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AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kat: Kirby," &c.

BOOK II.

A FALLEN FORTUNE.

CHAPTER VII.

ANGELO'S WOOING.

IT was not a difficult task for Angelo Salmon to discover the new home of Miss Westbrook. There had been but little disguise about it—only one faint effort to keep "herself to herself" for a day or two until she had had time to arrange her plans, and look more closely at the future. Mabel had no wish to hide for ever from the friends who had gathered round her in the days of her prosperity—even from the friends whom she had made in Penton; but as she told Dorcas very frankly, she did not desire to be "bothered" with them at present. They would respect her seclusion for a few days, she thought, not reckoning on the pertinacity of Mr. Angelo Salmon, whose reverence for her did not extend to keeping in the background for a minute longer than he could help. She had parted from him in a hasty fashion, and he was entitled to say

"adieu"—if it were to be adieu—in his own way, at all events. He had taken counsel of Brian Halfday, a sober and discreet man, before he had ventured to act upon the impulses of his own soft heart, and he would tell all this plainly to Miss Westbrook, quote his authorities, and make his apologies, and she, he trusted, would forgive him. He was at the door of the house wherein Miss Westbrook had sought shelter from society, at nine in the evening of the day she had been driven from St. Lazarus by the flyman whom Angelo had "interviewed" and given a sovereign for "information received."

Miss Westbrook and Dorcas were not at Penton, but residing in apartments in a rustic little villa between St. Lazarus and the city itself. A bill in the upstairs window, calling attention to furnished lodgings within, had arrested Mabel's notice on her journey from the Hospital, and she had called to the driver to stop, with something more of her old impulse than she had lately exhibited.

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"If we could rest there for a day or two, Dorcas," said Mabel, "I should be glad."

"But your rooms are at the 'Mitre'?"

"Oh! I must give them up, and the maid who is waiting for me there—I haven't told you that I am down in the world, Dorcas."

"Down in the world!" said Dorcas, opening her dark eyes to their fullest extent at the announcement, for she had heard not a word of the loss of fortune which had befallen her companion.

"Yes—I will tell you when we are settled."

And when they had settled in these quiet country quarters, and Dorcas had heard and been amazed by the news—and had only found time to express a little sympathy, and give way to several showers of tears, at which Mabel Westbrook laughed—it was formally announced by the landlady that Mr. Angelo Salmon was waiting below, and would be very glad to be honoured by an interview with Miss Westbrook.

The gentleman in attendance would have been scarcely flattered had he heard the frank expression of Miss Westbrook's opinion upon his advent.

"How very tiresome!" she exclaimed; "then he has found us out already."

"He is always prying about," said Dorcas, in a more angry tone than her mistress; "he is——"

"Hush! child," said Mabel, very quickly now, "this is a dear friend of mine, of whom we cannot afford to think unkindly."

"A dear friend!" said Dorcas, with her eyes widening again, "you don't mean that——"

"That he is anything dearer than a friend. Oh! no," she added, with another little laugh.

"Ah!" said Dorcas, "but he may be presently. There is no telling what may happen after the first start."

"That's philosophy, Dorcas," answered Mabel, "but we will leave the consideration of it for the present."

The subject was postponed, and Mr. Angelo Salmon sent for instead. He came in softly, as though a noise were likely to disturb the inmates of the room, and blushed and stammered as he said "Good evening," and bowed low over the extended hand of Mabel Westbrook.

"You have soon found us," said Mabel.

"Yes, I have found you," he replied, "and I am very glad."

"How did you obtain the address?"

"I met the flyman—accidentally, just now, in the High Street—and it struck me he would know," replied Angelo, blushing more vividly than ever.

"Yes,—but how did you know the flyman?"

"The flyman?—oh! the flyman, I think you said," was the confused reply, "well, Hodsman told me that there was a piebald horse to the fly, and there are only three piebald horses in Penton, and I—but I am very glad to see you again, Miss Westbrook."

"I did not anticipate the honour would arrive so speedily. You might have given me more time to collect my thoughts," said Mabel.

"I was uneasy—I was anxious—I was really miserable, Miss Westbrook, to think you had left us," answered Angelo.

"Indeed."

"And I hope you are not angry with me for taking the first opportunity of coming to see you," he said imploringly.

"No," said Mabel thoughtfully, "I am not angry at a kind attention, or a generous impulse—no true woman should be."

True woman! He remembered Brian Halfday's words of consolation and encouragement at once: "A woman is only ungrateful to true affection when she is no true woman!" They gave him courage to speak out by degrees all that was in his heart, poor nervous being though he was, at his best. And Angelo Salmon was certainly at his best that night.

"I did not feel I could rest until I had discovered you," he continued, "and I hope you are not in any way vexed because I have arrived so quickly after your departure from my father's house. I have not acted hastily, or entirely on my own judgment in this matter."

Mabel looked surprised.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Angelo," she said.

"I will explain in one minute, Miss Westbrook," he replied.

He took time to recover that amount of composure which he had lost, and whilst absorbed in the process, Dorcas stole from the room, like a considerate young woman as she was on that occasion. Angelo did not notice her departure; but Mabel let her go for purposes of her own. It might be as well that this folly of Angelo Salmon's

should be ended at once and for ever—it would leave his path of life very clear ahead of him, and there would be no misunderstanding between them from that night. Let him confess all that was in his heart, and thus put an end to the delusion which he had fostered.

Angelo recovered himself somewhat, coughed faintly, and began again—

“I have not acted entirely on my own judgment, Miss Westbrook, I was saying,” he commenced; “or rather, I submitted my own impressions to one in whom you once desired me to place confidence.”

“Who is that?” said Mabel, quickly.

“Mr. Brian Halfday.”

“Yes—but——”

She did not complete her sentence, and Angelo Salmon, after waiting a few moments, resumed the thread of his argument.

“You told me it was your conviction that I might rely upon Mr. Halfday as a friend; and I went to him when I discovered you had left the Hospital of St Lazarus.”

“I would have preferred your coming straight to me. It would have been more manly,” said Mabel thoughtfully.

Angelo looked disconsolate at this. He had followed her advice, and she did not compliment him on his blind obedience.

“I had quite made up my mind what to do, Miss Westbrook,” he said, “before I saw Mr. Halfday, for that matter.”

“What was the use of disturbing him, then?”

“I—I—don’t know. I thought I would hear what he had to say.”

“And now I will hear what you have to say, Mr. Salmon,” said Mabel readily; “and we will set aside this Mr. Halfday from our discussion. Proceed.”

She leaned back in her chair, and waited very patiently and coldly for his statement, whilst the red blood deepened more upon his forehead and cherubic cheeks. But with all his confusion, his courage was not lacking to confess the truth. It was the courage of despair, too, he knew already; but he went on, speaking with less embarrassment as he proceeded:

“I am resuming a subject which I began this morning—which I would have finished then if you would have allowed me,” he continued; “and which, if I blunder through now, I hope you will forgive. For I am clumsy of speech; I have not the happy

knack of expressing by words exactly what I wish to say.”

“I think you have.”

“I thank you for the compliment, but I know I haven’t,” he replied. “I know very well I’m not a man quite up to the mark—that ‘a rock or two more,’ as the old women term it, would have completely settled me. But that is neither here nor there; I wish to say, to begin with, that I hope you will not consider me less your friend than formerly, and that in every way in which I can be of service, I hope you will command me.”

“I do not see that in any way I can call upon you for assistance,” was Mabel’s answer.

“You cannot tell. The loss of a large fortune may entail upon you, for a short while, at least, pecuniary embarrassments for which you are not prepared at present, and I—I may—I beg your pardon,” he added, as Mabel held up her small white hand.

“Do not talk to me of money,” she said; “you are very good, and I appreciate your goodness, but please do not talk to me of money. I have a balance still at Penton Bank.”

Angelo remembered Brian Halfday’s warning.

“I beg pardon,” he said again. “I will not mention another word concerning it, only I did not know how you might be situated after the collapse of the bank in the States, and—and it suggested itself to me——”

“You will spare me, I know,” said Mabel, once more interrupting him; “you will understand that I am a proud and independent little woman at present. Mr. Halfday surely did not advise you to talk of money to me?”

“Oh! no.”

“I am glad of that,” said Mabel.

“It is only fair to Mr. Halfday to remark that he strongly advised me not to mention money to you.”

“He and I have quarrelled about money matters before this,” said Mabel thoughtfully, “and he knows the danger of the topic. But,” she added, with her white forehead knit a little with the “second thoughts” behind it, “why did he ask you to be careful in this case with me?”

“One moment, if you will allow me, and I will explain,” he entreated.

“I am in no hurry.”

Angelo Salmon took a long breath, and then dived into the one great subject of his life, and got over it for good.

"Miss Westbrook, Miss Mabel," he began, "it is useless to dispute the fact—that I have been a different being since I first had the pleasure of your acquaintance. I—I have felt a wiser and better man, if you will not think me conceited in saying so. I have seen before me something to live for—and strive for—and pray for—and that is your affection. Miss Westbrook, upon my word and honour, I love you very much indeed."

It was a simple confession, and soon related. There was no eloquence about it, and a great deal of embarrassment; but it was a genuine utterance, which affected the listener more than a page and a half of the best blank verse would have done under similar circumstances.

Mabel looked down, and changed colour at the young man's earnestness, and the tears for a while swam in her great grey eyes.

Angelo awaited her reply, and presently it came:—

"My poor Angelo," she said, in a strange, sad tone which he knew at once presaged his death-warrant, "I am very sorry you should have thought of me. I am not unmindful of the value of the compliment you pay me, or why at such a time you speak out all that is in your heart; but I wish you had not said a word."

"Why not?"

"Because you might have seen the truth for yourself, and spared both of us," she replied; "because your proposal suggests that I have given you encouragement."

"Now, pray don't think that for a moment," Angelo hastened to add. "I am presumptuous, I know—I should have waited a longer period—addressed you in a different manner—said and done a hundred different things in a hundred different ways—but I could only realize the facts that you had met misfortune, were going from Penton, and that in a single moment I might lose you. I was miserable—and I came to you."

"In declining this offer, Angelo," she said, "do I render you less miserable?"

"I—I don't know," was his reply.

"And I must decline it—thankfully, but very firmly—and trusting that such a question as this may never rise between us again."

"Very well—certainly—of course it shall not," said Angelo, with a great gulp down of something in his throat, "I am the last man to harass and distress you by my pertinacity."

"I believe that."

"Although I did not expect you would say 'yes' to my proposal," he continued, "or was vain enough to believe that I had made any impression upon you. Quite the contrary."

"Why then——"

"But as I told Mr. Halfday a short while ago, I only wanted a faint hope to build upon, a hope that in good time—a long day hence—I don't care how long—I mean I do care about that a little——" he said correcting himself, and blushing more vividly at his blunder, "that you would learn to regard me with less—less—dislike."

"I do not dislike you, Mr. Salmon," Mabel replied; "I know you are an honest and true friend. Keep so—I am short of friends just now—but never let me think again that you are dreaming of me as your future wife. I am totally unfit for you."

"Yes," said Angelo with a heavy sigh, "he said so."

"Who said so?"

"Brian Halfday."

"This evening?"

"Yes."

"You two appear to have been discussing all my merits and demerits," said Mabel.

"You said he was a man to place confidence in."

"Yes. But one man does not go to another to trouble him with such love nonsense as this."

"No—no," cried Angelo, "not nonsense—to love you!"

Mabel coloured again.

"A man like Brian Halfday would consider your confession nonsensical and trivial," said Mabel.

"Oh! no—he didn't," answered Angelo, "because he saw I was in earnest."

"And needed his advice?"

"Well—yes."

"And he gave you a sufficient amount of it to bring you here?"

"Yes," Angelo said again, and this time very mournfully.

"A sufficient amount of encouragement, I mean?"

"Yes," said Angelo for the third time.

Mabel clasped her hands together, and leaned forwards, full of interest in the subject.

"Tell me what he said," asked Mabel Westbrook, almost sharply.

CHAPTER VIII.

"PUMPING."

ANGELO SALMON was not a quick-witted man, but he looked up as Mabel's voice changed. There was something in the tones, and in her manner, that struck him as peculiar, and Mabel saw that he perceived it.

"I am only curious to learn how so hard and strange a man as Brian Halfday would consider a matter of this kind, and in a light encouraging to you," said Mabel as if in explanation.

"Yes—exactly."

"It is no secret, I suppose?"

"No—but why should I embarrass you further by all this?" he replied.

"Don't mind me, Angelo," she said. "Mr. Halfday, I should have imagined, would have been angry at your intruding on his studies—would have laughed at your romance, even if he had finally warned you of the folly of fostering it."

"I have said, Miss Westbrook, that he did nothing of the kind," replied Angelo; "he received me favourably—and listened patiently—after a time."

"And what did he advise you to do—and say? This man," she added angrily, "who had no right to advise you concerning myself—who knows less of me than you do, and cares a great deal less too. Why will you not tell me what he said?"

"It is no use," said Angelo shaking his head, "it is only prolonging my pain."

"Prolonging your fiddlestick," cried Mabel, with more energy and less sentiment. "I suppose you did not follow his advice, and don't like to confess as much to me. He told you to keep away—you know he did!"

"Upon my honour he did not," said Angelo, lured into the relation of the facts at last; "he told me to persevere—to tell the truth of my love, and win you."

"And win me!" said Mabel, her voice sinking very low, "as if it were an easy task for you."

"No—he did not imply that."

"As if I were an easy conquest to any man with money enough to keep me."

"I have already told you, Miss Westbrook, that he cautioned me against mentioning money in your presence," answered Angelo.

"Ah! so you have," was the reply. "He sketched out quite a plan of the campaign for you. I hope you have followed his instructions."

"You are vexed with me for going to him," said Angelo.

"It does not matter in the least," replied Mabel. "No, I am not vexed—but you acted foolishly in going to him, that is all. Shall you return and tell him that his advice has been vanity and vexation, and you have not secured me?"

"I don't know what I shall do now," responded Angelo, helplessly.

"He will be surprised at the result of your mission," said Mabel.

"He may be. I can't tell."

"Women, in his estimation, are easily captured, it is evident," she continued thoughtfully; "although wise men make mistakes at times, when women are in question."

"You are offended with me for not acting on my own judgment," cried Angelo, "and yet I should have come here with the same words on my lips—the same feelings in my breast."

"I am not offended with you," she replied.

"With him, then?" he said shrewdly.

"No, certainly not."

"Not for encouraging me, and wishing me God-speed?"

"In wishing you God-speed," she repeated, "he must have been deeply interested in this case, and I am very much surprised."

"He would be naturally interested," said Angelo.

"Why?"

"He is interested in you."

"Yes—so it seems!"

"You did not doubt that?"

"I did not think much about it," replied Mabel carelessly; "I came to England in search of his grandfather,—of himself and sister—of any one of his kin, and that probably aroused a certain amount of interest in me in return—such interest as it was. But

there, there, do not let us talk about it any more. It is not worth the waste of words we have given to it, Angelo."

"If you remember, it is not my fault that we have dwelt upon it so long," said Angelo.

"Is it not?" she answered absently. "Ah! well—perhaps I was curious a little. And now, you will promise me never to speak of this again—to take my answer as final—to accept my thanks once more for the honour you have done me—and to remain my friend for the little while longer I am on English ground."

"Are you thinking of leaving England, then?" he faltered forth.

"Yes, I shall go back to America very soon."

"You have not said anything of this before to me," he said, half reproachfully.

"I have not had much time," answered Mabel with a smile; "but there are many friends over there who can help me—and will help me."

"I fancied you had no very intimate friends there. I—I thought you said it was your grandfather's wish you should remain here in England," remarked Angelo.

"He thought I should be a rich woman. In England there is not much sympathy for a poor one."

"Oh! Miss Westbrook!"

"What is the matter!"

"I did not think you could speak so bitterly as that."

Mabel laughed.

"You see, I am not perfection," she said, "but a cross-grained female whom a little puts out. You will find me my own self to-morrow if you care to call."

"If I care!" exclaimed Angelo; "of course I care—although I am awfully distracted in mind, and dare hardly see you yet."

His voice shook a little with its old feebleness, and Mabel looked critically at him.

"No; upon second thoughts, don't come, Angelo, to-morrow."

"Very well—if you wish me not."

"Take a holiday. Go to your chambers in London—or to the sea-side, where a change will do you good. I am sure of it," added Mabel.

"I am not."

"You have taken Mr. Halfday's advice—now, do me a favour and try mine."

"And go away from you?"

"Yes—for awhile."

"It might be for ever. You will disappear, and never tell me where you are again."

"No, I will not. Although it would be as well, perhaps," she answered.

"I will go," he said, rising; "I am sorry I have troubled you so much this evening, but I felt I should like to explain the true state of my feelings, and I have done so—with a vengeance," he added in so dismal a tone, and with so odd a look, that Mabel Westbrook might have laughed pleasantly under different circumstances.

She was in no laughing mood that evening, however; Angelo had said much to disturb her, and there remained food for thought in his confession. She was sorry now that he had come wooing to her. Only a little while ago it had seemed better for him and her that they should clearly understand each other, but she was scarcely certain now of the wisdom of the step he had undertaken. It had been done in a hurry, and there was confusion in consequence. She was glad when he had shaken hands with her, and quitted the house; there was a sense of relief in his absence—in the loneliness that seemed to come to her by way of comfort after he had gone.

She did not move from the seat where he had left her, but drifted at once into thoughts born of the interview and of her stay in England, and both strangely intermixed. Life had been a whirl of events with her since she had acted for herself in it, and there had ensued much responsibility, some mystery, and more mistakes. All her girlish thoughts, her girlish happiness even, seemed to have vanished in these latter days, and to have left her a cold, hard, matter-of-fact woman. She had looked for peace and rest in England, but they had not come to her; she had dreamed of friends here, and she was only surrounded by people whom it was impossible to comprehend. The world had been full of sudden changes, and it was natural that she should change with it; but she was not growing more content.

A soft pressure of two folded hands upon her shoulder aroused her from thought at last, and to the consciousness of the night's being an hour older since her guest had withdrawn.

"You are very sad, my mistress," said the

low voice of Dorcas in her ears, "and it is unlike you."

"I am only thoughtful."

"There are tears upon your cheeks."

"I did not know that," said Mabel, hastily brushing them away.

"Is it because of the money you have lost, after all?"

"No—no, Dorcas."

"I am glad of that. I have heard so much of money in my life—there have been such struggles for it in my family—I see the value and the power of it myself so clearly, that it was natural to think you should grieve for its loss."

Mabel shook her head and smiled faintly.

"When it loses me my friends, it will be time to grieve," said Mabel.

"I am to be one of your friends—do you think you will lose me?" inquired Dorcas.

"I hope not; and yet you may not like to go to America!" said Mabel.

"To America! You have not spoken of that journey before?"

"No—I have just made up my mind."

"To America!" repeated Dorcas; "that is a long way, and—and Brian may not like me to go."

"We will not discuss the question to-night," said Mabel, wearily; "I am tired of discussion."

"I thought you had come to England to live," continued Dorcas, despite this protest; "I thought you had told me so, or Brian had said so—but oh! don't go yet awhile, please, Miss Mabel. Don't leave me yet—don't take away the better thoughts which have come to me since I have known how good you are!"

Mabel was astonished at this outburst, and replied—

"Why, Dorcas, you are as upset to-night as I am, and both without much reason for it."

"But when shall you go to America?" said Dorcas.

"I am in no hurry," was the reply; "I have learned my lesson in life, never to act in too great haste again."

"Will that man go with you?"

"What man?"

"That Mr. Salmon—as your husband."

"Why, Dorcas!—is it likely?"

"He is a man very fond of you. And he is rich—independent of his hateful father—and you don't care for anybody else."

"No!"

"And he spoke outright all that was in his heart, as a man should who cares for a woman, and——"

"Dorcas, you have been listening!"

"I—I——" began Dorcas.

"I did not think you could have acted so meanly as that," said Mabel with a severity of tone that surprised and depressed her companion.

"I was afraid he was going to separate us—that you were going to accept him—and—and I did not listen long," said Dorcas by way of extenuation; "I——"

Dorcas paused, for there was a sudden crash of glass in the window of the room, and both women were taken off their guard, and not too heroic to scream. A window had been broken from without, and before Dorcas and Mabel had crossed the room, and torn aside the curtains to look into the front garden and the high road, a second window followed the first to destruction.

"What is it?—who is it?" exclaimed the inmates.

"Let me in," said a feeble voice from without; "I am ill—I have news for you—and there's no time to lose."

Mabel opened the window and looked down from it some three feet to the grass lawn, whereon was a human figure that had been endeavouring to attract attention by demolishing the window-glass with the handle of a heavy walking-stick.

"Who are you?" inquired Mabel.

"Peter Scone, of St. Lazarus," was the reply.

CHAPTER IX.

PETER CONFESSES.

TEN minutes after the question and answer with which our last chapter closed, Peter Scone was seated in an arm-chair in the room, with Mabel and Dorcas bending over him. They had brought him into the house with difficulty. When he had first arrived he had been too weak to reach the front steps, and had plunged madly at the windows with his stick to attract attention, which having secured, he had dropped on the lawn like a stone.

In Mabel's room he had come back slowly

to himself, and was now sipping some spirit and water, and glaring over the glass at the fair Samaritans who had befriended him. His natural colour had not returned to his face, which was greenish-grey, instead of yellow parchment—otherwise, at first sight, there did not seem to be any marked difference in his personal appearance.

"Now, will you tell us, Mr. Scone, what has happened to bring you here in so much haste and excitement?" asked Mabel.

"You wanted me to call to-night."

"I answered your letter, which was full of mystery," was the reply; "I expected you earlier in the evening, but I was certainly unprepared for the way in which you announced your presence. You have given me and Dorcas a great fright."

"If you had had such a fright as I have, I doubt if you would have survived it," said Peter; "just feel the left side of my head, ma'am."

Mabel did so, and found a lump as large as a walnut very speedily.

"You have had a fall."

"I have had a blow. I believe it has been done by a small crowbar, but it will not be easy to prove that."

"Who has done it?"

"That girl's father—William Halfday."

"William Halfday!"

"But I'll have the law of him—I'll have my revenge of him—I'll let him know what it is to attack an honest man whose age should have brought him reverence, not violence. If I had my way," he hissed between his closed gums, "I'd hang that devil. He deserves it—he meant to kill me—he meant to leave me in the Close for dead—he tried to kill me—he did, he did—'ll swear it!"

Peter's excitement was great now; he hammered his stick upon the floor, he stamped his feet, his eyes blazed in their sockets, and his whole face was convulsed with rage.

"To think I should be served like this at my time of life," he cried, when he had recovered a sufficient amount of breath to speak again; "to think I might have been murdered and nobody the wiser. The man who picked me up in the Close would not believe me, and told me I was drunk. Drunk—I, Peter Scone!—think of that now!"

"What can we do?" asked Mabel; "you do not explain to us—you do not give

us any news. What of this William Halfday?"

"He must be followed—and found out at once. It's for your sake, Dorcas, for you are a rich lady."

"A rich lady!"

"I make no terms with you—but you won't forget me," he entreated; "I always liked you very much, Dorcas—I persuaded your grandfather to do this for you—but all I want is to foil that wretch, and see him, before I die, begging for bread in Penton streets."

"He is raving mad," said Dorcas, "or, yes—he *is* drunk!"

"I'm as sane and sober as you are, you young cat—you unkind child, I mean!" cried Peter Scone; "but you will not listen to me. There's a will; I tell you there's a will—drawn up by your grandfather, and leaving all his money to you—and that means the twenty thousand pounds which this lady paid away."

"Where is the will?" asked Mabel.

"Go on, Peter, go on. Oh! great Heaven, if this man should die before he tells us where it is," exclaimed Dorcas, as excited as the old man now.

"Ah! I thought I should interest you presently," said Peter Scone.

"Go on," cried Dorcas, "you don't know—you can't imagine—what all this means to me. Go on, Peter—I will make you rich, too, if you will tell me where to find the will."

"Patience, Dorcas, patience," said Mabel.

"Madame, I have no patience," answered Dorcas peevishly.

"Your father wanted to bribe me," but I wouldn't have it," said the mendacious Peter. "I was for justice to the orphan. When he found I was not to be talked over, he offered me two thousand pounds, as true as I'm sitting here—and he knocked me down with an iron crowbar when I wouldn't take it."

"Had you the will with you?"

"No—but in my pocket-book, which he stole along with my key—I'll get him two years for that too!—there is a memorandum where the will is," said Peter. "I don't know for an absolute certainty, of course, but I fancy the will's there. He was fond of hiding things away from Dorcas."

"In the old church? behind the panel and under the oaken seat where he used to

sit," cried Dorcas; "I know—I know; I could find it in the dark."

"Yes—that's the place—and William Halfday is hunting for it now, or I'm no judge of what a blackguard he is."

"He cannot tell where my grandfather used to sit at church."

"It is all explained in the pocket-book," said Peter; "I thought if I died suddenly it ought to be found—and —"

"Tell her the rest," interrupted Dorcas; "think what is best to be done till I come back—don't follow me, for I am safe enough. I cannot stop another moment."

"Where are you going?"

"To St. Lazarus—by the cross cut over the meads," she cried; "don't stop me—don't ask me any questions—my whole life's happiness is at stake."

Dorcas dashed out of the room, and the instant afterwards the front door was heard to slam noisily behind her. Mabel ran to the window and called to her stop, to wait for her, but Dorcas only looked back and shook her head and hands, and went on bareheaded like a wild thing.

The night was warm but dark, and the stars had disappeared as she turned in the direction of St. Lazarus, and ran, with extraordinary swiftness for a woman, along the dusty high-road.

CHAPTER X.

AN ESCORT ON THE ROAD.

LEFT alone with the senior member of the Brotherhood of the Noble Poor, Mabel Westbrook remained for a while uncertain how to act. She was not disposed to wait patiently for the return of Dorcas, as that excitable young woman had enjoined her to do; the mission was too full of mystery and danger.

Mr. Scone watched Mabel with his blinking eyes, as if doubtful of her purpose, and when she suddenly started to her feet, he said—

"What's the matter? What are you going to do?"

"I must follow Dorcas to St. Lazarus."

"You had better not!" warned Peter; "you can't get into the place now she has the start of you."

"I can wake Hodzman, the porter."

"That's no use. Dorcas will have failed or succeeded long before you are at the Cardinal's Tower, young lady."

"But that dreadful man, her father?"

"A dreadful rascal,—don't call him a man," said Peter, with supreme disgust.

"They will meet perhaps in the church," said Mabel; "he may have found the document before she reaches there, and what may follow then? I cannot wait till she returns."

"There's no use in going, I keep telling you, but you're very obstinate," he muttered.

"I can't rest here," said Mabel.

"What is to become of me?" he asked; "is anybody going to take care of me, or am I to be sent away now there's nothing more to be got out of me, and with this lump on my head, too? By Gosh," he added, as he passed his hand carefully over it, "it's growing like a wursel."

"Would you like to see a doctor?"

"No, I should not," he replied; "I have done all my life without one, and I am not going to begin now."

"I will ask the landlady to prepare a bed for you."

"I shall sit up till Dorcas comes back from St. Lazarus."

"You are tired—you have gone through much excitement to-day," said Mabel.

"I would have gone through fire and water to do Dorcas Halfday a service."

"You are very kind," said Mabel.

"She was a girl I always liked——"

"You have said so before."

"Though we had our little quarrels at the Hospital, for a more aggravating girl I don't know. Where are you going now?"

"To get my hat and cloak. I must follow her."

Mabel hastened from the room, and the old man crossed his hands upon his stick, and thought of all his wrongs, and all his chances of reward for this last noble action of his life. He was dozing before Mabel Westbrook returned, but his small eyes glittered from beneath his shaggy brows as she came into the room.

"You are wasting your time—you don't know where to find her—you will put William Halfday on his guard, if he is prowling about the church," said Peter Scone.

"I shall die of suspense if I stay here."

"It's a pity women can't take things quietly," he said, "but must always rattle on in a flare-away fashion. Dorcas is quite safe—she is used to this kind of game, but you are not."

"Used to this!"

"Many and many a row about meeting her lover in the fields beyond the cottages has she had with old Adam—"

"Her lover!" repeated Mabel; "she has a lover then?"

"To be sure; she was as agile as a cat after him too; she would cross the river with one spring—there was no keeping that madcap on the premises when she wanted to get off them. She—"

"Tell me all this another time," said Mabel, restlessly; "I must go to St. Lazarus to-night."

"You will never find her," said Peter; "she will return as she came, by the field-path, which you do not know."

"So that she has met with no harm, I shall not care for that," replied Mabel; "I shall not be long away—anything that you require, ring that bell for."

"I shall want some supper, and some beer," mumbled the old man, "and there's an awful draught in this room somewhere, which will give me my death of cold if it's not stopped."

"The air comes through the windows which you broke."

"Oh—I forgot the windows. They can be stuffed up with something, I suppose."

"Yes—yes—tell the landlady. I am going now."

"It's very foolish of you, I must say again," said Peter; but Mabel took no heed of his renewed protest against her wilfulness, but went at once from the house. She paused at the gate before commencing her journey—some one was rapidly approaching along the high road, and the sharp, quick steps seemed not wholly unfamiliar to her. The traveller was advancing from the sleeping city towards the country suburbs, and instinctively she waited for him, standing back in the shadow of the trees which grew within the garden. It was as well that travellers on the road should pass her, if untrustworthy and bound in her direction.

The footsteps came nearer; from her point of observation Mabel could perceive now the figure of a man walking in the middle of the road, and at a fair swinging pace. As it

approached and passed her, she called out, "Mr. Halfday."

Brian, for it was he, stopped at once, and Mabel came from her hiding-place to meet him.

"Miss Westbrook!" he exclaimed, "something *has* happened, then!"

"Yes—something has happened."

"What can you be doing here—where are you going?" he asked, almost sharply.

"I will tell you as we proceed, and if you will accompany me to St. Lazarus."

"I am going to St. Lazarus—but you?"

"Your sister is there," exclaimed Mabel; "she has heard news from Peter Scone—"

"Of a will—yes," he said, interrupting her with his customary quickness.

"How did you know?" asked Mabel.

"I will tell you presently. Have you seen this Scone?"

"He is in my house," said Mabel, pointing to the cottage she had recently quitted.

"You are lodging there?"

"Yes."

"I will see that old scamp before we proceed any further," said Brian, stepping towards the house, when Mabel put her hands upon his arm.

"We are losing time," she said; "Dorcas may be in danger—your father may be already at St. Lazarus."

"You are right, Miss Westbrook," he said; "I can learn all the news from you,"

He turned, and together they proceeded along the country road.

"I am selfish in allowing you to accompany me," he said, stopping again; "I can act in this matter, if Dorcas is really in danger, so much better without you. You must go back."

"I could not do it. Please let me come with you," she entreated, "I am unhappy in that house already."

He wavered and relented, but not too graciously.

"I hate to keep changing my mind—like a girl," he said, "but—but you wish it," he added suddenly.

He offered her his arm, and she placed her hand confidently upon it.

"I am glad I have met you," Mabel said frankly, "I feel safe with you."

"It is something to have gained your confidence," Brian replied, "and yet I hardly know now why distrust has changed to faith. I don't deserve it."

"I hope you do," was her reply.

"I am only trying to deserve it."

They walked on in silence after this, Brian increasing his pace unconsciously, until Mabel found herself trotting and panting to keep up with him.

"I am walking too fast for you," he said suddenly.

"Oh, no—not at all," replied Mabel, in little spasms of apology, "I—I always walk—fast."

"There is no hurry—and there is no danger," Brian said, relaxing his speed; "any one would think we were hastening to stop a murder, or catch a murderer. Dorcas is on her own ground at the Hospital, and could defeat half-a-dozen such miserable tricksters as my father is. Tell me now all that has happened, please?"

Mabel related the particulars of Peter Scone's arrival at her house, and the news which he had brought. She spoke of Dorcas's excitement and departure, and he listened with great interest, and refrained from interrupting her.

"She must have the start of William Halfday," he said, "and she knows where a key of the church is to be found. I did not think of the church—I was going to search in the cottage where you told me once I was cruel and a coward."

Mabel started.

"What a memory you have!" she said.

"I am sure to remember the hard words that are hurled at me—and you were a particularly hard upon me that night. Have you forgotten?"

"Oh, no—but it has all been explained. Why do you think of it again?"

"I like to think of it," he said.

"That is hardly an answer."

"It is satisfactory to have lived down your bad opinion of me—to find myself acting as escort to the lady who abused me so soundly. It is pleasant to think——"

He stopped suddenly, and there was a change in his voice, which deepened and vibrated more.

"But I will not think about that."

"You are mysterious, Mr. Halfday," said Mabel.

"I am idiotic—that's all," was his prompt reply, "and I am neglecting business, and forgetting the mission we have in hand. What is our course of action?"

"I don't know."

"I suppose not," was his dry reply; "we must make for the church—where the will is hidden."

"If Dorcas is only safe, and has found it, I shall be very glad," said Mabel.

"Fresh complications will arise with this fresh disposal of the money," said Brian; "are you prepared for them?"

"I haven't thought about them."

"Disappointments may ensue—will ensue."

"In what way?"

"You will be disappointed in Dorcas, to begin with," Brian replied; "she will change with her good fortune, or I have misunderstood her all my life."

"Sometimes I fancy that that is possible," said Mabel thoughtfully.

"That she will change?"

"No—that you have misunderstood her."

"She is incomprehensible in many respects, I confess," Brian said, "and that there is some good in her, I have never denied, or she should not have taken her place in your home to distress you at a time of trial."

"The trial of the money, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"My losses do not affect me," replied Mabel; "it is very wrong, I know, but I do not seem to care about them."

"You have fallen from riches to comparative poverty—and that is a heavy fall."

"For a man," added Mabel caustically.

"For a young, earnest woman without knowledge of the world, or what respectable indigence is like, the fall is great," he said.

"I shall recover from it," answered Mabel.

"As for this money which you put in Penton Bank, you are not a hair's-breadth closer to it, even if all that Peter Scone has said is true," said Brian.

"I am not thinking of it—why do you always talk to me of money?" she asked irritably.

"It was a money question which made us first acquainted," said Brian, "perhaps that is the reason."

"No—it is not."

"Or you have not a proper respect for money," he continued, "and I am educating your mind by degrees to regard it with reverence."

"Will that take much time?"

"Probably. But we are both young, and have time before us."

"You will have to follow me to America, then, to teach me your theories."

"What is that?" he said sharply, and in a different tone.

"I am going back to the States—that is all."

"You have not said anything of this before," he said reprovingly; "how long has this idea of your return to America been under consideration?"

"I don't know—I can't say."

"How long—"

"We are forgetting Dorcas."

"She is quite safe. I am not alarmed for her safety in the least. How long have you given up your promise to—"

"Who is this coming across the fields to the left? There is something moving in the dark!" Mabel exclaimed suddenly; "is it Dorcas?"

"Yes—it is," said Dorcas, leaping lightly over the stile into the high-road.

"Have you the will?" asked Brian.

"Yes."

CHAPTER XI.

THE WALK BACK.

BRIAN asked a few hurried questions of his sister as the three stood together in the high-road, and Dorcas answered them in as hasty a fashion as they were put to her. She had run all the way to St. Lazarus; she had encountered no one in her progress; she had entered the church and found her way in the dark, like a cat, to the old pew where Adam Halfday had sat for many years, and dozed and dreamed and schemed, and seldom prayed, and she had found the will secreted in the place to which Peter Scone had given her the clue.

Mabel Westbrook and Brian were each struck by Dorcas's manner, which was new and peculiar. The excitement of the adventure and the triumph at the result had not raised her spirits or rendered her communicative, and the agitation which had preceded her departure had completely vanished. She was calm, and grave, and sullen—it was the Dorcas whom Mabel had first seen in the quadrangle of St. Lazarus, one evening late in May, with the fire and impulse of her nature pressed down in her heart.

"How is it he is with you?" Dorcas asked in her turn, and of Mabel Westbrook.

"Your father had disclosed the secret of the will to him—and your brother was coming on to the Hospital."

"It is lucky I was there before you, Brian," she said, steadily regarding him.

"Why lucky?" he inquired.

"You would have taken sides against me," she said; "you would not have treated me fairly in this matter."

Brian shrugged his shoulders, but did not reply.

"You would not have seen so much in the will—and planned for me so much, I am sure," she added.

"Have you read its contents?" asked Brian.

"I have seen enough to know that I am mistress of the money," said Dorcas.

"The lawful owner of the money is here, Dorcas—and you know that as well as I do," said Brian sternly.

She glanced at him, and said moodily—

"I know what is right—and what is just to her, and I will have no prompting from you."

"Has anything new happened since you left home?" asked Mabel.

"No," answered Dorcas; "but you see how he meets me with suspicion, as if I was planning against you. As if I am likely to forget the first woman who held her hand out to me and called me friend."

"We need not talk of this now," said Mabel.

"No—no. Please let me be awhile—I have much upon my mind—I have more to think about than any one dreams of—I am going mad with thought," Dorcas said, with a flash of her old impetuous manner as she stamped her foot upon the ground.

"May I see this will?" asked her brother.

"It is too dark here," said Dorcas.

"I have the short-sighted gift of reading in the dark," said Brian.

"You can see it, if you like," said Dorcas, sullenly again.

"I do like—very much," was her brother's emphatic reply.

Dorcas took the will from the bosom of her dress, and said to Mabel—

"See, I trust him more than he trusts me—and yet you cannot imagine how he has taken part against me."

"We will tell Miss Westbrook the whole story presently," said Brian, "and she shall judge between us."

He took the will from his sister's hands, and opened it where they were standing, holding it close to his eyes, after looking upwards once as if doubtful of the quality of the light to be obtained from the stars, a few of which had stolen forth again from the cloudy sky. His was a strong sight and did not betray him in this instance—and his grandfather's handwriting was familiar to him. He read the document through quickly—it was not a long one—folded it, and returned it to his sister.

"Yes—you are quite right, Dorcas," he said in a deep voice; "you have more to think of than people fancy—and the end of this is far from clear."

"I know it," answered Dorcas.

The three went on together a few more yards, and then Dorcas stopped again.

"I wish you two would proceed by yourselves. I don't like this watching of me," she said sullenly again.

"We are not watching you, Dorcas," said Mabel.

"I did not expect you to follow me like this."

"We thought there might be danger."

"I am used to danger," said Dorcas; "go on, please; I will keep you in sight. I can only bear with my own company to-night."

"Come, Miss Westbrook," said Brian, offering his arm again, which Mabel did not take this time, but walked on by his side, at a pace less rapid than they had set forth upon their journey.

"What makes her so strange?" asked Mabel of her companion.

"On the brink of her good fortune, she turns giddy—that is all," was the reply; "weak-minded folk invariably do."

"It is a poor explanation," said Mabel, "but I do not wish to force myself upon your confidence."

"Meaning that there is no confidence between us?" he rejoined.

"Not much," answered Mabel.

"After paying twenty thousand pounds for it too—that is hard," was his caustic comment.

"Are you in one of your aggravating moods to-night?" she asked.

"Very likely," he confessed; "I have been perplexed, harassed, tortured within the last

few hours; if I have said anything harsh to you, forgive me."

"You are strange, that is all," said Mabel, softened by his apology.

"I come of a strange family. You will find that young woman in the background a trifle eccentric also on a closer acquaintance," he remarked.

"Yes. But I have seemed to look to you for help, in some incomprehensible way," said Mabel; "I feel to be waiting, as it were, for your courage to support me when my troubles come. But that is an odd feeling that will soon die out."

"Let it last, Miss Westbrook, if you can," he added earnestly.

"As long as I live?" she rejoined archly.

"That may be too rash a promise, like the other."

They went on in silence for awhile, with Dorcas Halfday some thirty yards in the background. Dorcas had no interest in them at that time;—beyond the present hour, and present life, she was trying vainly to guess of all that might be waiting to change her, tempt her, set her apart from the man and woman going on away from her—just as they would do presently for the remainder of their lives, and she not much to blame for it.

They were talking of her again, but she did not hear them.

"You do not ask me the tenor of the will which Dorcas has discovered," was Brian's next remark to Mabel.

"I am not curious."

"No."

"It lies further away than ever; it is wholly beyond your power to recover it; and you do not feel as if you had fallen into the hands of robbers?" he said.

"No—but I thought we were not to speak of this money again," said Mabel. "What an inexhaustible subject it is to you! how you change and twist it into different shapes to lead me into an argument concerning it! Why is this?"

"It is on my mind, and you have been treated badly," he replied; "I have tried hard to restore you to your rights, and failed so miserably—my family is ever a curse to yours—and two generations only perpetuate the wrong."

"You regard this morbidly, indeed."

"And you too lightly," he replied; "if you would only fret about it, or revile me, you

would be acting more naturally, and—more like a woman.”

“Thank you for the compliment.”

“I said a little while ago that I was glad Dorcas had baulked my father in his greed—but I am not now.”

“Indeed! Why?”

“William Halfday is a weak, vacillating man, over whom I might in time, and with study, have exercised some power for good—but with Dorcas I am doomed to fail.”

“Your failure will not distress me,” said Mabel; “why should it affect you?”

“Because—but there, there, I have said all this before, and you will not listen patiently. Until I knew you I was a vain prig, and thought myself a student of human nature, whom no man or woman could deceive. But you are as great a riddle to me as when you came to Penton Museum one evening in May.”

Mabel laughed pleasantly. The shadows of the night had vanished; the dangers of it had crept back into the darkness, and she could look at life brightly again. The serious mood of Brian Halfday was worth a smile or two, she thought.

“I don’t see anything to laugh at,” he muttered in half reproof.

“I am not unhappy,” she said; “why may I not laugh?”

“At me?” he rejoined.

“At your dulness, which cannot read a woman who has not attempted much disguise,” she answered.

“And yet I understand you partly,” he murmured, “and value your friendship and esteem before any one in the whole dark world before me.”

“Why dark world?” she asked.

He did not explain. He confronted her with another question that brought them to debatable ground again. These two could not agree upon any question on earth, each was fully convinced a few minutes afterwards. Quarrel they must, by the law governing the lives of cat and dog.

“Have you seen Angelo Salmon this evening?” he inquired.

CHAPTER XII.

A FEW WORDS.

MABEL WESTBROOK had forgotten Angelo Salmon for the last

hour or two, and this question which, figuratively speaking, her companion had suddenly hurled at her, brought back many unpleasant recollections. There was a little furrow between the eyes as she answered slowly:—

“Oh, yes—I have seen Mr. Salmon.”

Mr. Halfday glanced at his companion as if the tone of her voice had surprised him, and then went on:—

“He told me he should call upon you this evening.”

“And he told me that he had done himself the honour of calling upon you,” Mabel remarked.

“Yes, he called,” Brian said.

They walked together in silence, feeling that an embarrassing, even an objectionable topic of discourse had arisen between them, and Brian was already convinced that he had been impolitic in mentioning Angelo’s name. Still Mr. Salmon had called, had probably offered his hand to the lady, and Brian Halfday was anxious to learn what had been the result of this love-suit. There was something cold and hard in the new manner of Miss Westbrook, and it was probable that Angelo had blundered in his courtship, and complicated matters by dragging Brian’s name into question—as the reader is already aware that he had done. The April nature of Mabel Westbrook helped to puzzle and distract him, Brian thought—she was never twice alike, hence there was no opportunity for a deliberate study of her character. Only a few minutes since there was the ripple of her musical laughter in the summer air, and now no judge looked graver. Yes, an enigma, this young woman from America!—he wished that every word of hers did not trouble his mind so much. It was aggravating, and came between him and his studies.

He was the first to speak again. Something that Angelo had said was evidently lying between them like a bar now, and that must not be. They were friends—she had acknowledged that she should look to him for help, if help were needed, and no paltry misunderstanding must set them apart, even for an instant. He had been never afraid to speak out all that was in his mind, and Mabel Westbrook should not daunt him. He looked behind at Dorcas, who kept the same distance from them, and was still strug-

gling with a host of her own thoughts, and then said quickly:—

"Did Angelo Salmon tell you why he called on me?"

Mabel hardly cared for a leading question of this character, and she hesitated before giving him an answer. It came at length, however, and was brief enough.

"Yes," she replied,

"What reason did he give?" asked Brian; "pardon me, you look surprised—but I wish to know. He is a weak young fellow, and prone to exaggeration—and he may have said more than he intended in a moment of excitement."

"Was he likely to be excited?"

"He was excited when he came to me."

"I do not know that I am called upon to answer you, Mr. Halfday, but I will do so for a motive of my own."

"Thank you."

"He told me that he came to you for advice about offering me his hand in marriage," she added frankly, "and that you gave him in return very foolish counsel."

"Did he call it very foolish?" said Brian, with a surprise that was amusing in the naive conceit which it betrayed; "I thought it impressed him a good deal at the time."

"No—but I call it very foolish," said Mabel, angrily; "I do not see the wisdom of his step in coming to you at all. He should have acted on his own judgment, as he knew better than yourself the feelings of his heart. What did you know about him or me that warranted you in giving him advice in this matter?"

"It was good advice, I am still inclined to consider," Brian muttered

"It was unwarrantable."

"I did not think you were offended with me," said Brian, thoughtfully regarding her.

"I am not offended exactly. I should not have said a word about it had you not dragged in Mr. Salmon's name, just now, without any rhyme or reason."

"I thought you liked Mr. Salmon."

"What put that in your head?" asked Mabel, speaking as quickly as her companion.

"He is a man that a girl should like—gentle, affable, generous, straightforward, tolerably well educated, and immoderately modest."

It was Mabel's turn to look at him inquiringly.

"You are satirical."

"No—it is the man's true character."

"You have forgotten one attribute by which it struck you I might be tempted into an acceptance of his suit."

"What is that?"

"His wealth," answered Mabel; "Mr. Angelo Salmon is very well off, if you remember."

"Do you think I would have recommended a poor man to come to you?" said Brian.

"Then you think I am fond of money, after all?"

"No—I have seen in you too great a disregard for it," was the reply; "but I feel assured you would not be happy as a poor man's wife."

"Why not?"

"You have never experienced poverty in any shape, and you have no knowledge of what a struggle it is for some people to live," said Brian; "you have been surrounded by riches all your life, and though you have not been spoiled by them, you will never bear up against their loss. You are not much more than a child——"

"Mr. Halfday!"

"And," he continued, not heeding her indignant exclamation, "you will feel as bewildered as a child when the hard truth of your position is closer to you than it is."

"I am sorry you have so poor an opinion of me, after all," said Mabel, compressing her lips; "what a weak creature you must think me!"

"Hence, Miss Westbrook, when this honest fellow from St. Lazarus divulged his secret, which he had allowed every one to see beforehand very clearly," Brian continued, "it struck me that here was the solution to the perplexity which your sudden reverses had created. Here was a gentleman of position to save you from the world, and to keep you in that sphere to which you have always been accustomed."

"And are so well calculated to adorn," added Mabel; "that is how all this rodomontade should wind up."

"If you consider it rodomontade, I have done," said Brian, feeling indignant himself now at the manner in which his explanation had been received.

"You have been talking dreadful nonsense for the last ten minutes."

"Oh, have I?"

"Just as you talked nonsense, and gave the worst of advice to Angelo Salmon, when you induced him to come to my house to-night."

"And the result of that visit?" asked Brian curiously.

"It is easy to guess."

Brian shook his head.

"No—it is not," he said.

"You thought he had only to ask," said Mabel, with a lip that trembled a little in spite of her.

"Pardon me, but I did not think that."

"He was rich—and you have such an immense idea of what money can do, Mr. Halfday," she said ironically.

"He was a gentleman, with all his weakness," answered Brian; "he would have studied hard to make you happy. You are unfit for a poor man's home in every respect, I repeat, and I can scarcely think you have wholly discouraged him."

"What extraordinary thoughts people trouble their brains with; they have forgotten the art of minding their own business," said Mabel, very tartly now.

Brian regarded her again with a lowering brow.

"I did wrong in advising Mr. Salmon, then?"

"Yes; you had no right to advise him to come to me."

"And it was not *my* business?"

"Certainly not."

"And the result—you have not told me the result?" he continued pertinaciously.

"I have refused him—as I would refuse any man in England who asked me to become his wife."

"You don't like Englishmen?"

"No—they are upstarts. They assume too much. They do not treat women as an American gentleman does—with respect."

"Have I shown any disrespect to you?" asked Brian.

"If you ask me plainly—yes."

"Very well—I am sorry—it was unintentional—that's all," he said in short, rapid, little sentences; "but—but you must not say I have treated you with disrespect. I will not have that. You do me a gross injustice—do you hear me, Miss Westbrook, a gross injustice?"

"You are shouting at me, Mr. Halfday. I am not smitten with a sudden deafness."

"Good-night, madam—good-night," he cried.

They had reached Mabel's house, and Brian walked past it with this salutation, and strode on towards Penton City without another word to her, or another thought for his sister and the will which she had found, and which was to influence more lives than her own. The thought of his indignities had swept away every consideration for the great change which was at hand, and he marched back to his lair to brood on all that had been said.

"She's the same as other women, after all—irritable, unjust, and capricious," he muttered to the winds, "and I am cruelly disappointed in her. And yet—as long as she lives I shall never get this Mabel Westbrook out of my mind again."

Or out of his heart. Poor Brian!

(To be continued.)

THE SOUL OF THE ORGAN.

THE soul of the Organ awoke:
 Awoke, but the *how* and the *why*!
 That remains to be told.
 From the great pipes of gold
 Came a breath and a sigh,
 In the air up so high,
 'Twixt the choir and nave,
 On the silence it quietly broke,
 Like the sound of a rippling wave
 Turned from ebb-tide to flow,
 In the light of the moon;

And again it fell soon,
 Soft, solemn, and slow,
 Till it filled all below
 With a strange, mystic thrill—
 A thrill nothing human e'er gave ;
 And then all was still,
 Save the quivering air.
 Through the silence then stole
 Forth the Voice of the Soul.
 Was it God himself there,
 Or a dream of the prayer
 Of the lost, or the dying, the dead,
 That sent through the heart such a thrill ?
 Through the dim aisles it fled,
 And it moaned and it sighed,
 Mocked by echoes it raised,
 'Till despairing, amazed,
 Mercy and pity denied,
 Wailing "Lost ! Lost !" the voice died :
 Sank with a great throb of pain,
 Died in the arches o'erhead.
 Then it rose once again,
 But now with no suppliant moans,
 With the raging of seas,
 With the crashing of trees,
 And the might of the storm in its tones
 And thunders, and shriekings and groans,
 In the last great day of the world :
 And the voice with its might shook the fane.
 The sound was battled and hurled,
 From transept and chapel back thrown
 To the tower so high—
 Where the bells hummed reply—
 And to grim knights of stone,
 In the crypt, all alone ;
 Till the blazoned panes shook,
 And the dim, dusty banners, unfurled
 On the walls, with their weird, ghostly look
 Shuddered !—And then, far above
 And beyond the high roof, to God's throne,
 With the hearts that were stirred by its tone,
 Rose the sweet song of Love
 Faith and Hope. Like the dove
 With the message of peace—so it spoke
 In a sermon that came from no book.
 This was *how* it awoke,
 The Soul of the Organ : but *why* ?
 Grey-haired and bent,
 One, at the instrument,
 With cunning hand and eye
 Made tuneful melody :
 And, by his Maker lent,
 His soul through the organ spoke.

LIBERTY OF THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, OTTAWA.

IT must have been a matter of regret to many that Mr. Mill did not live to notice and reply to the elaborate criticism of some of his leading opinions contained in Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's work entitled "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Not that his opinions have lacked defenders, or that Mr. Stephen's arguments have passed unchallenged; but because it would have been specially interesting to note how Mr. Mill himself would have dealt with the objections urged, and what modifications, if any, he would have found it necessary to make in the statement of his views. Of one thing we can be certain, and that is, that no one would have been readier than Mr. Mill himself to acknowledge the force of any valid criticism directed against his writings. In this respect he offered an example which many who are scandalized at parts of his teaching might imitate with much advantage. If all writers and thinkers strove as hard as he to see the truth, and carried the same candour into all their discussions, a great deal of useless and hopeless conflict would quickly disappear, and the progress of a true philosophy be greatly accelerated.

That the views so vigorously expressed by Mr. Stephen have had a considerable effect in certain quarters, no careful observer can have failed to note. The tolerance towards all shades of opinion, taught by Mr. Mill, may be in accord with the best and, upon the whole, the dominant tendency of the age; but it is far from being in accord with the instincts of all individuals, and so long as it was not seriously challenged it must have weighed upon many minds as a most inconvenient and unwelcome "counsel of perfection." Such, we may well believe, were groaning inwardly for redemption from the yoke; and how gladly they listened to Mr. Stephen when he came forward with an imposing apparatus of logic and rhetoric to tell them that there was no particular need

for tolerance—that, in fact, intolerance served a most useful purpose in society—can easily be imagined. Here was a gospel indeed for saturnine souls—to be able to abuse to the top of their bent those from whom they differed, to give way to every suggestion of personal animosity, to inflame popular passions, and add strength and bitterness to popular prejudices, and to do all this with a comforting sense of performing a public duty! As regards Mr. Stephen himself, we can only look upon him as one of that class whose bark is said to be worse than their bite. His bark is very bad, very savage; but when it comes to biting he holds back. Much as he differs, or fancies he differs, in theory from Mr. Mill, it would be hard to discover in his book one single practical recommendation which is pointedly opposed to Mr. Mill's teachings. Indeed he reminds us in more than one place of the prophet who, trying hard to curse, only succeeded in uttering blessings. Not so, however, with some of Mr. Stephen's disciples. Here we see every disposition to snap right and left—to treat opponents without a shadow of fairness, and to employ against them weapons that have no legitimate place in the field of controversy; and this on the cynical ground suggested by Mr. Stephen, that nobody should broach unpopular opinions who is not prepared for all kinds of opposition, foul as well as fair. Mr. Stephen, as we have already hinted, is not the man to put his own theories into practice; but we are strongly of opinion that he has done serious harm by suggesting to men far less high-minded than himself a justification (though of course a very hollow one) for conduct to which their own instincts make them prone without any external encouragement. We hardly think we are mistaken in attributing to the influence of Mr. Stephen's book the suggestion made in one of our most influential journals, that a suit-

able answer to give to any man who, in Canada, echoes the opinions so freely expressed in England in favour of a separation between the Mother Country and the Colonies, is to knock his hat over his eyes. No one can deny the superior simplicity of this mode of argument, or that it has much of ancient precedent to plead in its favour; but, somehow we had imagined that other methods less summary had been found, upon the whole, more satisfactory, and that we should hardly again be recommended by any public authority to settle individual differences of opinion with fists or with bludgeons. Why, indeed, if this fashion is to be revived, we should content ourselves with simply knocking a man's hat over his eyes, is not very apparent. Suppose he calmly replaces it and continues his discourse; or suppose that, to save further trouble, he places his hat aside, what is to be our next manifestation of disapproval? Possibly what the Bishop of Oxford recommended in the case of the rural agitators—a ducking in the nearest horse-pond. This, however, is a minor question; once lay down the general principle that unpopular opinions are to be silenced, not by argument but by violence, and modes of application will suggest themselves *pro re nata*.

Mr. Stephen finds in Mr. Mill untenable views, not only in regard to Liberty, but also in regard to Equality and Fraternity. These three words, he says, constitute "the creed of a religion" which, though vaguer than any of the forms of Christianity, is "not on that account the less powerful." On the contrary, this "Religion of Humanity," as Mr. Stephen calls it, is "one of the most penetrating influences of the day," and has secured the devotion of men who are prepared "to sacrifice for it all merely personal ends." On each of the subjects referred to, our views are far more in accord with those of Mr. Mill than with those of his critic; but space would fail us in a single paper to follow the latter through the three divisions of his work; and we shall therefore confine ourselves to an examination of the objections made to Mr. Mill's views of liberty, especially in relation to thought and discussion.

The object, as Mr. Mill tells us, of his Essay on Liberty was to assert the simple principle "that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collec-

tively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection; that the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community against his will, is to prevent harm to others." We may remonstrate with a man for his own good, or reason with him, or entreat him; but unless his conduct is calculated to produce evil to some one else, we must not make use of compulsion. "Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign."

To the principle thus set forth Mr. Stephen brings forward the strange objection that it is in opposition to every known system of theology, and even to the idea of a final day of judgment, since these bring a constraining influence to bear on men's conduct, irrespective of the effect of their conduct upon others. But how empty this objection is will be seen at once if we consider that the systems referred to are simply the beliefs which men impose upon themselves, and which therefore necessarily shape their actions. These beliefs may be either true or false; but in any case it is impossible to argue from the constraint which men, by adopting them, put upon their own conduct, to a right possessed by society or by a majority, to compel individuals to this or that course of action, in matters of no direct concern to any one but themselves. As regards a final day of judgment, the argument is far too strained and unnatural to require any refutation here.

"Mr. Mill's system is violated," the critic goes on to say, "not only by every system of theology which concerns itself with morals, and by every known system of positive morality, but by the constitution of human nature itself. . . . The condition of human life is such that we must of necessity be restrained and compelled by circumstances in nearly every action of our lives." Then because we have to fight with circumstances—because nature has to be subdued before she will lend herself to our purposes—because, in Matthew Arnold's words,

"Limits we did not set
Condition all we do,"

we must forsooth recognise the right of our neighbours to thwart us at every turn. Because the wind blows our hat off, we must allow the first passer-by to knock it off. Because accidental fires occur, we must look

benignly on the incendiary. Surely we show our disposition towards the opposing forces of nature sufficiently by setting ourselves to overcome them; and if our neighbours were blind forces, we should do our best to overcome them in the same way. But they are not blind forces; they are intelligent agents, who know the effect of their actions, and have some comprehension of the relations they sustain to other human beings. They know, amongst other things, that they have, or desire to have, certain reserved rights of their own, and they may consequently be expected to respect similar rights in others. However, if, and in so far as, they interfere with us, we either resist their interference, or else acquiesce in it for reasons satisfactory to ourselves. We certainly *never* acquiesce in it on the ground that we cannot always have our own way with the natural forces of the universe, or cannot surmount the limits of our own constitution.

Mr. Mill has fully granted that the conduct a man pursues in matters which only directly concern himself may subject him to the unfavourable judgment of others, and that from such unfavourable judgment certain disadvantages are inseparable. Thus, if a man is extravagant, intemperate, foolishly vain, &c., we must estimate his conduct according to our own standards; and our bearing towards him will naturally express the judgment we have formed. Mr. Stephen says there is no difference between this and visiting such faults with specific penalties. It seems to us, however, that when a man has expressed his own disapproval of conduct that is not personally injurious to himself, he will feel that he has gone as far as he has a right to go. He is not his brother's keeper in the sense of being *responsible* for his faults; and, if he is not responsible, on what ground should he presume to interfere with another's liberty? In such a case no reason is required for non-interference, beyond the general reason, "*The man was doing me no harm;*" but for interference a special reason would certainly be required. And what would that special reason be?

Mr. Stephen next shows us that religions have in past times been established, in great measure, by force. Suppose they have; the question which Mr. Mill undertook to discuss was, what is right *now*. The peculiarity of the present age is that it is, as Mr. Bagehot has described it, "the age of discussion."

Many things are possible now that were not possible a century ago. Mankind are more given to reflection, and less swayed by instinctive feelings. There are a dozen ways out of a difficulty now to one that existed a couple of centuries ago. The fact that wars cannot even now be wholly avoided does not conflict with Mr. Mill's general principle in regard to the rights of individuals? If there were no true path there could be no false ones; and it is no answer to a man who undertakes to point out a true path to instance all the cases in which a false one has been taken. Of course brute force has had tremendous sway in the history of the race, and it will have some sway for years to come; but that in itself was an excellent reason for the writing of the "Essay on Liberty," with its wise counsels for the avoidance of irrational and hurtful struggles. "If Mr. Mill's view of liberty had always been adopted and acted upon to its full extent," says Mr. Stephen, "every one can see that there would have been no such thing as organized Christianity or Mahomedanism in the world." Does everybody see this? Supposing the Roman empire had never persecuted the Christians, why should not Christianity have "organized" itself? Are we to hold that Nero and Diocletian were the true fathers of the Church? or does Mr. Stephen mean that Christianity could never have made its way without having had recourse to persecution? Surely not. Christianity had made its way before it had the power to persecute,—while as yet its means of influence were wholly of a moral and intellectual kind. As to Mahomedanism, which Mr. Stephen, with broad liberality, brackets with Christianity, some persons will be inclined to think that, if Mr. Mill's principles would have impeded its development, there must be some truth in them. (*Non noster hic sermo est.*)

Mr. Stephen has a wonderful talent for coming up fiercely to the assault, and then, just when we expect a decisive blow, turning aside with some evasive phrase. For example: "Estimate," he says, "the proportion of men and women who are selfish, sensual, frivolous, idle, absolutely commonplace, and wrapped up in the smallest of petty routines; and consider how far the freest of free discussion is likely to improve them. The only way in which it is practically possible to act upon them at all is by compulsion or restraint. *Whether it is worth while to apply to them*

both or either, I do not now enquire." Why not? We should like very much to know what Mr. Stephen thinks can, as the world is constituted—and it was for this world, not for another, that Mr. Mill's treatise was written—be done in the way of compulsion to benefit these misguided people. As to its being "worth while" to do them good, to amend all their distressing qualities, no ordinarily philanthropic person can entertain a moment's doubt. If, in spite of its being worth while, the thing still cannot be done, there is a strong presumption that it ought not to be done; or, in other words, that the difficulty arises from a natural and legitimate repugnance on the part of people to be interfered with by others in matters that concern only themselves. When Mr. Stephen says that the "freest of free discussion" could do such people no good, he makes a somewhat venturesome statement. Frivolity and the spirit of routine are qualities which are directly promoted by the undue pressure of traditional opinions and customs. "It is to liberty," says M^{de}me. de Staël, speaking of the vigorous public life of England, "that we must attribute this emulation and this wisdom. In France men have so rarely had it in their power to exert any influence by their writings upon the institutions of the country, that they have scarcely aimed at anything beyond a display of cleverness, even in the most serious discussions." The wide-spread frivolity of French society under the late Empire was the theme of universal remark. Everywhere indeed tyranny and levity, liberty and seriousness of character, have gone hand in hand. The question, however, is not so much what direct advantage the frivolous classes would derive from the removal of restraints, but what the effect would be upon a different class, and what the indirect effect would be upon society at large. That a vast amount of mere make-believe passes current as real opinion, Mr. Stephen would probably not think of denying. And what must be the effect of all this pretence, first, upon those who practise it; and secondly, upon the poor "frivolous" classes who take whatever is offered them by their recognised opinion-makers? These are questions which it would not have taken Mr. Stephen at all out of his way to have answered.

Mr. Stephen joins issue with Mr. Mill as regards the pretension which may properly be said to be involved in the act of a legislator

who forbids any one calling in question certain opinions. Mr. Mill says that a legislator who acts in this way virtually lays claim to infallibility; since he claims to be *certain* that the opinions he shields from discussion are the true ones, which he cannot be unless he is infallible. "Complete liberty," he says, "of contradicting our opinion is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth for purposes of action; and on no other terms can a being with human faculties have any rational assurance of being right." Mr. Mill's critic tries to parry this argument by saying that a law forbidding people to deny the existence of London Bridge would not weaken any man's rational assurance that the bridge in question exists. But what an empty flourish this is! The assurance which any one who has not seen London Bridge, has of its existence, is an assurance acquired in strict conformity with Mr. Mill's canon, inasmuch as no one has ever denied its existence, though, so far as legal prohibitions went, every one has been at liberty to do so. And, forsooth, we are to reject the canon because we cannot imagine our rational assurance destroyed by an absurd and impossible law. Surely this is the merest trifling with a serious question. Let any one who desires to judge Mr. Mill fairly, simply ask himself what is the natural effect of legal restrictions on the expression of opinion. Such restrictions, in the first place, are never imposed except where a number of persons hold, and desire the privilege of expressing, the opinions that are placed under the ban. In the second place, they inevitably suggest that the proscribed opinions, if allowed free utterance, would gain additional adherents. In the third place, as they discourage all discussion on certain points, they deprive the authorized opinions of the advantage they would derive, if true, from a searching investigation of their claims. Once protect a certain set of doctrines by law, and make the protection effective, and what interest has any one after that in setting forth their claims to a rational acceptance? There can, of course, be no kind of satisfactory discussion where one side is silenced. The *advocatus diaboli*, who is sometimes introduced to give a show of fairness, very poorly represents his principal. If we are to hear what the devil has to say, we must let him plead *in propria persona*.

Again, Mr. Stephen says that if the plaintiff in a libel suit has gained his case, and

obtained, say, £1,000 damages, there may then be said to be a heavy fine hanging over the head of any one who ventures to repeat the particular charge. In other words, a certain opinion can no longer be expressed without danger, but does this, he asks, weaken the general confidence in the plaintiff's character? Certainly not; because, in a fair trial, it has been ascertained that the accusation brought against him was false. Both sides were heard, which is not the case when opinions are legally suppressed. Both sides, moreover, may be heard again; and all that a future defendant has to do in order to escape all penalty is to overcome the evidence brought forward by the plaintiff. Nothing fairer than this can be imagined; and the man who issues unscathed from such an ordeal may well have even increased claims to confidence. On the other hand, suppose that the judge had manifestly favoured the plaintiff, and had prevented the defendant from showing the full strength of his case, then certainly no inference in the plaintiff's favour could be drawn from the fact that no one else cared to risk against him the dangers of the same court. More than this, the conduct of the court would necessarily throw a shadow of suspicion over the man who had thus won his suit without a fair trial. Well, the government that suppresses certain opinions is precisely in the position of the unjust judge; and the opinions upon which it bestows its injurious patronage, though an ignorant population may embrace them with passion, will not be held with that frank and rational assurance of their truth which may be felt in regard to opinions that maintain their ground in spite of all that can be said against them. Mr. Mill's rules, it may be here remarked, were intended for general application and for broad interpretation. His Essay on Liberty is not a mathematical argument; and to criticize his definitions as if they were intended to support long chains of the most exact reasoning is to misunderstand entirely their character and purpose. Mr. Stephen, however, is very hard put to discover a flaw in Mr. Mill's reasoning when he has to have recourse to such a hypothesis as that of a law forbidding people to deny the existence of London Bridge. Surely if Mr. Mill is so entirely wrong as his critic pretends, the fact could be shown in some more ordinary and natural instance than this.

One of the oddest things in Mr. Stephen's whole work is his statement that there are "two classes of cases to which Mr. Mill's argument does not apply—cases in which moral certainty is attainable on the evidence, and cases in which it is not attainable on the evidence." If these "two classes of cases" do not include all possible cases, we must have sadly forgotten our logic. But if Mr. Mill's argument has no application to any case whatever, it is a strange thing to find so formal a reasoner as Mr. Stephen saying that there are "two classes of cases to which it does not apply."

The theory which Mr. Stephen sets up in opposition to that of the Essay on Liberty is as follows:—

"Compulsion is bad—

1. When the object aimed at is bad.
2. When the object aimed at is good, but the compulsion employed is not calculated to obtain it.
3. When the object aimed at is good, and the compulsion employed is calculated to obtain it, but at too great an expense."

When, on the contrary, "the object aimed at is good," when "the compulsion employed is such as to attain it," and when "the good obtained overbalances the inconvenience of the compulsion," the compulsion must be good. Mr. Stephen, however, forgets to observe that whether an "object" is good or bad is a matter of opinion; that in fact, knowledge, in the present condition of the human intellect, is relative and not absolute. What he should say, therefore, if his argument is to take the above form at all, is:—
 "When the object aimed at is *thought to be* good, and when the compulsion employed is calculated to obtain it, at what *is thought* not to be too great an expense, then the compulsion is good." But Mr. Stephen would not say this because it is absurd on its face; but is the *veiled* absurdity of what he does say one whit less? We think not. It is granted that "all coercion which has the effect of falsifying the opinions of those who are coerced is bad in itself; and from this the inference is drawn that coercion should only be practised where the opinions sought to be protected are "so probable that a reasonable man would act on the supposition of their truth." But how, in the name of reason, is a ruler who wishes to suppress all opinions but his own to know whether he is a "reasonable" man or not? And if

he is not reasonable, who is going to persuade him of the fact? Some of the unfortunates against whom his pious indignation is kindled would like to drop him a hint on the subject; but it is ill arguing with zealots in power. Mr. Stephen, in his zeal for workable principles, lands us here in a perfect quagmire, where not one solid foot of ground is to be had. Imagine the principle established, that it is perfectly proper to persecute for opinion's sake, provided only the persecutor thinks himself a reasonable man—how many would-be persecutors, can we suppose, would fail of the necessary qualification? Instead of anything workable, we have in this way of looking at the matter nothing better than a confused nightmare of an argument, from which it is a vast relief to escape to Mr. Mill's clear and satisfying propositions. Mr. Stephen reminds us of a celebrated mathematician who is said to have expressed the opinion that perpetual motion was not an impossibility, but that its discovery depended on the solution of a certain equation which, so far as he saw, was quite insoluble. Give us an absolute test of good and bad objects, and of reasonable and unreasonable in conduct, and compulsion becomes, on Mr. Stephen's theory, at once possible and proper in a number of cases to which at present it cannot be applied at all. Everything hinges on the test, and the test is the insoluble equation. Further on Mr. Stephen tells us of a most interesting and important question, the answer to which depends on the answers to be given to five other questions, "most" of which "are obviously insoluble." Such are the splendid results of taking a strictly practical view of things and discarding all high flown theories.

In order to illustrate the application of his doctrines to what would be called an extreme case, Mr. Mill undertook to show that perfect liberty for the expression of their opinions should be allowed even to disbelievers in God and a future state. Mr. Stephen agrees with Mr. Mill that no legal penalties should be imposed upon such persons, but he arrives at the conclusion in his own way, which is somewhat peculiar. He begins by inquiring into the advantages of compulsion. *If*—Mr. Stephen's philosophy is full of "ifs"—the doctrines of God and a future state are true, then compulsion for the purpose of causing them to be universally

believed is compulsion for a "good object." Whether the doctrines are true he does not inquire; but he proceeds to say that they are useful, inasmuch as the morality of the community is founded upon them. "If, then," he adds, "virtue is good, it seems to me clear that to promote the belief of the fundamental doctrines of religion is good also." The question of their truth or falsehood has thus faded out of sight. It is enough that they are useful to make compulsion for their maintenance "compulsion for a good object." Further on, however, Mr. Stephen returns to the question of their truth with the remark: "I do not pretend to have anything to add to this tremendous controversy. It is a matter on which very few human beings have a right to be heard." Who, then, are those few? Are they the civil rulers of each State? If so, how came they by so much wisdom? "We see no reason," said Macaulay long ago, "for thinking that the opinions of the magistrate on speculative questions are more likely to be right than those of any other man. None of the modes by which a magistrate is appointed, popular election, the accident of the lot, or the accident of birth, affords, as far as we can perceive, much security for his being wiser than any of his neighbours."* Whether Mr. Stephen has a much higher opinion of magistrates in general than Lord Macaulay we seriously doubt. As has already been observed, however, Mr. Stephen does not propose to visit disbelief of the great doctrines above mentioned with legal prosecution. He gives his reasons for this decision very briefly: "In the first place, it is impossible; and in the next place, to be effective it would have to be absolutely destructive and paralysing; and it would produce at last no result for which any one really wishes."

This is a very summary deliverance; but one is tempted to ask whether, if legal compulsion is so totally out of the question, and if it would require to be so destructive and paralysing in order to be effective, Mr. Mill's position is not abundantly justified?

* "L'état," says M. Jules Simon, "est profondément incompétent pour autoriser les cultes. Où est sa doctrine religieuse. . . . Il n'est ni métaphysicien ni théologien. Il ne peut pas commettre un juge d'instruction ou un commissaire de police pour examiner les dogmes."—*Liberté de Conscience*, p. 182.

What Mr. Mill saw very clearly (and what Mr. Stephen, no doubt, sees too) was that persecution for opinion's sake leads to the falsification of opinions; that every man who is affected by it feels that his most intimate and inalienable rights are invaded; and that the final effect is always to prevent some portion of the truth coming to light, and to produce stagnation of thought in place of a natural activity and progress. These are, in substance, Mr. Mill's reasons, and they certainly seem to support the conclusion which is common to himself and Mr. Stephen at least as well as the more roundabout argument of the latter.

Mr. Mill, however, condemns "social intolerance" quite as much as legal coercion; and here Mr. Stephen joins issue with him. "Our merely social intolerance," says the author of the *Essay on Liberty*, "kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them, or to abstain from any active measures for their diffusion."

And thus is kept up a state of things very satisfactory to some minds, because, without the unpleasant process of fining or imprisoning anybody, it maintains all opinions outwardly undisturbed. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind." To the last sentence in this passage we cannot quite assent. *Danger* cannot be said to destroy *courage*. On the contrary, courage is called forth by danger; and if there were no danger there would be no courage. With Mr. Mill's general meaning, however, we are entirely in accord. Social intolerance does produce a vast amount of hypocrisy; inasmuch as a great many persons who have been led to reject certain popular opinions have not the courage necessary to avow their conclusions, and are thus compelled on many occasions to act a part which sadly conflicts with every honest impulse of their nature. Mr. Stephen has no sympathy for such people. He says that "to attack opinions on which the framework of society rests is a proceeding which both is and ought to be dangerous," and that a man who does so need not complain if he finds himself "fiercely resisted." Now, certainly, if every one knew on what opinions the framework of society rested, no one could have any excuse for attacking those opinions. But it is by no means the case that the opinion of the majority as to

what constitutes the foundation of social order is always correct. Moreover, nothing can be more fitting than that foundations, whether material or moral, should from time to time be examined, in order that they may be kept in good order. Why then should a man be "fiercely resisted," in other words, treated as an enemy, for merely setting forth *how certain matters appear to him*? How can such a statement—supposing it to be a sincere and dispassionate one—affect the foundations of society? It is only a representation of the working of one mind. If its reasonings are false, let their falsity be shown; if they are true or partly true, can society, in a matter *ex hypothesi* of great importance, afford to shut its eyes to the light? Mr. Mill writes as to wise men. He thinks the time has come when the community ought to be able to bear with the expression of any *opinions* whatsoever. The time has been, of course, when a word, a name, has been sufficient to precipitate the fiercest struggles, simply because the word or the name, instead of summoning to reflection, served merely to fire explosive passions; and there are numerous backward communities in the present day where such is still the case. But in modern civilized societies this should not be. Emotion may mingle with our reflections, but that which calls for thought should receive thought, for thus and thus only—as we ought perfectly to know—can justice be done to truth. "No one," says Mr. Stephen, "has a right to give the signal for battle unless he has first drawn the sword and knows how to make his hands guard his head with it." The critic here, we cannot help thinking, has allowed himself to be carried too far by an arbitrarily chosen simile. What need is there for a "battle" at all? Why should a man "draw the sword" in connection with a candid and temperate statement of his opinions? Again, what is meant by "drawing the sword?" Does it mean preparing to say bitter things in return for bitter things? laying up a store of insults for opponents who are expected to be insulting? If not this, then what? If "drawing the sword" means simply doing one's best to understand the true merits and bearings of a discussion, we can only say the expression is a very fierce and military one for a most peaceful and commendable proceeding. But if this is the meaning—as a sen-

tence on the same page on which the expression occurs would lead us to believe—how on earth is a man, by any mastery of arguments, going to “guard his head” from the offensive imputations which are the real weapons employed by “social intolerance?” On the supposition that “drawing the sword” meant preparing to pay back in kind, the thing would be intelligible; for, of course, in a Billingsgate encounter, the combatant who has the strongest and vilest expressions at his tongue’s end comes off comparatively scatheless; even though the vocabulary of his opponent may not have been lacking in richness or fragrance. At this point Mr. Stephen seems to need a commentator, for he does not explain himself.

In one respect, the writing of “Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity” must have given great relief to its author, for it has afforded a vent for a vast quantity of unusually strong language. We cannot help thinking Mr. Stephen’s experience must have resembled that which Mr. Tupper has described in the following striking lines, which have never quite vanished from our memory since we caught a glimpse of them some years ago:

“Through the vext bowels of my soul
Lava torrents roar and roll,
Bursting forth in angry tide
From my rugged crater’s side.” *

Mr. Stephen imagines the “advocate of innate ideas” in his heart accusing the experientialist of desiring to root out religion from life; and the experientialist as saying in his heart to his friend of the opposite persuasion: “You are a liar, and the object of your lie is to protect from exposure what you know to be nonsense.” Again: “Concede the first principle that unfeigned belief in the Roman Catholic creed is indispensably necessary to salvation, or the first principle that the whole Roman Catholic system is a pernicious falsehood and fraud, and it will be impossible to stop short of the practical conclusions of the Inquisition and the Reign of Terror.” We do not undertake to answer for what would be done in pursuance of the Roman Catholic principle here mentioned, if the Church could regain the power it possessed in the

Middle Ages; but it seems to us entirely possible to regard that Church as grounded upon delusions, and to a large extent also upon imposture, without wishing to revive the Reign of Terror. Supposing the Roman Catholics to constitute a large proportion of the entire community, a Reign of Terror such as Mr. Stephen has in view would be an impossibility. On the other hand, were the Roman Catholics a small and feeble body in the State, is it to be imagined that the rest of the community would dream of rising up to exterminate them? Mr. Stephen’s imagination is altogether too violent and sanguinary. The Roman Catholic has his own way of looking at things, which *we* think a false one; but it must be abundantly clear that we shall not help him to take a different view by any form of persecution. The utmost we can do by that method is to make him execrate us and our principles. The logic of events, the lessons of competition in a world where everything has to struggle for existence, will cause light to penetrate where our arguments cannot reach, and will shatter systems that persecution—except on an Albigensian scale—would only harden and confirm.

Throughout his book, Mr. Stephen constantly argues as if the experience of the past were strictly applicable to the condition of things to-day. He asks us to imagine any argument that could have been successfully addressed to Philip II. against the persecution of the Protestants. Of course, we know that the bigotry of Philip II. was such as no reasoning could have overcome; but is that a reason for denying all power to argument, or for abandoning the case in favour of free discussion? The “Essay on Liberty” was not written for Philip II., but for the contemporaries of Mr. Stephen; and it will hardly be denied that it has had already a very powerful effect in inclining men to be tolerant of differences of opinion, and to accord a larger measure of respect to one another’s sincere convictions.

“Upon the whole, it appears to me,” says Mr. Stephen, summing up his argument, “that if our notions of moral good and evil are substantially true, and if the doctrines of God and a future state are true, the object of causing people to believe in them is good, and that social intolerance on the behalf of those who do, towards those who do not, believe in them cannot be regarded as involv-

* If this is not quite correctly quoted, we beg to be excused, as we have not Mr. Tupper’s works within reach.

ing evils of any great importance in comparison with the results at which it aims." But surely it is unnecessary to remind this practical writer and thinker that courses of conduct are judged, not by the evil they do in comparison with the good at which they aim, but according to the net balance they yield of good or evil. Here again we are left with an insoluble equation on our hands. What we want to know is what good is done by social intolerance, either to those who exercise it or to those who are its objects; but upon this point we get no information whatever—we are simply told that the good aimed at is immense in comparison with the evil wrought. This leaves us face to face with a confession that some evil is wrought, and if we cannot ascertain that any good is effected as a counterpoise, we are to comfort ourselves with the thought of all the good that is aimed at!

Suppose now that a man comes to Mr. Stephen for advice as to whether or not he should practise "social intolerance" towards a neighbour whose opinions he considers "dangerous." "Well, my good man," we might expect the gentleman consulted to say, "if your opinions are true, and if the other man's are, as you say, false and dangerous, you could hardly do better than be intolerant towards him; the evil you will do will be as nothing in comparison with the good at which you aim." But would Mr. Stephen really say this? It seems not; for we read further on: "No one has a right to be morally intolerant of doctrines which he has not carefully studied. . . . Most people have no right to any opinions whatever upon these questions [*sic*, questions of religion and morals], except in so far as they are necessary for the regulation of their own affairs." Once more, and at the most critical moment, Mr. Stephen draws off his forces from the citadel of liberty, which he seemed bent upon forcing to surrender at discretion. We breathe freely again and raise joyful eyes to heaven, as we learn that the luxury of social intolerance is not *à l'usage de tout le monde*, not for the million, not for anyone who does not understand, who has not "carefully studied" the opinions he undertakes to condemn. Balaam has indeed blessed us altogether; the good he has done is only equalled by the mischief he aimed at doing. Deliver us from the brute prejudice of the masses, and we

can bravely stand the judgment of competent and honest men. They at least know what evidence is; they know something of the genesis of opinion in candid minds; they can distinguish involuntary error from wilful trifling with the truth; above all, their own minds are not sealed against further light, and they may therefore learn even from those whom they set themselves to controvert. Is it not manifest that such men cannot be intolerant in the sense the word has always hitherto borne,—that self-respect and a consciousness of the intellectual rights of others will compel them to be simply *just*? Mr. Stephen's final judgment under this head is contained in the following sentence: "I think it highly important that men who really study these matters should feel themselves at liberty not merely to dissent from, but to disapprove of, opinions which appear to them to require it, and should express that disapprobation." To which we say: Most decidedly, provided only that no injurious imputations as to motives or character be indulged in, unless there is full and conclusive evidence that these are deserved, and that their expression is a matter of public duty. What Mr. Mill contended against was the fashion of arguing from opinions to character without reference to the mode or spirit in which the opinions might be set forth. Truth as well as error may be "held in unrighteousness;" and error as well as truth may be held in a sincere and religious spirit. There are perhaps not many men living whom Mr. Stephen would be content to hear inveighing in a tone of lofty moral disapprobation against Spinoza, Hume, Strauss, Grote, Mill, or Spencer.

Let us, however, leaving Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, consider briefly what attitude it is desirable, on general grounds, to maintain towards new opinions and their authors or adherents. The first thing to consider is, that all our opinions were at one time new, and that many of them have been pronounced preposterous and even blasphemous. To the Jew, Christianity itself was a stumbling-block, and to the Greek it was foolishness. To the rulers of the Roman Empire it was an anti-social doctrine, which could only lead to the overthrow of all order in the State. The sciences of astronomy, geology, and ethnology have had to fight against established prejudices for almost every inch of ground they at present possess. We

smile when we think of the weakness of these who, in past times, trampled to admit that the earth was not the centre of the solar system ; but are we, in our turn, subject to no vain terrors? May we not be fighting against the truth, and that not by argument, but by the mere expression of dislike, or by arbitrarily closing our eyes and ears to evidence that only asks to be examined? In so far as we follow these methods at all, we place ourselves in the wrong ; for supposing our present opinions to be true, we do them injustice by such a mode of defence ; while if the opinions we reject be true, we not only do them cruel despite, but we make any rectification of our own point of view impossible. There is more hope of a fool, some one has said, than of a man wise in his own conceit—which must mean a man so persuaded of his own wisdom as to be prepared to treat all opinions at variance with his own with intolerance and contempt.

The next point that strikes us is, that in the *mêlée* of opinions, truth, unless betrayed by its friends, is well able to take care of itself. When, however, an opinion or belief has been long established, and has enjoyed a kind of privileged existence, its adherents, and even its official exponents, do not altogether like to have to fight for it with the weapons of argument. They would like it to shine with a kind of self-evidence, and there is a great temptation to say that those upon whom it does not so shine must be—well—bad men. Until within a few years past, the temptation was freely yielded to ; but it was found by experience that calling people bad names did not altogether prevent their opinions receiving attention, while it created a damaging impression that bad names constituted the chief stock-in-trade of the upholders of orthodoxy. If the latter are too lazy or too impatient or too haughty to engage in discussion on equal terms with those who dispute their doctrines, they must not be surprised if they find the verdict going against them by default ; but let them manfully set forth the truth as they understand it, and, if the truth is with them in reality, controversy will be only as the wind which, while it shakes the tree, roots it more firmly in the ground. Everybody believes this, or professes to believe it, and yet what a deep-seated aversion exists in many minds to any discussion that touches fundamental questions ! Weak minds they say will be disturbed, as

if it were desirable that weak minds should for ever rest in the *ipse dixit* of certain leaders. If anything could confirm weak minds, it would be to see those from whom they are accustomed to learn waging fair, honourable, and successful warfare in the open field of controversy, shunning no foe, evading no argument, shirking no responsibility. The *morale* of an army is not improved by continual retreating ; and the weak minds whom it is wished to screen from danger will begin some day to wonder whether it is really *they* who are so weak, or a certain cause that is so precarious. Wrong opinions, say some, are a moral poison which we should do our best to prevent from spreading. Yes, by all means ; if, by “doing your best,” you mean meeting them by argument and trying to demonstrate their falsity. But if you mean anything else ; if you mean a policy of frowns and of suspicion ; if you mean closing, as far as possible, all avenues of public expression, so that the opinions you hate may never, if you can help it, bring themselves to the light ; then we say, why not resort to more stringent measures at once? Why not enact repressive laws? Why not establish an Inquisition? Why not show your faith by your works, in an *auto la-fe*? But no ; you do not want persecution, you only want suppression ; but what difference is there in spirit between the two, if you are prepared to adopt, and the similer, bolder, and more comprehensive measures of St. Dominic? You both aim at the same thing—the *suppression of opinion without argument*.* You both make the same plea, that argument has been exhausted, that a final result has been arrived at, and that henceforth it is only necessary to hear one side. How hollow the plea is, and how readily it lends itself to the purposes of tyranny, it is needless to point out. The necessity for argument has not ceased so long as there is one individual as yet estranged from the truth ; and what hope is there of winning him if he is not allowed—nay invited—to utter freely all he thinks? But the fact is, that the plea that argument is exhausted, is urged with the greatest positiveness at the very periods when new argu-

* “L'odieux de la persécution n'est pas dans le degré, il est dans la persécution elle-même.”—JULES SIMON, *Liberté de Conscience*, p. 275.

“Le silence est la plus grande persécution.”—PASCAL.

ments are being produced in greatest abundance, when men's minds are fullest of new thoughts, and when old lines of defence are felt to be most inadequate. It is a poor device at the best, and can scarcely impose even on those who resort to it. When arguments have really been exhausted, it will be quite unnecessary to discourage further discussion. The late Dr. Brownson was, to his dying day, by no means satisfied that the sun did not revolve round the earth; but his doubts were not considered dangerous to the orthodox system of astronomy. The only trouble he would have had, if he had wished to ventilate his peculiar views, would have been to get anybody to listen to him.

Let us consider, lastly, that, constituted and situated as men are, differences of opinion, even upon matters of the greatest moment, are inevitable. Minds are not all of one pattern, nor are any two men acted upon by precisely the same external influences. Every one is apt to think his point of view the only true one; but should not sensible people be on their guard against this only too natural illusion? On the simple principle of doing to others as we would be done by, we should treat all sincerely-held opinions with respect, while maintaining our own with all needful energy and firmness. It does not in the least follow that a man must himself be in a wavering state of mind because he is willing to give a fair hearing to opinions opposed to his own. A really earnest believer, who is persuaded that, at every point, his view is in harmony with truth, will be glad to have the difficulties that others feel, or the objections they make, fully stated in order that they may be as fully met. Every one may not feel himself competent to defend his opinions by argument; but he is entitled to ask those whose guidance he follows to make good their claim to be his guides, by showing themselves ready to defend what they teach. Every opinion, it should be remembered, that finds expression in print represents a more or less considerable body of similar opinion that has never found such expression; and if they who regard themselves as possessing the truth have a sincere desire to bring it home to the minds of all men, they will rejoice to be supplied with indications as to the directions in which it is most necessary to work—always supposing that they

are truly settled and grounded in the faith they profess,—that their minds are not haunted with doubts, nor their hearts with misgivings. Of course, if the latter is their state, much that we see every day becomes intelligible.

The practical question with which the public of this country has to deal is, what complexion our growing civilization shall assume—whether it shall bear the mark of a free and vigorous intellectual life, elevating and dignifying all lower activities; or whether it shall tell of thought in fetters, conventionalism triumphant, and all materializing influences bearing unchecked sway. We boast of our system of education, primary and secondary; but what do we propose as regards the intellectual future of the youth whom we are yearly sending out, bright-eyed and full of hope, from our schools and universities? Do we wish to veil from them the true condition of the intellectual world, to accustom them to look askance—never fair in the face—at opinions that are considered dangerous? Are we prepared to tell them that the Apostle's injunction to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," was fulfilled long ago, and that nothing now remains but to *approve* what our forefathers *proved*, or thought they did? We may, if we like, adopt this tone and this policy. We may, by a well-directed pressure on the organs of public opinion, bind them for some years longer to the service of a stereotyped orthodoxy in politics, philosophy, and religion; we may tell those who would help to build up our national literature that unless they can work to pattern, they had better keep their labours to themselves; in a word—a word homely, but strong—we may, if we like, *boom* ourselves in, like so many saw-logs, from the main-current of thought in the present day; but, if we do, the future of Canada is not one to which any man or woman whose pulse keeps time with the great movement of the world can look forward with much enthusiasm.

"There is one road
To peace, and that is truth, which follow ye!"

It is but a mockery of peace that comes of repression—a hateful hiding-place of hypocrisies, a treacherous calm before the abyss of revolution.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, HALIFAX, N. S.

HEART, I hold our future fast
 With these hands of mine,
 Not overbold nor deep downcast,
 Trusting unto eyes divine
 That mark our future as our past.

Was it well our hands have met,
 And our lives are joined?
 Why should tears dear eyelids wet,
 And joy from molten grief be coined?—
 No answer comes to us as yet.

No answer gives the rounded sky
 To our quest of looks,
 Not a whisper of reply
 Comes from vainly questioned books—
 Yet we fail not, you and I.

You and I, with eager hands,
 And this love of ours,
 Wait the falling of the sands,
 And the creeping of the hours,
 Grasping love's and life's demands.

Let the troubled Heavens have rest
 From our selfish cries,
 Till the sun is in the west ;
 Ask not why the bright day dies—
 Wait the sunset—that is best.

When silver stars bedeck the blue,
 And no throstle calls,
 And silence fills us through and through
 As off the day's care-burthen falls,—
 The reason's plain to me and you.

Comes a shadow out of time
 With the key to all ;
 'Tis not found in prose or rhyme
 Why God should give us or recall
 The meaner things or the sublime.

Comes a day our quest shall find
 What we yearn to know,
 We shall read with purged mind
 Meanings of our life below,
 When our eyes were blurred'd or blind.

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

BY G. S. H., TORONTO.

THE daily press brings to our homes not only useful information, tales of joy, of sadness, and of woe, but oftentimes rich food for laughter—odd glimpses of humanity nowhere else to be found. Not a few of the most curious items it supplies, are to be seen where one is perhaps least likely to look for them—the advertising columns. It occurred to the writer a few years ago to make a collection of advertisements; and this, though by no means very extensive or varied, nevertheless includes some *morceaux* which it would be a pity to consign altogether to oblivion.

To begin with, let us take the Births, Deaths, and Marriages. What must have been the feelings of Paterfamilias as he penned the following brief notice of his oft-repeated blessings?

"In B——, on the 21st June, the wife of Mr. E. P—— of a son, it being the twenty-eighth child of the prolific parent."

Prolific indeed! one a year for twenty-eighth years; or perhaps, indeed, they came by twos and threes! No doubt that twenty-eight times blessed parent rejoiced with the Psalmist, and was not ashamed to meet his enemy in the gate.

Here we have one who is evidently an ecstatic Irishman, rejoicing over the birth of a son in the following terms:

"M——. Hurrah for the Kingdom of Canada! Birth. In this city, on Monday, the 9th of September, the wife of Mr. John M—— of a son. Union for ever! Beattie and Cameron! Harrison and Wallis! God save the Queen!"

Perhaps by the time this happy father has chronicled the arrival of his twenty-eighth infant, his feelings may have become less exuberant; in the meantime who could be heartless enough to find fault with the seeming extravagance of his joy?

Matrimony is essentially invested with a certain poetic halo, and yet, for the most part, advertisements of marriages are principally noticeable for the unromantic uniformity

with which they are expressed, and it is almost a relief when they do step a little out of the beaten track, even if it be only to bring to the notice of all whom it may concern, that the bride's great-grand-cousin twice removed was bootblack to his Serene Highness, the King of the Cannibal Islands. Here is an announcement, however, which breathes of nothing but orange flowers, moonlight, and gentle zephyrs. It tells how two hearts were made as one:

"By Dr. J. A. Sherrill, at twilight, on Wednesday evening, February 28th, 1866, in Catawba County, N. C., at the house of the bride's widowed mother, after a *short but most delicious courtship*," &c.

Among advertisements of deaths, few have occurred of recent years more remarkable than the following:

"At New Deer, on the 13th instant, in the 87th year of her age, Bathia Reid, sister of the late Chief Justice Reid, Montreal, North America, and relict of the late Mr. John Copland, Peterhead. For 53 years she practised midwifery, and brought into the world upwards of 3,000 children."

Few ladies, we presume, can show such a record of industrious perseverance, as that exhibited in the life of this lamented lady—an average of rather over a child a week for fifty-three years! Who can beat that?

It is with somewhat different feelings that we read the following note, appended to an announcement of the death of a lady from consumption:

"The husband of deceased wishes to return his heartfelt thanks to the Rev. Messrs. N——, E. C., A——, Presbyterian, and M——, Methodist, for their constant attendance in divine matters, and also to the neighbours for their kindness during illness, and the honour paid her at death, it being the largest funeral ever seen in this section of Canada."

Passing over the telegraphic style in which this "card" is written, one would be inclined to doubt whether the constant "attendance in divine matters" of three reve-

rend gentlemen of radically different opinions was altogether a matter for unmixed thankfulness at such a time, or of much benefit to the departed, and the concluding line has an unmistakable Barnum ring about it.

Not a few persons avail themselves of the advertising columns to relieve themselves of their indignation and wrath, which, when reduced to black and white, generally takes the form of "bitter irony." Here is a rather curious specimen :

"MR. W—— T—— AGAIN.

"I suppose Mr. W—— T——, — Yonge Street, will deny sending, on Wednesday afternoon, a lady that wears a cloth Raglan, bound with red braid, to my room to get a squint at the improvement to our American skirt-lifter to pattern from. Can any other conjecture be made? When the lady called, suspicion on her was put, and in consequence she was traced to Mr. T——'s store, on Yonge Street.

"Now, Mr. T——, I would come to the conclusion that

"Your will is made,
Your day is past;
You never more shall rattle;
When you go off, you wont come back

to make any more Yankee skirt-lifters.

"E. R. T——,

"Over Wesleyan Book Room."

This is dreadfully cutting and would seem to indicate feminine authorship, and it is to be hoped the advertiser felt better after it, because this method of relieving one's wounded feelings is almost as expensive as employing a physician.

Here is another of the fair sex, whose sense of wrong found harmless vent in a somewhat similar explosion. She had evidently had the misfortune to sit near some rattle-brained young folk at an entertainment which she had hoped would have proved "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," but which appears to have been sadly marred in her estimation by the clatter of her neighbours' tongues. But let her speak for herself :

"A CARD OF THANKS.

"A lady presents her compliments to those young people who sat almost behind her at the Music Hall last night, and desires to thank them for their very valuable remarks on back hair, ear-rings, soldiers' coats, ear-piercings, &c., &c. In ad-

dition to the originality of their ideas, justice demands a recognition of their sprightliness of manner, fluency of diction, and vigour of voice. Owing to the deep interest (however unwillingly) taken in their utterances, the merriment of the "Merry Wives" was rendered comparatively tame and insipid by contrast.

"Theirs gratefully,

"E. R——."

The sarcasm here is too apparent, and E. R——, we think, will have to try again before she can be said to have mastered that particular style of composition. More progress is manifested in that line by J. E——, who advertised for his melon seeds under somewhat adverse circumstances. This is what he said :

"A Modest Request.—Will the gentleman who stole my melons on last Sabbath night be generous enough to return me a few of the seeds, as the melons are a rare variety?"

"J——. E——."

The phrase "*gentleman* who stole" is decidedly rich.

Here is an advertisement by an unfortunate Benedick, announcing the departure from "bed and board" for the sixth time of his truant wife :—

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"The public are hereby cautioned not to trust, or give credit to, or harbour on my account, my wife E—— J——V——, she having left my bed and board, three children, a comfortable home, and a good, indulgent husband, without any cause or provocation. She is respectfully requested not to come back this time—having been five times away before—without she has made up her mind to be a dutiful and industrious wife.

"J. V——."

On the principle of *audi alteram partem*, one would naturally like to know what Mrs. J. V——, might have to say regarding this "good, indulgent husband," from whom she found it necessary to take leave so often.

Another unfortunate Benedick was made to eat "umble pie" in public in the following fashion. The gray mare in this case had proved the better horse :

"The notice appearing in Thursday's daily *Globe*, as to my not becoming responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, J—— A——, I hereby withdraw the same, being personally to blame.

"JACOB A——."

Here is another, in the satirical vein, from an irate Balloon speculator. It will be best explained by prefacing it with a short extract from the "City News":—

"Balloon Ascension by Professor King.—Yesterday afternoon, the first of a series of balloon ascensions to be made in Canada, by Prof. S. A. King, the celebrated aéronaut, took place on the Toronto Cricket Ground. The number of spectators present on the ground was not so large as might have been expected, as, unfortunately for the promoter of the enterprise, the ascent could be witnessed far and near without any charge. As a consequence, there were five times the number of spectators on the commons on the west of Beverly Street, that there were on the grounds."

This is how the disappointed *entrepreneur* of the aéronaut relieved his feelings:—

"A CARD.—In consequence of the Toronto Cricket Ground being so far from the present centres of attraction, I deem it advisable to withdraw the programme advertised to take place on these grounds to-day, as I do not desire to enjoy a repetition of yesterday's experiences. And could I have exchanged the number of inside spectators for the *thousands* in broughams, waggonettes, phætons, and on foot, enjoying a CHEAP outside view, financially the 'swop' would have been a success, though the exchange would have been silver for SHODDY.

"J. T. K.—"

Poor man! It might have been thought that an enterprising balloonist would have known by experience that, in this mercenary age, few are to be found who will pay for that which they can get for nothing.

Sometimes the printers play havoc with the type, and two advertisements get "mixed" in rather an incongruous fashion. For instance, we have one before us, from which it would seem that clothing for gents and youths is "sold in pint and quart bottles."

In these days of refinement, it is not surprising to learn from an advertisement of certain coal and wood dealers, that "our carters will be found both gentlemanly and obliging."

Here is a man who evidently desires to have the supreme satisfaction of being able to say, "I told you so." He therefore advertises:—

"AN ARITHMETICAL PROPHECY.—The last seven years to commence August 1st, 1878; renewal of Jewish Sacrifices, May 29th, 1879; day of the Consummation, September 13th, 1885."

One can almost picture this arithmetical prophet on that fatal September day, seated on some elevated pinnacle—who knows but that it may be the summit of St. James's cathedral—with the *Mail* newspaper in his hand, pointing to his solemn warning, and perhaps proclaiming with a loud voice to us heedless mortals, when it will be, alas, too late: "Ah! I knew how it would be, I gave you due notice." But if, peradventure, this inexorable world should happily continue to go on in spite of the arrival of the "day of Consummation," the advertiser will hardly think it necessary to remind his readers that his prediction, like scores of others, has proved untrue.

It is somewhat difficult to the uninitiated to understand how a suitable response could be made to the following:—

"WANTED, a respectable person of neat habits, and that has passed 'from death unto life,' otherwise than by outward baptism, as housekeeper, where occasional assistance may be obtained. Address, stating full particulars, F. D., Post Office, Ottery, St. Mary, Devon."

And yet we presume the law of supply and demand proved equal even to that emergency.

We conclude with a warning for the benefit of all bad little boys and girls, clipped from a recent English paper:—

"A WIDOW, a great invalid, wishes to place two of her daughters, aged twelve and thirteen, under the charge of a lady, who would, when necessary, administer the birch rod, as they are extremely troublesome. *Terms liberal.* Address, Mrs. Jno. C. T—, Post Office, B—."

THE ROSE.

BY REV. T. T. JOHNSTON, QUEENSVILLE.

FLORA, the presiding deity over the flowery kingdom, had an attendant goddess once who lived in the woods, and whose virtues were as great as her beauty was remarkable. But Death's cruel shaft strikes the virtuous as well as the vicious, the fair as well as the ill-featured. The poor little dove, stricken by some ruthless hand, quietly folds its tired wing over the arrow that has stricken it, and in the throes of an untimely death patiently waits its happy release. The wounded deer, true to the instincts of its nature, immediately seeks the deep shade of some secluded spot, apart from life and danger, where it may die in solitude. So this woodland nymph was found dead, far away from loved ones in her own sylvan home, and Flora was wild with grief when she heard the sad news. Desirous of doing something to perpetuate the memory of this beloved deity, she appealed to all the gods and goddesses of the universe to help her to change the nymph into an immortal flower, whose perfections would surpass the rest. This would be a monument appropriate to the deceased and to the mourning deity, and lasting as the lives of "nymphs and goddesses yet unknown." In answer to her request the different gifts of the divinities were cheerfully made. As she was moulding the fair flower with every charm and perfection her faultless skill could devise, Cupid, eager through love to have a part in this meritorious work of remembrance, emptied his quiver of the bee-stings which served him as arrows, and adorned the queenly flower with its thorns.

But beautiful though it appeared after its formation was complete, it was still dead to its mission and work. Flora then besought Apollo to give it life, which he did with condescending grace, and Bacchus, the lord of wine, with a rollicking spirit bathed it in the nectar of the gods. Vertumnus, the deity of spring, and Pomona, the goddess of fruit—whom he passionately loved—then came to render gifts as tokens of remembrance.

The one gave the sweetest perfume, and the other caused it to fructify in its season. Flora then completed all by placing on its head a beautiful corona, and in grateful acknowledgment crowned it the queen of the flowery realm. Thus, according to traditionary lore, the white rose adorned the Elysium of the gods.

In process of time man was created; Paradise bloomed; and the lord of creation fell. One of the consequences of that calamitous event, which deluged this fair and faultless world with sin and all our woe, was that the first human pair were driven forth from the garden of Eden to battle with the realities of a sin-cursed world. Shrinking from the presence of their Creator, and filled with the first emotions of shame, our first parents snatched the broad leaves of the fig-tree to cover themselves as they passed along. But when Eve saw the rose blooming so lovely and fair beside their path, she could not refrain from plucking the emblem of the innocence, purity, and immortality which on earth were theirs no longer. A fast hold of it she kept, as the threshold of Eden was crossed for the last time, and the flaming sword burned across the way. Then with a sigh she placed it in her bosom, as the only memento of her bridal home, till she could find out some favoured spot where she could plant it that it might blossom again.

Thus, according to traditionary lore, the snowy rose—the only thing that survived the wreck of Paradise to tell of a brighter to-morrow—was transported into the world. After a while white roses became plentiful and gods and men enjoyed their matchless beauty. On one occasion, Venus, the mother of Love, was completely enamoured with a beautiful young man named Adonis. He was reclining in the midst of a bed of roses, and, full of affection, she ran to meet him. Love is said to be blind and regardless of results, and so she did not see the blooming flowers that wasted their sweet perfume around her beloved. Cupid never dreamed that his mother would ever be so blinded by

passion when he poured out his quiver at the feet of Flora, and his bee-stings were sharp as they stood in array beneath the green leaves and white petals of the roses, so that the blood of the goddess dyed them many a delicate hue of pink and purple.

"On every nodding stem bright roses bloomed,
And scattering petals crimsoned all the ground :
And the rich atmosphere, with sweets perfumed,
Diffused a languid ecstasy around.

"In tints of bright carnation some were dyed,
And others gleamed with golden gorgeousness,
And some in purest white—like a young bride
Peeping timid forth in virgin bashfulness."

And thus, according to traditionary lore, the many-tinted roses beautified the world.

Perhaps it was about this time that "the angel who takes care of the flowers and sprinkles upon them dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring morning in the shade of a rose bush. When he awoke, he said : 'Most beautiful children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odour and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favour, how willingly would I grant it.'

"Adorn me, then, with a new charm,' said the spirit of the rose-bush, in a beseeching tone.

"So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there in its modest attire—the moss rose—the most beautiful of its kind."

Some time afterwards Cupid gave the red rose to his friend Harpocrates, who was the god of silence, and by him it was made the joint emblem of secrecy and love. From this circumstance the custom has arisen of placing a rose over the doors of guest-rooms, to signify an entire freedom of conversation and absolute secrecy afterwards. So when the strife was raging between the houses of York and Lancaster, their secret council-rooms had their emblematic rose painted on the ceiling, intimating that the members were *sub rosa*, and by this observance that feud was called the "War of the Roses."

But interesting as the legends of the rose may be, its moral teachings are far more profitable. It instructs us in the duties of life, and occupies a well-humbed page in the compendious book of Nature. It speaks of a virtuous, faultless character, bathed in the highest and purest love for all around. And in telling us of faults that are as thorns to wound the affections of others, it would re-

mind us to hide them beneath the rosy petals of a fragrant life—loving our neighbour as we love ourselves.

"Live like the rose ; so bud, so bloom,
In growing beauty live ;
So sweeten life with rich perfume
That gentle actions give."

Yet all flowers bloom to fade, and earthly blossoms wither. The lovely petals soon fall to the earth, and the emblem of purity, secrecy, and love soon breathes out its sweetest perfume in death. Has it then lived in vain? The meteor all aglow with borrowed light lives brightly for a moment and then suddenly dies out in the spacious darkness. Dies the rose unread and unknown as that erratic child of the sky? Let the parable of Krummacher answer :—

"'It is a pity,' said a youth to his father, 'that the rose, when her flowers are faded, does not produce sweet fruit, and thus express her thanks to Nature in the summer for the beautiful season of her bloom in spring. Thou callest her the flower of innocence and joy ; ought she not then to be the image of gratitude also?'

"And does she not then offer all her loveliness,' replied the father, 'to beautify the spring, the darling child of Nature? For the dews and the sunbeams which fall upon her from above, does she not render to the air her delicate fragrance? Born for the spring, she dies with it ; and believe me, dear child, a delicate and unobtrusive gratitude is the most beautiful of all. And how is it possible for innocence to be unthankful?'

"Die like the rose ; that when thou'rt gone,
Sweet happy thoughts of thee,
Like fragrant rose-leaves, may be strown
Upon thy memory."

Thus the rose, in life, is a teacher of *mortality*, but in death it speaks of *mortality*.

Solomon was a botanist, and he wrote about roses. To the west of his palatial home, in that fertile valley extending between Cæsarea and Joppa, they bloomed to perfection. Their fragrance was exquisite ; their bell-shaped flowers were faultless ; and their colours rivalled the tints of the rainbow. He found none in his researches to surpass the queen of the flowery kingdom, and, in his pastoral dialogue between the Messiah and the redeemed, he represents the Spouse as saying in his grace and beauty—"I am the Rose of Sharon."

“And in the whole wide world that Rose shall bloom,
Beauteous beyond compare, I know full well ;
A rainbow in the darkness of earth's doom
Art thou, O lovely Rose, Emanuel.”

But when the days of the beauty of the Sharonic rose were over, and the lessons of morality taught, then, as it took up the subject of mortality, its leaves circled round the dry and crispy blossoms like the wrapping of a shroud around the lifeless marble mould. Little by little the supporting stalk withered away, and the flower became changed into a faded ball. Then, loosened by the summer's stormy blast, the angry breeze took it up and sported with it over the plain at its will. But when the strength of the tempest was exhausted, there, down in the quiet shades of the valley, the breeze, dying away to the faintest zephyr, sighed a mournful dirge as it gently laid it at rest. Thus endeth the second lesson of the rose of Sharon.

The last that it teaches is the best of all. The little shrivelled ball carried the seeds of another life in its bosom. Morality, mortality, and immortality, these three, but the greatest of these is the power of an endless life.

“Roses bloom
In the desert tomb,
Because the Saviour once lay there.”

Soon the seeds germinated, and as lovely a flower bloomed beside the lilies of the valley as ever shed its fragrance over the plains of Sharon. The Jews called the rose an emblem of the resurrection, and venerated it for the precepts it taught. What a pity they did not believe that the Rose of Sharon was the one altogether lovely, the resurrection and the life! They lost half of the lessons it teaches to us, but let us have a care lest we, too, in our blindness, lose the end to be gained, and have the rose to blossom and die in vain.

LA ROSE DE SHARON.

Je suis la rose de Sharon,
Et le lis ornant les vallées.
Comme est du lis le blanc fleuron
Parmi les ronces désolées,
De même est mon amour, brillant comme le ciel,
Près de l'amour chétif des filles d'Israël.

Comme le pommier se remarque
Parmi les arbres des forêts,
Mon bien-aimé comme un monarque
Eclipse tout par ses attraits.

Je m'étendis sous son ombrage,
Et je sentis son fascinage ;
Ma bouche garde avec bonheur
De son fruit la douce saveur.

Vers la salle aux banquets mon bien-aimé me mène ;
Son amour m'appartient, et sa gloire est la mienne.

Hamilton.

Apportez-moi vos senteurs
Pour rappeler mes couleurs ;
Donnez-moi des pommes mûres
Pour supporter mes blessures ;
Car d'amour mon cœur languit,
Et sous son faix il fléchit.

De sa main gauche en sa tendresse
Il tient ma tête avec bonheur,
Et de sa main droite il me presse
D'une étreinte pleine d'ardeur.

Je suis la rose de Sharon,
Et le lis ornant les vallées.
Comme est du lis le blanc fleuron
Parmi les ronces désolées,

De même est mon amour, brillant comme le ciel,
Près de l'amour chétif des filles d'Israël.

JULES FOSSIER.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES AND THE BEST MEANS OF IMPROVING THEM.*

I.

BY THOMAS DAVISON, TORONTO.

MOTTO.—“*To make the Mechanic a better Man ; the Man, a better Mechanic.*”

To the President and Executive Committee of the Mechanics' Institute Association of Ontario.

I PRESUME that the Executive Committee of your Association, in offering prizes for the best Essays on “Mechanics' Institutes, and How to make them more Attractive to Mechanics,” had in view the interests of all working-men, whether engaged in mechanical pursuits or not; therefore, the few suggestions I make will be directed towards the general good, without distinction of class.

In order to bring the matter clearly before us, we will imagine a town or village without a Mechanics' Institute or other Literary Association, and proceed to discuss the best method of establishing one, floating it off on the tide of public favour; and, secondly, the objects it should aim to achieve.

Whilst the interests and peculiar wants of working-men should be jealously guarded in forming a constitution and by-laws, care should be taken not to alienate the mercantile or professional classes, from whom all Institutes in this country receive the greatest support. Without going into details for the present, it will, I think, be found best to have the Board of Direction composed of twelve (12) members, namely, President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and nine (9) ordinary Directors. In places where a perma-

nent paid Secretary and Librarian is too great a tax on the resources of the Institute, and the office is honorary, that officer should have a seat at the Board. The composition of the Board should be six employers and six employees, regardless of occupation. In cities where there are an unlimited number engaged in mechanical pursuits to draw upon, half the Board is sometimes restricted to that class. In country towns, however, no small share of the members are to be found amongst the agricultural class, and for that reason they should have the fullest opportunity of being represented. Having formed the Board, obtained a sufficient number of subscribers to ensure success, and having secured a suitable building, we now proceed to furnish the Institute with a

LIBRARY.

It is an unfortunate fact that the public taste inclines to “fiction”—a taste that must be met by a judicious selection, the greatest care being taken to exclude anything approaching to what is known as the “yellow cover” style. The works of men like Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Lytton, and many others, are now admitted by the most eminent clergymen to have a tendency to do good. History is perhaps the next section of the library that will demand attention. Next, books of travels and voyages. Scientific works should form an important feature in every library. It is to be regretted that whilst, as a rule, they are costly, they are but seldom read. There are, however, cheap editions of the most popular works to be had, sufficient to train and stimulate the artizan to further researches. Donations to this section may be readily had, if the Directors will make their wants known. All books of great

* [The Mechanics' Institute Association of Ontario some time ago offered two prizes, of \$40 and \$20 respectively, for the best and second-best Essays on “Mechanics' Institutes and the best means of Improving them.” Fifteen compositions were sent in, and the majority of the judges awarded the first prize to this Essay, by Mr. Thomas Davison, and the second prize to the following one, by Mr. Richard Lewis.—Ed. C. M.]

value, whether by reason of their cost or their rarity, should be classed as works of reference, and only allowed to leave the library under certain restrictions. When your library is completed and opened to the public, it should contain the following sections—1. History and Biography. 2. Science and Art. 3. Voyages and Travels. 4. Fiction. 5. Poetry. And 6. Miscellaneous. In numbering the books, sometimes each class is designated by number and letter, as A 21, History; B 110, Science, &c. The letter and number together sometimes leads to confusion in the entries. If you make History run from No. 1 to 200, Science 200 to 400, and so on in proportion, you will save any possibility of error through duplication, and, at the same time, will more readily enable you to know what class a book belongs to without reference to the catalogue. The duty of recording the issues, whilst of the simplest character, is often neglected. The Directors, as custodians of the members' property, should see that it is properly attended to. An excellent plan was published by your Association some time ago, well adapted to all towns and villages. Another plan is to enter the book to the member the same as one would enter a sale of merchandize in a day-book, then posting it into the member's account in the ledger. The methods are almost as different and as numerous as the libraries. Having fully sketched the necessities and requirements of the library, we will next proceed to furnish the

READING-ROOM.

The first and most desirable newspapers are local, next Canadian, next English, then the United States journals. As you will not be able to furnish each reader with a paper, it will be found well to have the most prominent papers placed on a shelf running round the room, filed, and raised so high that a person can comfortably stand to read. By this means two can often peruse at the same time, and besides, having to stand, the tendency so often displayed by some avaricious members to monopolize the paper for hours is checked. Papers not in much demand, and such magazines as you may take, can be placed on the table, to which there ought to be comfortable chairs. The whole room should be made as cheerful and comfortable as a private parlour.

Don't be afraid of paint and whitewash. Coal oil and gas are cheap: have the place well lighted, and, above all, have it properly heated and ventilated. Make the place so nice that its comforts will excel those of the saloons and taverns. Members ought to be invited to place such papers as they personally receive, after using them at home, on the table; and as nearly every one takes a Magazine or Journal of some sort, you can by this means make the cost of your reading room comparatively small.

The "Reading-Room" and "Library" at present constitute the sum of the attractions in most Institutes, but I think another should be added—namely, a

CONVERSATION-ROOM.

While the reading-room and library possess attractions for the student, there are a large class to whom any lengthened study after a hard day's manual labour is anything but enticing. This class resort often to saloons and taverns almost from sheer necessity, as an asylum from the cold charities of a boarding-house. What was done originally to while away an hour becomes a fixed habit, with its usual attendant—intemperance. Whatever can be done to provide rational amusement, even if not combined with instruction, is a benefit to the working-classes; and it is here where Mechanics' Institutes have an hitherto unbroken field on which to sow good seed. By all means, then, provide a "Conversation Room" separate from the "Reading Room." Leave it to the vote of the members whether smoking shall or shall not be allowed; if it is, I think it will be all the better. Introduce harmless but interesting games, such as Chess, Drafts, Dominoes, &c., and if your funds will permit, a bagatelle table, or even a billiard table. In this room the members will become acquainted with each other, and besides the ordinary chit-chat of the day, discussions of an ordinary character will often arise, in which, started by two or three, the whole company will be drawn in. If your room is large enough, have a horizontal bar, swing, or other gymnastic apparatus for the enervated Dry-goods or Bank Clerk to strengthen his muscle. Have the room as large as your means will afford; it need not necessarily be expensively ornamented.

Presuming you have your library, reading and conversation rooms fitted up, try and

interest your lady friends to furnish you a few pictures and flowers for their ornamentation.

If your means will permit, devote another room as the nucleus of a museum and model room. Most of your members can contribute something—old coins, manuscripts, models of art and machinery, &c. In a little while you will find you have actually a museum worthy of the name.

MANAGEMENT.

In the executive management it is imperative that you should have men whose heart is in the work. I would rather see a plodding, earnest, hard-working President than a brilliant man of position who neglected his duties, and thought he honoured the position instead of the position honouring him. Let all your Board be earnest, and not feel that because the responsibility of the management is divided amongst a number, they are not called upon for individual effort.

It will be found an advantage to form the following Committees:—1st, Finance; 2nd, Library; 3rd, Classes; 4th, Lectures and Entertainments. As to their duties, it will be for the FINANCE COMMITTEE to look closely after the receipts and expenditures; to fix the rate of subscription, so as to make the Institute self-supporting, when aided by the Government Grant. The moment you get behind in your payments you will begin to flag. Books cannot be bought as readily on credit as for cash. In fact, it will be like any mercantile business—credits will have to be paid for. The Finance Committee should also see to the proper repairs of the building, and letting of rooms, if there are any. For these reasons it is well to have one member conversant with financial matters, and one mechanic acquainted with building.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE.

The duty of this Committee will be to select the books, to see that they are properly used, not abused, and to generally supervise the library. It is hardly necessary to say that in a thoroughly non-sectarian Association the greatest care must be taken to exclude anything of a character likely to offend the prejudices or belief of any member. I do not say, however, that the Board should deny shelf-room to religious works

of a controversial character, when presented to the Institute.

CLASS COMMITTEE.

The work of this Committee will depend largely on the population of the town or village in which the Institute is located. I can hardly imagine, however, a place so sparsely populated but that one or more classes could be successfully formed. In our country there are a large number who in the land they left, either from poverty, providence, or neglect, have grown up in a state of ignorance, but who, coming to Canada, and succeeding in their occupations, feel sadly the need of more learning. I think that it should be the duty of the Government and Municipalities to provide for adult education; but until that is done—if ever it is—Mechanics' Institutes must supply the want. The classes most desirable are—1st, Writing; 2nd, Spelling; 3rd, Grammar and Arithmetic; 4th, Architectural, Mechanical, and Ornamental Drawing; and the study of telegraphy and phonography, in this progressive age, are also well worthy of attention.

Should the number of pupils warrant it, these subjects might be taken up separately. Two lessons a week, of one and a half hour's duration, will be found quite as much as the majority of pupils can do justice to. In distributing rewards for proficiency, punctuality should not be overlooked. It is no slight sacrifice for a youth to give up all amusements and devote himself to culturing his mind, whilst his companions are disporting themselves.

LECTURES AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

In these days, when sensational entertainments are all the rage, a Lecture Committee has up-hill work. Still there is no reason why they should not succeed in providing the public with instructive entertainment, even if the financial result is not always what may be desired. In every town you have a doctor, a clergyman, a lawyer, and an editor. Secure the services of these four gentlemen, and you have "a course," even if you fail in getting others. Unless, however, your town is very small, there is no reason why you should be restricted to those gentlemen I have named for the sake of illustration. To secure the support of all classes and creeds I would recommend the

formation of an Auxiliary Committee, some of whom should be ladies. Let your lectures be preceded and followed by some cheerful vocal or instrumental music and select readings. This will make your entertainment pleasing to all, and the number participating in the performance will tend to popularize it and bring in the money which no Lecture Committee pretends to despise. I would strongly urge the appointment of some ladies on this Committee. Where the conversation room is sufficiently large, it might be used for these lectures, thereby saving the rent of a hall, which may be away from the Institute.

In conclusion, permit me to make a few GENERAL REMARKS. The non-success of most Literary Associations is—first, bad

management; second, want of means. If directors and members will work together with a will, there is no reason why either should prevail. Institutes are for the public good, irrespective of creed, class, or colour, and only require a proper representation of their claims to meet with the hearty support of every right-thinking citizen. It is often the only Institution in the town that attempts to counteract the baneful effects of the drinking saloons. From every pulpit (it would not be too much to say) its claims should be urged. Let, then, any community who may have, or intend to have, an Institute, see that it does not halt, but go steadily forward, progressing with the population, and fulfilling the duties of a public educator and public benefactor.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES, AND THE BEST MEANS OF IMPROVING THEM.

II.

BY RICHARD LEWIS, TORONTO.

MOTTO.—“*To make the Man a better Mechanic, and the Mechanic a better Man.*”

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES form an important element in the development of popular education. They are associated with the history and progress of National and of Sabbath Schools, and their claims upon public benevolence and philanthropy arose almost simultaneously with those great institutions which, in their splendid results, are now regarded as the great necessities of civil society and the Church. When National Schools for the education of the youth of the country were claiming the sympathies of the philanthropist and the statesman, the friends of the adult population urged the pressing necessity of supplying them with the means of instruction. While the common schools, open to the poorest, were established to arrest future ignorance and all its evils, it was urged that multitudes who had never received the advantages

of early culture were hungering and thirsting for knowledge—suffering all the consequences of neglected education—ripe for vice or crime or any form of lawlessness, because they were destitute of common knowledge, and because man is never satisfied to exist in a state of ignorance and mental darkness—ripe for intellectual improvement and for advancement to a higher state of social life. Deeply impressed with these views, able and benevolent men, at the head of whom stood the great Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck, urged the necessity for establishing night institutions for the education of the working-classes in the useful branches of elementary knowledge, and for their instruction in science by means of popular lectures, and their entertainment by means of public reading rooms. The idea was novel, striking, and reasonable,

and at once commended itself to the good sense and generosity of the wealthier classes. Mechanics' Institutes sprung up in every part of the country, and were liberally supported by all ranks: the rich contributed their wealth, and gave their influence and their co-operation to manage the affairs of the Institutes; and the classes for whom they were especially designed did not show themselves ungrateful or unworthy of the interest and the generous efforts made in their behalf. For many years the classes were crowded with faithful and zealous students, and the lecture rooms were the favourite resort of all classes, and formed a bond of social reunion between ranks of society too widely separated by the accidents of fortune and position. If the history of Mechanics' Institutes were written, it would present very satisfactory evidence that the benevolent designs of their founders were most successfully accomplished. In very many instances, and especially in the towns and cities of manufacturing districts, not only were the Institutes flourishing, but the instruction was sound and useful, and the lectures were frequently of a very high character. The ablest literary talent of the country was engaged,* and the subjects were of a thoroughly practical and elevating character. The spasmodic system of single lectures, now so prevalent on this continent, did not then prevail; but courses of six, eight, or twelve lectures were given on a scientific topic, embracing all its leading points, with ample illustrations and apparatus when necessary. These lectures were generally distinguished for their simplicity, fulness and appropriateness, and could not fail to be the means of diffusing a great amount of useful knowledge throughout the country, and amongst all classes of the community, but chiefly that class for whom they were especially intended. But apart from this issue, a still higher result followed in the cultivation of scientific and artistic and literary tastes. No one could listen to the popular analysis of the steam engine by Dr. Lardner; or the delightful discourses of the unfortunate

Haydon on painting, and art, and the Elgin marbles; or the interesting histories of animal nature by Professor Owen; or the fascinating histories of music and the old madrigals, with the charming illustrations of voice and instrument, by Professor Taylor, of Gresham College, and a host of other splendid lectures by equally able lecturers, all open to the members of the Institutes, without being edified, instructed, and refined. These were moral and intellectual advantages associated with this feature of the Mechanics' Institutes of thirty years ago of which we can have but a dim conception now. The enthusiasm with which they were then supported secured for their success the services of the highest cultivated minds in literature, art, and science; and while that order of talent was engaged in the work of popular adult education, the classes and the lecture halls were crowded, and the libraries were filled with books in harmony with the pursuits and the tastes stimulated and sustained by the lectures.

A great change has marked the history of Mechanics' Institutes during the last twenty years. The lecture platform has ceased to be occupied by the best literary and scientific talent of the countries in which these Institutes exist, and in too many instances the lectures have been made to pander to low tastes and emotions, with no reference to the elevation of the masses or the instruction of the members. It has been asserted that the working-men found the subjects too dry, and deserted the lecture hall because they had no desire for scientific or literary culture of a solid and high character; and it has been said that the conviction is gaining ground that adult education is a hopeless task. With reference to the failure of the popular lectures, it is quite possible that the indifference lay as much on the side of the lecturers and the wealthier classes whose munificence, while it lasted, kept the Institutes in successful action. Many of the lecturers gave their services gratuitously, while the enthusiasm associated with a new and popular movement prevailed; and under the pressure of that enthusiasm gave their best efforts to make the lectures interesting, clear, and instructive; and when the lecturers were paid for their services, the temporary liberality of the wealthy patrons of the Institutes removed all financial difficulties. Even at the present day,

* The writer has had the privilege, as a member of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institute, of hearing courses of lectures by Dr. Lardner, Professor Owen, Haydon the painter, George Thompson, Sheridan Knowles, Dr. Epps, Professor Wallis, Hemming, John Wilson the Scotch vocalist, and many others of equal eminence.

when the lecture is sensational and the lecturer popular, the cost often exceeds the receipts; and when the lectures were of a higher order and spread over a term, it is more than probable that they failed because the moneyed supporters failed in their donations, and the qualified lecturers failed in their zeal when their lectures were gratuitous.

There are, however, no grounds for believing that adult education is a hopeless task. On this continent and in this Province there are abundant evidences of adults learning mechanical and agricultural pursuits, and entering upon a course of long and arduous study with eminent success; and in England and France, where the education has been adapted to their special necessities—the direct technical culture of workmen—they are at this hour crowding the class-rooms and pursuing their studies with all the ardour of professional students.

THE WORK OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

The work of the Mechanics' Institute is the education of adults—of all who have passed out of the common school into the workshop, or the business of life, whatever it may be, and whose education is defective in the pursuits they are following. In its lowest aspect it is designed to supply the deficiencies of early education; but in its highest and widest application it may legitimately aspire to the highest technical culture of the industrial classes in their special occupations, and their general culture in all that enlarges and refines the mind, and fits them to be useful members of society, and to enjoy all the intellectual resources of which their nature is capable. The importance of this special education has been recognised by most of the civilized Governments of the world. The general education of the youth of a country is admitted to be a State necessity—an imperative obligation for securing rational obedience to the laws, respect for all just authority, the safety of public liberty, and the advancement of civilization. But the technical education of the industrial classes—the education of the agriculturalist in science, and of the mechanic in art—has special objects and methods which cannot be introduced into any system of common-school education. Whatever it may exclude, it must embrace all those studies which have relation with the manu-

factures and productive arts of a country. Statesmen and politicians may suggest forms of legislation for the encouragement of native industry; but in the markets of the world, the produce of manufacturing and agricultural labour must always finally rest their claims to preference on their superiority and intrinsic value. Even manufactures native to the soil, if dependent for their development on the patronage and protection of the Government, will never advance beyond a certain point of excellence, and will inevitably depreciate in value, unless by the skill of the producer they are able, by their superior finish and appropriateness, to compete with the products of the outside world.

The great Exhibitions of Arts and Manufactures which, since 1851, have been held in the chief cities of the world, have been the means of showing the importance of this technical education, especially in industrial drawing, to the artizan class; and as these Exhibitions have given indubitable evidence that nothing but the superior education of the producer, in his special pursuits, can advance art manufactures, the leading countries of the world are making great and liberal efforts to educate the operative manufacturer in the specialties of his work.

Professor Ware, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says: "At the Universal Exhibition of 1851, England found herself, by general consent, almost at the bottom of the list among all the countries of the world in respect to her art manufactures. Only the United States among the great nations stood below her. The first result of this discovery was the establishment of Schools of Art in every large town. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867—that is, after the experience of only sixteen years—England stood among the foremost, and in some branches of manufacture distanced the most artistic nations. It was the Schools of Art and the great collection of works of industrial art at the South Kensington Museum that accomplished this result. The United States still held her place at the bottom of the column."

"The report of the French Imperial Commissioner upon technical instruction, says: 'In some countries, as in Wurtemberg and Bavaria, (Nuremberg,) drawing is the special object of the schools; and the impulse it has given to all the industries requiring that art is sufficiently striking, and so generally recognised as to render evident the usefulness and necessity of this branch of instruction. A glance at the

immense variety of children's toys with which Nuremberg supplies the whole world, will suffice to show the progress due to this diffusion of the art of drawing. The very smallest figures, whether men or animals, are all produced with almost artistic forms; and yet all these articles are made in the cottages of the mountainous districts of the country. They find employment for the whole population, from children of tender age, as soon as they can handle a knife, to their parents; and this home manufacture, which does not interfere with field work, contributes greatly to the prosperity of a country naturally poor and sterile.' It has recently been said, by one who ought to know whereof he asserts, that some of the great failures which have recently occurred among manufacturers are largely or wholly due to the fact that the companies have been obliged, of late, to sell their goods below cost because of inferiority in design. Other companies manufacturing the same kind of goods, but of superior design, find no difficulty in disposing of all the goods they can produce, and at a large profit.

"A writer in a recent educational journal, in answer to the question why there is such an interest in art education, says: 'It is because the great Industrial Exhibitions of the world, from the first one at London in 1851, to the last at Vienna, show, beyond a scintilla of doubt, that such an education is a leading factor of national prosperity. Because a large class of American manufacturers have discovered that under the levelling influence of steam transportation and telegraphy, they must be completely driven from even the home market, unless they can carry to that market in the future more beautiful products than hitherto. Indeed, nothing is so saleable as beauty. Because American artisans are learning the more artistic work they can do, the better the wages they can command; that, in truth, there is hardly any limit to such increase. Because they further find, in all varieties of building construction, that a knowledge only sufficient to enable them to interpret the working-drawing placed in their hands (and nearly everything is now made from a drawing), will add one-third to their daily wages.'"

IMPROVEMENT OF EXISTING ORGANIZATIONS.

In the meantime, however, we are bound to carry out as we best may the twofold objects of the Mechanics' Institutes as they exist and are organized. We have no central Model School of Art like that of South Kensington, and we have an industrial population whose intellectual necessities and appetites must be satisfied and gratified. The Institutes of the Province have at present a most irregular and anomalous aspect and

organization. In many instances great and sometimes successful efforts have been made to raise them to their legitimate uses. Classes for the instruction of adults have been formed, made to introduce science and art studies. In many Institutes classes for elementary instruction to meet the deficiency of early education have been successfully formed, and occasionally lectures of a scientific character have been delivered. The efforts of the Association formed for the affiliation of Mechanics' Institutes are awakening a deeper interest in the work of such Institutes, and a truer conception of their ultimate design, and that Association, if judiciously directed, will, no doubt, offer the bases of all our future labours in developing and advancing industrial education. But in most instances the Institutes of the Province as they stand are simply night schools to supply the deficiencies of early education in the commonest rudiments of knowledge, or in such subjects as students require who are anxious to escape the drudgery and social degradation which they associate with mechanical or agricultural labour, for the more ostentatious and respected, if not respectable, positions opened to them in commercial life; or they are simply resorts for intellectual pastime and entertainment.

IMPORTANCE OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

It would be a most unwise and unjust policy, in our efforts for the improvement of these Institutes, to divest them of their popular character. While the ultimate purpose of the Institute is to be kept in view—the technological education of the industrial classes—a very large proportion of that class will rise amongst us wanting in the commonest elementary education; and policy as well as philanthropy demands that we should secure for those classes the best elementary education in our power. Every argument that can be advanced in support of a national system of education for the youth of the country, holds with equal force in behalf of the education of the working masses. They form the dangerous classes of every community while they are ignorant, and in the aspect of their mental helplessness they appeal to the sympathies and benevolence of all educated men and women. With them the great peril is a moral

one, that while they are shut out from participating in the enjoyments and pursuits which knowledge offers to its possessors, they naturally desire mental action and excitement, and find their gratification in low pursuits and dangerous vices. The purpose of our system of education is to supply the necessary education, but it will be a long period before the system we have inaugurated shall meet all the defects of past neglect; and however successful and widespread that system may be, as a country whose population must grow out of immigration, we shall still be subject to the deluge of European ignorance. In this view, elementary instruction for adults becomes an object of national importance, and Mechanics' Institutes, whether in that or higher education, have as strong a claim upon the support of the country as Universities, High or Public Schools.

NATURE OF THE STUDIES IN THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

The really essential subjects of instruction in classes for adults are few. These subjects are—(1) READING and SPELLING; (2) ARITHMETIC; (3) PENMANSHIP. In the arrangement of these studies, a system of grading like that adopted in the best class of Public Schools should be established. Throughout the land, in city and rural districts, there will exist a large class scarcely able to read or write, or make the simplest calculations. Amongst this class there will be found many obstacles to study—a false shame, or an utter indifference, or a disposition to magnify the difficulties or undervalue the importance of the studies under consideration. We make great efforts to secure scholars for the ragged and the Sabbath schools; and the necessity for pressing adult ignorance, especially when it is full of the life and energy and restlessness of youth, into our evening classes is equally great. The most ignorant—those who cannot read at all, or write their own names—ought to find the evening classes ready to help their necessities, and to give the help in the best and kindest spirit. While every inducement should be offered to lead the ignorant to enter on to the path of improvement, every objection or obstacle likely to discourage the beginner ought to be removed. In all cases the teacher, whether a paid or a voluntary agent in the good work, ought to exercise

patience and gentleness and firmness. It is always unwise to allow boys and girls to associate in the classes with adults. In the adult, there is the consciousness of ignorance and sensitiveness to ridicule or impertinence, and in the young a disposition to exercise these powers. One means of inducing the most ignorant class to pursue these studies would be that of reading to them selections full of interest and beauty, but simple and equal to their comprehension, to show them what delights the faculty of reading would open up to them, and how much they were losing by its want. Thus, too, in the study of arithmetic, while head and hand practice should predominate, and theory be disregarded, yet purely mental exercises suited to the understanding, but not in any respect childish, ought to be mingled with the regular practice. It would add also to the charms and attractions of study if the teacher would sometimes throw aside all books, and give in the most familiar style a popular lesson in popular geography or astronomy, and by a mere statement of interesting facts connected with the one, or marvellous wonders discovered in the other, excite attention and inquiry; while the practice might be varied by an occasional lecture on "Common Things," and the philosophy of "Common Life." While these arrangements have reference to the grading and instruction of the lowest class of students, the curriculum must embrace that class which has not been altogether neglected, which possesses some knowledge of elementary subjects, aspires to higher attainments, and by previous culture is prepared to pursue them. A second grading in reading would have reference to delivery, expression, the power of uttering literary composition with the distinct articulations and scientific inflections of the elocutionist; and arithmetic would be expanded into a science, embracing a knowledge of Fractions and Ratio, and their application to science and commerce—popular mathematics—*i.e.* elementary algebra and geometry and mensuration. Again, instruction in plain book-keeping is necessary, especially when females attend the classes—and their attendance ought to be contemplated in all evening classes. But here the instruction should be simple, and aim at nothing higher than facility in keeping the details of common life, and in the case of females, of household expenditure. The elaborate systems of book-keeping em-

braced by the commercial colleges are not necessary to the education of mechanics. They are intended to make the professional book-keepers; and as the object of the students who desire the higher course is to escape from mechanical toil, Mechanics' Institutes are not justified in devoting their time or spending their funds to aid such aspirations. The elementary and necessary book-keeping suggested may easily accompany the arithmetic studies, and by complementing them and penmanship, be of service to both studies. Equal, however, in importance with reading and spelling, and closely associated with them, must be classed the studies of grammar and composition. A popular study of grammar, which secures to the pupil as much knowledge of the subject as will enable him to parse and analyze common sentences with facility, and understand and practise in composition the essential rules of syntax, would not only offer exercises highly valuable for their intellectual discipline, for the knowledge of language and the relations and logic of thought cultivated by them—most important for the development of mental power, but absolutely necessary for understanding and enjoying the higher order of literature, with all its elevating and refining influences. Further than this, it must always be considered that as mechanical education means something beyond a mere knowledge of the material principles of art and science—should, in fact, aim at and embrace refinement of taste and development of imagination, the influence of all high-class literature—it is really necessary to the mental culture of the artisan, if we are to aspire to that excellence in mechanical industry which will add beauty and gracefulness to usefulness and completeness of work. The practice of composition should always commence with and accompany the study of grammar. The mere study of the latter subject, the knowledge of the parts of speech exhibited in parsing and analyzing a sentence, offers an exercise as valuable in its logical and intellectual bearings as the study of arithmetic, to students who will never enter into the study of true logic or classics. But the *uses* of language in the expression and the cultivation of correct habits of thought can only be secured by practical composition. The practice need, however, never be very comprehensive, and should rarely go beyond

what is necessary for the daily life of the mechanic. When once that power is acquired, native talent will prompt to higher efforts, and if the student have special gifts and tendencies in the direction of literature, the elementary start he has secured will be enough to help him to higher triumphs. Elaborate themes on subjects far beyond the knowledge and experience of beginners should have no place in primary education; while the exercise of composition on familiar topics may be introduced in the commencement of the grammatical studies, and should never be separated from them nor neglected.

TEACHERS, PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR.

The organization for this elementary instruction cannot be effective without the aid and the superintendence of the professional teacher. His skill in directing the studies, in classification and methods of teaching, is indispensable to the success of the night classes. When the pupils are numerous, however, and the attainments varied, requiring separate classification, and the funds of the Institute not ample, the *voluntary aid* of benevolent and qualified instructors might be secured. Every educated person could not give money to secure professional assistance, but every educated person could assist in the elements of instruction required for adult education. There is some analogy between the claims of the night classes of the Mechanics' Institute and those of the Sabbath School. Both are established to supply knowledge, to remove ignorance, to advance virtue and truth, and especially to provide instruction to those whose circumstances would, without such help, leave them destitute of any culture. The duties of the Sabbath School have higher objects in view, it is true; but in a mere temporal point of view the education of the working classes in the Mechanics' Institute is quite as important in its moral aspect as that of the pupils of the Sabbath School, and presses with equal force on the *benevolence of qualified voluntary teachers*. In the absence of paid professional teachers, arrangements might be made of the following kind wherever voluntary aid could be secured: One night in the week might be given to each of the important subjects, Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, and, if possible Free-hand Drawing. Four teachers

could undertake the instruction of the classes, and thus each teacher would only be required to devote one night a week to the duty. If a superintendent, as in the Sabbath School, were appointed, the machinery for carrying on the evening classes would be as complete for action as that of the Sabbath School. If such an arrangement were made, it would be of the first importance to act on a well-prescribed system—to have a programme of duties prepared for a session—to have monthly examinations, not for exhibition, but for testing progress. If a professional teacher could not be secured to act as superintendent, and to lay out the best plan for operations, the next best course for the managers would be to consult the School Inspector of the district, and secure his advice and assistance in drawing up the plan for forming and conducting the classes. It has been one great cause of failure in the conducting of these evening classes hitherto, that there has been no well-organized and uniform method, as we have now in our public schools, where uniformity of action could combine with uniformity of purpose, and thus lead to the best results of harmonious instruction. In the method suggested, only four nights in the week are allotted for instruction in classes. The fifth night would thus be left for miscellaneous subjects. Amongst these miscellaneous subjects might be included lessons in history, geography, and subjects of a similar kind, which are best taught in the form of familiar lectures. Completeness and depth would not be necessary in this instruction. To awaken interest in these subjects, to suggest modes of study and books to be read for wider knowledge, would be the chief object, and the clergyman, the lawyer, the doctor, or the school-teacher could all in turn be enlisted to serve in so good and useful a work.

Before concluding this subject of elementary classes, it may be useful to ascertain what is done now in this regard in our own Province. According to the Report on Mechanics' Institutes for 1874, it appears that out of thirty-seven Institutes in affiliation with the Association, sixteen had evening classes and twenty-one had none. The cost of these sixteen classes amounted to \$2,709, and the receipts probably about \$1,500; so that the net expense of instruction would not exceed \$1,200. The expenditure is inevitable,

and the more efficient we desire to make the classes, the higher ought that expenditure be. It is judicious to make a small charge for the education to adults. But when the duty is so imperative; when the cost of ignorance is so immeasurably greater than of education; public policy as well as philanthropy not only justifies this cost, but a far heavier one, to be supplied out of the public treasury, if we would make the Mechanics' Institute what in reality it should be—a College for the Industrial Classes. The teaching power and the machinery for instruction are totally inadequate to the great end in view. While for merely moral and social ends the education of adults presses with as strong claims upon the liberality of the country as that of youth, art ought to have as adequate aid; its importance to commerce and manufactures and agriculture—the certainty that an educated industrial class would enrich the country by its superiority of workmanship and the higher moral principle governing it—this would justify and repay the costliest expenditure on adult education. We need capacious class-rooms; we need apparatus and educational diagrams; but above all we need the very soul of effective instruction, skilled and educated teachers. The Institutes are now doing the best they can under the circumstances; but they cannot, with their present meagre means, their chief dependence on private benevolence and the small subscriptions of their members, ever accomplish the great work apportioned to them. To raise them to the height of their important duties they must receive the grants of the nation in the same spirit of liberality and justice as it now supports its other educational institutions; and the Government, exacting the condition that the classes it supported should be placed under professional inspection, would secure a methodical and progressive and competent system of instruction.

THE READING-ROOM, LIBRARY, AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

It is by a combination of attractions and duties that the Mechanics' Institutes can be best made to succeed. The earnest student, conscious of his intellectual defects and deeply anxious to remove them by zealous and patient study, will offer no difficulty. He comes as the humble disciple to the feet of his Gamaliel for instruction, and needs

neither prize nor spur to attain his purpose. But there is another class, in moral aspect the more important class, that we must allure from low and sensual pursuits to the studies of the night classes. It is the ignorant and indifferent—the class that in cities and villages and rural districts give the greatest trouble, because, destitute of all intellectual tastes, weak in moral principle, yet strong in animal energies and passions, they must have occupation, and when freed from the labours of their daily life, they find their excitement and a relief to their passions in lawless disorder, intemperance, and even violence. If they are able to read, the reading-room and library must exist and be made attractive. Then the literature must be varied as the tastes of the classes to be considered and the funds will allow. We are now regarding the mental necessities of the class destitute of reading tastes and habits. It is vain to press the solid literature of science or philosophy or history upon them. We must excite and gratify their imagination as the most accessible faculty of their natures. Healthy and innocent, but attractive fiction and poetry must be amply provided; for it is better they should read fiction, or what is termed light literature, than read nothing. Indeed it is so important, and yet so difficult, to establish the habit of reading anything in minds never accustomed to any study, that special lectures, explanatory of the leading works of fiction, illustrated by reading extracts in the best dramatic style of impersonating and realizing the character and creation of fiction, would greatly aid the object in view. Of course, if such illustration could be given with the best elocutionary effect, the influence would be stronger; but the fictions of genius have always a charm and a beauty in them which commend themselves, even without elocutionary efforts, to all natures. They appeal to the hearts of men; they exercise and delight the imagination in so healthy and natural a manner, that the most ignorant are captivated by them. In the theatre the most popular drama ever performed is that of *Hamlet*—the most intellectual and spiritual, and the least distinguished of all Shakespeare's plays for that kind of energy and action which it is supposed an ignorant audience most desires. The lecture-room of the Mechanics' Institute might be made almost as attractive an interpreter of poetry

and fiction and the drama as the theatre, and assuredly more healthy and elevating.

But still, regarding the claims of the most ignorant classes, the Institute should be made a rival to the tavern, to the saloon, to the low theatre; and for a successful competition we must learn the tactics of our enemies, and if legitimate and practicable adopt them in our policy. The scenes of depravity and vice which attract the ignorant and the weak owe their power to the natural desire for association and leisure. No doubt, a leading source of power lies in the intemperance such places foster. There is, however, much that is legitimate and just in this tendency to associate, and the Mechanics' Institute should add to its organization of classes, reading-room, and library, the attraction of society. In England, the principle has been recognised and adopted with great success. Working-men's reading-rooms add to their attractions a meeting-room for social purposes, for conversation, for smoking. In the United States, billiard tables have been added to the attractions of Y. M. C. A. Thus we have the principle suggested that opportunities for social enjoyment should be added to the facilities for mental improvement; and these attractions, if surrounded and elevated by all that cleanliness, refinement, and order can add to social intercourse, would not fail to exercise an influence opposed to that of vicious or licentious attractions. Much of the success of the Working-men's Institutes in England has been owing to the organization being largely in their own hands. It would be the worst policy to place the entire management of the Mechanics' Institutes in the hands of any one class. The influence, the sympathy, and the assistance of an educated and of a moneyed class are necessary to its success, especially in its higher educational objects. But it would be quite practicable and the best policy to associate *bona fide* working-men and women in the management of any department especially introduced for their benefit and pleasure.

POPULAR LECTURES.

The popular lecture has not lost any of its power or its usefulness. In town or in rural districts, a power of drawing crowds together is human and civilizing. Reading-rooms and night-classes are not social in their tendencies. The reader or the stu-

dent is, for the time being, isolated from his kind, wrapt up in his pursuit or enjoyment, and indisposed to hold intercourse with his neighbour. Our reading habits, as we pursue them now, are opposed to social enjoyment and that friendly intercourse which softens and cheers life. The influence of the popular lecture or entertainment brings us out of this seclusion and isolation, and the discussion of a common topic which interests and instructs every one who listens, awakens those sympathies which develop and sweeten social intercourse. The lecture which aims no higher than the exposition of some useful branch of knowledge possesses all these social advantages—it brings people together; it brings them out of themselves and their selfishness, and in the very fact of exciting interest on some subject outside of self, it elevates and humanizes an assembly. When the lecturer, however, adds the charms of eloquence and poetry and imagination to his expositions, the delight is not only so much the greater, but the moral and social advantages are incalculable. In this sense the appeal to emotions which bring the tear of sympathy into the eye; or which rouses a generous indignation against oppression, and wrong, and cruelty; or by innocent humour and wit, transforms gloominess and surliness or sorrow into mirth and laughter; is an ally to religion and virtue, and aids the final purpose of all education—the moral culture of man.

Very much useless censure has been cast upon the popular lectures of Mechanics' Institutes, because it has been said of them that they were superficial, that they have been amusing rather than instructive, and that the true method to master a science or an art is to study it in all its details. But instruction has not been the final object of the popular lecturer so much as suggestion and stimulus. A course of five or six lectures on Astronomy it was never pretended could make an astronomer, any more than the delightful lectures of Haydon could make an artist. But when the lectures on astronomy were illustrated by diagrams and apparatus, a very large amount of information was conveyed to the audience, curiosity was aroused, a new interest in knowledge was awakened, and many a listener has been induced and stimulated, by the descriptions and illustra-

tions of the subject, to pursue it on a scientific method, and master the details which could only be referred to in the popular lecture. In this view the popular lecture, whether it be on science, or art, or literature, while it may assuredly be made to convey a very large amount of useful and delightful knowledge on a subject not familiar to the audience, will always have the higher and wider influence of awakening an interest in intellectual pursuits.

The Reunion or Musical and Literary Entertainment, as it is called, if prepared with judgment and taste, has, to say the least of it, an intellectual tendency. The performances of amateur musicians, vocalists, and readers, may have many defects in the ears of professional people; but if these performances attract a large number of people from idle pursuits, from indoors, from low theatres, and divert them from low thoughts, their influence is undeniably good. The time may come when these entertainments shall improve in character, and the classes of the Institute will form one of the means of that improvement. Music and elocution may now be studied in the Mechanics' Institute, and when our Public School system shall recognise these arts as a necessary part of daily instruction and practice, the power to sing, especially in parts, and to read with expression and taste, will be as common as the Public School, and the public entertainment will become one of the necessary social institutions of the land.

In the meantime, let the censure upon popular lectures be disregarded. Let every effort be made to revive the old enthusiasm for these lectures. Let any and every topic, useful or interesting, be made the subject of such lectures. The country has now a large number of educated men in every profession, and if lectures of a useful kind were delivered regularly and at cheap prices—cheap as the popular entertainment—they, too, would form one of the means for improving the taste and adding to their attractiveness.

SUMMER PURSUITS AND STUDIES.

The arrangements of most of the Mechanics' Institutes at present are intended chiefly to give mental employment and enjoyment in the winter months. But there are good reasons and many inducements to

extend their operations into the summer season. Out-of-door exercises are, it is true, preferred in the summer time; but a system of games, with all the necessary apparatus, might with great advantage be established both in town and country districts in connection with the Institutes. The ultimate object, of course, is to secure members, and to bind them by every means to the Institute; and the interrupting summer engagements have a tendency to weaken the hold of the Institute on its members. But if every club for gymnastic exercises, racing, ball-playing, cricket, and lacrosse had its focus—its home—in the Institute, the ties would be strengthened and maintained, and the inducements to return to studies and intellectual pursuits in the winter be more practicable and easily applied. Besides all this, there is always a class of more thoughtful members, anxious to pursue study and enjoy mental exercise; an encouragement and inducement should be afforded to that class; to gratify their tastes. In the absence of a regular teacher, a Mutual Instruction class could be formed, and studies which can best be pursued out of doors, such as geology, botany, and natural history, might with every advantage and the most healthy influences be introduced. It is not too much even to conceive and trust that in a country so well supplied with trained teachers and medical men, many of whom have made specialties of some one of these or kindred studies, there would be no difficulty in securing the occasional assistance of qualified instructors and lecturers even in the summer months; and assuredly no occupation to the studious members could be of greater benefit, more delightful and sociable, than that offered by an occasional botanical or natural history excursion under the superintendence of a scientific guide.

THE HIGHEST OBJECT OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

The object of the preceding remarks is to give hints and suggestions rather than any definite plan for the management of the elementary department of instruction in the Mechanics' Institute, with the consideration and the end ever in view that these provisions for elementary education, however elaborate and liberal they may be, are only destined to last while the education of youth is so defective and limited. The time will

arrive, and we are assuredly approaching that time, when a nation will regard the comprehensive, thorough, and liberal education of its youth as the most sacred and imperative duty of the State; when all that is needed to be taught now in the evening classes of the Mechanics' Institute to supply the defects of early education, will be taught so thoroughly and widely in the public school that the deficiency which is now the general rule will then be the exception. In the mean time, however, the organization of the Institute must aim at the higher and special objects of its existence—the Technological Education of the industrial classes.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

What is understood by technical education?—what are its requirements? The necessity for technical education is the first question. Its importance applies to every mechanical art, because every mechanical art is based upon scientific and art principles; and the nearer and the more perfectly industrial art is made to harmonize with these principles the more rapid our progress to excellence and finish of workmanship. In the construction of a building or of complicated machinery, or the making of the commonest utensil, science and art are necessary, and however much utility may be the governing principle, beauty of construction, elegance of finish—the æsthetic principle mingling with the utilities of life—give a higher value to the products of industry. But the practical workman who carries out the designs which culture has prepared is often ignorant of the principles on which he works; he is too often a mere boring machine, working blindly, almost aimlessly, certainly destitute of any art purpose or inspiration, and therefore incapable of suggestion and further improvement. In this view of the value of technical education we may conceive how much we lose by its absence—how every workshop would have its sources of inventions and improvements, and possibilities of excellence and superiority of manufacture multiplied, as every worker might be a centre from whom improvements would radiate and increase. And this view applies to every department of human industry. The decorations and furniture of our houses might be raised at little cost to a high order of beauty, and the power of producing multiplied and

cheapened so as to be placed within the reach of the classes who make them. The tailor, the dressmaker, the shoemaker, rarely think of making beauty of design harmonize with the laws of health, and the anatomy of the body they labour to clothe. Yet how much disfigurement, distortion, pain, and ill-health are the fruits of this ignorance. Fashion, which dictates imperious laws, obeys only a wayward fancy; and the possibility of fancy being guided by art and physiology, so as to combine gracefulness, elegance, and beauty of construction with ease and good health never enters the minds of the constructors or of the princes of fashion.

Now, the technical education of the worker, which is the remedy for all this costly deficiency in the world of human industries, will be best carried out in the classes of the Mechanics' Institute. Free-hand drawing from objects will no doubt in due time be taught in our public schools as widely and as thoroughly as any other necessary branch of education. But the higher principles of Art and Design demand special culture and the special opportunities for applying them to production; and before this kind of education can be appreciated, the student must be a producer—that is to say, a mechanic engaged in applying scientific principles to manufactures. Hence, however ample the provisions of the Public School may be in the future, there will always be a necessity for special instruction and study in the evening class of the Art School.

At present, however, we have no efficient provision for art instruction in our public school, and whatever facilities and inducements there may be in the increasing prosperity of the country to develop manufacturing powers, we shall still be in the condition of the nations who are "at the foot of the column." We are, therefore, urged by self-preservation, industrial success, and that proper pride which, as a young nation, we naturally feel in taking a respectable position amongst other nations, to do the best we can, in the absence of better arrangements, to establish art classes in every Institute of the country. The Institutes offer many advantages in this direction. There, more than elsewhere, the class needing this culture assemble, and, by the preparation of the elementary classes, are ready to enter upon the higher study of Technical Art. It

is true that the time of the adult, engaged during the day in working for his living, is very limited; but the study of art is not more laborious than the up-hill work of mastering the first principles of language or arithmetic, and certainly far more agreeable, as it incessantly excites and charms the imagination. When drawing was first introduced into the National Schools in England it became a question "whether the one hour per week allotted to this subject would be sufficient to give the pupils any practical power in drawing, and many asserted that the hour per week, or the forty hours per year, was totally insufficient to give even a smattering knowledge to adults of any subject, and ridiculously so to impart instruction to young children. The examination of children who had received a year's instruction of one hour per week, speedily set at rest the vexed question. By means of exercises in the subjects of free-hand drawing, geometry, perspective, and model drawing, worked in the space of forty minutes for each subject, it was found that a very valuable power of drawing had been acquired. The accurate imitation of a form in outline, cleanly executed from a copy; the power of remembering, colouring, and working out as many as six geometrical problems from a text-book containing sixty or seventy problems; the representation in outline of a geometric model drawn free-hand from the model itself, and the working out of simple perspective exercises—all these were found to be executed with facility by children of from ten to fourteen years of age, who had received a year's instruction of forty hours." Not only was this success manifested after so limited a time to study, but the authority from which this has been quoted adds that schools irregularly attended during the week were crowded on the occasion of the drawing lesson.

We have then experience and encouragement to support our efforts in raising the Mechanics' Institute to the position of a School of Arts and Design. Our present state of advancement in this important duty is very low. A large number of our Institutes, probably for want of means, confine their functions to the narrow limits of the reading-room and library—very imperfectly supplied with materiel—and to the lecture-room, in which useful and suggestive lectures are the exception, and light entertainments

by unqualified performers are the rule. But the Mechanics' Institute is there; and if the classes for elementary studies can be formed on the methods suggested in this Essay, the obligation to add to these classes the means for studying elementary art and science becomes a practicable fact, and their application a pressing duty. In France and Prussia and England, wherever art classes are formed, they are crowded by the students for whom they are specially designed—the practical mechanic and designer—and in England they are, to a large extent, self-supporting. Of course, it is understood that in the countries named there is a greater demand for skilled mechanics trained by art studies for their work. But in one view there is little doubt that the special culture of the mechanic for his work has helped very largely to create a new demand for his labour; and in another point of view it is equally true, but too often forgotten by economists, that the best way to create and nourish home industry and manufacture is to create a class of skilled manufacturers. We are destitute of a central School of Art and Design; and while manufacturing interests are said to suffer for the want of a protective tariff, it would be a wise policy if the parties chiefly concerned would invest some of their capital, or urge the Government to take some steps for establishing such a central school of this character. The central Schools of Art are the fountain heads whence flow the teaching life of the country, and neither High nor Public School provisions have a stronger claim on the Legislature than Schools of Art.

ENGLISH ART STUDIES.

Nothing can surpass the admirable arrangements of the Department of Practical Art in England, in its labours to spread a knowledge of art throughout the kingdom; and whatever shall be suggested in that direction in this country, we may safely take the experience of the Department to guide us in our future efforts. It is not necessary to give the details of that experience in this essay, but the following brief outline may serve to aid us in forming our views and our plans.

Two leading principles guided the operations of the Department. They were determined to introduce drawing into the public schools in the kingdom, and to make the

studies self-supporting. A very costly and ineffective system had previously been in existence, carried on by about nineteen Schools of Design. These Schools cost the country £7,750 per annum, in the form of a parliamentary grant. But in one year the Department established sixteen Schools of Art, which were carried on in a most satisfactory manner, and only cost £160 per annum. Previous to these operations, a training class for masters had been established, and subsequently art masters were prepared, and, when qualified, certificated; and none but such masters were sanctioned by the Department, while provision was made that these masters were to be chiefly paid by fees and subscriptions. Thus the system was made self-supporting. The whole curriculum of art education at headquarters was divided into six groups, having a certain number of branches of art in each. For the successful passing, in both theory and practice, of each group, an annual allowance was made to a master, varying from £10 to £15, and every other as well as this pecuniary inducement exercised to excite the desire to excel. It was also one of the characteristic features of the new system that very ample provision was made to teach art in what was called the poor schools of the country, so that art instruction was extended among the mass of the people. The Department not only prepared the teachers, but it also supplied, and still supplies, copies, books, examples, casts, models, &c., for a systematic study of art, and thus, by its superintendence and liberality, and admirable general arrangements, the Department has created a great national system of art culture, which enables England to compete with the foremost nations of the world.

It is true we have all this to initiate. We have no Department to superintend art education in the school. But the Mechanics' Institutes Association of Ontario presents the nucleus of a power of this kind, and might make arrangements to inaugurate a system by which methodical art instruction could be given in the Institutes. At present the system of instruction is unfixed and unscientific. The great majority of pupils simply learn by copying from examples, and have rarely any theory explained to them. They draw for amusement, and not for the special object of becoming skilful as artizans.

It would be a step in the right direction if the Association would make systematic art instruction, under the best teachers they could procure, one of the conditions of affiliation and support, and this initiative effort might ultimately lead to the desirable end for which all Institutes and their friends should agitate—the establishment of a great Provincial Central School of Art, on the system so successfully carried out in England.

SCIENCE TEACHING.

Our progress as a manufacturing and agricultural country must depend not only on our art knowledge, but also on our science knowledge, especially in the departments of chemistry, geology, mineralogy, and botany. It is true that little can be taught in the classes of the Institute. It is also true that we have an Agricultural College, where the farmer may study the science of his calling. But the efforts made in a few Institutes in this direction have their important influence. Popular and superficial as such lectures are, they suggest what is to be known—how science can be applied to production, and how the subject, the threshold of which has been touched in these lectures, may be pursued. In this regard they have a valuable tendency, and ought to be encouraged. Ultimately, it is to be hoped, courses of lectures will be delivered to classes, as indeed they are now in the Technological College of Toronto, to all students who choose to attend, on chemistry, natural philosophy, and geology. Our advanced civilization, and the rapid increase of educated men amongst us; our medical men and improved class of public school teachers, are supplying us with the means for such instruction. Many, from motives of benevolence and the pleasure of conveying instruction, would assist in this work; and as the country advances, means will arise to employ, at adequate remuneration, qualified teachers.

PHYSIOLOGY AND THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

Amongst the numerous subjects taught in the Institutes of the Provinces, Physiology seems to have no place. This subject, in its relation to the laws of health, at one time held a very prominent position. When Dr. Andrew Combe published his admirable work, many years since, on the Laws of

Health, other medical men directed their literary talents towards diffusing this most important knowledge both on this continent and throughout Great Britain. Great interest was awakened in the subject by these efforts, and Mechanics' Institutes not only engaged eminent medical men—Dr. Combe, the author of the *Constitution of Man*, being amongst them—to lecture to their members on these subjects; but such lectures led to the formation of classes for the prosecution of the study. Is there wisdom in endeavouring to revive these studies? Their importance is scarcely understood by the general public; yet in the application of physiological knowledge to sanatorial reforms, to the prevention of disease, to the preservation of health, they are of the first importance, and that knowledge diffused amongst the common people, who chiefly suffer from contagious diseases and a neglect of the laws of health, would not only save them from the grievous evils of disease and preventable sickness and death, but, as was very clearly shown in the Dominion Parliament in an admirable speech on sanatory reform, it would prove a great financial saving to the country.

Popular lectures on physiology and anatomy, always bearing, of course, on the laws of health, might be delivered by any medical man residing in the locality of a Mechanics' Institute; and if illustrated with paintings and diagrams, which are prepared in New York for public lectures, could be made intelligible to all classes. The subject is always one of deep interest to all; but to women, to mothers who have the charge of young children, and whose happiness is wrapt up in their lives, such lectures could not fail to be interesting and useful. To any qualified medical man, the delivery of a popular course on this subject would be an agreeable relaxation; and even if given gratuitously, the increase of reputation would not fail to be attended by an increase of practice and influence.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

In all the suggestions of this essay, it is of course intended that the education—the classes for elementary studies, or for art and science—is designed for women as well as men. It is not only as an act of justice that all the advantages of the best Institutes we have should be extended to them, but it is

for the interest of the Institute and the members. The union of the two sexes gives an attraction to every assembly, whether in the lecture room or the church, and cannot fail to be advantageous to the success of the classes; while the competition arising from the two sexes studying together would have the best effect on their educational progress. Add to all this, too, that the final purpose of all education is moral as well as intellectual, and the Institute which fails in any point to offer the highest and fullest inducements to women to become members, as well as men, will lose in finances as well as in influence and general usefulness.

CO-OPERATION OF TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

In discussing the subject of Mechanics' Institutes too much importance cannot be attached to the great moral issues of the question. The Institute may be made the agent for elevating the intellectual character of the industrial classes. It may be a most successful agent for spreading all the art and science knowledge necessary to the improvement and development of our manufactures. But its high and enduring value is, that by mental culture it gives steadiness to character, occupation to the mind, refinement and correctness to the taste, and wisdom to judgment. It is in this light that it becomes the ally of every good social and moral movement, and of none more than that which now so much engages public attention—the Temperance cause. Prohibitory laws and the reduction of licenses for selling liquor will be of little avail themselves while there is a vast population destitute of mental occupation—incapable of deriving enjoyment from intellectual pursuits. The almost certain resort of such a class, thirsting for something to do—something to excite and carry away thought—is the tavern and the bar-room. It is certain, on the other hand, that all prohibitory laws will be more effective as they act upon an educated population. In this view of the subject the Mechanics' Institutes have special claims on the organized Temperance Societies of the country. These organizations draw the largest number of their members from the very class for which the Institutes are supposed to be established, and that class suffer the most from the vice of intemperance. Now, the Temperance organization, however laudable its object, has a very

weak point. It trusts too much to principle, and expects too much from human nature. It aims to reform the drunkard, but it offers no counter-attraction to that of strong drink. The occupation of the members in a Temperance Lodge is a dull exchange to men who have been accustomed to the wild excitement of the whiskey saloon; and hence it too often happens that the convert to temperance principles, suffering from the craving of old excitements, and finding no compensation for those excitements in the dull routine of the Temperance Lodge, lapses back into his old habits, with no desire to change them for the dull associations he has deserted. If Temperance organizations studied human nature better, they would give occupation, and the attraction of mental pursuits, to the mind too much diseased and weakened by pernicious habits to be satisfied with the change of sensual excitements for abstract principles. The Temperance Lodge could co-operate with the Mechanics' Institute by uniting the privilege of membership with both organizations. The reading room, the library, the classes, the Mutual Instruction Society, the debate, the music, and the literary exercise, would offer occupation of the very best kind to minds disordered and distempered by long intemperance; and in the mental culture, the improved taste, and the new attractions of study, as well as all the influences of a new created self-respect, there would be established a most powerful aid to the work of reformation.

MISCELLANEOUS SUGGESTIONS.

The importance of making the Institute attractive has been frequently urged in this essay; and in view of the attractions which vice and worthless pursuits and indulgences hold out to their victims, it is a wise policy to avail ourselves of the methods by which self-interest throws charms around temptation to make it successful, and to imitate in every legitimate way its expedience. Hence it is a safe expenditure of the funds to make the sitting rooms of the members not only cheerful, but, as far as practicable, elegant and luxurious. Many a slave to intemperance leaves the home which his vicious habits have made cheerless, wretched, and dirty, to enjoy the elegance, the light, and the luxuriance which are studiously attached to the bar-room and the drinking

saloon; and if Mechanics' Institutes could surround their literary attractions with the brightness, warmth, and comfort of the whiskey saloon, add to the reading-room a conversation-room, supply the members at a moderate cost with refreshments, especially tea and coffee, and allow the same freedom of intercourse and opportunities of innocent occupations and enjoyments which give to the tavern some of its attractions, the industrial classes would have less reason and less inducement to frequent the tavern, and in the new habits and higher tastes formed the home would change its gloom, and dirt, and wretchedness for the comfort, and elegance demanded by improved tastes.

The popular entertainment has its place and its value in the organization of Mechanics' Institutes. It may be made the agent of high and refining enjoyment, and may lay the foundation of a taste for music, the arts, or literature. But there is no branch of the Institute duties that requires more care, vigilance, oversight, and caution to give the high moral effect to the public entertainment. The programme of the entertainment should be examined by the managers, and the character of the performers. Everything opposed to good taste, good manners, purity of sentiment, and elevation of mind—everything low in tone, leaning towards sensuality or unhealthy sensationalism, or calculated to bring the pure, the good, and the beautiful into ridicule, ought to be expunged. It is too true that low entertainments marked by sensationalism and gross buffoonery are popular, and fill the hall and the treasury of the Institute. But the right estimate of its mission and its destiny regards it as the ally of the Church and the School—an agent for the moral and intellectual advancement of men, and therefore diverted from its great purpose, and desecrated to vile uses, when used for entertainments that vitiate and corrupt their audiences. It is one object of these entertainments, as well as of the popular lecture, to elevate the intellectual tastes of the members; and although the low entertainment may, while public taste is low, pay the best, a persistent effort to refuse the low and encourage the high would in time cultivate a purer taste, and amply repay the Institute for its temporary sacrifice.

It has been suggested in these remarks

that Government aid should be granted more liberally in support of the Institutes. It is, however, not proposed, nor at all contemplated, that the nation should do all, and the classes for whom the Institute is to supply great advantages nothing. For all benefits given the members ought to pay as high a fee as their means will allow. But besides this, the wealthier classes have a direct interest in sustaining the mechanic's interest. Employers have an interest in getting skilled, educated, and honest employees, and not only have the Institutes a claim upon their finances, but it is the interest and the duty of all employers to urge upon their servants, whatever position they may hold, the importance of becoming members. There are employers blind to their own interests, who believe all they are required to do is to pay the wages of their employees, and often they suffer, and beyond calculation they lose from the ignorance they encourage or the indifference they create. There are also employers who regard studious and reading habits with doubt or with antagonism. They believe that the love of reading, or that mental pursuits are inimical to business habits. But it is almost inevitable to young men, that if they have no intellectual resources and enjoyments, they will have recourse to gratifications of a doubtful if not of an assured vicious character. Few employers meet with honest and skilful servants whose only study and delight are to attend to the routine of daily work. All need relaxation and change of occupation. It is only extreme dullness that requires no change in the daily life, and if employees, after the labours of the day, have no mental resources, the probability is that their leisure hours will be spent in the saloon or in worse scenes, and that the employer who thinks it possible to make the whole mind of his servant slave to his interests and wishes, will sometimes have to suffer from fraud and dishonour, because he expected dullness to be honest than intelligence.

The Mechanics' Institute is as much a fact and necessity of civilization as the Public School or the University. It is demanded on the very conditions of industrial life. It is established to complete the work of the Public School—to fill the same position to the industrial classes of every kind as the Club and the Literary Society fill in the

lives of wealthier classes ; and while it already affords enjoyment and occupation to many who have been fortunate enough to possess higher tastes, its destiny is to enlarge itself—to become the popular College, and Reading-room, and Library, and Lecture-room. Just as our Public Schools increase and improve, Mechanics' Institutes

will grow and increase, to continue the work of industrial education, and to satisfy the intellectual wants of their members ; and it is therefore the wisest policy as well as the duty, of the nation and the Government, to support and foster the Institutes, and increase their numbers and strengthen their powers.

MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

BIRTHDAY number twenty-one,
 Long expected, now begun,
 Brings new duties on the run,
 Much too swift ;
 But old Time has so decreed,
 That all mortals who succeed,
 Shall to him give their due heed,
 Or must drift.

Out of minor's blest domain,
 Into major's pelting rain,
 Anxious steers the verdant swain,
 Seeking fame ;
 But so oft his fragile bark,
 By the billows huge and dark
 Is foundered, while in his heart
 Burns the shame.

Thus life's sea so treach'rous proves,
 That who on it safely moves,
 Must, of Him who kindly soothes
 All its storms,
 Ask a helping, saving arm,
 To protect from cares and harm ;
 Of false fears and faults disarm
 Whom He warms.

But with His almighty love,
 Man for good may useful prove
 Sending all his praise above,
 Through His Son ;
 Pointing out the portals wide
 Through which brother mortals glide,
 Uniting lastly by His side,
 At the Throne.

Let us try then, by His grace,
 To improve our fallen race—
 Bid it turn its blushing face
 To the Lord ;
 And believe His promise true,
 Ever keep His face in view,
 Each rebelling thought subdue,
 Deed and word.

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION:

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JR., QUEBEC.

OUR neighbours' self-glorification over her century's progress leads us to look about for a parallel. And we have not far to seek; for soon after passing the portal of the Main Exhibition Building we reach the group of Australian colonies and our own department. It would ill become us to estimate, even at its true value, the advance we have made within the same period—an advance, considering the drawbacks of climate and situation, not by any means inconsiderable; but modesty need not interfere with our appraising the attainments of our sister colonies at the antipodes.

But little more than 100 years ago, in 1770, while revolution was brewing on this continent amidst a thriving population of about 3,000,000, Captain Cook sighted the savage shore of Australia; but it was some years later before New South Wales and Tasmania were selected as convict settlements, and a few struggling emigrants dared to found colonies among savages described as more ferocious than our Indians, and on the confines of a continent less known than was North America to the emigrants who first planted civilization in Virginia or Massachusetts. For over thirty years the penal character of the colonies and the system of irresponsible government retarded progress; but some ripples of those great waves of emigration which, between 1830-40 began carrying the surplus population of Europe, and especially of the British Isles, to the remotest ends of the earth, beat on the Australian shores. A New Zealand Land Company was organized in England. The same spirit of enterprise stimulated the inhabitants of the older colonies of New South Wales and Tasmania to reclaim other parts of the Australian coast, and by them was founded the colony of Victoria.

About the same time South Australia was colonized from England. Thus, though the germ of the older colonies was sown in the end of the last century and beginning of this, the actual colonial existence of most of the seven members of the Australian group dates back no more than a quarter of a century.

Of the use the sturdy Anglo-Saxon of that New World (for our continent is no longer the baby of the human family) has made of their half-century's life, the Exhibition gives significant illustration; and we venture to think that when the time comes round for the colonies or the commonwealth of Australia to celebrate its century's existence, the world will be edified with a story of material progress as great as that which the Philadelphia Exhibition is telling of the Great Republic; and let us hope that the Parliamentary record of their Centennial year may show them not to have turned in to license the liberties of free government.

In Australia there is a greater unity of race than upon our own continent. In the colony of Victoria 95 per cent. of the population are of British origin, and the tendency is towards homogeneity, for during the ten years prior to the last census British subjects increased 43 per cent., and foreign subjects decreased 25 per cent. The great distance and the ignorance respecting Australia prevent indiscriminate European emigration, and false notions of British Colonial government deter European settlers from going to Australia, who are drawn to the United States by still false visions of the glories and delights of Republicanism. The result is, that while in the United States and among ourselves there are strong social tendencies at work complicating the experiment of constitutional government, in

Australia the population is at any rate as homogeneous as that of Britain, and therefore the new civilization that will be worked out under Australian influences may be expected to differ less from the original than that which the diversified population of the United States is shaping out.

The colonies now all enjoy responsible government, and have taken the British Constitution as their model. In all there is a close approach to universal suffrage. Some have filled their Upper House with elective, others with life members. Although there are no constitutional differences, the Houses and the countries are divided by party lines, and the evils of faction as well as the benefits of party government are already felt. A further evil, which does not seem so unavoidable, is intense intercolonial jealousy, which finds vent in protective tariffs, and other expedients for selfish aggrandizement; though it would be fairer to call it the spirit of rivalry when it leads to such hearty emulation as the several colonial displays at the Exhibition evince. It would seem inevitable that colonies of a common race, governed by similar constitutions, exporting the same natural products, must become confederated under some system or other. But although the several Governments seem to find it difficult to work together in harmony, their commissioners have combined to paint a monster map, covered with statistical information, which shows what a vast and rich country they represent.

The area of the whole of British Australasia, including the continent of Australia and the Islands of Tasmania and New Zealand, is 3,116,000 square miles—or about 500,000 square miles less than the area of the United States, including Alaska—a little more if Alaska be omitted. And as all great land masses have a similar geographical structure, we necessarily trace a likeness between our own continent and Australia. There is to both a well-watered eastern seaboard—an eastern mountain range—the vast arid plains of an interior elevated plateau, separated from a fertile western slope by a western mountain chain. In the Australasian group South America reappears in the Island of Tasmania, and the West Indies are represented by New Zealand.

These smaller islands have a moist climate, and are more or less fertile throughout. But a strip only, seldom exceeding two

hundred miles in width, around the main continent, has been peopled, the interior having been assumed to be too arid for the abode of man. In 1862, Stuart crossed the continent from south to north, and since then a telegraph line has been built and water found all along the route at easy stages. A transcontinental railroad is in contemplation. At any rate, it will certainly be proved that the interior is not more valueless than the desert area of our own continent. Strange to say, as cultivation and civilization advances the climate of the interior becomes moister—a fact observed on our continent also. The earlier settlers in Australia confined themselves to stock-raising, and squatted on large tracts of land, to which they had no title. When the lands thus occupied came to be taken up for agricultural purposes, the squatter moved inland; and as he has invaded the interior with his flocks and herds, he has found the land he once despised good pasturage, and that his presence really seemed to carry with it climatic influence. The interior is subject to periodical rains, which for the time cover the country with verdure and create lakes and rivulets; but as they soak in, the dreary aspect of nature returns, and water can be reached only by wells. Hence, exploration conducted at one season reveals a repulsive desert, at another a much less forbidding region. The day may come when this uninviting tract will be peopled—when it shall be found charged with mineral wealth and become the seat of a mining industry, which is always necessarily supplemented with agricultural activity. Considering the vast tracts of land and the enormous mineral deposits now occupied by the present scanty population, one would think the time must be far distant when men will forfeit comfort, and even risk life, to seek for more hidden treasures; yet the experiences of this continent, and of every part of the globe where the foot of Englishmen has trodden, testifies to the fact, that where there is a mystery or an unexplored field the English mind is dissatisfied, and English energy frets until the veil has been stripped away.

Though the discovery of the continent dates back to so recent a period, and its occupation by an industrial population to within less than half a century, it already claims a large share of the world's atten-

tion ; for, by its exports of wool and minerals, it is controlling the markets of all countries.

There are represented at the Exhibition six out of the seven members of the Australasian family, viz. :—

- (1) New South Wales—The oldest.
- (2) The Island of Tasmania—Where was planted a convict settlement in 1803.
- (3) The Island of New Zealand—Whose settlement dates from 1814.
- (4) Victoria—Whose permanent settlement was first made in 1833.
- (5) South Australia—Whose birthday is Dec. 28th, 1836.
- (6) Queensland—Which became a separate colony in 1859.

The only absent member is Western Australia—a colony whose age is greater than that of either Victoria or South Australia, whose extent is equal to almost the half of Europe, and whose natural advantages are greater than those of other parts of Australia, but whose growth has been so dwarfed by the grants of land to individuals and corporations in large blocks, that to-day it has a population of only 25,781, and an export trade of only £586,726.

The staple exhibits of all these colonies—though the northern part of Queensland lies within 11° of the equator, and the southern part of New Zealand 47° south—are much the same: wool, wheat, and cereals of all kinds, fruits of the tropical and temperate zones, wines and preserved vegetables; pounds of gold dust, and gilded pyramids, representing the total find; heaps of copper and tin ore, and piles of copper and tin ingots; a profusion of photographs—some among the largest ever made anywhere—illustrating the scenery of the country and the aspect of the towns; excellent maps; collections of geological and natural history specimens; groups of native weapons and objects of archæological interest; in fact, everything that is needful to illustrate not only the products, but the history of the country. And what cannot but strike the observer at the first glance, and leave a lasting impression of the profuse wealth of these thriving colonies, is the quantity of each object displayed. No doubt a pound of wool may be as valuable for a sample as a bale, and one ingot of copper or tin exhibit the character of the metal as well as a ton; but

when you see a bale of wool or a ton of ingots, you feel that these articles are so abundant where the samples came from, that bales and tons are as common as pounds and hand specimens among ourselves. Then all the colonies, but notably Victoria and New South Wales, are aspiring to manufacturing independence, and exhibit tweeds, coarse pottery, hats and caps, furniture, pianos, etc.; but manufacturing excellence is not to be reached at a stride, and therefore in these departments they have many a lesson to learn even from us; and while teaching them we might profit by their backwardness by supplying them from our own factories. At present they purchase largely in the United States markets the very articles—such as agricultural implements—which we might, advantageously to both, supply them with.

We have enumerated the colonies already in the order of their birth; we shall now briefly describe them in their geographical and commercial relations.

Colonization commenced in Australia, as here, on the east coast of the continent; but instead of being the refuge for free men, the first Europeans who tilled its soil were convicts, and for long the penal character of the settlement cast a suspicion on its innocent inhabitants, and deterred married men, bent on emigration, from exposing their families to the contaminating influence which pervaded certain classes of society. It was only after the settlements had grown into colonies, and after many applications and protests, that the Home Government refrained from transporting criminals—for the false idea had become a settled principle in the official mind, that without the aid of convict labour the settlements could not thrive. Botany Bay, New South Wales, was the seat of the first and most noted convict settlement. Although this convict station was established in 1788, the colony, even in 1840, contained only 149,669 inhabitants. As New South Wales then included the present colonies of Queensland to the north and Victoria to the south, this number represents the total European population of Australia at that date, except about 15,000 inhabitants of South Australia. Now New South Wales proper has a population of about

.....	600,000
Queensland.....	150,000
Victoria.....	880,000

So that in thirty-five years 149,669 has increased to 1,600,000, or more than ten times, while within the same period the population of the United States has but little more than doubled itself.

The colony of New South Wales, as at present limited, lies on the east coast of Australia, and has an area of about 200,000,000 acres, a seaboard of about 700 miles, and a breadth from east to west of over 750 miles. A section from east to west cuts first the rich plains and low ranges of the coast; then the mountain range, which rises in places to a height of 7,000 feet; then the somewhat elevated inland plateau. In the northern districts of the coast region, sugar cane is cultivated, 6,000 tons having been produced in 1874; but the warmer climate of Queensland, still further north, is better suited to the sugar cane. Queensland began its cultivation in 1866, and now produces over 14,000 tons a year. Tropical as well as temperate fruits are raised in New South Wales. The orange especially thrives, and its cultivation has become, next to that of the grape, an extensive branch of fruit culture. Beautiful specimens of every variety are exhibited, preserved in wine. Grape culture appears in the Exhibition in a great variety of wines—clarets, sherries, and ports,—all, owing to the abundance of sugar in the fruit, rich in alcohol, and fit for exportation, and all pure and unadulterated; all produced from European varieties of the vine and called by European names, but most of them unlike the European production; for wine depends for its flavour as much on peculiarities of soil as on variety of vine. All the Australian colonies vie with one another as wine producers, but New South Wales, in their local Exhibitions, always carries off most prizes. Her production of wine reached, in 1874, 500,000 gallons, and of brandy 2,000, and 1,000 tons of grapes were consumed as fruit. Victoria, to the south of New South Wales, even exceeded this production by making 577,493 gallons of wine. South Australia, on the south coast, added 733,478 gallons; and Queensland, which occupies the north-east corner of the continent, a considerable quantity to the total yield, so that already Australia produces over 2,000,000 gallons of wine.

The variety of tropical and temperate fruits which these beautiful lands produce is

wonderful. In the Exhibition cases are seen models in wax, or specimens preserved in wines or spirits, of strawberries, pears, apples, peaches, oranges, pomegranates, guavas, custard apples, figs, bananas. Fruit ceases to be a luxury which the rich only can enjoy, when grapes are one halfpenny per lb. and peaches threepence a dozen.

But the most important staples of New South Wales and of the other colonies are wheat and wool. In New South Wales the best wheat-growing districts are on the table lands, from 2,000 to 4,000 feet above sea level. The coast lands, likewise, of Queensland in the north, are too hot for wheat culture, but the cooler south colony of Victoria and the southern parts of South Australia produced, the former 5,371,866 bushels, and the latter 9,862,693 bushels in 1874, whose average value was 5s. 6d. South Australia last year exported, after supplying her own population, 180,000 tons of breadstuffs. The yield of wool is still more remarkable. "The real history of New South Wales," says the Government pamphlet, "begins with the 19th century, at about which time the introduction of merino sheep—mainly due to the enterprise of Captain Macarthur—laid the basis of Australian commerce;" and sheep farming has been the first resource of the farmer in the early days of each of the colonies. New South Wales, on its cool uplands, raises successfully long-wool sheep of the Lincoln, Leicester, and Cotswold breeds, but the Merino sheep is the wool producer of this and the other colonies. The romantic side of sheep farming has afforded the plot of more than one popular novel; the practical phase of it, reduced to figures, is that the seven Australian colonies exported, in 1874, 651,576 bales of wool, of a value of over £12,000,000 sterling. According to Messrs. Goldsbrough & Co., most of the unwashed wool is secured by American dealers—the washed being excluded by the American tariff. Some also finds its way into our own tweeds, which are so much better than those of Australian manufacture that we might profitably re-ship them their own wool transformed into clothes.

While the soil of this rich continent and its adjacent islands is thus producing the choicest fruits and supporting countless flocks and herds, its rocks are saturated with metals, and vast coal-beds on every side

afford the fuel for separating them. The value of the minerals produced by the colonies in 1874 was as follows:—

GOLD—New South Wales.....		£1,874,837
Queensland		1,500,000
Victoria.....		4,600,000
South Australia		amount in- considerable.
Tasmania.....		18,000
New Zealand, 1871.....		2,788,368
TIN—New South Wales.....		484,322
Queensland		500,000
Victoria.....		16,333
South Australia.....		} Large quan- tities discovered, but as yet little shipped.
West Australia.....		
Tasmania.....		
New Zealand.....		
COPPER—New South Wales....		
Queensland		150,000
Victoria, in 1870.....		5,500
South Australia.....		480,000
COAL—New South Wales.....		1,304,567 tons.
Queensland.....		Large area un- developed.
Victoria.....		2,909 tons.
South Australia....		} Extensive coal fields, but little worked.
West Australia....		
Tasmania.....		
New Zealand....		

Iron is abundant in all the colonies, and often in such proximity to the coal as to render it certain that ere long the home consumption will be supplied by home production, but as yet little has been done towards mining it and still less towards smelting it.

The present happy condition of New South Wales may be judged of by the fact that the only question which distracts its legislators is how to dispose of a large surplus! seemingly a more difficult operation than to contract a large debt.

As already explained, New South Wales originally comprised the whole eastern section of Australia, and the Governor exercised by deputy authority over the present independent colonies of Victoria and Queensland. Queensland to the north obtained its independence in 1859. Its geographical features are essentially the same as those of New South Wales, but the climate is necessarily warmer. It is claimed that nearly the whole of its area is fit for settlement, though some portions are fit only for pasturage,

and others for the cultivation of the sugar-cane, and others of the cereals. In the Queensland Court there is a most interesting series of coloured photographs, which describe better than words the aspect of the open glades of the pasturage, of the densely wooded scrub lands, and of the scenery of the gold fields, and the life of the emigrants. Under each photograph is printed the price at which such land can be purchased. The Land Office offers—

- Best agricultural lands, in blocks of from 40 to 640 acres, at 15s. in 10 instalments.
- First class pastoral lands, in blocks of from 80 to 2560 acres, at 10s. in 10 instalments.
- Second class pastoral lands, in blocks of from 80 to 7680 acres, at 5s. in 10 instalments.
- Sugar and Coffee lands, in blocks of from 320 to 1280 acres, at 15s. in 10 instalments.

The returns for 1873 give the following statistical information :

Imports, £2,885,499, or £19 17s. per head of population.	
Exports, £3,542,513, or £24 3s. per head of population.	
Revenue.....	£1,124,107.
Expenditure.....	956,707.
Population.....	146,690.

Though Queensland is the largest offshoot from New South Wales, Victoria has proved the most important. It has the small area of only 88,198 miles, and only 600 miles of coast line on the South Pacific and Bass's Straits. Her history is briefly told.

Cook sailed along the coast of New South Wales in 1770. In 1788 Captain Arthur Phillips landed in Botany Bay to found a penal settlement on the same eastern coast. But it was not till ten years later that Bass disproved the supposition that the Island of New Zealand was part of the coast of Australia, by rounding Nelson Promontory, in South Australia, where, meeting a strong western swell, he inferred that there was open water, and not land, in that direction. In the first year of this century, Lieut. James Grant, of H. M. brig *Lady Nelson*, passed through Bass's Straits, from the westward. It was two years later—i.e. 1802—before Philip Bay, in which stands now the town of Melbourne, the eighth in size in the British Dominions, was discovered and entered. An abortive attempt was at once made to found a penal settlement on its shores. The spot selected

was so barren and unhealthy that the settlement was soon abandoned. Such an ill repute attached to South Australia from this failure, that twenty years elapsed before two brave explorers, who struck inland in a westerly direction from Sydney, N. S. Wales, after passing through an arid interior country, gained this same Port Philip Bay, and by their report dispelled the mistaken notion of its barrenness. But not till 1833 was a permanent settlement made in Victoria. Portland Bay was chosen by Messrs. Hentz, merchants, of Van Diemen's Land, as the site of a whaling station. In the year following, two expeditions from the same colony selected land in the adjacent bay, or, more properly, land-locked gulf of Port Philip; that under John Pascoe Falkner choosing the site of the present town of Melbourne, on the Yarra Yarra River, at the head of the gulf. Rumours of these successful ventures, and the report of the Surveyor-General of New South Wales, Sir Thomas Livingston Mitchell, began drawing settlers from Van Diemen's Land, New South Wales, and the mother country. In 1836, the colonists asked the authorities of New South Wales to establish some form of government. A site was chosen for the metropolis, and then it was named Melbourne by Sir Richard Bourke, in 1837, the very year Chicago elected her first Municipal Council. The colony grew in numbers and wealth, and in 1851 was constituted an independent government, and its former superintendent, Mr. La Trobe, was raised to the rank of Lieut.-Governor.

That same year gold was discovered in Victoria. Two years previous a lump of the pure metal had been exhibited in Melbourne as having been found in the Pyrenees Range by a shepherd; but as the reputed finder failed to re-discover the site of his discovery, his story was disbelieved. As early as 1841 the Rev. W. B. Clark had found gold in New South Wales, but the Government, thinking that the publication of the discovery would be detrimental to the colony, Mr. Clark consented to suppress it. In 1850, a Mr. Hargreaves returned to Australia from California with the intention of searching for gold. In 1851 he found it at Summit Hill Creek.

Emigration from the newly-made colony of Victoria to the diggings of New South Wales at once began, which instigated the

Victorians to offer a reward for the discovery of gold within the colony; but even before this inducement was held out, the precious metal had been found, and the Victoria gold fields became rapidly more famous and profitable than any in the world, attracting a large population of a more orderly class than those who flocked to California. All went to seek gold, but many soon abandoned the direct for the indirect search, and found more congenial occupation and better remuneration in developing the agricultural resources of this semi-tropical land, and the colony thus received an impetus, through the discovery of gold, which was felt in every industry. The case of Victoria is so similar to that of California, in its incipient, as well as its advanced stages, that a comparison of their relative prosperity may not be amiss.

Their chief exports are the same: cereals, wool, gold; they date back the beginning of industrial progress to about the same recent period; the conditions of climate are very similar, but California has somewhat the advantage of situation, and if there be any advantage in it, home industries in both countries are fostered by high protective tariffs. If, therefore, we find that the British colony has kept pace with the Republican State, it will be fair to argue that race, not trifling difference in form of government, has brought about the result:—

Area of Victoria is only	88,198
“ California	188,981
Pop. of Victoria in 1870	709,839
“ California	560,247
“ Melbourne, 1871	206,780
“ San Francisco, 1870	149,472

Even Chicago, whose prosperity is due to her advantages as a shipping port for the grain of several of the richest States of the West, and whose growth is the pride of the United States and the wonder of the world, and whose foundation antedates by some years that of Melbourne, only counted 289,977 inhabitants in 1870.

If we take the products of the two rivals, we find that while California outstrips Victoria in the growth of cereals, the balance is almost re-established by the larger production of wool in Victoria; but as a gold-producing region, Victoria is far in advance of California.

	1873. Gold.	1870. Wheat in bshls.	1870. Wool in lbs.
California....	\$17,000,000	16,676,702	11,391,743
Victoria.....	25,000,000	2,870,409	52,123,451

In 1874 the yield of wheat in Victoria had increased to 5,371,866. California's success in silk culture has stimulated Victoria to emulation, and soon this product will enter the comparative table.

Judging from the display of the manufactured articles, Victoria takes the lead among the other Australian colonies. Her success, such as it is, her politicians claim to be due to her protective tariff; but N. S. Wales, which has adopted a free trade policy, is making such commendable progress as to render the explanation doubtful. The New York *Tribune* says:—

“Victoria, exceptional in this respect among her sister colonies, has a protective tariff, and levies 25 per cent. duty on all imports, for the avowed purpose of stimulating home industries. Here appears to be a good opportunity for political economists to test their conflicting theories, for the neighbouring colony of New South Wales pursues a precisely opposite policy, and has established absolute free trade. If each will adhere to its system long enough, we shall have something like a fair trial of the merits of the two systems. Now, the advocates of each might find encouragement in the exhibits of manufactures made respectively by the two countries, the Free-trader pointing to the excellent woollen cloths, blankets, and shawls, cordage, stoneware, wines, saddles, harness, and food preparations in the New South Wales Court, and the Protectionist exulting over the same articles in the Victorian Court, and discovering besides furniture, stained glass, glue, paper, basket-work, and other articles. It must be admitted, however, that Victoria displays the greater variety of manufactures, and might have sent many other things equally creditable, while New South Wales puts her best foot forward. The representatives of the latter colony affirm, however, that their commerce is increasing at the expense of that of Victoria, and that they are drawing population constantly from that country. It will take at least a quarter of a century to work out the problem, and see which of the two systems is the better for industrial development. Meanwhile, in the interest of social science, let me hope that each colony will stick to its own theory.”

Hardly less remarkable than the growth of Victoria has been that of the neighbouring colony to the west, South Australia, or as she should be named, Central Australia—for her territory stretches in a band about 500 miles wide across the continent from north to south, separating Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria on the east, from the vast unoccupied territory of West Australia.

Her colonial life began in 1836 (when her population amounted to 546 souls), under an Imperial Act obtained by the South Australian Association. The Act provided that the Association might borrow for the purpose of transporting emigrants, £500,000, to be a charge on the sale of lands, and £200,000 for the first cost of administration, to be a charge on future revenues. The Crown vested in commissioners the sale of the public lands, which were to be disposed of at 12s. at first, but afterwards at £1. per acre, and not given away. He who should be too poor to buy, was obliged to work till he could earn the means of purchasing. The conditions imposed by the Act were that no married man be conveyed to the colony without his family; that there be no State Church; that the colony be no expense to the mother country; and that no convict be allowed to land on its shores. This system of colonization, which refuses the grant of large blocks of land to any purchaser, and the cession of any Crown land, except for cash payment, and devotes the proceeds of the cash sales to the importation of a labouring population, which by dint of necessity must aid the landowner in the cultivation of the soil, till rich enough to become proprietors themselves, was known as the Wakefield system. It was carried out with a certain degree of consistency in South Australia, and attempted likewise in New Zealand; but the demand of the sheep-farmer, who appropriated large tracts of land for which at the utmost he could pay but a small rental, and for his improvements, on which the law very properly allowed him compensation when the agriculturists came forward to purchase, necessarily interfered with the application of the Wakefield system in all cases. Moreover, the man with money bought the good lands at auction at an average price of 25s., and resold on credit to the needy farmer at 50s. to 60s. The Land Act of 1872 introduced the credit system into the land regulations; authorized the lease of large tracts under conditions of settlement; and after lands in settled districts had remained unselected for a certain number of years, permitted their being sold in blocks for cash. The law has on the whole worked well, though it has been found as impossible as in our own experience to prevent speculators evading the spirit of the law, while not infringing its

letter. To induce settlers to enter and occupy the wilds of the northern territory of South Australia, more liberal terms are offered, and a lower price, 7s. 6d. per acre, is put on the Crown lands.

More attention has been paid to copper than to gold mining, and her copper mines—the Burra Burra, the Wallaroo, and Moonta Mines—are known the world over. South Australia makes the same profuse exhibit of mineral and agricultural wealth as her sister colonies, and her statistical records show that her exhibit aptly represents her resources, for in 1875 her thriving population of 210,000 souls had under cultivation 1,330,484 acres, of which 839,638 was in wheat; owned of live stock, 93,122 horses, 185,342 cows, and 6,120,211 sheep; imported to the value of £4,203,808, and exported to the value of £4,805,051. The capital, Adelaide, as seen in the photographs exhibited, though not as large or as substantially built as Sydney or Melbourne, has as handsome public buildings as either.

The Island of Tasmania is separated from the main land by Bass's Straits, lies 120 miles to the south, is cooler and moister and more heavily wooded. It owes its first settlement, in 1803, to the overcrowding of Botany Bay, and the necessity of establishing a new convict station. Risdon, on the east bank of the Derwent, was chosen, and next year another party of the same unpropitious colonizers was landed near Hobart Town. The first large influx of free settlers was from Norfolk Island in 1808; and gradually since then the population has grown, till it now numbers over 100,000. These are scattered over the main and adjacent smaller islands, and cultivate 330,000 acres of land; have expended during the last ten years nearly £1,000,000 on public works, roads, bridges, and railroads; have a revenue of £328,000 and expend only £308,000; and export of grain, preserved fruits, dairy produce, wool, tanned leather, bark, lumber, live stock, over £900,000. Tasmania, likewise, has her store of mineral wealth. She extracts about £19,000 of gold; and is taking the lead among the Australian colonies towards utilizing her iron deposits. Altogether they must be an industrious 100,000 souls, and may well feel proud of their little court in the great palace, where they display not only gifts which nature gave them, but the products of their own industry.

The last of the group of Australian colonies is New Zealand.

Two long islands shaped very much like the kingdom of Italy, supposing the Bay of Naples to be cut through to the Adriatic, but with the heel of the boot pointing north-east, having an area of about 100,000 square miles, and therefore nearly the size of the British Isles, with some smaller islands compose the colony of New Zealand. As the extreme distance from north to south is over 1,000 miles, the climate of the two islands is materially different, and further local variations are due to the disturbing influence of the great mountain chain which forms the backbone of the islands, rising to a height of 6,000 feet in the northern island and 14,000 feet in the southern. These Alps tower above the limit of perpetual snow, feed mighty glaciers, and give a grandeur to the scenery such as the Australian continent cannot offer to the emigrant who has a soul above sheep shearing. The same forces of nature which elevated these mountainous islands are still active in the volcano of Tongariro, and in geysers which have covered a wide area with a siliceous crust, white as snow, and produced scenery as strange and varied as any in the valley of the Yellowstone. A series of remarkably beautiful photographs in the Exhibition illustrates these wonderful phenomena. But at the very base of the volcano and along the flanks of the Alps are rich pastoral lands, so that though one-tenth of the northern island and four-fifths of the southern are mountainous, that proportion of the land is by no means valueless.

The population of the colony in 1872 was 279,560, who exported:—

Gold, valued at.....	£1,730,992
Wool	2,537,919
Grain and flour.....	118,733
Kauri gum	154,167
Phormium (N.Z. flax).	99,405
Hides and tallow.....	90,551
Preserved meats	161,840

The list of imports is of still greater interest to us, as it contains articles we certainly might supply, such as—

Apparel, boots, shoes, hats, etc.....	£415,970
In all the imports were valued at.....	5,142,951
Exports	5,107,186

And this, as the New Zealand statisticians show, is more per head of population than in either Victoria or New South Wales. For

taking an average of six years the figures are as follows :—

	Population.	Imports.	Import Rate.	Exports.	Export Rate.
			£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Victoria.....	696,027	9,611,917	13 16 2	10,149,743	14. 11 8
New South Wales	475,532	6,114,096	12 17 2	6,332,836	13 6 4
New Zealand.....	234,434	4,805,291	20 9 11	4,491,699	19 3 2
Do including Natives.	271,597	4,805,291	17 13 10	4,491,699	16 10 9

The interesting volume published by the Government shows further by comparison that per head of the population New Zealand has produced more gold, wool, cereals, timber, flax, than either Victoria or New South Wales.

There is undoubtedly an irresistible fascination about the Australian courts in the Exhibition. Great skill has been shown in their arrangement. At a glance you see the variety and the value of the products which the lands they represent yield. And their Governments have taken other means of publishing their countries' wealth. From the opening day catalogues and statistical volumes were distributed to all who promised to make good use of them; and these works are in some instances models of well-digested information and examples of excellent typography. No Canadian can compare the contemptible pamphlet, just issued as our catalogue, badly printed on bad paper (in which the name of the exhibitor—about which no one cares—stands at the head of the line, and the article exhibited at the foot) with the official Record of the Victoria Colony, printed in Melbourne, and the descriptive catalogue of New South Wales, printed in Sydney, without a feeling of keen mortification.

To sum up the material results of Australian progress:

These seven British Colonies, with an area of 1,994,241,040 acres, Have a population of 2,545,972

They have built of
 railroads 3,124 miles.
 Telegraphs 24,944 "
 They import to the value of... £44,664,350 annually
 Export 41,460,788 "
 They expend on the public service ... 12,570,457 "
 And tax themselves to the amount of 13,380,244 "

And all these attainments have been made under the influence of British Colonial rule. We have heard Englishmen profess gratitude at the success of the American revolt, on the plea that under British rule this Continent would have been still in a state of tutelage. They forget that the British opposition to the just demands of the American colonies was the expiring effort of the old Colonial system, and that the new system would certainly have won its way in the end. Under some system of responsible government the United Colonies might have waxed as prosperous as now are the United States. Of course their relation to the mother country could not have partaken of even such dependence as that in which we stand; but in the course of events some form of Imperial Confederation might have been devised which would have given Western Britain her full influence in the General Council, and through which she would have influenced Eastern Britain and the world at large more potently than she even now does as a separate Power.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY DR. NOSTREBOR.

THERE is a legend in the South,
 I heard it from an old chief's lips,
 That by the Minnewassett's mouth,
 Just where the stream in ocean dips,
 There dwelt a tribe of mighty fame,
 Whose hunting-grounds extended far,
 And yet whose bands, where'er they came,
 Found not a worthy foe in war.
 The young men spent their youth in chase,
 And trained their sinews well in strength,
 The maidens drew the beaded lace
 Through belt and shoe, until at length
 Their fame became in peace as great
 For pleasing art and skilful bow,
 As it had been their prouder fate
 Upon the bloody path to show
 The might and valour of their braves,
 Their calm endurance under wants,
 Their knowledge of the streams and caves,—
 Indeed, the whole a savage vaunts.
 The spring had dressed the plains in green,
 The plain had drunk the bison's blood,
 The Minnewassett's banks had been
 Oft strewn with brave fish from its flood ;
 The swift-wing'd geese had fallen low
 Beneath the young men's deadly aim,
 The bounding deer had met the bow,
 Each bird and beast which they called name.
 The swaying corn had spun its silk,
 Had formed its ears and garnered been,
 The juicy stalks had lost their milk,
 And Autumn red bedecked the scene,
 When, as the ancient custom stood,
 The feast and games had been prepared
 Upon the plain beside the wood,
 And all the mightiest warriors shared
 The contest for the peerless hand
 Of Idahnade, the Sachem's pride,
 The loveliest form of all his band,
 Since Wanesade, her mother, died.
 They bent the bow, they hurled the axe,
 They rode young steeds with necks untamed,
 They beat the stout elm's fibres lax,

They vaulted running horse unmaimed,
They threw the whizzing tomahawk,
They tossed their knives upon the grass ;
Their barks upon the rapids rock,
Yet safely through the eddies pass ;
They swam the flood and dived below,
They leaped the spiked bars set breast-high,
They, running, caught the fresh-loosed doe.
They tested arm, and foot, and eye.
Until but three young braves were left
Who had not failed from lack of might,
And fainting sunk, of hope bereft,
When slow advanced the shades of night.
Fearing lest Ormok's strength abate,
Against the others in the strife,
Young Idahnade sprang up elate,
And said, " Who wants me for a wife
Must follow me and share my fate ; "
Then to the forest swiftly fled.
Quick, hot pursuit the warriors make ;
Young Ormok yet some distance led,
When in a root that crossed the way
He tripped and fell : they onward sped.
He for a moment senseless lay,
Then woke, and bravely pressed behind
The twain, fast gaining on the maid,
Her black hair streaming on the wind.
Turning, she shuddered—then she bade
Them save the Sachem's daughter true,
Then boldly leaped she from the bank
Of rocks into the waters blue.
Appalled, the foremost two back shrank
From that dread precipice of death,
And, cowards, sickened in despair ;
But Ormok, never slacking breath,
Sprang from the stone she late had pressed,
Gave his proud war-cry to the air,
Then sank beneath the river's breast.
The crowd upon the plain in view,
With a loud cry of anguish rent
The quiet air. Her father, too,
In horror saw it from his tent,
And breathed a prayer, then sinking fell
As ne'er before. But, when he woke—
Oh words ! his joy ye poorly tell—
He saw, to his heartfelt relief,
Young Idahnade, and thus she spoke :
" Behold thy future son and Chief ! "
Then, standing proudly by his side,
She told how Ormok won his bride.
The Sachem, stretching forth his hand,
Made Ormok chief of all the land.
Brave Ormok and sweet Idahnade
There dwelt in peace, the legend runs,
And when the next red path was made,
The tribe was led by Ormok's sons.

HEAVYSEGE'S "SAUL."*

BY LOUISA MURRAY, MONTROSE.

IN Mr. Charles Heavysge a very real and fervid, though a most unequal and irregular, genius has passed away. His drama of "Saul," when first published, attracted some attention and criticism both in England and America, but partly, no doubt, owing to its great length, and also, it must be confessed, to a want of clear construction and artistic form, combined with certain obvious faults of taste and judgment, it failed to obtain general appreciation, and is certainly far less known and read than it deserves to be. We think, therefore, that we cannot honour the author's memory better than by giving such extracts from this remarkable poem as may show something of its merits, and perhaps induce some of our readers to get the work and read it for themselves.

But first we must say a few words by way of preface.

"Saul: a Drama in Three Parts," relates the tragic story of the first King of Israel as it is told in the Bible, with the addition of some imaginary incidental scenes and details, and an elaborate spiritual machinery of evil demons and good angels, who play a very important part in the development of the drama and the fate of its hero. For this machinery the author is of course indebted to the grotesque imaginations of mediæval demonology; but he uses it with some originality: especially is Malzah—Saul's evil genius, or rather the embodiment of the evil side of Saul's nature—effectively and vividly drawn. We do not know if Mr. Heavysge was a believer in modern Spiritualism, but in his treatment of the denizens of the invisible universe he thoroughly carries out the Spirit-

ualistic philosophy, depicting them altogether as human beings, though under changed conditions, possessing all the good and bad passions of humanity, its follies and weaknesses, and higher aspirations; and, in fact, exhibiting all the phenomena of terrestrial life, as we know it, in the supramundane sphere. Here is a song of Malzah's, which an English reviewer has called scarcely short of Shakespearian:

"There was a devil and his name was I,
From out Profundus he did cry;
He changed his note as he changed his coat,
And his coat was of a varying dye:
It had many a hue; in hell 'twas blue,
'Twas green in the sea and white in the sky.
Oh, do not ask me, ask me why
'Twas blue in the sea and white in the sky,
Why from Profundus he did cry.
Suffice that he wailed with a chirruping note;
And quaintly cut was his motley coat."

Finding Saul in one of his dark moods of rage, Malzah says:—

"Now is my time:
I'll enter him that I may work his doom,
His mind's defences are blown down by passion,
And I can enter him unchallenged, like
A traveller an inn, and when I'm there,
He is himself now so much like a demon,
He will not notice me."

In this way the author attempts to reveal the Spiritual influences, natural and supernatural—and chiefly those of his evil genius Malzah, and his good angel Zoe—which tried the temper of Saul's soul, till at last, "faith being wanting," evil triumphs, and he is given over to destruction. Though in the main presenting the Scriptural view of Saul's character, and attributing his downfall to want of faith in God and disobedience to God's commands as given through the priests, the poet, half involuntarily as it seems, gives us glimpses of another interpretation held by many critics of Hebrew history, in

* Saul: A Drama, in three parts. By Charles Heavysge. New York: Lovell Printing and Publishing Co.

[The present paper was written prior to the publication of Dr. Clark's article which appeared in our last number, and is consequently an independent review of Mr. Heavysge's dramas.—ED. C. M.]

which the tragic fate of the great first King is ascribed to the rage and revenge of the priesthood when he rebelled against their tyranny and refused to be a mere instrument in their hands. He scorns

"Not God Himself, but the haughtiest hierarchy
That ever sought to be paramount in the world."

"God now shall help me in another way.
He shall assist me to transform the Hebrews
Into men!"

When Abner says

"Jehovah's ways are dark,"

Saul answers :

"If they be just I care not.
I can endure till death relieves me—ay,
And not complain ; but doubt enfeebles me,
And my strong heart that gladly would endure
Falters beneath misgivings, and vexed, beats
Into the speed of fever, when it thinks
That the Almighty greater is than good.

But that I dare not let my thoughts have birth,
Much less array these embryo thoughts in words,
I should deliver me of such conceptions
As would appal the reverent ear of men,
And make me seem, even what I fear I am,
The Omnipotent's accuser."

Evidently, Mr. Heavysege had studied the Bible, Milton, and Shakespeare till he had become not only familiar with the letter, but thoroughly imbued with the spirit of those great orbs of light and inspiration. We see that it is chiefly through the glasses they hold out to him he beholds the universe, and he often reproduces a thought or an image from one or another of his great models with little change of colouring. Yet, somehow, this does not offend as commonplace plagiarism does ; probably because we feel unmistakably that a mind of original power and genius underlies these involuntary imitations, and constantly asserts its own individuality. Not always happily, however ; too often, unfortunately, in the use of coarse, extravagant, or ludicrous figures and tropes, or grotesque and inappropriate modes of expression, which can only be attributed to a want of early educational training and culture. We need not, however, dwell on these defects now. They may be easily seen, laughed at, or condemned by readers not so well able to discern the ethereal fire of which they are

only the fantastic and erratic gleams, like Will-o'-wisp or Jack-o'-lanthorns—the fire of genius, which, though often in a smouldering and half-smothered fashion, does really glow through all the imperfections of this extraordinary production, making it a real and living poem, and not merely an artificial simulacrum of one.

The homely force and vigour of some of the similes are often very striking, as when David, on receiving his father's permission to go to the battle-field, exclaims :

"As a coiled cane, when suddenly unloosed,
Rebounding quivers, throbs my heart with joy."

Saul, when left at home at Gilead, says :

"I am like
A taper that is left to burn to waste
Within an empty house."

And here are two more apt similes from the abundance offered :

"Their demerits
By his worthiness show greater than first fancied,
Even as the dusty atmosphere of a room,
When bars of sunshine are projected through it,
Shows more polluted than we first believed it."

"Let their evil in his good be lost,
Even as the filthy and defiling smoke
Is lost in the pure air."

Here is a fine thought finely expressed :

"It were wise, nay just,
To strike with men a balance. To forgive
If not forget their evil for their good's sake—
Thus cherishing the latter,
We shall grow rich in life's pure gold, and lose
Only its base alloy, its dross and refuse."

Some lines are noticeable for their keen and concentrated energy, such as Saul's answer to the men of Jabesh-Gilead when they entreat him not to fail them :

"Fail !
Let the morn fail the east, I'll not fail you,
But swift and silent as the streaming wind
Unseen approach, then gathering up my force
At dawning sweep on Ammon as night's blast
Sweeps down from Carmel on the dusky sea."

In the scene describing the slaughter of the Amalekites, Mr. Heavysege shows a power of evoking images of horror and dread almost Dantesque ; and in the soldier's savage speech, the pleasant sum-

mer sights and sounds of rural peace and happy industry, of cleft-dropped waters, and the mower's scythe, are forcibly blended and contrasted with the fearful sights and sounds of battle. When the cruel work has been consummated by the death of Agag, and the ground,

"After the smoking draught of blood,
Smacks its brown lips,"

one of the demons, who had been exultingly watching the slaughter, proposes to return to hell, but his companion stops him :

"Stay, for the road thereto is yet encumbered
With the descending corpses of the slain.
'Tis said they choke Hell's gates, and stretch from
thence

Out like a tongue upon the silent gulf
Wherein our spirits, even as terrestrial ships
That are detained by foul winds in an offing,
Linger perforce and feel broad gusts of sighs
That swing them on the dark and billowless waste,
O'er which come sounds more dismal than the
boom

At midnight of the salt flood's foaming surf,
Even dead Amalek's moan and lamentation."

Our next extract is part of a scene after a victory over the Philistines, in which the half-sceptical, half-superstitious character of Saul is well indicated.

SCENE—*A wooded part near Ajalon.*

TIME—Evening.

SAUL, JONATHAN, AHIAH, ABNER, *Officers and Soldiers.*

SAUL (*casting himself reclining against a bank.*)

"Now for a little rest, for though my spirit
Is fresh, my body has no longer vigour.
Bring me a drink.

(*A soldier presents to him a cup of wine.*)
No, give me water. I to-day have poured
Out wine sufficient in the blood of foes.

(*Water is brought and he drinks.*)
Sweeter methinks that draught is unto me
Than ever was the warm-spiced juice of grapes.
How little delights us when we truly need !
Sit, friends, for we are equals all to-day.
Now bring some food and let those eat who may.
Freely eat, and hoard up strength
To re-pursue the enemy, before
The young moon has gone down."

AHIAH.— "Low in the west,
Even now she is, and from her lighted censer
Gives but a weak though sacred beam : same time,
The fragrance born of yon adjacent wood,
Along the dewy air diffusing incense,
Both ministering seem at this great sacrifice,
And wonderful oblation of our foes."

SAUL.— "See the clouds clear off,
And leave the expanse of the sky serene,
Though still obscure."

FIRST OFFICER.— "This is the most romantic
Of all time's hours."

SECOND OFFICER.— "Witchcraft now seems
to hang
Between the horns of the moon that cannot shine
Through the vast darksome chamber of the night,
Which now appears, to my imagination,
Uppiven to magic and the spells profane
Of sorcerers and the hags whose bodies bend
Into caldrons of incantation. Art thou not,
O Saul, afraid of the magicians' charms,
Directed 'gainst thee for uprooting them?"

SAUL.—"I fear them not, nor anything that comes
Within the range of their claimed ministry,
Whether ghosts of the departed, or bad angels
Who 'tis affirmed are sold into their service
For the price of their own souls ; yea, if the Devil
Now stood alone by me on this dusk field,
I'd snub him with ill manners. Yet the moon
Wears unto me the same weird aspect as
She wears to thee, and when I was a boy
I was, and even to this hour I am,
Fascinated by the magic of this quarter,
Loving it more than when, the orb expanding,
The dim equivocation wears away,
Until at full she lights up all the sky,
And shines down like an angel."

FIRST OFFICER.— "Now spectre-like,
And with a few spectator-stars, she goes
Down westward, as if leading the obsequies
Of those of her idolatrous worshippers
Who by their own swords or by ours have per-
ished
Since broke this day's strange morn."

SAUL.— "Hearken ! the blast
Sighs through yon cypress tops the dismal dirge
Of the remainder, whom their own cusped goddess,
Pale Ashtaroth, yon moon, shall from heaven's
verge
See scud like spectres over the dim ground."

As the drama proceeds, the spirit scenes become more numerous, and the good and evil influences which alternately sway Saul contend for his soul. But evil obtains the mastery. Zoe, his guardian angel, departs from him, exclaiming,

"His fault was found in his own heart.
Faith lacking, all his works fell short."

Malzah, "the evil spirit from the Lord," now takes full possession of the unhappy King. Priests and oracles are dumb to him, victory deserts him, the people murmur, and the soldiers no longer follow him to the field ; he feels that he is a King only in

name, and in the intervals of madness despair overwhelms him. In his agony he cries out :

"To have the soul swallowed up of its own self,
Like ocean by its own devouring sands—
Oh, no stout-hearted courage can brave that !

The King's most lawless subject is himself.
His thoughts of late have strangely scorned his
rule—
They are as shifting winds that scorn the sun."

His lament for the days that are gone and can never be recalled is pathetic :

"Even strife and change can now but feebly stir me.
I feel I'm growing old ; and creep along
The remnant of my shortened days of life
Indifferent, toward where looms desolate
Death's sullen land. As a tired traveller
Crosses a dull, monotonous, windy common
Beyond which lies his goal, some smoky town,
Like him I journey to some foul obscure.
O, I am sick to the bottom of my being !
And there is no physician ; no going back
To youth, and health, and herd-keeping in Gibeah."

For help he turns to those magical spells which, when he trusted in Jehovah, he had tried to root out of the land, but which now he was ready to invoke. Passionately he cries :

"I will have knowledge of a kind beyond
That of my present insight !"

Mr. Heavysege has succeeded in giving the scene with the Witch of Endor a truly ghastly and supernatural hue, but it is too long to be given unabridged, and mutilated extracts could not convey any idea of its power. In the last few scenes the poet has indeed almost risen to the height of his theme—no easy task, for it is one that can scarcely be surpassed in its lurid and tragic grandeur. From Saul's last speech we give some lines of sad and touching beauty :

"As round some spent delirious one
Fallen at last asleep, the hand of friendship
Draws the close curtains, who shall draw around
M' memory some apologetic shade ?
Abner may survive,
And vindicate me somewhat; but if he
Die too (for David will not curb the priesthood),
Then I must leave a blotted name behind me,
And enemies whose pens shall slander me
On biding parchment."

The spirit characters in the drama are numerous. There is Gloriel with his band

of celestial spirits, and Zaph, the chief of a troop of demons ; Zoe, the guardian angel of Saul, and Malzah, his evil genius ; Peyona is Malzah's consort. Sometimes these spirits remind us of tricky Gothic sprites, sometimes of darker and more malevolent legendary fiends ; for the demons have much more marked personalities than the angels, though the angels are superior in power ; they quarrel with each other, talk scandal, and try to escape from their tasks and duties as human beings might do. Both angels and demons are depicted as leading lives of ceaseless activity, flitting to and fro, swift as the wind, on earth, in heaven, and in hell, and having much mysterious influence over the affairs of men. In some of the spirit scenes there are touches of quaint satire and grim humour which are not without power, though they will not bear to be taken from the context ; and some of the songs and rhapsodies in the same scenes are most musical and fanciful. As this song of an angel :—

"Swiftly let me now return
To my shining seat on high ;
Now the breaking light is born,
Now the day-dawn I descry ;
Up the opening track of morn,
Let me like the lightning fly.
Let me who for heaven yearn
Through the melting shadows hie,
Where the stars of lustre shorn
In the light of morning die.

I, who ever starlike burn,
I, who ever heavenward turn,
Let me soon to heaven draw nigh.
There with wings my visage shading
Midst effulgence never fading.
Holy ! holy ! holy ! cry."

Here is an exquisite bit of description :

"Zepho, the sun's descended beam
Hath laid his rod on the ocean stream,
And this o'erhanging woodtop nods
Like golden helms of drowsy gods,
Methinks I now will stretch for rest
With eyelids sloping towards the west,
That through their half-transparencies
The rosy radiance passed and strained,
Of mote and vapour duly drained,
I may believe in hollow bliss,
My rest in the empyrean is."

At a meeting of the demons near Gibeah, Widewing, the universe-exploring spirit, describes the flight he had taken before his arrival among them :

“O'er the earth and up the air,
 Passing regions cool and fair,
 I have voyaged beyond the bounds
 Of our customary rounds ;
 Even soared to heaven's gate,
 Even on heaven's threshold sate,
 Sang thereon a plaintive ditty
 That many an angel moved to pity.
 Many an angel whom I knew
 Was moved to pity ; but a few
 Sudden rose, and thence in ire
 Drove me with empyreal fire ;
 Drove me down the wide abyss
 Lashed with lightnings down to this.
 Wrapped in wreaths of forky flame,
 Comet-like I hither came.”

After the spirits vanish a Hebrew enters the scene, the place and the hour filling him with superstitious fear as he speaks to himself :

“ 'Tis said
 That at the dayspring dark and evil spirits
 Break up their nightly meetings where they
 dance
 To parodies of strains they learn'd in heaven ;
 But at the dawn they flee, and holy angels
 Opening the gates of the East, as now they're
 doing,
 Guard the awakening world.”

ARCHBISHOP CONOLLY.

BY A PROTESTANT.

THIRTY-FOUR years ago Thomas Louis Conolly came to Halifax. He was then Secretary of Walsh, the first Roman Catholic Coadjutor Bishop of Nova Scotia, and who was appointed the first Bishop of Halifax on the division of the Province into two dioceses. Conolly had studied with success at Rome and Lyons, and soon after his return to Ireland had offered himself, and been appointed, for Foreign Mission work. He made sacrifices, apparently, in coming to Nova Scotia. In some parts of the old country Canada is still classed with the Fiji Islands, and a clergyman who goes on service to the one colony or the other is looked upon by sorrowing relatives as a possible, perhaps probable, martyr. At the time we speak of, this was the accepted faith in most circles ; but to the ardent young priest the prospect of suffering or of living in obscurity had no terrors. He was full of life and hope, and—we may add—of hatred to England ; and the New World offered wider scope, after all, for his energies than poor old Ireland. He threw himself into active work in Halifax with all the zeal of a buoyant, deeply religious spirit. No danger appalled him. Twice he was stricken down with ship-fever. He faced fearlessly the worst forms of contagion, on land as well as on emigrant ships. His

geniality and *bonhomie*, in addition to his higher qualities of bravery and untiring industry, soon made him a general favourite ; while his scholarship and powers as a theologian gave him position in the Church. Three years after his arrival he was appointed Vicar-General of the diocese ; in 1852 he became Bishop of St. John, N.B., and in 1859 Archbishop of Halifax.

It is not for us to record his virtues and achievements as priest or bishop. Are not these written in the chronicles of his own Church ? The schools built, the nunneries established, the cathedrals renovated, the sermons preached, all belong to a region beyond us. Had he been simply one of the hierarchy, his name would have been little known on earth, save in the two cities where he spent the greater part of his life. But he was more than a prelate, and to this fact is it owing that his death has been mourned widely by all classes, insomuch that throughout the Dominion it is felt to be something approaching the magnitude of a national loss.

When he arrived in Nova Scotia, the Roman Catholic population was in a state of internal discord, and, of course, at deadly feud with Protestants. So was it also all over the Maritime Provinces. Further west it was worse. In Lower Canada the French

hated the incoming Irish, who were pouring across the sea by thousands, and pushing themselves into employment at their expense. And the worst term of reproach that an Irishman could use was, "You're as bad as a Frinchman!" In Upper Canada Orangeism was all-powerful, and the Irish Roman Catholics felt themselves degraded by a proscription that was social rather than political, and that was none the less galling because it was often impalpable and never acknowledged. British America was infected with the cancer of a bitter sectarianism that fed itself fat on the memories of old national and religious quarrels. Our fathers had persecuted each other, therefore we should go on doing the same. Every emigrant brought with him to the New World a live coal from the ancient altar-fires, not merely to rekindle a pure flame on his own hearth, but, if possible, to burn down the homestead of his neighbour. The emblems and watchwords of old faction fights were lovingly cherished and paraded. There was no national sentiment, as in the United States, to dwarf them into insignificance; no healthy public opinion to kill them with ridicule.

Few clergymen can rise much above the level of their flocks. If the flock is animated by a common and deep-seated sentiment, the most that the average clergyman can be expected to do against it is to hold his tongue. The clergyman mixes only with his own people, and naturally sympathises with their grievances, real or fancied. And when both the parties are Celts, it is almost unavoidable that the two should act and react on each other. Even if the clergyman is wiser, he sees that rest is good, and that it is easier to swim with than against the current. If anything of an orator, it is pleasant to gain an easy popularity by trading on prejudices he himself partly sympathises with, and by giving articulate voice to the passions of masses of whom he is the acknowledged leader.

Now, Conolly was every inch an Irishman. Of humble parentage, he ever remained a man of the people. He knew well the wrongs they had endured in the past, and he sympathised with their national yearnings and their maddest efforts for deliverance. His style of speaking—profuse, homely, and, when he was excited, grandiose—was the very kind best adapted for

effective popular oratory. His position and learning gave force to what he said, while his vehemence—occasionally broken and enlivened by native humour—enabled him to sway an audience of his countrymen, and to find his way, when he liked, not only to their hearts, but far down into their pockets. Had he been a man of ordinary ambition he would have been the idol of his flock and a danger to the public peace and welfare. He could have cultivated what the religious newspapers call "a healthy denominational spirit" to an unlimited extent, and at his death he would have left the Protestants and the Roman Catholics of Canada more estranged than he had found them.

He had a higher and a rarer ambition. Sick at first of the feuds and the selfish aimless clashings everywhere in British America, and with a genuine Irish dislike of England, he looked to the United States with hope for a satisfactory solution of the Canadian question. But he was too close an observer for illusions to retain a permanent hold upon him. A study of facts and tendencies in the Republic dissipated the dream of his young Ireland days, and thenceforth Annexationism became in his eyes a heresy of the worst kind. The union of these Provinces into one country, the more closely connected with Britain the better, and with institutions modelled on hers—a country where Protestant and Roman Catholic should 'live and let live'—then became the aim of his life. To the carrying out of this aim he steadily lent thereafter all the influence of his position, tongue, and pen; for though by nature impulsive, he had a strong will, and on all great matters his course was consistent throughout. With his statesmanlike breadth of view and sound judgment, he saw clearly that if Canada was to prosper, or even to exist, the feuds of past centuries and of the Old World must be forgotten, and a permanent peace be established between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Through the providence of God, they were in the one boat, they were pretty evenly divided, and three centuries of European history had proved that the one could not convert or pervert the other. This conception of a Peace of Westphalia for Canada, by a Roman Catholic prelate, is enough to show that he could look at the country from the standpoint, not of a clergyman, but of a statesman.

He himself describes in his voluble and vivid style the exasperation of races and religions that he found in British America. "On the occasion of my first visit to Canada," he says, "I saw that there was no fellowship, no bond of union, no common standpoint whatever between Protestant and Catholic; and what was still more extraordinary and unintelligible, the same rule obtained to a large extent between French and Irish. The three parties seemed to me to resemble three unleashed bull-dogs, more or less ferocious, let into the same enclosure for the mere purpose of worrying each other, without any imaginable benefit—nay, rather with sturdy unsightly cuts and ugly bruises, and positive and downright injury to the most successful among the three. . . . In the Maritime Provinces also, the banners of the respective contending parties seemed 'Love God and hate your fellow-creature as heartily as possible.'" He avowed himself the friend of whatever man or party sought to mitigate this blighting sectarianism, and to fuse all classes and creeds in a common love of country. To none did he give such whole-souled admiration and love, and a more unswerving support, than to Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in whose genius, honesty, and unselfishness he thoroughly believed. McGee's crime for which he suffered, was, said the Archbishop in his funeral oration, "that for the last ten years he laboured to amalgamate Protestant and Catholic, French and Irish, into one body politic and social, in this happy land. I, too, in my own way, have been guilty of the same crime, and I confess it not with remorse, but with honest pride. For the true interests of the Catholic Church, and still more for the material as well as the spiritual welfare of the people committed to my care, *I feel it as much my duty to conciliate Protestants, and to preserve heavenly peace and happiness in this land, as to preach a sermon or to perform any other portion of my Episcopal functions.* I believe that my humble efforts in this particular have brought more real blessings of every kind on the Catholic community over which I preside, than all my other labours together. I found my people nine years ago in the turmoil of religious strife; and if I die today, thanks to God and to the co-operation of clergy and laity, I leave them without any polemical heartburnings,—in peace, happiness, and union with their fellow-citi-

zens of every creed and class." Right noble words! Worthy of being pondered by every man and woman in Canada; by those especially who profess to be followers of the Prince of Peace, and shepherds of the flock of Christ.

One illustration may be given here to show that he spoke but the simple truth in 1868, in boasting somewhat of the religious concord that had sprung up in Nova Scotia, and grown and filled the land. When his predecessor died, the flag over Government House was hoisted at half-mast. The Protestantism of the Province rose in its might. The newspapers teemed with letters and editorials on the outrage. So violent was the storm, that the Government of the day quailed before it. The Governor's name (Lord Mulgrave's) had to be used to certify to the world that the act had been done not with the connivance of the Government, and not even by his own order; that an indiscreet Roman Catholic man-servant had done the deed *proprio motu*; and that in deference to public opinion, the said servant had received notice to quit. When all that is mortal of Archbishop Conolly was borne to the grave, Protestant church bells tolled; Protestant clergymen walked behind the Town Council in the long procession of mourners; the flag waved over Government House half-mast high, and no one opened his mouth against it or cheeped.

This work of making justice and peace kiss each other, was his great work in New Brunswick as well as in Nova Scotia. Though, on many accounts, the difficulties were greater in New Brunswick, he triumphed over them. Without sacrificing principle or his own dignity, in the teeth of obstacles from without and within, he persisted in his policy of conciliation. The New Brunswick school difficulty would never have threatened the stability of the Dominion, had Conolly remained Bishop of St. John. His judicious course two or three years ago, in dealing with a public agitation concerning the state of the schools in Halifax, sufficiently proves this. He knew what was possible and what was impossible in the community in which he lived. And he knew how to preserve much substance that otherwise would have been lost by not insisting too loudly on the form.

"It was Napoleon, I believe, who invariably asked, when hearing of a great man, What

did he do? It was not his genius, learning, or patriotism he cared for; nor what he said, nor what grand speeches, or promises, or professions he made. No! it was invariably what he did. . . . It is not the power that slumbers, but it is power brought into action and tested by results—it is indomitable will and holy ambition, and energy, and industry, and high sense of honour and honesty, and the spirit of sacrifice, and a big heart, that makes the man of great intellectual power truly great in all the width of that expression." Thus he wrote in 1867, with reference to D'Arcy McGee. We may apply the passage to himself, and ask what better work can a citizen do than influence his fellow-citizens to lay aside long-cherished hates and suspicions, and cultivate a spirit of mutual brotherliness instead? His hospitality, his speeches, letters, conversation, sermons, his whole life tended to this one end. In prosecuting this life-work, a great love for Canada grew up within him. Never ceasing to be an Irishman, passionately adjuring his countrymen to cast out the demon of feuds and faction-fighting that had so long cursed them, warning them that until this was done they could not expect a blessing nor hope to exert their legitimate influence in the new country where they had built houses to leave to their children and children's children—he became none the less thereby, but all the more, a Canadian in every nerve and fibre. He identified himself with Canada, and believed in the great future that is before it. The future he foresaw was, however, no cloudland picture, not a future dissociated from the present, but one growing naturally out of the present. With his vigorous common sense he scouted the notion of separating from the Old Land, and breaking up the grandest Empire the world has ever seen. He was no theorist. He took his stand always on solid facts, and from that base would not be shaken. He was a truthful man himself, and was able therefore to estimate the respective value of facts and of visions.

He loved this Canada of ours. He valued his position as enabling him to do something for his country, and would not have exchanged it for any other that Church or State could have given him. His public policy was always openly avowed. The cultivation of a Canadian national spirit, or even our continued existence, was impossible without

Confederation; therefore Confederation was to him a matter of course. When others were led astray by party cries or entangled by illusions, the true policy was to him clear as a sunbeam. And when others were discouraged, he did not falter for a moment. "Had I foreseen how little Confederation was going to do for Halifax, I would have opposed it—and so I am sure would your Grace," remarked a gentleman to him not long ago. "If I had to do it all over again, I would do it again with all my heart and soul! I advocated Confederation, not because it was going to make my fortune or yours, but because it was the best thing for all these great Provinces as a whole; and it will be the best thing for us in particular *if we will be true to ourselves.*" Such was the answer he gave, and let us hope the gentleman profited by the application.

The attitude of such a man towards the Infallibility dogma could easily have been predicted. When he found that it was determined to force it on the Council, he was grieved to the soul. He had anticipated great pleasure in being present, but this terrible cup poisoned everything, and he felt miserable all the time he was in Rome. He viewed the dogma, not as Newman did, a mistake religiously, the triumph of "an insolent and aggressive faction" in the Church,—but a mistake politically, the inauguration of a policy which, if logically carried out, would create a hopeless *impasse* in the relations between Church and State everywhere. He saw that its tendency was to undo in Canada all that he had been labouring to do; that it would isolate the Roman Catholics and make Protestants suspicious. Accustomed to speak his mind freely, and more accustomed to debate and speech-making than the generality of his brethren, he bore a foremost part in the discussions. His boldness and power took theologians and prelates by surprise, and gave offence in the highest quarters. But he freed his own soul. Publicly and privately, in the Council and out of it, he made no secret of his dislike to the new decrees, and to the unfairness of voting down prelates who represented millions of Roman Catholics by nominees of the Pope, who did not even represent themselves. But when the decrees were proclaimed, he submitted. Like most politicians and most churchmen in similar circumstances, he had—with a wry

face—to make the best of a bad business. The thought of rebellion never crossed his mind. Though personally a religious man, he had not in him the stuff of which religious reformers are made. He was a sincere Catholic, and had no idea of trying to wreck the ship or even of taking to the jolly-boat, because, in his opinion, captain and pilot had blundered.

It is not our intention to analyse or go over in detail the mental features or other characteristics of Archbishop Conolly, nor to speak much of him as a theologian and preacher, nor of his personal and social life. He liked to preach, and he preached as earnestly to little backwoods congregations as in crowded cathedrals. Though he enjoyed life so heartily that with many his reputation was that of a *bon vivant*, he fasted more rigorously, preached oftener, and worked harder than any of his clergy. In preaching, his style was to present and dwell upon broad massive views of truth, discarding all subtleties and over-refining. In ruling, he magnified his office as an Archbishop, a Prince of the Church. He never shrank from undertaking responsibility. He did many a thing because convinced that in the circumstances nothing better could be done, and that delay meant loss, though convinced also that he might be called upon at Rome to answer for his action. To priest, or dignitary, or religious in the diocese, his

"*sic volo, sic jubeo*" was the supreme reason, beyond which they need not enquire. From the people he exacted implicit obedience in all the realm over which his prerogative, as their spiritual head, extended. Personally, he was a kind, impulsive, lovable man; mindful of the rights and comforts of the meanest person attached to his household. Free from *hauteur* at all times, he was at his best socially when with only two or three others. He was true as steel to friends, and chose for his friends those whom he believed to be true.

Considering how much influence for good or evil a man in his position always has, it is matter for congratulation that at the beginning and at a great crisis in our early history as a Dominion, such a man as he occupied the position. Despising ephemeral applause, and going counter, regretfully, to the instincts and the prejudices of many of his own people, who were Protestant enough to resent and resist his public policy, he sought earnestly the general good, and laboured for that which would endure. The importance of his labours it would be difficult to over-estimate. When in after years the history of Canada comes to be written, we doubt not that his name will be honoured as one who toiled self-sacrificingly to lay our foundations and build our walls, and who died in faith that his work would not die.

SYMPATHY—A MADRIGAL.

BY ALICE HORTON.

O Dove, that dost bewail thy love
 As I do mine,
 Would that my woe could find the facile flow
 Thou hast for thine!

In every wood I hear thy voice
 In loud lament,
 While I am fain to send the sounds of pain
 To banishment.

Yet I divine thy heart and mine
 Know the same grief;
 But thine has utterance, while silent tears
 Are my relief.

Let us divide our burdens then;
 Mourn thou for me,
 And I, who am too proud to moan aloud,
 Will weep for thee.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE political mill has been kept in motion during the past month upon very little grist. It "grinds exceeding small," but it has to do only with small things, and the results are not by any means proportionate to the amount of energy expended upon them. Three years have elapsed since the Pacific Railway matter was the subject of investigation, and yet the party journals are engaged in discussing it as if it were a perennial whose freshness can never cease to bloom. The attempt to keep it alive by transplanting and watering is perhaps a proof of the growing imbecility of the dominant party; but the Opposition is not without blame. In its eagerness to welcome a fancied reaction, it has begun to glory in its shame. Even Mr. Brown can plead on behalf of his "big push" letter the prevailing practice of the time, and Sir John Macdonald claims as a sufficient apology for his little slip, at the same election, that it was "an error of the head and not of the heart," "imprudent and indiscreet," but by no means deserving of ostracism. In a way, they are both right, if only a clean breast were made of it. When Lord Bacon was arraigned for corruption, he simply pleaded guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court, although he had a far better case than either Mr. Brown or Sir John Macdonald. He lived at a time when, from the King upon the throne downwards, there was an unquenchable thirst for pelf. Peerages were sold, honours ceased to be honourable; trade monopolies were farmed out to wealthy buyers, or bestowed upon unworthy favourites; justice was proverbially venal. All this Bacon might have urged in extenuation of his faults; indeed he might have proved himself, on the whole, an elevator of "the standard of purity;" but he preferred to be silent, not merely because he knew his enemies had prevailed at Court, but because he felt that the sins of the age could not be pleaded as an excuse for his own.

But in the case of our party leaders, no such excuse can be offered, and no such

open confession of culpability has ever been made. The Pacific Scandal was the natural effect of a base attempt to traffic upon a great work. At the same time, we believe that the actual guilt of the offence was greatly exaggerated, and the tricks of the prosecution were certainly base enough for the meanest of the detective tribe. Even now Sir John Macdonald cannot give his soft "*pec-cavi*" without being unjustly charged with boasting of what he did, and of announcing his intention to repeat the offence at the first opportunity. The verdict of the country has been unmistakably pronounced upon the matter, and the ex-Premier has too much tact to dispute it; in point of fact, he has not done so. When the moral indignation of the people is aroused, it is apt to take colour from the exaggerations of partisans who have an interest—a selfish interest—in raising it to white heat; but a sober second thought moderates the fury of the furnace, and turns its attention to matters of more immediate concern. In short, men have done their duty in the matter of the "Scandal," the offence has been punished, and order taken that it shall not be repeated at any time to come.

The question of comparative purity, as between the old Government and the new, is the only one of even incidental importance at present. The Pacific Scandal has been discussed and adjudicated upon long since; what the public desires to ascertain now is, whether the *soi-disant* purists were not "tarred with the same stick." If so, the only ground on which the latter attained power—and they have not made too patriotic a use of it—glides from beneath their feet. There may be a chance, perhaps, of purifying the atmosphere of scandal or slander, and emerging again into the clear and incisive conflict of principle. A party which can only exist upon the old transgressions of its opponents is in a fair way of losing its hold upon the country. Now, so far as much of the retort—not always "courteous"—of the Opposition is concerned, we prefer to be silent, not only because the subject is

distasteful in itself, but because it would tend to perpetuate the malign system of party polemic against which we protest. Yet, if the Pacific Scandal is to be kept upon the table, as the great party card, it seems necessary that we should require a searching inquiry into the attempt at corruption made by the wire-puller of the dominant party. Hitherto, the cuttle-fish system of eluding pursuit when in close quarters has been adopted by Mr. Brown. His journal persists in affording the reader information he already possesses on the Pacific Scandal, but is ominously silent on the "big push" letter, concerning which there is a great deal every one would like to know, and which no one but the Managing Director can impart. If he had frankly admitted that in order "to work up against the enormous sums the Government candidates have in their hands," it was necessary for some "outsiders" to "come down handsomely to meet the cash against us," as his letter to Mr. Simpson plainly announces, there would have been a satisfactory account of the matter. The writer would have been fighting the devil with his own weapons, and something could have been urged in extenuation of such a course. But no; the letter was sent and received—of that there can be no doubt—and whether Mr. Simpson consented to "be one" or not is of little consequence. Yet doubts have been thrown by the *Globe* even upon these evident facts. Then followed the absurd division of some other fund of \$3,700 amongst the eighty-two constituencies; in other words, the apportionment of an amount not proved, or even in question, in a manner directly contrary to the testimony afforded by the letter itself. The "big push fund" was, as the begging epistle clearly shows, intended for polling days in the City of Toronto alone, and therefore the defence utterly breaks down. We shall not again revert to the shameful attack on Mr. Justice Wilson, since the feelings of the country on that outrage have been fully reflected by the press of both parties. Where Reform journals have not spoken out, they have, almost uniformly, preserved an ominous silence on the subject. Courage is not a distinguishing feature in party journalism, and we must, therefore, be thankful for reticence as a tribute paid to conscientious conviction. The dust raised by the *Globe* about

an attack on the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario is merely a repetition of its policy with regard to the Scandal; but it is mistaken if it imagines that the former will cover its assault on the Bench, or the latter the flagrant attempt at corruption disclosed by the *West Durham News*. For Mr. Brown's peccadilloes the Government certainly is not responsible; but Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake, as well as the party at large, should pause before they commit their fortunes to a Cæsar who cannot clean his skirts of the imputation cast upon him.

The only item of political news, properly so called, is the result of the local elections in Prince Edward Island. The "burning question" there was one on which we have had, unfortunately, too much experience—that of Separate Schools. It is of very little consequence whether the Hon. Mr. Laird interfered in these elections or not. People have got accustomed to that sort of thing, as they used to be to denunciations of it. Principles enunciated in Opposition sit lightly on men in office; and nobody expects them to be carried to the right hand of Mr. Speaker. Like ballast, they are useful under stress of weather, but may be unshipped with advantage when the vessel gains the harbour. There is a more important question, however, to which we may devote some attention, because it appears to have slipped out of notice in sectional controversies on the subject. The time appears to have arrived when a more comprehensive view of the subject deserves consideration. The bitter discussions on the various Separate School Bills under the old régime can hardly be forgotten. So far as the Roman Catholic view of the matter was concerned, the chosen champion from Western Canada was the Hon. Mr. Scott, a member of the Privy Council, as it now stands under Mr. Mackenzie. It is unnecessary to review the arguments then presented, because the opponents of Separate Schools surrendered their vantage-ground from prudential reasons, when the Federal compact was agreed upon. At the same time, we protest altogether, as Mr. Brown consistently did, against any comparison between the ordinary schools of Quebec and those of Ontario. In the latter the education is strictly secular; in the former, obtusely sectarian. To the Catholic of Ontario,

provided the priest performs his duty, no wrong can be done ; but in Quebec religious instruction overlaps and smothers secular knowledge, and no Protestant who cares for his creed can send his child to the common school without the risk of finding him an alien in faith and a pigmy in practical acquirements. When the compact—we are almost afraid to call it a Coalition—of 1864 was agreed upon, the necessities of the case forced a different policy upon the *ci-devant* leaders of the Opposition. There certainly was no sacrifice of principle when Mr. Brown accepted the Separate School system ; but there was a subordination of principle to expediency. Perhaps no state paper exists which more clearly evidences eager grasping and futile gains than the Confederation Act, which was based on documents drawn up by men who viewed matters from every point of the politico-religious compass. On educational matters, the jurisdiction necessarily would devolve upon the local Legislatures ; and here, from the first, there were cross purposes. Sir Alexander Galt, as the representative of the Protestant minority in Quebec, demanded and obtained a guarantee for Protestant rights in the Province ; Mr. Brown and his friends, with perfect sincerity, supported the member for Sherbrooke ; but, unfortunately, they had to go further. The French wing, under Sir George Cartier, demanded what they called “equal” protection for the Catholic minority in Ontario, and the opponents of Separate Schools were compelled to give way, and these denominational institutions were made part and parcel of our Magna Charta, as it has been somewhat absurdly called.

If the readers of this dry historical *resumé* have understood what has gone before, they will be prepared for the more complete surrender which followed. If we read clause 93 aright, the Colonial Office, under promptings from the Coalitionists, contemplated establishing the denominational system as a national policy. So far as related to the old Province, the matter was absolutely fixed ; and the law threw its ægis over the denominational system by the first proviso : “Nothing in any such law [*i. e.* a local law] shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to Denominational Schools which by law any class of persons have in the Province at the union.” Nor was that

all ; the Governor-General in Council was empowered to override any authority, judicial, legislative, or otherwise, which infringed upon the rights of the minority ; and in default of necessary legislation, the Dominion Parliament was empowered to make the necessary “remedial laws.” In some of the Provinces, no Separate School system existed when they entered the Union, and the result has been a constant ferment in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. During the session of last year, the subject, so far as the former Province is concerned, was vehemently pressed upon the attention of Parliament by the Ultramontanes. Mr. Mackenzie very properly declined to petition the Crown for a coercive amendment of the B. N. A. Act, but he readily consented to an address in favour of a little gentle pressure from Downing Street. His remarks on the occasion show that denominationalism had been deliberately adopted as the policy of the Dominion, and his opinion was expressed in unequivocal language, that New Brunswick, and, *par consequence*, Prince Edward Island, ought to concede to the minority privileges they enjoy in the larger Provinces.

Now, without approving of denominational education in the abstract—for we certainly do not—it does appear that the Roman Catholics of Prince Edward Island occupy an inexpugnable position. They constitute forty per cent. of the population, and a change of two or three votes in the newly-elected House would give them at least an equality. Their belief is that secular education has proved a vicious system, and yet they are compelled to contribute to its support by the majority. Any attempt on their part to secure for their children the training they consider necessary for their virtuous bringing up must be paid for over and above the amount they are forced to pay for the education of other people’s children. Now, we do not say that their position is a sound one—from our point of view, it certainly is not—but have they not a moral claim to separate schools, when their Ontario co-religionists enjoy them ? Why should a Roman Catholic of one Province be under the necessity—voluntary, it is true, in one sense, but forced in another—of paying two educational rates, where the Ontario Catholic or the Quebec Protestant only pays one ? These considerations should, in our opinion,

have weighed more seriously upon the minds of the Prince Edward majority than they appear to have done, because, after all, the abstract question is one with which, under the circumstances, we have little to do. Coercion, either from Ottawa or the hierarchy, should be resisted; but a little calm reflection upon the equity of the case may suffice to turn the scale.

Canadian cities are beginning to feel the pressure of hard times in the shape of increased taxation. Their troubles were supposed to have reached their worst in diminished business, depreciated stocks, and smaller bank balances; but the appearance of the tax-gatherer with unusual demands upon a depleted exchequer is the last straw which will certainly irritate the camel, whether it breaks his back or not. Now, nothing was more certain to happen than this abnormal taxation; and the only strange or astonishing feature in it is, that people should be astonished. Experience, which is said to be the preceptor of fools, had already taught our merchants, who are by no means of that class, to contract their business, check their credits, and reduce their importations; but neither they nor the rest of this community seem to have thought of municipal reckonings yet to come. Reducing expenditure as far as possible in their private concerns, the people of our cities have appeared to think any extravagance justifiable in public affairs. Take Toronto, for example. Perhaps there has never been a year in which the popular demands for public works, increased police protection, improved fire service, new parks, and so on, has been so peremptory as the present. The revenue of the city has suffered, like private revenues, from commercial depression, and yet the demand for increased expenditure has gone on. It would almost seem as if it were a popular superstition that public bodies can live upon the interest of their debts, or that they have some occult but perfectly certain method of raising money which other people have not. The prospect of an addition of nearly fifty per cent. to the taxation rate will perhaps arouse them temporarily from this delusion. In Montreal, the citizens assembled in public meeting the other day and received some wise admonitions from Sir Francis Hincks, Mr. White of the *Gazette*, and

others; perhaps they will profit by them, but the chances are that they will not. The municipal system there appears to be exceptionally vicious, and the people—save in times of pressure—exceptionally careless about civic affairs. If one-half of Mr. Mercer's story were true—and perhaps it was only a half of the truth—the Corporation of Montreal ought not to be treated so tenderly as all the speakers seemed disposed to treat them.

The truth must be faced sooner or later, that, notwithstanding its boasted efficiency, our municipal government in towns is a failure. To those who are familiar with the workings of civic corporations here, the notion of holding them up as models of imitation to England is ludicrous in the extreme. We are speaking now exclusively of our cities and larger towns, for in the rural districts the machinery runs smoothly and efficiently enough; and we have no hesitation in saying that the mischief of close corporations—the *bête noire* of Sir Charles Dilke—is combined in them with all the rottenness of the American system. Partly from the apathy of those whose reason and conscience ought to teach them better, partly from selfish greed for improvements in the neighbourhood of people's dwellings, but mainly from the wretched Committee system of administration, our cities are, and will continue to be, wretchedly governed, until some radical reform is effected. Sir Francis Hincks stated at the Montreal meeting that, as a Minister desired to make his department thoroughly efficient, it was natural a Corporation Committee, charged with a particular branch of the service, should also grasp at a large share of the revenue from similar motives. Be their intentions as laudable as they may, the results are peculiarly disastrous to the tax-payer. Mr. White was nearer the mark when he complained that these Committees were constantly hampering one another. There is no such thing as unity in civic administration, and never will be until there is unity of plan, which means unity of government.

In Toronto, we have ostensibly abolished the vicious plan of ward appropriations, but it potentially exists as it always did. Aldermen, who must do something to justify their presence in the Council Chamber, are as troublesome at present to the City Engineer,

the Committees, and the Corporation as they ever were. Why is not the upper part of St. Magnus Ward gifted with a new sewer? Why is not Pig Lane, with its three houses, containing three voters, paved or gravelled, or lighted with gas? Such are the questions which irritate and finally overcome weak-minded committee-men, as the importunate succeeded in the Gospel. The expedients resorted to in order that the evil day may be averted, are of the most fatuous sort. Of the extra $6\frac{3}{4}$ mills it is proposed to add to the rates, three are required to pay a deficit handed over by the Council of 1875. This is one device constantly employed, and the issue of more debentures is another. When will people rise above the notion of Micawber, that a debt is settled when a promissory note is given? Not to speak of the deleterious effect constant borrowing must have upon the civic credit, there is the interest to pay yearly and the sinking fund to be provided for—unless the worthy aldermen lay violent hands upon the latter. Every additional issue of debentures must be sold at a lower price, or offered at a higher rate of interest; in any case, the ratepayer must foot the bill. There must be a vital change in method, for palliatives are no longer of any avail. The Committee system is admittedly a bad one, and nothing but its extinction will meet the emergency. We do not pretend to be in possession of any scheme adequate to the purpose; that must be left to our rulers. But we do strongly insist that some remedy is imperatively demanded. The Legislature of Ontario is always tinkering at the Municipal Act; let it change its procedure, and enact one for the better government of cities and towns. As a first and essential step, the people demand the abolition of all exemptions from taxation.

The Senate of Toronto University having issued the first part of the new curriculum, an opportunity is afforded us of gauging the value of their work in connection with the general subject of superior education. The revised scheme, in its present unfinished state, can hardly be satisfactorily or fairly criticized. So far as the part published may be taken as a specimen brick of the renovated structure, the work of reform does not strike one as thorough. The alterations are for the most part judicious, although they

appear sometimes to be the fruit of caprice rather than deliberate judgment. The classical work is certainly improved in more respects than one. The addition of the paper on Latin grammar and the elimination of Latin verse, except for a special purpose, are both commendable. Under the old system, the examiner was confined to grammatical questions, suggested by the passage immediately under consideration, and, as these are invariably explained and illustrated in all annotated editions of the text, correct answers afforded no proof of sound grammatical knowledge. A well-coached pupil, apt at the art of cramming, would almost tell at a glance which of his "nubs" must be furbished up, because the passage itself would yield him that much information. Much of the success in training attributed to some preparatory institutions is due to the fact that the "nub" armoury is kept in good order. The new plan, if honestly carried out, will give fair play to all comers, as "special stress is to be laid" upon it. Perhaps it would have been better if the degree of "stress" had been substantially indicated by a division of the marks attainable for Latin. Latin verse, again, is a *dilletante* accomplishment in which few can excel, but which ought not, on that account, to be denied recognition. It was hard to demand it from those who had no taste for the art or facility of acquiring it, and yet it is elegant enough to merit a place somewhere in the curriculum. The Senate appears to have chosen the golden mean.

On the other hand, change for the sake of change appears unwise. The arbitrary fiat which has shut the door upon the laughing cynicism of the Syro-Greek Rabelais was hardly judicious; a matriculation course without the Charon and Vita seems to us, at best a maimed and defective one. The sixth book of the *Æneid*, again, as a test of mythological and historical knowledge, might have found a place in one or other of the examinations, and now that the ancient classics have been very properly dropped in the philosophy departments, some portions of Plato, Aristotle, or Cicero should certainly be found in the classical portion of the curriculum. On the whole, however, there is not much fault to be found with the changes in this department; and the fair distribution of epic, lyric, and elegiac in Latin verse is admirable. It is gratifying,

also, to note that the mathematical cords have been tightened, although an unfortunate note seems to hold out a flag of truce to superficiality.

The English, French, and German Departments have been skilfully handled. As in classics, the special grammar paper occupies a prominent place, and the introduction of special English texts is a manifest improvement. The department of history and geography also has been remodelled for the better. Instead of sprawling over the entire field, the student has the advantage of being thoroughly acquainted with the men and manners of special periods, and the geography of specified areas. To know and comprehend intelligently the deeds which fill one epoch is better than a superficial acquaintance with universal history; and correct notions of the geography of Greece or Italy are better than a smattering of knowledge touching all lands from Iceland to Shanghai. The system of "thorough," although a failure with Laud and Strafford, is the only sound one in education. In this department, however, there are some notable defects which ought to be remedied. It seems at least singular that Canadian history and geography have no special prominence in the curriculum of a Canadian University. At junior matriculation, "North America" is mentioned certainly under modern geography; and for honours, "the British Empire, including"—as we presume it is always supposed to do—"the Colonies." As for history, so far as the Dominion is concerned, the candidate's mind may be a perfect blank, and it generally is so. Why should men be permitted to pass into our Provincial University without even so much as a nodding acquaintance with Cartier, Champlain, Laval, or Montcalm? To make matters worse, there is neither history nor geography required at senior matriculation, and thus a candidate may become a graduate without assurance that he knows anything of history or geography at all. Is it really intended that students may pass a year at college, or enter the University, skipping a year, without having his stock of historical knowledge properly appraised, we shall not say supplemented? Perhaps next to the natural sciences, of which we have next to speak, no department of knowledge demands more attention at the hands of our University

authorities than history, and yet this is the treatment it receives at the hands of the Senate.

With the natural science part of the programme, it is scarcely possible to speak with patience. There are no pass subjects in either examination, but at the end of the "senior" is one solitary "honour" item dropped in as a make-weight—"Inorganic Chemistry. Book of Reference: Roscoe's Elements." Botany and zoology are dropped out entirely, with geology and mineralogy; Gray and Nicholson disappear with Lyell and Chapman. This is progress with a vengeance; for even the Grammar Schools do better than that. In point of fact, a man, who is what the *Globe* terms self-educated, may, under the new curriculum, succeed in obtaining University honours, without the slightest knowledge of the world that is around and about him. Our conceptions of the province of natural science may seem too broad for adoption, although we probably might arrive at, substantially, the same conclusions as to its limits, without attempting, as the Senate is obviously doing, to ignore its claims altogether. Whether University sages like it or not, the truths of natural science, and even its hypotheses and unsolved problems, must be treated with consideration. The ostrich policy is always a bad one, but pre-eminently so in a transitional age, when everything which our fathers deemed stable is floating about in the eddies of inundation. The University curriculum is supposed to be the model, according to which the Grammar Schools and Collegiate Institutes are to shape themselves; and yet the subjects which, above all others, permeate the thought of the age, are systematically frowned upon. Natural science has—rightly or wrongly, it is not necessary to inquire—insinuated itself into every department of knowledge or speculation. It has partially undermined our religion, it has laid siege to our metaphysics, turned upside down moral philosophy, intuitional or utilitarian—in short, asserted the supremacy over human intellect and human conscience. And yet, although Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Clifford, Spencer, Tylor, Lubbock, Mill, and a host of inferior luminaries, are exalting science, as it is now distinctively called, to a dangerous pre-eminence, our Provincial University is determined to know nothing which is not to

be found in the sages of long ago. "Roscoe's Elements"—a good manual certainly—must suffice as a test of, not ordinary or "pass" acquirements, but "honour" work in natural science.

A University should, above all things, reflect the culture of the age, more especially when it is a national and unsectarian University. As it should encourage, instead of obstructing, the spirit of inquiry, so also is it bound, under the severest penalties, not to foster the negative beliefs of Agnosticism. In matters of faith, it must be colourless; in the province of science, it must raise and inform the intellect, until it is fairly abreast of the time. This it may do, as our Provincial University professes to do, not by directly imparting information, for that is a collegiate matter, but by raising the standard of scholarship, broadening the field of study, and encouraging, in every direction, a free and full investigation of the truth wherever it may be sought or found. If the ideal of a University be not a chimera, it means the concentration and dissemination of knowledge from whatever quarter it may come. In Canada, culture, to be serviceable, should be closely allied to the practical wants of the people; and, therefore, any attempt to make our University a thing of shreds and patches, cut from the cast-off garments of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, or Dublin, must prove a failure. What we need in Ontario is an institution which shall prove itself indeed the crowning glory of our educational system; but to secure it, we must away with the fossil obstructiveness which comes of conventional prejudice. We must cease to copy the narrowness of Oxford and Cambridge as they used to be, and emulate the eager spirit of progress which possesses them to-day. In this new country, we must adapt our *modus vivendi* in educational matters, as we do our maxims in politics and economics, to the atmosphere in which we live. It will not do to hanker after the flesh-pots of an abandoned Egypt, when others, more fettered than we, are on the borders of the promised land. It is for the Senate of our University to say whether she shall be shorn of her glory or whether she shall head the army of Canadian culture. The English Universities, especially Cambridge, have enlarged the sphere of their operations to meet the exigencies of the time; shall we be found want-

ing? Where is our science tripos? Where are our middle-class-examinations? Why do we persist in dragging poor students, who have mounted two or three rounds of the ladder, to struggle from Sarnia or Ottawa to Toronto when they might be examined almost at their own doors? Why, above all, are cultured women, or women who aspire to the intellectual life, excluded from participation in University advantages. Education, like religion, should know nothing of sex or poverty. The path to learning is not an easy one, but it should be open to all; and when we think of the gifted women who have adorned, and under discouraging auspices, continue to adorn, the intellectual firmament of Canada, as well as England, we yearn for the time when to them also the good tidings of equality in culture shall be preached. There is no extravagance in any of the suggestions here advanced, and they may easily be embodied in practice, if the ruling body of the University, in conjunction with the Minister of Education, would set themselves to the work earnestly and without prejudice. If Convocation were anything more than a legislative mummery, it might aid in the cause; in the absence of any vital force within, there is nothing for it but to appeal to the energy which is without.

It is gratifying to observe, *à propos* of University education, that Rome has lately manifested renewed interest in Laval. The *Minerve* states that a Cardinal has been specially appointed as patron of the Quebec Seminary, and that he will be held responsible for the doctrines inculcated there. Perhaps he will also be styled its Visitor, *à non visitando*, for what good object he can accomplish so far away as Rome it is not easy to divine. It may be that Archbishop Taschereau's orthodoxy is in question, or that the Curia is determined to secure a safe grasp upon education in Quebec—which is its only ecclesiastical preserve, except Belgium. No impression has been made upon Germany; Austria is allowed to take its own way; France is in the hands of the enemy; and Spain has proclaimed *quasi* toleration in the teeth of the Vatican. As a last resource, the Pope has espoused the Sultan's cause, with the Bulgarian atrocities and the wretched misgovernment confronting him. The chair of St. Peter has been filled by pontiffs who have held strange

views and been guilty of strange practices ; but not often has it been found in alliance with the Porte. Meanwhile there are signs that Italy is preparing a surprise for the Curia on the death of Pius IX. It has been urged, and upon sound historical grounds, that during the first thousand years of the Church's existence the Italians elected the Bishop of Rome, clergy and laity participating. The College of Cardinals is a comparatively modern institution, and has no basis of Scripture, history, or tradition on which to rest. The Italians desire to get back their ancient rights, and it is even said that the present Government, which is Radical, will insist upon regaining them. There is, however, a serious obstacle in the way, which must be taken into account. Since the Popes were elected by the Church at large, the claim of a universal episcopate has been asserted for the see of Rome ; how may that be reconciled with an election by the members, cleric or lay, of a local Church? The Vatican Council declared the supremacy of the Pope over all bishops and pastors—indeed they were obliged to do so when they proclaimed him infallible. Nevertheless, the Roman Catholic Church is distinctively Italian. The Council was packed with Bishops *in partibus*, Generals of the Orders, Abbots, and others who had no claim to admission there. Should the Pope die to-morrow, the College will take care to select the most inflexible Ultramontane they can find. The Roman Catholic nations have lost their veto at Papal elections, as they have been deprived of their representatives at General Councils. The old system has been inverted, and nothing remains but a grinding absolutism, which deifies the Pope, subordinates the Episcopal body, and leaves the priests, as some recompense, entirely in their power. The appointment of an Italian Cardinal to oversee a Canadian University is a fitting pendant to the system. The *Minerve* calls it an honour “accorded to but few European Universities”—an honour, we should fancy, for which few of them have any desire. It means complete subjection to the most bigoted section of the Church, and a reaction against the liberal principles enunciated of late by the Archbishop of Quebec and Mgr. Fabre ; it means the introduction of the Syllabus, with all the accompanying monstrosities ; it means, in short, a conflict between

the narrow notions of the Vatican and liberty of conscience, freedom of inquiry, and enlightened progress. If it be an honour to have our youth enrolled under the banner of intolerance and fanaticism, Ultramontanes are welcome to all the glory it will bring them. We only care that our elections shall be free from clerical intimidation, the basis of national culture broadened, and something resembling complete freedom firmly established throughout the Dominion. Canadians live under British sway, not under the Vatican, and therefore they have a right to protest against the importation of the Roman element into the intellectual culture of Canadians.

The visit of Lord Dufferin to the Pacific Province has not been so agreeable, in some respects, as we anticipated. The British Columbians are in a moody humour at present, and refuse to be gratified even by guests who are so courteous and affable. That there has been considerable bungling in dealing with them, must certainly be admitted ; yet that is no sufficient cause for unreasonable demands, still less for churlish behaviour to those who have made a toilsome journey especially to please them. The ideas of our western fellow-subject must be extremely crude if they suppose that the Governor General has any control over the policy of his advisers. To address the Crown is one thing ; to attempt to exert pressure upon the representative of the Crown is another. A petition to the Queen would be handed to her advisers, and a petition to the Governor must be passed over to the Ottawa Privy Council. So delicate, indeed, is his position, with a double responsibility here and at home, that to approach him at all with a bill of grievances is indecorous in the highest degree. If the telegram may be relied upon, Lord Dufferin was desired to do battle with his own advisers—the advisers not selected by himself, but placed there by the voice of a large majority of the Legislature. To interfere, therefore, in the Pacific Railway controversy would have been a constitutional *faux pas*, and the people who thrust their petition of right into his Lordship's face at Victoria ought to have known better. An absurd telegram from San Francisco made matters worse, since it startled the feebler minds which are always hungering for a grievance, and fur-

nished the *Times* with another pretext for attacking the Dominion. It should have required but slight reflection to assure any one having even an average acquaintance with current politics, that the Governor-General was misreported. Lord Dufferin is too well versed in constitutional law to announce, as a new policy, the abandonment of the railway. Supposing that it had been decided upon by Mr. Mackenzie—and all the statements he has hitherto made have been to a contrary effect—the representative of the Crown would not certainly be the first to enunciate it. Of course, the reference in his Lordship's address was simply to the Bill rejected by the Senate for the construction of the Vancouver Railway. So far as the *Times* is concerned, the matter lies within small compass. Printing-House Square, notwithstanding the power it wields, is at the mercy of any large interest which happens to wield influence in the money market. The story of Mr. Albert Grant and Mr. Sampson is not likely to be repeated, with other names, in the history of any leading newspaper; still there is always a current which appears to constrain financial editors to work in certain grooves. At times it is the promoters; at others, the prevailing turn in the inclination of investors, or the general confidence or depression in the money market. The tone of the *Times* is affected by all these contingencies, and occasionally by something more. Its bitter hostility to the Quebec Loan was unquestionably inspired by the President of the Grand Trunk Company; and the acerbity with which it treats of the British Columbian difficulty is only another phase of the same ephemeral policy, suggested by those who, for the moment, gain its ear. Its influence with the moneyed circles is still too powerful to be underrated in gauging popular opinion, especially in the City. The proprietors and managing men of the *Times* are above suspicion of being corruptly influenced; but they are swayed by atmospheric gusts of which they possibly are unconscious. There is a want of activity in the money market at present, for the most part from the perplexity which troubles the soul of the investor. Turkey and Egypt have gone by the board, with Spain and her *quondam* colonies. What is wanted is something that will bring in ten per cent. if possible, without the risks that usually attach to

ten per cents. The *Times* has not succeeded in materially damaging the Quebec Railway Loan, in a great measure because it has been discovered in England that Egyptian bonds at seventeen are not so good as Canadian sixes guaranteed by a local Government. The market quotations are lower than they ought to be, and for that we must thank the leading newspaper; but these are growing proofs that John Bull is not any longer in leading-strings. He sometimes crosses the ocean, and has begun to think for himself, without extraneous aid from financial editors.

Nothing of special importance has occurred in the United States during the month. Messrs. Tilden and Hendricks, the Democratic candidates, after unusual delay, have published their letters of acceptance. Mr. Tilden tries hard to heal the breach in the Democratic party on the question of resumption, and to some extent is successful in the application of his salve. He has a weak-backed opponent in Mr. Hayes, whose attitude in the financial controversy has been singularly infirm. Living in a Western State, the Republican aspirant to the Presidency has felt himself compelled to yield something to the party of greenbacks. In his contest with Allen for the Governorship of Ohio, he was exceedingly pliable, as most American politicians are of necessity. Mr. Tilden, on the other hand, finds himself on the same "ticket" with a "rag-money" candidate, and a "rag-money platform," in one sense. Party "platforms" can be erected for the occasion; but political preferences, strongly stated, are not so easily got over. Mr. Tilden, therefore, bends from his hard-money Olympus, and Mr. Hendricks raises his to be grasped by the Jove above. Between them, they manage to make a tolerable case—a better one, on the whole, than the Republicans. The party which used to monopolize the power and patronage of the Union has been in the shade since Abraham Lincoln entered the White House in 1861, and it is not surprising that they should put forth a strong effort to get back again. There is much to be said in favour of their aspirations. The Grant faction, as distinguished from the honest yeoman body of the Republican party, has utterly discredited it. The government of the United States, north and

south, during the last seven years and a-half, has been exceptionally bad. The President's course, if it could not be accounted for on other grounds, would almost seem the result of infatuation. There has never been a base man in office whom he has not clung to and defended to the last. No one believes for a moment that Belknap's crime was unknown to Gen. Grant when he hastily accepted the resignation and prevented the impeachment, or at least a tangible result from it. He shielded Delano, Robeson, Babcock, as long as he could do so with safety. There is no chance that Hayes will accomplish any reform of consequence, and the chances are that the best of the Republicans will turn reluctantly to Tilden. On the question of the currency he appears to have conceded something to the advocates of unlimited greenbacks, but after all it is only in appearance. Even Hendricks announces himself as always having been an advocate of resumption; and Tilden's approval of the repeal of the Act of 1875 is merely an impeachment of the Republican policy of legislating declaratively without adopting any practical scheme for ensuring a return to specie payment in 1879. The Sioux war, which was intended by Sherman and Sheridan to be an exemplary instance of revenge upon the Indians wronged by a cruel and corrupt system, has collapsed, because the enemy decamped, families, bag and baggage, without hindrance from the formidable force sent to exterminate them, and thus the "Custer massacre" will remain *in statu quo* for another year.

Mr. Disraeli in the House of Lords will make a novel figure in history. Somebody has compared his retirement with that of a nobler Earl, the elder Pitt. Nothing could be more absurd than the comparison, since the two statesmen had nothing in common. Pitt was "kicked up stairs," in 1766, by his Sovereign, and made Lord Privy Seal; Mr. Disraeli has received similar distinctions, if we may trust the *London World*, also, under continued pressure from royalty; and there the resemblance ends. The Earl of Beaconsfield has had a dazzling career, but, after all, it must always read like the romance of an adventurer. That he was an apt "master of sentences," although in a different sense

from Peter Lombard, may be readily admitted. Perhaps few men living have ever launched a quip or pointed an epigram as deftly as he has done. O'Connell, with his rough sledge-hammer, drove some strong nails, and Cobbett succeeded in attaching some pointed nicknames, which are not yet forgotten; but in the art of neat vituperation, Benjamin Disraeli has never been excelled. His persevering energy against great odds alone rendered him worthy of the power he has wielded. To some extent, his Semitic enthusiasm has been of essential service to his country, for he has "educated" his party as far as his "historic conscience" and their capacity for education have permitted. His great shortcomings as a statesman have arisen from a defective moral sense—the absence of strong principles, or at least the want of staying power to stereotype them. There is abundance of tinsel in his life as well as in his writings, and the Earldom he has received is perhaps the fitting conclusion to a dazzling career, which we cannot, taken as a whole, regard with complete satisfaction.

The Servian war may be regarded as virtually at an end. The Slavs have failed in their attack on the Porte, notwithstanding the reported triumphs near Alexinatz. In their own territory, Prince Milan's subjects are able to keep the Turks in check, because the physical configuration of the country favours defensive warfare; outside of it, they appear to be powerless, whether from want of strength, injudicious strategy, or divided councils, it is impossible to say—perhaps a combination of them all. It remains for the Powers, and especially for England, to stand between Servia and those who have perpetrated the Bulgarian atrocities. It would reflect lasting disgrace upon Britain if the Bashi-bazouks, or the regular army for that matter, were permitted to sack and outrage Belgrade. Under the injudicious policy of the English Premier, whose Semiticism always gets the better of him, these massacres have been committed with the hope of impunity. It remains for the English people now to do their duty, and keep the Turk within the limits recognised in civilized Christendom.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM, OLD AND NEW, from the standpoint of the Infallibility Doctrine. By John Schulte, D.D., Ph.D., Rector of Port Burwell, Ontario. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

The author of this volume is eminently fitted for the task he has undertaken. He was educated as a Roman Catholic priest, and has been for fifteen years past a Church of England minister. The reticence preserved for so long a period should of itself commend this comprehensive work to general attention. It is not written, as too many polemical treatises are, in the heat of passionate revulsion against an abandoned faith, which has been tried and found wanting. The spirit breathed throughout is forbearing and charitable to a gratifying degree. In the preface Dr. Schulte tells why he has not spoken before, and the account he gives is as creditable to his heart as to his conscience. "Controversy," he remarks, "is not the field for a new convert, because it is apt to drive him to the opposite extreme, and to lead him to form in haste judgments which require mature consideration." Then, again, the "mental crisis" involved in a breach with the old faith had left the heart perturbed and the intellect unsettled. It was better to continue the pursuit of truth quietly and at leisure, rather than rush, like a half-equipped warrior, into the field. Besides, the wrench from old associations and former friendships had been strong, and the sacrifice cannot be better described than in the author's own words:—

"I had experienced the greatest kindness, not only from Roman Catholics individually, but from the Church itself. I remembered the happy years I had spent in the City of Rome. Propaganda College was to me a quiet retreat from the turmoils and cares of the world, and I gratefully thought of the pains which my kind-hearted superiors and professors had taken in my education. I had a high regard for Pius IX., not only for his amiable and Christian qualities, but for his personal kindness to me. I found in the Bishop and clergy of the diocese where I laboured as priest and professor, sincere and attached friends." The ties connecting Dr. Schulte with them all were rudely ruptured, at the call of honest convictions, and they were severed, firmly and definitively, yet not without a pang.

During his residence at the Propaganda, our author came in contact with a convert from Protestantism, of whom he speaks with touching tenderness—Dr. John Henry Newman, who had just broken with the creed and friends of his youth, and, perhaps more sadly than all, with his beloved University. Dr. Schulte studied with him, and afterwards assisted at his ordination. To enjoy Dr. Newman's society was to be brought under the mellowing and softening influence of that gentle spirit which Vaticanism has so mercilessly bruised. The time soon came when our author's perplexities began, and the struggle must have been as trying as that so eloquently depicted by the author of the "Apologia"—the one tending to Protestantism, the other Romewards. It would be satisfactory to ascertain which has really "found peace"—he who sought it under the shadow of the Vatican, or he who looked for it in the bosom of the English Church. Dr. Newman was not before 1870, nor is he now in a proper sense, an Ultramontane. Before the Vatican Council assembled he was as vehement in his protests against the Infallibility dogma as Darboy, Dupanloup, and Strössmayer. He has succumbed to authority, but not without a struggle. At the present time he is a "minimizer," attempting, with that delicate casuistry of which he is so exquisite a master, to reduce the obnoxious doctrine to a harmless and colourless nonentity. Facts, however, which Dr. Schulte brings to bear upon the theory with singular force, are against him, and he fails, as he failed before when he applied a similar method to the Thirty-nine Articles in "Tracts for the Times."

The career of our author has been dwelt upon, in preference to a detailed review of his work, because we desire to interest our readers in it, as well as to show how well qualified the writer is from the knowledge and temper he brings to the task. No one can turn over the pages of the volume without marking abundant evidence of the thoroughness of Dr. Schulte's training. It is the custom with Protestant theologians to begin with the Bible and the Reformation, as if there had been no Christianity existing during the preceding fifteen centuries; yet no greater mistake can be committed. Our religion is a development, not a Minerva from the head of Jove. In this volume the continuity of the faith, as well as its pro-

gressive character, is strongly insisted upon. There is no bigoted dogmatism in it, yet the principles which make up the orthodox creed are firmly indicated. Divided into two parts, the one dealing with the theory of Infallibility and the other with its practical working, it constitutes a repertory of information and argument upon a subject of absorbing interest. There is no branch of the controversy upon which some new light is not thrown, and those who only know the reasons on both sides from the stock arguments of Protestant or Catholic disputants will find in Dr. Schulte's compendious volume a full elucidation of all phases of the question.

MUMMIES AND MOSLEMS. By Charles Dudley Warner. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1876.

A reader of that quaint and placid book, "My Summer in a Garden," would imagine its author to be of a quiet and stay-at-home temperament, not in any way fitted to find pleasure in the varied excitements of travel. After reading it, one could not help associating him inseparably with a straw hat and garden rake, rather than with luggage and railway tickets. Nevertheless, we have followed him, as a somewhat cynical observer of the Maritime Provinces, in the little volume with the queer title of "Baddeck, and that Sort of Thing," and now we find him a genial and entertaining guide through Egypt as it is, in the larger one before us, with the queerer title of "Mummies and Moslems." The attractive form in which it is presented to the Canadian public prepossesses one in its favour, and there is nothing between the prettily designed covers to alter this first impression. Before dipping further into his book than the preface, we were inclined to share the opinion Mr. Warner there expresses, that it is impossible to say anything new about Egypt. It has long been pretty well "done to death," learnedly, ignorantly, profoundly, and superficially; for purposes antiquarian, theological, instructive, and entertaining. In 1821 we find Belzoni modestly declaring that after the labours of Hamilton and Burckhardt, little remained to be said. Yet he said a good deal himself, and there are not many who would care to go through all that has appeared about Egypt since he bemoaned his difficulties, and disputed with becoming warmth about the sites of the Egyptian labyrinth and the Temple of Jupiter Ammon. Happily Mr. Warner makes no pretence of following in the footsteps of Egyptologists like Belzoni, Wilkinson, and a host of others; happily, we say, not because we undervalue the work of such men, but because we think he has chosen a path better suited to him in writing as he has done. "Mummies and Moslems" is a light and interesting narrative of a pleasure voyage up the Nile, from Cairo to the second cataract, at

Wady Halfa, in Nubia, as far from being superficial as it is from being dry. It has some points of resemblance to George W. Curtis's "Nile Notes of a Howadj," but none of the semi-poetical vagueness which pervades, and, in our opinion, spoils that book. Mr. Warner has belied his preface, and contrived to say much concerning Egypt that is virtually new, and to throw over what is substantially old the charm of a fresh and graphic style. In every sense a "modern," from the most modern of nations, he passes through a land which lives only in its Past, and in the contrast he finds matter neither for hasty exultation that he is of to-day, nor for oceans of wishy-washy sentiment to pour out at the feet of antiquity. While he is far from being insensible to the awe which it is only honourable for every intelligent man to feel in the presence of monuments of the remote past, he is equally alive to the beauties and the eyesores of Egypt as it is. Consequently his book is free from that greyness of tone, if we may be allowed the expression, which is the blemish of most writers on Egypt, who have eyes only for the wonders of the stones. Mr. Warner's descriptions are a little sketchy and hurried, but they are wonderfully successful in placing us at his side, far away from our prosaic West, and bringing us into the atmosphere of the East, with all its depth of varied colour; its "busy laziness," as he well expresses it; its decayed grandeur; and its picturesque squalor. Among the ruins of Thebes, and in the innumerable temples and tombs which he visits, he never ceases to interest us; but it is in the towns and villages along the banks of the Nile that he appears to best advantage. His pictures of every-day existence among the people are vivid and life-like, full of observation, and glowing with Oriental colouring. The streets of Alexandria and Cairo he is especially happy in sketching. There can be no harm in extracting a passage, almost at random. Here is a street scene at Alexandria:—

"What impresses us most is the good nature of the throng under trying circumstances. The street is so narrow that three or four people abreast make a jam, and it is packed with those moving in two opposing currents. Through this mass comes a donkey with a couple of panniers of soil or of bricks, or bundles of scraggly sticks; or a camel surges in, loaded with building-joists or with lime; or a Turkish officer, with a gaily-caparisoned horse impatiently stamping; a porter slams along with a heavy box on his back; the water-carrier with his nasty skin rubs through; the vendor of sweetmeats finds room for his broad tray; the orange-man pushes his cart into the throng; the Jew auctioneer cries his antique brasses and more antique raiment. Everybody is jostled and pushed and jammed; but everybody is in an imperturbable good humour, for no one is really

in a hurry, and whatever is, is as it always has been and will be. And what a cosmopolitan place it is! We meet Turks, Greeks, Copts, Egyptians, Nubians, Syrians, Americans, Italians; tattered derweeshes, 'welees,' or holy Moslems, nearly naked, presenting the appearance of men who have been buried a long time and recently dug up; Greek priests, Jews, Persian Parsees, Algerines, Hindoos, negroes from Darfoor, and flat-nosed blacks from beyond Khar-toom."

It must be confessed that there is much in Egypt which it is hard to invest with interest for a reader who has not seen it with his own eyes, and who has become sated with the many works which have allowed the dust of their subject to invade their style. Oft-described temples and sculptures cannot easily be made entertaining, unless by abandoning all seriousness, and joking with the outrageous felicity of a Mark Twain. As, when Mr. Warner is serious, he is not pedantic, so when he is amusing he does not plunge into mere burlesque. "Mummies and Moslems" abounds with his well-known humour, playful and coquettish; peeping out at odd moments, and never remaining long enough to grow tiresome. We might give many instances of it, were it not that the task of selection would be a hopeless one, and that there is nothing about which opinions differ so much upon what is very funny.

The faults of the book are few and venial. It would be improved by considerable compression, as in its present form there is a good deal of repetition that becomes tiresome. Occasionally a joke has too much of the American flavour, as in the remark that "if Homer had been more careful in slinging around his epithets, he would have saved us a deal of trouble." Although we scarcely approve of the manner in which this is expressed, we will take the hint home to ourselves, and cordially recommend our readers to get "Mummies and Moslems," and become their own critics, or "sling around" their own epithets concerning it. The missiles will not be dangerous ones, that we will vouch for.

HAY FEVER; OR SUMMER CATARRH: Its Nature and Treatment. By George M. Beard, M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 1876.

Dr. Beard, of New York, has written an interesting monograph on that singular disease called "Hay Fever." At first sight, it might seem that this work is purely professional. This, however, is not the fact. The style is simple, and the work has few technical words, which generally discourage and stagger an ordinary reader. Happily in Canada this disease is not very prevalent. Only isolated cases come under the treatment of our medical men; but in the United States it is said that the

victims number from 25,000 to 50,000. It looks strange to see a book addressed to "The members of the Hay Fever Association." Such is the case, and for years large numbers of such invalids congregate in the mountainous regions of the country, where, during the summer months, they are comparatively free from the distressing attacks of this malady. Each rendezvous has its patrons, whose particular locality is chosen, as affording the greatest exemption, as evinced from actual experiment.

After giving a history of the disease, and showing that it was almost unknown previous to the beginning of this century, the author gives in minute detail the experiments which the invalids made upon themselves. He shows the great difference of opinion among those who have tried a legion of remedies, both in respect to its cause, and the reasons given. One suggests the floating particles from hay; another the pollen of flowers; some the ripening of fruit; others ozone in the air; many the heat and sunshine; and not a few hold to the exciting cause being in germs or parasites. Each theorist defends tenaciously his views based upon his own observations, and too often forgets (as hobby-riders are apt to do) that there may be a combination of these, or that the disease may be only synchronous with the supposed exciting causes. It seems to be a disease of to-day's civilization, for no definite account is given of it in medical works before this century. Yet all the above-mentioned excitants were in existence then as now. It is possible that the change lies in our pampered constitutions, as one of the concomitants of our modes of life. The causes may be in our physical system, and the occasion may be from a myriad of external influences, singly, or in groups. It is interesting to read the various descriptions given of the disease by its victims. There is grim humour in that of Henry Ward Beecher when telling his experience of nasal irritation. He says:—"You never before even suspected what it really was to sneeze. If the door is open you sneeze. If a pane of glass is gone you sneeze. If you look into the sunshine you sneeze. If you sneeze once, you sneeze twenty times. It is a riot of sneezes. First a single one, like a leader in a flock of sheep, bolts over; and then, in spite of all you can do, the whole flock, fifty by count, come dashing over—in twos, in fives, in bunches of twenty." Fifty-five questions were sent out to a large number of those afflicted with this disease. These interrogations covered the whole matter in all its bearings. In reply Dr. Beard got answers from 200. This is a small number to generalize from, but the replies point conclusively to its being a hereditary and nervous disease. It is transmitted as surely as cancer, or consumption, from generation to generation. The nervous constitution does not simply mean those who are weak in nerve power, but also

the nervous in strength. Among two sets of near relatives there were twelve cases of hay fever. Out of the 200 afflicted, 66 had relatives subject to it. The larger number of those affected are professional persons, and men more than women. If fever or inflammation supervene, the asthma and bronchial irritation often cease. Dr. John Brown, in "Spare Hours," says:—"Many a man's life is lengthened by a sharp illness; a brisk fever clarifies the entire man. Such a breathing time my father never had during that part of his life and labours when it would have availed him most."

Canada and our lakes are highly recommended to such invalids. It is said that "Canada is a favourite resort and refuge for those who are not benefited by the White Mountains." A large number of medical remedies are given, but it seems, from actual experience, that Quinine and Arsenic bear off the palm, as the most potent to bring relief.

The work is interesting even to ordinary readers, and to those who are victims of the malady of which it treats, it is invaluable. Of all the ills which afflict humanity this is one of the most singular and erratic, and deserves the care and pains bestowed on the study of it by Dr. Beard. The book is got up in Harper's best style.

STARBOARD AND PORT. THE "NETTIE" ALONG SHORE. An account of a Yachting Cruise to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. By Rev. George Hepworth. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876.

This timely and deeply interesting book comes "just in season," and is worthy of a more extended notice than we can give to it.

Yachting is now generally recognised as one of the healthiest and most invigorating of pastimes, and as one result of this view, large additions are annually being made to the already noble fleet of "flyers" afloat, set apart especially for pleasure sailing. Nothing so stirs the sluggish blood as a cruise on a trim and weatherly yacht. The rolling, restless waves, the ever-changing scenery along our coasts, and the pure air, all combine to drive "dull care" out of our minds, and to leave us a full round of pleasurable enjoyment.

Mr. Hepworth's experience is the old story of charming associations on yacht-board and ashore, and he relates his adventures in a most entertaining and intelligent manner. He is evidently a good critic, and has considerable knowledge of yachting. While his views are well worthy of careful study, his evident dislike to shallow "centre-board" yachts leads him to overlook the fact that they are admirably suited for inland lake and river navigation. His reasoning in reference to them is in the main fair, but he does not draw sufficient dis-

inction between ocean and inland cruising. Where good harbours are numerous and easy of access, as they are along rivers and on our own grand fresh-water lakes, the light and graceful centre-board yachts are as safe, properly manned and rigged, as "deep draughts," and, owing to the shallow water along shore, much more desirable on account of their drawing so little water.

There is as wide a difference between ocean and inland yachting as between a roadster and a draught horse. Each is suited for its special purpose, and so with light and deep draught yachts. A centre-board yacht, properly constructed and skilfully sailed, can live as long and sail faster than a deep draught yacht, and of this there have been many practical tests of late. In the great series of races for the Queen's Cup at New York, Commodore Ashbury's *Livonia*, in her ocean race of twenty miles to windward with the *Columbia*, was easily beaten in a ten-knot breeze. The latter yacht is a shallow centre-board craft; but she stood up better, sailed faster, and was dryer on deck than the crank, deep-draught *Livonia*, one of the best of her class.

It is, doubtless, true that in the great rivalry which yachting develops, yachts may be, and often are, lightly built and over-sparred, and that *stability* gives way to *speed*. But this is a matter which time, experience, and taste will remedy.

Yachts are usually constructed for a certain purpose, in the same way that "shells" are used by oarsmen. As a refuge in a storm, a "fifty-pound" shell boat would not be a success; but it answers admirably for the work it is intended to do. And so with yachts. The modern American yacht, taken all in all, is well suited for the service to which it is dedicated. Accidents will happen to all kinds of yachts, precisely as they do in all modes of transit. The recent deplorable accident to the *Molawak* was one of those occurrences which fall like a thunderbolt, and yet it did not prove that yachting is any more dangerous than carriage driving, for often a runaway horse drags the occupants of the best of carriages to a sudden and shocking death. The fact is that whenever man indulges in any sport, or puts himself in any place which takes him off the ground—his mother earth—he is in more or less danger. And in this view there lies the answer to timid objectors to the noble sport of yachting.

Aside from the rich and racy chapters devoted to descriptions of the sea and its ever-changing phases, Mr. Hepworth's studies, during his cruise, into the early history of the Lower Provinces, are amply interesting. His story is one that should have a place in every library. It is as fresh and delightful as a sea breeze in August, and treats in charming style of the two grand themes, yachting and the

ocean. Of these one need never tire, and especially happy has the author been in his suggestive criticisms upon how best to enjoy them both.

To yachtsmen it will become a valuable book of reference, and to all tourists it will furnish entertaining reading wherever they may roam.

EDITH LYLE: A Novel. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. Toronto: Belford Brothers, 1876.

"Edith Lyle" looks so attractive in its Canadian dress, that it is disappointing to find that the tempting exterior is an introduction to a very trashy, third-rate American novel—and the third-rate American novel is apt to be more vulgar if not more weak than the corresponding English one. This one is unnatural and melodramatic in construction, slipshod and vulgar in execution, and, to a certain extent, false in moral tone. As an instance of the first, the youthful hero and heroine, whose deception and secret marriage is very lightly condoned by the authoress, have respectively the names of *Abelard* and *Heloise*—the first being an absurdly unlikely cognomen for the son of a peasant family in the north of England. The heroine, however, drops her French appellation as soon as it has ceased to be appropriate to her circumstances. The scene of the story is partially laid in England, and the English as well as the American characters talk American English—say "I reckon" and "I guess," and "I don't know as she had," while the authoress thus renders the north-country dialect into what she calls "good English:" "Is the something which *he don't know a sin?*" The heroine's mother after her second marriage is continually called "Mrs. Dr. Barrett," while the American Colonel Schuyler's successive wives are not seldom styled "Lady Emily" and "Lady Edith," for no reason, apparently, except a very undemocratic fondness for titles. The phenomena of sea-sickness are described with a medical minuteness that we have never seen rivalled, and we have various curiously realistic particulars as to the demeanour of the principal characters. Here, for instance, is the way in which a fascinating and aristocratic American widower communicates an interesting piece of intelligence to his son, an equally fascinating young fellow of nineteen:

"Yes," and the colonel walked to the window and spat on a rosebush outside, and wiped his face, and mustering all his courage, added: 'Miss Lyle has promised to be my wife, and you will agree with me, I think, that she is a remarkable—yes, a very remarkable woman.'

"He had told his story, and waited for Godfrey's reply, which came first in a low suppressed whistle, and then in a merry laugh as he jumped up and, giving his pants a violent shake, said, 'I agree with you, father; she is a very remarkable woman, or she wouldn't consent to be my

mother and Julie's. My! won't she pick her eyes out, and aunt Christine will help her.'

Godfrey's "pants" figure largely in the story—even in the conversation of his fiancée—e.g. "But you are hurt, Godfrey? Oh, I am afraid you are. Look, your pants are all dirt!"

Here is another scrap from this fashionable New York young lady's conversation. Her lover, who has been getting tired of her in proportion as he becomes fascinated by the *real* princess in disguise, tells her, when jealous and indignant with some reason, to "scratch and bite like a little cat, if she wanted to." "'I don't want to scratch or bite, and I ain't a little cat, but I do not think it fair in you to admire that girl so much, and take her lilies and violets and things, and you engaged to me.'

The authoress appears anxious to show up the snobbishness of her high-class Americans, and their pride of wealth and caste. Unfortunately, the same ignoble spirit peeps out here and there in the narrator herself, as the following extract will show. It must be premised that the bride in question had married chiefly for financial reasons, without any warmer emotion for her husband than "liking him very much." Here is her reward:—

"The dining-room at Schuyler Hill was one of the pleasantest rooms in the house, and it looked beautifully now with its glass and silver and flowers, and Edith felt a pardonable glow of pride and satisfaction in the thought that this pleasant home, with all its luxury, was hers, the gift of the man who led her so proudly to her seat at the head of the table. The colonel, who was inclined to be a little stiff in his manners among strangers, appeared well at home, and especially well at his own table, and Edith, as she looked at him presiding with so much dignity and ease, thought what a handsome gentleman he was, and felt herself blessed in the possession of him."

The heroine, for whom our chief interest is claimed, is remarkable for little but her "exquisite beauty," her habit of fainting when anything painful occurs, and a peculiar affection of the throat—"iron fingers clutching it"—which miraculously disappears in the satisfactory *dénouement* of the story. Gertie Westbrooke is a far more interesting character, and her love-story is considerably more satisfactory, though it ends a little too much like the conventional fairy-tale. One good thing we must notice in the book, amidst much rubbish—the retributive remorse and painful repentance which at last overtakes the deceitful Mrs. Barrett. Here and there, too, is a bit of tolerable description, which seems to show that the authoress might have done better under more auspicious influences. As it is, however, it says little for the taste of American readers that she should have achieved so much popularity, and it is not easy to see why a book of such dreary twaddle should have been reprinted in Canada.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. SPEDDING continues in this month's *Contemporary* his criticism of Macaulay's Essay on Bacon. This instalment seems to us a triumphant vindication of the great Chancellor. His dealings with his uncle, the great Burghley, are traced with a minuteness we are unable to follow. So far as Essex is concerned, he was evidently a spoiled child, petted and pouted at in turns by the Queen. Bacon was his mentor, so long as he remained amenable to any advice or remonstrance, but the time came when even Bacon could not manage him. His foolish conduct in Ireland and his still more foolish attempt at rebellion are clearly set forth in this paper. No exertions on the part of the philosopher could have been of any avail. Bacon lost favour with the Queen on his account, admonished him and struggled with him in vain; indeed, so far did his friendship lead him that the throne was for a time in danger. Mr. Spedding exposes a number of errors and confusions of date and circumstance in Macaulay's rhetorical essay, and the paper, as a whole, deserves an attentive reading. Mr. Brassey follows with an answer to the question, "Has the British seaman deteriorated?" and his answer is in the negative. The evidence he adduces is somewhat conflicting; still it bears out, in the main, the writer's contention. Some valuable suggestions are offered for improving the seaman's *morale*, and a eulogy is passed upon Mr. Plimsoll.

Canon Lightfoot breaks silence, after a considerable interval, with his eighth paper on "Supernatural Religion." It deals with the Gallic Churches, and appears overpoweringly convincing. Of course, the chief reference here is to the testimony of Irenæus; and Pothinus, who was the senior of the Father and his predecessor in the bishopric of Lyons, is another link in the chain of testimony. That the Four Gospels and some of the Epistles as we now have them were recognised as canonical Scripture in the time of Irenæus, and were then universally received by the Church, can hardly be disputed after such a *résumé* of the evidence as we find in this paper.

Mr. Bayne's able monogram on Clarendon, is concluded in the current number. It is exceedingly interesting, especially that portion which embraces the period of his Chancel-

lorship; and yet it is not always satisfactory. The theory that Clarendon was acting a part when he burst into a frenzy when he heard of his daughter's marriage with the Duke of York, seems a strained and improbable solution of the problem. It is far more likely, as the *Spectator* remarks, that he was, for a short time, earnestly indignant. His notions of royal dignity were extremely high, and, besides, he had reason to tremble for himself when the Court and the politicians saw him likely to be the father of their kings to be. The affair of Fanny Stewart filled up the measure of his iniquities in the eyes of Charles. Clarendon, in that matter, acted perhaps with an eye to the main chance, but, on the whole, as an honest man should have acted. Readers of Pepys know well what the fate of the Stewart would have been but for her hasty marriage with the Duke of Richmond. Seven years after, Clarendon died in exile.

Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, the well-known founder of Secularism, treats, in a somewhat high-flown strain, of "A Dead Movement which learned to Live again." The dead movement is co-operation, and the paper is chiefly useful as a record of historical remembrances. Professor Campbell will rather startle the strictly orthodox with his third paper on New Testament Revision. Some of his remarks savour of Unitarianism, and he wields his sabre regardless of friend or foe. We give one specimen in the Professor's own words: "There is probably now hardly any clergyman of average scholarship who believes in the genuineness of the text of the three witnesses (1 John v. 7). Yet it should not be forgotten that, for two centuries and more, no clergyman could have questioned the authority of this verse without incurring the danger of being reputed a Socinian. This and some other facts about the Bible have passed out of the stage where it was said of them, 'They are not true,' into the other stage, in which the orthodox interpreter declares, 'Everybody knew them.' It is not quite well that these sudden conversions or revolutions of opinion should be passed over, like the changes in some men's political views, without the slightest reference being made to them afterwards. 'Let bygones be bygones' is not applicable to scientific questions." With this specimen brick from the ancient University of St.

Andrews, no doubt some of our readers will be more than satisfied. Mr. Gardiner's brief paper on "The Political Element in Massinger" is exceedingly interesting. Some of the quotations illustrate, in a remarkable way, the absorbing question in the reign of James I. His desertion of the Elector Palatine was of a piece with all that the "British Solomon" did. The elder Disraeli tried to rescue his name and reputation from contempt; but he was essentially a mean man, grasping at pelf wherever he could get it, regardless of the dignity of the peerage or baronetage, and what was of more importance, the honour of England; perhaps, indeed, he was degraded by still baser vices. Lord Blachford (better known to us as Sir Frederick Rogers) contributes a very clever paper on "The Reality of Duty." It is a powerful criticism of the utilitarian theory of morals, as illustrated by the autobiography of John Stuart Mill. Perhaps some of the reasoning and some of the illustrations are strained; still, the force of the paper cannot be denied. He is specially severe with the *petitio principii* lurking in the sensational system. Take as an example his setting of its metaphysical position: "Why are we to believe any abstract or general truth whatever? Because of experience. Why are we to believe experience? Because the course of nature is uniform. Why are we to believe that the course of nature is uniform? Because of experience. Why are we to believe experience? Because the course of nature is uniform. And so on, *ad infinitum*."

The *Fortnightly Review* contains more than one article of deep interest. Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's paper on "The Territorial Expansion of Russia" is as instructive as it is interesting, especially at the present time. The prevailing idea in England seems to be that Russia is bent, of settled purpose, upon a career of territorial aggrandizement—southward to Stamboul, south-easterly to the confines of our Eastern empire. Mr. Wallace interprets in this way the common notion—"legend," he calls it—"about the insatiable, omnivorous Russian, which is always anxiously waiting for a chance of devouring Turkey. When she has devoured Turkey—so runs the legend—she will take India as her next sweet morsel, and then she will leisurely eat up the Chinese empire, or turn towards the setting sun and take a copious meal on her western frontier." Against this notion, or legend as we may choose to call it, Mr. Wallace sets his face. In his view—and he appears to bring no small store of information to sustain him—Russia has extended her boundaries because she has been compelled to do so. The paper is especially valuable in two respects: first, in its description of the process of amalgamation on the North, resulting in a sort of Abyssinian or Coptic Christianity, with the difficulties which have beset colonization and consolidation on the steppes of the South; and secondly, in its graphic account of the dif-

iculties in the way of stopping in the career of conquest. When you have robbers next door, you must prevent them from continuing their depredations, and erect an effectual barrier against the future recurrence of them. In Mr. Wallace's opinion, no such barrier can be of any avail until England and Russia meet. No sooner is one errant tribe conquered, than another meets the Muscovite on a new frontier, and the writer appears to think that as the Powers are destined to meet, there is no reason why they should not meet amicably and arrange the boundaries of empire to the satisfaction of both. So far as Turkey is concerned, Mr. Wallace imagines there can be no possible breach of European peace; he agrees with Mr. Arthur Arnold and Mr. Grant Duff in believing that, apart from her sympathy with the Slav populations, Russia has no ambitious designs in that quarter.

It is always pleasing to read a paper by Mr. John Morley, even when we cannot agree with his views. His style is so limpid and attractive that we cannot help admiring it. The first instalment of an essay on Robespierre is written in the best form, but whether it be from our own obtuseness or the writer's prejudices, we cannot follow it in spirit. The biography is skilfully put together, with the usual anecdote about the hero's horror of bloodshed, of course, included. But he is a very poor hero when all is said, as Mr. Morley candidly admits—a man with no "political intuition," no "social conception, and had nothing which can be described as a policy." The anecdote regarding the visit to Rousseau marks the character of both master and disciple, although it is not told of them:—"Robespierre may well have shared the discouragement of the enthusiastic father who informed Rousseau that he was about to bring up his son on the principles of Emilius (*L'Emile*). 'Then so much the worse for you and your son.'" The sketch of Robespierre's life is interesting, because it is human, and not monstrous, in delineation. Strange it seems, however, that Mr. Morley should be so far blinded by his prejudices, agnostic or radical, as to censure Barnave and the Rolands, and on the whole approve the Jacobins. His character of Marie Antoinette is drawn in the vein of the Extreme Left. Above all, Mr. Morley distinctly advocates centralization, a novel Radical doctrine which the revolutionists of all ages have found convenient when it served their purpose.

We should like to have touched upon the remaining articles in the *Fortnightly*, but have already transcended our limits. Mr. Louis Jennings' article on American affairs is especially good, and Mr. Sully's light on the dark "Philosophy of the Unconscious," if not so clear as it might be, owes its obscurity to Hartmann, the high-priest of darkness, and not to the writer.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE understand that Mr. Adam, a member of the firm who publish this Magazine, has joined with Mr. Lovell, of Montreal, in a partnership, partly as an independent publishing house, and partly as representing the Lovell Printing and Publishing Co., of Rouse's Point and Montreal. The new firm will be known as Lovell, Adam & Co., and will have their headquarters in New York. The gentlemen comprising it have the advantage of a practical acquaintance with the wants of both American and Canadian markets, for the supply of which the printing-house established some years ago by Mr. Lovell, at Rouse's Point, will afford unusual facilities. Favourable arrangements have been entered into with English authors and publishers for the publication of reprints of English works. We have no doubt that the new firm will by their labours help materially in stimulating the growth and progress of a healthy literature in this country as well as in the United States, and they have our heartiest wishes for the success of their enterprising venture. A list of their forthcoming works will be found in our advertising columns.

One of the most important and attractive books to be issued for the coming season will be Dr. Russell's "Narrative of the Tour of the Prince of Wales in India," including his visits to the Courts of Greece, Egypt, Spain, and Portugal. The work will be issued with the sanction of His Royal Highness, and will be profusely illustrated by Mr. Sydney P. Hall, the Prince's private artist, who accompanied the royal party throughout their journey. Arrangements have been made by Messrs. Lovell, Adam & Co., of New York, for reproduction of the work for the markets on this side.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. have sent us a couple of their new novels, both reprints of English works: *Cripps the Carrier*, by Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the well-known author of "Lorna Doone" and other excellent novels; and *Rose Turquand*, by Mr. Ellice Hopkins, a writer as yet unknown to fame. Both novels are very highly spoken of by the leading London critics.

The same firm have just issued another attractive volume on Japan, from the pen of Mr. W. E. Griffis, M.A., late of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan. The work is entitled "The Mikado's Empire," and embraces (1) A History of Japan, from 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D.; (2) Personal Experiences, Observations,

and Studies in Japan, from 1870-74. Profuse illustrations add to the interest of the volume, as many of them are reproductions of native art.

An interesting work, entitled "Under the Northern Lights," by Mr. J. A. MacGahan, favourably known as the author of the entertaining work on the Khivan Expedition, has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. It embraces a narrative of a voyage in the *Pandora* to the Arctic regions, undertaken at the joint expense of Lady Franklin and Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, and will be found full of graphic descriptions of exciting incidents of travel in the "Far North."

A new novel, entitled "The Three Brides," from the pen of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," has just been published. Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose recent novel, "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," has been very favourably received, commences a new story in "Belgravia," under the title of "From Dreams to Waking."

Professor Asa Gray, the eminent American botanist, has compiled, under the title of "Darwiniana," a collection of Essays and Reviews pertaining to Darwinism, which comes to us with Messrs. Appleton's *imprimatur*.

Messrs. Longmans have just completed a condensation of the admirable Dictionary of the English Language of Dr. R. G. Latham. It extends to 1,500 pages royal 8vo, gives the bulk of the words, definitions, derivations, etc., in the original edition, but omits the illustrative quotations which are its distinctive feature.

Mr. Charles Lindsey, of Toronto, widely known as an experienced journalist and *litterateur*, has been engaged for some time in preparing a work dealing with the relations of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada to the Civil Power. Mr. Lindsey's great industry, his familiarity with the history of the country and the sources where its records are to be found, give him special advantages in the preparation of such a work. Recent events in the Lower Province, and the constant aggressions of the Church there, have given importance to the subject, and the work will, doubtless, be looked for with impatience. It, moreover, will be of much interest to those in Britain and the United States who watch the intrigues of Ultramontaniam with apprehension.

a courier would leave Montreal on 20th December with mails for Kingston, whence they would be forwarded to York and Fort George; and that this service would be carried on monthly during the winter, an improvement which, it was hoped, would secure the countenance and support of the public.—Monday, December 15th, Francois Josue de la Corne, Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and Capitaine de Vaisseau in the service of His Most Christian Majesty, died at Quebec. M. de la Corne was a Canadian by birth, and served in the navy of France in various parts of the world, especially in the East Indies, where he gained the esteem of M. de Suffrein. After the conquest of Canada, M. de la Corne served in Germany with many of his countrymen who had returned to France after the capitulation of Montreal, and finally returned to Canada in 1792.—In November a new Great Seal to replace the one previously in use, was placed in the hands of the Lord-Chancellor. His Majesty, in the new Seal, instead of being styled as heretofore, "King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland," is simply styled "Brittaniarum Rex," a short but very comprehensive title. The arms of France were also entirely expunged from the new Seal.—The first session of the eighth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened at Halifax on the 20th February by Governor Wentworth. Richard John Uniacke, Esq., Member for Queen's County, was elected Speaker.—On March 18th, Scrope Bernard, Esq., was appointed (by resolution of the House of Assembly) Agent for the Province of Nova Scotia resident in London. During this Session, the House of Assembly having passed one bill to continue several revenue acts, the Council objected on the ground that this course obliged them to accept or reject the whole of the acts

so included; the Assembly demurred, and appealed to the Lieutenant-Governor, but the Council being firm in their opposition, the objection was maintained, and separate bills were passed. Session closed 2nd May.—The Militia of Nova Scotia at this time numbered 10,000 effective men.—On 10th April the foundation stone of St. George's Church, Halifax, was laid by Sir John Wentworth.—On 5th June the corner stone of the Masonic Hall, in Halifax, was laid by H. R. H. the Duke of Kent.—William Cobbett landed at Halifax on 6th June, on his way from New York to England. During his short stay in Halifax he dined with the Duke of Kent.—Mr. Bulkeley having resigned the offices of Master of the Rolls and Register in Chancery, Mr. Benning Wentworth was, on the 8th July, appointed Master of the Rolls, and Judge Brenton was made Master in Chancery.—Sunday, August 3rd, H. R. H. the Duke of Kent embarked on H. M. S. *Assistance*, and sailed the next day for England, arriving at Portsmouth on 31st August.—On 7th August a military execution took place behind the Citadel at Halifax. Eleven soldiers had been sentenced to death for acts of mutiny and desertion; at the place of execution eight of them were reprieved, and the remaining three suffered death.—Early in August the Maroons, 551 in number, embarked in the *Asia* for Sierra Leone, thus terminating, after a four years trial, the attempt to form on a large scale a settlement of blacks in Nova Scotia.—The Honorable Richard Bulkeley* died at

* Richard Bulkeley accompanied Governor Cornwallis to Nova Scotia as Aide-de-Camp in 1749. He became Secretary of the Province in 1759, an office which he retained under no less than thirteen Governors in succession until his resignation (in favor of his son Michael Freke Bulkeley) in 1795. Mr. Bulkeley was appointed a Member of the Council in 1750, and administered the government of the Province, as senior member of the Council, on the death

Halifax on Saturday, 7th December, in the 83rd year of his age.—No session of the Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick appears to have been held during the year 1800.

1801. Proclamations, dated 25th of May, were issued at York by Lieutenant-Governor Hunter, announcing the changes in the Royal style and title, in the flag to be used by Merchant vessels, and in the Book of Common Prayer, consequent upon the union of Great Britain and Ireland. On 29th of May the first session of the third Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at York by Governor Hunter. The Honorable D. W. Smith was elected Speaker of the Assembly. The session terminated on the 11th July when the Parliament was prorogued. Twelve Acts were passed, the most important of which were an Act respecting Quarter Sessions, an Act for the establishment of a market at Kingston, an Act authorizing the appointment of Inspectors of Flour and of Pot and Pearl ashes, an Act to prevent the selling of spirituous liquors to the Moravian Indians (then settled on the banks of the river Thames) and an Act granting a Supply to His Majesty; the remaining seven Acts were of a local or temporary character. It is worthy of note, as shewing the progress of the new Province, that this year, for the first time, a regular supply bill, giving details of expenditure, was passed. With a view to encourage persons to undertake the cultivation of hemp, the Assembly of Upper Canada had during the recent session voted a

of Governor Parr, in 1791. He was twice married, his first wife being a daughter of Captain John Ross, R. N., a name famous in the annals of Nova Scotia. At the time of his death Mr. Bulkeley held the offices of Judge of the Admiralty, Grand Master of the Freemasons, and Brigadier-General of Militia. He left a widow and one son, the latter being at the time in England.

sum of money to be applied to the purchase of hemp seed to be distributed gratis amongst farmers willing to cultivate it, and had also offered bounties to such persons as should raise hemp for exportation. The Honorables John McGill and D. W. Smith were, on 29th July, appointed Commissioners to carry into effect the intentions of the Assembly. The appointment of Mr. W. Allan as Collector of Duties at the port of York (now Toronto) is announced in the *Gazette* of August 29th.—The third Provincial Parliament of the Province of Quebec met at Quebec on the 8th of January, and proceeded to the election of a Speaker. Judge de Bonne and the late Speaker were proposed, and the late Speaker, the Honorable J. A. Panet, was elected by a large majority. The Speaker having been elected, the House of Assembly adjourned until the 10th, when Lieutenant-Governor Milnes made a speech, as usual at the opening of the Session, in which he announced the intention of His Majesty to establish a competent number of Free Schools, for instruction in the first rudiments of learning, and in the English tongue.—January 24th, Mr. C. B. Bouc, who was expelled from the House of Assembly during the last session of the preceding Parliament, had been returned to the new Parliament by the County of Effingham, and the attention of the Assembly having been called to the records of the last session, Mr. Bouc was expelled for the second time.—March 19th, An advertisement appears in the *Quebec Gazette*, signed by Colonel le Comte Dupré, stating that the townships of Windsor, Simpson and Wendover had been set apart for the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, of the Canadian Militia who served during the blockade of the City of Quebec in the winter of 1775-6, and calling upon the persons

interested to pay their shares of the costs of survey.—March 20th, Mr. C. B. Bouc, having been again elected to the House of Assembly by the County of Effingham, was once more expelled. On the 9th of April the Quebec *Gazette* published at length the Royal Proclamations, dated at *St. James's* the 1st day of January, 1801, declaring the changes in the Royal Style and Title, and in the Ensign or Colors to be borne at sea by British merchant ships, consequent on the Union of Great Britain with Ireland.—On Wednesday, the 8th April, the first session of the third Parliament of the Province of Quebec was closed with a speech by Lieutenant-Governor Milnes, in which His Excellency alluded to the recent union of the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, and expressed the hope that this union would tend to consolidate the strength and advance the prosperity of the Empire. Thirteen Acts received the Governor's approval, and three were reserved. The session had been a busy one, and the work done was important. Acts had been passed for the relief of persons holding lands or immovable property of the Crown *en Roture* upon which *Lods et Ventes*, or mutation fines were due; to explain and amend the law respecting Last Wills and Testaments, so as to remove any doubt as to the full power to devise or bequeath lands, goods or credits, irrespective of any supposed restriction which French usage or custom might impose; the laws regulating Forms of proceeding in Courts of Civil Jurisdiction and the Administration of Justice were amended in several points of importance; the punishment for women convicted of High Treason was changed from burning to death by hanging; a Company was incorporated to supply the City of Montreal with water; an Act for the regulation of the Common belonging to

the town of Three Rivers was passed; the duties on Tobacco were revised, and a duty was imposed on Billiard Tables. A Supply Bill was passed and several expiring Acts were continued. The Bills reserved were:—An Act to declare the Decisory Oath, or *Serment Decisoire*, admissible in Commercial as well as other Civil Matters in this Province; an Act for removing the old Walls and Fortifications that surround the City of Montreal; and an Act for the establishment of Free Schools and the Advancement of Learning in this Province (Lower Canada). These Acts received the assent of the King in Council, on the 7th of April, 1802.—The Quebec *Gazette* of the 23rd April announces that His Excellency Robert Shore Milnes, Esquire, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Lower Canada, had, on the 14th February, been created a Baronet of the United Kingdom. May 6.—The Honorables Thomas Dunn, F. Baby, Joseph de Longueuil, G. E. Taschereau, and R. Lestergie were appointed Commissioners for the execution of the Act for the relief of persons holding lands from His Majesty *en Roture* upon which *Lods et Ventes* are due. June 12.—A letter, signed H. W. Ryland (Clerk of the Council), acknowledges the receipt from Lieutenant-Colonel the Honorable Joseph de Longueuil of five hundred pounds sterling, as a voluntary contribution on the part of the officers and privates of the 1st Battalion of Royal Canadian Volunteers towards carrying on the war.—The Honorable Hugh Finlay, late Deputy Postmaster General of British North America, and Senior Member of the Council, died at Quebec on 26th December. Mr. Finlay had been forty-one years in the public service, and had been succeeded by Mr. George Heriot, who had been appointed Deputy Postmaster General in the previous year.

—The small-pox was prevalent at Halifax during the latter part of the year 1800 and the beginning of 1801—163 persons having died from that disease between September, 1800, and February, 1801,* in the city and suburbs of Halifax.—The Assembly of Nova Scotia met at Halifax on 9th of June; the session (second of the eighth Assembly) closed on 16th July.—The cultivation of hemp, which had already engaged the attention of the Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada, was strongly recommended to the farmers of Nova Scotia, and £200 was voted to purchase seed.—A bill to establish a bank at Halifax was introduced, but rejected by a vote of 14 to 9. A demand was made by the projectors of the scheme that “no other bank should be established by any future law of the Province during the continuance of the said corporation,” and no doubt this demand for a monopoly largely influenced those who opposed the bill.—Isaac Deschamps,† Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, died on 11th August. He was succeeded by George Henry Monk, better known as Major Monk, in which capacity he, although educated as a lawyer, had seen much service.—The General Assembly of New Brunswick met on 20th January, but a sufficient number of members to compose a House not being present an adjournment took place, and the session

*A detailed return on this subject, compiled by Dr. W. J. Almon, may be found in Murdock's *History of Nova Scotia*, vol. iii., pp. 215, 216, 217.

†Isaac Deschamps was of Swiss origin. He assisted Captain Murray in the suppression of the turbulent proceedings at Pisiquid in 1754, at which time he was clerk to Joshua Mauger. He entered the Legislative Assembly as member for West Falmouth, in July, 1761, and became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas the same year. In 1768 Judge Deschamps was appointed Judge of the Island of St. John, (Prince Edward Island), and in 1770 one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, and succeeded Chief Justice Finucane as Chief Justice of that Court, in 1785.

was opened with a speech from Lieutenant-Governor Carleton on the 26th.—On 27th January David Fanning, one of the members for King's County, was expelled, he having been convicted of felony in the Supreme Court. The session closed on 21st February. Thirteen acts were passed, six of which related to public works in various parts of the Province. Of the remaining acts one only seems to call for remark, namely, an act for the further and better support of the poor in the City of St. John, it being singular that, so early in the history of the colony, special legislation should be requisite for the support of the poorer class of the population.

1802. The second session of the third Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Hunter, at York, on 25th May, and closed on the 7th July. The business of this session was not very heavy, only five acts having been passed. Provision was made for the administration of justice in the district of Newcastle. The Governor was authorized to name one or more additional ports of entry, and to appoint collectors thereat, with a view to the better collection of the duties upon merchandise imported from the United States. The amount to be retained by the Receiver-General for his own use, out of the moneys collected by him, was fixed by an act of Parliament. The remaining two acts were temporary. The *Quebec Gazette* of January 7th contains a copy of the Royal Proclamation (dated at Windsor 12th October, 1801), declaring the cessation of arms, as well by sea as land, agreed upon between His Majesty and the French Republic, and enjoining the observance thereof. Copies of this Proclamation were posted up in all parts of the city. A salute was fired