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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JUNE, 1880.

CANADIAN LIFE IN THE COUNTRY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, TORONTO.

II.

IN the 'Fifty Years Since' of Canada, concerning which we wrote certain recollections in the January number of THE MONTHLY, visiting for the older folk and sleigh-riding for the younger were the principal amusements of the winter. The life then led was very plain and uneventful. There was no ostentatious display, or assumption of superiority by the 'first families,' indeed, there was no room for the lines of demarcation which exist in these days. All had to struggle for a home and home comforts, and if some had been more successful in the rough battle of pioneer-life than others, they saw no reason why they should be elated or puffed up over it. Neighbours were too scarce to be coldly or haughtily treated. They had hewn their way side by side into the fastness of the Canadian bush, and therefore stood on one common level. But few superfluities could either be found in their houses or on their persons. Their dress was of home-made fabric, plain, often coarse, but substantial and comfortable. Their manners were cordial and hearty, even to brusqueness, but they were true friends and honest counsellors, rejoicing with their neighbour in prosperity, and sympathising when days of darkness visited their home. Modern refinement had not crept into their domestic circle to disturb it with shams and pretensions. Fashion had no Court wherein to judicate in dress. Time-worn styles of dress and living were considered the best, and hence there was no rivalry or foolish display in either. Both old and young enjoyed an evening at a friend's house, where they were sure to be welcomed, and where a well-supplied table always greeted them. The home amusements were very limited; music with its refining power was uncultivated and indeed almost unknown. There were no musical instruments, unless some wandering fiddler happened to come along to delight both old and young with his crazy instrument; but there were no critical ears, to detect discordant sounds or be displeased with the poor execution of the rambling musician. The young folk would

sometimes spirit him away to the village tavern which was usually provided with a large room called a ball-room, where he would fiddle while they danced the hours gaily away. At home the family gathered round the glowing fire, where work and conversation moved on together. The old motto of 'early to bed and early to rise' was strictly observed; nine o'clock usually found the household wrapt in slumber, (and often at an earlier hour.) In the morning all were up and breakfast over usually before seven. As soon as it began to get light, the men and boys started for the barn to feed the cattle and thrash, and thus the winter wore away.

Very little things sometimes contribute largely to the comfort of a family, and among those I may mention the lucifer match, then unknown. It was necessary to carefully cover up the live coals on the hearth before going to bed, so that there would be something to start the fire with in the morning. This precaution rarely failed with good hardwood coals. But sometimes they died out, and then some one would have to go to a neighbour's house for fire, a thing which I have done sometimes, and it was not nice to have to crawl out of my warm nest and run through the keen cold air before the morning light had broken in the east, for a half mile or more to fetch some live coals. My father usually kept some bundles of finely split pine sticks tipped with brimstone for starting a fire: with these, if there was only a spark left, a fire could soon be made.

But little time was given to sport, although there was plenty of large game. There was something of more importance always claiming attention. In the winter an occasional deer might be shot, or foxes taken in traps. It required a good deal of experience and skill to set a trap so as to catch the cunning beast. Many stories have I heard trappers tell of tricks played by Reynard, and how he had night after night baffled all their ingenuity, upset the traps, set them off, or removed them, secured the bait and away. Another sport more largely patronized in the spring, because it brought something fresh and inviting to the table, was night-fishing. When the creeks were swollen and the nights calm and warm, pike and suckers came up the streams in great abundance. Three or four would set out with spears, with a man to carry the jack, and also a supply of dry pine knots, as full of rosin as could be found and cut up small, which were deposited in different places along the creek. The jack was then filled and lit, and when it was all ablaze, carried along the edge of the stream closely followed by the spearsman, who, if an expert, would in a short time secure as many fish as could be carried. It required a sharp eye and a sure aim. The fish shot through the water with great rapidity, which rendered the sport all the more exciting. All hands, of course, returned home thoroughly soaked. Another and pleasanter way was fishing in a canoe on the bay with the lighted jack secured in the bow; while there its light shone for quite a distance around and enabled the fishers to see the smallest fish at quite a depth in the clear calm water. This was really enjoyable sport, and generally resulted in a good catch of pike, pickerel, and very often a maskelonge or two.

Early in the spring, before the snow had gone, the sugar-making time came. Success depended altogether upon the favourable condition of the weather. The days must be clear and mild, the nights frosty, and plenty of snow in the woods. When the time was at hand, the buckets and troughs were overhauled, spiles were made, and when all was ready the large kettles and casks were put in the sleigh and all hands set out for the bush. Tapping the tree was the first thing in order; this was either done by boring the tree with an auger, and inserting a spile about a foot long to carry off the sap, or with a gouge-shaped tool about two inches wide, which was driven in the

tree under an inclined scar made with an axe. The spiles used in this case were split with the same instrument, sharpened at the end with a knife and driven into the cut. A person accustomed to the work would tap a great many trees in a day, and usually continued until he had done two or three hundred, sometimes more. This finished, came the placing and hanging the kettles. A large log, or what was more common, the trunk of some great tree that had been blown down would be selected, in as central a position as possible. Two crotches were erected by its side, and a strong pole put across from one to the other. Hooks were then made, and the kettles suspended over the fire. The sap was collected once and sometimes twice a day, and when there was a good supply in the casks, the boiling began. Each day's run was finished if possible, at night, when the sugaring-off took place. There are various simple ways of telling when the syrup is boiled enough, and when this is done, the kettle containing the result of the day's work is set off the fire, and the contents stirred until it turns to sugar, which is then dipped into dishes or moulds and set aside to harden. Sometimes when the run was large, the boiling continued until late at night, and although there was a good deal of hard work connected with it, there was also more or less enjoyment about it, particularly when some half dozen merry girls dropped in upon you and assisted at the closing scene; on these occasions the fun was free and boisterous. The woods rang with shouts and peals of laughter, and always ended by our faces and hair being well *stuck up* with sugar, then we would mount the sleigh and leave for the house. But the most satisfactory part of the whole was to survey the result of the toil in several hundred weight of sugar, and various vessels filled with rich molasses.

Now the hams and beef had to be got out of the casks, and hung up in the smoke-house to be smoked. The spring work crowded on rapidly, Ploughing, fencing, sowing and planting followed in quick succession. All hands were busy. The younger ones had to drive the cows to pasture in the morning and bring them up at night. They had also to take a hand at the old churn, and it was a weary task, as I remember well, to stand for an hour, perhaps, and drive the dasher up and down through the thick cream. How often the handle was examined to see if there were any indications of butter; and what satisfaction there was in getting over with it. As soon as my legs were long enough I had to follow a team, and drag in grain, in fact, before, for I was mounted on the back of one of the horses when my nether limbs were hardly sufficient in length to hold me to my seat. The implements then in use were very rough. Iron ploughs, that is a plough with a cast-iron mouldboard, shear, &c., were generally used, and when compared with the ploughs of to-day, were clumsy things. They had but one handle, and though difficult to guide, were a great advance over the old wooden plough, which had not yet altogether gone out of use. Tree tops were frequently used for drags. Riding a horse in the field, which I frequently had to do, under a hot sun, was not as agreeable as it might seem at the first blush.

In June came sheep-washing. The sheep were driven to the bay shore, and secured in a pen, from which they were taken one by one into the bay, and their fleece well washed, and then they were let go. In a few days they were brought to the barn and sheared. The wool was then sorted, some of it retained to be carded by hand, the balance sent to the mill to be turned into rolls; and when they were brought home, the hum of the spinning wheel was heard day after day for weeks, and the steady beat of the girls' feet on the floor, as they walked forward and backward drawing out and twisting the thread, and then letting it run

up on the spindle. Of course, the quality of the cloth depended upon the fineness and evenness of the thread; and a great deal of pains was taken to turn out good work. When the spinning was done the yarn was taken away to the weaver to be converted into cloth.

As I have said before, there were no drones in a farmer's house then. While the work was being pushed outside with vigour, it did not stand still inside. The thrifty housewife was always busy, beside the daily round of cares that continually pressed upon her. The winter has hardly passed away before she begins to make preparations for the next. There were wild strawberries and raspberries to pick and preserve, of which the family had their share as they came, supplemented with an abundance of rich cream and sugar; and so with the other fruits in their turn. There was the daily task, too, of milking and making butter and cheese. The girls were always out in the yard by sunrise, and soon came tripping in with red cheeks and flowing pails of milk, and at sunset the same scene was repeated. The matron required no nurse to take care of the children; no cook to superintend the kitchen; no chamber-maid to make the beds and do the dusting. She had, very likely, one or two hired girls, neighbours' daughters. It was quite common then for farmers' daughters to go out to work when their services could be dispensed with at home, who were treated as equals, and who took as much interest in the affairs of the family as the mistress herself. The fact of a girl going out to work did not affect her position; on the contrary, it was rather in her favour, and showed that she had some ambition about her. The girls, in those days, were quite as much at home in the kitchen as in the drawing-room or boudoir. They could do better execution over a wash tub than at a spinnet. They could handle a rolling pin with more satisfaction than a sketch book; and, if necessity required, could go out in the field and handle a fork and rake with practical result. They were educated in the country school house—

'Beside yon' straggling fence that skirts the way'—

with their brothers, and not at a city boarding school. They had not so much as dreamed of fashion books, or heard of fashionable milliners. Their accomplishments were picked up at home, not abroad. And with all these drawbacks they were pure, modest, affectionate. They made good wives; and that they were the best and most thoughtful mothers that ever watched over the well-being of their children, many remember full well.

Country life was practical and plodding in those days. Ambition did not lure the husbandman to days of luxury and ease, but to the accomplishment of a good day's work, and a future crowned with the fruits of honest industry. If the girls were prepared for the future by the watchful care and example of the mother, so the boys followed in the footsteps of their fathers. They did not look upon their life as burdensome. They did not feel that the occupation of a farmer was less honourable than any other. The merchant's shop did not possess more attraction than the barn. Fine clothes were neither so durable nor so cheap as home-made suits. Fashionable tailors did not exist to lure them into extravagance, and the town-bred dandy had not broken loose to taint them with his follies. Their aspirations did not lead into ways of display and idleness, or their association to bad habits. They were content to work as their fathers had done, and their aim was to become as examplary and respected as they were. It was in such a school and under such masters that the foundation of Canadian prosperity was laid, and it is not gratifying to the thoughtful mind, after the survey

such a picture, to find, that although our material prosperity in the space of fifty years has been marvellous, we have been gradually departing from the sterling example set us by our progenitors, for twenty years at least. 'Dead flies' of extravagance have found their way into the 'ointment' of domestic life, and their 'savour' is being keenly felt. In our haste to become rich we have abandoned the old road of honest industry: to acquire it and in our anxiety to rise in the social scale, we have cast behind us those principles which give tone and value to position. We are not like the Israelites who longed for the "flesh pots" they had left behind in Egypt; yet when we look around, it is difficult to keep back the question put by the Ecclesiast, 'What is the cause that the former days were better than these,' and the answer we think is not difficult to find. Our daughters are brought up now like tender plants, more for ornament than use. The practical lessons of life are neglected for the superficial. We send our sons to college, and there they fly from the fostering care of home; they crowd into our towns and cities, sometimes to rise, it is true, but more frequently to fail and become worthless members of society. Like the dog in the fable, we ourselves have let the substance drop while our gaze has been glamoured by the shadow.

Early in July the haying began. The mowers were expected to be in the meadow by sunrise, and all through the day the rasp of their whetstones could be heard, as they dexterously drew them with a quick motion of the hand along one side of the scythe and then the other, and then they went swinging across the field, the waving grass falling rapidly before their keen blades and dropping in swathes at their side. The days were not then divided off into a stated number of working hours. The rule was to commence with the morning light and continue as long as they could see. Of course men had to eat in those days as well as now, and the blast of the old tin dinner horn fell on the ear with more melodious sound than the grandest orchestra to the musical enthusiast. Even 'Old Gray' when I followed the plough used to give answer to the cheerful wind of the horn by a loud whinny and stop in the furrow, as if to say, 'there now, off with my harness, and let us to dinner.' If I happened to be in the middle of the field, I had considerable trouble to get the old fellow to go on to the end.

I must say a few words in this connection about 'Old Gray,' and why he was always called 'Old Gray' is more than I know, his colour could not have suggested the name for he was a bright roan, almost a bay. This reminds me of a little nephew, in a letter to one of my sons, saying, as a bit of news, 'his father had just bought a new horse, which was not a horse but a colt.' Well 'Old Gray' was no ordinary horse; he was by no means a pretty animal, being raw boned, and never seemed to be in first-rate condition, but he was an animal of remarkable sagacity, of great endurance, and a fleet trotter. When my father began the world for himself he was a part of his chattels, and survived his master several years. Father drove him twice to Little York one winter, a distance of over a hundred and fifty miles, accomplishing the trip both times inside of a week. He never would allow a team to pass him. It was customary in those days, particularly with youngsters in the winter, to turn out and run by, and many such races I have had, but the moment a team turned their heads out of the track to pass 'Old Gray,' he was off like a shot, and you might as well try to hold a locomotive with pins as him with an ordinary bit. He was skittish and often ran away. On one occasion, when I was quite young, he run off with father and myself in a single waggon. We were both thrown out and our feet becoming entangled in the lines, we were dragged some distance, the wheel passed over my head and cut it so that it bled freely, but the wound was not

serious; my father was badly hurt. After a while we started for home, and before we reached it, the old scamp got frightened at a log and set off full tilt; again father was thrown out and I tipped over on the bottom of the waggon. Fortunately, the shafts gave way and let him loose when he stopped: father was carried home and did not leave the house for a long time. I used to ride him to school in the winter and had great sport sometimes by getting boys on behind me, and when they were not thinking I would touch 'Old Gray' under the flank with my heel, which would make him spring as though he were shot, and off the boys would tumble in the snow; when I reached school I tied up the reins and let him go home. I do not think he ever had an equal for mischief, and for the last years we had him we could do nothing with him. He was perpetually getting into the fields of grain or barn and leading all the other cattle with him. We used to hobble him in all sorts of ways, but he would manage to push or rub down the fence at some weak point, and unless his nose was fastened down almost to the ground by a chain from his head to the hind leg, he would let down the bars or open all the gates in the place. There was not a door about the barn, if he could get at the latch, but he would open, and if the key was left in the granary door he would unlock that. If left standing he was sure to get his head-stall off, and we had to get a halter made specially for him. He finally became such a perpetual torment that we sold him, and we all had a good cry when the old horse went away.

As soon as the sun was well up, and our tasks about the house over, our part of this new play in the hayfield began, and with a fork or long stick we followed up the swathes and spread them out nicely, so that the grass would dry. In the afternoon it had to be raked up into winnows, work in which the girls often joined us, and after tea one or two of the men cocked it up, while we raked the ground clean after them. If the weather was clear and dry it would be left out for several days before it was drawn into the barn or stacked, but often it was housed as soon as dry.

Another important matter which claimed the farmer's attention at this time was the preparation of his summer fallow for fall wheat. The ground was first broken up after the spring sowing was over, and about hay time the second ploughing had to be done, to destroy weeds, and get the land in proper order, and in August the last ploughing came, and about the first of September the wheat was sown. It almost always happened, too, that there were some acres of wood-land that had been chopped over for fire wood and timber, to be cleaned up. Logs and bush had to be collected into piles and burnt. On new farms this was heavy work. Then the timber was cut down and ruthlessly given over to the fire. Logging bees were of frequent occurrence, when the neighbours turned out with their oxen and logging chains, and amid the ring of the axe, the shouting of drivers and men with their handspikes, the great logs were rolled up one upon another into huge heaps, and left for the fire to eat them out of the way. When the work was done, all hands proceeded to the house, grim and black as a band of sweeps, where, with copious use of soap and water, they brought themselves back to their normal condition, and went in and did justice to the supper prepared for them.

In August the wheat fields were ready for the reapers. This was the great crop of the year. Other grain was grown, such as rye, oats, peas, barley, and corn, but principally for feeding. Wheat was the farmer's main dependence, it was his staff of life, and his current coin. A good cradler would cut about five acres a day, and an expert with the rake would follow and bind up what he cut. There were men who would literally walk through the

grain with a cradle, and then two men were required to follow. My father had no superior in swinging the cradle, and when the golden grain stood thick and straight, he gave two smart men all they could do to take up what he put down. Again, the younger fry came in for their share of the work, which was to gather the sheaves and put them in shocks. These, after standing a sufficient time, were brought into the barn and mowed away, and again the girls often gave a helping hand both in the field and the barn. In all these tasks good work was expected. My father was, I have said before, a pushing man, and 'thorough' in all he undertook. His motto was with his men, 'follow me,' and 'anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well,' and this latter rule was always enforced. The ploughers had to throw their furrows neat and straight. When I got to be a strong lad, I could strike a furrow across a field as straight as an arrow with the old team, and took pride in throwing my furrows in uniform precision. The mowers had to shear the land close and smooth. The rakers threw their winnows straight, and the men placed their hay-cocks at equal distances, and of a uniform size, and so in the grain field, the stubble had to be cut clean and even, the sheaves well bound and shocked in straight rows, with ten sheaves to the shock. It was really a pleasure to inspect his fields when the work was done. Skill was required to load well and also to mow away, the object being to get the greatest number of sheaves in the smallest space. About the first of September the crops were in, the barns filled and surrounded with stacks of hay and grain.

My father was admitted to be the best farmer in the district. His farm was a model of good order and neatness. He was one of the first to devote attention to the improvement of his stock, and was always on the look out for improved implements or new ideas, which, if worthy of attention, he was the first to utilize.

There is always something for a pushing farmer to do, and there are always rainy days through the season when out-door work comes to a stand. At such times my father was almost always found in his workshop, either making pails or tubs for the house, or repairing his tools or making new ones. At other times he would turn his attention to dressing the flax he had stowed away, and getting it ready for spinning. The linen for bags and the house was then all home made. It could hardly be expected that with such facilities at hand my ingenuity would not develop. One day I observed a pot of red paint on the workbench, and it struck me that the tools would look much better if I gave them a coat of paint. The thought was hardly conceived before it was put into execution, and in a short time planes, saws, augers, &c., were carefully coated over and set aside to dry. Father did not see the thing in the same light I did. He was very much displeased, and I was punished. After this I turned my attention to water-wheels, waggons, boats, boxes, &c., and in time got to be quite an expert with tools, and could make almost anything out of wood. While children, although we had to drive cows, feed the calves, bring in wood and all that, we had our amusements, simple and rustic enough it is true, but we enjoyed them, and all the more because our parents entered into our play very often.

Sunday was a day of enjoyment as well as rest. There were but few places of public worship, and those were generally far apart. In most cases the school-house or barn served the purpose. There were two meeting-houses—this was the term always used then for places of worship—a few miles from our place on Haybay. The Methodist meeting-house was the first place built for public worship in Upper Canada, and was used for that purpose until a few years ago. It is now gone,

and even the place where it stood, I believe, has been washed away by the bay. The other, a Quaker meeting-house, built some years later, is still standing. It was used as a barrack by the Glengarry regiment in 1812, a part of which regiment was quartered in the neighbourhood about that time. The men left their bayonet marks in the old posts. On Sunday morning the horses were brought up and put to the lumber waggon (why called 'lumber waggon' I do not know), the only carriage known then. The family, all arrayed in their Sunday clothes, arranged themselves in the spacious vehicle, and drove away. At that time, and for a good many years after, whether in the school-house or meeting-house, the men sat on one side, and the women on the other, in all places of worship. The sacred bond which had been instituted by the Creator himself in the Garden of Eden, 'Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and they shall be one flesh,' did not seem to harmonize with that custom, for when they went up to His house, they separated at the door. It would have been thought a very improper thing; indeed, I am inclined to think that if a married couple had presumed to take a seat side by side, the good brothers and sisters would have put them out of doors—so deeply rooted are the prejudices in matters of religious belief, and that they are the most difficult to remove, the history of the past confirms through all the ages. This custom prevailed for many years after. When meeting was over, it was customary to go to some friends to dinner and make, as used to be said, a visit, or what was equally as pleasant, father or mother would ask some old acquaintances to come home with us. Sunday in all seasons, and more particularly in the summer, was the grand visiting day with old and young. I do not state this out of any disrespect for the Sabbath. I think I venerate it as much as anyone, but I am simply recording facts as they then existed. The people at that time, as a rule, were not religous, but they were moral and anxious for greater religious advantages. There were not many preachers, and these had such extended fields of labour that their appointments were irregular and often like 'Angels' visits, few and far between.' They could not ignore their social instincts altogether, and this was the only day when the toil and moil of work was put aside; they first went to meeting when there was any, and devoted the rest of the day to friendly intercourse and enjoyment. People used to come to Methodist meeting for miles, and particularly on quarterly meeting day. On one of these occasions, fourteen young people who were crossing the bay in a skiff, on their way to the meeting, were upset near the shore and drowned. Some years later the missionary meeting possessed great attraction, when a deputation composed of Egerton Ryerson and Peter Jones, with his Indian curiosities, drew the people in such numbers that half of them could not get into the house.

There were a good many Quakers, and as my father's people belonged to that body, we frequently went to their meeting, and the broad brims on one side, with the scoop bonnets on the other, used to excite my curiosity, but I did not like to sit still so long. Sometimes not a word would be said, and after an hour of profound silence, two of the old men on one of the upper seats would shake hands, then a general shaking of hands ensued on both sides of the house, and meeting was out.

Our old family carriage—the lumber waggon—revives many pleasant recollections. Many long rides were taken in it both to mill and market, and sometimes I have curled myself up and slept far into the night in it while waiting for my *grist* to be ground so I could take it home. But it was not used by the young folks as

sleighs were in the winter. It was a staid, family vehicle, not suited to mirth or love-making. It was too noisy for that, and on a rough road, no very uncommon thing then, one was shaken up so thoroughly, that there was but little room left for sentiment. Later, lighter waggons, and very much more comfortable, were used. The eliptic or steel spring did not come into use until about 1840. I remember my grandfather starting off for New York in one of these light one-horse waggons; I do not know how long he was gone, but he made the journey and returned safely. Long journeys by land were made principally in summer on horse back, both by men and women. And the horse was also the young peoples' only *vehicle* at this season of the year. The girls were usually good riders and could gallop away as well on the bare back as in the side-saddle. A cousin of my father's several times made journeys from one to two hundred miles on horseback, and on one occasion carried her infant son for one hundred and fifty miles, a feat the women of to-day would consider impossible.

The early fall then, as now, was not the least pleasant of the Canadian year. Everyone is familiar with the striking beauty of our woods after the frost begins, and the endless variety of shade and colour that mingles with such pleasing effect in every landscape. And in those days as well as now, the farmers' attention was directed to the preparation for the coming winter. His market staples then consisted of wheat or flour, pork and potash. The other products of his farm, such as coarse grain, were used by himself. Butter and eggs were almost valueless save on his own table. The skins of his sheep, calves and beef cattle, which were slaughtered for his own use, were sent to the tanners who dressed them on shares, the balance was brought home to be made up into boots, harness and mittens. Wood, which afterwards came into demand for steam purposes, was worthless. Sawn lumber was not wanted except for home use, and the shingles that covered the buildings were split and made by the farmer himself.

If the men had logging-bees and other bees to help them on with their work, the women had bees of a more social and agreeable type as a set-off. Among these were quilting bees, when the women and girls of the neighbourhood assembled in the afternoon and turned out those skilfully and often artistically made rugs, so comfortable to lie under during the cold winter nights. There was often a great deal of sport at the close of one of these social, industrial gatherings. When the men came in from the field to supper, some luckless wight was sure to be caught and tossed up and down in the quilt amid the laugh and shouts of the company. But of all the bees, the apple-bee was the chief. In these old and young joined. The boys around the neighbourhood, with their home-made apple machines, of all shapes and designs, would come pouring in with their girls early in the evening. The large kitchen, with its sanded floor and split-bottomed chairs ranged round the room with large tubs of apples, and in the centre the cleanly-scrubbed pine table filled with wooden trays, and tallow candles in tin candlesticks made an attractive picture which had for its setting the mother and girls all smiles and good nature, receiving and pleasing the com pany. Now the work begins amidst laughter and mirth; the boys toss the peeled apples away from their machines in rapid numbers, and the girls catch them; and with their knives quarter and core them, while others string them with needles on long threads, and tie them, so that they can be hung up to dry. As soon as the work is done the room is cleared for supper, after which the old folks retire and the second and most pleasing part of the performance begins. These after-scenes were al-

ways entered into with a spirit of fun and honest abandon truly refreshing. Where dancing was not objected to, a rustic fiddler would be spirited in by some of the youngsters as the sport began. The dance was not that languid sort of thing toned down by modern refinement to a sliding easy motion round the room, and which for the lack of conversational accomplishments is made to do duty for want of wit. Full of life and vigour, they danced for the real fun of the thing. The quick and inspiriting strains of the music sent them spinning round the room, and amid the rush and whirl of the flying feet came the sharp voice of the fiddler as he flourished his bow: 'right and left, balance to your pardner, cross hands, swing your pardner, up and down the middle,' and so on through reel after reel. Some of the boys would perform a *pas seul* with more energy than grace, but it was all the same, the dancing master had not been abroad; the fiddler put life in their heels, and they let them play. Frequently there was no musician to be had, then the difficulty was overcome by the musical voices of the girls, assisted with combs covered with paper, or the shrill notes of some expert at whistling. It often happened that the old people objected to dancing, and then the company resorted to plays of which there were a great variety, 'Button, Button whose got the Button; Measuring Tape; Going to Rome; Ladies Slipper:' all pretty much of the same character, and much appreciated by the boys, when they afforded a chance to kiss the girls.

As time wore on, however, and contact with the outer world became easier and more frequent, the refinements of advancing civilization found their way gradually into the country, and changed the amusements as well as the long established habits of the people. An isolated community like that which stretched along the frontier of our Province, cut off from the older and more advanced stages of society, or holding but brief and irregular communication with it, could not be expected to keep up with the march of either social or intellectual improvement, and although the modern may turn up his nose as he looks back, and affect contempt at the amusements which fell across our paths like gleams of sunlight at the break of day, and call them rude and indelicate, they must not forget that we were not hedged about by conventionalities, nor were we slaves to the caprice of fashion. We were free sons and daughters of an upright, sturdy parentage, with pure and honest hearts throbbing under rough exteriors, and the very girls who did not blush at a hearty kiss from our lips were as pure as the snow, became ornaments in higher and brighter circles of society, and mothers the savour of whose virtues and maternal affection rise before our memory like a perpetual incense.

I am quite well aware of the fact that a large portion of the religious world is opposed to dancing, nor in this recital of country life as it then existed do I wish to be considered an advocate of this amusement. I joined in the sport then with as much eagerness and delight as one could do. I learned to step off on the light fantastic toe, as many another Canadian boy has done, on the barn floor, where, with the doors shut, I went sliding up and down, through the middle, ballancing to the pitch-fork, turning round the old fanning mill, then double-shuffling and closing with a profound bow to the splint-broom in the corner. These were the kind of schools our accomplishments were learned in, and, whether dancing be right or wrong, it is certain the inclination with the young to indulge in it is about as universal as the taint of sin.

The young people then, as now, took it into their heads to get married; but parsons were scarce, and it did not always suit them to wait until one

came along. To remedy this difficulty the Government authorized magistrates to perform the ceremony for any couple who resided more than eighteen miles from any church. There were hardly any churches, and therefore a good many called upon the justice to put a finishing touch to their happiness, and curious-looking pairs presented themselves to have the knot tied. One morning a robust young man with a pretty, blushing girl presented themselves at my father's door and were invited in. They were strangers, and it was some time before he could find out what they wanted; but, after beating about the bush, the young man hesitatingly said they wanted to get married. They were duly tied, and, on leaving, I was ask-ed to join in their wedding dinner, and, though some distance away, I mounted my horse and joined them. The dinner was good and served in the plain fashion of the day. After it came dancing, to the music of a couple of fiddlers, and we threaded through reel after reel until nearly daylight. On another occasion a goodly company gathered at a neighbour's house to assist at the nuptials of his daughter. The ceremony had passed, and we were collected around the supper table, the old man had spread out his hands to ask a blessing, when bang, bang, went a lot of guns, accompanied with horns, whistles, tin pans and anything and everything with which a noise could be made. A simultaneous shriek went up from the girls, and for a few moments the confusion was as great inside as out. It was a horrid din of discordant sounds. Conversation at the supper-table was quite out of the question, and as soon as it was over we went out among the boys who had come to charivari us. There were perhaps fifty of them, with blackened faces and ludicrous dresses, and when the bride and bridegroom showed themselves, and received their congratulations they went their way, and left us to enjoy ourselves in peace. It was after this manner the young folks wedded. There was but little attempt at display. No costly trousseau, no wedding tours. A night of enjoyment with friends, and the young couple set out at once on the practical journey of life.

One of our favourite sports in those days was coon (short name for racoon) hunting. This only lasted during the time of green corn. The racoon is particularly fond of corn before it hardens, and if unmolested will destroy a good deal in a short time. They always visit the cornfield at night, so about nine o'clock we would set off with our dogs, trained for the purpose, and with as little noise as possible make our way to the edge of the corn and then wait for the coons. If the field was not too large, he could easily be heard breaking down the ears, and then the dogs were let loose, who cautiously and silently crept towards the unsuspecting foe. But the sharp ears and keen scent of the racoon seldom let him fall into the clutch of the dogs, without a scamper for life. The coon was almost always near the woods, and this gave him a chance to escape. As soon as a yelp was heard from the dogs, we knew the fun had begun, and pushing forward in the direction of the noise we were pretty sure to find our dogs baffled and jumping and barking around the foot of a tree up which Mr. Coon had fled, and was quietly looking down on his pursuers from a limb or crutch. Our movements now were guided by circumstances. If the tree was not too large, one of us would climb it and dislodge the coon, or, in the other case, cut it down. The dogs were always on the alert, and the moment the coon touched the ground they were on him. We used frequently to capture two or three of a night. The skin was dressed and made into caps or robes for the sleigh. On two or three of these expeditions our dogs caught a Tartar by running

foul of a *coon* not so easily disposed of —in the shape of a bear; and then we were both glad to decamp, as he was rather too big a job to undertake in the night. Bruin was fond of young corn, but he and the wolves had ceased to be troublesome. The latter occasionally made a raid on a flock of sheep in the winter, but they were watched pretty closely, and were trapped or shot. There was a government bounty of $4 for every wolf's head. Another, and much more innocent sport, was netting wild pigeons after the wheat had been taken off. At that time they used to visit the stubbles in large flocks. Our mode of procedure was to build a house of boughs under which to hide ourselves. Then the ground was carefully cleaned and sprinkled with grain, at one side of which the net was set, and in the centre one stool pigeon, secured on a perch was placed, attached to which was a long string running into the house. When all was ready we retired and watched for the flying pigeons, and whenever a flock came within a seeing distance our stool pigeon was raised and then dropped; this would cause it to spread its wings and flutter, which attracted the flying birds, and, after a circle or two, they would swoop down and commence to feed. Then the net was sprung, and in a trice we had scores of pigeons under it. I do not remember to have seen this method of capturing pigeons practised since. If we captured many we took them home, and put them where they could not get away, and took them out as we wanted them.

At the time of which I write Upper Canada had been settled about forty-five years. A good many of the first settlers had ended their labours and were peacefully resting in the quiet grave-yard; but there were many left, and they were generally hale old people, who were enjoying in contentment and peace the evening of their days, surrounded by their children, who were then in their prime, and their grandchildren, ruddy and vigorous plants, shooting up rapidly around them. The years that had fled were eventful ones, not only to themselves, but to the new country which they had founded. 'The little one had become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.' The forest had melted away before the force of their industry, and orchards with their russet fruit, and fields of waving corn, gladdened their hearts and filled their cellars and barns with abundance. The old log house which had been their shelter and their home for many a year had disappeared, or was converted into an out-house for cattle, or a place for keeping their implements in during winter, and now the commodious and well-arranged frame one had taken its place. Large barns for their increasing crops and warm sheds to protect the cattle had grown up out of the rude hovels and stables. Everything around them betokened thrift and more than an ordinary degree of comfort. They had for the time good schools, where their children could acquire a tolerable education, places in which they could assemble and worship God; merchants from whom they could purchase such articles as they required, and markets for their produce. The changes wrought in these forty-five years were something wonderful, and to no class of persons could these changes seem more surprising than to themselves, and certainly no people appreciated more fully the rich ripe fruit of their toil. Among the pleasantest pictures I can recall are the old homes in which my boyhood was passed. I hardly know in what style of architecture they were built; indeed, I think it was one peculiar to the people and the age,—strong, substantial structures, erected more with an eye to comfort than show. They were known afterwards as Dutch houses, usually one storey high, and built pretty much after the same model; a parallelogram with a wing at one end, and often to both. The

roofs were very steep, with a row of dormer windows, and sometimes two rows looking out of their broad sides, to give light to the chambers and sleeping rooms up-stairs. The living rooms were generally large, with low ceilings, and well supplied with cupboards, which were always filled with blankets and clothing, dishes, and a multitude of good things for the table. The bed rooms were always small and cramped, but they were sure to contain a bed which required some ingenuity, perhaps, to get into it, owing to its height, but when once in, the great feather tick fitted so kindly to the weary body, and the blankets over you soon wooed your attention away from the narrowness of the apartment. Very often the roof projected over, giving an eliptic shape to one side, and the projection of about six feet formed a cover for a long stoop then called, but which nowadays would be known as a verandah. This was no addition to the lighting of the rooms, for the windows were always small, and few in number. The kitchen usually had a double outside door—that is, a door cut cross ways through the middle, so that the lower part could be kept shut, and the upper left open if necessary. I do not know what particular object there was in this, unless to let the smoke out, for chimneys were more apt to smoke then than now, or, perhaps, to keep the youngsters in and let in fresh air. Whatever the object was, this was the usual way the outside kitchen-door was made, with a wooden latch and leather string hanging outside to lift it; this was easily pulled in, and then the door was quite secure against intruders. The barns and out-houses were curiosities in after years, large buildings with no end of timber, and all roof, like a great box with an enormous candle-extinguisher set on it. But houses and barns are gone, and modern structures occupy their places, as they did the rough log ones, and one can only see them as they are photographed in the memory.

Early days are always bright to life's voyager, and though time has crowded his bark far out on its turbulent sea, whatever his condition may have been at the outset, he is ever wont to look back with fondness to the scenes of his youth. I can recall days of toil under a burning sun, but they were cheerful days nevertheless. There was always 'a bright spot in the future' to look forward to, which moved the arm and lightened the task. Youth is buoyant, and if its feet run in the way of obedience, it will leave a sweet fragrance behind, which will never lose its flavour. The days I worked in the harvest field, or when I followed the plough whistling and singing through the hours, are not the least happy recollections of the past. The merry song of the girls mingling with the hum of the spinning wheel as they tripped backward and forward to the cadence of their music, drawing out miles of thread, reeling it into skeins which the weaver's loom and shuttle was to turn into thick heavy cloth, or old grandmother treading away at her little wheel, making it buzz as she drew out the delicate fibres of flax and let it run up the spindle a fine and evenly twisted thread, with which to sow our garments or make our linen, and mother busy as a bee thinking of us all, and never wearying in her endeavours to add to our comfort, are pictures that stand out clear and distinct, and are often reverted to with pleasure and delight. But though the summer time in the country is bright and beautiful, with its broad meadows waving before the western wind like seas of green, and the yellow corn gleams in the field where the sun-burnt reapers are singing; though the flowers shed their fragrance, and the breeze sighs softly through the branches overhead in monotones, but slightly varied, yet sweet and soothing; though the wood is made vocal with the song of birds, and all nature is jocund and bright, the winter, strange as it may

seem, was the time of our greatest enjoyment; when 'Old Gray' who used to scamper with me, astride his bare back down the lane, stands munching his fodder in the stall; when the cattle no longer lolling or browsing in the peaceful shade, moved around the barn-yard with humped backs, shaking their heads at the cold north wind; when the trees were stripped of their foliage and the icicles hung in fantastic rows along the naked branches, glittering like jewels in the sunshine, or rattling in the northern blast; when the ground was covered deep with snow and the wind, 'driving o'er the fields,' whirled it into huge drifts, blocking up the doors and paths, and roads,

> 'The whited air
> Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
> And veils the farm-house at the garden's end;'

when the frost silvered over the window panes, or crept through the cracks and holes, and fringed them with its delicate fret work; when the storm raged and howled without, and

> 'Shook beams and rafters as it passed,'

within happy faces were gathered around the blazing logs in the old fireplace.

> 'Shut in from all the world without,
> We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
> Content to let the north wind roar,
> In baffled rage at pane and door,
> While the red logs before us beat,
> The frost line back with tropic heat.'

The supper has been cleared away, and upon the clean white table is placed a large dish of apples and a pitcher of cider. On either end stands a tallow candle in bright brass candlesticks, with an extinguisher attached to each, and the indispensable snuffers and tray. Sometimes the fingers were made use of in the place of the snuffers; but it was not always satisfactory to the snuffer, as he sometimes burned himself, and caused him to snap his fingers to get rid of the burning wick. One of the candles is appropriated by father who is quietly reading his paper, for we had newspapers then, but they would not compare very favourably with those of to-day, and we only got them once a week. Mother is darning socks. Grandmother is making the knitting needles fly, as though all her grandchildren were stockingless. The girls are sewing and making merry with the boys, and we are deeply engaged with our lessons, or what is more likely playing fox and geese.

> 'What matters how the night behaved;
> What matter how the north-wind raved;
> Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
> Could quench our hearth-fire's glow.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> O time and change! with hair as gray,
> As was my sire's that winter day,
> How strange it seems, with so much gone
> Of life and love, to still live on,
> Ah brother! only I and thou
> Are left of all the circle now—
> The dear home faces whereupon,
> The fitful fire-light paled and shone,
> Henceforth listen as we will
> The voices of that hearth are still.'

MARY SECORD.

A CANADIAN BALLAD OF 1813.

BY FIDELIS.

THE sweet June moonlight softly fell
  On meadow, wood, and stream,
Where, 'neath the crags of Queenston Heights,
  The green waves darkly gleam.

Alone the whip-poor-will's sad cry
  Blent with the murmuring pines,
Save where the sentry paced his rounds
  Along the Yankee lines.

But, in one lowly cottage home,
  Were sorrow and dismay ;—
Two troubled watchers might not sleep
  For tidings heard that day.

Brave James Secord—no craven heart
  Beat in that crippled frame
That bore the scars of 'Queenston Heights'—
  —Back to his cabin came.

With tidings of a secret plan
  Fitzgibbon to surprise,
As, with his handful of brave men,
  At Beaver Dam he lies ;—

For Bœrstler, with seven hundred men,
  And guns, and warlike store,
Will steal upon our outpost there
  Guarded by scarce two-score !

Then crushed at once, as it must be,
  Our gallant little band !
The foe will press to force the heights
  And sweep the conquered land !

Then noble Brock had died in vain !
  —If but Fitzgibbon knew !—
But the poor cripple's foot is stayed,
  Though brave his heart and true.

Then Mary, bending o'er her babes,
Looked up, and smiled through tears ;—
'These are not times for brave men's wives
To yield to woman's fears !

'*You* cannot go to warn our men ;—
They would not let you through ;
But, if they'll let a woman pass,
This errand *I* will do.'

She soothed away his anxious fears,—
She knew the forest way ;—
She put her trust in Him who hears
His children when they pray.

Soon as the rosy flush of dawn
Glowed through the purple air,
She rose to household tasks, and kissed
Her babes, with whispered prayer.

Then to her faithful cow she went ;
—The sentry at the lines
Forgot to watch, as both were lost
Among the sheltering pines.

The rising sun's first golden rays
Glanced through the forest aisles
And lighted up its sombre depths
With changeful golden smiles.

The fragrant odour of the pines,—
The birds' fresh carols sweet—
Breathed courage to the trembling heart
And strength to faltering feet.

And on she pressed, with steadfast tread,
Her solitary way,
Through tangled brake, and sodden marsh,
Through all the sultry day ;—

Though for the morning songs of birds,
She heard the wolf's hoarse cry,
And saw the rattle-snake glide forth
From ferny covert nigh.

She stopped not short for running stream
—The way found by the will,—
Nor for the pleading voice of friends
At fair St. David's Mill.

The British sentry heard her tale
And cheered her on her way,
But bade her 'ware the Indian scouts
That in the covert lay.

Anon,—as cracked a rotten bough,
Beneath her wary tread,
She heard them shouting through the gloom—
She heard their war-whoop dread

But quickly, to the questioning chief,
She told her errand brave,—
How she had come a weary way
Fitzgibbon's men to save.

The red-skin heard and kindly looked
Upon the pale-faced 'squaw;'—
Her faithful courage touched his heart,
Her weary look he saw.

'Me go with you'—was all he said,—
His warriors waved away,—
And led her safe to Beaver Dam,
Where brave Fitzgibbon lay.

With throbbing heart her tale she told;
Full well Fitzgibbon knew
How great the threatened danger was,
If such a tale were true!

Then to De Haren swift he sent
To call him to his side,—
And all the moon-lit summer night,
Swords clash and troopers ride,—

While Mary, in a farm-house near,
In dreamless slumber lay,
And woke to find her gallant friends
Had fought and gained the day!

If e'er Canadian courage fail,
Or loyalty grow cold,
Or nerveless grow Canadian hearts,
Then be the story told,—

How woman's will and woman's wit
Then played its noblest part,
—How British valour saved the land,
And woman's dauntless heart!

SOME DIFFICULTIES OF AGNOSTICISM.

BY REV. CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M.A., TORONTO.

WHEN a famous sceptical writer insisted on his servants attending church, 'in order to secure his silver spoons,' he bore testimony in some sort to the value of belief as a working motive for morality. During the late visit to Toronto of a noted Agnostic assailant of what many people still hold sacred, when the intolerant fanaticism of a few gave notoriety to lectures which shewed no originality and little talent beyond the smartness which can raise a laugh at a broad caricature of Christianity, there appeared in *Grip* a 'suggested peroration' to the lecture in question, which I quote from memory. 'There is another point which I have not yet mentioned: Does Christianity or does Atheism make people better or happier? This point you will have to decide for yourselves, ladies and gentlemen, and you will have to decide it on quite other grounds than the smart sayings with which I have been amusing you for the last two hours!' I borrow *Grip's* text, and I should like to consider a few points in which it seems to me that Atheism, or the pseudo-neutral Atheism which calls itself Agnosticism, does not tend to make society better or happier, and in which it is therefore reactionary, immoral (if, as Herbert Spencer in his late book on the subject defines morality, by morality is meant what tends to the happiness or conservation of the race), and out of harmony with the truth and nobleness of human life. And I should like to premise a few 'guesses at truth' with reference to the present state of controversy between Faith and Agnosticism.

I. Many of the ablest sceptical writers base their contemptuous rejection of religion on a somewhat wholesale and intrepid statement of the increasing 'tendency of the present age' to reject 'Supernaturalism.' It is shewn how the once universal belief in witchcraft quietly died out with the spread of education and liberal ideas. And it is assumed that 'Supernaturalism' is a delusion undergoing a similar fate. Of course, it is only an assumption to make the 'tendency of the age' to believe anything the measure of its objective truth. Still we may concede that 'the tendency of the age' is to discredit 'Supernaturalism—if by Supernaturalism is meant thaumaturgic ecclesiasticism,' church intolerance, persecution, in any of its survivals. But in using the word supernaturalism, I mean the simplest ultimate form of religious faith, the vanishing point at which Theism and Agnosticism part company; the belief in something above and beyond 'Nature;' in God, the life to come, and moral responsibility. The object of this paper is to shew that *this* belief in the supernatural, far from being 'contrary to the tendency of the age,' is in thorough harmony, if not with its surface eddies, at least with its central stream; that it is a factor of essential value to much that makes civilization stable, and progress possible, especially in the peculiar relations of woman to modern life. To prove this is not, indeed, to prove the truth of Theism; but it will silence one anathema continually fulminated by Agnosticism, in the assertion so often made that religion is no longer needed

for human life. As has been well said in the May 'Bystander,' it will prove to those who jeer at faith, that it is, at least, 'too soon to be insolent;' and it will, at least, raise a serious presumption against the claims of Agnosticism as a regulative system, if we find it inconsistent with the most imperative needs of human happiness, incompetent to guide human conduct.

II. Does not 'Agnosticism' play fast and loose with the name it assumes? Were it true to the statement that matters of faith are not matters of *gnosis* or science, there are few sane thinkers, surely not St. Paul or Bishop Butler, who would not admit that the very first proposition of every creed, the 'Allah il Allah,' cannot be proved like a proposition in science. But under a name which connotes neutrality, Agnosticism is hostile and aggressive. Before we can admit that the itinerant Agnostic lecturer is morally justified in assailing with the easy weapons of invective and ridicule a system identified with our moral life, with the compensation which makes existence brighter to the poor, to the failures, and to the vanquished in the struggle for existence, and especially with the ministrations of woman in modern society as moulded by Christianity,—before we can admit this, we are justified in asking: 'Has Agnosticism anything better or as good to give for what it would take away? Has it any logical right to exclude faith? Has it a better promise for the morals or happiness of the race?'

III. First, then, has Agnosticism any logical right to exclude faith? Hume said as a sneer, 'Our most holy religion is founded not on reason but on faith.' But this is exactly what all Theists admit, if we take as a working definition of Reason, 'the action of thought' on the data of experience, and of Faith, 'the action of thought on the possibilities which transcend experience.'

Admitting that as a matter of formal logic and scientific *proof*, Kant and Hume have shewn the invalidity of the Scholastic arguments for the being of a God, yet the argument from design is in a degree admitted by John Stuart Mill in his latest utterance, the 'Essays on Religion,' although he relegates it from the region of proof, that is of *gnosis* —of reason, to the region of probability, that is of faith. So viewed, this argument from design certainly harmonizes with the whole tendency of our nature. The instinct which seeks and sees a personal being in all the order of nature and the hierarchy of life is an indestructible one; not a formal demonstration, but a belief 'too natural to deceive,' is the utterance of the oldest poetry.

'Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei, et firmamentum monstrat opus ejus.'

IV. In connection with this point it is worth remembering what has often been pointed out, but what deserves deep and mature consideration by those who study the systems of modern system-builders: that no evolution theory, or other theory purporting to give the sequence of life in the universe, can give anything *but* sequence. It cannot supply *cause*. *That* lies forever outside its scope. Nor can it possibly forbid our faith in final causes. We may accept M. Spencer's brilliant and attractive panorama of cosmical history as a true account of things, from the primal star-dust to the final ice, without in the least touching our faith in design or a designer.

It is also worth recalling, what most sane writers on the religious side have pointed out, but what also will bear further meditation, that a theory such as Evolution, accepted as it seems to be at present by most educated men, can only add to our conception of a Being who, as we are not excluded from believing, stands behind this magnificent procession of existence, from the remote ascidian to its culmination and crown in man. Science cannot be

against faith, for they move on different planes, and all science that is not against us is for us.

V. Also let us remember that, as Spencer and others have shown, Agnosticism has little to urge on the other side. It cannot prove a negative. It may say, Theism is an uncertainty. We admit it is not a matter of certainty, but of faith. And Agnosticism has nothing to set against the probabilities which faith accepts, the instincts and social needs to which she ministers. For I pass over, as unworthy of any further notice than a reference to Butler's argument from our ignorance of the whole of things, such mere declamation as that of the lecturer alluded to, who lately objected against the Divine government that he could have improved upon it by 'making good health catching;' which seems borrowed from that King of Castile who said that he could have suggested several improvements, had he been consulted by the Creator of the world.

VI. I pass to the further question: What has Agnosticism to give us in place of Faith? Does it hold out any prospect of being a dynamic force for goodness or happiness?

That Faith is pleasanter, more comforting and satisfying than Agnosticism, is, of course, no proof of its objective truth. We are far from putting forward the argument of the butler who, being dissatisfied with the fast-days in a Ritualistic family, declared his preference for Protestantism and beefsteaks. But, though the happiness of a religion is no proof of its truth, yet the compatibility with all that is most hopeful, most happy and noble in the life of the individual and the race, is so far a presumption in favour of our acceptance of it; at least it gives us a right to challenge the action of the lecturer who assails such faith in the name of a sterile Agnosticism, and makes it our duty to remind those who, perhaps more from fashion, or from the attraction of popular theories, often imperfectly apprehended, are inclined to cast in their lot with Agnosticism, how great a sacrifice they must be prepared to make.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's most lucid and suggestive essay in the *Atlantic Monthly* has shown that every decline in religious belief has led to a decline in morals. And it may be worth our consideration how infinitely more than any other religion that has ever prevailed among men, Christianity has entwined itself with domestic and social life. Paganism was a political religion; Judaism a tribal faith with temporal rewards. Christianity is a religion of compensation. It redresses the inequalities and sorrows of life by whispering its secret of the life beyond. And its peculiar creation as a factor in social happiness has been the ministration of woman. The Christian type of womanhood, so well described by Wordsworth, is differentiated from any other type known to history. Christianity, introducing the ideal of the angel, the messenger of God, the ministrant of consolation, has given us the type which is

'An angel, but a woman too.'

The last number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains a remarkable essay on 'Woman and Agnosticism,' by Mrs. Lathbury, a very different production, indeed, from some of those in which women treat of the rights of women. Calm, clear, and in its self-contained moderation of reasoning a marked contrast to the superlatives of 'the shrieking sisterhood,' Mrs. Lathbury thus states the present position of Christian woman:—

'It is not the lot of all to be either wives or mothers, and anyhow there are a very large number of women who find themselves, as life goes on, with no children of their own to educate, and no husband in whose pursuits they can forget themselves. To what interests and employments has this large part of the community hitherto looked forward? What has

lain between the eager life of youth and the ideal rest of old age? Speaking broadly, their interests have mainly been three: Taking care of the old or sick, teaching the ignorant, and watching—not to speak of praying—with a cheerful countenance for the well-being of those they love. How will Agnosticism affect these three interests in the future?'

This threefold type of womanly ministration is essentially a Christian one; and it is a question of no light moment for the future of society how it is likely to be affected when Agnosticism has removed what has hitherto been its mainspring, faith in God and hope in the world to come.

Tending the sick, the incurable, the hopelessly insane, the unlovely dotage of old age, how is this likely to be affected by the removal of what gave it a brighter side, hope of renovation elsewhere of what was maimed and blighted here?

And how will the abolition of Belief affect the second of these interests, the training of the ignorant? We admit that agnostics profess a warm enthusiasm for the spread of education. But when brought to the test of reality, of what benefit will it be to give increased knowledge of their unhappy lot to those who must necessarily be poor and comfortless?

Mrs. Lathbury adds:

'The life of working-men might attain to a pale imitation of that tepid luxury which clubs bestow upon the classes above them. The long day in the coal-mine or the factory may be enlivened by the thought of the contest over the chess-board or the billiard-table awaiting him at night. The more studious might look forward to the hour spent in reading in the unpretending comfort of a free library. The politics of the moment may be sufficiently interesting to give a passing excitement to an evening's conversation, and a popular lecturer might gain a fairly intelligent audience. These are the unambitious aims that really lie at the bottom of many a high-flown eulogy of the education of the working-man; and what does it come to? A little more learning to help a man to know the inevitable depth of his real ignorance; a little more leisure to spend in well-lighted rooms with spillikins and coffee; a little fewer open and violent sins; a little more veneer of the more respectable sins of the upper classes.'

Still more important is the third function alluded to, though its beneficient work is less under the cognizance of human society than the other two. It is that of consoling and watching over those who in the conflict of existence are the failures, the defeated, the deserted, the condemned; whom no other voice than that of mother, sister, wife, absolves; whom no other hand comforts. For them the only hope of recovery is beyond the grave. If that is taken away, Mrs. Lathbury says, with as much pathetic truth as eloquence. 'What is left to the women of future, but their love alone, to teach them of how much happiness and misery they are capable?'

VI. One last suggestion. We have known Agnosticism only in its effects on the characters of a few men and women of letters, trained in Christian morality, and belonging to a generation which, by 'unconscious cerebration,' may be even physically influenced by the long dominance of Christian Ideals. But wait! Wait till Agnosticism becomes the Gospel of the Proletariate, with Bradlaugh for its moralist and Kearney for its preacher! Wait till the extinction of the hope that now sheds benediction on poverty reaches the poor! Wait till its denial of a life and a responsibility beyond the grave has removed the last restraint from the human brute who crouches so close to our luxurious civilization.

Those who study most thoughtfully the relation of faith with those forces which are now shaping for good the future of our race, will not, perhaps, be inclined to share in the forebod-

ings of the writers who see in the decline of some out-worn forms of religious thought, a tendency of the age to throw aside Christianity. Without pretending to a science of history that enables us to predict the future, we may be permitted to invite the reflection of our readers, as to the marvellous self-adaptability of Christianity to widely different social types and needs. Shall we not hope to see the Church of the Future adapt herself to conditions of which she herself is the cause? The more enlightened criticism the widerhope, the world-extended, humanitarian horizon the nobler attitude of womanhood! Faith, the sister of Hope and Charity, whose word bade Slavery vanish from earth, and is now fast abolishing Intemperance, may yet have force to abolish the Social Evil, War, the waste of national wealth on armament, distinctions of rank that produce Caste, distinctions of property that produce Pauperism. All persecution is alien to the spirit of Him, who, looking across centuries of intolerance, said, 'Ye know not of what manner of spirit ye are of.' Persecution even of the pettiest kind makes Faith odious in the eyes of a people like ours, who love fair-play. But while we believe it only right to give the freest toleration and the fullest charity to the honest maintainers of Agnosticism, as of all other forms of religious opinion, yet for the reasons above given, we deny them the moral right to assail with invective that is intolerant, and sneers that are uncharitable, a faith which beyond all cavil does so much to give grace and beauty to the present life, and has not been proved to have no promise of the life to come.

THE MOHAMMEDAN PRINCESS.

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

[It is the custom of some of the more advanced Mohammedan Princes to educate their daughters in Europe, although the rest of their lives is to be spent in the monotonous confinement of the Harem.]

FROM a golden-latticed window,
Wrought with many a quaint design,
Where bright jasmine stars and myrtle
Lovingly entwine,
Looks a dark and sad-eyed maiden
With her cheek upon her hand;
And she mourns in saddest accents
Her return to her own land.

'Oh! nightingale, sweet nightingale,
I cannot sing as you,
Who sing because you flit at will
Beneath the cloudless blue;

You sit at peace upon the spray,
Because you are not bound,
But place you in a gilded cage,
And should we hear a sound?'

And yet the chamber, which the maid
A prison felt to be,
Was decked with porcelain, choice and rare,
And costly tapestry.
Panels of ivory, strangely carved,
Were set about the door;
Rich curtains none but slaves might stir,
Hung to the marble floor.

'My silken cushions weary me,
Though very soft they be,
My work, my books,—my royal robes,
My gems, are nought to me.
I long to scamper through the woods,
I long to shout and play;
Or arm-in-arm with some dear friend,
Tell secrets all the day.'

And yet the scene she looked upon
Was passing grand and fair,—
A garden full of gorgeous flowers,
And plants beyond compare;
For palms and tree ferns towered high,
And orange groves were there,
Sweet roses, pouring fragrance out,
Perfumed the balmy air.

'I try to take my studies up,
But they've no meaning here;
If I can please, can lounge with grace,
No critic need I fear.
This is not Life;—I but exist,
Each day is just the same;
I bid farewell to culture, art,
And every noble aim.'

Ah! Princess, 'neath your Orient sky,
One day, long ages past,
A woman, by a well, heard words,
Which through all time will last,
Though cramp'd and narrow was her life,
That Teacher bade her live;
Expanded Life with nobler scope,
Was His alone to give.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

BY FREDERICK T. JONES, TORONTO.

IN this charming poem* the story of the life and teaching of Buddha is told in sweet and simple verse. The author, formerly a member of the Indian Civil Service, is now editor-in-chief of the London *Daily Telegraph*; and his present work has been written, as he himself tells us in his modest preface, 'in the brief intervals of days without leisure.'

The theme is one of the noblest that could occupy a poet's pen. Weak indeed must be the native poetic force that could not catch inspiration from the life and teaching of perhaps the loftiest, holiest, gentlest, and most heroic soul that ever devoted a long life to the service of humanity. Mr. Arnold tells us that the Buddhistical books 'agree in the one point of recording nothing—no single act or word which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr.' Even one who so imperfectly appreciated Buddhism as M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, felt himself constrained to speak of its founder in this wise: 'His life has no point of attack. His constant heroism equals his conviction, and if the theory which he advocates is false, the personal example which he gives is irreproachable. He is the perfected model of all the virtues which he preaches; his self-abnegation, his charity, his unalterable sweetness never fail him for a single instant. He silently elaborates his doctrines during six years of retirement and meditation; he propagates them during more than half a century by the sole force of his word and his persuasive eloquence; and when he dies in the arms of his disciples, it is with the serenity of a sage who has practised the good throughout his whole life, and who is assured of having discovered the truth.'

It is a remarkable circumstance that of the eight great religious founders of our race—Zoroaster, Moses, Laou-tse, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus Christ, St. Paul, and Mohammed—no less than seven were born in Asia; and the eighth (Moses), though born in Africa, was Asiatic by descent, and found his last resting-place in the soil of his forefathers.

The precise epoch when Buddha flourished is unknown, and authorities differ widely in the figures which they adopt. The earliest date, having any pretensions to authenticity, given for his death, is B. C. 543, and the latest, B. C. 412. The former, though adopted by Mr. Arnold, is almost certainly too early. The most probable date appears to be B. C. 478; and accepting the almost universal tradition that the Teacher was eighty years old when he died, we get B. C. 558 as the most probable date of his birth. His life was, therefore, almost exactly contemporaneous with that of the great Chinese sage, Confucius, whose era ranges from B. C. 551 or 550 to B. C. 479 or 478. The scene of the birth of Siddârtha, as Buddha is sometimes called,

* *The Light of Asia*; or, The Great Renunciation. Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India, and Founder of Buddhism (as told in verse by an Indian Buddhist). By EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1879. [Toronto: Willing & Williamson.]

or Gautama,* which was his true family name, was Kapilavastu, the modern Kohâna, a small town about seventy miles east of Oude, and a hundred nearly due north of Benares. Here dwelt the Sâkyas, an Aryan tribe, of which Suddhôdana, the father of the future prophet, was raja or king. After a youth and early manhood passed, as we may suppose, amid the surroundings natural to his birth and rank, the youthful enthusiast, at the age of nine-and-twenty, suddenly renounced the pomps and luxuries of his princely station, forsaking father, mother, friends, wife, and child, and thenceforth leading the life of a homeless wanderer and outcast. From that time till the hour of his death he devoted his whole soul, with an energy that never faltered, and a patience that never wearied, to the task of finding and teaching the truth, and of bettering man's estate. So profound an impression of moral and spiritual grandeur did he leave upon his generation, that for nearly twenty-four centuries untold numbers of his fellow-creatures have venerated him as the Ideal Man, if not actually worshipped him as a god. 'Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula, "I take refuge in Buddha!"' Five hundred millions of our race† 'live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend at the present time from Nepaul and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Tibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief; for though the profession of Buddhism has, for the most part, passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahminism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts.'* At a moderate computation the adherents of Brahminism number over two hundred millions, so that upwards of seven hundred millions of human beings, or about one-half of mankind, owe their philosophical, moral, and religious ideas, in a greater or less degree, to this saviour of the eastern world. It is probable even that America itself has felt his influence, the theory that Buddhist missionaries found their way across the Pacific to this continent as early as the fifth century of our era, being by no means destitute of foundation.

If it be the office of the mighty seers and prophets of the race, to stand on the mountain heights of thought, and catch a vision of the rising sun of truth before it becomes visible to the humble dwellers in the plains below, then was Buddha pre-eminently entitled to the name of prophet. In his moral teaching he anticipated by more than five hundred years the Christian 'golden rule,' the Christian maxim to return good for evil, and the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man. He explicitly taught that the recompense of good and the punishment of evil are attained, not by artificial rewards and penalties, but by natural consequences, a doctrine which is to-day the burden of the moral teaching, alike of the novels of George Eliot, and of the philosophical works of Herbert Spencer. In the views of Buddha respecting the constitution and the eternal flux of the universe, and regarding the Power which lies behind the vast

* Pronounced 'Gowtămă,' the vowel sound of the first syllable being like that in 'how,' and the last two syllables being short.

† This is the estimate of Mr. Rhys Davids, one of the highest authorities on the subject. The figures are given in detail in his work on Buddhism, pp. 4-5. Prof. Legge, however, thinks that the numbers for China are exaggerated. On the other hand, those for India and Further India are unquestionably considerably below the truth. Probably the excess will balance the deficiency. The number of Christians now living is about 375,000,000, and of these nearly three-fourths belong to the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches.

* 'Light of Asia,' preface.

panorama of phenomenal existence, we find the germs, if not something more than the germs, of the agnostic and evolutionist ideas now spreading so rapidly and so widely. It is not here contended that these views are true. To discuss that question, one way or the other, would be out of place in a mere exposition such as the present. All that is now desired is to point out that many of the most characteristic ideas which go by the name of 'advanced thought' to-day, are to be found more or less clearly indicated in the teachings of the great Hindu thinker.

True, the religion which he promulgated has now, to a certain extent, degenerated into a degraded superstition. But of how many religions can it be said that they have remained as pure as when they left the lips of their founders? Those who are inclined to make such a claim on behalf of Christianity may be reminded that superstitions, such as that of the worship of the Virgin, and that concerning the Blood of St. Januarius, and abominations, such as the 'Priest in Absolution,' are matters of vital practical faith with three-fourths of the Christians living in the world to-day.

Buddhism, indeed, in its present degenerate condition, presents so many striking similarities to Roman Catholicism, that each of the two religions has been charged with deriving its practices from the other. The older Buddhism had its ecclesiastical councils, and its Constantine, in the person of Asoka, who antedated by more than five hundred years his western counterpart. Modern Buddhism has its Lamas, or infallible twin-popes, its convents and monks and orders of celibates, its mendicants, its fasts and penances, its prayers and rosaries of beads, its saints and holy days, its baptism and confirmation, and its masses for the redemption of souls. It has also had its missionaries, as self-denying and as heroic as those of any other religion. It would be difficult to find, even in the records of Christian missionary enterprise, anything to surpass the sublime story of Hiouen-Thsang, the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim of the seventh century, so eloquently told by Max Müller. Even Buddha himself, as the same writer has conclusively proved, has been unwittingly canonised by the Roman Church, and stands to this day in its hagiology, under the title of St. Josaphat. It is worthy of remark, too, that if, as Sir William Jones has shown good reason for believing, the name Odin, or Wodin, is the Scandinavian equivalent for Buddha, the memory of the ancient Hindu sage yet lives in our word Wednesday.

Mr. Arnold judges rightly that the subject of his poem should be viewed sympathetically. The course adopted by him, however, of putting the poetised narrative into the mouth of a Buddhist votary, is not without its disadvantages, and on the whole it would have been preferable to have told the story impersonally in the ordinary way. Mr. Arnold's method left him no choice in the selection of his materials; he had to swallow the whole of the huge bolus of supernaturalism which modern Buddhism offers to its disciples. The result is that the individuality of Buddha is overlaid and obscured by a vast accretion of legend and miracle, credible enough to a devout Buddhist, but utterly repellent to a mind educated in the modes of thought of western civilization. The modern truth-seeker, saturated as he is with faith in the omnipresence of natural law, wants, in this matter, to pierce, if possible, through the thick haze of supernaturalism in which the personality of Buddha has been enveloped, and to get at the real man beneath; to stand face to face with that great, loving human soul; to stretch forth his hand and feel the warm, tender clasp of a friend and brother. He wants, in short, to see the story of Buddha treated poetically from the standpoint

of the natural and human, and therefore believable, not from the standpoint of the supernatural and superhuman, and therefore unbelievable. By how much you make your hero god, by so much do you unmake him as man—by so much do you remove him beyond the pale of human sympathies. The miraculous and the supernatural form so dominant an element in Mr. Arnold's work as to give an air of unreality to the narrative. Doubtless, the personality of the man is not altogether hidden; doubtless, we do get an occasional glimpse of the reality underlying the mythical vesture; nevertheless the revelation is incomplete until the supernatural veil is entirely cast aside, and the sublime teacher stands forth, in the naked purity of his stainless soul, as seen in the Buddhist Sermon on the Mount, of which Mr. Arnold gives so literal, yet so noble a poetical rendering in his closing book.

Apart, however, from this great and central defect, Mr. Arnold's poem, notwithstanding its many beauties, is inadequate to its theme. A story such as that of Buddha should unquestionably be told in 'the grand style.' Now, except in the eighth book, just alluded to, Mr. Arnold's manner, charming though it be, is quite wanting in the almost indefinable quality indicated by the epithet in question. To attempt a definition of 'the grand style' would savour somewhat of rashness, seeing that even Matthew Arnold himself becomes inarticulate when undertaking that well-nigh impossible task. Suffice it to remind the reader that grandeur is a comprehensive quality, embracing many moods and tenses. There is, for instance, the heroic grandeur of the speeches to his soldiers which Shakspere puts into the mouth of Henry V.; there is the majestic or stately grandeur of Milton's Paradise Lost; and there is the simple grandeur of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, or—to turn for a moment from poetry to prose—of those matchless examples of the art of narration, the stories of the Prodigal Son, and of the Woman taken in Adultery.

The simple grand is, of course, the style in which Buddha's story should be told; it is, however, the style in which it is not told by Mr. Arnold. There is enough, and perhaps more than enough, of simplicity. Throughout the first seven books the tone is an echo of the idyllic sweetness of Tennyson. So constantly, indeed, do we seem to catch the ring of that poet's music, that the eastern colour is but imperfectly preserved. One of the causes of Mr. Arnold's failure to reach the level of his theme appears to be a too great partiality for Saxon homeliness of diction. The love of a simple Saxon style may easily become an affectation. The English language, after all, is a composite speech, in which Latin words bear a certain definite proportion to the whole, and a writer who seeks to ignore this fact, will find himself engaged in a barren labour. The golden mean in the use of the two principal elements of the language seems to have been found by Shakspere, whose mastery over the Latin element was as consummate as his mastery over the Anglo-Saxon.

> 'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
> Making the green one red.'

Mr. Story, taking this quotation for an illustration, has pointed out for us how the wonderful effect of the pregnant Saxon monosyllables of the last line is prepared for and enhanced by the great Latinish 'multitudinous' and 'incarnardine,' which precede them; and he shows, by actual experiment, that it is impossible to substitute any other words for those two without robbing the passage of its grandeur.

But besides this partial failure in

form, there is a want of dignity in substance. It is open to much question whether the sort of Mahomet's paradise described in the first four books of the poem, was, in fact, the surrounding amid which Buddha passed his early days. It is difficult to believe that a life of sensuous, indolent ease and sloth would have had any but the slightest attraction for such a man, even in his youth. It is impossible to believe that Buddha could ever have been a mere sybarite, or a member of a Hindu *jeunesse dorée*. The sweetness of tone predominant throughout all this portion of the narrative, is something sugary, something lacking in virility. We miss, too, in the account of his early manhood, when the conception of his mission dawns upon him, any but the faintest vestige of the consuming fire which impels the moral or religious enthusiast to his sacred office with a force which he cannot resist. That definition of genius, which describes it as following its natural bent, not because it may, but because it must, is pre-eminently true of the spiritual seers and prophets of the race, —those portents whose lips, more than those of any others of their tribe, seem to have been touched by the sacred fire of inspiration. But of this prophetic frenzy we find scarcely any indication in the Buddha of Mr. Arnold's poem. His final parting from his sleeping wife, where if anywhere we might look for it, is told with much beauty of the sensuous order; but there is almost a touch of prettiness in the description, and we look well-nigh in vain for any trace of the agonising struggle between the goadings of conscience and the yearnings of natural affection of which that loving soul must have been the scene at that awful crisis in its fate. In such episodes as these it is that the inadequacy of the simple sweetness of Mr. Arnold's manner is most keenly felt. Furthermore, strange to say, the poet manages somehow to infuse just a suspicion of moral priggishness into the personality of the great religious teacher of Asia. Such at least, is the impression which two or three little bits of self-laudation leave upon the reader.

As has been already hinted, an exception from the foregoing strictures must be made in favour of the last book of the poem, which gives us, in sentences, brief, pregnant, and oracular, a poetic version of the Buddhist Sermon on the Mount. Among Buddhists this discourse is known as the First Sermon of Buddha, and the day on which it was delivered is as sacred in their Church as the Day of Pentecost is with most Christians. So noble is this portion of Mr. Arnold's work as well-nigh to atone for the shortcomings of the rest. Here, where, leaving the Man, he gives us the Doctrine, and so catches his inspiration from Buddha himself,—here at last does the poet rise to the height of his great argument; here at last does he reach the level of the moral and spiritual grandeur of his hero. The change of tone is aptly ushered in by a change of metre. In place of the rather monotonous blank verse, we have a series of exquisite quatrains, with rhyming second and fourth lines. The first three are iambic pentameters; the last is an iambic trimeter, which closes each stanza with a singularly beautiful cadence, that reminds one, in spite of the difference of metre, of that of the quatrains of Mr. Fitzgerald's remarkable translation of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat. A few quotations will enable the reader to judge for himself of the excellence of this portion of the work.

The maxim that speech is silver, and silence golden, has rarely been better expressed than in these lines:

> 'OM, AMITAYA! measure not with words
> Th' Immeasurable: nor sink the string of thought
> Into the fathomless. Who asks doth err;
> Who answers, errs. Say nought.'

The following might be inscribed by a modern Agnostic over the entrance of a temple to the Unknowable:

'Nor him, nor any light

'Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind;
Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.'

That the 'eternal not ourselves' *does* make for righteousness was taught by Buddha nearly two thousand five hundred years ago as emphatically as by Matthew Arnold or Herbert Spencer to-day:

'The Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.'

* * * *

'Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

'Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.'

That this Power, whose end is righteousness, works by natural methods, by unswerving order and inexorable law, is taught as explicitly as by the most fervid preacher of the reign of law in this age of science:

'It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom;
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom.'

* * * *

'It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.'

* * * *

'It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought—to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.'

* * * *

'Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love,* the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!'

* Compare St. John's 'God is Love.'

From Buddha's belief in the inexorable nature of law and the universality of natural causation, his doctrine that the reward of virtue and the punishment of sin are by natural consequence, follows directly and inevitably. Here is Mr. Arnold's version of Buddha's teaching on this point:

'The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
The bygone right breeds bliss.

'That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!
So is a man's fate born.'

From Buddha's belief regarding the springs of our joys and sorrows, it was merely a logical deduction that he should discountenance prayer for specific objective blessings, as an attempt to interfere with the law of natural causation, and to fetter the free action of the Power which, left to itself, inevitably makes for righteousness. In these lines we have an anticipation of the modern scientific doctrine as regards prayer, as enunciated by such writers as Tyndall and Greg:

'Pray not! the Darkness will not brighten! ask
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains!
Ah, Brothers! Sisters! seek

'Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;
Each man his prison makes.'

The central doctrine of Buddha, the Nirvâna, in spite of folios of exposition and endless controversies among European scholars, is still very imperfectly understood by the western mind. The difficulty has been created by the persistence with which the doctrine has been referred solely to a future state. View it, as it should be viewed, as re-

lating to this side of the grave as well as the other, and all difficulty vanishes immediately. It is then at once seen that the name is expressive of that subjective condition which is reached when the mind has trodden down all selfish desires—even the desire for life, for individuality, for personality. In Christian phrase, it is 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding;' and is somewhat analogous to the idea of the kingdom of God expressed in the authorised version of Luke: 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo, here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you;' and also by Paul: 'For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,'

Mr. Arnold's views with regard to the Nirvâna are not very clear. He sees plainly enough the erroneousness of the common notion, that it is simply another name for annihilation; but several expressions which he uses, such, for instance, as 'he goes unto Nirvâna,' make it doubtful whether he does not imagine that the word refers only to a place, or to a condition of being, after death. Buddha himself did not use the expression, 'he goes unto Nirvâna;' his phrase was, 'he attains Nirvâna,' or 'he reaches Nirvâna,' or 'he enters Nirvâna,' the word 'enter' having the same meaning as in the Christian phrase, 'enter into thy rest.'

But if Mr. Arnold's notions regarding Nirvâna are not as lucid as could be wished, his description of the course of conduct by which it is to be attained is so beautiful as to deserve quoting entire. It will be noticed, how, especially in the fourth and fifth stanzas of the quotation, the Eastern prophet anticipated another modern idea, the Positivist doctrine of the immortality of spiritual influence, so eloquently preached by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

'If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In Love and Truth alway;

'If making none to lack, he thoroughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence
Nothing but grace and good:

'If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end:

'He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

'No need hath such to live as ye name life;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him Man.

'Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

'Unto NIRVANA. He is one with Life
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!'

One cannot fail to notice how strikingly many of the doctrines of Buddha, whose religion is indeed sometimes, by an anachronism, called the Christianity of the East, foreshadow those of the Founder of the Christianity of the West, and how he anticipated by the half of a millenium much of the moral and spiritual teaching which we are but too apt to suppose is the exclusive property of the later creed. In some points, indeed, he reached a moral elevation which the more recent system failed to attain. So wide, so all-embracing was his tenderness, that it enfolded in its loving clasp the whole animal world. He, first among mankind, appears to have had a clear vision of the sublime truth, that community of suffering makes the whole sentient creation kin. He,

first among men, taught that the lower animals are, indeed, our fellow-creatures; by him, first among teachers, was the injunction laid upon us—

> 'Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.' *

The Buddhist commandment against murder throws the ægis of its protection over the lower animals as well as man:

> 'Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
> The meanest thing upon its upward way.'

Now, though the sacredness of animal life and animal feeling may possibly be implied in the teachings of the New Testament, it is certainly not explicitly taught there. Indeed, the prevalent idea among the orthodox appears to be, that man, having been invested with dominion over 'every living thing that moveth upon the earth,' has an absolute right 'to do what he will with his own.' In eastern countries, where Brahminism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism are the dominant creeds, tenderness and consideration towards animals, and an unwillingness to inflict pain upon them, are far more common than in Christian countries. Communities where Buddhism prevails do not indulge in cruel field sports, nor do they appear to find it necessary to form societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. As with regard to the lower animals, so also, in the case of Buddhism at least, with regard to man. Here is one of Buddha's utterances: 'Never will I seek private individual salvation—never enter into final peace alone; but forever and every where will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all the worlds.' It may be left to the orthodox Christian to contrast this sentiment with his own doctrine of an eternal hell reserved for the majority of his fellow-creatures.

It is satisfactory to find that on another point Mr. Arnold corrects a popular misconception with regard to Buddhism. One of the commonest charges laid against Buddha—a charge reiterated, though sometimes, it is true, in a modified form, even by men like Professor Blackie, from whom better things might be expected—is, that he preached asceticism. The accusation is quite unfounded. Buddha, indeed, at the outset of his career, tried asceticism in the balance of personal experience, but he found it wanting, and ever afterwards condemned it. The following passage, besides giving the reader a taste of the quality of Mr. Arnold's blank verse, will exemplify Buddha's teaching in this regard, as addressed to the leader of a sect of ascetics:

> 'Then spake Lord Buddha: "Will ye, being wise,
> As ye seem holy and strong-hearted ones,
> Throw these sore dice, which are your groans and moans,
> For gains which may be dreams, and must have end?
> Will ye, for love of soul, so loathe your flesh,
> So scourge and maim it, that it shall not serve
> To bear the spirit on, searching for home,
> But founder on the track before nightfall,
> Like willing steed o'er-spurred?"'
>
> * * * * *
>
> 'Onward he passed,
> Exceeding sorrowful, seeing how men
> Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,
> Lust so to live they dare not love their life,
> But plague it with fierce penances, belike
> To please the gods who grudge pleasure to man;
> Belike to balk hell by self-kindled hells;
> Belike in holy madness, hoping soul
> May break the better through their wasted flesh.
> "Oh, flowerets of the field!" Siddârtha said,
> "Who turn your tender faces to the sun—
> Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath
> Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned,
> Silver and gold and purple—none of ye
> Miss perfect living, none of ye despoil,
> Your happy beauty. Oh, ye palms! which rise
> Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind
> Blown from Malaya and the cool blue seas,
> What secret know ye that ye grow content,
> From time of tender shoot to time of fruit,
> Murmuring such sun-songs from your feathered crowns?"'

*Wordsworth.

As will be seen from this extract, Mr. Arnold's blank verse is easy and smooth-flowing, notwithstanding that an imperfect line, which now and then jars upon the ear, shows signs of carelessness and lack of polish. In the above quotation, for instance, the halting verse—

'To please the gods who grudge pleasure to man'—

could have been made rythmically perfect by simply transposing the words 'grudge' and 'pleasure.' The next verse, too, instead of being an iambic pentameter, is in reality a line of four feet, with alternate iambics and anapæsts, scanning thus:

'Bĕlike | tŏ bălk hĕll | bў sĕlf- | kindlĕd hĕlls.'

It must be evident by this time that 'the Light of Asia' is not the poetical last word on the subject of which it treats, and that the story of Buddha still remains to be told. If a prediction might here be ventured, it would be that that story will be adequately told, not by one who gives to it merely 'the brief intervals of days without leisure,' but rather by one who devotes to it the labour of a lifetime. Nevertheless we are indebted to Mr. Arnold for a very charming poem, which may be accepted with gratitude as a noble contribution towards a sympathetic appreciation of a great and ancient, though alien religion. Many Christians among us will be none the worse for being reminded that such things as morality, and human love, and sympathy, and forgiveness do exist outside the limits of their own creed. Englishmen especially ought to welcome the work as a valuable help towards a right understanding of the remarkable people among whom Buddha lived and taught, and whose destiny is perhaps the most momentous problem with which our mother-land will have to deal in the immediate future.

A question suggests itself in conclusion. Granting—what moralists such as Francis Newman, for instance, would be by no means disposed to grant—that John Stuart Mill was right in describing Jesus of Nazareth as 'probably the greatest moral reformer, and martyr to that mission, who ever existed on earth,' and that Buddha occupies a place which, if only second, is yet distinctly lower than that of the later Teacher—was the difference between the two prophets so vast, so incommensurable, that while the one can be explained naturally, a supernatural explanation is necessary to account for the other? To attempt to grapple with this rather knotty problem would be out of place here. Whatever Mr. Arnold's own opinion may be, the answer which would be given by the Buddhist disciple whom he employs as his mouthpiece, is sufficiently indicated by the beautiful invocation with which the poem closes:

'Ah! Blessed Lord! Oh, High Deliverer!
Forgive this feeble script, which doth thee wrong,
Measuring with little wit thy lofty Love.
Ah! Lover! Brother! Guide! Lamp of the Law!
I take my refuge in thy name and thee!
I take my refuge in thy Law of Good!
I take my refuge in thy Order! OM!
The dew is on the lotus! rise, Great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
OM MANI PADME HUM, the Sunrise comes!
The Dewdrop slips into shining Sea!'

THE LITERATURE OF EDUCATION IN CANADA.*

BY AN OLD HEAD-MASTER.

THE success which has attended the first volume of this serial (*The Canada Educational Monthly*) is a good omen for the future of that system of public education in Canada whose growth during the last half century has won deserved praise in England and the States, and is a factor of such vast importance in the development of this country's nationality. For it is not too much to say that the Public School of the backwoods country section is the unit of our political system. Election of School Trustees, the working of the School Law, and the Section School, is the first lesson learned by our outlying population; a political lesson the more valuable because it is essentially national, not partizan. The handsome volume before us has literary interest in abundance, as we hope to show by a detailed account of its contents. Its reviews of the best current literature, which are not mere 'book notices,' are thoughtful, fresh and sensible, and would of themselves make the 'Educational Monthly' a help to all who are ambitious of the higher culture. But its special utility consists in its independence. It is independent of the Education Department—so much so that, as we shall have occasion to point out, it has dealt out a trenchant criticism, the more telling because of its self-restrained force and courtesy of expression. An independent criticism of the Department has become necessary since the growing magnitude of the School System has made it—in Ontario as a fact, in the other Provinces virtually—a branch of our government. For many years a School Journal, the organ of the Education Department, and supported by a grant, was sent through the country gratuitously. It did good service, both with the profession and the public, whose gratitude its able conductor, Dr. Hodgins, merits. But, although as a rule fair to the interests of the people and faithful to the public teacher, its time passed with that of the Chief of the Department, the patriarch whose personal government it represented. For a short time, too short it will probably seem to those who study the history of education in this Province during the last ten years, the interests of the public, the best culture and wisdom of the educated class in Ontario, were represented by the Council of Education, which acted as a check on the bureaucratic element of the Department. This Council was composed in part of such men as Professor Daniel Wilson, Mr. Goldwin Smith, the late Professor Ambery, as representatives of the High and Public Schools and other educational interests. In the midst of a career of unexampled benefit to the public service, this Council was suddenly suspended at a crisis when ministerial weakness yielded to a personal jealousy, armed with the threat of political influence at a general election! The new Council which virtually succeeded it, the present Central Committee, was of very different composition. It was, and is, almost alto-

* 'The Canada Educational Monthly,' January to December, 1879. Vol. I. Toronto; The Canada Educational Monthly Publishing Company.

gether composed of the school inspectors; there was no more to be any representation either of the teaching profession or of the public literature of the country. The Central Committee is composed of men who *had already other functions to perform*—those of inspection. To these they were to add those of executive government. John Hunter, the Physiologist, remarks that if an organ is called on to perform a two-fold function it becomes *less efficient in either direction*—thus the foot of a water-fowl is not very effective either for walking or swimming. The function of inspecting schools was not unlikely to be interfered with by that of choosing, or advising the choice of, text-books; a matter in which the money interests involved, and the temptations held out by not too scrupulous publishers, might lead to scandals disgraceful to the Department and disastrous to the teacher and the people. It was evident that a wholly independent organ of educational criticism was needed, not less so in the other Provinces. It was also desirable that the educational organ, while it fully represented the teaching profession, should be independent of mere professional technicality, and of the narrow and sometimes acrimonious spirit with which the technical interest tends to regard public questions. The latter should be looked at also from the point of view of the general public interested in education. And this independent position towards the Department, the profession and the public we find to have been well sustained by the new *Educational Monthly*. It has treated the Department with impartial moderation; its pages abound with essays, some on professional, some on literary and philosophical topics, by the leading minds among our teachers; it forms a means of intercommunication for the ablest of them, while its columns are closed against the fault-finding of the lower class found in this and in every other profession. The editorial department, besides a series of essays on school questions of immediate importance, contains a valuable selection bearing on school work, from the best foreign sources, and original articles on new books, which are a marked feature in this able review. As instances of the excellence of these articles, original and thoroughly adapted to Canadian conditions, we would refer to the review of Matthew Arnold's 'Johnson's Six Lives,' in the March number; to that of the 'Literature Primers,' which follows it; to 'English Men of Letters,' in the April number, and to the unpedantic scholarship of such articles, to take one among many, as that on Harper's 'Andrew's Latin Dictionary,' in the November number.

It may best fulfil the motive of this article, which is to shew fully the kind of work that is being done in the *Canada Educational Monthly*, if a short account is given of the contents of this, the first, volume. When the same topic is treated by two writers in the course of the volume, they will be considered together. The Editor's articles on educational questions of immediate importance will be reserved for separate review.

The January number opens with 'University Consolidation,' by 'Alpha.' This article is ably and temperately written; it chiefly refers to Ontario, where there are no less than six denominational colleges to the one non-denominational university. 'Alpha' urges the evil, likely to increase, of multiplied degrees deteriorating the educational currency, as in the States. Of the existence of this danger there can be no doubt. The remedy 'Alpha' proposes is for the University to abnegate its teaching functions, and become an examining body, the other colleges to resign their powers of examining for degrees. But is it not written that the cedar refused to descend from Lebanon and become king over the brambles? And might not more be lost than gained if the Uni-

versity were to abnegate its 'teaching functions?' A more thoughtful view of the same question is given in the December number, by John Millar, B.A., St. Thomas, who goes to the root of the matter, by showing that separate denominational colleges are absurd in denominations that do not claim separate schools, and their being allowed to grant degrees by the State is to the highest degree a mischievous and unconstitutional anomaly, inconsistent with the duty of the State as the guardian of public education. But public opinion, though advancing in this direction, has not reached it; meantime, perhaps, a central degree examining body for each Province, or for the whole Dominion, might at least equalize the value of degrees, and by competition secure the non-survival of the unfittest.

The vexed question of the 'Effect of Examinations on School Culture,' is started by A. Purslow, B.A., of Port Hope. He shows the evil effects of the 'Examination Mania' in England, and in clear and forcible language traces the result on the system of 'cramming," on which the Goffin examination frauds in England have afforded such a comment. The same ground is taken in 'Departmental Reports and the Intermediate Examination, by a Head-master,' a a temperate and suggestive paper; also in 'Payment by Results, by the Rev. G. Bruce, B.A., St. Catharines.' In all these papers, while the benefit of examinations as a means of testing knowledge acquired is admitted, the system so dear to the bureaucratic mind, so doubly dear to a bureaucratic inspectorate, is condemned as noxious to true education, and the same conclusion is endorsed by all utterances of the teaching profession, in essays, letters, and resolutions of teachers' associations throughout this volume. There certainly seems to be good ground for complaint, which is illustrated by two cases, in which Head-masters lose their position, merely because pupils fail to pass the Intermediate Examination.

What is to be said for the examination system as a necessary though imperfect test, is well said by J. W. Wells, Principal of the Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock.

A series of essays by Dr. Mills, of Hamilton, on 'School Hygiene,' 'Exertion or Over-exertion,' 'Lungs as they concern Education,' 'The Eye,' are clearly written, and ought to be read by all school trustees and parents.

A somewhat technical, but thoughtful and well-written, essay, by J. Seath, B.A., St. Catharines, shows how the number of first-class teachers could be increased. He advocates the separation of the professional course for first-class and for second-class teachers. Mr. Seath's proposal would seem to be likely to improve both the professional and non-professional instruction by division of labour between the Normal and High Schools.

Next is a clear exposition, by A. W. Gundry, of Toronto, of Herbert Spencer's application of the evolution philosophy to education. Spencer's system is attracting increased attention among thinking men; it seems to have an almost universal range, practical as well as speculative. Some of the issues raised are also discussed by Mr. Wells. 'A Biologist' supports Spencer's view in advocating increased teaching of science in public schools.

The Editor's article on 'School Manuals' will be separately reviewed.

In the February number, besides the Editor's article on Culture, is a second article by Mr. Gundry, on 'First Principles of Education, Intellectual and Moral,' more especially on the subject of morality. Mr. Gundry gives admirable advice. Surely such a paper would do good, could it be circulated among parents and trustees, who are too little apt, in many cases, to think of points of abstract duty in connection with school life. J. H. Smith, School Inspector of Ancaster, con-

demns the present sessions in County Model Schools as too short.

Two of the best essays on the subject of teaching, pure and simple, are those by Mr. McAllister, on 'The Aims of our Public School System,' and by Mr. Wells, in the essay entitled 'Cui Bono?' In the former, a claim is put forward for the enlarged scope of Public School work—at least beyond the three Rs.—for adequate training in history and geography, natural science, and physiology. To the same purport is the eloquent paper by Prof. Wells. But under the present *régime* of over-examination and cram, how are we to get third-class teachers capable of teaching either, except in the most perfunctory manner? During a considerable experience of the county schools of Eastern Ontario, the present writer has very rarely met a third-class teacher who had an intelligent knowledge of English history. The only instance in which he remembers Physiology being attempted at one of the country schools, usually supplied by teachers of this grade, was one in which the pupils never seemed to advance beyond one lesson, or grasp more than one fact, *i.e.*, *the number of bones in the human body*. With this their 'study of physiology' began and ended.

Space does not allow the consideration of all the essays whose interest and genuine unaffected literary merit deserve mention. Remarkable among others it need hardly be said is that by Mr. W. D. LeSueur, of Ottawa, one of Canada's best known writers and clearest philosophical thinkers. An essay on 'Buckle's Theory of History,' by Mr. Francis Rye, of Barrie, is a most interesting *résumé* of the principles on which was written the fragment which alas! is all we possess of the work projected by that illustrious man of letters. Principal Grant and President Nelles contribute two thoughtful papers well deserving the attention of all interested in education. Mr. Goldwin Smith's article, on English Universities, represents a perfection of literary style which our teachers cannot study too accurately. Such essays not only embellish the *Educational Monthly*—they give it a title to the support of all who share the interest now becoming so general in the more thoughtful phases of literature. The Mathematical Department, under Mr. MacMurchy, also displays high merit for accuracy, clearness, and practical utility to teachers—the High School and Public School Departments are also admirable features of this magazine. The editorial articles are chiefly on practical questions concerning the regulation of text-books, of course a matter in itself of primary importance to the teacher, the children, and the parents, as also the expenditure and general action of the Department. Before considering the editorials on these most pressing questions, attention may be directed to an essay on 'The Promotion of Culture' in this country, 'even in the rural districts, except perhaps, in the case of the settlers in the remote townships of the Province, and among the Indians, the demands upon education are ambitious ones. With no benighted labouring class in Canada, corresponding to the Hodge of the Motherland, education has not to waste time upon uncouth or unpromising material. Hence, there is not the necessity to lower the plane of our primary education to the depth of his midnight ignorance. This advantage in our favour, we begin our educational work at a higher pitch, though the height we reach at the finish should be correspondingly elevated, and the results looked for those that mark the fulfilment of a great expectation.' 'But to a great extent, we fear, the work done is machine work, marked with the materialism of routine and the inelasticity of mechanism. The work of course is turned out; but it is done too much in the temper of uniformity and in the methods of a lifeless system. We have the body of educational work without its energizing and

liberalising life—the form but not the fruit.' That this forcibly written passage is only too faithful to fact, is shewn by the whole working of the Department of Education, ever since the present Central Committee replaced a Council which was too honest, too effective, and too loyal to the interests of the school-teaching profession, to suit the bureaucrat of the hour. What this article in the *Educational Monthly* says about the inelasticity and want of vital force in the Education Department under the practical rule of its Committee of School Inspectors, is, most unhappily for the interest of education and educators, only too deplorably true! While the teachers are practically coerced by the influence of an inspector who is also supreme, or believed to be so, at the Department, to force illegal text-books into use into the Schools, the teacher's moral sense and self-respect are injured. While base piracies of foreign school manuals are thrust on the public, with a cynical contempt for law, and a perseverance worthy of professional book agents, the whole tone of the Education Department is fatally lowered. In fact the Department does precisely 'the things it ought not to have done, it leaves undone the things that it ought to have done, and there is no health in it.' It fails in its duty to the teaching profession whom it subjects to the tender mercies of trustees by making their status dependent on the capacity of pupils *who may vary from year to year in every condition that goes to make success possible!* It fails in its duty to the public, having introduced and formulated a system of examinations, cram, and puffing, which goes far to make education in any true sense of the word impossible, as far as the system has its way. Those at the head of this state of things shew, among other characteristics of the Philistine nature, a wonderful lack of humour which harmonises well with the pervading woodenness of the Department. They do not seem to perceive the curious specimens of bad English which come so malapropos from the heads of an Education Department, they fail to realise that outside observers can see anything absurd in productions worthy of Mr. Pecksniff, or to the economy of the Departmental expenditure and the impartiality with which political considerations are excluded, when everybody who knows the facts of the case perceives what economy there is in a school expenditure, which, while the number of scholars in Ontario has increased by *one-fourth* in the decade, has *doubled the expenditure!* And as to politics, what other influence stifled inquiry as to examination frauds, gross as in the English Goffin case, as enabled a ring in the book trade to make their friends in the irresponsible Central Committee force manuals worthy of Mrs. Malaprop, on our schools!

Those who have watched the course of events at the University will also endorse what is said as to the lack of creative force in the teaching in that institution of late years. 'The cold temperament too largely prevails.' New blood is indeed needed. A teacher who possesses magnetism to attract and win the students, one intellectually capable of inspiring his own enthusiasm, a speaker and thinker, able to sway and impress—what a gain would not this be. But as St. Augustine said 'unde autem?' How is such a man to be got? The present conditions of routine make his exclusion certain. If we may hazard a suggestion, might not permission to lecture, say twice on one of the various courses of study be granted to those whose names were approved of, by such public men as Mr. Goldwin Smith or some of the most noted of out *litterateurs.* If such a chance were afforded to the really competent teacher, the students and the University would soon perceive who had the power of lecturing and impressing others.

We are sorry to agree with what is said of the lack of influence of the learned professions on the national cul-

ture with the exception, perhaps, of the bar. The clerical profession, at least in the Episcopal Church, has lost the semi-aristocratic position which in England allies it to some extent with the more superficial aspects of culture. In England scholarship is not looked on with disfavour by bishops; the clergy fill a respectable if not at all a foremost place as a literary force. Here the clergy form a caste, a priesthood, afraid to speak out on questions upon which the thinking public has long ago made up its mind; having lost social prestige, they seek ecclesiastical supremacy or take refuge in reactionary dogma from modern thought. As a whole, one is inclined to look on the teaching profession, certainly, as represented by the essays in the volume under review, as the best influence for culture this country possesses.

In the remaining editorial articles the shortcomings of the Education Department are clearly and vigorously dealt with. In 'The Department and the School Bill,' it traces the decadence that set in when the competent and responsible Council of Education, in which the teaching profession and the public were both represented, was replaced by the irresponsible and inefficient Central Committee. 'The abrogation of a council composed of men of the character, ability, and impartiality of the men who were doing such herculean work for education at the time of its abolition makes the educational critic severe in his demand upon the men who replaced the Council and upon the machinery that attempted to continue its work.'

The most unsatisfactory point with regard to those men and that machinery is 'the non-representation in the Central Committee of Public and High School Masters, an element which most fairly and desirably had its representation in the latter days, at least, of the old Council.' We hope that the teaching profession will not lose sight of this important point; the force of public opinion represented by that profession is one which must make itself heard. Let it assert itself; let it claim its just rights, not of being represented by members of its own body which would give rise to jealousy, suspicion, and the same evils that prevail under the present constitution of the Committee, but let the teachers elect as their representatives men whose character and literary position give unquestionable guarantee of integrity and ability, and who, standing apart from political influence, as a Minister of Education cannot do, will have the inestimable advantage of also representing the public. For remember, as things are at present, the public has no representation. There is a Minister of Education, who personally, no doubt, deserves all the credit for good intentions given to him by the editor of the *Educational Monthly*, but who represents a party, and cannot afford to quarrel in the public interest with members of the Central Committee who have party claims or political interest—a Minister who is a lawyer, and cannot in his own professional interest give anything like adequate study to the working of the Educational System. That all this is not mere theory will presently be seen in Mr. Crooks' dealing with the School Manual Question.

As a proof of the way in which public interests are neglected by a Department which 'doth protest too much' of its regard for economy, we find that, on the authority of the Blue book, for 1877, 'the Central Committee *cost the country about* $10,000, inclusive of fees as examiners, rewards for reporting upon text and prize books, for travelling expenses, and the inevitable disbursement for contingencies. This is exculsive of the salaries paid to those of the Central Committee who are Public School Inspectors, by the city and municipal corporations employing them, and it is also exclusive of the salaries drawn by those High School Inspectors who, no doubt, deservedly enough, divide some $9,000 among them.'

Besides the glaring extravagance of such waste of public money; besides the gross abuse of a Department playing at being a bookseller, and the official perquisites connected with that abuse; the Central Committee, like all close corporations, has supported its members in every dereliction of duty. As one instance of this let our readers recall the grave charges of Examination fraud which came up for trial two years ago. A similar fraud was perpetrated, as we said, in England about the same time by one Goffin: investigation and prompt punishment in that case followed on the first suspicion of a crime which no political party in England would have lent itself to screen. Political morality here is unfortunately not so sensitive. About the time when the abortive investigation into the examination frauds took place, the Minister of Education happened to visit a great public institution. It was remarked to him by one of the officers of that institution that a new professor's chair was needed by the requirements of the age. 'What chair?' said the Minister, ever anxious for information in his Department. 'White washing,' was the reply, 'and the judge who tried the examination frauds question would be the most eligible candidate.' Despotism may have been sometimes tempered by an epigram, but the Education Department, as we have said, seems to lack the sense of humour, and would probably not see the point.

In fact, the teaching profession have a most pressing interest in getting rid of the Central Committee of school inspectors which nominally 'advises,' but in fact directs the Department. The teachers are over-inspected and over-governed. The inspectors have quite a disproportionate power over the teacher. The teacher is, in fact, at the mercy of an inspector certain to be backed up by a Department inspired by his own *confrères*, a letter from whom, however unjust, would have instant effect with a board of trustees incapable of judging the case on its merits, and impressed with the usual vulgar reverence for Officialism. Were the former Council of Education, composed of reliable and competent men, to replace the present rule of the Inspectorate, the inspector and the teacher would resume their relative position, and it is more than probable that the present Chinese system of Examination on the brain would disappear, and the mischievous plan of 'payment by results' follow it into limbo.

A capital instance of the working of the present corrupt and inefficient system is illustrated in the editorial in the April number on *School Book Editing and Authorship*. It sets forth, on indubitable proof, 'the existence of a favoured house in the book trade whose books are approved by the Central Committee,' and 'the intimate connection between the Central Committee and the publishing house referred to.' The editorial goes on to expose 'the intimate relations of the House of which we have been writing, with the senior Inspector of the Department whose books the firm has published, and which despite the fact that they have no official authorization have been industriously circulated in the schools of the Province, contrary to the edicts of the Department which forbid the use of all unauthorized books. The gross impropriety of Dr. McLellan's (the senior Inspector in question) pecuniary interest in these books, while holding his official position, is a circumstance which cannot too strongly be reprobated, and the perambulatory advertisement by the author of the book in question, only adds to the indecorous character of the connection.'

Of these books, illegally admitted into schools by an author who, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, manages to be 'three gentlemen at once,' Central Committee man, who controls the Department, inspector who controls the High Schools, and book agent, it is

curious to see how very badly the 'authorship' is managed. This illustrates what we said as to the lack of sense of humour in the Department. These books, a crucial example of which is an eminent inspector's work on Mental Arithmetic, and Miller's Swinton's Language Lessons, the latter of which is manufactured by the simple process of altering a sentence here and there, 'the sword of the general' in place of 'the bonnet of Mary,' in the original book, and by such impudent devices as placing the 'editor's name' on the title page, or appending the *Canadian date* 'Ottawa, March, 1878,' at the end of the preface written by the American author. That the Minister of Education should allow an illegal circulation of worthless compilations amounting, as the publishers' circulars shew, to thousands of copies in inconceivably short periods, is a public question, on which Mr. Crooks will shortly find public opinion express itself more loudly than he expects; but that these book-peddling inspectors should be allowed thus to disgrace Canadian literature, concerns the *clientèle* of this review. We have endeavoured, through evil report and good report, to uphold the cause of that literature. We protest against being associated in any way with the proceedings of 'adapters' of other people's writings, whose process of editing resembles nothing so much as the process called 'denasation,' formerly practised by the lower class of tramps, who, by splitting the nose and otherwise defacing children, so changed them for the worse that their own parents could not recognise their offspring.

In the interest of both education and literature, we wish success to the *Educational Monthly*. It deserves the support of all the profession, to whose body it does honour by calling forth such essays as that on 'Buckle,' and the able and scholarly classical reviews in this volume. So long as the unauthorized school manual-abuse continues unabated, in defiance of the Department's own edict, a scandalous and most immoral condition of things like what our forefathers denounced under the name of 'unlaw'; so long as the teaching interest is unrepresented in the Council that virtually governs; so long such a review as the *Educational Monthly* is the best resource for redress. The most hopeless feature of the case hitherto has been a want of public interest in educational questions. This the friends of education have it in their power to remedy to a great and increasing extent, by promoting the circulation of the *Educational Monthly*, and by writing themselves and endeavouring to interest others in the important questions discussed in its columns.

IMPATIENT BUDS.

BY E. WATSON, TORONTO.

'TWAS in a year unseasonable
When Summer airs unreasonable
Would strive with the Winter's Frost and Snow,
Persuading the Trees that they might grow.

Wait—wait—said the Snowflakes falling
On budding trees, that were forestalling
Impatiently the wished-for season,
All tempted by the South-Wind's treason.

Wait—wait—'tis no time for springing,
Do you not see?—No birds are singing,
The South-Wind blows, it but deceives you,
For if it woos, it as surely leaves you.

Are you so blind, that you do not see
The berry bright on the holly tree?
'Tis the robin singing, that you hear,
No bird of spring ventures *yet* so near.

Those breezes soft that from Summer stray
Belong not here, and they cannot stay:
We would spare you, but ah, we may not,
Ye must all die, if ye obey not!

Listen to us, heed our kind warning,
Said they softly, but on next morning
The South-Wind came with the break of day
And the Snowflakes wept themselves away.

Then the Breezes around them sighing
Beguiled the Trees till they, defying,
Reckless of all the Snowflakes' advice,
Burst open their buds, and dared the ice.

But by and by the South-Wind left them
Remorselessly the Breeze bereft them.
Then back the Winter came in earnest,
Blew its coldest and frowned its sternest.

The Hoar Frost, too, was hard and bitter,
And oft the Snow, his gentle sister,
Tried to shield them, but ah, she could not,
For she had warned, and hear they would not.

O treacherous World! So full of wiles
Thou wouldst allure with gayest smiles,
Then leave our hopes to die, or fade,
Ruthless alike to youth or maid.

DOWN SOUTH IN A SAIL-BOAT

BY ROBERT TYSON, TORONTO.

Part III.

December 11.—We moved off at dawn to find a more sheltered locality wherein to breakfast, and were soon snugly ensconced in a curve under the lee of a high bank, where there was an eddy, caused by the swift current outside. Here we partook of a sociable hot breakfast, enlivened by M. Woillard's quaint and pungent sayings about men and things. He objected to the exposed character of our last night's anchorage. Our present location would scarcely have been safe for a night's stay: we might have had a ton or so of earth deposited on us from the raw, bare bank above. That is one point to watch in Mississippi navigation. I offered M. Woillard some tea. He laughed and said, 'I am not sick. The French only take tea when they are sick. When the Americans get sick, they take wine; but when the French get sick, then no more wine,—tea. It is the change. Too much of one kind is not good.'

We started down before a tearing north wind. I double-reefed my sail, 'held her to it,' and bowled along merrily. Monsieur Woillard could only put one reef in his sail, and he was obliged to luff and yaw continually as the strong blasts came on him; whilst I kept nearly straight on my course; consequently, I left him behind, and gradually lost sight of him. The wind got stronger and I slackened my halliards and lowered the gaff, making a bag of my sail and presenting less surface to the wind. I waited for my companion at Port Adams, where we lunched and stayed awhile. The name of my comrade's boat is *Le Solitaire*, and he made his cockpit so small because he did not want a companion in his boat. She is a lively little craft; being without keel, she sometimes skirmishes around the more solemn and steady *Bishop* in a volatile French manner. A slight touch of the rudder will send her jumping to one side or the other, and she 'goes about' like a wink, but is a little hard to keep on a straight course. We were not long in making the mouth of Red River, eleven miles below Port Adams. A dredge and a produce barge were lying near. Seeing a group of men on shore, we landed for information about Red River, which we thought of visiting. One of the group proved to be a Canadian, a relative by marriage of Mr. Thomas Creighton, of Cobourg, and having friends back of Edwardsburg, Ontario. Most of the men were employed on the dredge and flatboat.

Now for a little topography. The Mississippi used to make a big bend here, with only a narrow neck of land between the two ends. *Into* this bend flows the Red River, and *out* of it flows the Bayou Achafalaya, a sort of natural canal between two and three hundred miles long, which takes part of the water of the Mississippi to the sea. It is the farthest up of several similar bayous connecting the Mississippi with the Gulf; they are in fact mouths of the river, though long ones, and the land between is the delta of the river. But an interesting change took place. United States engineers made a cut-off at the narrow neck, and this cut-off

became the main channel. Then the upper entrance to the bend silted up, and cotton is now growing over it. The communication between the Red River and the Mississippi was then at the lower entrance of the old bend; but Bayou Achafalaya gradually grew wider and deeper, until now it takes to itself all the water of Red River when the waters are low. When we came to what is called the mouth of Red River—the lower entrance of the old bend—we found a strong current flowing *away* from the Mississippi instead of into it. The reason of this was, of course, that Bayou Achafalaya was not only able to take away all the water of Red River, but some of the Mississippi also. When Red River is high Bayou Achafalaya cannot take all the water, and there is then a current *into* the Mississippi at the same place where we found one flowing *out*. This channel is getting shallow, and the dredgemen told us that if they had not kept it open by constant dredging during the recent low water it would have closed up entirely. What a change that would be! Red River would no longer be a tributary of the Mississippi; and its people, with those on Bayou Achafalaya, would be cut off from water communication with the great national highway. Only a dirty 'mud-machine' prevented that result.

Whilst we were talking with the men on the bank, a wiry sunburnt man came alongside us in a skiff, and the others referred us to him as one knowing the locality well. M. Woillard talked some French with him, I some English: and the result was that we decided not to go into Red River. We tied up our boats by the produce barge for the night: and Mr. Alexander, who was in charge of it, asked us in for a chat. Two other men 'dropped in'—one of them he of the skiff, who talked French. I got his assistance in a little matter of translation, and after awhile asked his name. He asked which of them I wanted? he had so many. I said he might give them all if he liked. He said that he had three: 1st, Joseph ——; 2nd, Hell-fire Joe; 3rd, Tiger Joe. I asked him how he got these latter sobriquets: he told me the first came by his reckless driving on a railroad, and the second was given him in Texas, because 'when a man acted mean with me I went for him every time.'

I may here anticipate a little by saying that not long after this, I was told that 'Tiger Joe' did not get his name for nothing; that he was known to have committed robberies, and was strongly suspected of several murders. Not far from our camp by the barge is an island, Turnbull's Island, formerly the resort of a gang of desperadoes, who were 'cleaned out' by the military. Tiger Joe was said to have been connected with this gang. I give this as told to me; perhaps my informant slandered Tiger Joe.

December 12.—We saw a large sloop lying by the bank, having printed on the sail, in large letters, 'Mandate of Health; Dr. —— etc., etc., etc,'—evidently the office of a travelling physician, more or less quack. Passing Bayou Sara, we closed our day's run at the town of Waterloo, where we lay for the night alongside of a travelling photograph gallery, on a hull somewhat differing from the usual flat-boat kind. Her owner, Mr. Bailey, invited us on board, and I chatted with him and his wife till the small hours. They are enthusiastic in artistic matters, and showed me some exceedingly fine specimens of their work. Mr. Bailey said his business was a profitable one; he was enabled to get good paying work from the towns on his route which could not support a resident photographer. Odd experiences and odd people he met with in small places on the distant tributaries of the river—some places where the people had no cooking-stoves, and where the young men would bring their 'gals' mounted behind them on horseback to 'get their pictur' taken,' and afterwards the two would ride away together on their met-

tlesome steed, the young man whooping and firing his pistol in the air. He spoke strongly of the lawlessness of this part of the Mississippi, and said he was often apprehensive of harm; the hired man he kept was chiefly for protection. The robbery of store-boats and the murder of their inmates occurs now and then. Mr. Bailey suffered severe loss from a terrible storm which swept over part of Louisiana on the first of last September. He was on Grand Lake at the time, and the waves lifted his boat right on the top of a neighbouring wharf, whilst the wind tore away part of his gallery, and he only saved the rest by bracing it. I had noticed that his boat was undergoing repairs; and I had met traces of this big storm before. A flat-boat man at Port Adams told me that his boat was sunk by it—the waves rolled entirely over her. Mr. Bailey said that a steamer was sunk near him in Grand Lake: she was wedged in by two barges and taken at a disadvantage. Mr. Bailey's boat is a large one, and he is now in process of making her a side-wheel steamer, to save his heavy towage bills. He is a good mechanic, and is doing the greater part of the work with his own hands, in the intervals of his photography. He comes from St. Louis. He is a very fair sample of the ingenious pushing western man, and seems to have a helpful helpmeet.

December 13.—We tied up for the day in a heavy rain two or three miles below Waterloo. M. Woillard lit up his stove, and invited me into the captain's cabin on board his ship—an honour accorded to no living man except the captain of the *Bishop*. Protected from the raw, cold outside air, we roasted our knees and had a big pow-wow, whilst Jupiter Pluvius tapt continually on our canvas walls. My comrade had a little adventure above Vicksburg, which he shall tell in his own words:—'I had catch a big catfish, me, cut him into steak, salt him, and put in a crock de pieces, on de stern of my boat. At night I go in a ravine and tie to a log, where de steamers by coming down could not send their waves at me. I light my lantern, turned down low, and I sleep a little. Den I hear a good many animal walking round my boat, and scratching, scratching. I tink debble, I must scare dem, or dey may gnaw my boat." I look out of my tent, and see two eye shining in de dark, like two little lantern. I turn round to get my gun, me, and de boat rock, and I look out with my gun, but de eye are gone—no eye no more. I see dem again, but dey go before I can shoot at dem. Next day I look at my fish to turn dem over, but—no fish! except a little piece of de tail. De brutes steal my salt fish. I tink dey were coon or otter.' I hope my comrade will pardon me for reproducing his peculiar phraseology: it adds so much piquancy to his description. I saw more of the arrangements of his boat to-day. The space of his cockpit extends under the deck a foot or two fore and aft of the combing, so that he can lie at full length; and his bedding is rolled up at one end under the deck. The remainder of the space, fore and aft, is divided off by two bulk-heads into water-tight compartments. Two small hatchways go through the deck into these compartments, and he uses them for store-rooms. He built the boat himself, and six other boats before her. She is smooth-sided, and her workmanship is admirable. Her builder is an enthusiast in boats.

December 14.—Dull, cloudy, and damp. We started early, and reached Baton Rouge about noon.

Many years ago I saw in the *Illustrated London News* an engraving entitled 'Steamer passing Baton Rouge.' I recollect looking with wonder at the odd-looking craft, piled high above the water, with her slender smoke-stacks, so different from ocean-going steamers. The name on her wheel-house was to me as queer as the boat, and my memory has retained it during all the

following years; it was the *Natchez.* Curiously enough, I and Woillard actually met the big steamer *Natchez,* with her red funnels, a mile above Baton Rouge. She is the twelfth successive boat of that name, and I presume it was one of her ancestors that the artist of the *Illustrated News* saw.

Baton Rouge possesses what few American cities can show—a genuine historical ruin. Her fine old State House was burned during the war, and has not been re-built. A gentleman of whom I enquired my way was kind enough to accompany me to the building. The outer stone walls and most of the inner brick partitions are intact. Even the September tornado, which did some damage in the city, had no effect on this solidly built old edifice. It is a rectangular building, four or five stories high, with two turretted towers on each of the four faces; not on the corners, as is more usual. The two towers facing the river are octagonal, the other six are square. As I stood in the grass-grown interior, where small trees and climbing plants had also taken root, I was strongly reminded of some old English abbeys which I had visited. Such a scene is not frequent on American soil. Handsome terraced grounds surround the old building, with magnolias and other trees; but the place looked neglected. The streets of the town are narrow, and muddy, with brick sidewalks. Many of the houses are of one storey. Here I first saw oranges hanging on the trees—that novel sight to a Northerner. The city generally had to me a rather forlorn and neglected aspect. Some of this impression was, no doubt, owing to the raw, dark, chilly weather, which made some ladies fold their wraps closely around them and quicken their steps on their way through the streets. A straight reach of the river flows past Baton Rouge; and the State House, high up on the bluff, is a prominent object for miles up and down the river, together with another large white building, which I think is Baton Rouge College. That is all at present about Red Stick.

The river's banks now present a firmer and more solid appearance. We have got well past the point where the river makes extensive changes in its channel, and are now entering on a rich and populous country. The monotonous belts of cottonwood give place to trees of various kinds, grouped with infinite and picturesque diversity—now single, now in clumps or belts, and thickly interspersed with dwellings in many places. There are no more 'bars,' and the great river flows in a broader and more even channel.

We had a favourable wind of moderate strength, and *Le Solitaire* showed that she is really the faster boat of the two. Her captain sailed abreast of the *Bishop* for a long while by keeping to leeward, and allowing the *Bishop* to take the wind out of *Le Solitaire's* sail whenever that frisky craft shot ahead. Sail and current took us fifty miles to-day. We tied up to one of the branches of a huge tree which was standing upright in the water, with its trunk submerged, twenty or thirty feet from the high shore-bank. The town of Plaquemine was a short distance below.

December 15 opened with a fog, through which we felt our way past the town of Plaquemine. It soon gave way to bright sunshine, which lighted up the charming scenery on either bank. Frequently we passed the stately mansion of a large planter, usually with two-storied veranda round two or more sides of the building, and in near vicinity the cottages of the plantation hands, arranged in even rows. In other places, miles of the river's bank presented the appearance of a pleasant suburb. Here and there were the two short chimneys of sugar-houses. The sound of lively voices in French and English came continually to our ears, mingled occasionally with the tap of the cooper's hammer. A continuous levee extended along the

banks, on the grassy top of which horsemen and pedestrians passed and repassed. Coloured people were busy in the eddies collecting driftwood. The river here is of great depth, and it grows broader as we advance. *Le Solitaire* again showed her superior speed. We reached the busy town of Donaldsonville, thirty-five miles from Plaquemine, as the sun was setting. Here is the mouth of Bayou la Fourche, another outlet of the Mississippi, about a hundred miles long, and on the banks of which are many fine plantations. We were eighty-two miles from New Orleans. My comrade was in a great hurry to reach it, and we discussed the question of rowing all night, as the wind had dropped. Remembering my dear-bought Ohio experience, I told him to go ahead and leave me, for I could not keep pace with him in a nocturnal row. He said No, he could have left me on the first night of our meeting, but he could not leave me now. He then took the *Bishop* in tow, whilst I prepared a good hot supper for both. That despatched, *mon ami* told me to take a nap, and he would call me in case of necessity. I hung out my Buckeye as a warning to steamers not to let us run them down, and then slept soundly till midnight, while the *Solitaire* pulled steadily down the current. 'Aha, you have missed something' said my friend, when I woke. 'I hear a nigger ball on shore, me. O, how dey dance, with what a tramping! Suddenly there is a big quarrel—dey shout, dey swear—la-la, what a noise! Next de dancing begin again, more than ever. O, how dey dance—br-r-p, br-r-p, r r-p, r-r-p, tum-de-tum, tum-de-tum, tum, tum, tum, br-r-p, br-r-p, br-r-p, such a tramp, ha, ha! I never shall forget de way dose nigger dance. Den dey let off rocket, whiz, whiz—two three big rocket. You miss all de fun.' I said that I was well satisfied with his description; and we refreshed ourselves with tea and Graham crackers. Soon a fog enveloped us, but we continued to move cautiously on, keeping the shore in view, whilst steamers in the channel sounded their whistles as they groped their way along.

The morning of December 16 drew on amid a great chorus of roosters from each shore, indicating the populousness of the district. A 'Government light' loomed out through the fog, and I called out at a venture, 'How far is it from Donaldsonville?' A voice from the bank replied in good English, 'Thirty miles.' This was making progress. Day dawned; I cooked our breakfast as we moved along; the fog lifted, and my indefatigable comrade enquired of a group on shore, 'Salut, Messieurs. Combien y-at-il de milles d'ici à Nouvelle Orleans?' 'Quarante-quatre milles, Monsieur,' answered one of them. This was eight miles more. We cast loose from one another, and hoisted our sails before a light breeze. The river had broadened into magnificent proportions, and presented a wide expanse for sailing, whilst the banks were much lower. 'I like to look at this fine river—big, deep!' exclaimed my comrade. The houses were now more thickly and continuously clustered along the bank, and were generally small, with fewer trees. Every house had a veranda, generally a continuation of the roof supported on pillars. Here and there inscriptions appeared on them—'The Red Store,' 'St. Jean Baptiste Store,' 'St. Peter's Store,' and the like. 'This is a Catholic country; I see nothing but little church, little church," remarked the Solitary, in reference to another feature of the landscape. He added, 'I like to see so much house. Higher up de river it is nothing but shanty, and if any one put his head out it is nigger.' All day long we tacked and sailed close-hauled against a light breeze. The weather was warm and pleasant. As we neared New Orleans the houses became fewer, and there were long treeless stretches, apparently fields. Evening came, but we were still eight or nine miles from our goal. We tied up for the night,

and the big steamers rocked us about harmlessly as we slept the sleep of the tired. I should have mentioned that we passed the Bonne Carre crevasse, a gap the river has made in the levee of the easterly shore, so wide that for a short time we were in doubt which was the main channel of the river. Through this crevasse the water flows to Lake Ponchartrain, inundating thousands of acres on its way. It is a hard matter to close a gap like this, and some people are of opinion that to do it would be dangerous, on account of the increased volume of water-pressure against the levees and banks below.

December 17.—We cast loose at dawn, and allowed the boats to drift with the current while we made careful toilettes for boats and selves. All the indications of the outskirts of a great city were now apparent—barges, dredges, streets, houses, sawmills, factories. In the distance were the masts and square yards of sea-going ships. Mr. Bishop had kindly given me an introduction to the Southern Boat Club, whose boat-house is in the northern part of the city, and I had written from Natchez to Mr. Charles Deckbar, a member of the club. By the time our preparations were finished we had drifted to within two blocks of the boat-house. It is a commodious frame building, on high piles, with an inclined plane leading down to the water. In front of the plane is a float from which boats are launched. Mr. Arthur Abbott and Mr. Henry Deckbar, members of the club, gave us a cordial welcome, and helped to haul our boats up the inclined plane into the boat-house, where they remained safely housed during our stay in New Orleans. We have averaged forty miles a day over the two hundred and eighty miles between here and Natchez.

Friday, December 26.—My grateful acknowledgments are due to our friends of the Southern Boat Club for their kindly, thoughtful, and generous hospitality. Truly they have given us a fine practical sermon on the text, 'Be ye not forgetful to entertain strangers.' It is a most pleasant realization of what I have previously heard about the ready hospitality of Southern people. I shall spare details; they would not, I fear, be as interesting to my readers as they were to me at the time. Pleasant recollections of the Christmas of 1879 will linger long in my memory, fragrant with the sweet scent of the bouquet of fresh roses which I carried away from the house of Mr. Weigle. We passed part of a jovial day with his family, and part with the Deckbars. Our intention had been to leave for the Gulf of Mexico some days earlier; but there was no resisting the friendly warmth of the invitation to remain over Christmas.

New Orleans, in the summer, has cooling breezes from waters both north and south of it. The Mississippi has here an easterly direction. Lake Ponchartrain lies six miles north of the river, and New Orleans is built on the low strip of land between the two. Its site, being three or four feet below high-water mark, is protected by levees. The only drains the city has are square, open gutters at the sides of the street, made of wood or stone. These empty into broad, shallow canals in the suburbs, where large drainage wheels lift the sewage to a higher level, and it flows into Lake Ponchartrain. New Orleans people have been discussing the drainage question, and it is proposed that water from the Mississippi be made to flow continuously through the street gutters, as the nature of the soil and the site make subsoil drainage very difficult. It is hard for a Northerner to realize a city of 210,000 inhabitants without underground drainage. Another curious result of the low, flat site of New Orleans is that in most of the cemeteries the dead are buried above-ground. Some are in vaults, others on tiers of stone shelves, rising one above another, divided laterally by partitions, and bricked up at the ends where a burial has taken place.

Sometimes graves are made in a layer of earth, which is separated from the surrounding soil by a stone floor and walls. The reason is that the earth is very wet a short distance down from the surface, and is infested and honeycombed by the crawfish—a burrowing crustacean resembling a small lobster. There are several cemeteries, and in all of them large and costly vaults and monuments meet the eye in endless diversity of beautiful architecture. New Orleans is proud of her magnificent cemeteries; but a recent writer tersely remarks, in reference to the enormous sums of money which have been expended upon them, that a large portion of that money would have been better spent in saving the people's lives than in erecting costly monuments to them after they have been killed through sanitary neglect.

A marked feature of New Orleans houses is the massive piazza or veranda, usually of two stories, often running around three sides of the building, and always much more massive in construction than the light Toronto verandas. A favourite plan is to have handsomely carved and painted Corinthian or Ionic pillars, with heavy frieze and cornice above, usually of wood, occasionally of stone. Sometimes the roof of the main building is continued forward to form the top of the veranda. The principal business thoroughfare of the city, Canal Street, is of great width, and has a raised boulevard in the centre, on which two lines of rails are laid down for the street cars, leaving the roadway on each side entirely free for ordinary vehicle traffic. The boulevard is sodded, with crossings at intervals. There are other fine wide streets, and a good many narrow ones, especially along the river front. On these there is no room for a double track, and the device has been adopted of running the eastern-bound cars on one street, and the western-bound cars on a parallel adjacent street. These riverside streets are crowded with traffic, chiefly drays laden with cotton, drawn by mules and driven by negroes. The street-car drivers carry whistles wherewith to warn vehicles off the track ahead of them, and they have to make a liberal use of the whistles on the narrow streets in the neighbourhood of Tchoupitoulas Street. This extraordinary combination of letters is pronounced 'Chap-pit-too-lass'—and don't put too much stress on the 'lass.' Both smoking cars and non-smoking cars are run, but the ladies seem to use either indifferently. 'One tap of the bell to stop at the next crossing; two taps of the bell to stop immediately, except on curves,' is placarded in every car. The fares are collected on the box system, without conductors. Black and white people ride in the same cars indiscriminately. Small engines, called 'dummies' are used to draw the street cars up some of the suburban lines. They are queer little things of about five-horse power, carrying neither water nor coal. Some of them are without fires, and receive their supply of steam from large stationary boilers at the termini. The plan of laying the rails on a high central boulevard is adopted in the suburban lines.

Long double lines of sea-going vessels lie at the busy wharves. Only about eighty ships and steamers were in port at the time of my visit, it being the slack time of the year. These are in addition to a score or two of river steamers, whose high, white-painted mastless structures contrast curiously with the low, dark hulls, the masts and rigging, of the seagoing craft.

The names on the signboards of the stores and warehouses verify the old remark that New Orleans is a city of many nationalities. German, French, and Spanish names are common. Greek is represented by a certain Koste Anasstaseades, who dispenses fried fish and other good things to negro wharf-hands. Some of these names sorely tempt one's punning propensi-

ties; for instance, Swartz & Feitel; Sarrazin; Schrimer & Schmell; Diebold & Co.; Kohnke & Co.; Noessir; Frowenfeld & Pfeiffer; Zuberbier & Behan; Hunter & Genslinger; Julio Gosso; Flaspoller & Co; Fasnacht & Co; Wang & Cottam, etc.

I was told that the winter had been unusually mild. During my stay the weather was like that of a Canadian June, the thermometer ranging from sixty to seventy degrees in the shade, except during one cold snap about Christmas time, when the newspapers announced that the thermometer was down to thirty-two degrees, and that ice a quarter of an inch thick had actually formed on the cisterns! Talking about cisterns, they are all above ground in New Orleans, and some of them are very towers in appearance—two or three piled one above another, and reaching up to the tops of the houses. Ladies may like to know that kitchen and dining-room are often built entirely separate from the rest of the house, to keep flies away.

Trees and plants throughout the city had not lost their leaves. A common ornament of gardens is the sour orange tree; its fruit resembles the ordinary sweet orange, but is only edible in the form of jelly. Roses are plentiful, and I saw hundreds of them blooming in the open air in the fine public gardens at the suburb of Carrolton.

A factory for making artificial ice is in successful operation, near the Southern Boat Club, and has been for some years. The ice is turned out in exact parallelograms of about two cubic feet, weighing about one hundred and ten pounds each, which are sold at, I think, $1.50. I visited also Milladon's sugar plantation and sugar-house, opposite the city. Gangs of negroes, armed with large, strong, sword-like knives, were cutting the purple cane in the fields, whence mule teams brought it to the 'sugar-house.' It was the busy sugar-making season; the cane was fast disappearing between the powerful steel crushing-rollers, which commenced the sugar-making process by extracting the juice from the cane. On our visit to a neighbouring orange-grove, the majority of the oranges had been gathered in, but a few were yet hanging. The trees are about the size of apple-trees.

The *Daily City Item*, a little afternoon paper, has an interesting history, told me by Mr. Tracy, to whom I had the pleasure of an introduction. It was started about three years ago, when there were hard times amongst newspaper men in New Orleans. Thirteen of them who were out of work, chiefly practical printers, met and organised a sort of co-operative newspaper, on a very slender basis of capital, and the *Daily City Item* was born. It is now flourishing in sturdy youth. It is still owned by the original thirteen proprietors, with a fourteenth, who has since been added. The profits are divided every week, often leaving but little in the treasury.

I have, in the foregoing, not attempted any regular description of the city, but merely jotted down from memory things which came under my own observation.

December 27.—The two cruisers started across the river this morning, on their way to the Gulf, bearing with them as a parting present two flags, duplicates of the handsome pennant of the Southern Boat Club. Mr. Rudolph Weigle was going part of the way with us, and he voyaged in the *Bishop*. Our route was through a chain of swamp bayous and lakes to Grand Island, on Barataria Bay. The northern end of this chain is connected with the Mississippi by two canals, known respectively as 'The Company's Canal,' and 'Harvey's Canal.' We took the latter of these. The Mississippi's waters are at a higher level than those of the bayous and canals. Communication between Harvey's Canal and the river bed is had by means of a marine railway, over the high levee of the river. We had here some conversation with

Mr. F. H. Hatch, who invited us to his house, and kindly gave us an introduction to a prominent man on Grand Isle. Mr. Weigle, as the muscular man of the *Bishop's* crew, took the oars, and the two boats moved over the quiet waters of the canal to the bridge of Morgan's Louisiana and Texas Railway—an important railway owned by a private individual. The water of the bayous is brackish, and the brackishness gradually increases as the voyager nears the Gulf of Mexico, until in Barataria Bay it becomes saltness. Our thoughtful friends of the Southern Boat Club had provided us with a compass and some large stone water bottles; these bottles and the large tin reservoir of the *Bishop* were, by the kindness of the bridge-tender, filled with sweet cistern water. We felt like seagoing ships preparing for a long voyage. Harvey's Canal is about 30 feet wide, and six miles long, cut through a cypress swamp. Having traversed the canal, we emerged into a winding bayou, about 100 feet wide, bordered with reeds, prairie cane, and tall gaunt bare cypresses, with here and there live oaks where the wet boggy ground gave place to a patch of drier earth. Spanish moss in profusion draped the limbs of many of the trees. We passed occasionally wretched cabins, built on spots of firmer ground. Two or three skiffs, filled with negroes or loaded with Spanish moss, passed us on their way to the city. We rowed by moonlight until seven o'clock, then moored our boats by the curious column-like base of a huge cypress. We built a large fire on shore, but cooked in the boats, and were soon doing justice to hot corn-bread, molasses, and coffee. Prairie fires reddened the horizon, and helped the moon to light us to bed. The mosquitos favoured us with some attentions during the evening.

December 28.—We explored the vicinity of our landing-place, keeping a good look-out for snakes. Though they are generally torpid in the winter, an unusually warm day stirs them up a little. The rattlesnake and the venomous water-moccasin are inhabitants of this locality. I found some palmettos growing, green and fresh—the raw material of those fans that are so popular in church on a July day in Canada. We could not explore far, as the ground became too wet for foothold. Proceeding for some miles further along this bayou, called Little Barataria Bayou, it gradually widened. Then, at Bertheuse Bridge, near the junction with Bayou Villère, there is a curious and pretty piece of scenery. The swamp gives place to rising ground for some distance, and at the water's edge is a beautiful beach of white shells. On the left is a large Indian mound, covered with grass; its antiquity attested by a large oak tree which grows on the top of it. Further on are plantation buildings and a sugar-house. We turned to the right into Bayou Villère, which I should judge to be over 300 feet wide. On each side of us was now a beautiful growth of live oak and orange trees, with neat little buildings here and there; one of them a quaint wooden church, the smallest I have ever seen. Its open doors denoted that it was a Catholic edifice. Hard by was a picturesque burying-ground. This pretty rural nook and its beach of white shells soon gave place to low swampy prairies, covered with a dense growth of reeds and canes. From Bayou Villère we emerged into Lake Salvador, or Ouchita, a sheet of water of considerable size, whose furthest shore was only visible as a faint blue line. Its banks were swampy prairie, with here and there an oasis of shell beach, higher ground, and groups of trees. We skirted the southern shore for some miles, and then Mr. Weigle found his landmark for the mouth of Bayou Pierrot—a solitary tree. The prairie banks look so much alike that it is necessary to keep a sharp look-out for one's landmarks. One or two miles' sailing along Bayou Pierrot

brought us to the house of Charles Elliott, a trapper and fisherman, with whom Mr. Weigle purposed to stay for a week's hunting. Here we partook of a savoury dinner of stewed wild duck and *poules d'eau*, fried deer's liver, fried sweet potatoes, coffee, etc. Mr. Elliott's house is situated amid a group of live oak trees, on an oasis of high ground. In the front is the water of the bayou, and on every other side the swamp comes up to within one or two hundred feet of the house. The prairie cane is here from four to six feet high, grows very thickly, and at a little distance looks like a field of luxuriant ripe grain. This and the oaks gave the house and its surroundings a snug, comfortable, and home-like appearance not to be expected from a dwelling in the swamps. Mrs. Elliott is one of the sunniest and jolliest of hospitable little women. They gave me two alligators' skulls, an otter's skull, and some alligator's teeth; and offered me a live mud-turtle; but as I saw that he was a hard case, and feared that he might grow to the dimensions of a white elephant before I could get him to Canada, I declined him. Here we saw a pirogue—the 'dug-out' canoe which is common in that locality, made out of a solid cypress log.

December 29.—The mosquitos were thick during the night, and I regretted that we had accidentally left behind our mosquito bar. A young man from Mr. Elliott's neighbourhood accompanied us for awhile to point out the way down the bayou, and we were then left to the assistance of a map, which Mr. Deckbar had kindly furnished us with. Another day of tacking and beating against the wind. *Le Solitaire* rejoiced in the possession of a new centre-board, and the *Bishop* could no longer run away from her close-hauled. Bayou Pierrot is broader than Bayou Villere, and is as crooked as a ram's horn. I prepared dinner as we ran, using the bayou water for cooking. The Solitary no longer objected to this; but when in the narrower Little Bayou Barataria he had said: 'We must not use dis water; it is de juice of de swamp.' Our Bayou Pierrot dinner was nearly ready when I saw my comrade land, and heard the report of his gun. He pushed off again, and I called out as the boats passed on opposite tacks, 'What have you shot?' He answered, 'You will see; take care you do not get bite.' I soon hailed him to lay alongside for dinner, and then saw on his fore deck a writhing black snake, over three feet long, 'scotched, not killed,' with a gaping shot wound in the middle of its body; its ugly flat head and puffed cheeks considerably crushed by the butt of M. Woillard's gun. He was a water mocassin. He got a little too lively while we were dining, and the Solitary gave him a few more blows on his ugly head. We resumed our tacking. There is something very pretty when two boats are beating up against the wind in this way. At one time you are half a mile apart, then you cross each other's path, shout a few words of comment or pleasantry, and away again. You see one another's boat from all sorts of angles, and in every variety of graceful position.

We reached Little Temple, at the junction of Bayou Pierrot and the Rigolettes, about three o'clock in the afternoon, after a run or twelve or fourteen miles. It was a grateful relief from the monotony of the prairies, to see the white shell beach and tall trees of Little Temple. There was formerly a large shell mound here, but it was taken to New Orleans to mend the shell road with. We had a good spot, and stayed there for the night. My comrade nearly got into a bog of deep mud. 'I throw myself quick on my back on de firm ground me, or I would have disappear,' he said. Aboard again, M. Woillard skinned the mocassin snake, cut up the body for bait, and began fishing for crabs as darkness came on. He tied pieces of snake's flesh to several strings, and

hung them over the boat's side. The crabs nipped the bait tight, and held on until they were drawn above the surface of the water, then they let go. My friend thereupon extemporized a landing-net, slipped it under Mister Crab when he reached the surface of the water, and landed him triumphantly in the boat. The crabs held on tenaciously to the bait as long as it was in the water, so the fishing proceeded successfully. We got much fun out of this novel sport. The crabs were not large, and they were tossed into a pail as they were caught, 'Oh, la-la,' shouted my lively friend, as one *caught him*, 'Oh, how she bite. She got strong claws. But dat is part of de fun, ha, ha, ha!' After catching about twenty crabs, we turned in. Oh, the mosquitos, the blood-suckers, that night! Oh, the mosquitos!

December 30.—The water rose a foot or so during the night, showing that we were already within the tidal influence of the great Gulf. Our first business was to cook our catch of the night before. As soon as the lid was lifted from the pail, two or three of the prisoners jumped out. One took refuge in M. Woillard's bedding, and another stood fiercely at bay, opening and shutting its formidable nippers. 'Oh, how she fight,' remarked my comrade, as he dexterously grasped the crustacean in the rear, and re-consigned it to the pail. A kettleful of boiling water was soon ready, and we plunged the crabs in one by one. It seems cruel; but they appeared to die instantly, and that is the orthodox method of cooking them. The morning fog continued for a considerable time, and we were impatiently waiting for it to lift, when the large sail of a lugger, going down the bayou, became mistily visible. We started after the lugger at once, for we could not have a better guide. A light breeze soon dispersed the fog, and we found ourselves in Little Lake, a sheet of water somewhat larger than Salvador. The lugger was gradually drawing ahead of us, when the tables turned; we caught and passed her. She had stuck fast on a bar; and whilst her negro crew are getting her off with long poles, I will tell you what is understood by the term 'lugger' in the State of Louisiana. Luggers are a class of vessels between 25 and 50 feet long, rigged with one mast and a single sail; and usually decked. They are used as oyster-boats, fishing-smacks, and for trading boats. Most of the communication between New Orleans and the swampy country south of it is effected by their means, and they often run up as far as Donaldsonville and Baton Rouge. Their rig is peculiar; I have often seen it in pictures of Swiss and Italian scenery. It differs from the ordinary lug sail used for Toronto sail boats in these respects—1st. The yard is much longer in proportion and peaked up high. 2nd. There is no boom. 3rd. The after-leach of the sail is nearly perpendicular, from the peak of the yard down to the clew where the sheet is fastened. 4th. Instead of the forward clew, or tack, of the sail being brought aft to the foot of the mast, it is taken forward, and works on a traveller. They have four and five rows of reef-points. These luggers have the reputation of being very fast craft, and of sailing closer to the wind than any other vessels. The sail is hoisted by a single halliard, and in the larger craft there are braces from each end of the yard. This rig is almost invariable for craft of that size; sloops and small schooners are comparatively rare; though I understand they are more frequent on Lake Ponchartrain. The luggers are usually manned by Italians, locally known as 'dagōs,' and by creoles; hence, probably, the origin of the rig.

Warned by the experience of our lugger guide, we kept well out from shore. It was almost calm, with so hot a sun that coats were an incumbrance. Mosquitos buzzed and sang around us. We landed for information at the little fishing village of Clark or Claque

Chenière, inhabited by Creoles or 'Cadiens,' a French-speaking people, peculiar to this part of the country. A lively conversation went on between M. Woillard and a group of the 'natives' in French, whilst I picked up shells and interjected an occasional question in English. They thought we ran considerable risk of losing our way amid the network of bayous ahead, until we produced our map. Bayou St. Denis was our next water-way. A few long tacks and a close-hauled run brought us into it, and past the mouth of another bayou that we had to avoid, whose location I determined by the map and the sun. 'The two boats are good friends now; they love to come along one another,' remarked the Solitary, as at dinner time he made fast to the already-anchored *Bishop*. The rest of the afternoon was spent in beating against a fresh breeze. 'Keep the big bayou; don't run into any little places,' had been the emphatic advice of the creole fishermen; and we followed it; but some 'little places' we passed had pretty big mouths. At sunset the wind dropped, and the mosquitos began to worry us considerably, even in the middle of the broad bayou. The rays of the setting sun illumined a group of trees a few miles distant—the only object which broke the uniform line of the shores bounding the dark-blue waters of the now deep bayou. Not wishing to anchor by the low, exposed shore, we pushed on to the trees. My companion took me in tow whilst I prepared the evening meal. We had been warned against mud-flats: it would have been a serious matter to get fast on one, as there is often no solid bottom to push against to get off. So I 'took soundings' with an oar as we skirted the shore in the darkness when approaching the trees, visible only in dark outline against the starlit sky. 'Three feet (slap): that mosquito is dead, any way.' 'Four feet; there are two more of them.' 'About three-and-a-half feet (and as many more dead mosquitos).' 'Less than (slap) three feet. Why, they are as thick as gnats.' 'About two feet (slap). Look out, Monsieur, we are (slap) getting into shoal water' (slap). 'Two feet again' (slap). 'Two-and-a-half feet.' 'Three feet' (slap, slap). 'Have you any mosquitos over your way, Monsieur?' 'Well, someting bite me on de nose,' he replied. 'Aha,' I called out, 'I see the white beach shining in the dark, *mon ami!*—a white line below the trees. We have found them at last.' (They could be seen so far over the swampy shores that we had more than once been baffled by finding a long stretch of shore between us and them). 'The soundings are deeper—now there is no bottom.' A turn to the left, a few strokes of the oars, and our bows grated on the shelly beach. As the evening advanced, the Dog Star climbed high in the heavens, and beneath it shone the brilliant Canopus, not visible in the more northern States and Canada; along with several other lesser southern stars in the constellation Argo. I went to bed, and tried to protect myself against our insect enemies by wrapping my head up in a shawl, but in vain. With that defiant yell which is so aggravating, they would swoop down on the smallest exposed spot, and insinuate themselves everywhere. A thick smoke was rising from inside the tent of the Solitary. 'How are the mosquitos treating you, comrade?' I asked. 'I am smoking dem,' he replied. 'I nearly strangle wid smoke, and den dey go away; but when de smoke get a little less, den dey come back.' A large lugger came slowly round the bend, and passed within a short distance of us. We hailed its crew, and put some questions to them as they passed. Their polite answers informed us that we were four or five miles from the southern mouth of the Bayou St. Denis, and over twenty miles from Grand Island. 'The tide is coming in now,' added our invisible informant; 'it will turn about four

o'clock, and if you start then you will have the tide in your favour.'

A little later. 'Monsieur, I am going to button myself close under my hatch-cloth, and take the risk of being suffocated for want of fresh air, to keep out these infernal mosquitos.' 'Ha, ha,' he laughed. 'You tink to keep them out, you? It cannot be. I wrap my covers tight round me, yet dey crawl under my cover and bite. Dey lift it up and walk in.' However, I buttoned myself tight in, and slew those of the wretches which remained under the hatch-cloth. Although the enemy still found their way in, it was by ones instead of by dozens, and I got a little sleep.

December 31. — Roused at four o'clock by the voice of my comrade, I unbuttoned my hatch-cloth, and threw it aside, glad to get out of the stifling air. The enemy was waiting, and with a fierce war-whoop a battalion of them charged upon me. Their charge was met with equal fierceness, and a score of the advanced guard were mangled corpses in as many seconds. On came the reserve with dauntless bravery, and the battle raged with much slaughter whilst the fleet unmoored and crossed the bayou. We moved cautiously along the west shore for a while in the foggy moonlight, then halted for breakfast and daylight. The fog continued, and M. Woillard took the lead, piloting us with that acute observation of the smallest indications which looks so like instinct. Gaps appeared in the shore, and great circumspection was necessary to find the right channel, but the experience of my comrade was equal to the occasion. When the fog cleared, we found ourselves in the broad mouth of Bayou St. Denis, which opens into Barataria Bay. No land was to be seen ahead. The eastern shore of the bayou was far distant. Reeds and flags, about eighteen inches or two feet high, had taken the place of the tall prairie cane, making the low shores lower still. Here and there, in perhaps half a dozen places, the shore lines were broken by distant elevations, chiefly clumps of trees. A sudden loud rushing noise startled me; I looked round, and saw a great black body, half out of the water, apparently about the length of my boat, and having three large fins above it. It dived, and rose again further on with the same rushing noise. As we proceeded, we saw more of the creatures, and discussed the question whether they were sharks or porpoises. My map showed that we had to keep by the western shore so long as it trended south, and then head for the lighthouse at Fort Livingston. The captain of a passing lugger, whom we hailed, confirmed this. The languid breeze died away as we reached the point where the shore line takes a sharp bend to the west and leaves open water on both sides. The heat of the sun was almost oppressive, and a few mosquitos still hovered around. My keen-eyed friend had had the lighthouse in view for some time, and I now discerned something on the southern horizon about the size and shape of a very small carpet-tack standing on its head, beside one or two other small elevations. A fresh north breeze sprang up, and we joyfully hoisted sail again. Land was scarcely visible, only thin lines to the north-west and south. It was not a good place in which to get caught by a fog or a blow, as the wind would have a fine sweep over the broad bay and its marshy shores. The carpet-tack grew larger as we sped southward between the Cortelles and Shell Islands. Fort Livingston is on the western end of an island called Grand Terre, and there is a narrow strait between that and Grand Isle, its western neighbour. As we neared the lighthouse, we looked through the strait and saw with delighted eyes the broad sea stretching far away to the horizon, whilst the roar of the breakers sounded in our ears. Mr. Douglass, the light-keeper at Fort Livingston, came down to the shore; I presented a letter of introduction from Mr. Hatch, and Mr

Douglass invited us to his house. His family were away at New Orleans. The lighthouse is a brick or stone tower, sixty feet high, containing a spiral stone staircase. In the light-room above there is one large Argand burner, surrounded by a dioptric reflector. This dioptric reflector has a mysterious and complicated look to an unitiated eye, but the principle is simple. A flame sends its rays of light in every direction, upward and downward as well as horizontally, but only the nearly horizontal rays are of service in a lighthouse. By an arrangement of curved prisms—which, as everyone knows, are three-cornered bars of glass—the upward and downward rays are deflected into a horizontal line, adding greatly to the strength of the light at a distance. Mr. Douglass kindly offered us beds and mosquito-bars at his house. Monsieur Woillard decided to stick to his boat, but I yielded to the inducement of a good mosquito-less sleep.

January First, 1880.—I did not use nor need the mosquito-bar last night. My window faced the sea, and probably salt breezes do not agree with mosquitos. We exchanged New Year's greetings. Mr. Douglass, with the hospitality of an Irishman and a Southerner, pressed us to stay to breakfast, and, whilst it was being prepared, my comrade and I surveyed our surroundings. We were on a low, sandy island, thickly covered with a coarse grass, except in the vicinity of the building. As we stood in front of the light-keeper's dwelling, looking south, the sea was at a short distance before us. To the right was the little strait dividing us from Grand Island, and that island with the neighbouring archipelago further inland formed a narrow continuous horizon line to the west. On our left, within a few hundred yards, was Fort Livingston, a large circular brick erection; and further east, a large building like an hotel, which was built for officers' quarters during the war. Its only occupants now were the sergeant in charge of the Fort, and his family. His post is almost a sinecure one. These were Mr. Douglass's only neighbours.

The breakfast-table was spread on a verandah facing south and seaward. A large blind or awning was let down in front of the verandah to keep off the sun's rays. In this southern fashion we partook of an ample breakfast, contributed to by some of the numerous hens of Mr. Douglass. Our host told us that the mail service between Grand Isle Post-office and New Orleans was very irregular. Although amply subsidized, the mail steamer was heavily in debt, and continually breaking down. This was bad news. The post-office was some miles from the lighthouse, and Mr. Douglass gave us careful sailing directions. When getting under way, I felt a strange, desolate, homesick feeling, caused, I think by our lonely surroundings and the ceaseless moaning of the sea. We were soon bowling westward before a fresh breeze, looking watchfully for our land-marks, one of which was a large iron beacon. There was little to guide us in the thin grey and black lines which bounded the water around us. And when we were near land each low, reedy point we approached was just like every other point. We passed near a large flock of pelicans, standing motionless in a few inches of water, their pouches and enormous beaks well defined against the sky. They slowly rose, with a great flapping of wings, as we sailed by.

Rounding a sandy point, a bay of Grand Isle opened before us, with a little settlement at the further end. Lying at a short pier, which ran out into shoal water, was the lugger we had left in Little Lake; she had passed us during the night, and aboard of her was the mail, which she had brought on in place of the steamer. We were indeed fortunate. We accompanied the bearer of the mail to the house of Mr. Margot, the postmaster's son. Hard by was the most

curious 'hotel' I ever saw, consisting of several detached buildings, arranged singly or in rows, covering a considerable area of ground. The door of each bed-room opened on the sidewalk. This part of Grand Isle either had been or was intended for a large watering-place, but last summer there had been very few visitors, and the owner lost a good deal of money. I thought what a strange New Year's Day this was, and how long it would stand out clear in my memory. The opening of the mail disclosed a home letter for me, containing one of the prettiest of Christmas cards, which I proudly exhibited to Mrs. Margot. A quarter of a mile south of us was the sea; M. Woillard and I walked over to see it. The day was lovely, and the air warm and balmy. Quickening our pace into a run and vaulting a fence as we approached the sandy beach, we saw the long, rolling swells come tumbling in and sniffed the fresh sea breeze. I felt like a boy let loose from school. 'Come, *mon ami*,' I shouted, 'let us bathe in the Gulf of Mexico on this New Year's Day.' In a few minutes we were swimming in the breakers and ducking under them. The temperature of the water was delightful. We came out with an addition to our former exhilaration of spirits, and capered around to dry ourselves in a way quite unusual for two such grave old fellows. Returning, we found the Margots watering their garden, and transplanting cabbages. I got permission to pluck some roses. Arrived at the boats, a committee of two was called to discuss a memorandum sent by Mr. Deckbar by this mail, to the effect that the *Dick Fulton* was now on her way to New Orleans. We decided, in consequence of this, to hurry back again to the city, meet her, and arrange for towage up to Pittsburg. I agreed shortly afterwards to take on board my boat the engineer from a canal dredge, who was also anxious to reach New Orleans quickly, and who agreed, in return for his passage, to do any rowing which might be needed. Eighty-five miles is our present distance from New Orleans. An air-line from Fort Livingston to the city would measure fifty-two miles.

We were now at our most southern point, a few miles north of latitude 29°; and a clear night enabled me to trace out a few more Southern constellations. I followed the River Eridanus from its source in Orion down to its termination at the brilliant star Achernor, almost at the sea. Only the upper portion of the starry windings of this classical stream are visible at Toronto. The Great Bear was taking a dip in the water of the opposite horizon; he finds it too cold to do this further north.

January 2.—Our course was back to the lighthouse, thence northward. We started when the moon rose, at about 2 a.m. The *Bishop* stuck fast on a sand-bar part way to the lighthouse. After ineffectual efforts to free her, I took off my nether garments, jumped overboard, and by dint of much wading and pushing we found deeper water again. Arrived opposite the lighthouse, we steered for the North Star until daylight. Bayou St. Denis was found by means of Monsieur Woillard's accurate recollection of certain landmarks. I confess I was completely nonplussed. It is difficult to find one's way about upon these waters. In the intricate net-work of swamp bayous to the west of Barataria Bay, men have gone out hunting, have lost themselves, and have starved to death in their boats before being found. A lively south wind carried us quickly back through Bayou St. Denis and Little Lake. Our coats were lying in a heap in the boat, and I suddenly noticed upon them an ugly little reptile like a small square serpent with four legs. The engineer promptly killed it and tossed it overboard. It was a scorpion-lizard; its bite is venomous but not fatal. The little beast must have got on the boat when we landed

for a few moments at Bayou St. Denis. *Le Solitaire* again showed her sailing qualities at the expense of *L'Evêque.* 'Come on, Beeshop!' laughed her captain, as his volatile little craft luffed across our bows, danced astern of us, and shot ahead again. 'Ah, we have extra cargo aboard,' we replied. At sunset we reached Elliott's, having sailed about fifty miles through crooked channels, with no current to help us. We were hospitably received.

January 3.—Off again at 2 a. m., and into Lake Salvador; missed the entrance into Bayou Villère, and took instead the 'Company's Bayou,' leading to the company's canal. Lost our way twice there. The water in the Company's Bayou has a yellowish tinge, given to it by the muddy Mississippi water which comes through the locks of the canal. Getting into a channel where the water gradually became a dark blue, we knew we were wrong. We retraced our way, and got into another channel where the yellow tinge continued and gradually deepened until we reached the locks, about four miles above New Orleans, and exchanged the solitude of the swamps for the bustle of the river.

Here ended my sailing in the *N. H. Bishop.* I had journeyed over 2,300 miles since leaving Toronto; nearly one thousand miles of which distance I had covered by actual sailing in my boat, namely: Toronto to Port Dalhousie, coasting, say 75 miles; Detroit to Toledo, 60 miles; Cincinnati to past the Wabash, 395 miles; Natchez to New Orleans, 280 miles; New Orleans to Grand Isle and back, 174 miles; total, 984 miles. The assistance given to me by the current in the Mississippi was far more than counterbalanced by the extra distance I was obliged to sail during my zigzag tacking operations on the Ohio; which of course is not included in the foregoing distances. The intermediate stretches of portaging and towage were:—Port Dalhousie to Detroit, on schooner, about 275 miles; Toledo to Cincinnati, 210 miles; the Wabash to Natchez, 845 miles; total, 1330 miles, in addition to the thousand miles of sailing.

To conclude, let me gather up a few loose ends. The range between high and low water on the Ohio at Cincinnati, and on the Ohio and Mississippi at Cairo, is fifty feet. It diminishes considerably as one gets further down the Mississippi. Malaria makes the navigation of these Southern rivers dangerous to the health of an unacclimatised boatman in summer, but he is all right if he waits until the first autumn frosts, which kill the malaria. As regards personal danger on the route, I think the solitary voyager is safe from molestation on the Ohio until within fifty or one hundred miles of Cairo, and on that part of the Mississippi between Baton Rouge and New Orleans, provided always that he gives a wide berth to unknown shanty-boats. But the other part of the route is sparsely populated, and it would there be prudent for the solitary voyager either to conceal himself at night or have a sharp little terrier with him to give the alarm in case of nocturnal prowlers, otherwise he might get robbed and murdered while asleep. In the day-time, of course, he can look after himself. If I were going to make the trip again, I would take a smaller boat, say 13 feet by 3, and as light as possible, but fitted in a somewhat similar way. I would have as little *impedimenta* as possible, and would make a large use of water-proof bags.

THE END.

MY YOUNG WIFE'S PARTY.

BY FRED. TRAVERS.

WE had been married six months, my blonde wife and I!

We had received and returned the calls of the little society in the pretty village, where we had taken up our residence. We had been invited to several small parties; and now my wife began to feel that it was our turn to entertain.

We had a friend from the city, not a very intimate, but a rather *distinguée* friend of Clara's staying with us, rusticating in midsummer, after the winter's gaiety.

We wished to entertain her, and we wished to do our duty to society, and we wished to show ourselves to ourselves and others, in the new capacity of host and hostess, in our own pretty home.

'Don't you think, Tom,' said my wife, as we were waiting for our tardy guest, in the breakfast room one bright morning, with the dew on the lawn, and the fragrance of flowers coming in the door which opened on to the verandah, 'don't you think we better give our party to-morrow evening?'

'Yes, pet, I think it would be as good an evening as any.'

'And we'll ask the Austins and the Browns, and the Le Moins, and the Chapmans, and Miss Clark, with the available village beaux.'

'A good list—not too large, and select, and well assorted.'

'Yes indeed, Tom, I'm going to do it well. I'm going to make my name notable as an entertainer.'

'I'm sure you'll be a paragon of a hostess.'

'Now, don't laugh at me. You always laugh. You think I can't do anything. You much better have married some one else—Maud Russell for instance.'

Here my pretty wife pretended to pout, and the pout had to be charmed away. I was just assuring her she was the best, and dearest, angelic —— when a step was heard on the stair—at the door—and we assumed propriety—tried to look as if married life were an old story with us—as Miss Gracie entered the room and made the sweetest apology for being late.

At breakfast we unfolded our plan for the party which met with gracious approval, for our guest knew how to bear infliction with well-bred simulation of pleasure.

No doubt she considered it a bore to have to meet these village folk, and would have preferred a quiet evening on the lake, or in the garden, to the exertion of having to make herself agreeable, and thought it very stupid in us to suppose she could enjoy any such entertainment.

But my wife saw the affair through the *couleur de rose* mist which had enveloped her, and was bent upon giving and receiving pleasure.

It was not to be a tea-party, but a pleasant evening entertainment, with a light supper to finish.

'We'll ask them to come at eight o'clock,' said Clara, 'and we'll play charades and games, and we'll give them raspberries and ice-cream, and cake and lemonade.'

'What a *recherché* supper, my dear. Who'll make the ice-cream? You know Mary won't be equal to that.'

'There you are, making fun of me again. I don't believe you want me

to be anything. You just think I'm a nonentity. I'll make the cream, and Jimmy can freeze it. You'll see everything will go off well.'

In the afternoon, Mary, our maid of all work, came to me to know, if 'me and Jimmy can go across the lake, to-morrow, to pick blueberries.'

Forgetting for the moment all about my young wife's party, and wishing to be amiable, with perhaps a view of the contingent probability of blueberries, I replied, 'Well, I don't see any reason why you can't, but I'll ask Mrs. Travers.'

Clara was taking her afternoon siesta when I told her.

'Why, Tom! there is my party to-morrow evening.'

'Bless me if I hadn't forgotten! Of course they can't go.'

'I don't know. It depends upon when they'll be back. If they return by half-past four, we can get on very well.'

'Mary might go perhaps, but I remember the hay must be brought in to-morrow. I shall want Jimmy to do that, and I think you had better not let Mary go either. Take my advice, either give up the party or keep the servants at home.'

'Well, you see Tom,' she replied with a pretty air of graciousness and importance, 'I have never denied Mary anything yet, and I wouldn't like to say no this time.'

'Never denied her anything yet!' I repeated a little testily, 'but you must not let the servants think they can do just as they like. If we had made no plans ourselves it would be different, but I don't see why we should be put out to suit them.'

'Now, Tom dear, just leave it to me; I'll arrange everything satisfactorily.'

There was a certain *timbre* of superiority in the voice which was assuring, and at the same time amusing. So I merely said, 'Well, Jimmy can't go, and I still think you had better keep Mary,' and, with this Parthian shot, I beat a retreat down stairs and out into the village.

I returned about six o'clock, and found Miss Gracie knocking the balls about on the croquet-lawn. My wife was out.

We played a game, and then sat under the shade of an apple tree, and read Dr. Jenkinson's sermon, in Mallock's 'New Republic,' enjoying the exquisite satire of that clever composition.

Clara joined us, in high spirits, about seven. She had invited all her guests, and was radiant with the anticipation of success.

'Is Mary going?' I asked, when we were alone.

'Oh, yes; I told her she might, and I knew she did not like to go without Jimmy, so I told him he might go also. Now don't be angry, dear,' she said, putting her arm over my shoulders, 'you know it is my first party.'

Who could be angry under the circumstances? I determined to enter into the rash enterprise, and to enjoy the numerous *contretemps*, which I saw looming up for the morrow.

So Mary and Jimmy went to pick blueberries. They were off by daylight with a few other villagers, and when we wakened, about seven o'clock, the house in the direction of the kitchen was silent.

We had arranged to get breakfast together. I was to make the fire and set the table, and Clara was to do everything else except the eggs.

'You don't know how to poach eggs, dear,' I said, 'and I'll show you a way I learned when we were out camping.'

It was a novel and delicious experience, getting breakfast, the first of the kind we had had since we were married.

When my wife took me 'for better for worse,' I thought that the 'worse' would most frequently come in the form of uncongenial housework, as it is not always possible to get servants in the country. But we had succeeded in getting a treasure, and so the current of life had run with easy and steady flow.

But the eggs! that was the first mishap in a day of misfortunes.

We had only six in a brown paper bag. I had made the toast and put it on a platter. Boiling water was ready to be poured upon it according to the mode which had charmed my heart. Butter was to follow, and then the poached eggs, piping hot, were to be placed upon the toast, be-peppered and garnished with parsley.

I had the frying-pan half filled with water boiling on the stove.

The important moment had come, the crisis in the *chef d'œuvre.*

'Now for the eggs,' I said, as I caught up the paper bag from the table, while Clara, fresh as the morning, in a spotless white apron and coquettish cap, spoon in hand, stood admiring my energy and skill.

But the paper bag had someway got itself unperceived into a little pool of water on the table—I believe paper bags have a tendency to do such foolish and absurd things—and, as I caught it up suddenly, the bottom came out, and the eggs fell with a crash upon the floor, while Clara went into convulsions of laughter.

Women have little magnanimity, and I have never heard the end of those poached eggs.

They have been kept as a standing dish, a *pièce de resistance* to be served up against me whenever, in my wife's opinion, I required humbling.

We substituted some Dundee marmalade for the eggs, and made the best breakfast possible.

Miss Gracie insisted on helping Clara to wash up the breakfast things, and with much good humour we all went to work to prepare for the evening.

I gathered the flowers from the garden, sacrificing my finest Bourbon and tea roses, despoiling the verbena, geranium and heliotrope beds, and making a holocaust of pansies. All the vases, wall pockets, and bud glasses, were to be filled, and the house was to be thoroughly garnished.

I worked with a will, and with many anxious thoughts for my young and delicate wife, at her cake and cooking in the kitchen, feeling more than ever persuaded she had undertaken too much.

The flowers finished, I bethought me of the hay, and had to pass through the pantry on my way to the hay-field.

On the table stood a basket of about twelve quarts of strawberries.

'What, strawberries are these?' I asked, calling out to Clara.

'Oh! those are some I promised to preserve for Mrs. Benson.'

'You don't mean to say they must be done this morning!'

'Oh yes, they came yesterday, and they won't keep till to-morrow.'

'My dear, you can't possibly preserve them with all the other things you have to do.'

'Yes, Tom dear, I'll put them on the stove and they'll do themselves. They don't require much care. You'll see everything will come right.'

'I hope it will,' I inwardly ejaculated, as I trudged out to the hay-field blessing the servants and their blueberries.

It was a sweltering July day, but I put a cabbage-leaf in my hat and bent heroically to the task of raking the hay into winnows, to be ready for the man who was to draw it in, and who had promised to be on hand with the rack at four o'clock.

We had a scratch dinner at one, and again I sought the hay-field, and toiled through the sultry afternoon, while the grass-hoppers snapped about me, and the cricket sang its weary monologue.

Sometimes I thought of Jimmy and Mary, disporting themselves in the berry-field across the cool lake. It was all a huge joke! How I laughed, with a bitter ironical laugh, over my young wife's party!

But often as I did so, the demon of irony was chased away by the pretty picture of my wife's assurance.

'You'll see, everything will come

off well,' and her determination to achieve a success in the face of difficulties was plainly apparent.

By half-past five o'clock the hay was in the loft over the stable, but no Mary or Jimmy had yet appeared upon the scene.

The wind had sprung up and was blowing hard, and I knew the berrying party were calmly waiting for it to go down, some two miles away, on the opposite shore of the lake, or in their red punt were buffeting with the waves.

I determined to come to my wife's rescue, and to do anything and everything. I got the ice from the ice-house, and went down cellar to skim the cream. Horrors! Every drop of it had turned sour.

What was to be done! Bursting with laughter at the absurdity of the situation, I reported to Clara.

She was equal to the occasion. Nothing abashed at the prospect of a party without servants, or a supper without ice-cream, which was to have been the chief attraction, she said:

'Well, Tom dear, we'll just have raspberries and cream, and cake, and you can make some lemonade.'

'But where is the cream to come from?'

'Mary will be here soon. She'll milk, and there'll be some cream by supper time, enough for the berries.'

'You won't see Mary till nine o'clock this blessed night, but if you'll get Miss Gracie some tea, I'll do my best for the supper.'

The pasture fortunately was within a stone's throw, and the cow was waiting at the gate.

I ignominiously drove her home, and remembering I had never milked a cow in my life, bribed a woman on the way to take temporary charge of our dairy.

Thank heavens, the cow had not gone berrying! We would have some cream at any rate.

The woman came in a clean cotton dress, and did her best to earn the twenty-five cents I paid her, but the cow was capricious and would not give her milk to a stranger, and after violent effort the woman came in with a cup full in the milk pail.

It was too absurd for anything! The situation was becoming more and more ludicrous, and Clara and I roared with laughter over our plight.

'We can have berries at any rate,' she said composedly, 'and it does not matter about the cream.'

'Have you trimmed the lamps, dear?'

'Oh! no,—in the midst of my cake and preserves, I've forgotten all about them. You do that while I get Miss Gracie's tea.'

For the next half hour I was filling, trimming, and wiping, coal oil lamps.

When the agony of that was over, I rushed upstairs to dress, and having, on my way, to pass through the dining-room, found Miss Gracie sitting over some berries, and bread and butter.

My wife was at her toilet.

A latent laugh played about Miss Gracie's classic mouth, but she was too well-bred to make merry over our misfortunes, and pretended to be unconscious of any *contretemps.*

Dressing over, I devoted myself to the lemonade. I was just in the act of squeezing the twelfth lemon when the door bell rung, and I, as I expected, had to play Jimmy's part and answer it.

I showed the ladies up-stairs, and the gentlemen into the drawing-room, and for half-an-hour did my very best to be like Sir Boyle's Roach's man or bird, in two places at the same time —in the kitchen at the lemons, and on my way to answer the bell call.

My wife received her guests as if nothing had happened, and did show wonderful ability as hostess.

Mary and Jimmy arrived about nine o'clock with a wonderful story of having lost their way in the woods, and were so fagged out that, with the exception of milking the cow and securing some cream, they were useless.

Clara and I did our best to entertain our guests, and Miss Gracie nobly seconded our efforts.

We played games and charades, and as there was no little dramatic talent in the company, the latter were excellent.

I slipped out between the acts to stir up the lemonade.

The hours passed quickly and pleasantly by till eleven, when my wife served up supper, while I, with conundrums, kept the guests on the verandah, whither she had enticed them to enjoy the cool evening air.

When all was ready she threw open the door, and the table looked most inviting. I don't think any one missed the ices.

To complete the chapter of accidents, one of our friends, usually most precise, and by no means awkward, upset the cream-jug, and spilled what little cream we had upon the table.

Notwithstanding all my forebodings, Clara's prediction came true. The affair was a success, and our guests departed with glowing eulogiums on

My Young Wife's Party.

TIDE-WATER.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

THROUGH many-winding valleys far inland—
A maze among the convoluted hills,
Of rocks up-piled, and pines on either hand,
And meadows ribanded with silver rills,—
Faint, mingled-up, composite sweetnesses
Of scented grass and clover, and the blue
Wild violet hid in muffling moss and fern,—
Keen and diverse, another breath cleaves through,
Familiar as the taste of tears to me,
As on my lips, insistent, I discern
The salt and bitter kisses of the sea.

The tide sets up the river;—mimic fleetnesses
Of little wavelets, fretted by the shells
And shingle of the beach, circle and eddy round,
And smooth themselves perpetually:—there dwells
A spirit of peace in their low murmuring noise
Subsiding into quiet, as if life were such
A struggle with inexorable bound,—
Brief, bright, despairing,—never overleapt,—
Dying in such wise, with a sighing voice
Breathed out,—and after silence absolute.

Faith, eager hope, toil, tears, despair,—so much
The common lot,—together overswept
Into the pitiless unreturning sea—
The vast immitigable sea.

I walk beside the river, and am mute
Under the burden of its mystery.
The cricket pipes among the meadow grass
His shrill small trumpet, of long summer nights
Sole minstrel : and the lonely heron makes—
Voyaging slow toward her reedy nest—
A moving shadow among sunset lights,
Upon the river's darkening wave which breaks
Into a thousand circling shapes that pass
Into the one black shadow of the shore.

O tranquil spirit of pervading rest,
Brooding along the valleys with shut wings
That fold all sentient and inanimate things
In their entrenchèd calm for-evermore,
Save only the unquiet human soul :—
Hear'st thou the far-off sound of waves that roll
In sighing cadence, like a soul in pain,
Hopeless of heaven or peace, beating in vain
The shores implacable for some replies
To the dumb anguish of eternal doubt,—
(As I, for the sad thoughts that rise in me ;)
Feel'st thou upon thy heavy-lidded eyes
The salt intrusive kisses of the sea,—
And dost thou draw, like me, a shuddering breath,
Among thy shadows brooding silently ?

Ah me, thou hear'st me not—I walk alone—
The doubt within me and the dark without ;—
In my sad ears the waves recurrent moan
Sounds like the surges of the sea of death,
Beating for evermore the shores of time
With muttered prophecies, which sorrow saith
Over and over, like a set slow chime
Of funeral bells, tolling remote—forlorn—
Dirge-like the burden—" Man was made to mourn."

'CONFIDENCES.'

BY 'A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.'

IN these days of 'women's rights' and even 'children's rights' I feel hopeful a little that there may be some chance for a 'girl of the period' to state what she thinks about her wrongs in the pages of such an 'advanced' publication as the *Canadian Monthly* justly claims to be. I don't care what row people make about it; for you'll keep my secret—won't you? Mr. Editor—and not let anybody know who your contributor is.

'I want to know why' about a lot of things; and I don't care if some of your smart contributors think me a 'dreadful stupid' if only they will really deluge me with their wisdom.

I want to know why it is that I, a well-brought-up lady-like (excuse my self-conceit---but this is the remark people make of me) girl, am so utterly helpless and dependent. I have not been taught anything that is of the slightest earthly use to anybody in the whole world. Of course I can sing correctly; but have no special power or compass of voice. It is only soft and low —a peculiarity of voice which Milton (?), or some of these old poets, says is nice in a woman, because it keeps her from scolding, I suppose. As a pianist I am a *brilliant success*, and yet a humbug as regards the science of music. That goes without saying. I can waltz —well! 'divinely'—but no thanks to anybody for that; it comes *con amore*; I can sew—fancy work; but I could not cut out and 'build' a dress, even if I was never to have another. I can't make up a bonnet, nor even a hat; but I *do* know when the milliner has made a mess of either. I am self-conceited enough to think I have extremely good taste in such matters as a critic, yet I don't see how I could turn my good taste into a single solitary dollar if I had to. I just love parties, balls, concerts and—shall I confess it?—theatres, and yet, if I had to earn the money with which to gratify myself in these indulgences, I fancy I must perforce go amusementless for many a year. My dear old 'Pater' and my good kind mamma are fairly well-off, I believe (but I really don't know), and are very willing to give me a good share of all these enjoyments; but it does make me often 'feel mean' to know that I am utterly dependent on them for everything, and can't do anything to lighten their load. Why mamma won't even let me into the kitchen to learn how to do things. She says it is not lady-like.

A girl not out of her 'teens' yet can't be expected, perhaps, to have much brains, and so it puzzles me awfully to understand why it should be, that my brother Jack, aged sixteen, and Bill, aged twenty two, both work, the one as an office boy in a warehouse (he calls it sub-book-keeper), the other as traveller for a wholesale grocery house, and yet both are looked upon as quite respectable. Bill is asked out to all the parties with me. But if I, a girl, as Bill tries with much pains and wealth of oratory to explain to me, were known to work, *everybody* would 'cut' me at once; I would be just 'a work-girl, you see,' he says conclusively, as though that were any solution of the question or settled it at all. Why do not the smell of sugar and the raisin

and molasses spots which adhere to the nether and upper integuments of his working apparel, adhere also socially to his full dress suit when he dons it? It is a conundrum, and I give it up; just as completely as I give up the other conundrum of why it should be that similar spots on a working suit of mine should inevitably reveal themselves socially, as he says they would, on any party dress I might don, however 'swell' it might be? I try to argue the thing out on this line with Bill sometimes, but he only gets mad; says girls don't know anything and can't be rational for five consecutive minutes, and goes off fuming with some favourite quotation of his from some nasty old philosopher, about 'women being unreasoning animals that poke the fire from the top' or light stoves with coal oil, &c., &c.

But I vow and declare I can't see that I am so irrational. Why should I been so fettered and useless? My mother only laughs when I torment her about it and tells me I'll soon drop all that nonsense when I get 'engaged' to some gentlemanly young fellow; but that interesting youth is hard to find, and when something that looks like him does turn up it invariably becomes painfully evident that it would be a shame to add to the burdens already laid upon his slender income by 'society' and social requirements. In fact I am shut up to a choice of ungentlemanly young men, who are half old and so wholly coarse or self-conceited through having 'fought their way up from the ranks' as papa puts it, that one can't help wishing they had stayed in those 'ranks' they are so eminently fitted to adorn.

It is towards one of these useful, practical, self-raised, men, that poor useless me is hintingly thrust by anxious relatives both near and distant. His usefulness is supposed to be eminently adapted to my uselessness. He, the self-raised one, is expected to raze me down to his level. I confess I don't like the prospect; and I'm not so sure that Jones does either (his name is Jones—*Mrs.* Jones fancy!!!) He and I have not a solitary taste in common. So, in self-defence, I take broad hints regarding my probable future destiny as mild attempts at jocularity, and vent my pent-up indignation on my long-suffering relatives in wicked conundrums and other pleasantries at the expense of my would-be husband; but nobody sympathises with these sallies except my good old papa. He laughs, and is severely rebuked for encouraging my folly. But with that moral support—highly moral I think—I am too much for my disinterested relatives. I don't 'make eyes' at Jones. He is getting discouraged. My relatives begin to look upon him (and me) as lost.

I feel lost a little myself too—lost, useless and mean—to think that I only dawdle around and can only look pretty—that is as pretty as I can, you know. I eat up, dress up, and spend the 'proceeds'—that's a business word isn't it?—of the labours of others without being a bit the happier for it.

And then there's another side to it, too, which I can't talk much about to sympathizing (?) relatives; but I will to you, dear Public, because some of you may be 'girls of the period' like me and will understand. There are nights when I am peculiarly disgusted with myself, and I sit up and moon and cry my eyes out, because—well, because I am miserable and feel such a little fool. For visions of Charlie—Charlie Rivers—will intrude at such times. He is so nice. He's simply splendid! Of course, I don't *care* for him particularly; but then I think if I tried hard I might get almost to like him. I think, and think, and think. He's a clerk you know, and papa says has got six hundred or eight hundred dollars—somewhere about that a year. But whatever his salary, he keeps himself quite like a gentleman. He's a great flirt they say, but he doesn't *ever*

flirt with me. He and I always talk quite seriously. He says he lives in 'diggings,' and describes the royal times he has roughing it all by himself in a 'growlery' of his own; informs me what a splendid cook he is, and that he has learned it all by the light of nature. But then papa says 'he'll never be anything. He's not sharp and has queer ideas—a good fellow, but a *soft*.' I think I know what he means by that, because Charlie talks to me sometimes—on the stairs at parties you know—like this, with an odd, puzzled, weary look in his eyes. 'I am worried, Miss Kate, I know I'll never be rich. I can't see my way to do the mean things necessary to get on. Not but that I am content enough to do so much work—good work, the best I've got in me—for so much pay all my life. But then if a fellow were to fall in love—get tumbled right into it before he knew—what is he to do about it? Is he to keep to his principles and lose his love, or is he to lose his principles, go in wild for money, gain his loved one, lose his own respect, and risk the loss of hers when she finds out what a mean money-grubbing wretch he has become in order to get her? That is *the* conundrum to me, Miss Kate. Have you any answer to it?' And then he looks, oh! so anxious and troubled that—I have to ask him to button my glove for me, just to change the subject. But it does not do it always. During the buttoning process he looks awfully solemn, says it's a shame to bother me about his little troubles, and that he won't fall in love at all if I don't want him to, &c., &c., till I don't know what to say, and he proposes—another waltz.

Why, oh! why, dear Public, should I need to be dumb? What have I done, or not done, that I should have no experience of real life such as he has, and so be unable to give him sound and rational advice?

Just at present the moon is full, and moonstruck visions assail me. How thoroughly jolly it would be if girls like myself were brought up to some form of trade, profession, or business, so that, when we come of age, we might earn enough to suffice for our real needs. These needs are not so very great after all; only neat, pretty, but not ever-varying and fanciful dress, and food and shelter. Steady, necessitated occupation would be a real blessing to most of us, and then if we did meet the awful fate portrayed by Charlie, and tumbled headlong into love, why we needn't be the least bit of a burden to the other 'tumbler' when we both came to the surface again, but might swim to shore hand in hand. Two eight hundred dollars a year to support two 'diggingses' rolled into *one*, might surely make that *one* extra cosy and comfortable, mightn't it? and neither of us need then be a bit more mean or money-grubbing than before. If each unit (scientific word, isn't it?) could maintain itself apart, would it be any more, or any less, difficult when united?

There are such heaps and heaps of things women might do if any body would show them how. Why, the Kindergarten system alone is quite a mine of wealth and of work to us, and might be extended indefinitely down to the very babies. Some of the married women, as well as the single, could attend to that, while others of the married ones who had children of their own, could leave their children at the Kindergarten during the day, and pursue other forms of labour themselves. Very pretty pictures are made of the husband and father wending his way home in the cool of the evening, certain of welcome from his loved ones. Why does no one sketch the wife and mother strolling home from her toil on the arm of her husband to their mutual home, alike joyous in anticipation of shouts of welcome, clinging kiss and sweet caresses from their little ones, just returned from the Kindergarten? Why may not such elements of happiness constitute a happy home for each and all; Father,

Mother, and children? Each, with the experiences of the day spent in different ways, amid different scenes, can pour these into willing ears. Each can gladden each with the restful sympathy and endearment of true home love; all the more dear for the brief daily separation.

Probably the moon's influence, if turned strongly in such a direction, would upset the existing order of things a good deal in this mad world, and cause a tide in the affairs of men strong enough to sweep through a lot of social barriers of the pitchfork kind, but what of that? There are many things social which need upsetting badly, and although I am only 'a girl of the period,' and don't know much, I *do* know this, that the more the work of the world is wisely shared among all its denizens, both men and women, the less strain there will be on each to satisfy purely natural wants. And so it might come yet to be as possible for a woman, as for a man, to do the share of the world's work which is properly hers, and yet live her special *rôle* in life out to its completeness, if her work were sub-divided and systematized as man's is.

But the moon is drawing me a little out of my depth. I must not be caught and swept away by her tide.

It's all that horrid Charlie. His worried look haunts me continually. Not that I am smitten with him at all. You must not think that, and of course his name isn't 'Charlie,' nor mine 'Kate.' But I can't help thinking often that if the world were different, so that I would not need thereby to cast such a moral and physical burden on him, I might be tempted to take a kind of interest in *him* as well as in the wrongs and woes, the rights and uses, of we poor 'girls of the period.' As it is, how can any girl who truly loves some one whom she also admires and respects, far more than she does herself, consider it a proof of real love to put such a fearful burden upon him as is meant by that peculiar and entirely abnormal development of this nineteenth century, called

'A Girl of the Period?'

JUNE.

BY AMOS HENRY CHANDLER.

FAIR as the hue of Chrysoprase, in sheen
Of emerald light upon an angel's crest,
Her star-born eyes flash down upon the breast
Of throbbing earth their rays in chymic green;
O'er hill and vale, and far across the sea,
Her silver laughter through the welkin rings,
Awaking all the praise and harmony
That dwell within all animated things;
She weeps too; but 'tis only tears of joy
That fall in showers for her beloved one,
Blent with sweet smilet—'tis only the alloy
Of cloud and sunshine, since the world begun,
That makes the sum of love: From lips dew-wet
Exhales the perfume of all flowers, from rose to violet.

Dorchester, N. B.

WEEDS IN WATER-WORKS.

BY REV. A. F. KEMP, LL.D., OTTAWA.

FROM frequent notices in Toronto journals, I observe that a good deal of interest is awakened about the purity of the water supply and the condition of the filtering reservoir. An inspection of the latter not long ago revealed the fact that it contained a large amount of vegetation of various kinds, about which the inspectors had apparently no knowledge as to whether it was good or bad. Water for our cities and towns is a very important element of comfort and health, and too much regard cannot be paid to its purity. It may, therefore, be in place to make a few statements as to what kinds of vegetation may be expected in water, whether of the lake, the river, or the well, and to note what kinds are harmless and what may prove injurious to health.

Having for many years had familiar acquaintance with the plants which grow in the rivers, brooks, lakes and ponds of Canada, it may be permitted me to state what I know about them. I have often heard people express great disgust when they saw green scum on the water or growing luxuriantly on stones and sticks. Now this is all a mistake. This apparent scum consists of a variety of really beautiful plants, which are as necessary for the healthfulness of the water in which they are found as is the forest vegetation for the land. In summer, wherever the water is quiet and exposed to the rays of the sun, there will be found many species of a plant that, in its mature state, floats in the water. It is of a delicate green colour, silky to the touch, somewhat mucous, especially in the young state, and diffuses itself to a considerable depth in fleecy cloud-like forms. This is one of the Conjugateæ and is called Mougeotia genuflexa. It is by far the most prolific and common of its kind, and, doubtless, would be found in the inspected reservoir. It propagates in summer and till late in the autumn with great rapidity both by self-division and by spores which attach themselves to anything that is handy. In similar places there is also commonly found, either floating or attached, masses of a deeper green plant of the same family, but more beautiful and more interesting, having the generic name of Spirogyra. Its species are very numerous and it grows with amazing rapidity. It is often found floating on quiet pools and bays and nooks of fresh waters, and may be seen on the highest mountains and on the lowest plains; it is equally at home in the Arctics and the Tropics. It has neither branches nor roots, is pleasant to handle, and in its fresh state emits a pleasant odour. Sometimes it will lie inch thick in a dense mat on the water, inflated as if in a ferment. It is the very paragon of Algals: coiled round the interior of its cells are delicate tubular filaments containing sporules, starch granules, and globules of oil that under the microscope sparkle like brilliants.

These are for the most part unattached, and the kinds that will chiefly attract attention in reservoirs, pools, and lakes. There are, besides, numerous attached kinds equally remarkable, if not equally prolific. One not un-

common is very lubricous and readily slips through the fingers, is inflated like a sack, frequents the running brook and the quiet water, where it grows abundantly and is apt to be mistaken for animal spawn. It goes by the name of Tetraspora lubrica, and is akin to the beautiful marine plant known as Ulva linza. It gets its name from the fact that the spores embedded in its mucous are systematically arranged in fours, presenting to the eye a succession of regular squares of great beauty. Another kind fringes stones and sticks, and walls of the lakes, and the St. Lawrence along their whole extent. Its colour is a deep green, and its filaments are from three to nine inches in length and densely cellular, giving off innumerable spores, which, after dancing about for a little time, rest on anything, and grow with great rapidity; it is called Lyngbya virescens. Another abounds especially in running water, growing to a great length and prolifically branched, it may be collected from the brink of Niagara Falls, and in every stream, however rapid its flow, and is called Cladophora vulgaris. Where again there is mud or sediment in rivers or pools, there may also be found, in rooted and matted masses, another beauty of a deep green colour, silky and soft like the fur of a mouse. It is unicellular and sometimes branched, giving off curious lateral beak-like capsules, various in form, which contain its spores. In similar localities, and universally diffused wherever there is water or dampness on which the sun shines, there also grows, in close masses like velvet, plants of a metallic green, purple, and blue, known as Oscillariæ. They are microscopic in their structure and cellular, and are remarkable for their vibrating movements. Need I further mention the exquisite Diatoms and Desmids of infinite variety and beauty, the most ubiquitous of plants found in all waters and moist places multiplying by the million by spores and self-division, the one kind enclosed in purest glass and the other shining with a brilliant green?

Only another plant of somewhat higher kind would I notice as likely to grow in water charged with lime or in calcareous mud. It is rooted in the soil at no great depth of water, branches luxuriantly, and often forms a brushy mass. In its fruiting processes, it is one of the most complex and curious of plants, comparable to scarcely anything else in the vegetable kingdom. At distances of about a quarter-inch, its joints throw out densely-branched whorls, on which its two kinds of capsules grow, and it has the faculty of encrusting itself with a coat of carbonate of lime: its most common kind is called Chara vulgaris. Its odour is not pleasant, and is worse when decay sets in.

Many other plants might be noticed as frequenting running and quiet waters, and which probably met the eyes of the inspectors of the Water-works, but these are the most common and universal. Along with them there might be some flowering plants, such as Valisinaria spiralis, Anacharis Canadensis, with Myriophyllums, and various Potamogetons, which, if present, would not likely be numerous.

Every one of these vegetables is perfectly harmless, and might be eaten with benefit. They cannot be got rid of. Their spores are in all waters, and even grow in the clouds and fall with the rain. Take a pitcher of water from the deepest and purest part of the lake or river, and let it stand awhile exposed to the light of the sun, and very soon it will be coated with a verdure which is the young of innumerable plants. The water drinker consumes thousands of these invisible sporules every day with perfect impunity. They are far too many for us; what can be done with them? There seems nothing for it but quietly and gratefully to drink the water the Creator provides, certain that if we do not pollute it ourselves it will contain no hurtful ingredients.

No doubt these plants harbour, and are the favourite food of innumerable animals—Protozoans, Mollusks, Radiates and Articulates. The Euglenæ riot among them as do Plesconia or water spiders and misnamed lice; Rotifers make them lively, and are numerous and beautiful. Annelidæ squirm and twist among their filaments, and even leeches find there a happy home. The fresh water hydra will, too, throw out its tentacular fishing lines and catch the floating ova of its favourite infusoria with perhaps a relish of vegetable spores.

'Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire'

encamp by the million among these little marine forests. Pretty beetles too, the natural diving-bells of the waters, with the grubs of our own lively mosquito and of the dragon fly—the tiger of the waters—live and move and hunt there; nor need it astonish any one to find a host of Gasteropods, and a few Lamellibranchs. The Planorbis, the Physa, and the Pupa, are particularly fond of Mougeotia. Find the one and the others are near; before all things else they eat and become fat on that delicate food. As for polywogs and frogs, why should they be excluded from such happy hunting grounds? Sweet to them, as oysters to us, are the fauna that haunt the water plants, and of course they like to rear their numerous offspring in such rich and pleasant pastures.

It may be rather alarming to think of all these relatives of ours in such early stages of evolution, harbouring themselves in the waters we must drink, and with which we must cook our food. For the feeling of the thing it is certainly desirable if possible to get rid of such kindred. But after all they are quite innocuous and more afraid to be swallowed than we can be to swallow them. They are nearly all vegetable eaters, and far more digestible than clams or oysters. A touch of gastric juice will reduce them to plasma and transform them to food.

The only drawback is, that plants and animals will die and decay, and when their remains accumulate to any great extent, they are far from being sweet or wholesome. They become the beds of another class of plants of a doubtful reputation, although very useful in the circle of life. When, and if, putrid fermentation commences there will be present hosts innumerable of plants allied to the fungus, such as Bacteria Vibriones, Torulæ, and others of this genus. Fungoid growths are to be dreaded in water. It is not possible altogether to exclude them. We breathe them with almost every breath, we drink them in all waters, and eat them in all our food. Fortunately they are not all or always hurtful. In ordinary states of health we can throw them off or absorb them, and they only develop into hurtful ferments under enfeebled or diseased conditions of the body, or unhealthy states of the atmosphere in which we live. It is almost certain that some form of fungus sporule is that which engenders malarial fevers and zymotic diseases. Recent researches in the marshes around Rome seem to demonstrate this hypothesis. It is certain that Diptheria and Enteric Fevers are due to fungoid poisoning of the blood by subtile innoculation. It is, however, only in stagnant waters, in which decaying nitrogenous or animal matters are permitted to fester, that danger is to be apprehended. If from such sources water finds access to wells or cisterns or reservoirs, there may be poison in the cup we drink. Where, however, this is carefully prevented, the mere decay of such vegetables and animal forms as are found in water-leads or reservoirs, in which water undergoes constant change and renewal, are not the least likely to be hurtful. When also we find that millions of ferments and their spores are drunk with impunity by those who drink beer, porter or ale, water drinkers need fear nothing.

All large reservoirs of water are

at times subject to an over-growth of both plants and infusorial animals, and although to appearance they are unpleasant, yet they are not known to do any one any harm. The City of London, in England, is at present very unfortunately situated as regards its water supply, but however impure the water is, it only becomes hurtful when kept in close cisterns and water-butts. Where the supply is continuous, the water is not unwholesome, although it may be sometimes expedient to drink it blind. Imagination often awakens fears and alarms where there is no cause, and there is certainly no reason to apprehend any evil effects from waters drawn from either our large lakes or rivers, or large reservoirs, which are not contaminated with city sewage, and are distributed to our dwellings by a constant pressure and supply.

The gasses which decaying vegetation gives off, although unpleasant and undesirable, are sure to be neutralised by the action of the living plants themselves. There are no better purifiers of water than the lake and river weeds. By an incomprehensible chemistry, they reduce carbonic acid gas to its elements, and absorbing the carbon for their own nutriment, set free the oxygen into the water and the air. Looked at on a clear day, they will be found covered over with brilliant little globules, which are nothing else than pure oxygen. It is this that floats the Conjugatæ on the surface of the water, nor will any unpleasant odour ever be found where these plants abound. In this respect they are our friends and not our foes.

In an aquarium they are the most effective aeraters that can be found. If allowed to grow, and not washed off the glass as is commonly done, they will keep the water sweet and be a delight to the fishes. When I see these beautiful, little known, and often despised plants grow freely in troughs where cattle drink; in wells, and springs, and fountains of water; in the marshes, the pools, the dubs, the lakes, the rivers, and the creeks, and in all places where water settles or flows; I cannot but regard them as beneficent agents by which a kind Providence, by means of living forms, the most beautiful, ministers to animal wants, and shields us from invisible evils.

It is vain for the guardians of our Water-works to attempt to get rid of water weeds. They will grow in spite of all they can do. What they should be more careful to prevent is the percolation into reservoirs or pipes of surface water from impure sources, such as city sewage or the collection of fungi, in the form of moulds, in dark and damp passages, such as the roofs of large drains. Any superabundance of vegetation may also be wisely removed, and flushing may occasionally be resorted to for the removal of accumulated deposits of mud. With such precautions as these, and with a *continuous* supply, no cities or towns in the world need be better furnished with wholesome water than the cities and towns of Canada.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

BY N. H. BEEMER, M.B., LONDON, ONT.

THE importance to the country of an educated and liberal medical profession is a subject which comes home with peculiar personal force to almost every individual at some period of his life, and usually at a time when very little can be done by that individual toward promoting or securing it. The value of a man's life is seldom mentioned until he is either well advanced in years and his decease is spoken of as a natural and expected event, or when death has actually taken away, perhaps suddenly, one of the brightest and most useful members of society, or laid low some leading politician or honoured *litterateur.* At such a season the feelings of all interested are too much influenced by sadness to allow any one to shape a practical scheme for insuring to every member of the community the same skilled assistance and direction which is within the possible reach of the more eminent or more wealthy. Although difficult of demonstration, it will probably be conceded that every man considers his own life as valuable to the nation as that of his immediate neighbour, who by others may be regarded his superior; and, so from the lowest to the highest, it will be hard to show in a rising scale any great difference in the worth of men's lives to the State, although the task might be less severe were examples to be taken from the extremes of society and the life of a 'tramp' compared with that of an active philanthropist. But whatever opinions may obtain respecting the doctrine of the comparative worth of men's lives, it has been long recognised as one of the prime duties of the State to afford ample security and protection to the lives of all its citizens; and this protection is not alone limited to freedom from external or malicious violence, but extends to the provision of means for the saving of lives from perishing by natural avoidable causes. Should an outbreak of a malignant disease in any part of Canada be directly traceable to some clearly-defined and removable cause, public welfare would demand immediate steps for the removal of that cause; or should lives, even of children, be sacrificed through want of adequate means for their rescue, as was lately the case on the Toronto bay, public interest would at once provide measures to prevent similar future misfortunes. In the same way there must always be felt a deep interest in the thoroughness of the training of those men who have, as their special care, the health and lives of the people; and this interest has frequently found expression during the past few months in the letters which have appeared in the daily newspapers. From the tenor of some of these strictures on the course of the Medical Council, it might be said that, in the eyes of a man outside the medical profession, the vacillating policy which the Council has pursued in reference to medical education would seem to rest on a secret, though well-formed, determination to materially limit the numbers who seek to enter that profession. But these sharp criticisms have rather been the caustic expression of a keen sense of injustice than the calm reasoning of men who were

convinced that, though for a time unsuccessful, their earnest appeal for reform would finally be heard and acted upon. To speak of the wisdom of having few or many in the ranks of the profession, or to show how many would be enough for the public good, would involve too many side issues to be satisfactorily dealt with in a short paper; but to speak of the present method of entrance into the profession is at least a fair and reasonable subject of criticism.

Until the year 1869, the Universities were the only corporate bodies granting degrees in Medicine, and these degrees were sufficient authorization to the graduates to pursue the practice of the healing art. For some years before that date, the rivalry between the various medical schools had become too keen to be productive of good effects, owing somewhat to the fact that these schools received much of their reputation and consequent income from the annual *number* of graduates, rather than the standard qualifications of those upon whom Degrees were conferred; and in order that the yearly number should be as large as possible, students were sometimes allowed to graduate after having gone over the prescribed course without the strictest regard to thoroughness. It was then deemed advisable to try to secure a uniform standard of excellence in all those who sought degrees in Medicine, and the Ontario Legislature introduced 'An Act respecting the Profession of Medicine and Surgery,' for the establishment of a central council of medical education, known as the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. By this Act the Universities were relieved of any licensing power, and this power was confided entirely to the Medical Council, so that all students of medicine have since been obliged to pass the examinations prescribed by the Council, in addition to those of their University, before they are entitled to the privileges which were previously accorded them by the simple degree of their University. No doubt this change, calling for a double examination, one part of which is quite independent of any teaching body, has done great good not to the public only, by giving it thoroughly qualified men, but to the profession also, by elevating and equalizing the literary and professional acquirements of each of its new members; but like many other good institutions, there are found in this one some parts which give rise to a great deal of dissatisfaction. This Medical Act invests the Medical Council with the power of altering, from time to time, the curriculum of studies for the admission and enrolment of students; it also provides (Sec. 17) :—" but any change in the curriculum of studies fixed by the Council shall not come into effect until one year after such change is made." Now it appears that the exercise of this negative power is the cause of much just complaint and righteous indignation on the part of the students, and until there is some amendment in the Act which will limit the discretionary power granted to members of the Council, or which will remove certain existing hardships, the same evil will likely continue.

To some extent in Canada, as well as in England and on the Continent, the Medical Profession has been chosen by men who have had no settled intention of following the practice for a livelihood, but who have chosen it as a special means of acquiring an education and a practical knowledge of their physical selves, and at the same time, as one which would prove a convenient crutch in case of future necessity. Indeed, across the Atlantic, many men who have become illustrious, have taken a degree in Medicine as the only road open to a comprehensive knowledge of the Natural Sciences, and medical men now as a class have much reason to feel proud of the lasting work done by their brethren toward the advancement of nearly every branch of human

knowledge. The study of Physiology, Chemistry, Physics, and Botany will naturally lead the way to a closer acquaintance with all the principal physical forces around us, while the study of insanity prepares the mind, or perhaps better, the intellectual taste, for the broader field of Metaphysics and Psychology; in this manner some good reasoners have considered a degree in Medicine preferable to one in Arts which embraces more of the classics and abstract sciences. But whether the student should choose Medicine for the purpose of practice or with a view of gaining a knowledge of the world around him, can make but little difference to the point in question, as in either case he must have a desire to know what the whole course will cover and on what terms he may pursue the study before he enters it. With a possible yearly change in the curriculum which will affect a student who has matriculated, few can be sure when they begin the course what may be required of them before they reach the end of it, and they must consequently feel that they are unjustly exposed to an unnecessary risk of being forced to do something in the third and fourth years which, if known beforehand, would have deterred them from beginning such a course. This uncertainty is not met with in any other instance in this Province, for whether it be in Arts, Law, Theology or Medicine, at any of the Universities, the changes introduced from time to time in the curriculum do not affect the matriculated student in any unfair way. Frequent changes in a regular course of study, besides being inconvenient to all engaged in it, betray weakness and appear childish, since the minds of the young men of the country do not materially change in character every year or two; besides this, the principal reason for any change, except that necessitated by the progressive requirements of advancing civilization, is intended to affect the teachers as much as the students. These continual changes in the curriculum also make it quite impossible for the Universities or teaching bodies to follow the course laid down by the Council, which is only an examining body, and this want of co-operation between these bodies is a serious drawback to their students; after ten years' chase, our National University has wisely abandoned a path beset with so many thorns, and has established for herself a course of medical study which will be permanent, and which must, sooner or later, on account of its high standard, be adopted by the Medical Council itself.

Instead of so many changes in the course of study, it would appear a better policy to make the entrance examination more severe, say by the addition of Greek as a compulsory subject, for a knowledge of that language is almost essential to a clear understanding of the medical vocabulary. By such a change there would be insured a higher literary qualification in all who begin the professional studies: with this higher literary qualification there would be gained a more comprehensive view of the subject of education which in future members of the Council would not be undesirable; nor could such a change be unjust to any one as it would not affect those who had actually commenced their professional subjects.

Another cause of almost universal dissatisfaction is the method of conducting the oral examinations by the Council: as they have in past years been conducted, the students are kept waiting in a body in suspense, while one of their number enters the examination hall; this allows the 'plucked' candidate who, on account of his want of success, is disaffected, to spread discord among the remaining students who await his return outside the door of the hall, and thus the trouble begins, to be ended, perhaps, after a few days of tedious and disturbed waiting, in conduct disgraceful to both students

and examiners. Our Provincial University, than which there is no other on this continent giving degrees of higher standard, considers a written examination in Medicine a sufficient test of a candidate's efficiency and if the Council would do exactly the same, it would still secure a high degree of proficiency in all those to whom its privileges may be granted.

Slight imperfections are apt to creep into every kind of organization, no matter how good the object of such may be, and it is these weaknesses rather than the good qualities which are magnified by the public. While the Medical Council has done much good by way of elevating and equalizing the qualifications of those who desire medical honours, it would seem to the writer that the same good could be more easily done, and without incurring the displeasure and censure of so many people, if it would enact three reforms, namely: 1st. Increase the severity of the matriculation examination by the addition of Greek as a compulsory subject; 2nd. Fix the course so that no unfairness could be done a matriculated student, and 3rd. Abolish the oral examinations or make them entirely clinical.

PATIENCE.

BY C. W. RITCHIE, MONTREAL.

SAD soul, possess thyself in patience pure;
 Though trials harsh reveal themselves to-day
The morrow will ensure
That thou shalt rise triumphant; silently
There is but whispered a consoling word,
Faint and unheard—
The end most holy brings a solemn cure.

The strong light glares, offending with its blaze,
And the unwearied murmurs of the throng,
Who, in amaze,
Are plodding ceaselessly their way along,
Unmindful of the deep and varied song,
Are sullen warnings of the evil years,
That thwart each noble purpose; soon appears
A lofty resolution which displays
The courage that endureth over wrong.

Is life worth living? ask not thou, O soul,
The Lord shall answer thee from out the cloud,
With thunder and with lightnings proud:
What the most High hath cleansed thou shalt not call
Unclean, nor worthless think it, and condole
With thine own secret self;—thou shalt not fall
Into the shiny pit of error wide
But shall abide,
In purest virtue, waiting in the hall
Of youthful, anxious, fond ambition fain.
Live thou in hope, and banish old despair.
Lo! thus I seek the sacred source of joy,
Unwilling even sorrow to destroy.

HOW JESSIE'S FORTUNE CAME TRUE.

BY 'DALACHAR,' MONTREAL.

SOME years ago there lived in London a wealthy gentleman of the name of Innes, who was blest with a numerous family of sons and daughters. The son of a small landed proprietor in Scotland, who had ruined himself by unfortunate speculations, James Innes had, early in life, been thrown on his own resources, and joined the tide of Australian emigration seeking his fortune. He seemed to have been born under a lucky star, for he did not seek it long or in vain. Whatever he turned his hand to prospered. Gold accumulated in his coffers, flocks and herds on his pastures, until at length, satisfied with his gains, and being left a widower with a large family of children, he determined, partly for the sake of their education and partly from that love of country inherent in all Scottish natures, to turn his face homeward once more.

Being a man still in the prime of life, it is not to be wondered at that shortly after his return to the land of his birth he should have taken to himself a second wife, eminently fitted in every respect to take the head of his table, and be the chaperon of the four Misses Innes. Three of these young ladies were now residing in the paternal mansion. The eldest had been married some years previously, at the end of her first season. Of the three girls—Katharine, Harriet, and Jessie Innes—Katharine was the handsomest, and her father's favourite—tall and graceful in figure, complexion of a delicate pink and white, dark hair, and beautiful dark eyes. She made such a pleasant picture that none but the most critical could discover that her features were too large for actual beauty, though such was undoubtedly the case. Harriet was pale, thin, and clever; the very personification of neatness and precision in appearance and manner, and a wonderful contrast in every way to the pretty Katharine. Jessie was short, plump, and lively, brimming over with fun and good nature, which shone out in her merry brown eyes and the smiles that were always playing about her mouth. She was always getting into disgrace with her step-mother, who wished her to cultivate a more dignified and sedate manner, but to little purpose.

Mrs. Innes was busy writing letters one morning, towards the close of the London season, when her husband came into her room. 'My dear,' he said, 'I'm not at all satisfied about Katharine's cough; can nothing be done for it? It seems to me she has had this cold a very long time. Don't you think I had better ask Elsmere to see her?'

'I shall be very glad if you will,' was her reply. 'I am getting quite anxious about her, and, really, Dr. Clarke does not seem to understand her case, or his treatment would have produced some effect by this time.'

'Then I shall ask Elsmere to see her at once; I've no doubt he'll see if her illness is caused by town air and town hours, and order a move to the country, and in that case, I suppose, you won't object to an early flitting?'

'Certainly not,' said Mrs. Innes (who prided herself on her exemplary con-

duct as a step-mother), 'you know I am always ready to do my duty towards your children, even at a sacrifice to myself.'

The morning following this conversation, Dr. Elsmere's carriage drew up at the Innes's door, and Dr. Elsmere himself, a tall, grave, dignified man, was ushered into the drawing-room, to hear a long dissertation on symptoms from Mrs. Innes, before pronouncing on the patient's condition.

Katharine herself was highly indignant at the whole proceeding, declared there was nothing the matter with her but languor, consequent on the hot season, and over fatigue, and vowed, if he gave her any horrid doses, she wouldn't take them, no matter what mamma might say. Why could not they send her to the sea-side or to Scotland? 'All she wanted was a bracing climate, she was sure, and there was no need for all this fuss.' Dr. Elsmere, however, was of a different opinion, he sounded her chest, asked her a number of questions, looked very grave, and finally ended by recommending a long sea voyage and complete change of climate, as the only effectual means of arresting the development of that most terrible of all diseases—consumption.' The very name of such a thing, in connection with his darling daughter, was too much for Mr. Innes to contemplate. He would go anywhere Dr. Elsmere thought fit. Would the voyage to Australia be too long? No, then he would start at the shortest possible notice ; he had long been thinking it would be advisable for him to see how his agent was managing his affairs there, and it would be just the very thing for Katharine to go out with him. Of course, Harriet would have to accompany her sister; it would never do for Hattie to be lonely ; and Jessie was too much of a mad-cap to take care of anybody.

So it came about that no very long time after the physician's visit, Mr. Innes and his two elder daughters took passage in the good ship *John Williams*, not intending to return till the following year. Katharine was quite delighted with the remedy prescribed for her, and took great interest in all the preparations for the voyage, declaring she should come back a marvel of health and good looks. The only person not altogether pleased was Jessie, who looked forward to a year spent alone with her dignified step-mother as a stern necessity.

'You will not know me when you return, Hattie,' she plaintively remarked to her sister at parting. 'I shall have forgotten how to smile by that time, and be quite a good specimen of the victory of mind over matter. Mamma is always saying I can't have any mind, or I would not be so easily amused.'

'Well dear, you are not going to live like hermits all the time we're away. There are sure to be any number of visits in store for you, and I hope you are going to spend a great deal of time in writing us budgets of news : such a merry little soul as you are could never be dull for long.

Nevertheless, dull poor Jessie often was and driven, by her busy little brain, to all sorts of expedients by which to amuse herself—expedients which would have been quite horrifying to Mrs. Innes, had she been aware of them. But Jessie generally managed to take no one into her confidence but Morris, an old and trustworthy servant, who had been first nurse and then maid to her sisters and herself, and whom she could wheedle and coax into doing almost anything she wanted, often against that respectable person's better judgment. But Jessie knew her power, and Morris's remonstrances invariably ended with 'just this time Miss Jessie, I'll do it to please you, but don't ever ask me again. It's the very last time I'll have anything to do with such goings on ; so, now, mind! What would Mrs. Innes say to me if she knew?'

One day an advertisement caught Jessie's eye, which greatly took her fancy. The advertiser professed to tell

the future destiny of any one sending a lock of hair, a description of him or herself, and a specimen of handwriting. Of course, this was not to be had for nothing, but the pecuniary consideration—half-a-crown—was trifling, compared to the satisfaction to be gained from learning what the future had in store.

'It's ridiculous, Morris,' said Jessie, when she had finished reading this aloud to Morris, who was brushing her hair, 'perfectly ridiculous, that you and I should be living in this state of uncertainty about our prospects, when for half-a-crown we might have the vexed question of married or single—to be or not to be—set at rest for ever. I am sure I should settle down and be all mamma could desire, if I only knew what was to be my ultimate fate. If it was a settled thing I was to marry a clergyman, I could save time and trouble by cultivating that affability of manner expected in a parson's wife, and studying up clothing clubs, parochial visiting, and all those sort of things. It seems to me it's a great pity we don't come into the world with labels instead of silver spoons in our mouths, then our parents could make their arrangements for our education accordingly.'

'What nonsense is this you're talking, Miss Jessie; to be sure you'll be married some day, but it's not the like of you that'll be marrying a clergyman, I hope.'

'That's just what I want to know, Morris; there could not be any harm, you know, in my writing what I am like to this person, so long as I am not vain enough to make the description too flattering. But just fancy mamma seeing a letter addressed to me in a strange hand, especially if it should be a man's! I fancy I see her looking at me in righteous horror'

'The mistress would be very angry I'm sure, Miss; you'd best not think of such a thing, and after all, it's nothing but nonsense.'

'Well, Morris, that's just what I want to find out. I'll write, and then you will post the letter, you dear old soul, won't you? And the answer shall be addressed to you. Mamma could not object to your getting letters from any one you liked, could she?'

'Now, Miss Jessie, that is just like you; you will never be happy till you've got me into as much mischief as yourself, an old woman like me!'

'You shall have your fortune told, too, if you like, Morris, I am sure it will be a good one; but you know you must write for yourself.'

'No, indeed, Miss, I would not as much as put pen to paper; it's bad enough for me to post your letter, and I've a great mind not to do it.'

'Don't pretend to be cross,' said Jessie, laughing; 'you know you could not if you tried, and so go off to your sewing, while I prepare this momentous document.'

That very afternoon the precious packet was consigned to the post by Morris, who felt very guilty at aiding and abetting such nonsense, and not by any means sure that she was not throwing a good half-crown away. Two or three days passed, during which both Jessie and Morris were so occupied with long letters from the travellers, that they had little leisure to think of anything else. They had now been away nearly a year, and were to sail in a fortnight from the time they wrote.

'Why, they will be here almost directly, mamma,' said Jessie, 'how pleased I am! You did not expect them nearly so soon, did you?'

'No, my dear, but your father thinks there is no need for delay on Katharine's account—the dear child seems to have completely recovered her health, and so many people he knows are coming by this vessel, that he thought it would be pleasanter for your sisters to have a nice party on board. These are the reasons he gives me for his change of plans.'

'Then they may be here in a fort-

night. How delightful! I must run and tell Morris this minute.'

Jessie flew up stairs to communicate the news, and came upon Morris on the landing, looking very important indeed.

'I was looking for your Miss, will you be pleased to come into your room and see what I have here.'

'Not the answer to my letter, Morris? Then there is honesty in fortune tellers. I wonder am I really face to face with my destiny.'

Jessie broke the seal, and with a solemnity befitting such an important occasion, read the following epistle:—

'Madame,—I am happy to inform you that the stars smiled upon your birth.'

'Stuff and nonsense,' interrupted the practical Morris. 'Has he nothing better to say than that rubbish? Stars smile indeed!'

'Be quiet Morris, you are not to make remarks until I have finished.'

She continued, 'possessed of great energy of character and unbounded capacity for happiness—a long and prosperous life awaits you.' 'Already one comes over the water to ask you for his bride. In three months time you will be a happy wife, and bid adieu for years to your father's house; you will carry your happiness with you, of this rest assured—

ONE TO WHOM IT IS REVEALED.'

'Then Morris, you may make the most of me while I'm here; you see I am not going to trouble you much longer,' said Jessie, as she restored the letter to the envelope. 'Three months is very short notice, is it not? Hardly time for a reasonable engagement—let alone the preliminaries—such is fate!'

'Surely you don't believe such nonsense as that, Miss, stars smiling and such like. You should have listened to me, and not thrown away your money for nothing.'

'Don't come to rash conclusions, Morris, you shall tell me what you think of my Seer when the next three months are over; as for myself I reserve judgment—

'"Bide ye yet, bide ye yet,
Ye dinna ken what'll betide ye yet,"'

she hummed gaily to herself.

The following week Mr. Innes and his daughters arrived. They had made an excellent passage, and were delighted with the pleasant people they had met and travelled with, and with all they had done and seen during their long absence. Katharine had been a great favourite on board the *Kangaroo*, and declared that she was quite low spirited at saying good-bye to her fellow-voyagers. 'Indeed,' she affirmed to Jessie, 'I'm quite longing to see Mr. Vivian, and to talk over everybody and everything with him.'

'And pray who may Mr. Vivian be,' queried Jessie, 'and where do you expect to see him?'

'Why, here of course! Don't you know papa has invited him to visit us as soon as he comes to London. Bernard Vivian was the nicest of all our friends of the *Kangaroo;* papa took such a fancy to him. And that reminds me Jessie of a funny thing that happened, Harriet and I used to laugh about it. He took such a wonderful fancy to your photograph. Harriet showed it to him one day, when we were talking about home, and he gazed at it for a long time, and said you had such an interesting face, and asked all manner of questions about you. You would have been quite flattered could you have heard him. For my part, I think he will have very bad taste not to admire the original still more.'

'That's very pretty of you, Kate, but I think you are more likely to be the object of Mr. Vivian's admiration than poor little me.'

Jessie could not help thinking of this conversation that evening, as she sat over the fire in her own room, though she laughed at herself for doing so. She had thought very little

of the fortune that had been foretold for her, being too sensible a girl to have faith in anything of the kind; but now it recurred to her mind, that it certainly was odd, taken in connection with this incident of the photograph.

She began to feel quite interested in Bernard Vivian's coming, and to wonder what he would be like—good looking she hoped. She had a decided aversion to plain men. Then she wondered if she should tell Katharine about the letter, but decided it was too ridiculous to say anything about it—and finally went to bed to dream that she and Bernard Vivian were being photographed in a boat and that the waves rocked so that the operator could never get a good negative.

It was not very long before Mr. Innes announced to his wife that Bernard Vivian might be expected that evening. He was to arrive by an early train, and expected to be with them at dinner.

'Now, Jessie,' said Katharine, 'your admirer is really coming at last, so mind you wear your very prettiest dress to-night. I have set my heart on your making a good impression. Why, you little goose! I do believe you are actually blushing!'

'Then I'm blushing for your frivolity, Kate; you are quite ridiculous about this Mr. Vivian. Is there no other of your "Kangaroos" you could talk of for a change? I only dress to please myself, so I shall just appear as I usually do.'

And with a saucy toss of the head, Jessie sailed out of the room. Notwithstanding this assertion, she did take extraordinary pains with her toilet that evening—trying on half a dozen dresses before she fixed on a suitable one—narrowly escaped being late for dinner, and entered the drawing room feeling so horribly self-conscious that she heartily wished Katharine had kept the photograph episode to herself. At dinner she was placed opposite to Bernard Vivian, and had ample opportunity of observing what manner of man he was. On the whole, she decided his appearance was very prepossessing indeed—he might even be called handsome. He was about thirty years of age, or thereabouts; tall and broad shouldered, and had an exceedingly pleasant face; kind, honest, blue eyes, and a broad, intellectual forehead. During dinner he was too much occupied 'doing the agreeable' to his hostess and returning Katharine's playful badinage to pay much attention to Jessie; but later in the evening, when she went to the piano, he came to turn over her music for her, and she soon found herself talking to him with as much ease as if he had been a life-long friend. She said, afterwards, that he gave her the feeling that she had known him before; indeed, his very words, and the circumstances of their meeting, seemed familiar, as though this were but the revival of a former friendship.

In the days that followed, they were thrown much together. Bernard Vivian had been so long away from England that he was as eager for sight-seeing as the veriest provincial let loose in London for the first time. So there were parties to the galleries, and the opera, and theatre, in all of which Bernard contrived to be at Jessie's side. And then there were long after-dinner chats in the music room, which somehow nobody interrupted, and thus Vivian's visit wore away until the very last evening had arrived. Mrs. Innes and her elder daughters had settled themselves comfortably by the drawing room fire, but Jessie, deaf to all invitations to join them, retreated to the other end of the room, and began listlessly to turn over the leaves of an album. Presently the gentlemen came in from the dining room, and in a few minutes more Jessie saw Bernard Vivian making his way towards her.

'Have you anything very interesting there?' he said, sitting down by her side with the familiarity of old ac-

quaintanceship. 'Ah! I know that book; Miss Harriet's, is it not?'

'Yes, I was just looking at these Australian photographs, how beautifully they are taken! So much better than our English ones.'

'Are they?' he said. 'Yes, I think I have remarked them, but I should like, if you will allow me, to show you an English one that, I think, is there, and to tell you of a resolve I made when I saw it.'

'A resolve,' she echoed, laughing. 'You excite my curiosity. I hope it was a good one.'

'I will leave you to be the judge of that, Miss Jessie. It was your own portrait that inspired my resolve. When I first saw your face in your sister's album I made up my mind there and then, that if ever I reached England in safety I would try and win you for my wife. I can hardly hope I have done that yet, Jessie. I know I have been premature in speaking, but I could not go away to-morrow without doing so; that must be my plea for forgiveness. Tell me that you will at least take time to consider your answer.'

'No,' she said, faintly, turning away her blushing face.

'No,' he said, sorrowfully. 'Is that your answer.'

'No. I'd—I'd rather answer now.'

'Then you will give me some hope,' he said eagerly. 'You think you can love me?'

'Yes,' she replied demurely. 'I think—I do love you—just a little, but I am quite sure I should never have fallen in love with your photograph.'

Thus, by a curious coincidence Jessie Innes' fortune came true almost as it was foretold. Bernard Vivian's home was in Australia, and as his stay in England was limited, the wedding day, though deferred as long as possible, came within three months from the time of their engagement. Jessie spent one more happy Christmas in the home of her girlhood, and then she and Bernard were married in the most orthodox manner, and shortly afterwards sailed for their Australian home. Morris is now as credulous as she was formerly incredulous, and is very fond of telling HOW MISS JESSIE'S FORTUNE CAME TRUE.

A FRIEND.

FRIEND let me call you—may I? Friend to me:
And like a casket let that wide word be,
Wherein, perchance, some costlier treasure lies—
Wherein we hide, in clouds of close eclipse,
The faltering few things known to lips and lips—
The many mute things known to eyes and eyes!

—*From 'Poems by Wm. H. Mallock.*

MORALITY AND RELIGION AGAIN.—A WORD WITH MY CRITICS.

BY W. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

IT was neither to be desired nor expected that the articles which appeared in the January and February numbers of this magazine should pass without reply; and I am glad to find that two writers of recognized ability and earnestness have undertaken to maintain, in opposition to the naturalistic views set forth in those articles, that the Christian religion, considered as a supernatural revelation, is necessary to the moral life of the world. Their arguments may be more convincing to others than they are to me; but, whether convincing or not, they will help to stimulate thought upon an exceedingly important subject, and perhaps guide to an opinion some who rightly declined to allow themselves to be too much influenced by what was said on one side only of the controversy. My own hope is, that the arguments on both sides will be carefully weighed, and that the main question at issue may be kept in view, rather than any secondary or subordinate questions. I ask nothing more for what I have advanced than the most dispassionate consideration. To receive theological doctrines, a specially submissive frame of mind—so at least we are always told — is necessary; and, of course, where 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 every-day logic, and if the appeal is not sustained, he is discomfited; his case cannot be saved by any subtleties of interpretation, or by any masterly strategy in argument. Knowing the conditions of the controversy, I have endeavoured to express myself with simplicity, and I trust that my meaning has been perfectly clear to every reader. Let my plea for naturalism in morals fail, if it must, but let it at least be understood.

It does not seem to me that I have been met in quite the same spirit as that in which I myself approached the discussion of the questions at issue. My position was well-defined and offered a very distinct mark for attack. My opponents, on the contrary, seem to me to take up no distinct position, but merely to hover on the borders of the old orthodoxy. They maintain, in a general way, that 'religion,' by which we are to understand Christianity, is, to quote the words of one of them, 'the very source and well-spring of moral life;' but what are the articles of the religion they have in view, they are careful not to say. 'Fidelis' makes a point of stating, that by religion he does not mean theology. The first he defines as 'the active principle which binds the soul to God: which leads it to look up to Him with love and reverence, and to draw a portion of His life into its own.' The second is, 'what men have believed, or thought, or fancied about God.' But it is absolutely necessary to believe, think, or fancy something about God, before one can love or reverence Him; so how theo-

logy is going to be left out of the account it is hard to see. The difficulty is, that many theologies have been immoral and debasing in an extreme degree; but with such a theology how can there be such a religion as is described? The thing is impossible, and we may safely say that 'the active principle' above referred to as something universal in its operation, is very far indeed from being so, but is, on the contrary, the rare product of special circumstances. 'Fidelis' admits, or seems to admit, that morality has an independent basis of its own, and repudiates the idea that it is the creation of religion, yet tells us a little further on, in words already quoted, that religion is its 'very source and well-spring.' To enable us to understand this a little better, we are told that 'morality, in its larger sense, includes religion.' I confess to having felt a little bewildered when I got to this point, but that, no doubt, was due to the radical incapacity for higher views which the writer now in question so plainly discovers in me.

I fail to see how the arguments which 'Fidelis' successively unfolds touch or invalidate my position. 'Love to a person is the very strongest motive-power which can be applied to human nature.' To this I reply that the expression is inaccurate; 'love to a person' is not a power that can be *applied to* human nature. We think, as we read this, of a water-power that can be turned on or shut off at will; or of steam waiting to be let into the cylinder of an engine. In either case, the power exists prior to its application; whereas, how can 'love to a person' exist before it is felt, or before it moves to action? There is nothing in the naturalistic theory of morals to prevent those who hold it from doing justice to the power of love, since love is a recognised element of human nature, the progressive development and purification of which is, to a certain extent, a matter of history. All, therefore, that 'Fidelis' has so well said in praise of love may be adopted in full by the follower of Herbert Spencer, who can produce from the natural history of humanity many examples of the predominance of secondary over primary feelings and instincts. Love, indeed, is not more strikingly exhibited by the human race than by many of the lower animals. The hen who faces the hawk in defence of her chickens; the cat who flies right in the face of a powerful dog to drive him away from her kittens, goes as directly counter to the primary instinct of self-preservation as the man who lays down his life for his country.

'Fidelis' makes an extraordinary statement when he says that 'we live in a world where the need of God has *always* been one of the most urgent needs of humanity, and the thought of God its strongest controlling power.' There is, it seems to me, a singular lack of sobriety in such language, suggesting an unchecked sentimentalism of a somewhat conventional kind. In the most favoured nations of Christendom we see nothing to justify what is here asserted; and what shall we say of ruder races in more primitive times, or of the barbarous and savage communities that still overspread so large a portion of the earth's surface? What practical man, conversant with the ways of the world, really believes that, speaking generally, conscience, unaided by human law and unsupported by public opinion, is 'the strongest controlling power' in modern society? The fact is we all know and feel how feeble and uncertain a thing conscience is when unsustained by external influences; and we consequently surround morality with all the safeguards and sanctions that we can devise. I should be the last to deny that 'the thought of God' is with many a very powerful influence, and that in some it dominates the whole moral life; but what I contend is that the development of morality follows its own course, and that whatever is healthful

in any morality that is strongly tinged by theology is of natural and human origin. In theological morality—if the expression may be used—there is often much that is not beautiful, but morbid, if not vicious; but show me a natural, disinterested love to man, and it will not be difficult to prove that it is in no wise dependent on theological belief, or on any extra-mundane considerations. The interest taken by a person of but moderate natural sympathies in one whom he believes to be in danger (as the plain-spoken New Testament has it) of hell-fire, may appear to be very great, but it is no true indication of the man's own moral state, but simply of the strength of the stimulus that has been applied to certain emotions. A man very lethargic ordinarily may display great energy if he has a chance of saving a neighbour's life; but a display of energy under such peculiar circumstances does not fix our estimate of the man. There is in the world a class of what may be called religious busy-bodies—people who, without being endued, so far as anyone can see, with exceptional benevolence or overflowing humanity, are continually working out their own salvation in some form or other of quasi-benevolent activity. That, in their rounds, they relieve some wants and do some good, no one need wish to deny; but if we try to ascertain what is essential in their characters, we do not find much to contemplate with delight. Are they quick of sympathy where no religious interest is to be subserved? Not particularly. Are they remarkable for candour and fair dealing? So, so. Is their interest very great in all that elevates humanity, apart from their own little schemes? By no means. Have they the charity that believeth and hopeth all things, and that they can cast as a mantle round even the sceptic who places his own moderate estimate on their labours? No, that is asking too much. Are they people whom it gladdens you to meet, and in whose whole lives the power of a faith that overcomes the world is clearly visible? No, it does you but little good to meet them, and instead of faith you more often see suspicions and timorousness. Let no one assert, or suppose, that I mean these remarks to apply to *all* who engage in Christian work; I only wish to maintain that much activity that is pointed to as a proof of what religion will prompt men to, is intrinsically of much less value than it seems. Let me illustrate. Years ago I had a bosom friend who, though verging towards 'liberalism' in his opinions, was an active and much esteemed member of a Young Men's Christian Association. My friend died rather suddenly, and I left my home in another city to attend his funeral. His comrades of the Y. M. C. A. had charge of the arrangements, and after the burial I drove home with a cab-full of them—a distance of some two or three miles. During nearly the whole drive their conversation consisted of the most idle 'chaff,' and evidently they had no appetite for anything else. They were strangers to me at the time—except that I was introduced to them—and have remained so since; and I even forget their names, for this was fourteen years ago. But the impression made upon my mind was very lasting. These young men, I said, conduct cottage prayer-meetings and distribute tracts; but their own natures have not been elevated, they even lack the dignity of moral seriousness.

'Fidelis' seems to forget that the New Testament represents love to God as secondary to love to man. 'He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' When love to God supervenes as the perfect fruit and final expression of love to man, it no doubt lends a lofty ideality to all the moral sentiments, and marks the point to which all moral effort should tend; but in love to God thus conceived there is nothing that conflicts

with the purest naturalism. What does St. Paul himself say? 'Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.' When that which is spiritual follows that which is natural in due order, it is truly a development of the natural; when it precedes, there is more or less of morbid and distorted growth. Heavenly affections grafted on a poor nature have made the bigots, the persecutors, the formalists, and the Tartuffes of every generation.

I regret that my opponent should find my statement of the doctrine of Justification so 'curiously crude and incorrect.' Alas! many ideas that were good enough for our simple forefathers, who really *did* believe their Bibles, are 'curiously crude and incorrect' in these refining days. J. A. Bengel was a respectable commentator in his day, and by some is accounted so still, to judge by the fine edition of his 'Gnomon' produced by two American scholars not so very many years ago. He says expressly that the act of justification, as the term is used by Paul, 'chiefly consists in the remission of sins;' and that James uses the word in very much the same sense. When Paul says that 'by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified,' Bengel observes that the word 'justified' 'obviously bears its judicial meaning,' which is precisely what I ventured, in my January article, to suggest. A wider sense, Bengel points out, is at times given to the word; but Paul, he distinctly says, always uses it in the narrower judicial sense 'whenever he treats of God as justifying the sinner by faith.' Now, as it happens, the passage quoted by G. A. M., which gave rise to my reference to the doctrine of Justification, is a palmary instance of the use of the word 'justification' in connection with faith. Theology may indeed claim to rank as a progressive science when that which was esteemed soundest in exegesis not so long ago, is now denounced as 'crude and incorrect.' Before quitting this point, let me just mention the light which Bengel throws on the phrase which I confessed my inability to understand, 'raised again for our justification.' He says that faith (which leads to justification) flows from Christ's resurrection, because 'the ground of our belief in God is, that he raised Jesus Christ from the dead.' Accordingly, if Christ had not been raised from the dead, we could have had no faith in God, and consequently no justification. I wonder if this also is crude and incorrect. Probably.

It seems that I have been unfortunate, too, in my reference to the Mosaic code, which I am accused of having 'most unfairly aspersed.' The unprejudiced reader of my article, however, will find that I did not 'asperse' the code at all, fairly or unfairly, but simply pointed out that in a priest-given code, formal sins, such as the breaking of the Sabbath, were apt to be treated with much greater severity than essential sins, such as cruelty to the helpless. And I think the instance I cited proved my point. 'Fidelis,' with an ingenuity which would win honours in a court of law, asks: 'Is it likely that any code would, &c., &c.?' and 'Is it not more reasonable to suppose, &c., &c.?' but really such fine weighing of probabilities in a simple matter of this kind, is wholly superfluous; especially as the question at issue is not as to the value of the 'code' compared with other codes, but as to the influence of theology on the code. That must be estimated, not by probabilities, but by facts.

As I pass from point to point in my critic's article, I encounter so many evidences of prejudice and passion, that it seems a hopeless task to try to put in a right light all the points that (with, of course, the best intentions in the world) he has put in a wrong. To take, however, one more instance: 'Fidelis' says that I favoured the readers of the MONTHLY 'with a sketch of "the so-called pious," which

is certainly not flattering.' From this, any one would conclude, what is not the case, that I embraced all 'the so-called pious' in my sketch. These were my words: 'Paradoxical as it may seem, what is called "worldliness" is a vice prevailing chiefly among the so-called pious.' Far from saying that all the pious were worldly, I plainly hinted that some of the worldly did not fall within the class of the so-called pious. And why did I say 'so-called?' From a motive which 'Fidelis' ought to respect; because, if I had not, my sentence would have read—'worldliness is a vice prevailing chiefly among the pious'—thus casting a stigma upon a word which I much prefer to treat with respect. In my opinion, worldly people, as I have described them, are *not* pious; but many of them put on an outward appearance of piety, and deceive themselves into the belief that their attention to forms and ceremonies is a very meritorious thing. But not only does 'Fidelis' do me this great injustice, but he aggravates it by saying that I represent the worldliness I describe, as 'a specimen of the fruits of Christianity.' For this charge there is no semblance of evidence whatever. A perfervid zeal for a cause much higher than that of 'cauld morality,' is answerable for what I have no doubt was, on the part of the writer, a momentary illusion.

Lastly, I am confronted with the miseries of this present life. How is natural morality going to deal with them? Let me ask, how does orthodox theology deal with them? The most miserable, speaking generally, in this life, are the most vicious; and what are *their* prospects in the life beyond the grave? What are the prospects of the mass of humanity? In the good old times, when, as I said before, people really did believe their Bibles, no doubt whatever was felt that eternal burning would be the fate of the majority of mankind. Christ himself had said that there were but few who found the path of life, the many taking the road of destruction. Then as to those who are destined for eternal bliss, are they so miserable here as to need a compensation hereafter? Far from it; the best will tell you that they have found right-doing its own exceeding great reward. 'The air is full of the sound of human weeping, blended with the inarticulate wail of the animal creation.' What is going to be done for the lower animals in a better world we are not informed; but as to the human weeping, it is largely an evidence of past human happiness. Who is there who would escape from sorrow by surrendering love? The heart everywhere responds to the poet's sentiment that

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all.'

The ordinary theology, therefore, simply makes the situation worse as regards the miseries of 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. 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. It does not treat sickness or insanity or accidents 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 to be able 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.' It is very significant to observe how readily such writers as 'Fidelis' assume the necessary perpetuity of evil in this world. They

do so because they have the mental habit of making this world a kind of foil to the next. Having such a huge capital of happiness to draw upon in the hereafter, they can afford to keep this world very poor. 'How is it going to help,' I am asked, 'this mass of wretched and forlorn humanity to be told that, after an infinite number of successive generations have lived and suffered and gone out in darkness, this world may possibly become a more comfortable caravanserai for future equally transitory beings?' I really wonder that any one who knows how widely diffused happiness is in the world, how much more there is of laughter than of weeping, how exceptional, upon the whole, are moments of pain, and how salutary pain is in warning us against dangers to our physical organization;—I wonder, I say, that any one who knows these things—and who does not?—should speak of 'this mass of wretched and forlorn humanity,' and explain, as I understand this writer to do, that this 'mass' includes nine-tenths of the race. There is something, from my point of view, to cause indignation in such an aspersion of the condition of things on the earth. As if singularly to confirm a statement made in my January article, that 'anacreontic tastes and habits' have not a little to do with a despairing estimate of this life, it is from the poet Burns that 'Fidelis' borrows the phrase 'wretched and forlorn.' Burns had his own hours of wretchedness; and thousands who have shared his faults have had their hours of wretchedness, but not of such a nature as to give them any very valid claim for compensating bliss hereafter. As if Burns, however, was not enough to point a moral, 'Fidelis,' who, Balaam-like, seems compelled to do my argument more good than harm, gives us a stave from an Eastern sensualist and cynic, who tells us, with no doubt great truth as regards his own experience, that

'Yesterday this day's madness did prepare.'

Precisely; if he had not made a fool of himself yesterday, he would not have been a lunatic to-day; and would not have called upon all the world to drink itself dead drunk because men cannot tell whence they come or whither they go.

As I read the conclusion of 'Fidelis's article, I cannot but feel that there is some sad misunderstanding upon his part of my true position. When I find myself represented as having maintained that 'to lose Christ, and life, and immortality, is to lose nothing material from our moral life,' I ask myself, when and where did I so much as speak of losing Christ, and life, and immortality? I could not, indeed, so much as explain with any confidence what my opponent means by 'losing Christ,' nor could I attempt to say in what sense the word 'life' is here used. The last thing I should desire would be to deprive any one of the finer and purer elements of their moral life. I only ask for harmony and regularity of development. Let the flower be what it may, so long as it is truly a flower,—truly an evidence—of the vigorous vitality of the moral nature. I could not possibly bring myself to quarrel with anyone for the ideas or imaginations or beliefs which he associated with his highest moral sentiments. I may, for my own part, find all creeds and liturgies a mere embarrassment, but I have no fault to find with those who clothe their best thoughts and aspirations in the language of creeds and liturgies. It is when the natural order of things is inverted, and consequent moral confusion is threatened, that I enter a protest. If 'Fidelis' only understood this thoroughly, he would be more patient with me, and would not accuse me of doing so many things that I never did, and never thought of doing. Let me say finally, before turning to the paper of my other opponent, that I am not in the least moved by the 'frank confession' of the Agnostic who is brought forward to show me what I

ought to say, and how I *ought* to feel, holding the opinions I am reported to hold. I fail to see that the Agnostic in question has any right to bind others to his way of thinking; and I take the liberty, for my own part, of differing from him and his 'terrific oracles' *in toto*.

In turning to the Rev. W. F. Stevenson's paper, 'Morality and the Gospel,' I must acknowledge, at the outset, the kind terms in which he more than once refers to me in the course of his argument. He denounces me, indeed, very strongly in one place, but, upon the whole, I feel that I am not as great a criminal or as sinister a character in his opinion as in that of 'Fidelis.' Perhaps, therefore, there is more chance of our ending by understanding one another. I meet, however, at the outset, in his paper, statements scarcely less extravagant than those of his companion-in-arms. He says: 'This, at least, is true, that the doctrine [of the Cross] came to a very corrupt world and acted "like a charm" in changing it.' What real truth is there in this? Why, nearly two thousand years of the 'Gospel dispensation' have gone by and the charm is still to work. What were the morals of Constantinople centuries after the introduction of Christianity? What were the morals of the Middle Ages? What did Christianity degenerate into in the East generally? Mr. Stevenson says: 'Look into Juvenal's satires' and then look at the early Church. Well, we can look at the Church, and we can also look at such a character as Marcus Aurelius, who was not of the Church. Then, if we want to find, after long centuries of Christian teaching and charm-working, the foulest pages that perhaps were ever written, we shall find them in the writings of Rabelais, the parish priest; if we want to find prurience cultivated as an art, we shall find it in the works of the *Rev.* Laurence Sterne; if we want to find unmitigated nastiness, we have only to make a companion of a certain *Very* Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's. One may turn from Plautus to Fielding, and not be conscious that anything in the interval has acted 'like a charm.' Let me quote, on this subject, an authority who is entitled to speak with some weight. 'It is indeed by no means clear,' says Dr. Newman, 'that Christianity has at any time been of any great spiritual advantage to the world at large. The general temper of mankind, taking man individually, is, what it ever was, restless and discontented, or sensual, or unbelieving. In barbarous times, indeed, the influence of the Church was successful in effecting far greater social order and external decency of conduct than are known in heathen countries; and at all times it will abash and check excesses which conscience itself condemns. But it has ever been a restraint on the world rather than a guide to personal virtue and perfection on a large scale; its fruits are negative.

'True it is that in the more advanced periods of society a greater innocence and probity of conduct and courtesy of manners will prevail; but these, though they have sometimes been accounted illustrations of peculiar Christian character, *have in fact no necessary connection with it.* For why should they not be referred to that mere advancement of civilization and education of the intellect which is surely competent to produce them. . . . And if this be the case, do we not compromise the dignity of Christianity by anxiously referring unbelievers to the effects of the Gospel of Jesus in the world at large, as if, a sufficient proof of its divine origin, when the same effects, to all appearance, are the result of principles which do not "spring from the grace of Christ and the inspiration of His Spirit?" . . . Let it be assumed, then, as not needing proof, that the freedom of thought, enlightened equitableness and amiableness which are

the offspring of civilization, differ far more even than the piety of form or of emotion from the Christian spirit, as being "not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Jesus Christ, yea, rather, doubtless, having the nature of sin."' *

This is a long quotation, but serviceable, I think, as a corrective to such loose statements as the one we have been considering, viz., that 'Christianity came into a very corrupt world and acted "like a charm" in changing it.' It furnishes an answer, too, to those numerous partizans of the current theology who attribute all the conveniences and improvements of modern life to Christianity. Dr. Newman makes a present to the world of 'freedom of thought and enlightened equitableness and amiableness,' as being of its own native growth. In one of his poems, as I pointed out in my January article, he hands over to us, in the same just and liberal spirit, 'peace, chastised desires, good-will, and mercy.' His concessions remind one of the 'few acres of snow' ceded by Louis XV. to England. Upon those few acres a great community has arisen, and a mighty nation may yet establish itself. So, upon the fragments of natural virtue thrown to us by Dr. Newman, the happiness of the human race may well be built. He concedes, in fact, all that the naturalistic school cares to claim, and if there be any higher forms of virtue than those he names, they will not be lacking in their due time and place.

It would be hard for any one to blunder more inexcusably than my reverend critic has done in the following sentence: 'We are told that an appeal to man's interest is "not right," and even "flagrantly wrong," from which it seems to follow that the utilitarian morality must be a very wicked thing, since it is an appeal to man's interest from first to last.' I never said anything like what is here imputed to me. I said that 'to try and *influence belief* by an appeal to men's interests is not right,' a position which in no way conflicts with the utilitarian theory of morals. We all know that where a man's interests are touched, it is hard to get him to judge righteous judgment, or to decide simply according to the evidence; and therefore, where we want an unperverted intellectual activity, we should as much as possible keep interests out of sight. On the other hand, in practical matters, an appeal to interests is always in place. All this is very simple, and how an acute writer, like the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, comes to misquote me so badly, with such confusing results, is hard to understand. I think, however, that, under the circumstances, I am entitled to suggest to my critic for his future guidance the following rule: When your understanding of any writer, with whom it is worth while to hold controversy, leads to some very ridiculous conclusion, look back and see if you have not *mis*understood, and haply misquoted, him.

I am next represented as having maintained that 'there is no connection between the principles of morals and what is called "religion."' This again is inaccurate. In my February article (page 166), I allowed an important place to religions, in the moulding both of societies and of individuals; but what I specifically disputed in my January article was, that 'any particular theological doctrine is now, or has heretofore been,' necessary to such moral life as is implied in the integration and permanence of societies; the writer whom I first criticized having stated that 'the doctrine of the Cross' was necessary to keep the world from becoming 'altogethey corrupt.' My present critic summons me to say whether 'the facts and principles revealed in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, have no connection with human goodness.' The question is such an enormous one that there is no getting far enough from it to

* 'Oxford University Sermons,' page 40, *seq.*

take it all in. Let any one for a moment think what an incongruous mass he will have before him if he tries to take 'the facts and principles' out of the Bible, in order to ascertain whether they have any connection with human goodness. The task, however, is unnecessary, for everything which is capable of influencing conduct at all, for good or bad, has some connection with goodness. The Thoughts of Pascal, and Byron's Don Juan, both have some connection with goodness; but what of that? If Mr. Stevenson really wants a definite answer, he must come a little closer to the point.

My critic does well, however, in laying down some definite, or seemingly definite, propositions of his own in relation to the question at issue. Morality, he says, is indebted to 'the Gospel' for three things: a basis, a type, and an impulse. Good; but how about the races that lived and died before there was a gospel? How about those now living who never heard of it? How about that increasing portion of the modern civilised world which has thrown over the whole miraculous element in the Gospel? There were brave men before Agammenon, and there were virtuous men before the Apostles. All that Mr. Stevenson can, with any show of justice, claim for the Gospel, is, that it has aided the cause of morality, brought higher moral conquests within reach of the human race. Let us, however, consider more closely the points he makes.

1. The Gospel supplies 'an unchangeable basis for the sense of obligation,' by tracing back our moral impulses 'to the character of the First Cause.' Alas! this will not do. '*Our* moral impulses'—whose? Does the Gospel trace back all the moral impulses that have ever swayed the heart of man to the character of the First Cause? It was a moral impulse that led Paul to aid in the stoning of Stephen—so at least he tells us; and a terrible page of history might be filled with the record of what has been done under moral impulses. But possibly Mr. Stevenson means, by moral impulses, *absolutely right impulses.* The question then arises, which are our absolutely right impulses? Who knows? All we can be certain of is, that it is right to wish to do right. In other words, we may, even when in doubt what course to take, feel sure that there is a right course if we only knew it. Now, that unknown right course—what is it? Some arbitrary and, to mortals, unintelligible *placitum* of the First Cause, or some course having a definite relation to the interests of those beings whom our action will affect? If the former, we can never arrive at it except by special revelation; and, having arrived at it in that way, can only follow it out blindly. If the latter, and if, on account of its relation to the happiness of animate beings, it is approved by the First Cause, then why not by us, as the result of an act of direct perception. In other words, if we suppose actions to have intrinsic qualities which commend them to the Divine Being, and cause Him to enjoin them upon us, why, if we can ourselves perceive those qualities, can we not enjoin them upon ourselves? *If we know the reason why an act is right in the Divine sight, we surely should feel* its rightness ourselves by a spontaneous act of moral judgment. If, on the other hand, we merely obey the supposed mandates of Power, delivered to us by priests or written in a book, all morality is at an end. If Mr. Stevenson will therefore only look a little closer, he will see that the only unchangeable basis for morality lies in the relations of conduct to results.

2. The Gospel contributes to morals a type of character. If by 'the Gospel' is meant any system whatever of doctrines in regard to Jesus Christ, then I challenge the statement that we are indebted to the Gospel for the type of character referred to. If the New Testament simply is meant, then I readily acknowledge that it unfolds a character of unique beauty and

grandeur, and one that has greatly influenced the moral history of the race. This is an historical truth which, I trust, I have never shown any disposition to dispute. To grant this does not in the least invalidate the position of those who believe in the natural origin and development of morality, any more than it invalidates the science of language to admit that the Greek language in particular enshrined a literature of inestimable value. My critic uses strong expressions at this point of his argument. He characterizes my statement that 'the ordinary duties and charities of life have owed but little to religion,' as 'utterly untrue,' and avers that 'the charities are the outgrowth of the Gospel almost exclusively.' Let him then go back with me to the early years of the 17th century, when the Recollet Fathers were doing a noble work in trying to Christianize the North American Indians. Let him take up the history written by that good, simple soul, if ever there was one, Gabriel Sagard Théodat, and learn from him whether 'charities' spring almost exclusively from the Gospel. 'I do not know,' says the good father, 'what you may think of it, but I have received so many kindnesses from them (the Indians) that I would rather travel round the world with them than with many Christians, and even ecclesiastics.' 'Do them little favours,' he says elsewhere, 'and you will receive far more than an equivalent.' Again, referring to very difficult circumstances in which he was placed, he says: 'I could only find consolation in God and in the humanity of my savages, which was plainly shown in the compassion they had for me, and the assistance they afforded me. What it was in their power to do was not much, but their good-will pleased me greatly, and encouraged me to have patience, a virtue, indeed, which I learnt better from them than I had done in the school of the world; so that I can say with truth that I found more good in them than I had ever imagined before. They all show humanity towards those who are not their enemies, whether strangers or others.' Again: 'Would to God that they were converted; but yet I fear greatly that if they became Christians they would lose their simplicity and repose—not because the law of God involves such a necessity, but because the corruption that has crept into the Christian world communicates itself easily to these converted barbarians.' The good father wanted to convert them, yet was almost afraid that, Christianized, they would degenerate. He tells us again how much delicacy of feeling these poor savages showed in never criticising any feast to which they were invited, always taking for granted that their entertainer and his cook had done their best. 'Without flattery,' he says, 'it must be acknowledged that the Hurons have something in them more commendable than we have ourselves, and that *if they were Christians they would be better Christians than we.*' There are many more passages that I could quote showing how far advanced these poor Indians were in a knowledge and observance of the 'ordinary duties and charities of life,' while there is not a word to show that any religious notions they entertained affected them at all in their relations with one another. Their religion consisted chiefly in a belief in evil spirits, and an extraordinary faith in dreams. Where a religion is firmly established, people are apt to attribute too much to its influence. There are foolish people living now who think they could not possibly be honest, truthful, or kind but for their theological beliefs. They have little idea how impossible it would be for them, in a world constituted like ours, to discard these virtues totally without the most serious inconvenience to themselves; and little idea, too, how much of the stimulus to right action comes from the approval of their neighbours.

3. The third thing supplied to morals

by the Gospel is an impulse. Well, taking the Gospel to mean the narrative of the life of Jesus Christ, I should be the last to deny that it supplies an impulse. We cannot hear of any noble life without being the better for it; and in the Gospel we hear of the noblest life of all. 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. Virtue 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. The impulse, too, 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. 'The love of Christ constraineth us,' seems to Mr. Stevenson a talisman of inestimable virtue. Well, if man cannot love his fellow-man without first loving Christ, let him by all means begin by loving Christ. But why, if love is possible to us at all, should we not say, 'The love of man constraineth us'?

I must pass over a 'dilemma' which my critic constructs for me, with the simple remark that there is nothing whatever in it. It would be easy to show how it fails to hold, but space is becoming precious and the point is of trifling importance. When it is said that in my articles may be noted 'an undertone of willingness to be satisfied with small mercies in a moral point of view,' or in other words, that I discourage what, in an article published a couple of years ago, I myself called 'idealism in life,' I can only reply that my critic has not taken the trouble to understand my meaning. 'The idealist is naturally distressed,' I said, 'at the thought of failure in the realisation of his ideal; but is it right for him to say that *all* is lost because *his* dream is not fulfilled?' If the Rev. Mr. Stevenson had only kept in view, as I think he might have done, the thesis against which I was arguing, viz., that 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross can alone keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt,' he would have been saved from some misapprehensions and some waste of effort.

There is a tone in my critic's article—not an *under*tone either—of jaunty confidence more suited, if I may venture the opinion, to the tea-meeting platform than to the literary arena. I doubt whether he was called upon to express his wonder as to where I go to church, or whether I go at all. It is enough to prove my statements wrong (if that can be done), without discussing my personal practice. The statement, in my February article, which suggested these distressing doubts as to my use of 'the means of grace,' is one which I have no hesitation in repeating, namely, that the pulpits of the land are emphatic in proclaiming the havoc that scepticism is making in society. And what is the specific statement which my jubilant opponent opposes to this—that the pulpit but rarely refers to the advance of scepticism? no, nothing so satisfactory as that, but this: 'that the great majority of thoughtful and intelligent Christian people, while conscious of more or less difficulty in adjusting the different aspects of their thinking [mark the happy definiteness of the language] so as to form a consistent whole, are possessed with a firm and unalterable faith that the main truths of the Gospel, as gathered up in the manifestation and work of Christ, will stand every strain, and finally rise into universal acceptance.'* These intelligent people then are con-

* I have ventured to mark the whole of this as a quotation, for convenience' sake, though the order of the words in the beginning has been slightly altered.

scious of a 'strain' upon the doctrines they hold, or profess to hold; and what is their confidence? 'That the main truths of the Gospel, as gathered up in the manifestation and work of Christ,' will stand that and every strain. But, in the name of honesty, what do these words mean? Anything or nothing? They might be used in the interest of the severest orthodoxy, or the vaguest latitudinarianism. The *truths* of the Gospel, or of anything else, for that matter, will, of course, stand every strain; and how these truths are affected by being 'gathered up in the manifestation and work of Christ,' no living soul could say without having direct access to the mind of the writer; and even then I am not sure but that the task would be found impossible. Mr. Stevenson, no doubt, could speak more plainly if he tried; he could tell us whether by 'the truths of the Gospel' he meant the doctrines of the evangelical religion, or whether his theology limits itself to a belief in Christ as the moral upraiser of mankind.

It is hard to understand how professional—what shall we call it?—complacency could so run away with a man of Mr. Stevenson's intelligence as to lead him to ask, in his most triumphant (and least seemly) tone, what I know of Biblical research apart from what Christian divines have taught me. Let me humbly answer that what I know altogether is not much, but I have had the *opportunity* of learning from Strauss and F. C. Baur, from Kuenen and Keim, from Rénan and Schérer and Michel Nicholas, from Francis Newman and Greg, from Chief-Justice Hanson, from R. W. Mackay, from the author of 'Supernatural Religion.' These and many other names of Biblical critics, who have not been Christian divines, must be as well known to my opponent as to me; but the 'divines' loom so large in the field of his vision as to shut the others completely out. Some strong language on my part might not be unnatural here, but I forbear. Let the reader make his comments.

Apparently, my meaning was quite misunderstood when I said that a sign of the prevailing weakness of belief was, that it was accounted dangerous to so much as touch the text of the Bible, even with the view of rendering it more correct. What I referred to was the dread expressed in many quarters as to the probable effect of undertaking a new translation of the Bible. There was a pressing need for the thing to be done; and yet many good people have felt, and still feel, a nervous dread lest alterations of phraseology might impair the traditional authority of the text, and suggest doubts where they were never suggested before. My critic apparently understood me to mean that men were afraid now-a-days to examine the text in the light of a critical scholarship, an idea which he says, in his mild manner, is 'only not outrageously offensive, because it is so infinitely ludicrous.' It might have occurred to him that by 'touching the text' I meant altering it, which no individual critic has any authority to do. But let that pass: beside his other misunderstandings this is one of trifling account.

The last great gun that is fired at me is in connection with my alleging, as one of the signs of the times, that 'augurs try not to laugh in one another's faces.' Mr. Stevenson rightly understands this as implying that some clergymen do not themselves fully believe the doctrines they preach. He never could have supposed it to be intended to apply to all clergymen, but only to such a number as to give the statement significance, and make it, if true, a real sign of the times. Now, with this limitation, which was always in my thought, and which any candid literary man would have been prepared to apply to the statement as at first made, I have not the least hesitation in standing by what I said;

and the Rev. Mr. Stevenson may lay in, and exhaust, another large stock of violent terms without driving me one inch from my position. My language is 'offensive,' 'preposterously false,' 'slanderous,' and what not; but when, in the number of this magazine for July, 1879, I quoted the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, to very much the same effect as what I have now ventured to say on my own responsibility, why did no one, why did not the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, rush into print and denounce Mr. Brooks, one of the best known and most highly respected ministers of the Episcopal Church in the United States, as a slanderer and all the rest of it? Mr. Stevenson is very ready with his 'prave 'orts' against one who probably gets little sympathy in the circles in which he moves, but he would probably hesitate long before applying similar vituperation to a man of Mr. Brooks's reputation and influence. 'There is nothing so terrible,' says Mr. Brooks in the *Princeton Review* for March of last year, 'as the glimpses we get occasionally into a minister's unbelief; and sometimes the confusion which exists below seems to be great just in proportion to the hard positiveness of dogmatism men see upon the surface.' 'How many men,' he asks, 'in the ministry to-day believe in the doctrine of verbal inspiration, which our fathers held, and how many of us have frankly told the people that we do not believe it? I know,' he adds, 'the old talk about holding the outworks as long as we can, and then retreating to the citadel; and perhaps there has hardly been a more mischievous metaphor than this. The minister who *tries to make his people believe what he questions, in order to keep them from questioning what he believes*, knows very little about the workings of the human heart, and has but little faith in truth itself.' Again, 'a large acquaintance with clerical life [as large probably as Mr. Stevenson's] has led me to think that almost any company of clergymen gathering together and talking freely to each other will express opinions which would greatly surprise and at the same time greatly relieve the congregations who ordinarily listen to those ministers. Now just see what that means. It means that in these days, when faith is hard, *we are deliberately making it harder*, and are making ourselves liable to the Master's terrible rebuke of the Scribes and Pharisees of old: "They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."' And these gentlemen meet under circumstances which compel them to keep up the pretence of believing more than they do, and yet preserve a perfect gravity. I conjectured that it required an effort to do this, and I was shockingly 'offensive.' Supposing they do it without an effort—what then?

The Rev. Mr. Stevenson is very much mistaken if he imagines for a moment that he can blow away a difficulty of this kind by a storm of hard words. He is not the only man who sees ministers in their undress, nor is he, so far as I know, the one accredited and competent observer. Moreover I would suggest to him that until his own language on doctrinal questions becomes a little less ambiguous it would be well not to carry things with too high a hand. We have already weighed his phrase about 'the truths of the Gospel as gathered up in the manifestation and work of Christ,' and now, in the conclusion of his article, we have a richer sample still of how *not* to say it. He allows that a shaking is going on in matters of doctrine, and that no one can tell exactly beforehand what will withstand the shaking. But 'many of us,' he says, not all, believe that the unshakable residue 'will include all that we most value in our present convictions, that the process will issue in the firm establishment of the Gospel of our Great Master, purged of its foreign accretions.' Here again,

anything, everything, or nothing. 'What we most value in our present convictions'—who knows what that is? 'Foreign accretions' — who knows what they are? The whole miraculous element in the New Testament may turn out to be a foreign accretion. The author of this language has surely forgotten what he set out to do, viz., to maintain that a naturalistic view of the origin and development of morality is not tenable. Does he suppose that such vague phrases as these can avail in such a controversy? We expect that the advocate of supernaturalism in morals will show us plainly where and in what forms the supernatural influence or interference is exerted, and show it producing results which cannot reasonably be ascribed to the natural order of things. Neither of my opponents has done this, but until they grapple with their task in this way they will convince none who were not convinced before.

Here I take leave of this discussion for the present. I much regret that so much space has been taken up with explanations upon points of minor importance; but, as I had been assailed in language which implied that the believers in the evolutionist theory of morals were very unfortunate in their advocate, I felt that the blame and opprobrium cast upon me rested, until met and repelled, upon the cause. This is my apology to the readers of the MONTHLY for an article into which the personal element enters far more than is to my own taste.

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
  He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
  And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
  And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—'He is weary!
  He shall rest for, at least, to-night!'

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
  As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
  A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
  And they heard him stir in his bed:—
'Make room for a tired little fellow,
  Kind God!—' was the last that he said.

From 'Proverbs in Porcelain.'

THE LATE HONOURABLE GEORGE BROWN.

IT is fitting that the recent lamented death of the Hon. George Brown should be chronicled in these pages, where for many years, in the monthly summary of 'Current Events,' his name figures in connection with the journalism and the political leadership of the party which owned his powerful sway. The tragic deed which, in the midst of ever-active life and exacting duty, cut short his career, has called forth immense and wide-spread sympathy—a sympathy all the more marked as it has come alike from friend and foe. In the presence of the grave, political animosity and personal feud have been alike forgotten, and only those traits of individual character which endeared him to his intimates, or that sturdy element in his nature which compelled public respect, have been remembered and dwelt upon. His death has carried grief into many Canadian homes, where his memory will be long cherished as that of a true patriot and a staunch friend of the people.

How great a part of the political past was Mr. Brown, those familiar with the history of the earlier portion of the last thirty years best know. He came upon the scene of Canadian politics at a time when public affairs wanted both the mould and direction of a strong mind and an indomitable will. The possessor of these, in ample measure, Mr. Brown soon won the position of leader of that party which, in its earlier days, rightly claimed the title of Reform, and by whom it has been ably and vigorously led until now. The many public services rendered to Canada by Mr. Brown in these years must ever form an important chapter in the historical annals of this country. That hitherto some of these services have commended themselves to but a section of the community is the result, of course, of their having been rendered in the name of party, and occasionally with the weapons which party not infrequently descends to use. Few, however, have connected Mr. Brown's name with unworthy personal motives in his party triumphs, and the broader vision of coming years will regard them in a still more favourable light. In the main, they are those that have already proved a gain to the country, and conferred somewhat of blessing upon the people. As yet, his death is too recent adequately to appraise their value, or dispassionately to treat of them. In the future they will not want, at least, a chronicler.

Mr. Brown's death, it may be added, closes an era in the political history of the Dominion, which, whatever its achievements, looks yet to the morrow for that blossom of national life which, so far, the public men of Canada have seen but in the bud. It may be churlish, but it is only the truth, to say that much of promise in the young life of the country has been unduly repressed in its coming into flower by not a few of those who have had to do with the nation's nurture, lest a premature fruiting should do harm to the tree. This we cannot but think unwise, for nations, like plants, may be killed in the process of dwarfing; and we know that a too-prolonged repression of maturity may cause the plant to sicken and die. Collective interests, it should not be forgotten, moreover, should ever have place before individual conviction, and the truest patriotism is

that which discerns what is for the greatest good, and lends a willing hand to promote it. In regard to this matter, the tide of public feeling is now at one's feet, and the statesmanship of the future will be appraised by the degree of aid given to the nation-ward tendencies of Canada, and by the amount of sympathy manifested in her highest aspirations. The new men stepping forward into public life have it in their power to give a more forceful impetus to the country's progress, if they will give more permanent form to that upon which it must be based. Much, at any rate, can be done by acquiring the art of liberal, far-seeing, and enlightened governing, and by infusing into our public life more of the spirit of national unity than of sectional discord or party strife.

ROUND THE TABLE.

A NEGATIVE TO AN AFFIRMATIVE.

I OBSERVE that our old friend of Newfangle is out again, this time under a less delusive *nom de plume*, on the Woman Question. He is easily known, for one thing, by his favourite illustration of the *Northfleet*, and for another by the latent contempt for womanhood, which gives so unpleasant a flavour and unfair a tone to the work of a clever pen. He is not the first man who would have been immensely improved by an infusion of greater *reverence* for womanhood, which is the basis of all *true* chivalry.

He certainly has not said anything to shake in the slighest degree the position of 'O.S.,' and I cannot think that he can, in his heart, help admitting its truth. We hardly need to be told that when ships are sinking, there are many men humane enough to endeavour to save first the most physically helpless,—whether women or children. Women, when *they* are able to save life, will follow the very same impulse—to save the *weakest first.* There is no brave man who would not feel his manhood disgraced for ever if he did not strain every nerve, at such a crisis, to save the helpless, whether they be women, children or disabled *men*,—and so far as this can, in the larger sense of the word, be called *chivalry*, there have been as noble instances of chivalrous self-sacrifice by men for disabled comrades as for helpless women.

But as Mr. Mallock remarks, such impulses, called forth at great crises, are not to be calculated upon in ordinary life. He observes too, that the same sailor who will risk his life to save a woman from drowning, will trample her down in a burning theatre, both acts being *instinctive.* He might also have said that the same man would in all probability jostle the same woman rudely aside if she happened to stand in the way of his seeing a street fight. It is clear, then, that the fact of heroic reserves in great catastrophes by no means guarantees the chivalrous treatment of women by men in everyday life.

And putting aside the response which every brave man will give to such exceptional appeals to his humanity,—the picture Trollope gives us of modern chivalry in ordinary life is ludicrously Utopian. There is no practical man or sensible woman, looking *at life as it is*, who will care to dispute the perfectly correct assertion of 'O.S.' that this 'modern chivalrous homage' is 'fanciful, capricious, and unreliable,' and 'that to the majority of women, even in the most civilized countries, it has no more existence than the laws and customs of Fairyland, and to the fortunate minority who are permitted to participate in its rites and ceremonies it is but a summer pageant, pleasant in the sunshine of prosperity,

but vanishing before the cold blasts of adversity.' 'O. Yesse' may scout at Charles Lamb as much as he pleases, but he cannot invalidate his test of true chivalry towards woman *as woman*, or make any of us who use our eyes believe that it has been yet even in any approximate degree satisfied. But he does not even attempt to meet the issue fairly or squarely. His tactics are,—'When you have no case, abuse the plaintiff!' Instead of joining issue on a plain definite question, he skirmishes all round it, giving all sorts of more or less irrelevant hits, some of which, it is amusing to see, rebound pretty heavily on his *own* side of the question. In the course of his paper he seems to forget that the very *raison d'être* of this discussion about chivalry is the fact that certain writers have tried to frighten women out of cultivating self-reliance and independence, by holding over them, *in terrorem*, the loss of this precious 'chivalrous homage,' if they attempt to rise above the *helplessness*, which, in the opinion of such writers, is their chief claim to it. The very statement of such an argument shows how much such 'chivalrous homage' is worth. For it is evident that the 'Misses Jones,' who go out honestly and doggedly to earn their own living, instead of remaining as a dead weight and burden at home,—do, by this very act, completely forfeit all claim to 'chivalrous homage,' while, on the other hand, 'Lady Transcendentalissima,' on whom he is so severe, can claim the fullest measure of the said 'chivalrous homage,' by virtue of her very uselessness and helplessness. But when 'Lady Transcendentalissima grows old and *passée*—when, in fact, she is 'neither useful nor ornamental,' how much of the said homage does she retain? 'O. Yesse' must choose between '*honourable uselessness*' and '*honourable usefulness.*' He has no right to attack *both!*

I should hardly, however, have thought it worth while to notice his article, since I have no doubt 'O. S.' is quite equal to defend his (or her) position if necessary;—but for the slander on woman, of which 'O. Yesse' delivers himself in his closing remarks. He tells us that 'all the world knows' that 'during the younger years of life—it is women's chief end in life to please men.' I beg his pardon. 'All the world' does *not* know it! A part of the world—and that the best part—knows a good deal better. I never knew a good or noble minded woman yet—whether young or old—whose *chief* end it was to please men. Even if, for a time, she may have been unduly swayed by overpowering love, the strongest of human emotions, her nature eventually recovered its balance, and she recognised that she was created for something higher and better than to please any man. Women must either have no souls—as the Mohammedans *say*—and, as it seems, too many so-called Christians *think*—or they must be simply idolaters or practical atheists if they can recognise their 'chief end' to lie in anything lower than that which constitutes the chief end of man. And no woman can be in the truest sense a 'helpmeet' to man who admits any lower aim as a supreme one.

It is undoubtedly natural, and *right* as well as natural,—the words are by no means *always* synonymous,—that young women should *like to be pleasing* to young men; and as a matter of fact they generally do, just as it is natural and right that young men should like to be pleasing to young women, and as a matter of fact they are no less desirous of it. Indeed, in a normal state of society they are perhaps the *more* desirous to please of the two, just as the male bird spares no trouble in dressing his plumes or tuning up his pipes, to please his comparatively passive mate. But we know that many things that are *natural* lead to what is most wrong and hurtful if pursued without due correction, and this very natural instinct has led to much of what is wrong and hurtful on both sides, when impulse is allowed to gain the day over duty. The young man who makes it his '*chief end*' to please women is not thought a very noble character, and there is no reason why the woman who makes it her 'chief end' to please men should be rated any higher. And the very peculiarities of modern life,—the number of superfluous women and the competition for marriage as the easiest provision for life,—tend to stimulate woman's natural desire to please men to a most unhealthy degree. 'O. Yesse' must either be delightfully unobservant 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.' 'O. S.' is quite within the record in saying as much as this, and whether

'O.S.' is a woman or a man,—the same thing has been said by men, in some form or other, over and over again. 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 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.

But it is not the desire to please and attract a man, with the view of converting him into a husband, that is the worst evil, though this is hardly the old fashioned ideal of feminine delicacy and marital selection. As said the practical Stein, in too many women 'we develop only the vague wish to please,—and so their whole life is devoted to an empty struggle for universal admiration.' It is the craving which exists in many empty-headed women for *indiscriminate masculine admiration*, to be attained at any cost, which is undermining English society to-day, turning high-bred English ladies into public shows, and ruining the happiness of many a home. For the 'desire to please,' when it attains the dignity of a 'chief end' is not to be turned off and on at pleasure as the engineer turns on and off his steam. And so this *natural* instinct,—allowed to take the reins,—has, as we all know, hurried many a woman to destruction and disgrace.

To give women habits of self-reliance and self-control, and a higher self-respect is the aim of the writers whom 'O.Yesse' seems determined to oppose. It will not, however, be opposed by any man who feels the truth that the more truly helpful and independent, the more thoroughly cultivated any woman becomes, the more fully will she be qualified to become a companion and true helpmeet to intelligent and cultivated men. As for men of the other sort, it is altogether probable that there will always be enough women of the other sort '*to match the men*,' as Mrs. Poyser would say.

But while 't'is true t'is pity, and pity t'is t'is true,' that there are numbers of women who forget true womanly dignity in order to 'please men,'—*for a time*, in order to marry and manage them ever after, there are happily many of a very different sort. Were 'O.Yesse' in the society of certain young ladies, whom I have the honour to know intimately, it would be quite as well for him to keep in the shade that little idea of his that it is the 'chief end' of young ladies to please men;—otherwise he would be likely to receive such a rebuke as only a *lady* can give, and as he would be likely for some time to remember. And they could give the rebuke honestly, too, for I happen to know that they care much more about pleasing a mother or a sister,—strange as this will probably seem to 'O.Yesse,' than any man in the world, unless it be their father, who of course in this connection doesn't count. *But*, or perhaps *therefore*, I know of several young men who care very much to please *them*; for, paradoxical as it may seem, it often happens, that the women who least make it 'an end' to please men are precisely those who *most please*,—man being a creature who is apt to value most what he finds it most difficult to get. Let no woman be deluded into thinking that she will win either the enduring regard or the esteem of any man whose regard and esteem are worth having,—by making it her 'chief end,' at any time of her life, to please *him*. He may *wish* her to do so, if it suits his theory of her position, but in his inmost heart he will respect her so much the less, and love without respect is a poor thing for a woman to trust to. No woman, with a soul and conscience directly responsible to her Creator, can afford to make it her 'chief end' to please any man, be he father, brother, lover, husband, or son. If she does, she is an idolater. Woman's 'chief end' is the same as that of man—to please God by seeking to do His Will.—*After that*, and *usually in so doing*, to please, help, and truly minister to those whom she loves, and whose happiness depends on her, whether they be men or women. Such women will be the best wive sif they are married, as well as the happiest women, if marriage do not fall to their lot.

ONO.

ROMANISM v. UNITARIANISM.

IN a paragraph written by F. in the April number of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, the following sentence occurs, 'At all events, M.E.S.S., by his own avowal, has reached the great central truth, that *God is Love*—the central ray

which must expand into and illuminate every subordinate truth.' F. evidently supposes M. E. S. S. to be the Unitarian 'seeker.' Not so, I am a member of the good old Church of England, who teaches all her faithful sons to repeat the Athanasian Creed, which commences in this wise: 'Whosoever will be saved: before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith. Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled: *without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.*' Then, after defining the doctrines of the Trinity and the Deity of our Lord (both of which I sincerely believe), it goes on to say, '*This* is the Catholic Faith: which except a man believe faithfully, *he cannot be saved.*' One day, the fact suddenly occurred to my mind, that, by the mere repetition of those uncharitable sentences, I was dooming (so far as a helpless mortal could do it) one of our noblest 'seekers after truth' to everlasting torment. The mind of the writer revolted at the thought, and those horrible words have never again been repeated. F. explains the cases of Cardinal Newman and the Unitarian in the only rational way. God does not work by miracles; and, perhaps, when the minds of men are so obscured by prejudice, early training, and constitutional peculiarities, nothing *less* than a miracle would show them the truth in all its fulness. But, to take the case of which the writer is personally cognizant, God will surely, sooner or later, reveal the truth to one who so earnestly seeks it. His reason for leaving high Calvinism was because of the distorted idea it gave of God, who, (to use his own language) 'like the Jew in the play, demanded the pound of flesh—that is, the death of an innocent man—and *got* it, before He would forgive sinners.' Now he believes that God is a loving Father, who will pardon His children upon their sincere repentance, and is far more willing to receive and bless them than they are to come to Him. Singularly enough, he has found in Unitarianism a *God of love*, which he could not discover in Orthodox religion. The goodness and purity of his life bear witness to the sincerity of his convictions—his idea of heaven is the ennobling one of 'getting nearer and nearer to God,' and to consign a man, who is living in loving harmony with his Father in Heaven to the regions of the lost, as the Athanasian Creed does, is surely a piece of wickedness and blasphemy. The Book of 'Common Prayer,' to my mind, might advantageously be pruned of it.

M. E. S. S.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Cowper. By GOLDWIN SMITH. Morley's Series of English Men of Letters. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1880.

CANADIAN readers of Mr. Morley's interesting series will turn with pleasure to this volume from the pen of a writer, who may be called by adoption, Canadian also. Its appearance is a proof, if any were needed, that the literary man on this side the Atlantic need not feel cut off from the field of active exertion afforded by the English book market; necessary skill in the craft being postulated, the mere distance in miles and days does not debar the Canadian author from joining in the labours of his brothers of the pen at home.

In choosing Cowper for his subject, Mr. Smith has taken upon himself a task more difficult than would at first blush appear. It might be thought that a life of Milton or of Pope would be a more arduous undertaking than that of Cowper. But careful consideration will make us think otherwise. The histories of our greatest poets, however poorly told, sound and will always sound with a ring of dignity in our ears, inspired by the subject itself. In Cowper's faded, melancholy life, the heroic element is

far from lying on the surface. To call it uneventful is hardly strong enough, its motion and its struggles were internal and obscure. Compare it for a moment with that phase of Milton's life when his active work was almost over. The member of a defeated party, the representative of views that had no longer a chance of being enforced, blind, proscribed, and dragging out his existence on sufferance, it might be thought that Milton's closing years were uneventful too. But so far from leaving that impression on the mind, we see in the aged poet the front of the expiring gladiator, conscious of the rectitude of that cause for which he will never again strike blow, and opposing his passive denial to the antagonism of the surrounding world. Milton, unable to act, yet stands in strongly contrasted opposition to the powers of reaction, a silent protest, when speech no longer avails him, against the tendencies of the age.

Cowper's inactivity is of a different nature altogether. He occupies no strongly marked position towards his time; he neither leads it on nor waves it to retire. It is with himself he struggles. The conscience is the arena where his life-battle was fought, and dark are the issues upon which that conflict was waged. Were they real foes with which poor Cowper struggled there, or only phantasms of ghastly shapes, imaginary dreads of unpardonable sins, remorse for unreal lapses from grace, bred in the musing introspection of an unsound brain? Whatever answer can be given to this question it is clear that such a battle affords little to excite a spectator's curiosity. Long periods of despondency, culminating in a crisis of madness or relief, are its only outward manifestations, and leave no scope for the biographer who is dependent upon incidents to enhance the interest of his work.

Nor is this the only difficulty Mr. Smith has had to overcome. Granted that the biographer of Cowper can lead the reader into the battlefield of his soul, the religious question at once meets him with this dilemma. How is he to rank the masterful influences of the religious revival, which formed the most powerful agent in that troubled, life-long contest? Did the religion of Newton and the Unwins support the feeble Cowper and ensure him final victory, or was it rather a baleful phantom, arraying itself, 'terrible as an army with banners,' against him and crushing out his spirit in periodical returns of madness. Grave is the choice to be made between these two theories in face of all the facts, and our sense of right is only to be appeased by the remembrance that that religion, though Divine at heart, was clad in the fallible shape of human doctrine and interpretation, and that it cannot be definitely classed as a friend or as a foe. Coupled with bodily infirmity, the narrow cramping effects of Calvinistic Evangelicalism, and of the mode of life it induced, may have been the agents that struck poor Cowper down, again and yet again,—whilst who can tell but that it was from out of the true heart of his exacting creed that the Hand was stretched with 'some of the leaves of the Tree of Life,' to comfort him as Christian also was comforted in the Valley of the Shadow.

With these points Mr. Smith has dealt reverently, yet without losing sight of discretion. If we differ from him on any point it is as to the degree of despondency into which Cowper finally sank. We all know the tone of despair that echoes through the *Castaway*. Mr. Smith thinks that 'the despair which finds vent in verse is hardly despair," a very true remark when applied to most poets, but not so true to our mind when spoken of Cowper. To imagine that Cowper, trembling on the brink of the grave, composing his last verses in a short interval of reason, could have written these lines as an expression of a byegone state of his mind is to us incredible. He was, alas, too conscientious to have spoken of himself, even in verse, as perishing without the sound of any divine voice, without the comfort of any propitious light, had he thought that the tempest had been allayed, and that the Castaway might yet be saved. In this case we must believe (in spite of the Professor's dictum as to the impossibility of it) that poetry *was* the 'direct expression of emotion," a condition of things which must have obtained in the genesis of much of the Hebrew poetry, though we will readily admit it is almost phenomenal in these days.

It is unnecessary for us to say anything as to the style of this little book. It will take its rank among the most pleasantly written of this series, in which we already find so many lives from distinguished pens.

The Seamy Side. A Novel, by WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. No. 60, Appleton's Library of Choice Novels, New York, 1880; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

MESSRS. Besant & Rice have at least chosen to lay the plot of this, their latest, tale in a favourable spot.

The life of an active London merchant has wonderful capabilities in it, soaring far beyond the openings that can be afforded by a country gentleman's or even a peer's existence. One is so limited with a landed proprietor. Of course his son may threaten a *mesalliance*, his wife may flirt with an old admirer and even elope, but after all, his life is a monotonous one and does not afford the novelist much scope.

How different a thing is it when your principal character feels his life-blood stirred by the pulses of the city! The chances and changes of the outer world tell upon him every day and all day long.

The storm that at most spoilt a week's hunting for the squire, has left its mark upon *his* wealth, perhaps even on his standing. The downfall of a Ministry, which, at worst, prejudicially affects the chances of my Lord's first cousin for an Under-Secretaryship, has touched the merchant nearer, as it sets 'Turks' gallopping down a falling market, and 'Russian bonds' buoyantly rising.

Then there is his home life. Solid comforts and inherited good tastes surround him, if, at least, he belongs to the class of which we are speaking, and of which, Anthony Hamblin, Esq., of Great St. Simon Apostle and Clapham Common, was one. Well do we know his residence, a stately house of warm red brick, with ample gardens laid out in the days when Clapham was the country. 'Before it stand a noble pair of cedars, sighing for Lebanon in the cold breeze, and stretching out black branches which seem about to sweep away the snow from the thin turf below them.' Was it not in such a house, and such a garden that Thomas and Brian Newcome disported themselves of old, and must we not love the neighbourhood for the sake of the enchanter whose pen first glorified it!

There is no lack of adventure and incident in that house when once the curtain rises on our authors' tale. We are plunged into wonder directly. A mysterious visitor appears and accuses Mr. Hamblin, that most irreproachable, immaculate man, of heartless conduct and forgery. She does this and threatens him with vengeance in the most proper spirit, declaring herself an Instrument, and leaving with him for his calm perusal a statement of her proofs in the shape of a written Narrative. We may remark casually, that both in the conception of this character, and in the manner in which her indictment it written, we are so forcibly reminded of the style of Mr. Wilkie Collins, that we could almost imagine he had joined the associated authors and turned their partnership into a triumvirate.

From the face of this impending danger Mr. Hamblin slips away under such circumstances as induce his friends to believe he has been drowned. Henceforth his place knows him no more. It would not do to disclose the exact details of the awkward predicament which he finds compels him to adopt this course. We need not say, however, that he is innocent of the crime he is accused of, and that it is his regard for the feelings of others that induces him to disappear from home, friends and fortune, and begin life afresh. But we must say, and when the reader has read the book he will agree with us, that the circumstances are not such as would have induced a reasonable man to adopt such a plan. The plot turns upon this incident and upon the struggle for the supposedly dead man's property by his brother Stephen, the black sheep of the fold, who attempts to obtain it to the exclusion of Anthony's daughter, Alison. Death being uncertain, we can excuse men who die without wills, but when a man plans and carries out his own decease it is unpardonable in him not to leave his affairs in order. In this case Anthony knew right well that a will was absolutely necessary, and yet he neglected to make one, and thus left an opening for the future *imbroglios* of the tale.

We will not reveal the turns and chances of the struggle, nor relate how the very amusing boy Nick, an albino of masterful and matured ways, checkmates the villain in the moment of success. The tale, like most of those which have flowed from Messrs. Besant and Rice's pen (or pens) is very interesting. We come across neat little bits of it, as for instance the description of the amateur singing of by-gone days, when 'a young lady, who *mistook hard breathing for a*

good voice, would delight us with an aria from "Trovatore."' Alderney Codd, too, is a pleasantly-sketched character, a speculator of the Micawber-stamp, who once made *a coup* in floating a Venezuelan Tramway Company. He is a good example of the knowing dupe. 'Even among hawks we find the simplicity of the pigeon. The quack doctor buys a plenary indulgence of Tetzel, while he, in his turn, purchases a pill of the quack.'

We cannot say that our authors have quite cured themselves of that carelessness which we have noticed before in their books. The instances of repetition and self-contradiction are too slight to mention in detail, but they occur often enough to annoy the careful reader. Errors in time, of more importance still, give an air of unreality to what is intended to be intensely realistic. We have already pointed out one similarity in manner to a living writer of fiction; there is another incident at p. 41 in which Stephen reflects how much he ought to allow Alison out of her father's fortune, gradually reducing it (in Alison's own interest) from a fair sum to a hundred pounds a year, which is so exactly parallel to an amusing passage in Miss Austen's 'Sense and Sensibility' that it is impossible not to think that the authors must have had the latter story unconsciously present in their minds when writing this chapter.

Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets, by AMOS HENRY CHANDLER and CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.; 1880.

IT is seldom that a volume of original poetry issues from any of our Canadian publishing houses, and when it does happen, our interest is sure to be awakened. Nor will the favourable sensation be diminished in our readers' breasts, when the author is recognised as a contributor to these pages. Under these auspices we are sure the public will unite with us in wishing these gentlemen a favourable 'send-off' in their undertaking.

The Rev. Mr. Mulvany, whose poems form the bulk of this little book, has had the benefit of a varied experience, both here and abroad, and we trace in his classical translations and reminiscences the scholarly instincts derived from a University education at Dublin. The first part of his poems consists of a series of historical lyrics, each of which is a study of character from some of the less hackneyed types of Roman life in the annals of the Empire from Claudius and Nero to Justinian. The aim seems to have been to give exactness of detail by use of all such materials as we possess,—the details given in the historians and satirists.

In 'Poppæa' a picture is given of the Roman lady of the period of Rome's early decadence—beautiful with the strength still unexhausted of the patrician type—cruel and voluptuous.

'Unabashed in her beauty of figure,
  Heavy limbs, and thick tresses uncurled,
To our gaze give the grace and the vigour,
  Of the race that has conquered the world.'

'In Nero's Gardens' describes the Imperial Banquet in the Gardens of Poppœa Sabina; the speaker is passing with the crowd to the festival, of which Tacitus has preserved the record.

'Gay with shouting and song, are the wide illumined ways—
Each house to the passing throng a festival wreath displays.
From forum and temple gates behold how the torches rise;
Fair as the Emperor's fates and bright as an Acte's eyes.'

Arrived in the gardens of Poppæa, the lavish array of luxury is described at length—the viands are those of the ancient *bon vivants:*

'Skylark's tongues no lack, and store of nightingale's brains;'

and seas of wine are traversed by beautiful girls,

'Pilots who give to the breeze their tresses and zones of gold.'

In contrast with this is the long line of Christian martyrs, whose flames give light to the revel—

'The gods give us stars for light, but CÆSAR, a god below,
  With lamps that are living to-night, illumines the goodly show;
  Lo! where in order meet, like statues on either hand,
  Ranged in a fiery street, the torches of Cæsar stand,
  Each made firm in his place, to a pillar of steel, throat-fast,
  Pitch-smeared from foot-sole to face, like a shape in bitumen cast—
  So the imperial might let Rome and the world discern,
  Greeting his gods to-night, such torches shall Cæsar burn.'

Those who have seen the bust of Nero in the Normal School Museum—a bust of remarkable physical beauty—may be interested in the description of the Emperor in his drives through the ranks of burning Christians :

> 'Lo! where he comes! behold the flush of the chariot's race,
> Under the diadem's gold, on the cruel, beautiful face—
> Crowned with rose and with bay, and watching in god-like scorn
> The flight of the flames that play on the path of the purple-born.'

The death of the tyrant is described in the next poem. 'Epicharis,' teaches the lesson that martyrdom for Truth is not peculiar to Christianity. 'Messalina,' and other English verse-interpretations of the classical writers, make up a volume of high excellence, creditable alike to Mr. Mulvany's scholarly acquirements and his genuine poetic faculty. The translations in Mediæval rhyming Latin, of several well-known hymns are to be commended, as are the 'Classical Echoes,' at the end of the volume, which cover a wide range of classical study, from Homer and Horace to Theocritus. Some of the hymns and philosophical poems are also of striking merit. Their liberal tone of thought will attract many readers. The author is at his strongest, however, as we conceive, in his *vers de société*, a class of poetry which, though not usually ranked very high, possesses charms and difficulties peculiarly its own. The 'Two Parsons' is a good example of his more sportive vein. After describing the clergyman of the old school, we are given a sketch of his successor, the new Ritualistic priest, who goes on in an outrageous manner—

> 'Till to the Court of Arches they brought this erring ecclesiastic,
> Because they thought his prayers too long, and his piety too gymnastic,
> When Sir H. J. Fust, as every one must, condemned his *poses* plastic,
> And his reading of the "Articles" as entirely too elastic.'

In a more sober vein, we may commend the 'Christmas Carol' (p. 105) for a pleasant ring and old-time rythm of its own. In some of the other pieces, we note an inequality and carelessness of writing which is to be regretted.

We have left ourselves scant space to mention Mr. Chandler's contributions, which deserve the praise of accuracy and originality. The 'Sonnet to Liberty' is spirited and dignified. A good sonnet, also, is that dedicated to the memory of his father, the late Hon. Mr. Chandler, Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, whose death took place recently. 'The story of Sylvalla' is an Indian tale of varying excellence, though the wild scenery of New Brunswick, and the manners of the Micmac Tribe, now so fast disappearing, are described in the poem with a fidelity the result of some care.

The metre in which this the longest of his pieces, is couched is irregular, and reminds us somewhat of Southey. Mr. Chandler should recollect, however, that even Southey failed to make his novelties in this line popular, and, if he will allow us to offer him one other hint, he should bear in mind that Impromptus, such as we find on page 140, are meant to be forgotten with as much ease as they were produced. But on the whole Mr. Chandler's share in 'Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets,' is creditable to New Brunswick literature.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

On the 18th May, the Philharmonic Society closed its programme for the season 1879-80, with the performance of Sir Michael Costa's oratorio of 'Naaman.' The incidents which are used for representation in a musical sense are those in the life of the Prophet Elisha, in which he fills the widow's cruise of oil, restores the child of the Shunamite woman to life, and finally cures the Syrian general Naaman of the leprosy. These incidents and the mode of

treatment would suggest that the oratorio should rather be called 'Elisha,' but this would probably have caused too much confusion with Mendelssohn's greater work, so the present name was chosen. The libretto, as arranged by Mr. William Bartholomew, offers abundant scope for dramatic treatment, and Costa has improved the opportunity to such an extent that the work to-day stands as one of the most dramatic oratorios yet written; although many passages suggest to the hearer that from the composer's intimate acquaintance with the oratorios and grand operas, some of the musical trains of thought of these older works may have insensibly become incorporated with 'Naaman' during its conception. A great deal of the story depends on recitative for its telling, and here is the chief weakness of the work. The recitative passages, while often very declamatory, are more frequently trite, and written in a *legato* style which becomes slightly wearisome, as they do not rise to the dignity of an *aria*, nor yet to the nobility of recitative such as we find in the 'Messiah' and the 'Elijah.' The choruses, however, are massive and noble in conception, and are carried by the admirable orchestration, which throughout the oratorio is full and rich in the extreme. Costa's experience and thorough knowledge of the orchestra have produced a result which entitles 'Naaman' to a place in the foremost rank of orchestral compositions.

'Naaman' being written for the best talent in England, it may be supposed that the solos are calculated to be exacting in the last degree on the voices that were at the command of the Philharmonic Society, and it speaks well for the soloists of the evening, that, in spite of the great tax on their physical energies, they were able to produce a favourable impression. The part of *Elisha* was sung by Mr. Warrington, on very short notice, in a most painstaking and conscientious manner, with a thorough appreciation of the exigencies of the part. Mr. Warrington's voice is not possessed of much magnetic power, and consequently he cannot inspire his audience with the enthusiasm that the part of *Elisha* should succeed in doing, but his performance almost always commands respect and admiration from its extreme correctness and care. The part was written for the phenomenal voice of Mr. Santley, and it may almost be said that no other voice can fulfil its requirements. That of *Naaman* was written for Mr. Sims Reeves, and bristles with difficulties similar to those which embarrass the bass part. Dr. Sippi, however, who was able to have only one rehearsal with the orchestra, made a decided hit in it. His voice is a large, full tenor, of very even quality, but marred somewhat by a want of flexibility, probably the result of insufficient practice. He sang the difficult music well, and with considerable dramatic effect. The part of *Adah*, the captive Jewish maiden, was sung by Mrs. John B. Hall with a great deal of success. The music of the part is marred by a want of *cantabile* quality; one may say that the *arias* allotted to it do not 'sing themselves.' The phrases are short and the transitions abrupt. This would make them difficult for a large voice, and they are especially so for Mrs. Hall, whose voice is a soprano of great range, but of a light, though very pleasing quality. This lady suffered very much from nervousness, and this added to the impression of unevenness in the music of the part. The part of the *Shunamite* woman was sung by Miss Brokovski, who rendered it very well, though a trifle mechanically. Mrs. Petley sang the part of *Timna* with evident effort to thoroughly interpret its strong passages, and with good success. But the greatest sensation of the evening was undoubtedly the singing of the *Child's* part by Miss McManus. This young lady has a beautiful, flexible voice, light but very sweet, and possessed of the true ring. She sang her solo with infinite tenderness and expression; indeed she was the only soloist whose performance rose to a point which might be called inspired. The performances of the others were in the main careful and conscientious, but they did not bear the impress of individuality, and served principally to illustrate the composition. This is a difficulty which we shall always suffer from in Toronto until some of our singers will allow their ambition to stir them up to undergo more thorough study than they show now. The mere mechanical repetition of a composer's writings is not a fitting accompaniment to the great capabilities often shown by the Philharmonic chorus. Their share of the performance was exceedingly well done, though the

tenors lacked attacking power. The choruses, 'Be comforted' and 'Praise the Lord,' were splendidly sung, but the most successful number of the evening was the march, 'With Sheathed Swords,' in which the full strength of the orchestra and chorus found material to try their mettle, and which was sung with a *verve* seldom met with in older and larger organizations. The orchestra was augmented by drafts from the talent of other towns, and played more intelligently than at any previous concert, being well in hand all the evening, except certain reeds which were sometimes painfully obtrusive. A lack of confidence in attack was evident in all the instruments except the flutes, but when once started they played with praiseworthy restraint, and with excellent observation of the conductor and conception of his wishes. Altogether, the performance was an extremely creditable one, and one which, while it showed what can be done by energy and the will to overcome difficulties, should at the same time teach the Society that the only way to achieve success as a whole, is for each individual member to perfect himself in his own part and in his capability to perform it. To Mr. Torrington must be given all praise for his energy and unwavering courage, in bringing to a successful performance such a work as 'Naaman,' in so short a time, and with such diverse material as must necessarily compose the orchestra and chorus of the Society.

The principal events of the month at the Grand Opera House were the production of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's latest operatic extravagance, 'The Pirates of Penzance,' and the appearance of Mr. Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle,' of Mr. Sothern in his customary round of characters, of Mr. and Mrs. Florence, and of the 'Pullman Car Company.'

With regard to 'the Pirates of Penzance,' the first question that will be asked, no doubt, is: How does it compare with the irrepressible but ever-popular 'Pinafore'? The question is susceptible of a ready answer. Those who prefer broad humour and catchy melodies, will still stand by their old favourite: but a critical taste will prefer the more delicate satire of 'the Pirates,' and the delightful melodiousness and richer harmonies of its almost classical music. Since the two accomplished collaborateurs produced their first joint work, 'Thespis, or the Gods Grown Old,' brought out in London about eight years ago, but, curiously enough, never even mentioned on this side of the Atlantic, they have produced four works, 'Trial by Jury,' the 'Sorcerer,' 'Pinafore,' and the work now under notice. As neither the score nor the libretto of 'the Pirates' is accessible to the public, it may be worth while to give a sketch of the plot and of the principal numbers of the music.

The curtain, on rising, discovers a scene on the rocky coast of Cornwall, with the Pirate band singing a chorus somewhat after the style of the sailors' chorus with which 'Pinafore' opens. Frederick, a youth whose most noticeable quality is an extraordinarily keen sense of duty, and who has been apprenticed to the pirates in consequence of his nurse confounding the word 'pirates' with 'pilots,' appears and tells his masters that, as he will become of age in half an hour, his apprenticeship will then come to an end; and that, much as he loves them, it will then become his duty to use every effort in his power to have them exterminated, unless they will abandon their calling and return to civilization with him. The Pirate King replies that he was born a pirate, and will die a pirate, finishing by expressing his glory in his occupation in a song for baritone, 'I am a Pirate King,' a dashing air in six-eight time, with choral refrain. Ruth, Frederick's nurse, begs him to take her with him, and marry her, assuring him that she is a fine woman. Frederick is rather dubious on that point, seeing that it is sixteen years since he has set eyes on any other of the sex, but he is on the point of agreeing to her proposal, when Major-General Stanley's daughters, about fifteen in number, who are out picnicing, enter the pirates' haunt. After a spirited chorus, a proposal is made to paddle in the water, and they commence to take off their shoes, when Frederick returns, is entranced with the vision of feminine loveliness which meets his gaze, and releaves his feelings in the following strain:

'Oh, is there not one maiden here,
  Who does not feel the moral beauty,
Of making worldly interest
  Subordinate to duty?

'Who would not give up willingly,
  All matrimonial ambition,
To rescue such an one as I
  From his unfortunate condition?'

Mabel, the youngest daughter, here enters, and declares herself willing, singing, as an *aria d'entrata*, a charming vocal waltz, finishing with a very high and difficult *staccato* passage with choral accompaniment. Here follows a very animated and catchy chorus, Mabel and Frederick singing a love duet, while the sisters retire to the rear of the stage, sit down, and hold an animated musical conversation about 'the weather,' broken at intervals as they strain to hear what is going on between the lovers. The pirates now return, capture the daughters, and proceed to arrange for marrying them, when the Major-General appears upon the scene, introducing himself in a remarkable 'patter song,' the difficulty of which, taken *prestissimo*, may be imagined from the following sample of the words :

'I know our mythic history, King Arthur's
and Sir Caradoc's,
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste
for paradox,
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolus.
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard
Dows and Zoffanies,
I know the croaking chorus from the Frogs
of Aristophanes ;
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard
the music's din afore,
And whistle all the airs from that infernal
nonsense, "Pinafore."
I can write you out a washing bill in Babylonic cuneiform,
And tell you all the details of Caractacus's
uniform,
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and
mineral,
I'm the very model of a modern Major-General.'

The General is horrified to learn that the pirates are about to marry his daughters, and he throws himself on their generosity, declares that he is an orphan, and begs for his daughters' release, 'without a touch of poetry in it.' At the word 'poetry' all fall on their knees, and sing what is perhaps the gem of the opera, 'Poetry, heaven-born maid!' an unaccompanied chorale, a beautiful number, full of rich harmonies, which so charmed the audience that it had to be sung three or four times each night.

The scene of the second Act is a ruined chapel by moonlight, and at its opening the Major-General is discovered suffering the pangs of conscience for having 'stained the scutcheon of his ancestors,' in the matter of the imposition practised upon the pirates as to his being an orphan.

The policemen, who are to undertake the extermination of the pirates, here enter and sing a chorus with a 'tarantara' or trumpet refrain. This is followed by solos for two of the daughters, and a full chorus, finishing with a very clever and effective piece of writing in canon. In the ensuing scene between Ruth, the Pirate King, and Frederick, the latter is told by the other two that they have hit upon a paradox, namely, that, although he has lived twenty-one years, yet, having been born on the 29th of February, he has seen only five birthdays, and that consequently, as he was bound to them until his twenty-first birthday, he will not be free until A.D. 1940. After a capital trio between these three, Ruth and the Pirate King, upon Frederick promising to return to his duty, retire, and on Mabel entering to Frederick, a very beautiful parting duet takes place, the solo prayer for Mabel being worthy of comparison with that of Zerlina in 'Fra Diavolo.' The orchestration here is particularly effective. On Frederick's departure to rejoin the pirates, the police return, and here, in the Sergeant's song, we have another specimen of Mr. Gilbert's peculiar vein of satire, and his remarkable rhyming power :

'*Serg.* When the enterprising burglar's not a
burgling,
All. not a burgling,
Serg. When the cut-throat isn't occupied in
crime,
All. pied in crime,
Serg. He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
All. brook a-gurgling,
Serg. And listen to the merry village chime,
All. [village chime ;
Serg. When the coster's finished jumping on
his mother,
All. on his mother,
Serg. He loves to lie a-basking in the sun,
All. in the sun ;
Serg. Ah! take one consideration with another,
All. with another,
Serg. A policeman's lot is not a happy one,
All. happy one.

On hearing the pirates coming, the policemen hide; the General enters, when the pirates hide in their turn. The General then sings an '[ode to the evening breeze,' pirates and policemen joining in the chorus, another fine bit of music both for voice and orchestra, running *pianissimo* passages for the violins imitating the sound of the wind very

strikingly. The pirates and policemen then meet and fight; the latter are beaten and taken prisoners. A happy idea strikes the Sergeant; he commands the pirates to yield in the name of the Queen. They immediately comply, saying:

'We yield at once with humble mien,
Because with all our faults we love our Queen.'

Here Ruth enters and makes the disclosure with regard to the pirates, that—

'They are no members of the common throng,
They are all noblemen gone wrong;'

whereupon the General begs them to accept his daughters, which they do, and all 'live happy ever after.'

The performance of the opera at the Grand, where it ran for a week to full houses, calls for little remark. The orchestra and the chorus (especially the male portion) were both extremely good. The soloists, however, with two or three exceptions, were by no means equal to the requirements of their parts. Mr. Cook was remarkably good as the *Sergeant of Police*, appreciating thoroughly the humour of the part, and singing and acting like a genuine artist; and Mr. Browne, as the *Pirate King*, and Mr. McCollin, as the *Major-General*, were both satisfactory. Of the rest, perhaps the less said the better. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are now engaged on a new opera, to be produced in New York in the fall. No doubt it will be heard in Toronto in due time.

The *Rip Van Winkle* of Mr. Jefferson has been a household word among lovers of the drama for so many years that it scarcely calls for any notice here. As a quiet, finished piece of acting in has few rivals and no superiors on the modern stage. Some even go so far as to claim for it absolute perfection. But this is certainly a mistake. We incline to think that constant repetition has made the personation something mechanical. If anything, the actor is too quiet, too deliberate; some of the original colour of the picture seems to have been washed out. The actor's face is against him; it is too full of strength of purpose and mental power to be quite in keeping with easy-going, good-natured, drunken Rip, shrewd though he was. It may be hypercritical, too, but where perfection is claimed, it is hardly out of place to point out that the dialect used by Mr. Jefferson is English with a German accent, not English with a Dutch accent, as, of course, it ought to be,—that is, the Dutch accent of the Hudson River settlers. But, after all, these are but trifling blemishes in a really great piece of acting. There are moments when the actor rises into true grandeur: for instance, where, on being turned out of his home by his wife, he stands at the door, and, pointing to their child lying unconscious on the floor, utters the words, 'You say I have no part in this house;' again, in the searching yearning, almost harrowing way in which, on his return after his sleep, he looks into his wife's face, when she, not knowing him, invites him to her new home; and again, in the scene,—one of the most moving in the whole range of the drama,—where his daughter recognizes him. The version of the play used by Mr. Jefferson is not so effective as that produced here some years ago by Mr. McWade. Why, too, does he leave out Schneider, the faithful dog who clings to his master when all else have deserted him and he is alone in the world? By so doing a thrilling point is missed in the second act, where Rip tells the dog to lie down beside his gun and guard it.

The other dramatic events of the month may be briefly dismissed. The new play, 'A Million,' produced by Mr. Florence, is a very stupid affair, and repulsive in the low, mercenary idea which it gives of human nature. Its only redeeming feature is the opportunity which it gives for some admirable character acting by Mr. and Mrs. Florence, the one as a German professor, the other as a fashionable, worldly-minded widow, given to sharp but thoroughly good-humoured criticism of their friends and acquaintances, and their dresses.

The entertainment known as 'the Tourists in the Pullman Palace Car,' is one of the most laughable that has been given in Toronto for a long while. The first act is mere rubbish, The last two constitute a variety performance, and the fun, which is fast and furious, lies in them. Three of the performers deserve special mention. Mr. Watson is the most comical stage German that ever sent an audience into fits of laughter; Mr. Mestayer is equally good as *Faro Jack*, a western gambler and bully, with a good-humoured streak in his composition which makes his society enjoyable; and the leading lady, Miss Carrie Swain, has a fine voice, and sings and dances extremely well.