat, with a parting sneer about Miss Hill's infatuation, and a hint that 'none were so blind as those that wouldn't see.' But she shook with anger and excitement long after she reached home, and the small eyes blinked like those of a snake whose biggest fang is broken.

Not many minutes after this, James for the first time heard from Lucy herself the slanders no one less loving had dared to tell him of. Some of his letters had led her to suspect what was being said, and at the same time renewed her confidence in his love and sense of right. Had Lucy been of a less high-minded nature, had she not been one who 'trusted all in all or not at all,' had she even passively shown any sympathy with those who blamed Dr. Field for the kindness he had shown the Fords, his downfall would have been rapid and complete. As it was, she took the simple course of

going on as if nothing had happened. But though she was civil and even kind to the Fords, who were asked to tea more than once at Mr. Hill's, Lucy lost no time in taking Miss Patty under her own special protection. Dr. Field and his sister assumed their proper position in the society of the village. Marian, falling into the background, ceased to have the prominence which Miss Patty's injudicious and exclusive partiality had given her.

James was successful in his efforts to teach Mr. Ford Greek enough to pass. Mr. Hill used his influence with one of the bishops. 'Marian's' miseries came to an end when her husband obtained a small mission in the backwoods, the duties of which he carried out to the satisfaction of his congregation. Marian took to herself great airs, with her somewhat improved

social position. She never missed an opportunity of sneering at Spooksville, and often gravely hinted that Dr. Field cared for nothing but wicked infidel books, and was in great danger of that endless pain, which, according to some creeds, awaits the unorthodox.

The shadow of an undeserved slander passed away. With the influence of Mr. Hill, of Lucy, of Miss Patty, being better known and therefore better liked, James and his sister reassumed their former position with all former friends, and those by whom their friends were influenced. Nina Small lived long in a locality peculiarly favourable to the health of old maids; she did not attend Lucy's wedding, or get either wedding cake or cards.

THE END.

THE CRY OF CAIN.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON, TRURO, N.S.

EVEN, O God, from me, the wanderer,
 Even from me, stained with a brother's blood,
 Even from me who sought to flee Thy curse,
 At last from me accept an offering!
 Even from me whose fruit Thou didst disdain,
 From me who thought acceptance was my due,
 From me who met divine rebuke with hate,
 From me a rebel, ruthless, impotent;
 From me who through these weary, barren years
 Have borne Thy brand upon my wasted brow,
 Yet fiercely kept my impious head unbent,
 Defiant of the lightning and the gloom;
 Despising all the pity of my kind,
 And hopeless of the mercy of my God;
 Rearing a doomed and godless progeny
 Far off from Eden in this land of Ind.

But now a dream, that tortures with new pain
 My spirit in its cold trance of despair,
 Shows me the endless chain of woe which hangs
 From that first link forged by this cruel hand—
 Into Thy world who brought the taint of blood,
 Into Thy world I brought the scourge of war.
 I see the legions mustering for the strife,
 And hear the battle-cries in unknown tongues.
 I hear the call of glory and of greed ;
 Ambition's pleadings thrilling patriots' hearts ;
 The summons of religion to destroy
 Ring from the brazen throat of Lucifer !
 I hear the wailing of the fatherless,
 And desolate curses upon me, the sire
 Of carnage, and the moan of maids who weep
 For death of lovers and undying love !
 I see the flames of temples flare and fade,
 And in the waning light the expectant eyes
 Of Pest and Hunger glisten ; and hard by
 Vultures and wolves on writhing valour prey.
 I see dark iron thundering flame and death ;
 The poisoner's phial and the assassin's knife ;
 The rack, the wheel, the cross—the spear that wounds
 At every thrust the shrinking side of God !

My punishment is more than I can bear :—
 Ever the sounds of slaughter in my ears,
 Yet no man's hand may touch my charmed life ;
 And my own hands are nerveless, for I fear
 To meet my brother Abel's pleading face
 More than all things that haunt me, save one dream—
 The awesome anguish of a groaning God !
 O *murdered* God ! can there be hope for me ?

Even from me, Maker, wilt Thou accept
 The primal offering of a humbled heart,
 That owns Thy rod a father's, while it smites,
 And sees long vengeance lightening into love.

MAN'S MORAL NATURE.*

BY P. E. B.

IN all books that treat either on the intellect or on morals, there is a difficulty in making definite statements. The reasoning faculties within us are so shifting, so hard to fix; the course of thought so little understood; the object of man in nature, even nature itself, is so difficult to comprehend, that while groping in the dark on these and kindred subjects, those interested will hail with pleasure any new light that may be thrown upon their path.

The study of ethics has engaged the attention of thinking men since civilization began, and still little if any advance has been made towards the attainment of settled views on man's moral action. The moral advancement is so much slower than the intellectual that the space of four thousand years which history scans more or less closely, furnishes little enough data on which to hinge Dr. Bucke's theory; still it must be conceded that he has made good use of whatever there was to get.

Dr. Bucke's book opens with the desire that observations on the moral status of our race may be more specially noted, so that as the stream of time advances better and more definite conclusions may be arrived at. In the advertisement he says, 'should he succeed in transplanting some of these problems into other and better minds, where they may reach a higher development, and receive a truer, a more perfect solution, this would be a compensation indeed.'

* *Man's Moral Nature*. An Essay. By RICHARD MAURICE BUCKE, M. D., Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, London, Ontario. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1879.

The author's first chapter is of an introductory character, intended to clear the ground on preliminary points. The following extract from it is all that we need notice here:—'The external universe acts on man through his senses' (and in other ways). 'Man reacts upon and toward the external universe in three ways, namely, by his active nature, by his intellectual nature, by his moral nature—that is, he *acts* upon it, *thinks* about it, and *feels* toward it.'

'What is the moral nature? and what are the lines between it and the active nature, between it and the intellectual nature, and between it and sense impressions?' These are the questions the author endeavours to answer in his second chapter. A further quotation, slightly condensed, will define his basis of thought more clearly on these questions. 'The moral nature is a bundle of faculties. Most of these faculties, though not all of them, are called passions and emotions. All passions and all emotions belong to, are part of, the moral nature; but the whole moral nature is not included in these two expressions. Love, faith, hate, fear, are the most prominent functions of the moral nature, if they are not indeed the whole of it. These are pure moral qualities: that is, each one of them is a distinct moral function, and therefore a simple moral function. The line between the active nature and the moral nature is not difficult to draw, though it is constantly overlooked. The active nature and the moral nature scarcely ever come in direct contact, the intellectual nature nearly always intervening between them. An act which is prompted by

passion or emotion is directed by the intelligence : for instance, I desire something—I think how I shall obtain it—then go and get it ; I hate some one—I think of some act that will injure him—then do it ; I love some one—think what acts give pleasure to that person—then perform them.

‘It is not the act or the conduct itself which is good or bad, moral or immoral. Goodness, badness, morality and immorality, belong solely to the moral nature. Acts are always outside the moral nature, and can have no moral quality. To kill a man is called an immoral act—a crime—but it is only called so because of the moral state which accompanies and prompts the act. Under many circumstances, homicide, although the act is precisely the same, has no moral significance ; in certain circumstances of self-defence or mental alienation, for example. Again, we know that the crime may be committed without the act : “Who-soever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.” To many these arguments will be unnecessary. The line between the active nature and the moral nature is plain enough ; but the line between the intellectual nature and the moral nature is not quite so easy to draw, or to see when it is drawn, for these two lie closer together than do the active nature and the moral nature, and the functions of the intellectual nature are less easily defined and are more like the functions of the moral nature, than are those of the active nature.’ The author goes on to say that the intellect *knows*, the moral nature *feels*. Perception, conception, memory, reason, comparison, and judgment are apportioned by him to the intellectual nature, whilst love, hate, fear and faith, are assigned to the moral nature. The argument or reasoning at this point is very close and good. Dr. Bucke gives a familiar illustration : ‘In any given individual the intellect may be highly developed, and the moral nature ill developed, or

the reverse ; so that we often see clever men with bad hearts, and men of excellent moral qualities who are very stupid. If the intellect is below the proper standard, we say the man is a fool ; if further deficient we call him an idiot. But the fool may have a kind, affectionate heart, and a criminal may have a quick wit.’

The word ‘mind’ is used to comprehend both the moral and intellectual natures. Our minds are made up of ‘concepts,’—that is, intellectual ideas or conceptions—together with moral states and their compounds : 1st. Compounds of simple moral states with one another ; 2nd. Compounds of concepts with one another ; 3rd. Compounds of moral states with concepts. The moral states are ; love, faith, hate, fear, and their combinations. A very interesting definition of faith is given, illustrated by the attitude of the moral nature towards the government of the universe, and towards the condition of the soul after death. Faith is largely synonymous with trust, courage, confidence, and should not be confounded with belief ; which is an intellectual act. The more of faith, trust, or confidence we have in the Author of the Universe, the less we fear Him ; for, whereas savages look upon their gods as demons, the Jews believed that, at all events towards them, there was more good than evil in Jehovah ; whilst we as Christians look upon our God as one of love. Now God, ‘who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, with whom is no variability or shadow of turning,’ cannot have changed. Therefore, our moral attitude must have altered towards Him. From this it is argued that our intellectual conceptions of the Almighty and of the unknown world are based on the state of our moral nature, and that as the moral nature of mankind rises, our ideas of Him enlarge and expand. A fine argument is started with regard to the question ; are hate and fear justified ? That is, could not the world and society do

very well without them? Two most prominent moral states are taken to found the argument upon, namely: the fear of death, and maternal love. The fear of one's own death has the greatest terrors for mortals, especially for the young and those who are in good health. This fear, it is argued, has been implanted in the human race by the laws of natural selection and development, and is, in the truth of things, purely artificial. What reason has the individual to fear death? It is not because we know it to be a very great evil, for in fact we know nothing about it; neither is it on account of the pain that often accompanies it; for if we had every reason to believe that death would be painless, as in the case of drowning, or an overdose of a narcotic, the fear of it would equally exist. Besides, when men actually see that death is certain, inevitable, close, they often, as in the case of executions and shipwrecks, pass its portals into the unknown without a particle of fear.

History affords us knowledge regarding the gradual extinction of the fear of death; and we have the assurance that 'Perfect love casteth out fear,' and again, 'He shall put all enemies under his feet, for the last enemy is death,' *i. e.*, the fear of death, because death itself is not really an enemy; and consequently there is no ground for this fear or its twin brother hate, and they must, in the fulness of time, die out.

One of the strongest associations of a moral state with an idea is that of a mother's love with the mental image of her child. This association is quite as necessary for the continuance of the race as the fear of death is to the continuance of the life of the individual. Why not, therefore, consider this maternal love quite as illusive and unnecessary as the fear of one's own death? The author holds that it cannot be so considered.

Is the fear of one's own death, or any fear, justified? Is the love of the

mother for her child, or any other love, justified? The object of the essay is to show that love and faith are justified, and will increase, whilst hate and fear are not justified, and will decrease.

That portion of the essay which treats of the great sympathetic nervous system is illustrated by anatomical plates provided in the essay to fully exhibit its meaning. The subject is so clearly treated that any lay reader may easily comprehend it by the aids and helps provided. The author holds that the great sympathetic nervous system is probably the seat and organ of the moral nature, in the same way as the cerebro-spinal nervous system, which includes the brain, is the seat of the intellectual nature.

'Is the moral nature a fixed quantity?' Is the world, or rather society, becoming better? Is the moral status of mankind rising as the ages go on? This is a question which is often asked, but hitherto has only received a very vague and general answer. This the author attributes to the mode in which the question is put, and to the fact that what is considered moral in one country, or in one generation, is not considered so in another. It is thought meritorious by an Indian to take scalps. The founding and maintaining of the Inquisition was considered right and proper amongst a certain class of Christians. In this enquiry, the author thinks, the answers to the following questions give the true solution:—Is the attitude of the moral nature in man towards his wife, his family, his relations, his nation and mankind at large; towards the lower animal and external nature; towards the unknown, such as the gods of the heathen and the Creator of the universe; and lastly, towards death—is his moral attitude in these respects altering and improving?

In a given moral nature, of a certain total volume, the less faith and love there is, the more hate and fear, and

the more fear and hate, the less faith and love. It is true of the earlier conceptions of the Deity by those nations upon whom civilization is beginning to dawn, that in all cases fear predominates over faith, and consequently the fear of death is enhanced by the thought of the terrible gods whom the spirits of mortals are supposed to meet when freed from the body. But the God of the Christians is addressed as 'Our Father who art in Heaven,' and is depicted as a God of love. Between these two antipodes of faith a wide range of moral states intervenes. This gap has been filled up by the advance made of the moral nature from time to time, and this advance has been made by highly gifted individuals making a farther moral advance than any before their time, and attracting followers to their special mode of belief. These advances only occur at long intervals. One of these steps was made by Guatama twenty-five hundred years ago, when Buddhism was founded. He taught the doctrine of annihilation as the best the universe had in store for mortals after death. This was an advance on the beliefs before his time, when the soul went to the terrible gods; and this doctrine has been believed in by hundreds of millions of our race for twenty-five centuries. 'Every new religion derives its authority from, and establishes its hold upon, man by the fact that it represents a moral advance, that it is a projection into the unknown of a superior and more assured hope.'

The religion taught by Zoroaster, which is parallel to the one above quoted, represents the universe in the hands of a good and evil principle of *equal* strength. This doctrine also sprang from the initial Aryan faith. Now, all the various forms of Christianity and Mahometanism declare the good principle stronger than the evil, and they also represent the state of existence beyond the grave as more to be desired than feared by those deemed worthy of future re-

ward. The meaning of this is that man's moral nature has so advanced that there is more faith and less fear amongst the more advanced nations than there is in the lower races, who accept a religion with an equal good and bad principle, or one in which the evil principle predominates.

The Greeks, from their advancement in the arts, poetry, architecture and oratory, in the fifth century B.C., had reached as high a level as any other nation previous to that time. Amongst them friendship between persons not related had reached a high point, but their want of faith in one another led to their ruin. Their conception of their gods was not of an exalted nature, and whilst these were not cruel or revengeful like the gods of savage nations, they yet visited with dreadful punishments trifling omissions in rites due from man to them. Their Hades was a gloomy, cheerless place. Such an idea of a future state could only be conceived by a people greatly deficient in faith. They were brave when pushed in a corner, so that they could not help fighting. Excepting with the Spartans, the Greek cruelties probably arose more from fear than from hate. The family relations of the Greeks at this period were probably inferior to those of the present day; and outside their own race they had no sympathy whatever. The love of humanity they were unable to understand; nor is there any evidence to show that they had any such feelings as at present exist towards the lower animals; and there was an entire absence of the love of nature amongst them.

The Jews are said to have been stronger in faith and weaker in love than the Greeks. It is a characteristic of the Semitic races that the good power in their religions is believed by them to be stronger than the evil power. The Jews were not alone in this belief, because the writer of the Book of Job was not a Jew, and he fully recognised that Jehovah's attri-

butes were far more good than evil, and that he was stronger than the evil powers of Satan. But it is by no means clear from the earliest Jewish writers that the Jewish nation always believed this. In fact, although they gave Jehovah the highest power, it is doubtful whether, at this early time, the Almighty's attributes were not thought to be more evil than good.

The three religions are thus summed up : 1st, Buddhism is represented by atheism and annihilation ; 2nd, Zoroastrianism, by equal good and evil powers, and 3rd, Judaism, by a Being whose attributes for good and evil about balanced each other ; so that these religions may be considered as on the same moral level, and the outcome of a parallel moral advancement in their devotees. At the time of the writing of the Psalms, however, (1100 B.C.), this median line of balanced good and evil was passed by the Jews ; and the government of the universe was, they thought, more favourable to them than the reverse. From this time the advance of their moral nature was steady until the Christian era, as shown by the exalted compositions and sublime ideas of the prophets. The awful Jehovah and jealous God of some one thousand years before had become their father and their friend. If men in every one thousand years in the world's history were to make such strides as this it is not difficult to conceive the millennial period would shortly dawn on our globe ; but unfortunately it is one thing to set up a moral standard, and another to bring the masses up to that level. Consequently, the advance is slow.

The Jews as a nation had not that love of humanity begotten of the Christian faith. They felt it no disgrace to pillage the Gentiles. The cruelties practised by this people, as described in the Old Testament, are something horrible, and are not one whit better than the conduct of King Darius (Daniel vi. 24) who, for the bad counsel his advisers give him concerning his prime

minister, not only handed them over to a painful death, but killed their *wives and children* also.

The large range of sympathy in man's moral nature at the present day compares favourably with the universal cruelty of ancient usage. Not a famine now occurs in any part of the globe, but foreign nations rush to relieve the distress. Not a war is waged of any severity, but medical aid and comforts are forthcoming from the civilized nations of all climes. Not a fire rages of any magnitude, but the inhabitants of distant countries join hand in hand to assist the sufferers, as witness the Irish and East Indian famines, the Crimean war and American rebellion, the Chicago and St. John fires, &c., &c. But the most notable instance of the large love for mankind of the present age was the freeing of the negroes by the British nation in the West Indies ; this was done without any appeal to force, or under any threats from a more powerful hostile nation : neither can it be said to have been asked for by the negroes themselves.

The author of Ecclesiastes (970 B. C.) says : ' That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth the beasts ; one lot befalleth both, as the one dieth so dieth the other.' The ancient Jews looked with fear on death : they regarded it as a blot on the general beneficent scheme of the universe. At the present time our best men make friends with death : they believe more or less in a future state of felicity. If they are not Christians they look on the state which lies beyond the veil, whether of conscious existence or otherwise, whether individual or diffused, as a future good. Though they know no more about it than did the Jews, they have more faith. The conclusion Dr. Bucke arrives at is, that whilst the Jews were undoubtedly the highest, morally, amongst the ancient nations, yet that the ancient Jews, as compared with the present Christians, were deficient both in faith and love,

and that their hate and fear were more prominent.

In comparing the savage to the civilized man, instances are given of undoubted authority to show that fear and terror are the habitual condition of man in his lowest state ; that savages have little or no love even for those connected to them by the nearest and dearest ties. They have no gratitude, no idea of the beautiful, and if they have any gods, their feelings towards them are a mixture of hate and fear. In the savage mind, there is very much less love and faith, and more hate and fear, than in men of civilized races. If it be conceded that the race of mankind has gradually progressed from savagery, then the condition of savages at the present day forms a potent argument in favour of our moral advance.

The moral nature of children as compared with men and women of the same race is then examined, and it is shown that young children do not grieve at the loss of relatives like people of more advanced life ; that their love is more transient ; that they are very susceptible of anger, dislike and fear. Our love to them often causes us to overlook these features of their character. The higher moral qualities are gradually developed, and only mature with the maturity of the individual. If a parallel may be drawn between the maturing of the race and the maturing of the individual, then there is another fact in favour of moral advancement taking place. Our author's own conclusion is that the moral nature is not a fixed quantity in either individuals or races, and that man is morally progressing.

In what way, then, is this moral advance effected ? The author thinks it is done, first by natural selection, as those who are endowed with a high moral nature are usually endowed with a high physical vitality. The great sympathetic nervous system has the function of nutrition, and if it is the seat of the moral nature then a high

moral nature and good nutrition must often go together. The author quotes statistics to prove this. Moral men are not subject to the many diseases especially incident to a low moral nature ; and as qualities are inherited, their children and more remote descendants are continually being benefited ; while those with lower moral natures are constantly fading out, and are giving place to the stronger. It is known that the Jews are actually at the present day increasing in numbers throughout Europe out of all proportion to the people amongst whom they dwell. In the second place sexual selection does for individuals what natural selection does for races. And thirdly, by the attachments of social life. A child of highly educated parents, if reared by savages, would never reach as high a moral elevation as if brought up by its own people. The love of the mother permeates the child, the faith of the father permeates the child. How does this happen ? We cannot tell, but it does happen. Enthusiasm is inspired by enthusiasm, love by love. A child feels his mother's love whilst she bends over her darling, and he smiles in his sleep. The boy feels the courage—that is the faith—of his father as he walks with him in dangerous places. Passengers in a storm, or during danger at sea, feel more confidence when in company with the officer of the ship.

In this way, by contact more or less close, the superior moral nature of the household, the village, the city, the state, the country, takes the lead and the rest follow ; whether with willing or reluctant steps they follow ; and in front are the leaders, marching into a solid wall of blackness, through which they cannot see. Who is the foremost ? He or she with the most love, the most faith.

The agent which hitherto has been considered the sole force for elevating the moral nature, is the intellectual nature. But the author believes that

the intellectual nature has little influence in this direction. It is true it serves as a channel for conveying emotions, but the person who wishes to act on the moral nature of another, must himself feel the emotion he wishes to excite. In the course of the ages, here and there, men are born with superior love and high intellect; these are called poets, architects, orators. These men have an abiding trust in God and Nature: they necessarily hate less and fear less than their fellows. The moral nature of all men is acted on by that mysterious agency called sympathy, which everywhere exists. Under this law men of superior moral nature have found means to convey to others their high moral attitude, and this means we call by the generic name of art.

The love of the poet, for instance, is expended principally on men, women, children, animals, flowers and nature. He creates heroic men, and beautiful tender-hearted women. Things that are loved by an average moral nature, are loved more by him, and things which are hated, he looks upon with indifference. This is speaking generally. Music is almost the only mode by which one moral nature can hold communication with another. Without the aid of the intellect, a larger range of moral states is conveyed from mind to mind by music than in any other way. It is argued from this fact that music is destined to play an important part in the future in the elevation of the human race. The composer draws his inspiration from moral elevation.

The moral standard of the present day is not of a very high order. A man with a limited amount of love and faith, and a liberal allowance of hate and fear, may pass through the world regarded as a good man; whilst another with more love and faith, and less hate and fear, will be thought worse, because the intellectual manifestations of his moral nature differ from those of his contemporaries. Such

a man as Shelley, for instance, was considered immoral and irreligious. If the test is correctly applied, it will be found that all artists of any genius have high moral natures, and it is upon this fact that all their charm and influence depend. The reverse of this is seen among habitual criminals; many of these have a good average intellect, but all are destitute of æsthetic taste.

Religious founders and innovators are men who have vastly superior faith to those around them. They arise only at distant intervals through the centuries of time. Their intellectual nature is high, and they abound in the qualities of faith and love. Hate and fear are nearly lost in them. In considering these men, the central fact to be weighed is their moral attitude towards the unknown. They feel that the unknown is more beneficent to the human race than it has ever been felt to be before their time, and they give this feeling form by means of their intellectual nature. The intellectual conclusions of their predecessors they shift to correspond with their own higher moral attitude. They convey to others the convictions they themselves experience towards the great unknown, by giving a more favourable account of Him than had been received up to their own time.

A religious founder like Mahomet, for instance, before whose time the race to which he belonged believed there were many gods, proclaims that there is but one, infinitely powerful and just. Again, when the Christian God was substituted for the Jewish, what a vast step that was! So different were the two Gods, that the author of this advance was killed for proclaiming the new religion. No one will pretend that this advance was made by an intellectual effort. No intellect that can be conceived could touch this problem. Nor is it shown that its author was extraordinarily great by his intellect. It is as reasonable to believe in the Jewish God as in the Christian. If, then, this substitution was not made

by an intellectual effort, it must have been made by a change of moral attitude. In its author, faith reached a level it had never reached before. He had more trust in the unknown, and more confidence in the human race, than any who had preceded him; and by this trust, he substituted for a powerful, just, unrelenting, and jealous God, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' Here was an advance that changed the whole attitude towards the unknown. In the founder of the Christian religion, faith was supreme, fear was absent from his pure nature, his love was boundless, and hate was reduced to a minimum. We have no record, in the short and imperfect sketches of his life which have been handed down to us, that he ever was afraid, though we have evidence of his anger on several occasions. Judging from the past, it may be that as human nature advances to the level of the examples set us in this and other instances, new lights will arise, or, as is thought by many, the same light will return again to this earth in a farther advanced state, and those who inhabit the globe at that day, having arrived at an exalted moral state, will see Him as He is in all His millennial glory.

As the Jewish nation rejected the 'man of sorrows,' so the members of the tribe of Koreish—the leading men of his nation—rejected Mahomet, and the Brahmins, who were the leading men of their nation, rejected Sedd-hatha Guatama, and the probable great advance he made. Though superior moral elevation makes a good man, yet such a man is not always thought good by his contemporaries.

There is every reason to believe that moral progress will continue in the future in the same manner as in the past. Consequently a time must come, if the race endures, when fear and hate will be reduced to a minimum, and the moral functions will be as far in advance of those of the best men and women of to-day, as these

are of those of the cave dwellers of thirty or forty thousand years ago, or of their prototypes, the Aborigines of Australia, or the Digger Indians of California.

The question then comes, which moral nature is justified by the external universe, that of the native Australian or savage, or that of the advanced man and woman of the present day, or none of these? Man's active nature has been and is developing, and is becoming more and more in accord with the modes of existence of force in the external world. The lightning which before he feared, he makes his friend to do his errands. Of steam, which aforesaid was a stranger to him, he makes a slave. Seas on which he dared not venture he now navigates with confidence. In thousands of ways we see man's active nature adjusting itself to the material universe in which he is placed. In all this magnificent world he has created nothing; and he has altered nothing so much as he himself has altered. The inter-relationship between man's active nature and outside forces is practically unlimited, and doubtless the external world will justify and support any advance made in the future. The same may be said of man's intellectual nature, which is placing him more and more in relationship to the laws of the universe; and as age after age rolls on his knowledge of external facts is extended, enlarged, and multiplied, and man's intellect becomes more and more adapted to, and conformed with, the external world. Our intellectual nature has only grasped a very small portion of the facts and laws of the universe, and few doubt that there will be as great, and as justified, an advance in the future as in the past. This being true of our active and intellectual nature, may it not also be true of our moral nature, and that aspect of the outer world to which it corresponds? Take for instance an animal, a savage, and a civilized man with a high moral nature; which of

these will give the most faithful account of the truth and value of the universe?

The best moral nature is that which is the last evolved, and it gives therefore a truer index of force than one less perfect. Man is always advancing into the unknown of force and nature, —who shall say where he will stop?

But the advance of moral nature cannot be so well observed. Yet a certain advance in a certain line has been justified; everyone sees that it is so, for no one can think that there is not good ground for the faith and love he has in him. Suppose, then, that an infinite advance in the same direction is made, will it not also be justified? In other words, hate and fear are dying out. The argument is that their total extinction will be justified. Infinite faith and love are justified. This means that there is nothing to warrant hate and fear, but that the real nature of the universe warrants unlimited love and absolute trust. If then, everything in the world is good and beautiful, and an all-wise, all-powerful, beneficent providence holds us safe through life and death, forever, why should we ever fear? Why should we ever hate? For the same reason

that, living in a world of infinite possibilities of action, we toil like slaves for a bare subsistence. For the same reason that, living in a world of law and order, we grope in the dark through centuries for scraps of knowledge. For the reason that our moral nature, like our intellectual and active natures, is bound in seven-fold adamant chains, so that we cannot love, cannot trust; just the same as we cannot act, cannot know, even to the extent that our petty intellects tell us we ought, like the half grown boy, who, though he has learned not to believe in ghosts, yet trembles in the dark.

This is no new theory. We all recognise, and have recognised all along, that this is so—that the highest moral nature is nearest in accord with the truth of things. We see then, do we not, that religion, morality, and happiness are three names for the same thing—moral education.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, love all things, not as a matter of duty, but because all things are worthy of love. Hate nothing, fear nothing, have absolute faith. Whosoever will act thus is more than wise—he is happy.

ESTELLE.

CHORIAMBICS.—BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

ART thou sad, that art loved better than Life, more than my songs can tell?
Thou that ever my verse, ever my heart, hast for a home, Estelle!

If this verse shall endure, living when we, dark in the silence, dwell,
So shall pictures of thee, these that I paint, live through the years, Estelle!

Tall fair lily of Love! Flower, in whose face sadness and sweetness dwell,
Take this tribute of song, all I can give, laid at your feet, Estelle!

Could Love help thee to live, help thee at all, then even Love were well.
Bright eyes! Stars of my Fate! Could they but shine never through tears, Estelle!

Ah, no! Yet for a day, take if thou wilt, solace of Love's sweet spell!
That wild wine that is Love's, yet for an hour pour for my lips, Estelle!

MY BABY BOY: A NURSERY IDYL

BY MRS. A. MAC GILLIS, BARRIE.

A TINY sprite, just four months old,
 A little darling, dainty thing,
 With eyes of blue, and hair of gold,
 My baby boy—my little king.

His pretty mouth, which doth enclose
 Two rows of pearls yet hid from view,
 Is like a rose-bud which the sun
 Kissed till it blushed a lovelier hue.

His velvet cheeks, where dimples hide,
 Are roses on a lily bed,
 And lily-fair the smooth, broad brow,
 And sweet the little shapely head.

But you should see my baby smile,
 Should see those lovely laughing eyes,
 Twin stars of brightness, love, and joy,
 Yet soft and clear as cloudless skies.

The baby hands that strive to reach
 All things within his tiny grasp,
 How weak the waxen fingers touch,
 Yet holding with a mighty clasp.

Two loving hearts that on him set
 Their hopes for coming happy years,
 Oh! Father, guard our treasure well,
 Nor let those hopes be quenched in tears.

God bless the baby hands, and give
 Them good and faithful work to do,
 Work that shall teach him how to live
 A life unselfish, brave, and true.

And where shall tread my darling's feet?
 In lofty, or in lowly ways?
 Up Fame's steep hill to find at length
 The Victor's conquering crown of bays?

It matters not so that he keep
 An even path—an upward road—
 That will at last my baby bring
 To perfect peace and rest with God.

'JUST FOR FUN.'

BY BELLE CAMPBELL, TORONTO.

WHEN Alec Douglas bade goodbye to his betrothed wife before leaving home for Europe, whither he was called by business, he laughingly told her that she might flirt *ad libitum* until his return. Perhaps, if he had known how very willing the young lady was to take advantage of the permission, he would have thought twice before giving it.

Irene Croftley had the reputation, among the ladies of her acquaintance, and those of the other sex who had suffered from her cruelty, of being a flirt of the first magnitude. Alec Douglas, however, having captured her heart, could afford to make light of any rumours that reached him to that effect, and not having a particle of jealousy in his composition, was rather proud of his sweetheart's conquests.

Miss Croftley was pleased to keep her engagement in some measure a secret during her lover's absence, and thus it was that when Gilbert Huntley met her in society, attracted by her beauty, her girlish sweetness of manner, and the host of charms that drew so many to her side, he knew of no reason why he should not show the admiration and the love she had awakened in his heart, and win her for his bride, if that were possible.

Huntley was a handsome, talented young fellow, and Irene accepted his very marked attentions with an evident pleasure that made him very hopeful of the success of his suit. Occasionally she suffered a pang of remorse and alarm when his manner evinced a tenderness and lover-like ardour inconsistent with mere friend-

ship, and at such times she would determine to make him aware of the fact that she was engaged to be married to another; but the momentary impulse would pass, when she paused to consider that by so doing she would lose his pleasant society and his convenient escort. Besides, the temptation 'to see how far he would go, just for fun,' proved too strong for her sense of right, and so the flirtation went on to its fatal end.

'What is an engaged girl to do?' she cried with a laugh to a friend who had undertaken the thankless task of remonstrating with her, 'When one's own true knight is abroad, one must get a substitute of some kind! Mr. Huntley likes to take me out and do things for me, and I like to have it so, and you know Alec doesn't mind—so where's the harm?' And she smiled innocently, as though she had made a very good case of it.

'Of course, you know perfectly well, Irene, that "the harm" lies in the fact that Gilbert Huntley does not know that you are engaged; that he loves you, and that you are encouraging him while you are well aware that the final result will be one more broken heart for you to boast of!' And as she spoke, there was a ring of indignation and bitterness in Florrie Howe's usually soft voice that made Irene look at her in some surprise.

Florence observed it, and colouring slightly, she continued in a lighter tone—

'In this case, Irene, I would advise you not to go too far, you may find the rôle of the "arrant coquette" a dangerous one, for Gilbert Huntley is

much too fine a man to allow himself to be trifled with.'

'You seem to have a thorough appreciation of his good qualities, *ma chere amie!*' said Irene.

'Oh, I haven't the remotest intention of entering the lists against you, although I am *not* engaged to another!' said Florrie, coldly, though she blushed vividly under her companion's gaze, and then grew pale again as she rose to leave her. Irene was much disturbed; thoughtless and vain, she was not utterly heartless, and when it occurred to her that her little bit of 'fun' with Gilbert Huntley was standing in the way of her friend's happiness, she was really distressed.

'I must bring this affair to an end!' she said to herself. 'Poor little Flo! I fear I really have been selfish, but it's not too late to remedy it yet, thank goodness. I will introduce the subject of my approaching marriage this evening, and I hope he won't be *very* much disappointed. After all, it's time he should know poor Alec comes home next week or soon after, and Mr. Huntley's soft tender voice and lovely eyes make me uncomfortable!'

Thus resolved, Miss Croftley went to dress for the opera, and as she chose her prettiest costume, selecting, with a smile on her lips, the colours she knew that Huntley preferred, she mentally rehearsed the careless words that would wound his loving manly heart like cold steel. Florence Howe was right when she said he loved her, and his love was the deep, strong passion of an intense, noble nature—a love that, once given, could never be recalled or turned aside from its object.

He met her in the drawing-room, and as her eyes fell before his and a blush of guilty self-consciousness mantled her cheek, he thought he had never before seen her look so lovely. He led her out to the carriage and handed her in almost without speaking, and seated himself beside her. He was content to worship in silence. Not so Irene, however. She was nervous

and unhappy, and, seeking to drown the feeling of dread that had taken possession of her, she laughed, talked, and gesticulated in a kind of feverish excitement.

'Heavens, I wish it were over!' she thought. 'Whoever imagined his taking it so seriously! I must tell him in the theatre, and then if he—if he is affected by it, I can watch the stage, and not seem to take notice.'

Miss Croftley had to learn, though, that wrong done could not be made right at her pleasure. Circumstances were not propitious for the announcement which she was anxious to make. The opera was *Aida*, and in spite of herself she became absorbed in the unhappy love story and the picturesque costumes, besides the music which she enjoyed as only a musician can.

Suddenly a crash was heard, followed by cries—then a loud voice giving rapid and confused orders, and then an alarm of fire ran through the house. The densely-crowded audience rose *en masse*, and the usual panic ensued. Screams, prayers, imprecations, and cries for assistance were heard on all sides. In vain the manager appeared before the curtain to tell them that the flames were extinguished, and all danger over. The odour of burning cloth and scorched wood, and the smoke arising from them still prevailed, and the multitude was incapable of giving him heed.

At the first word of alarm, Gilbert Huntley threw his arm around the girl beside him, who, with parted lips and dilated eyes, was tremblingly clinging to him in dire terror and consternation.

'Keep calm, Irene, if possible!' he cried, holding her close while looking around for the best mode of exit. 'I do not think there is any real danger—listen, he says, it is past. The people are panic-stricken. Had we not better sit still?'

'No, no! take me out; oh, take me out,' she cried, and then, overcome by the horror of the imagined danger,

and realizing the difficulty of egress, she fainted away in his arms. Then, indeed, he saw the necessity of making the effort. The place was suffocatingly hot, and she must have air. Taking her firmly under one arm, he fought his way through the crowd, and seizing a favourable moment, he rushed through the nearest door, with a want of consideration for those around which it would have been impossible for him to have manifested, were it not for his helpless and precious burden.

He bore her out into the cool night air; it was raining slightly, and as the cold drops of water fell upon her up-turned face, Irene recovered consciousness almost directly. She stood up and looked at the young man who was watching her with pale face and lips tightly set together. He smiled to reassure her.

'Are you better now?' he asked.

'Oh, yes, I'm all right now,' she answered; 'but, oh, Mr. Huntley, I am quite ashamed of myself for fainting, and making it so much more difficult for you. How *did* you manage it? Thank you a thousand times. Do you think any one is hurt?'

'There was no cause for the panic. The alarm of fire was a false one, but I fear that in such a terrific crush there will necessarily be many injured.' His face contracted as if with pain while he spoke, and he added, hastily, 'Come, let me put you in the carriage; I see the man has come early.'

She took his arm, and he gave an involuntary groan of agony.

'Not that one,' he said, 'I beg your pardon—I fear it is hurt rather badly—broken, indeed, for the hand is quite lifeless. Will you take the other? When I have seen you home I will go at once to a surgeon.'

Irene Croftley uttered a sharp cry—a cry of remorse, grief, and despair combined—and grew so ghastly white that Gilbert feared she would faint again, and called the coachman to his assistance. She shook off the mo-

mentary weakness and, turning sharply to the man, 'Thomas,' she said, 'drive with all the speed you can to the nearest physician; Mr. Huntley's arm is badly injured.'

Then she entered the carriage, made room for him beside her, and then, looking at his pale face with a strange happy light shining upon it, she burst into a torrent of tears—such tears of bitter woe as Irene Croftley had never shed in all her life before.

'Miss Croftley—Irene—do not weep; why should you weep; and yet—Irene, my love, my love, do you care enough for me to weep for *my* sake? Speak to me Irene—I love you, darling.' And he drew down the little cold, white hand with which she had covered her face.

'Oh, what shall I do; this is terrible! Ah, heaven, what *shall* I do?' she moaned.

'What is it?' he asked.

She clasped her hands together imploringly. 'Oh, forgive me; pray, pray forgive me,' she cried.

'For what? Is it because this miserable arm is hurt, or because you fainted?' And he laughed in her lovely woful face. 'Sweet, silly girl, it was no fault of yours. Rather should I thank you for letting me hold you so close to my heart, Irene—the heart that beats for you alone, love.'

She wrung her hands with a gesture of despair.

'Oh, do not talk like that,' she said, with a fresh burst of tears.

'Why not?' he asked, so sharply, that she was startled. 'You *do* love me, Irene? Tell me, quick.'

She had ceased crying now. She looked at him appealingly.

'Do not talk any more just now,' she said, gently. 'You will exhaust your strength, dear Mr. Huntley, pray keep quiet. I, too, am unstrung and anxious.'

'Say dear *Gilbert*,' he said, once more taking her hand.

She hesitated a moment, then quietly said the words, and leaned back

with closed eyes. He was satisfied and silent, but he held her hand in his, and she did not attempt to withdraw it.

Having arrived at Dr. Clark's, Huntley insisted that Miss Croftley should leave him there, and allow herself to be driven home at once. He bade her good night, tenderly, dropped one light kiss upon her pale cheek, and left her.

Upon finding herself alone, Irene gave way to an uncontrollable burst of passion and grief.

'Oh, I have been cruel, heartless, wicked,' she sobbed. 'I see it all now,' and then, grown somewhat calm under her own self-condemnation, she resolved to write to Gilbert that very night, and tell him all. She would confess her deception, and implore him to forgive it and forget her. Idle words! She knew they were so, but it was the only course open to her; for Irene Croftley was perfectly faithful to her betrothed husband; and if at present the man she had deceived dwelt more in her thoughts than her more fortunate lover, it arose from the painful circumstances into which her deception had thrown her. She regarded Gilbert Huntley only with the affection of a friend or a sister.

Dr. Clark set the injured arm with the skill and ability for which he was celebrated, and the patient laughed and chatted at intervals during the operation, and altogether conducted himself in a manner so gleeful that the surgeon looked at him in some amazement. He poured some drops into a wine glass of water and handed it to him.

'Here, my dear fellow, drink this,' he said, 'you will not feel so well after awhile when the reaction comes. Let me throw this plaid around you, for you will have to cast aside your coat for some time. I will drive home with you, for I expect no more patients to-night.'

Huntley laughingly thanked him for his solicitude, and accepted his companionship. The carriage had re-

turned for him, and together the two young men drove towards Gilbert's rooms.

'You had a lady with you, you said?' asked Dr. Clark.

'Yes, Miss Croftley. Do you know her?'

'Irene Croftley? I should think so! Why, every one knows the Belle of Belleforde—besides, I was very sweet on Miss Croftley once.'

Gilbert laughed. 'She is a beautiful girl,' he said, softly.

'She is, indeed, but a dreadful little flirt,' continued Dr. Clark. 'I was not the only poor moth whose wings were scorched at that flame, so don't take it amiss, Mr. Huntley, if I quote the song and say, "Beware! beware!"'

Gilbert Huntley only smiled and shook his head.

'However,' went on the doctor, as the carriage stopped, and they waited for the man to open the door, 'now that her own little wings are clipped, and she has been taken captive herself, may-be she is not so dangerous. She is engaged to be married to Alec Douglas, a very dear friend of mine, now in Europe. He is expected home in a couple of weeks, or sooner, and the marriage is to take place almost immediately, I believe. Here we are. Gently—I will go in and give my directions to your people. You will obey my instructions, like a good fellow. Remember, you will feel rather worse in the morning.

Gilbert opened the door with his latch key, and walked into the hall, followed by the young surgeon, who turned up the gas, and then looked over his shoulder to speak to his patient. Gilbert was leaning against the wall gazing straight before him with wide-open expressionless eyes, and as Dr. Clark, with a sharp exclamation, suppressed as soon as uttered, hurried to his side, he fell to the floor like a log, without uttering a sound.

For weeks the young man raged in brain-fever. He called incessantly on the name of the girl who had wronged

him so deeply, but when at last she came and knelt by his side, his shrieks echoed through the house, and he turned from her in horror.

Intervals of quiet exhaustion followed paroxysms of wild excitement and insane delirium, and then the looked-for crisis came, but when it passed, all hope had fled. Gilbert Huntley died, and Irene Croftley felt in her heart that his death lay at her door.

Her lover found her a changed woman. She told him the whole story, keeping back nothing, and almost hoping that he would cast her off in scorn, that she might take it as the penalty of her wrong-doing. But Alec Douglas looked at her pallid face and hollow eyes, and spoke no word of blame. He comforted her as best he

could, and begged her to marry him at once, that he might take her away from the scene of her trouble, but she entreated for a postponement of the wedding, and he yielded.

His tenderness and sympathy only increased her self-reproach, and Florence Howe's sad, pensive face, with its story of 'what might have been,' wounded her heart afresh. Irene Croftley's punishment was greater than she could bear, and in the fall of the year she faded, drooped, and died like a broken lily, leaving her lover a lonely grief-stricken man, to pass a life of wretchedness and bitter regret, one more victim to that pastime in which so many women indulge, usually without much thought of cruelty, but, like Irene Croftley, 'Just for Fun.'

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

BY K. SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

OH Sea, that with infinite sadness, and infinite yearning,
Liftest thy crystal forehead toward the un pitying stars,—
Evermore ebbing and flowing, and evermore returning
Over thy fathomless depths, and treacherous island bars :—

Sometimes in the merry mornings, with the sunshine's golden wonder
Glancing along thy cheek, unwrinkled of any wind,
Thou seemest to be at peace, stifling thy great heart under
A face of absolute calm,—with danger and death behind !

But I hear thy voice at midnight, smiting the awful silence
With the long suspiration of thy pain suppressed ;
And all the blue lagoons, and all the listening islands,
Shuddering, have heard, and locked thy secret in their breast !

Oh Sea ! thou art like my heart, full of infinite sadness and pity,—
Of endless doubt and endeavour, of sorrowful question and strife,
Like some unlighted fortress within a beleagured city,
Holding within and hiding the mystery of life.

IN THE NORTH-WEST WITH 'SITTING BULL.'

BY CAPTAIN E. D. CLARK,

(Of the North-West Mounted Police, Fort Macleod.)

TO attempt to write anything for public perusal about this vast territory, or one's experiences in it, is only to follow in the footsteps of many others, and perhaps to fail signally. However, at the urgent request of one very dear to me, for whom I would do almost anything, I nervously make my virgin effort—namely, to write, in as concise a manner as possible, about what I have seen and done during my four years' sojourn in the wilds.

To faithfully describe the great North-West is not an easy task. To call it a huge, endless prairie, sometimes rolling, sometimes level, intermixed with vast, swift-running rivers, gives but a poor idea of what it really is. As one travels from the east towards the setting sun, one passes through a variety of climates and of countries. In 1875, I was in a country where one received but a faint idea of what the prairie really is. During a day's ride, I met with beautiful lakes, fine belts of tamarac, red pine, and birch, and places where nature had formed the most picturesque of parks—ready laid out farms. Though one sees but little game there beyond the feathered tribes, yet carcasses of the mighty buffalo point out that they too were there one day. Such is the country from the Province of Manitoba to what is called The Fertile Belt, by which I presume is meant the Valley of the Saskatchewan. Along this valley, which has been described by the author of the 'Lone Land,' it has been my lot to travel many hundreds of miles; and truly may it be

called 'the fertile belt.' The soil is of the richest kind, the timber good and in large quantities, and farming could easily be carried on. The summer, while it lasts, is most glorious, and vegetation is very rapid. But winter, in all its intensity, comes to this part of the North-West early in November, or sooner, and holds it in an iron grip for six long, weary months. Everything is hushed into solemn and oppressivesilence. The mighty Saskatchewan rolls on, but under massive blocks of ice. Terrible storms sweep over the country, and the settler has naught to do but tend his few cattle, trap a little, and try to sleep away the rest of the day. The red man seeks the timber, where blue smoke rolling up from his lodge indicates his whereabouts. The cold is severe. I remember that, in February, the thermometer for over one week averaged forty degrees below zero; and generally there was a good breeze. Between that country and the one I now write from, two vast barren plains lie, to cross which it takes many a long, weary march. It is on these two plains where one meets the huge bands of buffalo and antelope, of which I will subsequently write. On these stretches the eye rests on naught, for day after day, but one long, everlasting line of horizon. Here it is where the traveller has often to make 'a dry camp'—a camp without water—and if he carries no grain his weary steed makes but a sorry supper. In crossing these plains, the vastness and the endless space oppresses one; there is nothing

but sky and land, and an indescribable stillness reigns over all—a stillness such as one often notices before the burst of a storm. On these prairies fire is most alarming. The parched grass is like tinder. I have seen a spark from a pipe occasion a fire which, in a very short space of time, rolling its smoke sky-ward, travelled at a tremendous pace before the wind, and could be seen for many days afterwards, both by day and night. The only way to stop these prairie fires, if one is coming directly on your road, is to set fire to the prairie behind you. This stops the advancing fire, but the new one goes on, till it either meets some burnt place or the wind turns round. It rains so seldom that to trust to rain to check a fire is somewhat of a forlorn hope. Once these plains are crossed, one meets with a different country and a different climate. I refer now to the country lying at the foot of that magnificent range the Rocky Mountains. Here we have large undulating plains, with rivers of the most transparent water; and along these rivers are fine valleys—or bottoms, as they are called here—in which is found excellent pasturage. In many places the rivers flow through 'cut banks,' frequently more than one hundred feet in height. Cattle and horses feed out the whole winter long, and in the spring look well. There is a species of grass of which the buffalo are very fond called 'bunch grass,' and from this great nourishment is afforded. The climate during the summer is very fine, and here also vegetation is rapid. The weather during the winter is greatly influenced by the Pacific breezes, which come to us across the mountains. The thermometer occasionally falls low, but on the whole the weather is very temperate. For instance, on the 3rd of February last, I see by my diary, that I played cricket, and well I remember the day—genial and warm, not a trace of winter to be seen, with the exception of the leafless

trees. The principal tree-growth on these river bottoms is cotton-wood, but fir and pine can be got at the foot of the mountains, and also in the Porcupine Hills, a range some sixty miles in length which lies close under the Rockies. The Pacific breezes which float to us over the mountains are called 'chanoukes,' and last many days at a time. They come very suddenly. In an incredibly short space of time, the thermometer has been known to run up to thirty-five degrees. When these chanoukes blow, all the windows and doors are thrown open. This in mid-winter is not what one may see in the Valley of the Saskatchewan.

Here is the country of that great and warlike tribe the Blackfoot Indians, a race always held in great awe by other tribes. The Blackfeet are a fine people, but, from all I can learn, greatly degenerated. Small-pox, some years ago, made havoc among them, taking off many hundreds. But what helped to impoverish them, and kill them morally, was the illicit traffic in whiskey, carried on for many years by gangs of desperadoes from the neighbouring territory of Montana. These men, many of whom had a halter awaiting them in their own country, were of the most desperate character, whose business was to traffic alcohol to the wretched Indians for their horses and robes. Many a good horse has been purchased for a quart of this poison. As long as this traffic was permitted, the Indian sank lower and lower. He lost all he had, his children and women were starved, and murder and rapine swept the country. As you know, the Government of Canada organized, some years ago, a mounted constabulary of 300 strong, for the sole purpose of maintaining order and discipline in these vast territories, and truly the small force has worked wonders. The Indians now are tractable and amenable to the law, and have, also, a pretty good idea of what that law is. Here, in the very

heart of the great Blackfoot country, where formerly a man never ventured abroad without his Henry rifle, and that man, for the most part, one of the Montana desperadoes before mentioned, all is now as quiet and orderly as in any civilized country, and the farmer and stock-raiser carry on their vocations without fear of molestation. And all this change has been wrought by a handful of red-coated constabulary! But their mere presence has not done all this. It has taken downright hard work, the utmost of vigilance and perseverance, to extinguish the liquor traffic. The advent of the police naturally caused many settlers to swarm round their different posts, and to these, and even to the police themselves, did the whiskey dealer transfer his trade from the Indians.

Few people out of these territories have any conception of the hardships and privations that have been undergone by the police in their endeavours to break up this whiskey traffic. Day after day on horseback; night after night sleeping out with but one blanket; your provisions generally a buffalo tongue and a hard biscuit, stuffed into your wallet; and these expeditions, as a rule, during the winter. Canada has good reason to be proud of the stuff of which her hardy sons are made, and England has no reason to feel ashamed of their pluck and endurance.

Comparison has often been made between our own and our neighbours' treatment of the Indians. There large military forces have to be kept on the frontier; the Indian steals and pilfers; he fears and distrusts a white man, and is in perpetual warfare with the 'Long Knives,' as he terms the Americans. If one Indian kills another the authorities simply compel him to pay the deceased's family so many horses. The Indian policy of the United States is rotten to the core. The United States Indian agent holds his office for a term, and gain is his sole object. If the wretched

Indian steals, surely he is stolen from in return. To exterminate the Indian is the practical effect of the policy on the other side. How different it is with us! An Indian is made to understand that he is treated the same as a white man—if either does wrong he is punished. The Government makes a treaty with the Indian for his land, and that treaty is strictly observed.

Last year wild and conflicting were the rumours that spread over this country regarding the Sioux Indians, who were then at war with the United States. After the signal victory gained by these Indians over General Custer's command, the half-breed settlers felt that the climax was reached, and that no longer was there safety for them in the country, so they drew their stakes and 'cleared'—where to, apparently, no one cared. The police posts in this section were strengthened by four guns and one hundred men. But there was no occasion for alarm—everything remained as usual. The Blackfeet tribe offered their services to the Police in case the dreaded Sioux came, and for this they have been most graciously thanked by Her Majesty the Queen.

The war with the Sioux commenced in this way. Learning that gold was to be found in the Black Hills, the land of the Sioux—ceded to them, I understand, by treaty—the white men poured in by thousands. This the Sioux, naturally enough, resented, and of course skirmishes between the would-be miners and the Lords of the Soil took place. Troops were sent to protect the whites, and the whole summer a continual strife was kept up between the troops and the Indians, the latter fighting for what they considered their rights. The Sioux refused to go into the Indian Agencies, and were consequently followed up by large forces of infantry and cavalry. At the 'Big Horn,' on the Yellow stone, 'Sitting Bull,' the head 'Soldier of the Sioux,' made a stand and for

twelve days watched by his scouts the approach of General Custer's command. The result of the meeting is well known. The Americans call it a massacre, but I, an Englishman, fail to see it in that light. Since then 'Sitting Bull' and his people wandered about, until at last he found himself on British soil; and again the fright of last year came upon our timorous friends, the half-breeds. Hearing of the arrival of this much-talked of Indian warrior, the officer commanding the police in this district, Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. Irvine, determined upon at once visiting him, and ascertaining his intentions. I was lucky enough to be of the party; which consisted of three officers besides myself, two or three men who were on their way to another post, and two wagon drivers. These, with the interpreter, formed the whole of the party to meet the man whose name is held in terror throughout the Northern Territories of the United States. It was felt, and with no ordinary pride, that our scarlet coats were far greater protection than any armed escort. Here is a man who has caused regiment after regiment of American soldiers to be under arms, and many general officers to lay their heads together in consultation against him; a man whose strategy and generalship outwitted one of the best of rising general officers; a man held up as the most blood-thirsty of Indians, being quietly interviewed by a small party wearing Her Majesty's scarlet. Such an instance is, surely, a worthy tribute, if only from a savage, to the glorious colour which is the pride of every Englishman, and which has won respect in all quarters of the globe.

A ride of some hundred and forty miles brought our party within sight of 'Sitting Bull's' camp, and an hour after first seeing the camp through our glasses, we were smartly cantering up an incline, at the top of which hundreds of savages stood, with extended hands to greet us. So eager were they to shake us by the hand that

it was utterly impossible to move on. Loud and prolonged were the grunts of approval as each Sioux grasped the hand of one of us. Poor wretches! What a red-letter day in their lives, grasping the hand of a white man as a friend! At length we were enabled to push through to the end of the camp, and turn our horses loose. Oh, would I had the pen that could describe the scene faithfully that ensued when dismounted. We were at once surrounded by men, women, and thousands of children, all eager to shake the hand of the red-coat chief. At first the women and children were very shy, almost afraid. Colonel Irvine chucked a small child under the chin, and they gained confidence. We apparently were to them objects of great curiosity, judging from the talk that they carried on among themselves. I was particularly struck with the looks of some of the women, many of whom were very pretty and graceful. The manner of throwing one blanket over two heads, gipsy style, added to the picturesqueness of the scene—many of the children as well as the squaws were handsomely dressed, which rather surprised me, knowing of their long and weary pilgrimage. Quantities of elk teeth were to be seen on their dresses. Elk teeth are very valuable, there being only two teeth in the animal that the Indian takes; so when you see a squaw with several hundreds of these teeth on her dress, it is sufficient proof that her 'lord' is well-to-do.

While standing in the midst of a large crowd of women and children, I observed one Indian of huge stature pushing his way towards us through the throng, and gesticulating towards some one on the outside of the crowd. We followed him to a group of Indians, in the midst of whom stood a man of middle size, with a face of great intelligence. He remained motionless until we were within a few feet of him, when his face lightened up, and with a bright smile he stepped forward and gave the white mother's chief a hearty

grip of the hand. Then he shook hands with our whole party, followed by his huge companions. We stood before 'Sitting Bull' and his head men. The grip of those men spoke volumes to me. It spoke trust and confidence in the white mother's soldiers, and a complete throwing off of suspicion and dread. It appeared to say: 'You do not blame us unheard; we have been sinned against more than sinning. Now, at last, we have met you, and we know to-day what we never knew before—that we are safe. You don't want our lives—we can live in peace.' I may be thought sentimental in all this; but I maintain that none could have seen that proud warrior, with his head soldiers around him, as I did that day, and not have had some such thoughts.

We were then told that the council lodge was being erected, and we promised to go there as soon as we had dined. After dinner we went to the council lodge, a large erection of skins, capable of holding many hundred people. A buffalo robe was spread for us to sit down upon, close in front of 'Sitting Bull,' his head soldiers and chiefs. Here I must describe the difference between the soldier and the chief. The chiefs are the head men in the camp in the time of peace; they do not fight, but appear to look after the internal economy of the camp. In time of war they fall back, and the soldiers take command of the camp; in fact, martial law prevails. A 'chief,' named 'Pretty Bear,' opened the proceedings with a prayer. He sat on the left of 'Sitting Bull,' and taking his seat he let go his buffalo robe and displayed his huge muscular body, painted a bright orange. Next to 'Pretty Bear' sat 'Bear's Head,' an old Indian with a complete bear's head on his own. The skull had been hollowed out, and he wore this strange head-gear as a cap. When he looked down, and his face was hid, his appearance was most ludicrous. One saw before him what appeared to

be a bear with an Indian's body. All the men had 'coup sticks' on their persons. A 'coup stick' is a flexible stick covered with buffalo hide, at the end of which is a heavy round or egg-shaped stone. These sticks are most formidable weapons, and are used for giving a wounded opponent his *quietus*. I understand they did terrible execution in the 'Custer Massacre.' All the men, women and children swarmed into the council lodge, and stood four or five deep inside, and many hundreds were unable to get in. Great was the interest and anxiety displayed by the women. The result of the council was to them a life of peace, or a return to what they had just left, with a pretty certain promise of speedy annihilation. No wonder that these poor people took a terrible interest in the proceedings of that day. The opening ceremony was very impressive. 'Pretty Bear,' holding the large peace pipe in his hands, called on God Almighty and the spirit of their grandfather (who this gentleman was, when in the flesh, I never ascertained) to look upon them that day and have pity on them. The warriors all held their right hands aloft. 'Pretty Bear' reminded the Almighty that he had been raised to eat buffalo meat in order to be strong, but that to-day he was nothing. He pointed the pipe to the south, saying: 'Thunder is my relation there;' to the west and north, saying that there they would be friends; to the east, saying, if he had friends there, he would be strong. He then referred to the Queen, saying: 'My mother, take the pipe; understand, we will all smoke for the country to be full of plenty, and the land good.' 'I am going to light the pipe straight,' he continued. By the word 'straight' he meant with 'truth.' He then handed the pipe to 'Sitting Bull,' who lit it with a bit of buffalo dung, refusing a match that was offered him. (The Indian considers a lucifer match to be deception). The pipe was a huge article, the bowl made

out of some red stone, the stem very long and studded with brass nails. When it was lighted, it was in a very solemn manner pointed to the four quarters of the compass, and then held to the white mother's great chief, Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine, who smoked, great silence being observed. Sitting Bull, holding the bowl while everyone of us smoked, said in a solemn voice: 'My grandfather, have pity on me; we are going to be raised with a new people.' After all the party had smoked, 'Sitting Bull' smoking with each in turn, the pipe was handed back to 'Pretty Bear,' who dug a hole in the earth, deposited the ashes therein, covered the hole up, and, taking the pipe to pieces, placed it on the ground over the ashes. This they regard as a most solemn oath. Then the pow-wow was commenced by 'Sitting Bull,' followed by several of the warriors. The purport of their speeches was that they claimed to be of British descent; that all the rivers ran down to the sea, and so far was their land. The white men came from the other side of the sea. They all complained bitterly of the way they had been treated by the 'Long Knives,' and said they had been fighting on the defensive. They had been raised in a blanket, and to live on buffalo meat, and that was all they wanted, and to be allowed to trade their robes. They had come to see the white mother's country, where their grandfather's spirit told them they would have peace, and they wanted to know if the white mother would protect them, and prevent the 'Long Knives' from following them.

An incident which I have not mentioned caused them great uneasiness, namely, the advent of three Americans in their camp. They spoke with bitterness at being followed by these Americans, and had not allowed them to leave the camp until we arrived. These three people consisted of a Roman Catholic priest, a scout of the American army, who acted as guide,

and an interpreter. The priest's mission, he informed us, was to tell the Sioux the terms on which they could return to their agencies, namely, the giving up of all their horses and arms. He also stated he had expected to find them on American soil, but had followed their trail up to the present camp. None but a priest would have dared to enter the Sioux camp on American soil, and the other two men trusted to his protection. Had not 'Sitting Bull' been told by one of the police officers, previous to the arrival of these people, that if any stranger came into their camp he was to send and notify the police of the fact, there is but little doubt that the scout's and interpreter's hair would have been dangling to some lodge pole shortly after their foolhardy act of entering the camp. 'Sitting Bull' as good as told us so.

After a short interview with the priest, he went with us, and we explained to 'Sitting Bull' the purport of this unlooked-for visit. After smoking a pipe with the priest, 'Sitting Bull' called the Almighty to witness that he was smoking with the Father; he never smoked with the whites; and adding if, in what they were going to say, there should be any lie between them, that all people might know it. The priest explained to him that if he returned, he must give up his horses and arms, when his life would be safe, and the lives of his people. The reply given to this was somewhat of a poser: 'You tell me you are a messenger of God. I hardly believe you, for God raised me on a horse, and you want me to give my horses to the Americans.' He also said to the priest: 'You know, as the messenger of God, that the Americans tried to kill me. Why did you wait till half my people were killed before you came? I don't believe the Americans ever saw God, and that is why they would never listen to me.' Another warrior asked: 'Did God or the Queen tell the American people to

take our horses and arms away?' On the priest asking for an answer as to whether they were going to return or remain where they were, 'Sitting Bull' turned to the white mother's chief (Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine), and asked: 'The white mother, will she protect us if we remain?' On being again assured of this, he turned to the priest: 'Why should I return,' he said, 'to give up my arms and horses? The Americans have nothing to give me. I am going to remain with the white mother's children.'

The following is said to have happened in 1868, in 'Sitting Bull's' camp, and, if true, of which I have little doubt, it is no mystery why the Sioux doubt even the Church. A priest of the Roman Church visited the Sioux camp, baptized several children, spoke to the soldiers and chiefs about living at peace with the Americans, and very shortly after his departure a troop of cavalry rode into the camp, killing men, women and children right and left. It is said that 'Sitting Bull' then declared that he would never again believe an American, no matter in what garb he came. But the visit and intentions of the man of God—Rev. Father Abbot Martin—there is no doubt of. He considered it a part of his duty, and is deserving of great credit for his nerve and pluck in endeavouring to recall the lost sheep to the spiritual fold. But the conduct of the scout is open to serious criticism. That he came as a guide to the priest is, of course, a fact; but whether that was merely a cloak is another question. It is a patent fact that a good deal of jealousy existed among certain American officers at the amount of 'Kudos' gained by General Custer; and to make an Indian name such as Custer's is the ambition of not a few officers. This guide told us he was General Miles' head scout. Supposing 'Sitting Bull' and his people had moved across the line to go into the agency, the question is, would this guide have become again his real self, the head

scout? Would he have given information to his chief of the exact strength and the feelings of the Sioux, and would this information have been to the detriment of 'Sitting Bull' and his band? Would they have been attacked? I don't say any of this would have happened, but I do say that finding a man in the camp who was employed all last year as a scout, naturally gave rise to these thoughts.

An Indian pow-wow is usually a long, tedious affair, there being so much repetition, and this one was no exception. We all felt relieved when all was over. The priest came to our tent and had supper with us. We found him a very nice fellow, well-read and gentlemanly, a Swiss by birth. After supper I took a stroll through the camp, which was composed of some 200 lodges, and close by there were about 150 lodges of Yankton Indians, a branch of the Sioux. I never saw such a happy people as were those in the camp that night. Sounds of rejoicing were echoed far and wide. They felt *that* night, for the first time for many a long, weary month, that they might henceforth sleep in peace, with no fear of being suddenly awakened by the sharp, ringing report of the Springfield carbine, or by the clatter of horses galloping through their camp, with sound of trumpet. They had journeyed on and on, till at last they had found a haven of rest. Small nude savages were riding colts, two on the one animal, at miniature stone forts, defended by other little savages, who, as the mounted assaulting parties dashed up to their forts, rushed out, brandishing buffalo robes at the colts' heads. This had the effect of making the small animals buck and rear, much to the children's merriment. Although but children's play, it was in reality schooling both ponies and children for real warfare. A horse fears nothing so much as a buffalo-robe, and it is by no means an uncommon practice for the Indian to use a robe for the pur-

pose of frightening an opponent's horse. In the lodges the tom-tom (a rude drum) was in full swing, and to this, coupled with the squaws' chants, which are not unmusical, was the dance going merrily on. I saw many horses with the brand of the late General Custer's regiment, 7th Cavalry, on the hip, and also numerous carbines and ammunition pouches taken from the same regiment.

In the midst of this rejoicing but one man seemed unable to shake off a feeling of sadness, and this was Sitting Bull. He wandered about apparently musing over all that he had gone through. I went up to him and offered him my pipe, which he took and smoked with me. I fancy what was weighing on his mind was the idea of giving up what he calls his country, as well as thought for the rest of his people who are still on the other side. All days have an end, and at eleven o'clock I was by no means sorry to turn in under my blankets—which I did thinking what a singular event it was for three or four white men to be calmly sleeping in dreaded 'Sitting Bull's' camp. I was in the tent of Colonel Irvine, who had also retired for the night. I had just finished reading a little of 'Bleak House,' with my last pipe, when I heard some one moving near the tent, and the next minute 'Sitting Bull' and one of his head warriors pushed aside the curtain of the tent, and quietly sat down at the foot of our beds. This was a most unexpected visit, and in order to find out what he wanted the interpreter had to be awakened. On the interpreter coming in, it was found that 'Sitting Bull' wanted to see the white mother's chief about a man from whom some of his young men had, years ago, stolen some horses on the Missouri. He was anxious to know

what he was to do. He was too poor to pay at present. To show that he was willing to do all in his power to repay the debt, he told Colonel Irvine he had given up some horses, and also some gold-dust. After this was settled, he, in quiet and subdued tones, answered all our questions about the battle at the 'Big Horn.' Many things he said about the Americans amused me greatly. The following shows his respective estimates of the Americans and himself. He stated that, shortly after the fight with Custer, some American soldiers came to him and asked him to go down to Washington with eight or ten of his head men to see the President, and so settle matters. His reply to them was, 'The President is as big a fool as you soldiers are; if he wants to see me he can come up here!' When telling us this and other things, he appeared much amused, for occasionally a broad smile broke over his face.

I was particularly anxious to get General Custer's watch and ring, which we heard was in the possession of one of the warriors, to forward them to the poor widow; but I was much disappointed to find that both had been lost when crossing the Missouri. The crossing of this river was one of 'Sitting Bull's' narrow escapes from the American troops. The day after he had crossed the river, and when camped on its banks, a sudden rising of the water carried everything before it. His people lost everything they had, even to their very lodges. Had they been one day later in arriving at the river, their fate would have been doubtful: crossing the river would have been impossible, and troops shortly after were marching up on the south side in search of them. 'Sitting Bull' says the great Manitou was with him.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY ESPERANCE.

THE thought of thee comes back to me
 As in a dream ;
 I see upon thy silken curls
 The golden gleam,
 And with the mem'ry comes again
 The old, yet unforgotten pain,
 Which, since youth's brightest hope proved vain,
 Hath constant been !

Those eyes which looked into my own,
 With laughing light,
 When first I met you, long ago,
 That summer night,
 Ah ! little dreamed you that their spell
 Would work so swiftly and so well,
 Until the love I could not quell
 Made wrong seem right !

I throned you as the king of men,
 What could I more ?
 I loved you as I had not loved
 A man before ;
 Ah ! God forgive me ! for I know
 I made myself a God below—
 But this was all so long ago,
 In days of yore.

And now my face is white and wan,
 But not with years !
 Its bloom has all been washed away
 By midnight tears !
 I had my dream so bright and sweet
 It could be nothing else but fleet—
 And, now, the prayer my lips repeat
 My Father hears.

TORONTO.

MR. LE SUEUR AND HIS CRITICS.

BY GEORGE INGLIS, B.A., TORONTO.

THOUGH I am not one of Mr. Le Sueur's original opponents, there are one or two points in his 'reply' of June last, which seem very fairly open to criticism. Nor will this criticism, I trust, be given in any unfair or unwarrantably hostile spirit, much less with bitterness or lack of due appreciation and thought, but as far as possible with calmness and charity. 'To receive theological doctrines,' says Mr. Le Sueur, 'a specially submissive frame of mind—so at least we are always told—is necessary; and, of course, when such a frame of mind can be commanded, it matters little what doctrines are presented, as their success is assured beforehand. The advocate of a naturalistic philosophy or morality imposes no such condition; he is amply content with simple candour and honesty of mind. His appeal is to nature, to human experience, to the rules of everyday logic, and if the appeal is not sustained, he is discomfited.' This then is the state of the case; this is what we see on taking a mere cursory glance, as it were, at the disposition of the opposing forces. On the one side are ranged those who fight under the banner of 'nature, human experience, and the rules of everyday logic,' and who 'are amply content with simple candour and honesty of mind.' What better banner could men get to fight under than this, and is it not evident that those who do so are a very good sort of people? On the other side, are those who, if they have a banner at all, do not appeal to anything so transparently rational, but with a submissiveness of spirit, peculiarly their own, clinging to something as shadowy and in-

distinct as their own dreams, and as little to be relied on. Indeed, taking them as a whole, not much can be expected from them, seeing that so entire a monopoly of common sense and reason has long ago been secured by their opponents. The inference is plain. All ingenuous minds, all who are earnestly desirous to discover truth, will immediately say to themselves—'what more likely on the very face of it than that truth should be found with those who make such moderate, modest, and plausible claims for themselves, rather than with those who have nothing to commend them but a childish capacity for sticking to the given and the traditional? Such reasoning in a nineteenth century *Aufklärung* is to be looked for from many.

If it be the Christian doctrine of Faith that Mr. Le Sueur would indicate by the expression 'specially submissive frame of mind,' and if by that he understand anything approaching to a blind, unreasoning, indiscriminating adoption of whatever is presented from the pulpit, it may be safely said that such a view is entirely erroneous. It is not true, therefore, that 'it matters little what doctrines are presented, as their success is assured beforehand.' Faith devoid of, and divorced from, reason, is nowhere set forth in Scripture as desirable, nor is it, as far as I know, the general teaching of the pulpit or the religious press, while it is, we may easily grant, opposed to 'nature,' and to 'the rules of everyday logic,' though not, it must be confessed, altogether unknown in 'human experience.' In some sections of the Christian Church, priestly influence may be too overwhelming,

and prejudicial to the best interests of mankind, but that is only where a departure has been made from the true spirit of the teaching of Christ and his apostles. The Bible, and especially the New Testament, nowhere requires any one to give up into the keeping, either of an individual, or of a class of his fellow-men, his own private conduct and belief. There is an influence of course perfectly natural and proper, which every specially educated class of men must always exercise over others whose opportunities or abilities have not been so great, or whose tastes may not have led them in that particular direction. No one disputes any reasonable claim which the lawyer, or the doctor, or the architect, may urge to know more about lines of thought to which he has given particular attention, and the best years of his life, than others can possibly do whose energies have been otherwise engaged. Why should not the same privilege be granted to those who have given their best thoughts, and often the highest genius, to the study of theology? It would seem, apparently, that though physicians and lawyers are made, and that, generally, with great difficulty, theologians like poets are born; with this difference, that though poets are comparatively few, theologians are numerous, well-nigh co-extensive with the race in fact. It is curious how anything in the shape of theological teaching seems to act on some minds like the typical red rag on the proverbial bull. I should be glad to be made aware of any such 'specially submissive frame of mind,' as Mr. Le Sueur seems to indicate by the half-sneering form of expression he uses. There is no evidence to prove that the land of Knox and Chalmers, at any rate, has ever shown itself specially submissive, either in mind or body, and yet it is there that the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, with all that they involve, have been most widely diffused, most strenuously insisted on, and most ably defended. Nor is the case different on this side of the Atlantic, as Mr. Le Sueur

would discover by taking the necessary trouble.

If Mr. Le Sueur believes in the existence of an intelligent God, the creator and governor of the universe, he must admit, I think, at least *the possibility* of a direct revelation of himself and his will to his intelligent creatures. The thing is by no means *prima facie* absurd, any more than it is absurd that an earthly father or master, instead of leaving his son or servant to guess at what he would like him to do, and what not to do, at what would benefit and what would injure him, should explicitly tell him both the one and the other. The possibility of such a communication being admitted, then, anything purporting to be such, should at least, one would think, merit the most careful attention, and if this attention should make it appear as certainly, as the nature of the case allows, that the communication in question is really what it professes to be, then for my part I fail to see that even a 'specially' submissive frame of mind would be altogether uncalled for.

If he admit the possibility, but deny the fact, of such a revelation, he must furnish some satisfactory and rational explanation of the nature, claims, and influence of Jesus Christ. Few, now-a-days, I should suppose, doubt the fact that such a person really did, some eighteen hundred years ago, move about from place to place in Palestine. At least, if they do doubt, they will have considerable difficulty in finding valid reasons for the want of faith that is in them. Numerous writers, contemporary or nearly so, in other respects considered not unreliable, were at least convinced of his reality, and if the testimony of history is worth anything, we must admit that such a being in flesh and blood really did exist. And, if he did not exist, it will still require a considerably 'submissive frame of mind' to explain certain phenomena in human experience which will, all the same, demand *some*

explanation, though without that hypothesis. Now Mr. Le Sueur, 'what think ye of Christ?' Was he an impostor, or all he claimed to be, the revelation of God, the Son and equal of his Father, the light from heaven shining amid the darkness of this world? If he were the latter, we have a direct communication from God, I imagine, and what we do not every day see around us, and can squeeze between our two hands, or fully demonstrate to the satisfaction of our own reason, that is, the much-lamented Supernatural which has been such a bugbear from the days of Democritus onwards. But, if on the other hand, the unseen be the non-existent; if human life be little more than a struggle for existence between more or less highly developed brutes, springing from darkness, and going down into darkness, a struggle in which only the more highly educated, or more happily constituted, or more favourably circumstanced, have any chance of being truly moral, and therefore really happy; if the hoary traditions in many lands of a once happier state, a golden age where peace and righteousness reigned supreme, but from which man was cast down by his own transgression, if these be the merest of myths, where, in the name of wonder, did the germs of the notions—that there is a realm of the invisible no less real than the present realm of the visible, though it may be different from it; that the shadow of sorrow and suffering in this life is the result and punishment of sin; that this world is a preparation-place for another stage of existence; that man is made in the image of God and responsible to him—where did the germs of these notions come from in the first place? What was that wrong-headed bit of original protoplasm thinking of when it took up with such fancies? What was the cause that produced them? Things don't happen without causes in this world now, nor did they ever so happen. Even protoplasm, with all the wondrous capacities with which its

scientific creators have so thoughtfully provided it, could not receive impressions without somebody or something to impress it. If Nature and Rationality, these much-lauded deities, abhor anything, I should think it would be such an abortion as that—springing from nothing, receiving impressions from nothing and nowhere, tending apparently to nowhere and nothing, or inflicting untold sufferings on millions of sentient creatures to no better purpose than that a small minority of what constitutes that wonderful conception 'the race,' should be able to drag itself slowly and laboriously around the ever-widening circles of absolute perfection. Truly, a superhumanly 'submissive frame of mind' must be required to believe all this. If sin be nothing abnormal in human nature, but a perfectly explainable phase of spontaneous development; if it be not in its very nature rebellion against God, and a setting the will of the creature against the will of the Creator; if it neither deserve nor will find any punishment from him, either here or hereafter; if such iniquities only are punishable as can be brought before a human tribunal; if those guilty of other, and, it may be, worse sins, are amenable to no higher authority, provided they can keep clear of the law-courts; if there be no offended Deity to propitiate; if the sacrifices of the ages mean *nothing*; if the longing hopes of the nations for a Deliverer, to bring about peace and reconciliation, and restore again the Golden Age to man, be inevitably doomed to disappointment, and have originated merely in the holiday exertions of interested priests, got up for private ends best known to themselves—curious protoplasm, by the way, must have formed the primeval germ of these priests, that it developed in such an unpleasant fashion; if man ought to look to the heights above, and to the depths below, and to the mysteries outside and around him, and to the yet deeper mysteries

within, and, doing so, solemnly say to himself, 'I, I alone, am the great "I am," to myself, and, so far, to my fellow-men, alone am I responsible, sin against a God is a delusion, reconciliation nonsense, expiation needless, punishment a huge injustice, immortality a dream, and self-sufficiency the highest virtue of humanity;' if all these things are so, will Mr. Le Sueur kindly furnish a 'natural' and 'rational' explanation of the fact that a belief in their opposites has for the last four thousand years and more held so deeply cherished a place in the convictions of millions of mankind. If these beliefs are facts in 'nature,' in 'human experience,' to which naturalistic morality so confidently appeals—what have 'the rules of every-day logic' to say by way of explanation? It is folly, and worse, for anyone professing to appeal to facts, and to rest the truth of his opinions on their testimony, to leave out of sight the greatest fact of all, or, though forced to some extent, to acknowledge it, to be ever striving to make it square with pre-conceived opinions or fondly loved hypotheses. That, after all, try to avoid it as they may, is *the* great problem which must be faced, explained, and solved by all merely naturalistic and rationalistic philosophers and moralists—the character and claims of Jesus Christ as viewed in the light of known principles of human nature, such as its dislike of being imposed on, its hatred of and contempt for shams, especially if these shams spring from among the lowly-born, the poor and uneducated. A quack with a king's crown, or a judge's ermine, or a philosopher's cloak may long escape detection, but should an ignorant labourer attempt that *rôle* he would speedily be unmasked. The general run of humanity has no such capacity or love for being hoodwinked as many philosophers seem to suppose. This carpenter of Nazareth, the meanest town of a despised and corrupt nation, this profoundest of frauds and most impious of all men, if he were

not what he claimed to be, the Son of God, and the Revealer *from* heaven of heaven, needs some explanation that will satisfy any reasonable inquirer. If he was *not* the Son of God, and *knew* that he was not, though claiming to be so, then he was a liar and a knave; if he was unconsciously deceiving himself, or trying to persuade himself that he really was what he pretended to be, he was a fool. If he were a knave, is it not somewhat curious that the most inveterate hatred, the most unwearied criticism, prompted by the deepest malignity, the coldest suspicion, or the most philosophical indifference, have been forced to acknowledge a character in other respects so absolutely without a flaw, that it may well stand as the very incarnation of morality? If he were a fool, how comes the universal testimony that his was the keenest intellect, as well as the purest heart, this world has ever seen? On the other hand, if he really *were* the Son of God, then *he* at least, did not believe, never taught, nay taught and held the very opposite, that man's moral nature can become all it is fitted to become, all it was intended to become, that man can in any true sense fulfil the real ends of his being without a higher, that is a supernatural, assistance. And in this case the question resolves itself simply into one of conflicting probabilities, whether it is more likely that the Co-eternal of the universe knows best what is possible or impossible for man to do, or whether a certain class of finite thinkers know best. No one denies that a morality of some sort is possible without a divine revelation, for man is a moral being and his nature must so far manifest itself. Even Nero, specimen as he was of the influence of a purely naturalistic morality, had some faint glimmerings of a distinction between right and wrong, and occasionally acted upon these glimmerings. Will anyone venture to compare a man who was brought up under the best influences of the noblest examples

of heathen morality, with anyone else, naturally, perhaps, as bad as Nero was, but who has been brought even to the smallest extent under the power of genuine Christianity? Will anyone venture favourably to compare Seneca himself, or Marcus Aurelius, the very flower of naturalistic morality, with the noblest examples of Christian morality? Mr. Le Sueur compares them with Rabelais, Sterne, and Swift, to his own great satisfaction. How about St. Bernard, and Herbert, and Heber, and Wesley and Whitfield, and Guthrie and Chalmers? On what grounds does Mr. Le Sueur conclude that what failed so completely in the first century is going to prove so successful in the nineteenth? Gibbon had no liking for Christianity, rather he had that hatred for it which a corrupted heart and a prurient imagination such as his always have for what condemns themselves; but even he is forced to confess the utterly rotten condition to which the morality of Rome and Italy had fallen, and to acknowledge, that in spite of the almost unavoidable evils and extravagances attendant on the presence of weak, ambitious, or designing men who had embraced the faith, the influence of Christianity, with all its peculiar doctrines, steadily increased, was welcomed by thousands who eagerly embraced it as the last hope of the race, and the fulfilment of all their deepest yearnings, and before very many years had past, was recognised as the state religion over the greater part of the then civilized world. Has moral corruption an innate inclination to check itself, and become moral purity, or how was this great change to be explained?

Multitudes of those who lived at the time, and were surely as well able to come to a true decision on the subject as any that live now-a-days, ascribed the change in themselves and others to the influence of a higher power than themselves, a fact they could no more doubt than they could doubt their own

existence. Millions since have been conscious of similar changes, and ascribed them to the same cause. What right has any mere negative to say to a self-conscious positive 'you are not?' The matter, of course, is greatly simplified, and settled to its own satisfaction, if the *minus* have first of all determined that in the nature of things there can be no *plus*, least of all a self-conscious one. To say to hundreds and thousands of men and women who have had the fullest advantages of education and surroundings, many of whom have been endowed with the richest graces of genius and learning, who have made the most of their opportunities for becoming acquainted with their own nature, its needs and capabilities, and who solemnly declared that all they have morally become was attainable by no unaided efforts of their own—to say to such that they are entirely mistaken, or else wilfully deceiving themselves and others, is surely the very height of assurance. And where these failed, to think that *we* can succeed, shows, to say the least of it, a very considerable confidence in our own abilities or good-luck. To my mind, it would require quite as specially a submissive frame of mind to believe that this theory of naturalistic morality is true, so far at least as anything has been advanced in its favour as yet, as to believe that such a man as Newton, for example, or Gladstone, was so little acquainted with his own nature, had studied mankind to such little purpose, had read history so carelessly, had been so prone to take up merely popular opinions without due consideration, and seeing that they satisfied his own mind, had taken such shallow views of the mysteries of life and death, as to be utterly mistaken in considering the Bible the only really efficient restorer of the moral harmony of human nature, the only sure foundation for the morality not only of the individual but of the State. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Le Sueur is wrong in his inter-

pretation of Scripture when he says the teaching there is that love to God is 'secondary' to love to man, if by that he at all mean that it is more incumbent on us to love man than to love God, or even that the natural order of things is to love man first and God afterwards. He quotes the verse, 'He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' But the Apostle is not arguing that we should love our fellow-men even in preference to loving God, or that the one naturally comes before the other. He is pleading for an increased spirit of brotherly love, and the strongest motive he can urge upon his readers is the thought of God's love toward them, though more provoked than they could ever be by their fellow-men. He holds that love to men is the surest proof of love to God, and that any one living in enmity or at variance with others, from the very fact of doing so, shows that he has not the right kind of love to God. But the Apostle was no naturalistic moralist, and held no theory of moral development, teaching that the natural course of things is for a man to love other men first, and then, by a gradual process of spontaneous improvement, to see what he can do in that way for God. The thing is no more natural than it is that children of the same parents should first set about loving one another, and consider about their father at some later stage when their feelings have become so far developed.

I confess myself unable to agree with Mr. Le Sueur in what he says with regard to the 'miseries of this world.' 'The ordinary theology,' he says, 'simply makes the situation worse as regards the miseries of this life, seeing that it proposes not only to perpetuate but to aggravate the great mass of misery, and to bestow its highest consolations where consolation is least needed.' What *ordinary* theology proposes to do I do not know, but all *true* theology proposes to do *nothing* but give ut-

terance to what it believes to be the will of God as revealed by his Son. 'I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.' 'They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;' do these look as if the aim of the Gospel, and therefore of all theology worthy of the name, were 'to bestow its highest consolations where consolation is least needed.' 'Ordinary' theology may have made many mistakes. Theologians are but men, even the best of them, and therefore not infallible. A divinely-inspired revelation by no means necessarily involves a succession of divinely-inspired interpreters, nor does it prevent men from reading into the originals meanings which have given rise to teachings subsequently requiring to be modified. He goes on to say, 'Natural morality on the other hand deals with the miseries of life by looking at them and trying to understand them with a view to removing them.' Has a morality then that believes itself due to higher influences than man himself could exercise done nothing towards alleviating and removing the miseries of life? and if it has, in what other way has it gone about it than 'by looking at them, and trying to understand them with a view to removing them?' Have the hospitals and asylums, and other institutions of the kind, which form such a marked feature of modern civilization, been solely or principally, or at all, due for their first origin and subsequent support to a morality that considers itself self-sufficient for all things? It is asking us to believe a good deal surely to ask that. Naturalistic morality has had long enough time to work out whatever was in it for the 'good of the human family,'—where are the results? Where are its charitable foundations for the first ideas of which it was not indebted to Christian morality? Where are its schools and churches, its missions to the heathen, its colonies of converted savages? What does it work? Even if it did do well enough for some self-

controlled philosophers, what about the masses who either cannot or will not restrain themselves, and deny themselves, and make themselves all they should be; but who do, millions of them, cling to the doctrine of the Cross, which Mr. Le Sueur so kindly patronizes as the only charm of any avail to change their corrupt hearts.

If Mr. Le Sueur intends any such travesty, as is given in the quotation that follows, for a fair example of the general teaching of the Christian pulpit, or the Christian press, it is safe to say that he is most entirely, not to say wilfully, at sea. 'It' (that is naturalistic morality) 'does not treat sickness or insanity or accident as dispensations of Providence to be warded off or remedied by fasting and humiliation, but as evils springing from specific and essentially preventible causes. It does not trace the breaking down of the Tay Bridge to divine displeasure at Sunday travel, but to defects in the construction of the bridge. It does not profess summarily to annihilate evil; but, at least, it does not erect the eternity of evil, in its most absolute form, into a dogma, and crush with denunciation any tender soul who may wish to be allowed to cherish a feeble, flickering hope that there may be some far-off cessation to the agonies of the innumerable "wicked." Yes, that is just it. Christian theology and morality think nothing can be done for sickness and insanity, and accident, but to fast and go about in sackcloth and ashes, and so have done nothing else! They think the Tay Bridge and similar disasters are due solely to divine displeasure, and not to any shortcomings of man, and therefore refuse to hold man to any extent responsible for bad work. Though evil cannot be summarily annihilated in this world, yet, as a last comforting thought and to punish it for its contumacy, its eternity, in the most crushing form, is to be erected into a dogma; and that is all that can be said for the current Christian Morality! But (a fact which is equally patent) it

is Naturalistic Morality that, without professing its ability summarily to expel evil from the world, yet does all that can be done to bring about that desirable result! It builds the hospitals and asylums of every kind throughout the world—in fact, it is the Good Samaritan of the universe, and to it be all the praise, Amen! Just one other extract. After admitting that the Gospel narrative of the life of Christ does certainly supply an impulse to morality, Mr. Le Sueur goes on to say, 'At the same time, the impulse communicated to many minds by the Gospel narrative, as commonly presented, is not of a wholly satisfactory character. Emotional people, hearing the gospel story, are apt to imagine that they can overleap all bounds and intervals by the power of faith; and their failure to make good their high professions brings scandal on the cause of religion.' Neither, Mr. Le Sueur, are many other human impulses 'perfectly satisfactory' any more than the common way of presenting the Gospel narrative is. And if any disastrous effects follow this mode of presentation, in the case of emotional people, may it not very fairly be asked if the fault does not lie with the emotional people themselves as much as with either the message or the method of its delivery? Present anything you like, in any way you please, and there will still be found those who will take it up wrongly and make a mess of it. 'Virtue,' Mr. Le Sueur goes on to say, 'is safer when it does not aim so high, or at least when it takes a more reasonable survey of the difficulties it is likely to encounter.' There are things about this statement I do not fully understand. How high is it perfectly safe for virtue to aim, or at what elevation should it think of contracting its pinions? What are the difficulties it is likely to encounter in its flight, and wherein consists a reasonable, or more reasonable, survey of these? 'The impulse, too,' he continues, 'is

of a doubtful character, in so far as it disguises the essentially human foundations of morality, and in so far as it substitutes personal loyalty to Christ for loyalty to mankind. It having been settled beforehand that the foundations of all morality are "essentially human," of course, it necessarily follows that whatever tends to disturb these foundations is somewhat doubtful. "The love of Christ constraineth us" seems to Mr. Stevenson a talisman of inestimable value.' Yes, and it has seemed so to millions besides Mr. Stevenson, quite a few of them not fools either. 'Well,'—Mr. Le Sueur goes on,—'if man cannot love his fellow-man without first loving Christ, let him by all means begin by loving Christ.' 'There Paul, my man,' Mr. Le Sueur would say, 'there is a comforting pat on the back for you from the nineteenth century. The great goal of life is to love your fellow-men, you understand, and though it comes quite natural, you see, Paul, for some that I could name, to love their fellow-men quite as much as they deserve, yet others, like yourself, Paul, and David Livingstone, and Brainerd, and two or three more, need something to help them, and so we allow you Christ as a sort of stepping-stone to higher attainments.' If Mr. Le Sueur has as much love to the species as Paul had, even though Paul *had* to begin by loving Christ first, I, for one, should be delighted to make his acquaintance. He

is anxious that we should keep in view that 'the thesis against which he is arguing is that the Apostolic doctrine of the Cross can alone keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt.' Well, be it so; this is like taking time and effort to substantiate such a statement as the following: 'Well, you see, I should still have had something, not nearly as much, perhaps, as I have now, or could have if I liked, but still something, though my father had never died and left me a fortune, and any one who questions the fact is either a fool or says what is not true.' [To take *very* much trouble about a point of so comparatively little importance might lead some to suspect that it was owing to a want of straightforwardness in coming squarely out with the opinion that any death and fortune-leaving in the question was a superfluous nuisance, and that it would have been much better for all concerned had things been left in their ordinary state.

These remarks have been made on the supposition that Mr. Le Sueur is a theist. If he is *not* a believer in a personal God there is nothing to be said. If there really be no higher power, then, of course, man must just jog along in his own way as well as he can. But before the fact of the non-existence of a God can be accepted as proved, some strange phenomena of human history and personal experience will require a 'natural' and 'rational' explanation.

SHEILA.

BY ST. QUENTIN.

IN a garden of flowers that fronts the wave,
 Wooded by the winds of the amorous sea,
 A flower was born more queenly brave
 Than ever I dream'd that flower could be.
 And this was strange, and this was rare,
 Rare and strange as the love they gave,
 That this garden of girls with their wind-kissed hair
 Was wed to the sun and sea.

Yes, Sheila was born where those roses blew,
 Sheila was born when the May was seen :
 And the beams of the sun and the swift winds flew
 To win sweet love from the new-born queen.
 And she, unknowing what love should be,
 Gave up her glorious love, I ween,—
 And her face to be kissed by the windy sea,
 And her lips to the sun to woo.

So many a day in the sun and shade,
 And many when but the winds might play,
 Learning its mysteries unafraid,
 Sheila, my queen, trod love's sweet way.
 But oh ! for sun, and sea, and wind,
 A stranger thitherward one day stray'd,
 Sigh, passionate souls, for she is kind,
 But unkind must be to-day.

And to-day and to-morrow grew on apace,
 And the maid knew now what love might mean,
 And the stranger ran in a kingly race
 With the winds and the sun for the flowers' queen.
 But oh ! in such a race I know
 Old lovers at last must yield the place ;
 And the wind died out, and the sun sank low,
 And Sheila was mine, I ween.

Ah ! woe that love could ever be dead !
 Or ever his kiss or his clasp be cold !
 But if passion must die, and Amen be said,
 Ah ! let the Amen be most passionate told.
 And Sheila went back to sun and sea,
 But never, I swear, to the love she fled.
 And sun-lights and sea-winds weep with me
 For love too soon grown old.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION IN CANADA.

BY JAMES HEDLEY, TORONTO.

AFTER the feverish activity of a series of years of stimulated production and commerce, the world of business seemed, for some years after 1874, to fall into a state of lethargy, everywhere known as 'the depression.' A drowsiness, which had in it more or less of dejection; of mourning for the money-making activity which was gone, or of gloomy apprehension for what evils were to follow the apparent cessation of industry. Canada, although she did not feel the decline of commercial activity as early in this depressed period as the United States, felt it not the less, but probably the more severely; from her more limited resources, a smaller development of natural products, and a greater dependence for her supplies upon commerce external to herself. The Dominion, in common with other countries, found the export of her staple products falling away through the gradual decline of the foreign demand. At the same time, our imports continued to be heavier than they should be: partly from the diversion into commerce of moneys borrowed abroad for Public Works, and partly from the circumstance that British manufacturers and exporters, finding their products no longer selling in quantities so great as before to the United States, Germany, or France, became the more eager to force their goods upon Colonial markets.

The facilities of credit in Britain, during the period of 1875 to 1878, offered a strong inducement to excessive importation in those years. We continued to buy English merchandise in quantities disproportioned to our less-

ened ability to pay, as the annual bankrupt list showed. Our exports of lumber and timber (by which we respectively mean sawed boards and squared logs), which in 1873 were of the value of \$28,586,000, had declined to \$24,781,000 in 1875, and to \$20,337,000, in 1876. But our imports of wines and liquors were one-fifth larger, in the year last named, than in either of the preceding; we bought more tea, and nearly as much sugar; more fancy goods, more silks and satins, were imported in 1875 than in 1874; there was no decline in our purchases of woollens, and but a slight one in that of cottons; while in iron and hardware there was a heavy increase compared with the year previous. The excess in value of Canadian imports over exports, amounted, accepting the Blue Book returns as accurate, to \$173,000,000 for the five years ending with 1875; an amount which is, of course, partially balanced by the various loans we effected in England. Cases of bankruptcy, in which goods purchased were not fully paid for, form another means of making the balance. But it has been contended, and presumably with reason, that our exports are probably short-returned to the Customs authorities, who are by no means so likely to look carefully after departing products which add nothing to the revenue as after those from which duties are collected.

We have been told that the first Napoleon considered the moral forces in war to be as two to one of the physical. Without applying this estimate to commerce in these exact proportions, there can be no doubt that de-

pression in commerce leads to depression in spirits, and a great loss of moral force ensues. The energies of men are benumbed by debt, and their spirits damped by commercial gloom. With the advent of brighter times the 'moral miasma' is cleared away, and energies which had been deadened are revived. The dynamic effect of the protective tariff of 1878 upon the spirits of certain of our manufacturers was undeniable, whatever view may be taken of the advantage or disadvantage of a protective policy in the circumstances of this country. For them, (the manufacturers), it was a quickening of hope and activity which speedily brought some restoration of energy.

But on the other hand, an activity artificially stimulated seemed to those of a different school of economy a questionable good. What to some appeared to be an era of hope of revival, of increased self-reliance and self-help, and the possession, more largely than ever, of our home markets, was to a section of the press a great evil, a certain burden upon the consumer, and a probable clog to the producer. Canada was being made a dear country to live in; and the aggrandizement of 'a few bloated manufacturers' was denounced as sure to produce the impoverishment of the great body of consumers.

It needs to be borne in mind that our borrowing abroad for the construction of Public Works may have unduly stimulated importation. The capital obtained in Britain by the Dominion was diverted in part from its purpose, becoming loans to commerce based upon Government deposits with the bank. This assisted overtrading, and a burden was thrown upon a class of importers, which the banks in turn had to share when the pinch came, by carrying over their customers who had imported too much and had ceased to make profits. It is probable, too, that the public deposits had a share in giving undue stimulus to a branch of our commerce—the lumber trade—which over-production, facilitated by a de-

creased demand, had made unprofitable.

During the American war, and indeed during the whole period from 1861 to 1872, a ready and a profitable market was found in the States for the staple productions of the Dominion—her timber and lumber, her agricultural products, and the yield of her fisheries. She prospered and was rapidly growing rich. During subsequent years this state of things underwent a change. The United States, freed from the incubus of war, supplied themselves with these articles, and even supplied us with some of them, whilst doing their best, by means often of 'slaughtering stocks,' to take away from our native manufacturers their home market for nearly all kinds of goods made in Canada. At the same time, the paying capacity of the body of our consumers became less than it was during the decade, 1862-1872; a fact the importance of which was not realized by our merchants. These did not perceive, or did not permit themselves to believe, that the prosperity which added so much to the riches of this country in the period named, arose largely, if not mainly, out of an exceptional condition of things in the States, which is not likely soon to arise again. The active and profitable demand from our American neighbours for our principal productions gave us, in those days, the means to sustain a large trade. Some of our dry-goods houses could, and did, boast of imports amounting to millions of dollars, in a single year, and the imports of hardware houses went higher in the hundreds of thousands than ever they had gone before.

The aggregate trade of Canada with all countries in 1877, was \$172,175,000, of which \$158,000,000, or about 91 per cent., was with Great Britain and the United States. A like proportion was done with these countries in 1879, when our aggregate trade reached only \$151,832,000. The relative proportions of our commerce with these

countries for seven years, ending with 1879, is shown by the following figures :—

	Great Britain.	United States.
1873....	\$107,266,000	\$89,808,000
1874....	108,083,000	90,524,000
1875....	100,379,000	80,717,000
1876....	83,474,000	75,986,000
1877....	81,139,000	77,087,000
1878....	83,372,000	73,873,000
1879....	67,288,000	70,904,000

The percentage which the imports and exports respectively form of the total trade may be gathered from the subjoined table :—

Imports from U. S.		Exports thither.	
Year 1873.	.53·1 per cent.	46·9	per cent.
" 1875.	.62·9 "	37·1	"
" 1877.	.66·6 "	33·4	"
" 1879.	.61·7 "	38·3	"
Imports from G. B.		Exports thither.	
Year 1873.	.63·8 per cent.	36·2	per cent.
" 1875.	.60·1 "	39·9	"
" 1877.	.48·7 "	51·3	"
" 1879.	.46·0 "	54·0	"

It is clear from these figures that while our exports to the United States have become pretty steadily less, and our imports thence greater, the converse is the case with the mother country, for we are sending her more of our products, but purchasing from her less. Our total trade for the fiscal year 1879 amounted to \$151,733,000, of which \$71,492,000 was exports, and \$80,341,000 imports. The decline from 1877 was, therefore, 11·82 per cent.

It was the estimate of Mr. Cartwright, while Finance Minister in 1877, that during each of the then last three years, Canada had imported from \$10,000,000 to \$11,000,000 worth of goods more than she ought. Not only that, but, in the opinion of that gentleman, she earned annually from \$6,000,000 to \$7,000,000 less in these years than it had been expected she would.

The bank failures of 1879 tended to show that much of the capital of the wrecked corporations had been misemployed. A comparison of the bank statements for several years will best show the increase of banking capital, and the fluctuations of circulation and of discounts.

The paid capital of Canadian banks, which had risen from \$42,275,000 in June, 1872, to \$58,127,000 in May, 1879, fell to \$54,000,000 early in 1880. Discounted bills, which, from \$101,295,000 eight years ago, rose to \$127,200,000 in 1874, declined to \$104,869,000 in 1879, and to \$86,729,000 in April of the present year, a decrease of eighteen millions. This is a significant fall, when we find that the discounts this year are 32 per cent. less than those at the highest point in 1874. Note circulation, which had reached \$28,533,000 in the inflated year 1873, fell to a little more than \$16,000,000 in 1879, and shows a recovery to \$18,000,000 in the present year.

According to the Government Tables of Trade and Navigation, the total commerce of Canada for the fiscal year 1871-2 amounted to \$190,348,779, as compared with \$161,121,100 in the year previous. The figures were swelled to \$217,304,516 in 1873, the year of largest commerce, and slowly declined to \$170,523,244 in 1878, and \$153,455,682 in the year ended 30th June, 1879. Of the 1872 aggregate, imports constituted \$107,709,116, or over 56 per cent., exports being valued at \$82,639,663. The imports of 1879 reached only \$81,964,000, while the exports were in better proportion at \$71,491,000. The English loans necessarily increased the imports largely, though the imports were, undoubtedly, overdone. What these exports of eight years ago consisted of, and how our exports of to-day compare with them in relative amount of different classes of products, it will be worth while to ascertain. We subjoin the principal items :—

Exports from Canada. Value.

PRODUCTS.	1871-2	1877-8	1878-9
Forest	\$23,685,382	\$20,054,829	\$13,797,259
Field	13,378,562	27,281,089	25,970,887
Animals	12,416,613	14,577,086	14,737,393
Fisheries	4,348,508	6,929,366	7,072,203
Minerals	3,936,608	2,869,363	3,187,722
Manufd goods	2,389,435	4,715,776	3,228,761
Ships	332,262	1,236,145	529,824

The decline in prices of merchandise, the world over, will account, it must be remembered, for a good part of the decline in money value of commodities exchanged. Prices of staples are estimated to have declined one-third between 1873 and 1878. The London *Economist* places this decline at 30 per cent., and the New York *Public* at 34 per cent. So far, therefore, from the smaller figures of the later years betokening a lessened movement of goods, it was possible to buy and sell even larger quantities of commodities for the same amount expressed in money value. The decline in our commerce from 1873 to 1878 was 21.67 per cent, and to 1879 it was 29.4 per cent., the last a fraction under the average decline in value of commodities. It would appear, therefore, that Canadians had bought and sold last year to an extent just about equal to that of the year 1873. But the trade took a more healthy direction. There was less importing in the two past years; and the exports took a departure from the beaten track of forest products, comprising in larger degree animals and their produce, field and sea products, and manufactured goods.

For the rest, the business depression which extended over the whole business world, may well help to account, on the principle of reaction, for a reduction from the figures of previous years, in the case of Canada, in the years 1878 and 1879.

The Revenue and Expenditure of the Dominion next claims attention. It may be of interest to give here the revenue from Customs and Excise duties, in the fiscal year 1879, by Provinces :

	CUSTOMS.	EXCISE.
Ontario	\$4,966,403	\$3,382,291
Quebec	4,738,403	1,469,062
Nova Scotia	1,192,586	221,996
New Brunswick	1,050,050	234,369
British Columbia	517,261	
Manitoba	274,828	
P. E. Island	206,988	136,894
N. W. Territories	21,970	

The revenue of the Dominion Consolidated Fund, from all sources, in 1872, was \$20,714,810, and the expenditure \$17,589,468. In 1875, the revenue reached the highest point of the last decade, being \$24,648,715, and the expenditure during that year was \$23,713,071. For 1879, the revenue of Canada was \$23,423,366. The sources of this revenue for 1872 and 1879 are shown below :—

	1871-2.	1878-9.
Customs	\$12,787,982	\$12,912,394
Excise	4,735,651	5,390,763
Public Works	1,211,729	2,302,743
Post Office	692,374	1,534,363
Bill Stamps	191,918	250,602
Miscellaneous	1,095,156	1,032,501
Total	\$20,714,810	\$23,423,366

The expenditure on Consolidated Fund Account for 1879 amounted to \$24,455,381, against \$23,503,158 in the year preceding, and \$23,713,071 in 1875. For the current year there is a deficit, of which the slight increase of the tariff last session may prevent a recurrence.

It was probably too early, at the date of the latest available return, June, 1879, to look for much increase in the export of manufactured goods as a result of the protective tariff. Nor has our trade with foreign countries had time to show any growth as a result of recent negotiations, or of fiscal arrangements with foreign countries, such as the correspondence with France and Spain, or the subsidy to a Brazilian line of steamers, and the promised assistance to a line of vessels from Maritime Province ports to the West Indies. But it is at least suggestive that the figures of some minor articles of export, for 1879, compare very favourably with those of 1874.

The present tariff was framed avowedly to prevent the increase of imports from the United States, and in the hope, doubtless, of restoring to more nearly its old proportions our trade with Great Britain. That this object is being in part attained, may be inferred from the per-centages for 1879, quoted above, as compared with other years.

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS AND THE TIMES.

BY REV. HUGH PEDLEY, B.A., COBOURG.

AMONG the institutions that have a place in Canadian scholastic life is the Theological College. There is scarcely a religious denomination which does not, in some way, furnish the means for educating its rising ministry. The Episcopal Church has its College at Lennoxville, and in Toronto. The Presbyterians have flourishing schools in Ontario and Quebec. The Baptists have their seat of learning in Woodstock, and the Congregationalists have theirs in Montreal. The Methodists have several institutions, the most prominent being Victoria University, which is fast wiping out any imputation of an uneducated ministry that may have been cast upon Canadian Methodism in days gone by.

In all these schools are being trained the men who are supposed to take a place in society of acknowledged leadership in all matters concerning religious life and thought. They are expected to speak with some authority, if not with entire infallibility. They are to wield an influence which, regarded either from the lofty altitudes of religious belief or from the lower standpoint of commercial and sociological interests, must, by all thoughtful men, be deemed of measureless importance. Not only the Christian man from Christian considerations, but also the business man from business considerations, the statesman from patriotic considerations, the man who loves his home from considerations that affect that home, must feel deeply concerned as to the part taken by the ministry of the times in solving the problems of

the times. For is it not axiomatic truth that the welfare of society depends upon the morality of society? Is it not also a question of far-reaching importance to what degree the morality depends upon the religion? And, in view of this, must it not be a matter of vital interest what sort of men shall deal with these great questions, and what sort of training they shall receive to fit them for their work? Believing that our Theological Colleges have hardly been progressive enough to suit the age, I would like to say a few words about their work.

Any one who studies the signs of the times, the great currents of thought, cannot fail to see that the work of a conscientious minister is becoming increasingly difficult. The physical discomforts of the pioneer preacher are fully compensated for by the complexities which surround his more polished city brother. Contemporaneous with the general quickening of men's brains, as society moves on, comes the necessity for a more wide-awake and nervous intellectual life among those who, in the realm of thought, occupy the position of leaders. How this manifests itself in religious affairs a brief glance will shew.

There was a time when the New Testament was received by the great mass of the people as true in every chapter and verse. Though they might disobey its commands, they did not for a moment question its right to command. They regarded its voice as being in deed and in truth a voice from heaven—the voice of God Himself. Unread it might be, yet it was

even an object of peculiar, and even superstitious, reverence. Its authority was as absolute as the axioms in geometry or the laws of thought in Metaphysics. Other books might be treated in a doubting, a critical, and even in a contradictory fashion, but this book was to be listened to with bowed head and unqualified assent.

There has been a change, fully accomplished in some sections of Christendom, ominously near in others. The weapons of the critical historian, which were forged in order to destroy certain ideas about Aristotle and Homer, were turned against the Old Testament, and finally against the New. The Gospels and the Epistles, once regarded with so reverent a gaze, were subject to a treatment as free and searching as that applied to any book whatever. Superstition oscillated between whimpering and cursing, but all in vain. Still the investigation went on, Eichhorn, Paulus, Strauss, Renan, Baur, and a host of others entered upon the work with an earnestness the heat of which grew to an enthusiasm. So successful were they that they carried with them the head, if not the heart, of nearly all Germany, and nearly all France. Today, in the most refined circles of these countries, the believer in the supernatural element in the New Testament is looked upon with that sort of pitying wonder which we are wont to bestow upon the man who regards, as facts, the antics of ghosts, and of witch-bestridden broomsticks. Norman McLeod, writing from Weimar in 1834, says, 'I am credibly informed by competent judges that ninety-nine out of a hundred are infidels.' Christlieb, the great Evangelical theologian, writing in 1874, speaks in startling sentences of the existing breach between Modern Culture and Christianity, and devotes a chapter to show how the majority of Germans in all professions had swung loose from the Christianity of the New Testament. Reluctantly he is forced to the belief that, after centuries of Christianity,

after the spending of millions of money on churches and seminaries, after the shedding of the blood of a long line of heroic witnesses, after the sturdy battlings and ringing notes of Luther, together with the quieter efforts of his colleagues, after all this costly outlay, Germany is now, in her thought, more Pagan than Christian. And what is true of Germany is applicable to the whole continent in the ratio of the spread of freedom and education. There are some who fancy they can discern in this tempestuous waste of waters some signs of a turn in the tide, some evidences that the Rationalistic movement has spent its strength, and the reaction has set in. However, doubtful that may be, it is beyond all debate that such a Rationalistic movement has taken place, and has dominated the intellectual life of the most thoughtful nation in the world for half a century.

But our interest is more especially centered in the English-speaking lands. What is the religious condition of the Motherland, and of her two daughters this side the watery main? Very different, certainly, from what it is in Europe. The thousands of churches, up and down these countries, which every Sabbath call together their millions of worshippers, shew that the Christianity of the New Testament has still a mighty hold upon the people. The various denominations seem possessed of enormous vitality, and look forward with unbounded hope. Measured by the profusion of its literature, the splendour of its architecture, the power of its eloquence, the melody of its music, the activity of its Sunday School operations, the breadth of its revival efforts, the magnitude of its missionary enterprises, Christianity never touched a higher point of success than within the last ten years. Still, there are signs that this state of things may not continue. When you come to examine the faith of these millions of Christian worshippers, you will find that it rests mainly upon authority. It

has not been obtained by independent thinking. Is there not, in this very fact, an element of peril, a possibility of revolution? Is it not reasonable to suppose that a religious belief which has not been built up by free enquiry is likely to be sadly shaken, if not completely shattered, by free enquiry. However optimistically disposed we may be, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that ideas about Christianity of a destructive nature are being diffused, with amazing and increasing rapidity, among all classes of people. A few years ago, the *Westminster Review* stood alone among the periodicals as a disseminator of Rationalistic views. It no longer occupies that solitary position. These views are now advanced in the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary* and the *Nineteenth Century*, with a boldness of thought and a brilliancy of style which cannot fail to commend them to thousands of readers. In other forms, from the massive folio down to the cheap *brochure*, these novel ideas are finding their way to every corner of society. Thoughts, once whispered in secret, are now being proclaimed from the house top. Opinions, once nursed in the coteries of the select, are now being circulated among all the people. Doubts, which once lurked like fugitives in shady nooks, for fear of ecclesiastical ban, now come boldly forth from their hiding places. The press, like some husbandman of gigantic stature, paces up and down the land, and with liberal hand sows all kinds of thoughts and sentiments—seeds which fall into unnumbered minds, and are destined to bring forth some sort of a harvest.

Aye, and the harvest is drawing on right swiftly. Mr. Goldwin Smith's article, on 'The Prospect of a Moral Interregnum,' may be the product of a pessimist, and yet it is worthy of respect, as coming from a man who has made it his business to learn from the past how to study the movements of the present. He says, 'A collapse of religious belief, of the most complete and

tremendous kind, is, apparently, now at hand.' His whole argument is based upon the alleged fact that Christianity as a religious belief has given way, and he goes on to shew the prospect of its decadence as a system of morality. That he is not altogether astray in his estimate of the skeptical tendencies of the age is evident from our own observation. It is not long since a young man told me that the favourite theological work in a certain medical school was Greg's 'Creed of Christendom,' a work which popularizes all that is most destructive in the books of the Higher Criticism. It is but a little while since Canada had a visit from Colonel Ingersoll. Those of us who did not hear him are told by those who did that he is very brilliant, that he has all the mental and physical qualities which give a man sovereignty over an audience, that his wit and audacity are weapons that work direct mischief to the faith of any but the most intelligent or the most prejudiced mind. His works are circulated in cheap form. They are characterized by that sparkling effervescence, that spice of epigram, which make the sermons of Talmage so interesting to the ordinary reader. Now, very learned people may pooh-pooh his arguments; very pious people may be horrified beyond measure at his irreverence; very lethargic people may see no danger; but the fact remains that his works are read, that his comical hits are retailed hither and thither; that in the United States he draws immense audiences, and that, when in Canada, he lectures twice in the same place, as he did in Toronto, the number of his hearers being much larger the second night than the first.

There can be no doubt that all forms of thought, all systems of belief, however venerable with age, are being handled with the utmost freedom. Skepticism is becoming more general, and is protean in its adaptability to circumstances. There is philosophical skepticism for the cultured, and popular skepticism for the masses: the

Reviews for the select, Colonel Ingersoll for the people. No *Index Ex-purgatorius*, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether ecclesiastical or domestic, is barrier strong enough to stem the incoming tide. We have committed ourselves to a popular form of government, and, if we would reap its benefits, we must not timidly shrink from its perils. Despotism may meet Free-thought with torture-chamber and prison-cell. Republicanism dare not, and cannot. Her only weapon is Reason. Her only hope is that out of intermediate chaos will arise a social fabric, fair, beautiful, and built upon immovable foundations.

Our age, then, being one of restless thought, should not the ministry be qualified to grapple with these problems around which the waves of enquiry are so fiercely dashing? It is not enough that ministers should be well read in church history, not enough that they should be able to expound in logical fashion the Church doctrines of the Trinity, the Atonement, etc., not enough that they should understand the architecture of a model sermon. These matters are quite right in their place, but the minister must go further. He must go down to the root question, and enquire whether the history, the systematic theology, and the homiletics are based on a really Divine Revelation, or only on a series of beautiful legends which foolish, but reverent, hands have wreathed about the person of Jesus of Nazareth, a wonderful, religious genius that long ago illumined the land of Palestine. He should not commence building his theology till he has struck down through the sand of traditional belief to the solid rock of ascertained fact. He should be able to deal bravely and skilfully with the actual world of to-day. He should be qualified so to master this great flood of free-thinking that, instead of laying waste all that is fairest and best in our life, it shall be as the broad river which fertilizes and clothes

with beauty all the land through which it sweeps in its stately course.

Believing that no period of a man's life is more favourable to this radical preparation for the ministry than his college years, I would advocate a manly, courageous dealing with the doubts of the age in all our theological schools. Of course, it is true that in these institutions a certain amount of time, in some a large amount of time, is devoted to the study of Apologetics, or Christian Evidences. But it is also true that the general rule is to present the views of skeptical writers, either in the language of the professor, or by means of quotations which must of necessity be very scant. Now you cannot do a writer full justice by merely quoting him. As well might you attempt to exhibit the strength of an army by showing individual soldiers as specimens, instead of disclosing, in all their terrible splendour, the long lines of scarlet, faced with glittering steel, and the massive squadrons of cavalry, ready, at a moment's notice, to shake the earth with the thunder of their tread. The only way that is at once fair to the antagonists of orthodox Christianity, and satisfactory to the student himself, is to put into his hands the dangerous works, and command him to read them. Let him study for himself the anti-miraculous philosophy, and the keen criticism contained in the two volumes of 'Supernatural Religion.' Let him read the more compact, but less thorough work of Greg. Let him look with thoughtful eye upon the younger Newman, as he wanders on in his shifting 'Phases of Faith.' Let him handle for himself the volumes which come from Germany, laden with the thoughts of Baur, and Haeckel, and Strauss. Let him read the works of Ingersoll, and, should that doughty knight come within hearing distance, let him be found in the audience. Let there be no timid reserve. Let our young ministers face the whole strength of the rationalistic position. Let them see the gleam of all

the weapons, the unmasking of all the batteries. Let them grapple with that axiom of skeptics which Renan has so boldly stated: 'The essence of criticism is denial of the Supernatural.' Let them, taking nothing for granted, except the '*cogito ergo sum*' of the French philosopher, go down to the very bottom, and then work their way up by manful climbing, till they find themselves at last on the solid and sun-kissed heights of glorious conviction. This training, and this alone, will fit them to hold their ground in a manly way amid the conflicts of the age.

Ah! but is not this terribly dangerous? is the question we are confronted with. Yes, it is; dangerous to narrow and inflexible creeds. And the Churches have taken good care that their students shall not run much risk. They occupy the monstrous position of determining beforehand what a student shall think when he has finished his college course. They say, in effect, to a young man: 'You may think for the next five or seven years, but you must so think that, at the end of that time, you will occupy to a hair's-breadth the same theological position as you do now.' It is as if you were to tie a man to one end of a hundred yards of rope, and tell him that he may play the Columbus, provided he doesn't go beyond the length of his tether. The student is furnished with an Ariadne's thread, in the form of a creed, and, no matter what glories he may behold in the labyrinth of discovery, he must, without fail, guide himself back to his starting point, in order to be considered a fit and proper person to be ordained to the ministry. Limitations, which would be scorned in the realm of scientific investigation, are quietly accepted in the domain of religious thought.

But, to come back to the question of danger, we find men talking as if thoroughness of investigation would inevitably lead to a loosened hold on Christianity. So much the worse

then for Christianity. If young men of average intellect, and more than average morality, find that the more keenly they study Christianity, the less able they are to accept it, and preach it, then must Christianity be relegated to the dusty lumber-room of worn-out and superseded religious systems. Surely this outcry of danger savours more of pallid fear than of a knightly devotion to the truth.

But suppose there is some reason for the outcry, suppose that the young men will become unsettled in their views, and some of them so unsettled as to quit the ministry for ever, would that be an unmixed evil? Would not the loss of those who honestly go forth be more than made up by the increased effectiveness of those who honestly remain behind? *Facilis descensus averni*, you say; it is easy to go down into the depths of doubt, but to get back to the glad upper world of faith '*hoc opus hic labor est.*' Very true. But what if this laborious climbing awaken spiritual life and intellectual force? What, if in the hard battling up the rugged ascent, a man has developed within him 'the wrestling thews that throw the world.' What, if by an experience wrought out in the excitement of spiritual ferment, he is fitted to be a guide to those who falter where they firmly trod, and whose lips are ever vocal with the piteous cry, 'who will show us any good?' Would not this glorious gain be worth all the bitterness of its purchase? If it be a divine law, 'Nothing venture, nothing win,' is it wise for the minister of Christ to try to escape the wide sweep of that law?

There is one thing sure, that if a man does not read the books referred to in college, he either will or will not read them after he leaves college. Take the first alternative. He will read them. What will be the consequence, in all likelihood? Simply this. He will for a time be placed in one of the most painful positions that an honourable man can possibly occupy.

He will have to undergo the terrible ordeal of facing his congregation, week after week, while his heart is being racked with doubts concerning the very truths his people are longing to hear expounded. One moment he will seem to himself a traitor for remaining at his post, the next moment a coward to dream of abandoning it. Then will he bitterly regret that this conflict had not been fought out under the more favourable conditions of a student's life. Take the second alternative. He will not read these books. Then, if he be pastor in a reading community, he will know less than his congregation about matters which it is his special business to understand. He will stand towards the Bible, as an ignorant priest stands towards the Pope, accepting an infallibility that he has never proved. He will appear before the intelligent world as a spiritual coward, a craven-hearted man, who dare not face the enemy that is slowly mastering his domains. He will become a by-word and a reproach to the generation which he is confessedly unable to lead, and which sweeps by with disdainful tread, leaving him far in the rear. He will be a 'fixed figure for the time of scorn, to point its slow and moving finger at.' There, in his shame, he, too, will heap anathemas upon the college training which sent him forth to his work so terribly unprepared.

From either of these alternatives—the Scylla of ministerial petrefaction, the Charybdis of ministerial agony, the student may well cry 'Good Lord deliver me.' Happy the student who comes out of college sure on some points though doubtful on many; who, when he receives his diploma, has an unflinching 'credo' upon his lips;

who, laying his hand reverently upon the New Testament, can say, 'Now I know that this book is true,' not because of the hallowed faith of my father and mother, or the weighty deliverances of councils and assemblies, or the general historic belief of Christendom, but because I have tested it for myself in the hot fires that burn around the crucibles of independent thought, and have found that it contains, beyond all question, the pure gold of truth. Happy the man who enters upon his work with such a training, and happy the country that has such men in its ministry!

Want of space forbids my noticing the difficulties in the way of securing this sort of an education. Enough, however, has been said to indicate its desirability. Against the wave of infidelity, which Van Oosterzee, the Dutch theologian, prophecies, our strongest barricade, so far, has been the mud-built dyke of traditional belief. That is fast breaking down. It is ours to see that, when the wild waters have swept over it, they shall dash against the strong buttresses of an enlightened faith. That this may be effected, we need, for ministers, not men who are bound hand and foot to certain systems by the old-time bonds of prejudice, but men whose heart and brain have been baptized with the strength of truth and freedom. And, that such ministers should be given to the people, it is necessary that they should receive in college a training most fearless and most radical. Boldness in the assault must be met by boldness in the defence. The 'root and branch' men on the side of Skepticism can be successfully encountered only by 'root and branch' men on the side of Faith.

ROUND THE TABLE.

WALT WHITMAN.*

I BEGAN to read my friend's essay on 'Walt Whitman,' with a strong feeling of dissent from her estimate of his poetry. This was founded on the inadequate survey of his work afforded by Rosetti's 'expurgated' edition, then the only one within my reach. It was also founded on the often-repeated gibes of the *Saturday Review*, which, of late years, seems to have altered for the worse, to be as salt that has lost its savour, as vinegar unfit for the cruet. The *Saturday* has repeated again and again that Whatman is but a kind of rowdy Tupper, that his writings are full of gross indecencies. But then the *Saturday* has also delivered itself of the dictum that Leland's *Hans Brietmann's* ballads are destitute of humour, a critical verdict which, in my sincerest opinion, completely abolishes the authority of the court, and certainly Whitman's metrical form is like Tupper's. Tupper, the type of all that is most abjectly degraded in literature! But when I came to read the 'Leaves of Grass,' in the full unclipped edition of 1872, the conclusion was very quickly formed, that Whitman is not as Tupper is. Whitman is all that Tupper is not,—a poet, original, full of force and fire, ebullient with sympathy for human life, and for all life. His poetry finds one; he is in the widest sense of the word, human, and republican; his political teaching is that equality which is the creed of this our American continent, his religious philosophy, too, is that comprehensive and tolerant recognition of the correlation of all moral and religious forces, which, more or less understood and avowed, characterizes the vast unestablished Church of Free Opinion in America. My friend has so well set forth the true estimate of Whitman in this essay, which has at least made one convert, that I need add little. But two words may be permitted on Whit-

man's neglect of poetic form, and on what the *Saturday* calls 'indecencies.'

In the tenth century, which Hallam says was the darkest of the dark ages, this unformed non-metrical rhythm was introduced into the Latin Hymns of the Church by Notker; it was kept up by Gottechalk and others, and is the form of a great proportion of the sequences preserved by Moné, Daniel, Neal, and Kehrein. It was, in fact, the revival of the poetical form of the Hebrew Psalms, a form which, in the conservative and unprogressing East, has never varied. In the Greek Church the Hymns are of this form, rhyme and metre never having been introduced. In the earlier Western Church, the *Te Deum* is the solitary specimen of this kind of composition until it was revived by Notker. With all its absence of form, how grandly flow the words of one at least of Notker's sequences, which few, who have heard its familiar version in a passage incorporated into the Burial Service of the Episcopal Church, recognize it as the work of a tenth century monk, "*Mediâ in Vitâ, sumus in Morte, quem ergo petimus adiutorem nisi Te Domine, qui pro peccatis nostris juste displiceris.*"

'In the midst of Life we are in death, of whom then may we seek succour but of Thee, Lord, who, for our sins art justly displeas'd.' This metre is then by no means incapable of lending itself to poetical thought; the facility which is its fault, makes it suited to the peculiarities of Whitman's rush and hurry of fancies, he has not time to stop and carve his meaning into metre, but to the ear that can hear, there is, as my friend says in her essay, a subtle music of rhythm peculiar to this Poet and his subject. A word as to the other point. It is a delicate one to touch upon. Our *Canadian Monthly*, though it has always included among its contributors some daring assertors of Free Thought, has ever been a faithful exponent of morality. But the interest of Truth compels us to say that, as I find him, Walt Whitman is not immoral, that he is not even a sensuous

* A Note on Mrs. K. Seymour MacLean's Essay, in the current number, by Charles Pelham Mulvany.

painter of the human figure like Mr. Swinburne in the earlier volumes of that great poet. Walt Whitman is, before all things, a republican. He treats the subject of sex quite incidentally, by no means seeking it out or emphasizing it; but, when he does meet it, he is outspoken, as he is about everything else, and makes short work of conventional pruderies like the Hicksite iconoclast that he is.

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AFFIRMATION SUSTAINED.—
JUDGMENT FOR DEFENDANT.

I AM sorry for poor 'O Yesse.' He may be able to bear all the unpleasant things that 'Ono' says of him personally, for it is but one opinion, even though it be that of this Autocrat of Round the Table, and, besides, if the sting of truth may be measured, as we are told, by the irritation which it produces, he may find some crumbs of comfort there. He can perhaps easily enough put up with being convicted of illogicality with a profundity so deep that no mere masculine intellect can sound it, because *humanum est errare*. Nay, he may not be utterly prostrated by the terrific threat of 'such a rebuke as only a lady (?) can give and as he would be likely for some time to remember.'

All this he may perhaps endure. But I fear he cannot survive his discomfiture in his attempt to defend women from the charges brought against them. "O Yesse" must either be delightfully unobservant,' says 'Ono,' 'or have very restricted opportunities of observation, if he has not seen evidence enough, even in this Canada of ours, that women are "tempted to seek their object by ignoble and debasing means, and to sacrifice delicacy, truth and principle in the pursuit."* English novels,—whether the authors are men or women,—are full of such pictures, and novels are at least supposed to be tolerably correct mirrors of the life of the day. Indeed no one need look any farther than Mr. Punch, who is supposed to be a tolerable authority as to the weaknesses of society, to see that the words quoted are often only too fully verified.'

*A sentence is omitted here as seeming superfluous, the meaning being sufficiently expressed in what follows. The reader will, however, please satisfy himself as to that by referring to page 658 of the June number of the Magazine.

All this formidable bulk of evidence against the poor women does 'Ono' pile up. Still, I venture to think with 'O Yesse'—whether or not he sinks under it, and I sink with him—that they can follow the natural instincts, which they derive from the same source whence comes their whole being, and which prompts them to make themselves pleasant and attractive to men, without the odious contamination attributed to them.

Come, my dear young countrywomen of 'this Canada of ours,' tell me, where is the 'slander'? Where is the 'true reverence for womanhood'? Cannot you love your lover or your husband with all your heart and soul and even make it 'the chief end of your lives' without ignobly debasing yourselves and becoming indelicate, untruthful, and unprincipled? Perish the thought! I am ashamed to be driven to ask you such a question. But answer me, please:

YES OR NO.

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THE REHABILITATION OF
ORATORY.

It has latterly been the fashion to assume that the amazing development of journalism during the last half century or so has altogether superseded oratory as a means of influencing public opinion. The press, never backward in glorifying its mission, frequently tells us that the rostrum, and even the pulpit, give place, so far as any practical and vital influence over the lives and thoughts of men are concerned, to this new and tremendous force. There is no question that hitherto the course of events has rather favoured the view. The sphere of the orator has been vastly circumscribed; while the journal has taken possession of the ground and now forms or voices the opinions of the great mass of civilized mankind. There are not wanting, however, signs of the times pointing to the fact that newspaper influence, as a moulder of thought, has about culminated, and that oratory bids fair to recover a portion, at least, of its old-time power and prestige.

The increase of the sphere of journalism has been accompanied by an enormous increase of its expenses. The days are over when James Gordon Bennett could start the New York *Herald* on a capital of \$500, and Horace Greeley float the *Tribune* to a sudden success upon a

similarly slender amount. Nowadays fortunes are sunk in the endeavour to found daily journals, and success, if it comes at all, is the result of lavish expenditure for years. Newspapers are valued at millions, and are, in fact, as much commercial institutions as banks, railroads, or other large corporate enterprises, requiring vast outlay. We are apt to draw somewhat self-complacent and boastful comparisons between the complete equipment and ample facilities of the newspaper of to-day and the limited sphere of the press as our fathers knew it, but the modern improvements have been dearly purchased at the sacrifice of independence and outspokenness. The press is not venal or purchasable in the ordinary sense of the words. Nevertheless being so absolutely dependent for its very existence, not to speak of its prosperity, upon the good will of its constituency—especially the advertisers—it is tied hand and foot so far as the utterance of new ideas likely to be unacceptable to any considerable portion of them is concerned. Its position, won at immense outlay, and by arduous effort, may be jeopardized by an inconsiderate step running counter to popular prejudice. It is consequently wary of new departures, and—whatever its nominal politics—conservative in the worst sense of the word. The consideration “will it pay?” cannot be kept in the background, and the consequence is that instead of being ahead or even abreast of public sentiment it lags lamentably behind it, as a rule. So long as the present relations of editor, publisher, advertiser, and subscriber remain as at present, this must inevitably be the case, and the prospect is that as the newspaper system develops, as the amount of capital at stake is increased and the commercial element enters more and more into their calculations, this stolid impenetrable conservatism will become intensified.

As everybody knows who is even slightly acquainted with the working of journalism, the class with whom it is all important for a newspaper to stand well, is the advertisers. In these days of cheap newspapers, the advertisers virtually make the general public a present of the printed matter for the sake of getting their announcements before them. The publisher is satisfied if he realize from subscription and sales the cost of the white paper. The advertising class, that is to say the moneyed, well-to-do people,

the business community, who as a rule are instinctively averse to change, and tenacious of old ideas, are therefore the controlling influence in the modern daily newspaper. It is no wonder that the tendency is to run in grooves, to suppress anything like the individuality of early journalism, and to taboo as dangerous any measure which seems to run counter to *bourgeois* prejudices or interests.

Under such conditions there seems to be an increasing field for oratory as a means of influencing the masses of the people whose faith in journalism is weakening day by day. They are beginning to see that while the battle is vigorously kept up on the old party lines, and all sorts of petty, trivial issues discussed with apparent gravity, the real questions pressing for solution which interest them are slighted and slurred over. There is a conspiracy of silence between Grit and Tory as to any matter involving the rights of the working classes—who do not advertise to any extent—or tending to disturb the serenity of the theological status—as on the occasion of the visits of two Infidel lecturers. There are large classes who have long since ceased to expect anything like justice or fair play at the hands of the daily press. If a large meeting were held in Toronto tomorrow in favour of Canadian Independence, Annexation, or Customs' Union, it is doubtful whether it would even be reported. It is certain that it would not be reported fairly.

Recent indications in the United States tend to show that, in proportion as a time-serving and capitalistic press has abdicated its functions of directing public opinion, the orator is again destined to come to the front. Rev. Joseph Cook is by no means to be classed as a liberal thinker or a champion of popular ideas, but nevertheless he does not talk platitudes, and however antagonistic some of his conclusions are to received opinions he never hesitates in announcing them. His success is due in far greater measure to his freedom and fearlessness in treating of the topics of the day than to his theological or scientific discourses. A speech from Wendell Phillips has more influence than a thousand editorials in which, to use his own vigorous language, “you can hear the chink of the dollar and the lash of the party whip.” Whatever may be thought of Col. Ingersoll's manner or matter

his phenomenal success in swaying large and frequently half-hostile audiences testifies, as much probably to the reaction against the conventionality and "respectable" Philistinism of which the press is the embodiment, as to the acceptability of his views. The rostrum can afford to give free enunciation to new ideas, to advocate popular rights and champion minority causes, and hence is likely to assume in the near future an importance hardly second to that of which the growth of the press deprived it.

P. T.

CHIVALRY AND THE SEXES.

In the April number of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY* appears an article entitled 'Chivalry or Not Chivalry,' by 'O Yesse,' who from some of the concluding remarks, is evidently a man; and as a woman's view on the subject may be worth as much, I would like to say a few words. With the earlier portion of the paper I heartily agree, thinking as I do, that men generally show chivalry to women in the way of guarding, protecting, and saving them from the hard things in life. What I wish to remark on, however, is the view 'O Yesse' takes of the paragraph he quotes, and which he is so severe on, 'that past experience seems to prove that as long as women are taught that their chief end in life is to please men, their worth and dignity can never have a secure and sound foundation.' This 'O Yesse' denies, and this I affirm, is mainly true, for I think on this point a woman is calculated to judge—one reason being that only a woman really understands a woman. It is often painful to see how a really good and noble man is blinded by a very low and ignoble woman, just because she flatters his vanity; while a true woman's highest joy certainly is to minister to those she loves, the woman who is trained to think her chief end in life is to please men does, I maintain, sacrifice delicacy, at least, in the pursuit of her object. Marriage, which is a true union of heart and soul, is not only the happiest lot for a woman, but that which will develop her highest and noblest qualities; but such a marriage will never be attained by such a woman. Her end being 'to please men' any one will satisfy her. Her ob-

ject is to be married, regardless how the end is reached. Can anything be more pitiable than the loveless and unsuitable marriages we see so frequently?—and they are the fruit of the training girls often, but not always, get—that their chief end in life is to please men. A pure and noble woman who is capable of the deep and lasting affection which ends not with time, is incapable of obtruding herself on any man's notice, and the more she loves him the less she is likely to show it. A woman may show her love for worldly motives, for the sake of being married, for a new sphere; but the more passionately and deeply she loves the less will she in any way take the initiative. True love in a woman has always a certain amount of shyness, often avoidance, till she knows she is beloved, then indeed let her whole heart be centred on pleasing the one man, but not on men generally. To my mind a woman who in any way puts herself forward in love affairs is incapable of lasting affection; she feels merely a passing fancy, or perhaps thinks she is tired of being single; but to a woman who truly loves such a course is simply impossible, and those who do not marry—a large proportion now-a-days—what disappointed lives must their's be if they have failed in their chief end. No, let girls be taught if God send them a true love it is their greatest blessing, if not He knows best, and if, as oftener happens than is imagined, a woman loves deeply some one who does not return it, so that her heart cannot be given elsewhere, still if it has been a pure love for a worthy object, and if it is known only to God and her own heart, she will be a better and nobler being single all her life than trying to marry some one for the sake of being married. And if she is fortunate in her love she will make the true wife whose every pulse beats with the beloved one, who will help him in his life-work with intelligent sympathy, whose love outlives time or change—a love, in short, as deep and lasting as eternity. Could such a woman condescend to the petty arts practised by some of our sex to attract men? No, the woman who can do so is not worth winning. One does not care much for a present which will be given to the first person who happens to appear, and not for any personal reason of preference. 'O Yesse' seems to me to have no conception of a real, loving,

delicate-minded woman, but I do not wonder at it. Such women as yet are not common, and especially in the colonies, where, even more than in England, girls in the upper classes are too often taught to think of nothing but matrimony, and have not the resources of culture and education which keeps their mind occupied. I trust, however, this state of things is changing, though slowly, and that girls of the future will not regard marriage as a means of livelihood.

E. B. S.

THE ONTARIO ART SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

THERE are, perhaps, no subjects directly connected with the moral and intellectual advancement of a nation which at once demand so much the impartial comment and constant notice of the public, and yet in which honest criticism, from one cause or another, is so difficult to obtain, as the different branches of Art. The difficulty is obvious, and in a sense, insuperable. Art criticism can only be safely confided to the professional critic, who shall have prepared himself for the task by a diligent study, not only of the masterpieces of contemporary and indigenous painters, but also of those of other countries and other ages : to one, in fact, who has in him some standard of comparison, some touchstone by which to test the ring of the true metal. Unfortunately, however, in Art questions, the professional critic is, of all others, least to be trusted for an impartial opinion. It is often true, in Art as well as in cricket, that the lookers on see most of the game. Too great familiarity with the works of one's contemporaries, no less than too great intimacy with themselves, is pretty sure, sooner or later, to lead the judgment astray. It is not only that in a subject in which individual taste must have a good deal to say, our tastes are themselves in turn apt to be swayed by our likings ; but, beyond this, the most impartial of commentators, the very Brutus of art criticism, cannot escape 'the magic of a name ;' cannot help seeing in to-day's failure, it may be, the charm which enraptured him in the successes of yesterday and the day before. It is difficult to believe that the artist who has given us one year a masterpiece

may the next produce a daub, and so the daub escapes the censure it merits, and the public and the painter, aye, and Art itself, are the worse for the mistake.

So much by way of preface, or apology, or what you will, for a few notes on the present year's exhibition by an outsider, to whom many of the names in the catalogue (not all the least meritorious) are absolutely strange, to whom the Society's rooms were, in truth, a first, and a pleasant, glimpse of Canadian art.

Pleasant surely ; for of all things most calculated to strike a stranger, assuredly the most encouraging sign of the standard attained by the contributors of the Society was the absence, except in a few instances, of any really bad work. It may be safely asserted that in this respect the Exhibition might be most favourably compared with almost any modern collection of pictures of the same class. It is a drawback to one's enjoyment, notably of the Grosvenor Gallery, and to a great extent of the Suffolk Street Rooms, that the general effect is rendered far less pleasing by the mass of rubbish which intrudes itself into company too good for it, while it may safely be said that in Burlington House itself a good deal of really bad work finds a place, which, judging from the apparent standard of the Art Society, it would fail of here.

It is true that to set against this there are few pictures which reach a very high standard, yet as an indication of art progress and as a test of the good which has been done by the art school in the past year, a general average of good work is surely more encouraging than the exhibition of a few masterpieces (always rare, look where you will), to get at which you are compelled to wade knee-deep through a mass of rubbish such as one gladly misses from the walls of the King Street Rooms.

Less encouraging, however, it must be confessed, is the absence in the mass of the drawings of any really skilled draughtsmanship. Colour, and good colour, well harmonized, and cleverly managed in every respect is there, and pleases the eye at every turn, but it is when one looks for the striking effects of natural perspective, for the accurate drawing of the human figure, nay, even for the studied details of architecture and the carefully disposed foregrounds

which go so much towards making up the interest of a picture, that one cannot fail of disappointment, the more deep because the first impression leads one to expect so much more. The truth must be told that very few of the drawings in the rooms will bear very close scrutiny, not, be it said, from any lack of carefulness in detail, or of painstaking, often laboured, finish, but because few of our artists have had the training of professional draughtsmen, and fewer yet have fully studied that which lies at the very foundation of all good painting, the principles of composition. The majority of the pictures seem to have been painted without any definite object, except a general notion that this little view or that bunch of flowers, or yonder farmhouse would make a pretty picture; and so the little view, or the bouquet, is straightway transferred to paper or canvas and *hey presto!* the thing is done, and the result is a 'painting' it may be, but most emphatically not a 'picture,' a work of art in the true sense.

Hand in hand with this want of general knowledge of composition, goes, as may be expected, a certain poverty of expression, if one may so term it, which in many cases shews itself in a meagre repetition of some carefully practised effect, sometimes even in a plagiarism of design or subject matter. A couple of flower pictures notably were upon lines somewhat too easily recognizable in this respect—while it was amusing to notice how often the same sunset and group of firs occurred in the paintings of one artist; the same blue sky and purple mountains in the distances of a second, the same boat in the foregrounds of a third. Nature, viewed as a whole, is capable of innumerable expressions, suggestive of innumerable modes of treatment; too faithfully copied in detached morsels, she is apt to give the idea of sameness, and, be it said, *unnaturalness*, which it is one of the objects of true art to remove.

Of course these remarks must be understood to apply in the most general sense, to the mass of the pictures; it is hardly necessary to say that there are exceptions to each and every of them, and a few pictures, at all events, deserve special mention.

The first room was rendered doubly interesting to a stranger by the presence of several of the diploma pictures of the newly elected Canadian Academicians. Amongst these, three pictures in entirely

different styles cannot fail of notice from the most casual observer. Mr. Edson's charming landscape 'A Trout Stream in the Forest' (No. 18), is at once a delightful bit of colour, and singularly free from the defects of composition before alluded to. It is nature herself, not slavishly copied piece by piece, but her spirit transferred to the canvas; more than a beautiful painting, it is a thoroughly artistic picture. The same may be said of Mr. Griffith's 'Peonies' (No. 70). It is not that every petal of the beautiful blossoms is carefully drawn, and glows with tints the most natural (though this is true). What gives it a real artistic value is its 'character,' if one may so phrase it; the poetry of the flower is there, and breathes through the mere material form; it is a living and not a dead group. These pictures have both, and justly, been praised by the public and their representatives; there is another, of which, so far as we know, no notice has been taken, and yet which is, to our thinking, so far superior to any in the room that it is difficult to discuss it by the side of the others.

'The Beacon Light, St. John's, Harbour' (No. 32, H. Sandham, C.A.) would attract attention in any gallery in Europe. Here again it is not the subject itself; nor the mechanical part of its execution. A foggy back-ground, dim outlines of shipping, and a boat tossing on a dingy sea. These are painted naturally and no more; but there is a nameless grace and fascination in the picture that is of itself alone, and springs neither from the subject nor the mechanical skill with which it is handled, but from the real artistic genius that pleases, we know not why. It may not be out of place to mention the excellent taste of the frame of this picture, the rugged quaintness of which assists in no small degree the general effect. Although it may be laid down as a general rule that a frame should be carefully kept back, and be as little noticeable as possible, there can be no doubt that on this occasion at least a departure from precedent in this respect has been a decided gain.

Two good sea pieces of Mr. J. A. Fraser, (Nos. 51 and 54), and another of Mr. Sandham's, ('Fish Nets, Bay of Fundy,' No. 73), are all three worthy of notice, while at the very entrance of the room our attention was attracted by the really exquisite contrasts of colour in 'Buttercups' (1a), C. Stoney. The

bright yellow flowers, in an old blue jar, are cleverly contrasted with a rich brown background; and be it said, in this place, that good backgrounds are rare, very rare to find in the Exhibition. What was said before about the "object" with which this or that is to be introduced into a picture, applies with full force to the background question. There must be a *reason* why in this picture a natural background is in keeping, in that a conventional one, in yet another a mere mass of *chiaro-oscuro*. And yet so many bear the appearance (one cannot but believe that in many cases it is actually so) of being composed, on the strictest principles of economy, of the waste colour left upon the palette. Mr. Harris's 'Chorister,' (No. 56), and 'The Rejected Suitor,' (No. 68), are, noticeable as almost the only good figure-drawing to be seen in the rooms. The latter is, besides, a very harmonious composition, both as to the colouring, which bears strong traces of the influence of the French school, and as to the arrangement of the background and accessories, which are touched in with a masterly breadth that is worthy of all praise.

Amongst the water colours, Mr. Millard's Welsh drawings are perhaps the more worthy of mention, that in them he is upon ground which has been so often gone over by others, that his pictures are easy of comparison with the English painters of the same school. It must be admitted, however, we fear, that the drawings, though pleasing enough in themselves, are far from exhausting the capabilities of the scenes he depicts. Welsh scenery is, perhaps, of all others, the most unapproachable, and the drawings in question, though like enough, no doubt, to their originals, fail to give the genius of the Welsh landscape, or the bright freshness of the Welsh air. The best, perhaps, in this respect is a careful drawing of Dolgelly Mills (No. 74), in which what is evidently Mr. Millard's strong point, the representation of weather-worn masonry, comes into strong relief.

Mr. D. Fowler is decidedly the most original, if not the best, of the landscape water-colour painters. Conventionalism in any form requires the assistance of a master-hand, and higher praise can hardly be given to Mr. Fowler than to say that he is, in general, fully equal to the requirements of the style he has adopted.

'Bremm on the Moselle,' (No. 127), is undoubtedly a very favourable specimen of the character with which he is enabled by its means to invest subjects in which the stiffness of the masses of building and the general quaintness of their detail seem to give a license to a semi-conventional treatment. The same holds good of a capital drawing of an old Roman Bridge in the Alps (No. 118) but it may be questioned whether such would-be natural objects as the fallen trees in the foreground of the 'Fall and the Fallen' (No. 115) are not rendered slightly too obtrusive by the heavy outlining of their limbs, unless indeed, the title is meant to give the picture a species of allegorical significance, in which case it may be objected that the picture itself fails to convey any such impression to the uninitiated.

Mr. M. Martin, who exhibits a large number of paintings, seems strangely unequal in his work. Some of his water-colours are charmingly clean and spirited, notably No. 92, 'Toronto Bay,' while of his paintings in the first room, No. 1, 'Moonrise on the Prairie,' did not inspire us with any wish to become its possessor.

The same objection cannot be conscientiously made to Mr. Verner's pictures, they are everywhere and they are all the same. It is not to say that they are not many of them very pleasing, but there is a want of character and individuality about them which detracts rather from their value. Mr. Matthews gives us some very pleasing drawings noticeable also for their cleanness and transparency; and Mr. O'Brien, though his large picture is perhaps a little disappointing, has a charming bit of colour in No. 96, 'Eel Brook Bay, Grand Manan.'

It would be unfair to close our article without one glance at the designs exhibited in the small room at the end. Amongst them 'The Beatitudes' (No. 209) the work of Mr. H. Howard, a newly elected member of the society, is the more striking from the entire absence of any other work of merit in the collection. It is, both in design and execution, a really excellent piece of missal illumination.

There are of course, many other pictures which might be mentioned and dwelt upon. Indeed, did space permit, there is much matter of comment which might be introduced respecting half a hundred pictures passed over necessarily

in such a sketch as this. It has been the object of these notes, not so much however to call attention to the merits or demerits of individual works, as to point

out the general features of the exhibition as they are calculated to strike a strictly impartial spectator.

ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. By HENRY JAMES, Jr. English Men of Letters, Edited by John Morley. New York: Harper Bros., 1880. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

HAWTHORNE'S literary work is the aftermath of our Puritan literature. Alien alike in subject and in treatment to those writings with which it is really most nearly allied, it yet preserves their inward spirit and follows the line they laid down. The massive works of the few early Puritans who took to the pen may be compared to an old rough hewn chant or Gregorian mass, with its meanings and purposes plainly written on the surface of its solemn periods. The tales of Hawthorne, then, would correspond with the same mass when transformed by the genius of some modern composer. The motive is there, recurring heavily and ominously from time to time; but it is obscured, hidden and entangled in all the fugal intricacies of a more deeply woven theme. The shape in which it is presented is lighter no doubt; but the same key-note is struck and possibly new meanings and shades of meaning evolved.

Such a product and of so late a birth was impossible in England. No Puritan party has kept together there the sentiment and traditions which alone could nourish it. Such modern Puritans as England can yet boast are independent of the past. Their admiration of Puritan rule is an admiration of choice, a selection from among past eras, and in no way the result of unbroken descent and family connection. Moreover the greatest of them all (we mean Carlyle) has imbibed at least as much from German as from Puritan-English thought, so that the distinction is all the more apparent.

It remained for New England to bring down the traditions, the habits, and the religious mode of thought of the Puritans unadulterated even to the date of Hawthorne's birth. Not that this habit of mind was unaltered—like every other phase of human life it had changed from within, almost unconsciously no doubt, but no less really.

It was still, however, free from foreign alloy, the chain of thought stretched back its apostolic succession to the early sufferers for the faith, who had so carefully nursed its kindling spark. That thought, the consciousness of guilt, the all-powerful drag of sin upon the soul, the omnipresence of temptation in things that seemed immaterial or harmless to other men, had manifested itself in many shapes. It had banished the dance and the Maypole, the mistletoe and the yule-log from Merry England, merry no longer. It had hinted distrust of self to Cromwell when he was freeing his country and preparing for the reign of the saints, but it had none the less disdained to trouble Bunyan, the poor tinker, with a dread of his own damnation. It erected a confessional, an inquisition, in each man's breast, before which he stood trembling, at once criminal and judge. At the dread bar of conscience he questioned and wrestled with himself, and in that self-inflicted torture he could not always tell if the answers were his own, or if the devils were not whispering blasphemies in the semblance of his thoughts.

What varying tricks this overmastering sense of sin must have produced on mankind can only now be guessed. Except in the lives of good men, who needlessly accused themselves of many wicked actions, and in the trials of witches and heretics, who accused themselves of many impossible ones, we have

no record of its effects. But while its force was not yet fully expended, Hawthorne was born. With a delicately subtle imagination and the due amount of half morbid love of seclusion, he wrought out in his solitude those fanciful variations of the theme which we all know so well. It was time that he should do so. The breath of the nineteenth century was about to stir even the quiet New England villages, whence his inspiration was drawn, and in another fifty years, it would have been too late to have preserved this faint autumn flower, the last relic of an expiring flora.

Hawthorne's life, for which we have left ourselves too little room to speak of, fortunately requires little description. It was quiet and tranquil. Strange to say, he, like Burns, was set by a kind government to do miscellaneous Customs collection work; but his spirit did not chafe against restraint, and the uncongenial employment only delayed him a few years in attaining his literary majority. He even accepted at a later date the post of Consul at Liverpool and held it for some time, and this too after his name and fame were well established. From England he went on to Italy, residing at Rome, and near Florence, and only returning to his native land to die there. He is the only American author who has been admitted as yet into this series of English Men of Letters, from which he could not well have been spared. The growing taste at home for American literature is not a little owing to the strong hold his novels at once took upon the reading public of England.

Mademoiselle de Mersac. A Novel, by the Author of 'Heaps of Money.' No. 106 Franklin Square Library. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

THIS is an interesting and pleasantly told tale of French and English life. The greater part of the scene is laid in Algiers, about the time of the fall of the second Empire, which gives an air of novelty to the surroundings of the principal characters.

There is a strain of English blood in the parentage of Mlle de Mersac, the lovely and decided heroine of the tale, which the author has felt justified him in freeing her from the usual matrimonial constraints under which French

girls suffer, and leaving her free to be courted, and to reject eligible matches at her own sweet will. Jeanne is just the person to enjoy such an unusual liberty. She is wrapped up in her only brother Léon, and feels no need of any nearer love than his. So she dismisses the best suitors her friends offer her, with the coolest of airs.

At the time the tale opens, two lovers are laying siege to her heart, an Englishman of property and taste, named Barrington, and a French Viscount, M. de St. Luc. From leading the fashion at Paris and Compiègne in the most extravagant days of Napoleon the Little, M. de St. Luc has retired to the country to nurse the poor remains of his ruined fortunes. As Jeanne is an heiress, we feel little disposed to wish him well in his suit, and the sympathies of the English reader are all with his rival. In what manner the author develops the characters of the two opponents, and the changes that come over our estimates of them before the tale is finished, we will not now reveal. But we must own that the delicate touches, by which our good wishes are made to gradually veer round, show no slight skill on the part of the story-teller. Mr. Barrington has a most peculiarly constituted mind. His aunt, who is a good hand at analysing character, gives him a well-deserved rebuff when she tells him, 'Harry, you have that happy self-conceit that I believe you would discover some subtle form of flattery in being called a fool.' The same lady, who knows, as may be imagined, a little more of Master Harry than more superficial observers do, is disgusted at the excessive praise heaped upon him by his less enquiring friends. 'You, who know my nephew, must be amused at the way he is spoken of,' she remarked to Jeanne. 'I often wonder what sort of a monster a man such as they describe would really be. Three grains of Shakespeare, three of Marcus Aurelius, six of Solomon, and two of the infant Samuel, with a dash of Joe Miller, by way of flavouring!—what a nauseous draught!'

Occasionally our author's style reminds us of Thackeray. Take, for instance, the opening passage of the chapter in which poor Léon wakes up after losing all his fortune to St. Luc at lansquenet over night. 'Everybody knows what it is to wake, gasping, trembling, out of

some gruesome dream. Very gradually the mind of the sufferer shakes itself free from the hold of the dread vision. He rolls his eyes round the familiar walls of his room and thankfully perceives he is not in Newgate. . . . He realizes with a deep sigh of relief that he did not marry hideous old Mrs. Money-penny yesterday for the sake of her wealth, nor hear of the collapse of the undertaking in which his whole fortune was involved. Nevertheless, some shadow of the grim horror will hang over him for an hour or two, vexing him with a vague uneasiness.

But if such waking sensations be unpleasant enough, how much more terrible is their converse! Calm night steals away, bright morning comes with sunshine and stir and sound of voices, and, behold! it is the nightmare that is the reality! Alas! it is true that you are a convicted criminal—Messrs. Brown, Jones & Robinson did put up their shutters yesterday morning—and what is that brown fuzzy thing on the dressing table? Can it be an old woman's wig? Oh, horror! horror!

The picture of official colonial life, too, is very good. Madame de Trénonville, the wife of one of the petty bureaucrats of Algiers, is an admirable specimen of the worst kind of Frenchwoman of the period. M. de St. Luc pillories her and the class to which she belongs in these biting sentences—'Formerly there were two classes of women—*dévotés* and women of the world;—one knew what to expect from each of them, and suited one's conduct accordingly; but in these days a third class has sprung up and is becoming more numerous than either of the others—a class of women who are worldly without being witty, whose religion is nothing but a superstition, who are mostly very ignorant, who have no merit except that of dressing well, and no passions but vanity and a certain mean ambition.'

The Munster Circuit. Tales, Trials and Traditions, by J. R. O'FLANNIGAN, Barrister-at-law. Franklin Square Library, No. 100. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

An Irish subject, touched by an Irish pen, always shows off at its best and brightest. The man who relates a bull must, or at least ought, to experience a

congenially bovine feeling (so to speak) similar to that which inspired the original producer. Too many *raconteurs* indulge in the perilous notion that they are chronicling what is beneath their dignity, and, consequently, overlay their material with semi-apologies, betraying their own self-consciousness. Mr. O'Flannigan does not fall into this error. He gives you his jest, or his tale, his practical joke, or his ghastly murder without any after-thought. There it is, too light to bear analysis, too superficial to base a dissertation on Irish character upon—take it and pass to the next.

Mr. O'Flannigan, like most authors, is happiest when he sticks to his subject, and heaviest in his padding. Early Irish history can be made attractive in its proper place and by proper treatment; but we resent the intrusion into these pages of episodes (intended to be picturesque), and commencing after this fashion: 'Evening closed round the castle of Kilkenny, the day had been sultry, every object around was distinct to the sight,' and so on.

We know full well what the precision of this wonderful meteorological record of the date of Elizabeth means. Before many lines we shall see 'a travelled stained horseman' bestriding (we are ready to wager anything) 'a gallant gray,' who is perfectly certain to suddenly 'draw rein and admire the scene.' These dashing horsemen of the middle ages *all* do it. It is our firm conviction that if the episode-writer were depicting a man riding to the gallows, he would (from sheer force of habit) make the victim pause, involuntarily, 'to admire the scene.' But putting this tale-writing aside, we can afford to praise the bulk of the book as very readable and interesting.

It is a curious scene that is disclosed to us. The deeper tints are laid in with judicial murders, trials for witchcraft, treason, agrarian outrages, and ordinary murders. Criminals' heads are stuck up on pikes, men are condemned to be hung 'in forty-eight hours' as late as the days of O'Connell.

Mixed with all this is the buffoonery of the bar and the bench, the curiously primitive manners, the pleaders innocent (when on circuit) of wigs and gowns, and O'Connell breakfasting in Court on bread and milk after a drive of ninety miles, and interrupting the Solicitor-

General's speech with his mouth half-full of sandwiches! Before we judge the Irish criminal bar too harshly for the theatrical and rhetorical manner with which they examined witnesses and the apparently unseemly way in which they interrupted the Counsel for the Crown, we must reflect upon the disadvantage under which they laboured (in common with their English *confrères* of that day) in not being allowed to address the jury on behalf of the prisoner, and the necessity for their indicating in some prominent manner their estimate of the value of any particular piece of evidence.

Among the lighter bits, this anecdote of Serjeant McMahon will bear repeating. In addressing a jury he is reported to have said: 'My client acted boldly. He saw the storm brewing in the distance, but he was not dismayed. He took the bull by the horns, and he indicted him for perjury.'

The Return of the Princess. By JACQUES VINCENT. No. 51 Appleton's New Handy Volume Series, New York; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

We must confess to having been much pleased with this little work. Without aspiring too high, M. Vincent has contrived to sustain his narrative above the level of common-place experiences, and to give it a homogeneousness that carries our sympathies along with his heroine from start to finish.

The scene is Egypt,—not the Egypt of Cheops and the Pyramids,—but the Egypt of to-day, of French fashions clashing with Mohammedan traditions, of clamorous foreign bond holders, and of the hardly worked, oppressed fellah. The harem is opened before us, our Princess Miriam tells us all about it, with its amusements, its factions and its jealousies. Still, life in a harem is supposed to be monotonous, and one would not expect much graphic narration from a person who had spent all her life amid mutes, women, and eunuchs,—even if she were doubly a Princess. But M. Vincent gets over this skilfully. His princess has been educated at Paris, and in entering the palace of her father, at the age of seventeen, she brings with her the keener insight, the freer instincts of a western civilization.

The position is sufficiently *piquante*. We feel with Miriam in her impatience at those gilded restraints, and rejoice with her when she contrives (somewhat too easily it appears to us) to elude her watchers' vigilance from time to time. She gets out to visit her own brother, who has married a beautiful Englishwoman, and goes on visits to her half-sisters Hosnah and Farideh, who are both married and who are the leaders of the two opposed factions of old and young Egypt. Hosnah piques herself on preserving all old customs, rigorous seclusion, strict veiling, non-intercourse with the Franks. Farideh, on the contrary, throws open her rooms, full of flashy French upholstery, and entertains all the stray European population of Cairo. At one rout, which being held in the harem, even she could not allow men to attend, she ingeniously got over her difficulty by dressing up some of her tallest slaves in white cravats and black dress suits.

We will not disclose the ending to this modern story of the Arabian Nights; our readers must take our word that it is moving and original, and seek it in M. Vincent's pages for themselves.

A Stroke of Diplomacy. By VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. No. 49 Appleton's New Handy Volume Series, New York; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

The number of pleasant little French tales and novelettes which Messrs. Appleton have been the means of introducing to the notice of the American reading public during the last few years is something quite considerable. Apart from mere numbers too, there is much to notice and to be pleased at in these volumes. What a shock it must have given many a bigoted believer in the true inward wickedness of a French novel, to have found that there are so many of them which can be read aloud without wounding the sensitiveness of a typical 'young person!' Probably the bigoted being in question will, however, continue to cherish his belief in the danger lurking between the yellow covers of the spongy-papered, invertebrate originals, and will refuse to make acquaintance with any of them till they have past the fiery test of Messrs. Appleton's selection.

The little tale now before us is compact enough to be put in a nutshell. A

young lover, a scheming woman with beautiful eyes and hair, and long taper fingers, which give one an unpleasant idea that they are always about to clutch something. The scheming woman's designing mother and the diplomatic uncle who is commissioned to rescue the lover from his entanglements,—these are practically the only characters. After the first few pages the whole action takes place at Lausanne, and does not require very many days for its evolution.

Horace, the lover, is a fine, handsome young fellow, whose life-passion it is to prosecute his antiquarian researches deeply into the history of Egypt. This has kept him apart from women, gaiety and business, and it is with a wonder akin to a revelation that he experiences the new sensation—love, when Madame de Corneuil first beams upon him with her large brown eyes 'shot with fawn,' during a congenial visit to the tomb of Ti. It is upon the two opposing motives, love for the Pharaohs, and love for Mde. de Corneuil, that the plot (if the little sketch can be said to have a formal plot) hinges.

We do not notice many errors of translation. Curiously enough, the two we noted for remark are of directly different tendencies. In the one case 'it helps nothing, (instead of 'it is of no avail') is a barely literal translation of a French idiom; in the other the spirit of the French language and the consistency of the characters are alike disregarded by the introduction in a gentleman's mouth of the vulgar American phrase 'own up.'

Notes d'un Globe-Trotteur ; course autour du monde, par EMILE D'AUDIFFRET.
Paris : E. Plon et Cie. ; New York : F. W. Christern ; 1880.

Now that travellers have multiplied beyond the ordinary powers of conception, and every nook and corner of the world is bethumped by the industrious feet of organized parties of sight-seers, the reader of journeys must not expect to derive his amusement so much from the novelty of the place visited as from the peculiarities of the visitor, either in his personal qualities or the mode of locomotion he affects.

In this way we felt an interest in Mrs. Brassey's Voyage, which the mere places she saw would not have inspired, and

similarly the Rides to Kiva, Adventures of the Rob Roy Canoe, and a dozen more of the same class, aim at presenting to us a distinct flavouring (so to speak) of the author as a prevalent ingredient in the dish.

M. D'Audiffret goes jauntily round the globe in the same spirit. The world (*pace* the astronomers) is flat enough, but a true Parisian, fresh from the asphalt of his native boulevards, may succeed in imparting a little *verve* to it. At any rate, his point of view is so different from that of a Canadian as to insure some novelty in his impressions.

Our traveller starts from Paris 'without enthusiasm.' He hints at some inexplicable reason for his 'trotting' to the end of the world, but you must not ask what it is. 'There is something in this great emotion of the heart that reminds him of a flower,' so jealously loved that nobody must so much as sniff at it. For a mystical half-page or two he dallies with these concealed feelings, which explain the deep moments of depression he fell into during his journey. At least, he says so, but a careful perusal of the book leads us to believe that he never was really depressed except on board the Pacific mail steamer, when he experienced much affliction from the sameness of the *cuisine*.

'*Potatoes et canard, canard et potatoes,*' boiled, roasted, and stewed, 'c'est vraiment dommage!'

At any rate, if he left Paris under a dread of black thoughts, the sight of an English lady, a fellow passenger, whom he meets at Marseilles, soon dissipated them.

'Quel costume!' he exclaims (in- audibly to the lady, let us hope). The dress not long enough, nor short enough, 'et en piqué blanc, s'il vous plait!' A little red cravat she wears creates an inappreciable longing on his part to pull it behind to see if it would throttle her; her boots are solid, but 'd'une longueur, d'une longueur!' When we add that the head of our unfortunate fellow-subject was covered with a white Indian helmet, from which dangled two lengths of blue veil, it will be easily seen that the traveller's sense of his national superiority was delightfully tickled.

Nor does he show more respect for our ecclesiastics, as we find him eagerly betting whether the heat will make a bishop they have on board drop his

gaiters and apron in the passage of the Red Sea. It is not often one gets the chance of betting on a bishop, which seems to add a piquancy to the transaction.

Nothing very interesting occurs till he arrives at Japan, where he makes a somewhat lengthened stay. He was always interested in it, he informs us naively, 'it always seemed to him so far from Paris!'

He dashes ashore at Yokohama, is delighted with it, spends there in fact the most interesting hour 'de flânerie que j'aie jamais flânée,' and goes to a hotel of which he only complains it is *too* comfortable. Next day he calls on the "charmant consul," and we may remark here that almost every one he meets is 'charmant,' even if he dislikes a man, as is evidently the case with the captain of the *Volga*, he is 'excellent * * and perhaps the most amiable and "spirituel" man in the world,' barring a lugubrious look at table. From Yokohama he goes to Tokio and takes a house there, living in real Japanese style, and much delighted with all he sees. Receiving much hospitality from the members of the different embassies, he determines to give a *fête* in return, which is a great success. The centre piece is a magnificent fish, apparently most artistically cut up, and embowered in flowers and fruits. To his great surprise the fish gives a somersault in the dish, and the Japanese guests proceed to put an end to its tortures by cutting it in pieces. We must in justice say that this is almost the only instance of real barbarity recorded in the pages of this book about Japan.

At last he must leave Japan and fare onwards to San Francisco. The street boys of that city surprise him by the coolness with which they ask for twenty cents to make up the price of a theatre ticket, and get it. He almost puts the Parisian *gamin* to a disadvantage in comparison with these little beggars. The Yosemite 'Walley' he does not visit, but hurries on to Chicago, where he feels the first whiff of civilization, to Niagara, and New York. He likes that sumptuous city, he dwells affectionately on a truffled capon he has there for dinner, — certainly it was dear at twenty dollars, but he adds (with gastronomic exaggeration) it was the *first*, the *only* dinner I had since I left Paris the year before!

With this magnificent compliment to our neighbours we take our leave of M. d'Audiffret.

Verses and Rhymes by the Way. By NORA PEMBROKE. S. E. Mitchell, Pembroke, Ont., 1880.

THIS volume of verse seldom rises above amiable common-place echoes of Eliza Cook's "Old Arm Chair" school of domestic verse. Some of the verses on religious subjects are good of their kind. "The Iroquois Side of the Story" aims at something higher in the manner of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour," which is readable, after one has got over the unpronounceable Indian polysyllables. But the poem which has most real merit is a ballad, "A Legend of Buckingham Village," which commemorates the murder in 1867 of an imbecile girl, it was supposed by her brother the Rev. Mr. Babin. Mr. Babin was the English Church clergyman at Buckingham; the girl had been a burden on him; her body was found beneath the ice of the river, and Babin was tried for murder and narrowly escaped the halter he was generally believed to have most richly deserved. Here are a few of the verses:

Away up on the River aux Lièvres,
That is foaming and surging away,
And from rock to rock, leaping through rapids,
Which are curtailed by showers of spray:

And up here is the Buckingham village,
Which is built on these waters of strife;
It was here that the Minister Babin,
Stood and preached of the Gospel of Life.

Was his message all noise like the rapids?
Was it empty and light as the foam?
Ah me! what thought the desolate inmate
Of the still upper room of his home?

Ah! who knows!—for the chair now is empty,
And the impotent girl is away;
While the night and the darkness covered
Such a deed from the light of the day.

Tom Singleton: Dragoon and Dramatist. By W. W. Follett Synge. Franklin Square Library, No. 110. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS is a novel, and deals with such incidents and events as occur in novel-life, and not elsewhere. How well we know those denizens of Novel-land! How brusquely honest are the charming old Admirals, shockingly neglected by the Board of Admiralty that misman-

ages the fleet of Great Noveldom ! Their captains of dragoons how manly, how self-sacrificing and retiringly modest, rejoicing, moreover, in the possession of cuticles incapable of sustaining a scar which will turn out to be other than ornamental to their bronzed cheeks ! The dwellers in Novel-land waste no time in formalities. They know each other at once, and act with amazing cordiality, not to say excessive familiarity, from the moment of introduction. They possess moreover considerable talent for quotation, and exercise that gift unmercifully. When they want to shine, how they converse ! With what ready wit (in this particular instance) do they banteringly discourse at a dinner party about the in-

proprieties of second marriages, regardless of the fact that several of the ladies present have visited the altar more than once. Good English society (in Noveldom at least) is no doubt justified in such conduct, which would be called personal rudeness elsewhere.

In *Tom Singleton*, the reader, if he can forgive those peculiarities, will find the tale a fairly readable one. If Mr. Synge had thought less of its merits, he might have improved it, and especially he should have contrived a means to discover his second hero's little piece of villainy which would have been less impossible than the one he has described in chapter xxxix.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE names of Joachim and Wilhelmj have for many years been known to all lovers of music as those of the two greatest living violinists, and our *dilettanti* hailed with delight the announcement that one of them was to play here on the evening of the 27th ult. Herr August Wilhelmj has been in America nearly a year, and has made the same remarkable impression here that he made in Europe, and has achieved this result, not by resorting to any meretricious means of eliciting approbation, but by the force, strength, and greatness of his playing. Herr Wilhelmj was met on Thursday evening by an audience which was fair in size, but which testified by its applause during the evening that it was both critical and enthusiastic. He played, as announced, the Paganini *Concerto* in D ; an *Andante* by Vogrich ; and Ernst's 'Hungarian Airs.' His playing was received with such storms of applause that he was obliged to respond in each instance, playing a *Nocturne* by Chopin, Schumann's 'Abendlied', and an air from Bach's *Suite* in D. His playing is essentially different from that of any of the greater violinists that have visited Toronto. It is not by his appeal to the softer sense of music that he stirs

his listeners ; it is by the expression of strength, earnestness, and irresistible power and ease of execution that he holds his audience enthralled. His style is as bold as it is free from vulgarities ; there is nothing forced, and there are no mannerisms to offend the listener. His tone is full and searching, seeming to draw all the music out of the instrument, though on the higher strings it lacks the breadth that should balance the extraordinary weight and massiveness which characterizes his playing on the lower ones.

His intonation is occasionally faulty, but we are now being taught to look upon that as a mark of true poetic fire, which we would, however, rather do without. His playing of the difficult Paganini *concerto* was so easy in style that none who were not acquainted with its extreme technical difficulties could have known what a *tour de force* it was. The finest *morceau*, however, was the Bach Air, which was played beautifully, and shaded exquisitely. Altogether Wilhelmj is an artist whose playing is characterized by largeness of conception, completing a grand, massive picture, rather than giving exquisite finish to details and risking the loss of unity of effect in the whole.

Signora Salvotti assisted as soprana. This lady has improved very much since her previous visit to this city, and made quite an impression by her rendering of the air from 'Nabucco.' Her voice is large and full and of a great range. She also sang very well Gounod's *Ave Maria* (on Bach's *Preludium*) with the violin *obbligato* by Herr Wilhelmj. Mr. Max Vogrich, a pianist of considerable force and executive power, played two Liszt solos and the accompaniments. Herr Wilhelmj gave two concerts in the following week, which met with the same approbation.

On the 10th June, the second concert of the St. Andrew's Choral Society took place at the Horticultural Gardens. This Society has been doing good work in the cause of music in a quiet way, and showed marked improvement over its first effort in February. On this evening its force was augmented by an orchestra, which, while it added to the general effect, was still a disadvantage, as its weight was too much for the chorus, and as it was composed of musicians who had not played the work of the evening together sufficiently often to produce that unity without which orchestral work is rather to be shunned.

In the opening overture by Nicolai, 'Ein' Feste Burg,' in which is incorporated Luther's great Chorale of that name, this was especially noticeable, as the strings, as a rule, played very much according to their own notions of time. The first duty of an instrumentalist is to remember that there is a conductor, and that he is there for the player to look at and take his time from, but unfortunately that important individual is generally the last one it occurs to the player to let his gaze wander to, or if he should so far forget himself, he also forgets that the movements of the conductor are made to give him a faint idea of where a bar commences, and where intermediate beats come in.

It is not to be supposed from the above that the performance was not good; on the contrary, when the variety of material in the orchestra is considered, as well as the great difficulty just mentioned, the performance was one which reflected great credit on Mr. Fisher, to whose patience, taste, and energy, the success of the concert was due. His chorus sang well, with care and expression,

though the tenors and basses lacked in attacking power and promptness generally. It failed to produce an agreeable impression only when singing extremely loud passages, which were not musical from the efforts of the singers to be heard above the orchestra. The *Lauda Sion*, a cantata by Mendelssohn, which contains some very fine choruses, and also some work which is hardly worthy of the great master, was a prominent feature of the programme, and showed considerable study on the part of the chorus. The finest work, however, done by the chorus were the Mendelssohn four-part songs 'Farewell to the Forest,' and 'May song,' and Macfarren's 'Sands of Dee.' The last was truly poetically sung, and it is not too much to say that it was the finest piece of part-singing ever heard in Toronto. The soloists were Miss Ferris, soprano, Miss Dick, contralto, Mr. Doward, tenor, Mr. Schuch, bass. Miss Ferris possesses a fine, full, mezzo-soprano voice, and sings with considerable style and great expression. Her rendering of the solo, 'Lord at all times,' in the *Lauda Sion*, was the finest of the evening, and showed great study and a true conception of the tenderness of the subject; but her singing of the 'Messiah' solo, 'He shall feed his flock,' was not so good, evidently not having been studied so deeply. Miss Dick has a fine voice, though not a strong one, and sang her solo, 'He was despised' (*Messiah*), very effectively, though she gave way to the popular error of singing it explosively and abruptly in enunciation. Mr. Doward did not do himself justice in his rendering of the *Messiah* recitative and *aria*, 'Comfort ye' and 'Every valley.' His singing of the latter evinced a want of confidence in his powers, which may have been the result of a cold, but which certainly militated against his success. Mr. Schuch was in good voice, and sang 'Thus saith the Lord' (*Messiah*) with care and declamatory effect. He also sang the *aria*, 'But who may abide,' with judgment and expression. The orchestra accompaniments to the *Messiah* solos were played by a reduced orchestra, and did not overweight the singers; still they lacked in breadth and fullness of tone, and it would perhaps have been better to have taken a little more pains and used a little more determination with the whole orchestra, and to have made it serve in these numbers.

The concert as a whole was a success, as it showed progress; and as the selection of numbers, with the exception of the Nicolai overture, was not too ambitious, it also showed that the progress was not sought to be made too fast, nor at a rate

beyond the powers of the Society. It is to be hoped that next season will see the Society again in the field, as work of the kind that it has undertaken is deserving of encouragement.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems is entitled 'Songs of the Spring-tides,' and contains some charming 'Studies of the Sea' which will delight all lovers of verse.

Mr. W. D. Howell's latest novel, 'The Undiscovered Country,' which has been appearing in instalments in the *Atlantic Monthly* has just been issued in separate form.

The second and concluding volume of Dr. Wm. Smith's 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities' has just been completed, and forms a valuable supplement to the learned editor's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' issued some years ago.

The 'Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle' has just been published, throwing much light upon one of the most important contributions to historic inquiry which the century has produced—the 'History of Civilization in England.'

The latest issues of the *Seaside Library* are the new novels of Rhoda Broughton,—'Second Thoughts,'—and of Anthony Trollope,—'The Duke's Children,'—and a cheap reprint of the first volume of 'The Life of H. R. H. the Prince Consort,' by Sir Theodore Martin.

A work dealing with our early Colonial history, which its author, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, has long been known to be preparing, has just appeared from the press of the Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto, entitled 'The Loyalists of America and their Times.'

The eighth and final volume of the cheap re-issue of Chas. Knight's 'Popular History of England' has been issued in the *Standard Series*, and the ninth vol-

ume of 'Chambers' Encyclopædia' has appeared in the series of 'Fifty Cent Volumes,' issued by the American Book Exchange.

A work of some novelty and of no inconsiderable interest to lovers of English Literature is announced under the title of 'Four Centuries of English Letters,' to include, we believe, selections from some two hundred writers from the period of the Paston Letters to the present time.

'The New Parliament,' just issued by Messrs Cassell, of London, contains a History of the Dissolution, notices of the Party Leaders, and special biographies of the new members of the House of Commons, with a number of Election Incidents of more or less historical importance.

'Lacrosse, and How to Play it,' by Mr. W. K. McNaught, from the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., will, we doubt not, meet with kindly and deserved reception at the hands of its many devotees in Canada, who, in these summer months, extract so much pleasure from the game on the 'tented field.'

Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson have brought out, by arrangement with the copyright owners in England, a Canadian edition of the 'Memoirs of the late Frances Ridley Havergal,' whose hymns and devotional songs are well-known and highly appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic.

A young writer of the sister-province of Quebec, Mons. L. H. Fréchette, has just had the honour of being enrolled a Laureate of the French Academy, in recognition of some volumes of verse which he has recently published. In

our next issue we hope to be able to give some notice of his works, which have thus earned for him the distinction of his kinsmen in Old France.

A timely and sensible essay on the subject of 'Money and Paper Currency' has recently appeared from the pen of Mr. Geo. E. Casey, M. P. for East Elgin. It will well repay perusal, and particularly just now, when so much fallacy is current on the subject of which the little volume treats.

'Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives,' an interesting addition to the literature illustrative of Pre-Historic Man in Europe, is the subject of a new work from the pen of Principal Dawson, LL.D., of Montreal, some portions of which appeared in one of the religious Magazines of England.

The long promised and important work of Principal Caird, of Glasgow University,—'An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion,'—has just appeared from the press of Messrs Macmillan & Co., and will doubtless receive that attention to which its great merit and the author's able treatment of the subject entitle it.

Messrs. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, have done a service to students of English Literature in reprinting the Rev. Dr. Brewer's 'The Reader's Hand-book' of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories, a volume which, with Adams' 'Dictionary of English Literature' furnishes a comprehensive index to 'Who's Who' among English writers and the characters that figure in their works.

Messrs. Nimmo & Bain, of London, (Mr. Bain, we may observe, is a Canadian, the son of a Toronto bookseller,) are about to publish, under the title of 'The Modern Foreign Library,' a selection of the best novels of all foreign countries, to be edited by Henry Van Laun, the translator of Taine's English Literature and of the recently issued Edinburgh edition of the Works of Molière.

A delightfully-written essay on 'English Chimes in Canada,' from the scholarly pen of our local antiquary, the Rev. Dr. Scadding, has just been issued in form for preservation in collections of native historical and ecclesiastical literature. Though written for a specific local object, its learned and genial author manages to impart into the essay an old-

world flavour and the interest that attaches to the Cathedral shrines of the Motherland.

Mr. Mahaffy's two volumes on the 'History of Classical Greek Literature' have been reprinted by Messrs Harper & Bros. The same firm has just re-issued Mr. J. A. Symonds' 'Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe,' and the first two volumes of Mr. Ward's 'Selections from the English Poets,' with critical introductions by various writers, and a general introduction by Mr. Matthew Arnold. The present volumes of Mr. Ward's series cover the period from Chaucer to Dryden; two additional volumes will complete the issue, Mr. Goldwin Smith contributing the critical introduction to Scott.

Canadian Literature is of late notably increasing both in extent and range, a fact which it is gratifying to us to record in these pages. The following works have recently appeared from native publishing houses: 'The Treaties of Canada with the Indians of Manitoba and the North-West Territories,' by the Hon. Alex. Morris, Q. C., M. P. P.; 'Reminiscences of the Early History of Galt and the Settlement of Dumfries, Ontario,' by James Young, M. P. P.; and 'A Trip to Mexico: notes of a Journey from Lake Erie to Lake Tezcuco and back,' by Mr. H. C. R. Beecher, Q. C.

Our native Literature is about to be further enriched by the early publication of two volumes of verse of exceptionally high merit—one entitled 'Forgotten Songs,' by Mrs. K. Seymour Maclean, of Kingston, and the other, 'Orion and other Poems,' by Mr. Chas. E. D. Roberts, B. A., of Chatham, N. B., both writers being contributors to our pages, and well dowered with poetic gifts. We look forward with unfeigned pleasure to their appearing.

Many readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY will appreciate the compliment which has recently been paid by Mr. Herbert Spencer to Mr. W. D. Le Sueur, B. A., of Ottawa, one of the most cultured and esteemed contributors to this Magazine, in Mr. Spencer's having warmly commended a recent paper of Mr. Le Sueur's which appeared in these pages and which, under the title of 'A Vindication of Scientific Ethics,' has been reprinted at Mr. Spencer's request in the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly*.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

MANY men think that an offence can always be nullified by a defence.

It is easy to run down the accomplishments of your neighbour, but harder to run ahead of them.

A good boy may not become a handsome man, but a nice bonnet surely becomes a pretty woman.

But few men can handle a hot lamp-chimney, and say there is no place like home at the same time.

A little girl being asked by her grandfather where cotton grew, replied, 'In old gentlemen's ears.'

Cosmetics are to the face what affectation is to the manners; they impose on few, and disgust many.

A conscience is like a corner lot. Everybody would like to have it, but few are willing to pay the price.

It is a great deal easier to build castles in the air when you are young, than it is to live in them when you are old.

The young man who invites his mother-in-law to go up in the balloon should be watched. There's murder in his head.

Time is infinitely long, and each day is a vessel into which a great deal may be poured, if one will actually fill it up.

If a man can be happy and contented in his own company, he will generally be good company for others.

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo! the ragged atoms will fit like a smooth mosaic.

An old lady says she hears every day of civil engineers, and wonders if there is no one to say a civil word for conductors.

Evil can make promises, but it has no power to keep them. Virtue, on the other hand, always gives a little more than is due.

It is not the number of promises a man makes, but the number he keeps, which gives him a position among respectable people.

A familiar instance of colour-blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a green gingham in its place.

There is no good in this world without an accompaniment of evil. The revival of business has increased the sale of accordions.

Wisdom and truth are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment, must pass away.

A poor woman who had been supplied with bad tea by the grocer, said it was just as the Scripture said, 'To the poor all things are poor.'

A young lady, being asked by a boring theologian which party in the Church she was most in favour of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

No life is wasted unless it endeth in sloth, dishonesty, or cowardice. No success is worthy of the name unless it is won by honest industry and brave breasting of the waves of fortune.

The poor old negro preacher was more than half right when he said, 'Bredder-in, if we could all see into our own hearts as God does, it would mos' skeer us to death.'

A man went into a butcher's shop, and finding the owner's wife in attendance, in the absence of her husband, thought he would have a joke at her expense, and said: 'Madame, can you supply me with a yard of pork?' 'Yes, sir,' said she. And then, turning to a boy, she added: 'James, give that gentleman three pig's feet.'

All should select some noble aim, philanthropic, religious or otherwise; because we have splendid opportunities of reaching our desired end. We have means every day of getting good and doing good. One of these is by books which we may read and thus improve in mental culture. Another is through living characters, whose presence is an inspiration.

When Mr. John H. Burton, the historiographer of Scotland, visited Ireland and made his first trial of an Irish jaunting-car, he sentimentally remarked to his fellow-traveller: 'Now you perceive that we have arrived in a country where property is scarce, and therefore valuable, but where human life is redundant, and therefore of no account. Here, you observe, they put the wheels under the seat, and protect them with the legs of passengers.'

Bishop Wilberforce once spoke to a gamekeeper upon a neighbouring estate, where he sometimes spent a quiet day shooting, about not going to church. The man pleaded guilty to the bishop's impeachment, but added that he read his Bible on Sunday afternoons. 'And, my lord,' said the keeper, 'I do not find there that the Apostles went shooting.' 'You are quite right,' replied the bishop; 'but it was because there was no game in the Holy Land. They went fishing instead.'

A correspondent of the *Hour* has a story at the expense of the oldest Unitarian church in Boston: 'An Englishman who happened in there, the other day, was so struck by the adherence to the forms of the establishment and the retention of the name 'King's Chapel,' that he thought they were hopeful signs of attachment to the crown of England. 'By Jove,' he declared, 'it wouldn't be hard to bring you republicans back to monarchy, all you want is some more Denis Kearneys.'

A friend of the writer's spent a part of last summer in a sequestered village in the valley of the Tweed. Before she returned home she had become acquainted with a number of the village folk, among the rest with one quaint old lady whom she frequently met during her walks. One day she encountered Mrs. Blair at some distance from the village, and as usual stopped to say a few words. 'I've just met some grand people in their carriage, Mrs. Blair,' she said. 'The Countess of Eskdale and her daughter.' 'Ay, ay, mem, I ken them. The daughter's Lady Westmuir the noo, I'm thinking.' 'No, no, you are a little wrong there, Mrs. Blair,' said Mrs. A. 'The Countess of Eskdale's daughter is not Lady Westmuir; she's Lady Brabazon.' 'Ay, ay, mem, ye're quite richt; that's just the name, "Lady Brawbizzon"' replied the old lady.

A canny Scotchman in Brechin, after having spent a year or two in the married state, had the misfortune, the other day, to lose his wife. No sooner was he bereft of the partner of his cares than he consoled himself with a review of his worldly circumstances. 'I had,' said he, 'but a shilling in my pocket when I was married, and now that my wife is dead I have ninepence, so that I have only lost threepence.'

SIRENS, ANCIENT AND MODERN,

A Song of 'Society.'

In his ship stood Ulysses close-bound to the mast,
Till the perilous rocks of the Sirens he passed;
His crew of grim sea-dogs each tugged at his oar,
Their ears stopped with wax to all voices from shore,
Each stolid, gray wave-worn old face turned away
From the reef where those treacherous song-stresses lay.
At the mast stood Ulysses, all eye and all ear,
Secure mid temptation, the temptress to hear.

He saw them—three girls, that, waist-high in the wave,
To his gaze all their glory of loveliness gave,
Each shape like a statue the King could behold,
Half hid by her tresses of garlanded gold,
And they chaunted this song to Ulysses the wise,
With voices as sweet as their lips and their eyes,—

'Oh come, great Ulysses! come hither, we know
Of the home that you sailed from ten long years ago,
In the dim misty morning, while wailed from the shore,
The women who wept you returning no more,
And we know all brave deeds that the Heroes have done,
Of the fair, faithless Queen, and of Troy lost and won;
Come hither and rest thee, tired Hero, wise King,
For of all that has charm in the wide world we sing.'

He heard with delight, and had yielded at last!
But his crew were stone-deaf, and the ropes held him fast,
So those dangerous damsels he safely got past.
Old Homer's quaint tale has a moral quite new,
And Society's Sirens are dangerous too—
Though one thinks oneself safe-tied with bonds that are fast,
One gets wrecked on the rocks of the Sirens at last.

Toronto.

M.