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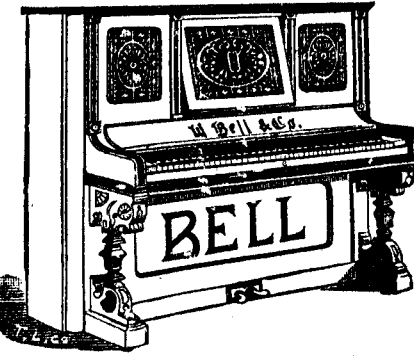
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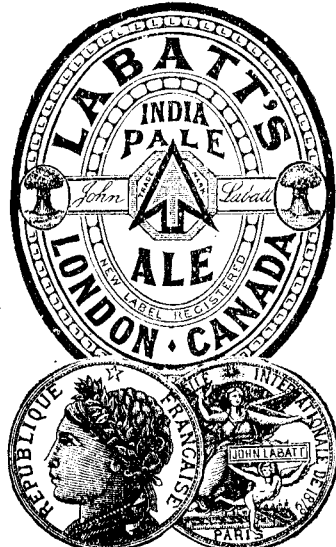
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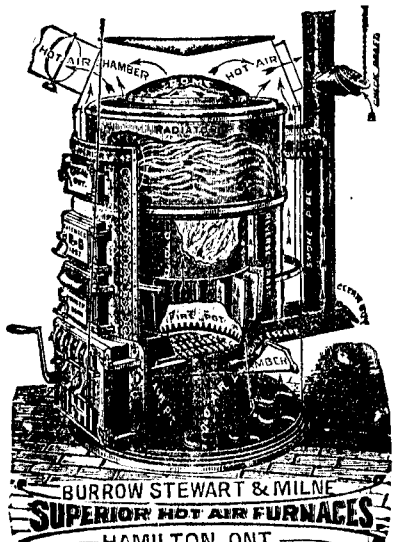
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Can either social or political life be reformed in such fashion? Surely it must be obvious to any thoughtful mind that the citizen who binds himself to cast his vote in accordance with the position of candidates in relation to a single question, regardless of all other considerations, political or moral, can hardly be loyal to the best interests of the State. A number of the twenty-two amendments of the License Law which the Alliance resolved to seek are such as every good citizen must approve. Are not the earnest men who are seeking to promote the great work of temperance reform committing a serious mistake in abandoning the argumentative and persuasive methods of working, by which so much has been accomplished in the past, and giving their energies wholly to the one object of securing the passage, by a mere majority, of an Act which reason and experience unite in declaring could never, if passed, be put into successful operation without the moral support of at least a large majority of the whole people?

THE visit of Lieutenant-Governor Royal to Ottawa, and the ebullition of feeling which that visit and the events which led to it have caused in the North-West, seem to indicate that the deadlock between Mr. Royal and the people's representatives may be more serious than has been generally supposed. The question at issue is, as we have before intimated, really the old one, so familiar in Canadian history, of Responsible Government. It has been assumed and stated, too readily as it has always seemed to us, that any system based on this principle must be so expensive and cumbersome as to be altogether beyond the reach of the sparsely populated territories. We have never been able to see that this necessarily follows; or that there is anything to prevent giving to the Assembly the power of the purse, which is the chief cause of the difficulty, in a form which, while simple and inexpensive, might yet satisfy every reasonable demand of the people at this stage of development. We are not surprised to see that some of the territorial newspapers are now putting forward this view. In answer to a statement reported as having been made by Lieutenant-Governor Royal at Ottawa, touching the alleged enormous expense of giving the Territories the form of government they so much desire, the *MacLeod Gazette* says: "The increased cost of administering a form of government which would be satisfactory to the country would not, at a very high estimate, exceed \$25,000. The only increase over present expenses would be the salaries of three ministers and three deputies. In Manitoba ministers are paid \$3,000 and deputies \$2,000, and at that rate the salaries would amount to only \$15,000." The *Winnipeg Sun* supports the *Gazette's* view, and points out that under the present system about the same equipment is necessary as if a fully-fledged government held the reins of office. Responsible government must eventually be given to the people of the North-West. It cannot be long delayed in any event. It would be unjust and might be dangerous to defer the boon until such time as it can be accompanied with complete organization as a province or provinces. But why should not the sons and brothers of the people of Ontario and the other older provinces, who have made their homes in the far west, enjoy in the meantime the same right in regard to the disposal of the public revenue, which is so tenaciously held by their fathers and brothers at home? We do not see that the particular form in which the bulk of that revenue is conveyed to them need make any difference. It will be conceded, we suppose, that it is none the less rightfully theirs.

JUBILEES have been plentiful in Canada during the current decade. The years 1830-40 were years of planting in this young country. It is remarkable how many institutions of various kinds, which have now become strong and closely identified with the prosperity of the Dominion, took root during these years. The latest jubilee celebration and that which suggests these remarks is that of Queen's University, at Kingston. We need not enter into details of the meetings; these have been made familiar to those who were not present on the occasion, through the daily papers. Such institutions as Queen's have at least two important advantages over those which are being now from time to time founded with ampler means than they originally possessed. These half-century-old colleges have a history and they have had a period of growth. The history of their struggles, hardships and triumphs gives them a hold on the sympathies and affections of the constituencies to which they look for support, and especially upon many of the older and more influential members of those constituencies, who were themselves a part of the events the jubilees commemorate,

such as those which spring into existence fully equipped and endowed have not and may never gain. Then, again, a period of gradual growth and a goodly share of that strength, individuality and self-reliance which come only through the discipline of struggle and toil, are almost as essential to the development of the stronger qualities of character in a college as in a person. Well might one of the speakers at the jubilee, using another figure which readily presents itself, compare the tiny and tender plant of those early days, "keenly sensitive to every chilling wind that blew," with the fair proportions of the robust and stately tree that now overshadows the city of Kingston. Well might others, marking especially the rapid development of Queen's during the last twenty years, look forward and wonder what its status may be when the time for the next jubilee celebration shall have come. In view of its interesting history in the past, its rapid development in the present, and its bright prospects in the future; in view also of the distinguished names which appear on the honour rolls of its graduates, one can well understand, whether he approves or disapproves, the impulse which prompted the friends and alumni of Queen's to reject with prompt decision the idea of merging its future life in that of even the Provincial University. We cannot refrain from adding that no glance, however brief, at the recent history of this prosperous University could fail to rest for a moment on the figure of the Principal who has been for the last twelve years a bulwark of strength to the institution and a fountain of enthusiasm and hope to its friends and benefactors. Gracefully did the preacher of the thanksgiving sermon interpret the wish of all true friends of Queen's when, addressing Principal Grant, he exclaimed:—

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis!

THE opening of the new building which has been erected for scientific uses, in connection with the Department of Biology in the Provincial University, is an occasion on which both the University and the Province may well be congratulated. In these days of free thought and discussion amongst all classes, perplexing questions are sometimes brought to the front concerning the grounds on which, and the limits within which, the money which is the property of the whole people may be properly used for the support of institutions whose advantages can, in the nature of things, be directly utilized by only a few individuals. It is evident that the time is near when it will be necessary for all such institutions to make good their right to be, by demonstrating more clearly than some of them have yet done that they serve the interests of the whole people. The general utility of the study of Biology, in the various branches which were so well presented in the addresses of the distinguished gentlemen who took part in the opening exercises on Friday last, is, perhaps, now less open to dispute than that of almost any other branch of learning in the ordinary university curriculum. The discovering of the important part which is played by bacteria and other minute forms of organic life as either causes or symptoms of disease in the human body, and as the active agents in the communication and spread of disease, is one whose full significance has probably only begun as yet to be realized. But it is clear, as Professor Vaughan so forcibly pointed out, that knowledge must be possessed before it can be applied, and that to convert all the investigators who are the discoverers of knowledge into adapters of knowledge to practical application would be to arrest the world's progress. If, therefore, there is any one department of higher learning which it is desirable to have taken under the fostering care of the State, and pursued to a certain extent at the public expense, Biology might certainly make out a strong claim to be considered that department. Indeed, in view of the wonderful applications to practical and beneficent uses of modern discoveries in other departments of scientific investigation, the claim might well be extended to embrace the whole range of what are known as the natural sciences. For instance, to quote Professor Vaughan again, to-day a hundred arts make practical applications of the discoveries of chemistry which was, less than a hundred years ago, studied as a pure science; and "the industries founded upon the researches of the humble chemist now feed and clothe millions." It is, therefore, well that any reproach to which the University of Toronto may have been open in the past, as failing to make adequate provision for scientific instruction and investigation, is now being taken away. It is the more desirable that ample opportunity for scientific study should be afforded within its walls, as this is the department of learning which is more likely than any other to be found beyond the range of the voluntary colleges,

THE term Biology has, it must be confessed, some very painful connections. Its association with the horrors of vivisection, with all the visions of agonized dumb brutes writhing under the various processes of mutilation and torture which that hateful word calls up, may well cause men and women of sensibility to look askance at the very building dedicated to the service of Biology. That this feeling is not the result of a weak prejudice, that it has its origin in practices from which every humane mind, not carried away by the "joyful excitement" of the scientific enthusiast, must shrink, is beyond question by anyone who will take the trouble to inquire into the facts. Even the British "Royal Commission," all too favourable as was its report, in the opinion of many, to the views of the vivisectionists, was constrained to admit that "this method of research is naturally liable to great abuse." There seems little room for doubt that now, even in England, in spite of the somewhat stringent provisions of the Vivisection Act, "the most terrible cruelties," as Dr. Berdoe maintains in a recent pamphlet, "are daily and hourly practised, and that iniquities only equalled by those which are admitted to be horrible when done abroad are regularly performed in our (its) great Universities and Schools of Medicine." It has been popularly supposed until recently that more humane feelings and methods prevailed in America. But a recent tract, prepared by Frances Power Cobbe and Benjamin Bryan, and published under the auspices of the Victoria Street Society, establishes, by seemingly irrefragable evidence, that, as regards the teaching of Vivisection and its use for purposes of class-room illustration, "America stands even lower than England; lower positively than Germany itself." We know no reason whatever, based on any existing facts, for fearing that those cruel practices, too common elsewhere in the sacred name of Science, may be introduced into the Biological Department of Toronto University. We have no feelings but those of the highest respect for all those who are responsible for the conduct of this and other departments of the University. But in view of the suspicion to which all original investigation within the domain of this particular branch of science is exposed, we could have wished for some reassuring announcement in regard to the conditions and limitations to which its pursuit will be subject in the Provincial University. We are not aware that any Act of the Legislature has been passed in reference to it. We do not, in fact, suppose that any necessity for such legislation has hitherto been supposed to exist; but believing, as we do, that the injury to the finer sensibilities of human nature, which must result from taking part in or witnessing such experiments as some of those which Dr. Austin Flint describes in his "Physiology of Man" as being performed in biological class-rooms in the United States, must greatly over-balance any possible good results in the shape of increased scientific knowledge, we think the humane public of Ontario should insist on having some guarantee, legislative or otherwise, that such experiments will not be permitted in any Canadian institution.

THE time has gone by in English-speaking countries when a concerted refusal to work, on the part of labourers or mechanics, was regarded as a criminal procedure, and rendered those who took part in it amenable to the rigours of the law. In the recent struggle of the London dock-labourers public sympathy was overwhelmingly on the side of the men, and their victory was hailed with satisfaction by fair-minded people all over the world. The unprecedented success of these unskilled workmen brought on an epidemic of strikes in England, and we are told that in two months two hundred strikes have been successful in obtaining an advance of at least ten per cent. in wages, as well as some diminution in the hours of labour. A significant evidence of the progress that the ideas and methods of organized labour have made is seen in the fact that a London gas company, whose coal-stokers and porters were on strike, was unable, by offering a bonus of ten dollars extra pay the first week, and five dollars for each succeeding week of the strike, to find enough men in the metropolis to fill the places of the strikers, and was obliged to employ paupers from the poor-houses and to import men from all parts of England. These men were escorted to work under the protection of numerous squads of police, who would not allow the strikers to so much as talk with the new employees, evidently fearing that even the inmates of the poor-houses might become infected with the spirit of unionism. At this distance it is, of course, difficult to estimate correctly the merits of these numerous struggles between capital and labour. In all probability many of the strikes are ill-advised and likely to retard

instead of accelerating the improvement of the condition of those who precipitate them. Coercion is a dangerous weapon, and a temporary success won by it would be dearly bought at the cost of alienating public sympathy from those resorting to it. Though the abundant success that seems to be attending these labour revolts in the Mother Country may be considered as to a considerable extent justifying them, it seems scarcely possible that they can, in every case, have been entered upon in accordance with the wise principle laid down by Mr. Powderly and other prominent labour men, only as a last resort. But whatever the result of the many struggles which are as yet undecided, the autumn and winter of 1889 will mark an era in the history of England. The successes already gained have raised the British workman to a higher plane of comfort and aspiration. The defeats sustained, should they be serious, as is not improbable, will add to the stock of experience and practical wisdom of the unions. The one will have taught the working classes their strength; the other will have but revealed sources of weakness to be avoided in future contests.

THOUGH the dispute between England and Portugal in regard to the boundaries of their respective territories in South Africa has been brought to a somewhat acute stage by the aggressive energy of Portugal's great explorer, Serpa Pinto, we cannot believe that any serious consequences will follow. We like to base our hope of a peaceful issue more on our confidence in British fair play and magnanimity than on the great disproportion in the strength of the contestants. It is impossible at this distance—it is no doubt very difficult even in England—to form a correct judgment as to the merits of the question. That it would be better for Africa and better for civilization that those vast regions should be under British than under Portuguese rule, we may believe on better grounds than those supplied by national prejudices. No doubt nearly the whole world is of the same opinion. None the less there are certain international principles and practices which should be observed even in the scramble for the possession of a continent. Let us hope that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues will observe these no less scrupulously in their dealings with the feeble and not very agreeable Portuguese than if the party of the second part were Germany herself. It must be remembered that the temptation to which the South African Company would be exposed, assuming that the claims of Portugal to a large part of the territory which they aspire to rule were found pretty strong, would be very great. Hence we may not too hastily conclude that the British contention must necessarily be sound, and that of Portugal fictitious. We accepted, perhaps too hastily, a week or two since, the statement that Lord Salisbury had proposed, and the Portuguese Government agreed to arbitration, and we thought the world was to be congratulated on the fact. Major Serpa Pinto has, we suppose, imperilled that agreement, if it really existed. But there is good reason to hope that his rashness will be repudiated by Portugal, and the sensible and Christian device of arbitration still used to settle the business. England may thus do honour to herself, and set an example to other great Powers.

ANOTHER great route between the Atlantic and the interior is under construction by the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company, which has executed a mortgage for the vast sum of \$45,000,000 to provide for the extension of its road to the Ohio River. The river is to be bridged near Ironton, and connection is to be made for Cincinnati and the West. The company is also extending its line through West Virginia southwesterly to a connection with the Louisville and Nashville systems near Cumberland Gap and will thus ere long reach into the South-west by this line, as it will into the North-west by way of Ironton.

THE influence of a good caricature, whether for good or evil, is only fully appreciated by those who have been its victims. They alone are familiar with its corroding bitterness. To the politician, for example, who is delicately balancing between right and wrong, a scorching editorial, boldly placing him upon the evil side, is easier to live down, no matter how ably written, than the clever caricature which gives ocular demonstration of his sin. The editorial appeals to the intellect; the caricature appeals to the intellect, to the eye, and, worst of all, to the sense of humour of the beholder. And the beholder will carry with him, perhaps forever, either a vague or a vivid impression of having seen the victim in a compromising position. The editorial, moreover, is more or less local, and is read by comparatively few. The caricature is national, and reaches every city in the country. Thousands who would not read the letter-press, if placed in their hands, revel in the details of the caricature with delighted eyes; and their dominant impression of the victim is the one they thus receive.—*Scribner.*

PROPERTIUS V. xi.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

"Cornelia's Defence," as this poem is called, is an elegy on the death of Cornelia, a Roman matron of the highest rank, wife of Paullus Æmilius Lepidus, and daughter of Cornelius Scipio and Scribonia, a lady of the house of Libo. It is in the form of an oration supposed to be delivered by Cornelia in her own defence to the Judges of the Dead; but the plan is confused, and Cornelia addresses those she has left in the world above as much as the judges in the world below. It has been suggested that the elegy was intended to be inscribed on her tomb, which was, as it were, on the confines of the two worlds. The obscure and pedantic style of Propertius makes it difficult to read, much more to translate, him. But this poem, especially the latter part of it, is hardly equalled in the writings of the ancients as a tender expression of conjugal and maternal love. The translator has taken the liberty of slightly abridging the opening, and of leaving out four lines containing flattery of Augustus, which seemed to mar the sentiment, and a little of the frigid mythology of which Propertius is too fond.

WEEP no more, Paullus, where thy wife is laid:
At the dark gate thy prayer will beat in vain;
Once let the nether realm receive the shade
The adamant bar turns not again.

Prayer may move Heaven, but, the sad river passed,
The grave relentless gives not back its dead;
Such sentence speaks the funeral trumpet's blast,
As sank in funeral flames thy loved one's head.

No honours that on Paullus' consort wait,
No pride of ancestry or storied bust,
Could save Cornelia from her cruel fate:
Now one small hand may hold her grandeur's dust.

Shades of the Dead and sluggish fens that gloom
Around Hell's murky shores my steps to bind,
Before my hour, but pure in soul, I come,
Then let the Judge of all the Dead be kind.

Call the dread Court; let silence reign in Hell;
Set for an hour the damned from torture free,
And still the Guardian Hound, if aught I tell
But truth, fall Hell's worst penalty on me.

Is honour to a glorious lineage due?
What my sires were Afric and Spain proclaim;
Nor poor the blood I from my mother drew,
For well may Libo's match with Scipio's name.

And when, my virgin vesture laid aside,
They placed the matron's wreath upon my head,
Thine, Paullus, I became, till death thy bride:
"Wedded to one" shall on my tomb be read.

By Glory's shrine I swear, great Scipio's tomb,
Where sculptured Afric sits a captive maid,
By him that led the Macedonian home
In chains and all his pride in ruin laid.

Never for me was bent the censor's law;
Never by me wrong to your honour done;
Your scutcheon to Cornelia owes no flaw,
To her your roll of worthy names owes none.

Nor failed my virtue; faithful still I stood,
And stainless, from the bridal to the bier,
No law I needed save my noble blood;
The basely born are innocent through fear.

Judge strictly as ye will, within the bound
Of Death's wide realm not one, matron or maid,
How'er renowned in story, will be found
To shun communion with Cornelia's shade.

Not she, the wife of purity unstained,
At touch of whose pure hand Cybele moved,
When hands less pure in vain the cable strained,
Not she, the virgin of the gods beloved,

For whom, when Vesta's sacred fire was lost,
It from her votary's robe rekindled sprang,
And thou, dear mother, did thy child e'er cost
Thee, save by her untimely fate, a pang?

Short was my span, yet children three I bore,
And in their arms I drew my latest breath;
In these I live although my life is o'er;
Their dear embraces took the sting from death.

Twice did my brother fill the curule chair,
There sat he when I parted. Daughter, thou
Wast born a censor's child; be it thy care
Like me, by wedded troth, his rule to show.

Now I bequeath our children to thy love,
Husband, though I am dust, that care is mine;
Henceforth, at once father and mother prove;
Around one neck now all those arms must twine.

Kiss for thyself and then for her that's gone;
Thy heart alone the whole dear burden bears;
If ere for me thou weep'st, weep alone,
And see, to cheat their lips, thou driest thy tears.

Be it enough by night thy grief to pour,
By night to commune with Cornelia's shade;
If to my likeness in thy secret bower
Thou speakest, speak as though I answer made.

Should time bring on another wedding day,
And set a stepdame in your mother's place,
My children, let your looks no gloom betray;
Kind ways and loving words will win her grace.

Nor speak too much of me; the jealous ear
Of the new wife perchance offence may take;
But ah! if my poor ashes are so dear
That he will live unwedded for my sake,

Learn, children, to forestall your sire's decline,
And let no lonesome thought come near his life;
Add to your years what Fate has reft from mine;
Blest in my children let him bless his wife.

Though brief my day, I have not lived in vain;
Mourning for child of mine I never wore;
When from my home went forth my funeral train
Not one was missing there of all I bore.

My cause is pleaded. Now, ye mourners, rise
And witness bear till earth my meed decree;
If worth may claim its guerdon in the skies,
My glorious ancestors may welcome me.

G. S.

WHERE is something cheering and suggestive in the fact that the publication of the proceedings of the Conference on Christian Unity held last April should be made in the newspapers on the Saturday before Christmas Day. "On earth peace." Unless Christmas speaks to us in this tone it speaks not at all. And yet, after nearly two thousand years, there is not only war in the world but also in the Church. There is a hymn which is sometimes sung in processions at Church festivals, in which the lines occur: "We are not divided, all one Body we." Doubtless it is very well that such words should be said and sung, as the repetition of them may help towards their realization; but many a meditative mind must, on such occasions, have found itself wondering who or what the community might be of which such words could be said, and what exactly the author must have been thinking of when he wrote them.

There is certainly something gained for the cause of Christian Union when Christians generally confess that disunion and divisions are bad things, when they begin to feel and publicly to declare that union is desirable, and when they actually meet together to discuss the conditions on which it may be sought and hoped for. We find that there are wide differences of opinion with respect to the greater or less hopefulness of the demonstration at the Conferences in April; but this is no more than was to be expected. Our wishes are often fathers to our thoughts; and those who begin a work in a sanguine spirit are apt to regard its issue as more successful than an impartial judgment would believe it to be.

Remembering that the idea of Christian Union for the present has reference only to the reformed communities, we may remark that there are two ways in which the desired end may be brought about. We may aim at a federation of the Churches, or we may seek for corporate union. There can be no question that the latter is the only satisfactory result; but the former would be of considerable use if it could be obtained. There are grave difficulties in the way of both methods, and they may be briefly stated. The non-Episcopal Churches will not at present enter into corporate union upon an episcopalian basis, and the Episcopalians will not surrender their characteristic institution. In regard, then, to corporate union, the non-Episcopal bodies are, so to speak, the difficulty.

It is just the other way with the theory of federation. All the Protestant communions, with the exception of the Anglican Churches, are practically working together in joint services, interchanges of pulpits, and other outward and visible signs of unity of mind and aim; and therefore it would seem that they are ripe for federation if not for corporate unity. Here, however, the Episcopalian finds himself unable to unite. His theory of the ministry forbids certain acts and offices to all who lack Episcopal ordination. Thus, at both points we seem to find a deadlock. What, then, is to be done?

We will try to answer this question. But first let us clearly understand the position of things. We are divided on three grounds: 1. On Creed; 2. On Ritual; and 3. On Organization or Church Government. With regard to the first, there seems to be quite a near hope of agreement; and this may well encourage us to believe that other difficulties may yet be removed. It must seem truly surprising to those who remember the heated controversies of the Reformed Churches, to be told that the great mass of Christians are now eager for a simpler Creed, a less technical and elaborate statement of the Christian Faith, and that most of them are coming to the conviction that the Nicene Creed is sufficient. With regard to Ritual it cannot be said that we are arriving at the same agreement; but it is quite certain that on this subject there is a new and a growing spirit of toleration on all sides, of which our fathers could not have dreamt. If we remember the old discussions about free prayer and the use of liturgies, about the black gown, the blue gown, and the surplice, we shall understand something of the change which has come over us. It is not meant, of course, that all or most of our Churches or of their ministers are prepared to adopt any particular method of conducting Divine service; but we are mostly agreed that these things are of no essential importance, and that they should be regulated by considerations of utility, convenience, seemliness, fitness and custom.

The question of the Episcopate is, of course, the rock upon which all schemes for re-union must split—for the present, at least; and therefore it is the subject which should be entirely left out of consideration—for the present. When all other difficulties are removed, it will be time to consider if this can be got rid of, and how it can be done. There may be ways of bringing differing systems into working agreement by mutual concessions of which we have as yet formed no conception.

The report of the Congress may certainly inspire us with a certain measure of hopefulness. It is good and pleasant that brethren should dwell together in unity, and, if only a beginning has been made, this is something. It is not proposed in this place to discuss the speeches, many of them of great power, which were made at the Conference. It may suffice to conclude these notes with two practical suggestions, the one having reference to the Episcopal Churches, and the other to the non-Episcopal, the one helping towards corporate re-union, the other towards federation.

The Episcopal Churches seem now to have submitted to them the question of variety of ritual observance.

Obviously, as has been pointed out, this is a question which must be solved before any complete fusion of the divided communions can be effected. It seems rather absurd for Anglicans to be posing as the mediators among the Churches, whilst they are presenting the most flagrant example of divisions among themselves. Surely it might be possible to think out and work out some scheme of comprehension as well as of self-repression, by means of which wide differences of ritual might be tolerated, whilst certain excesses of personal caprice might be checked. One might say that this is the contribution towards re-union which might well be made by the Anglican Churches. If they cannot accomplish so much, perhaps for the future, in this subject of re-union, "they had better for ever hold their peace."

The immediate work of the non-Episcopal bodies is certainly in the direction of federation. Here there are no differences in regard to ritual. There are no greater differences in doctrine between the two communions than there are between different ministers in the same communion. Well then, it does not seem unreasonable to hope that a certain amount of practical union should be obtained. An excellent example has been set, in this country, by the Presbyterian and Methodist bodies. Perhaps it is too much to hope that this process should be carried further at present. But one thing might be done. In villages and among scattered populations one church might be made to do the work which is now being done by three or four contending churches and congregations. If the uniting communions preferred to have the sacraments administered by their own ministers, nothing could be easier. They might do as they do now, go round from district to district, each ministering to his fellow-religionists at the various localities. The crying evil of multiplying religious communities in small localities was forcibly dwelt upon by Principal Grant at the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, and a remedy proposed similar to that which is here recommended. If Christian re-union is ever to be secured, it is in these or in some such ways that it must be begun.

WILLIAM CLARK.

BROWNING'S LAST VOLUME.

IN everyday parlance, it should be a melancholy duty, that devolving at present upon the critic, to appraise the latest collected work of such a departed genius as Robert Browning. And yet, the melancholy is fairly outweighed by the grateful, the reverent, the hallowed. We remember a surely unique career, beginning with that popular poem of easy, fluent, swinging rhyme, the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," increasing in favour upon the publication of "Bells Pomegranates," and "Men and Women," and converging with an ideal marriage to a brilliant apex of fame, only secondary to the pinnacle upon which both the seer and the seer would unhesitatingly place his great compeer, the Laureate. The points which it is possible to touch upon here in that striking career may be summed up in a few words, for it is clearly premature to endeavour to assign to the departed poet the place of a classic while, as yet, his latest volume has hardly been digested, although it is as a classic that his admirers already regard him. Few writers, however, who have found such warm adherents, have also encountered such earnest enemies, and it is his remarkable style, rather than any remarkable cast of thought, which has always won for him attention, if not admiration.

Browning, then, was a great genius, but not one of the greatest geniuses. He was lacking in that universality which stamped Shakespeare and will stamp Tennyson as two of the most original thinkers the world has seen. Like another famous English poet, he wove into everything he wrote his own way of looking at the life of things, his own mode of expression, his own and his beliefs. He could not have created Hamlet, nor yet conceived the stately blank verse of the "Idylls of the King." Yet, his own individuality, being sufficiently intense and original, supplied abundant material for volume after volume of verse that cannot die, and that individuality gave him a place immediately next the graver, more conventional, but still superior eminence of his friend, Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Browning is always human, which implies contradictions, reservations, diffidences, confessions, abasements, conceits. And he chooses oftenest the human spirit and all its workings to descant upon. The poet of nature he is not, although with unerring touch and skilled modern insight he often is singularly felicitous in delineating natural phenomena—more by chance, it would seem, than as part of his self-assigned method. There is one passion which he has sketched in a myriad faultless ways, and that is the passion of Love. And in the treatment of this accident of our nature lies the key to much of his success.

The "passion for a maid," in its simple, pristine—shall we say, old-fashioned—quality, is not the passion which enters so largely into the matchless lyrics, the colloquial, restless, bitter, wilful, questioning lines that reveal so many curious corners of the lover's heart. Modern love then, is the special love which Robert Browning has set himself to analyze, and well and consistently has he performed the task. As specimens of contrasting styles, take the "Gardener's Daughter," and that sustained chant of remorse and self-examination, "The Worst of It." Being in harmony with so much that is essentially a feature of modern love-making, his love lyrics will remain, indelibly associated with the self-conscious revealings of an introspective age.

With regard to the charges of harshness and carelessness, the latter, at least, need never have been made. His lines almost always scan, even if the construction be inverted, puzzling and unusual, and abundant cacophony be thereby engendered, and this fact of their scansion should show that the poet was not careless, though he delighted in revelling in a species of word-puzzle that has frequently, and with truth, been likened to the intricacies of a modern orchestral score. Indeed, should we be inclined to name a twin in the history of art, the name of Richard Wagner alone would rise to the lips.

What then is the message contained in "Asolando" the latest fruit of that eager brain? The "Prologue" is written in the five-lined, two-rhymed stanza the poet much affected and is simply the repetition in another form of Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality." Where the one observes that

There hath passed away
A glory from the earth,

the other writes,

And now a flower is just a flower:
Man, bird, beast are but beast, bird, man—
Simply themselves, uncinet by dower
Of dyes which, when life's day began,
Round each in glory ran.

Continuing in this strain he looks—alas—for the "lambent flame," the same, we know to our cost, that made the

Waters on a starry night
Beautiful and fair;

and even the prosaic every-day sunshine "a glorious birth," but finds it not.

The lambent flame is—where?

Lost from the naked world, earth, sky,
Hill, vale, tree, flower,—Italia's rare
O'er-running beauty crowds the eye—
But flame? The bush is bare.

"Rosny," "Dubiety" are thoroughly Browningsque, but unsatisfactory short poems. "Now" is a thrilling, pulsing, fourteen-lined poem, quasi-sonnet, imperfect bud of passion.

How long such suspension may linger?

Ah, sweet—
The moment eternal—just that and no more—
When ecstasy's utmost we clutch at the core.

But the true Browning is that we meet in the disjointed blank verse of "Beatrice Signorini," and in the daringly far-fetched rhymes of "Flute Music." Throughout the volume is that marked belief in a future life which has ever characterized even the wildest fancies of the poet. In the magnificent poem, charged with electrical thought, full of the subtlest imagery couched in the most complex language, entitled "Reverie," will be found Browning's *cult*, what he believed, what he looked forward to, and what he most ardently desired. His worst enemy might well be silenced before the clearness, strength and spiritual insight of this remarkable poem.

Many numbers in "Asolando" have evidently been inspired by the poet's choice of Italian surroundings. The American critics—some of them—see in this an eloquent witness to the fact that Browning disliked England, and was "bored by it." This we do not believe to have been the case. He probably preferred the climate, and found many associations there connected with the long residence and death of his wife, while it may fitly be conjectured whether with Tennyson's successful creations of English scenery, traditions and character pervading the reading world, there was really enough material left in his native land for him to work upon. This suggestion may appear ill considered, but a little reflection will show how probable it is that Browning felt his incapacity to deal with England in face of the Laureate's matchless style, "the despair of posterity," and his singularly felicitous and original presentation of English types.

The message of "Asolando" is hope of a future life, cheerfulness even in decay, and unceasing effort towards perfection of mind and soul. There are many who consider that viewed in the light of genius Mrs. Browning was a far more inspired singer than her husband. A comparison of their styles reveals certainly perfect equality in execution if not in conception. Whether "Sordello" or "Aurora Leigh" shall live the longer, who shall say? It seems probable, however, that Mrs. Browning's unique position will be strengthened and confirmed as the years go on. She is one of the very few women who have written "classics."

Meantime, the whole thinking world pays its homage to the departed poet, a kind friend, a devoted father and husband, a powerful and original thinker.

JERSEY ISLAND, the place from which we obtain the favourite Jersey cow, is a small spot of land. If squared, it is 6½ miles each way. Yet this little island has a population of 60,000 human beings, and has over 12,500 cattle, and has had that number for the last twenty years, for the census of 1861 gives 12,037. And yet they export on an average, annually, 2,000 head. Roughly speaking, on this island they manage to support one head of kine to every two acres, while in England there is only one head to every ten acres.

In 1867 it is estimated that there was paid for advertisements in this country over \$10,000,000. The present expenditure is estimated at \$30,000,000. Advertising is now not a matter of choice, but of absolute necessity, as much as to have a store, office, or otherwise to keep before the public. It is an unexpected but natural fact that rates of advertising advance as the circulation of a periodical or paper increases. This increase of circulation, if a large one, and also the degree of reliability and respectability, the intelligent advertiser observes, and acts accordingly, and does not waste his large shot on small birds.

A HEROINE OF NEW FRANCE.

ABOVE the door of the Church of the Congregation, Notre Dame Street, Montreal, is written in French the following inscription: "On this spot was erected by Sieur Bourgeois and Mdlle. Le Ber, the ancient Church of the Congregation, 1693."

We are all acquainted with the name of Marguerite Bourgeois; that of Jeanne Le Ber has an unfamiliar sound. Her family is closely connected with the early history of Montreal, and she herself is worthy of notice as a sort of typical figure, illustrating peculiarities of national manner, thought and character.

Her father, Jacques Le Ber, a native of Pistrini, Rouen, was one of the Company of One Hundred Associates formed for the express purpose of founding the new settlement of Ville Marie. Possessing two seigneuries, St. Paul and Senneville, a house in Quebec, another in St. Paul Street, Montreal, with various other property, this French immigrant was considered one of the richest traders of New France. Of a sanguine and energetic temperament, he took a prominent part in the affairs of the new colony. He was an important member of the Militia of the Holy Family, a band of one hundred and forty, in which all the men capable of bearing arms were enrolled for the defence of the colony.

"On all sides," says Dollier de Casson, in his "Histoire de Montreal," "we lived in constant dread on account of the snares set for us by our enemies. If it was necessary to send despatches to Quebec or Three Rivers we had to choose the best canoes and start them off at night. At present it would be difficult to make you understand the extreme precautions they were obliged to take in order to reach their destination quickly and to avoid encountering their foes. M. Jacques Le Ber has in this way rendered valuable services to the colony, exposing himself very often in canoe, on the ice or in the woods, carrying despatches."

The liquor traffic with the Indians was creating many disorders in the country. By his strenuous opposition to these abuses M. Le Ber incurred the enmity of Perrot, then Governor of the Island of Montreal, and during the progress of one of their quarrels was thrown into prison, where, according to the fashion of the day, he languished until, by urgent appeals to France, his friends contrived to obtain his release. According to the accounts that have come down to us, M. Perrot was scarcely so careful to maintain his dignity as might have been expected from a man of his position. In open defiance of the ordinance forbidding the magistrates to engage in trade, he kept a shop in which he sold liquor to the Indians, and in which he did not consider it derogatory to his office to serve as bartender to the savages. It is related of him that on one occasion he sold an Indian his own hat, coat, sword, and even his ribbons, shoes and stockings, receiving in exchange the sum of thirty pistoles. Afterwards the savage was seen strutting majestically about the market place, attired in the Governor's costume, to the amusement and scandal of the whole community.

The French rule was far too stringent, too anxious to control every conjunction of human affairs, to promote public spirit on the part of its colonists. M. Le Ber presents a rare instance of one who was willing to devote some portion of his own substance for the public security. He built a stone fort on his Seigneury of de Senneville, at the head of the Island of Montreal. This was burnt by the Iroquois in 1691, and when it was rebuilt in 1693 was provided with some small pieces of artillery as a defence against the Redskins. In 1701 we find a garrison established there, commanded by the Sieur de Mondion, and a few years later M. de Vaudreuil, Governor-General of Canada, in writing to the Minister of the Marine, tells him that "the fort at Senneville entirely protects the colony on that side from the ravages of the Indians." Jacques Le Ber was ennobled by Louis XIV. in 1696 on account of his services, with the condition that the patent of nobility was to be secured to his descendants.

Jacques Le Ber married Jeanne Lemoyne, sister of Charles Lemoyne, afterwards Baron de Longueuil, and their only daughter, Jeanne, was born at Ville Marie, Jan. 4, 1662. Her godfather was Paul Chorneday de Maison-neuve, Governor of the Island of Montreal; her godmother was Mademoiselle Mance, a woman nobly conspicuous among the devoted sisterhood who had consecrated themselves to the service of God in Canada.

It was an age of marvels; the very existence of the settlement was a continual miracle; the routine of daily existence was an unceasing exercise of the most devoted heroism. Cut off for many months of every year from all communication with the outside world, surrounded by pressing dangers and privations, religion was the inspiring principle of this little band planted in the wilderness; the faith was the unrivalled sovereign of her children's thoughts and hearts. The atmosphere was saturated with hairbrained enthusiasm, with wild fancies concerning vigils and visions and penances. A grand and steady aim, never lost sight of, never abandoned, moulded the minds of men into a form entirely congenial to priestly desires and sympathies. All this furnished mental intoxication for an ardent and impressionable nature. Every day the little one was taken to visit her godmother; she was constantly at the Congregational Convent, where Marguerite Bourgeois reigned over a band of heroines of missionary enterprise. The contagion of popular enthusiasm offered a continued stimulus. The girl's whole soul burned with a glowing aspiration—she too would become a saint and a Christian heroine. It would be amusing were it not so intensely pathetic to see the alacrity with which this em-

bryo saint was willing to sacrifice God's good gifts of happiness to this idolized ideal gift, of whose value she comprehended absolutely nothing.

When she left the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, where she had been educated, Mademoiselle Le Ber was the richest heiress in Canada, having a dower of 50,000 *écus*. Her parents had formed ambitious hopes for their only daughter, but possessed by a passion which was partly vanity, partly enthusiasm, and partly genuine devotion, she was entirely occupied by other thoughts. She had been deeply interested in the construction of the Bonsecours Church by Sister Bourgeois in 1678. About the same time several of her cousins entered the Congregation, and the death of a young companion who had already assumed the habit of a "religious," confirmed her purpose. So rich a prize as the heiress required skilful and delicate treatment. Her spiritual director, M. Segueant, a priest of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, did not encourage the young girl to take the veil. She had better take a vow of chastity for five years, and, living entirely secluded from the world, holding no communication even with her own parents, she could emulate the fame of St. Paul the Hermit, St. Anthony and Ste. Mary of Egypt. The authorities of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada were decidedly of the opinion that such extraordinary virtue practised by a person of condition must prove most edifying to the colony, and the idea that she should become a public victim of penitence, an expiatory offering to God for the salvation of her country-people—above all, for the sanctification of young girls—was eagerly seized upon by the fair enthusiast. The hearts of the parents were rent by conflicting emotions; on the one hand their child was entirely lost to them; on the other, what a gratification to spiritual pride that their daughter should be revered as a saint. They were confidently assured that they were expected to serve as models to all the parents of New France, and that they would be honoured as was Abraham for his sacrifice of Isaac.

Mademoiselle Le Ber entered upon her new vocation in no mild, mediocre sort of way; she threw into it a vigorous force, an exuberance of youthful extravagance. She provided herself with a horse hair shirt and belt. She ate the food left by the servants, and that only when it had become unfit for human nourishment. The ambition of spiritual vanity, soaring higher than is possible when spiritual pride lies at the heart of the effort, there were still steeper heights of virtue to be ascended. When the ascetic had been secluded for two years her mother was attacked by fatal illness, and, with the most complacent approbation, the Christian heroine's biographer chronicles the fact that though the sound of Madame Le Ber's dying groans penetrated to her daughter's chamber, the latter resolutely denied herself the privilege of attending her parent's deathbed.

When the five years over which her vow had extended had expired, M. Le Ber, who had been left with three young sons, endeavoured to induce his daughter to assume her natural position in his home, but the uninteresting duties of everyday life appeared tame and colourless in comparison with that glorious ideal, the edification of the colony, and the glamour of that paramount attraction inspired her to take a vow of perpetual seclusion, poverty and chastity. In the fifteen years during which she lived secluded in her father's house Jeanne Le Ber was never seen but once. Her young brother, Jean Le Ber du Chesne, had been dangerously wounded in a skirmish with the English and their Indian allies which took place between Laprairie and Chambly, August, 1691, and was carried home to die. Such accidents were of common occurrence in those days, but Jacques Le Ber was a man of mark among his own people, and Sisters Bourgeois and Barbier immediately repaired to the desolate home. The sisters were rendering the last cares to the corpse when they were startled by the apparition of a woman who, wan, haggard, tearless, stood gazing down intently at the dead lad, and then disappeared in utter silence. The nuns were awed by the tragic spectacle of a mortal soul, cut off from all sources of natural hope and interest, yet firmly bound to its heritage of human woe. The very next day, in memory of his son, M. Le Ber donated a farm at Point St. Charles as a foundation for a general hospital. According to the Indian customs, a savage taken prisoner was given to the bereaved father to replace the son whom he had lost. "This man was afterwards converted, and followed his master in a campaign against the Iroquois in 1693, in hope of preaching Christianity to his country-people." Death, and not success, was his destiny. M. Le Ber writes: "Our savage, who was given me in place of my son Du Chêne, not being able to keep up with our people on account of his family, among them children and old people, whom he was bringing, the enemy fell upon and killed him. I regret much the death of this brave man."

In 1694 a new sea captivated the imagination of the enthusiastic Jeanne. She decided upon giving the sisters of the Congregation the money to build their new church if they would agree to provide her with a cell behind the altar in which she could seclude herself for the remainder of her days. The nuns, with that mingling of shrewdness and enthusiasm which is so eminently characteristic of them, were delighted to get the money, and also to contribute to the edification of the colony. The cell, which was to extend the whole length of the building, was to be ten to twelve feet deep, and was to be divided into three stories. The ground floor was to be used as a species of sacristy. In the panel of the door a sort of movable grating was placed, through which the recluse could confess and receive

the communion. A second door opened into the garden, so that her food could be brought to her without being carried through the church. Her cell was reached by a tiny staircase, and her couch was placed beside the partition that separated it from the tabernacle containing the host. In the upper story were kept her work materials. The original deed, embodying these conditions, drawn by Basselt, a notary, signed by Dollier de Casson, Superior of the Seminary, and the principal nuns of the Congregation, may still be seen in the registrar's office, Montreal.

With a keen eye to scenic effect, a procession, as imposing as the resources of Ville Marie would permit, was organized to conduct Mademoiselle Le Ber to her new abode. The ceremonies were arranged with pomp and state; there were lights blazing on the altar, there was chanting of litanies and intoning of Psalms, the curious and eager spectators all striving to obtain a glimpse of the frail, hollow-eyed creature who shivered in the open air and sunshine, and shrank from the breath and swaying movement of the crowd. The broken-hearted father was carried away fainting from the church door, but in the picturesque possibilities of saintship his desolation was but a minor consideration, and appears to have attracted very little consideration.

Fasts, vigils and mortifications were now redoubled. The solitary slept upon a mattress that was never shaken, and endured as much cold as it was possible to bear without actually allowing herself to freeze. She listened to the mass with her arms extended in the form of a cross, and took all her meals on her knees. During the silence and solitude of night she crept down to the cold and empty church to hold vigil there. During the day she occupied herself in working at vestments and ornaments for the chapel. A gorgeous arrangement of silver tissue, consisting of an apron for the altar front, a chasuble (a kind of cope) and tunic for the priest, all richly embroidered, are still preserved in the Church of Notre Dame, which are the work of Mademoiselle Le Ber. It is a strange circumstance that her solitude was not blessed by the ecstatic delusions that so often form the solace of visionaries, of vivid imagination and strong religious susceptibilities, but we are told that for the last twenty years of her life she suffered much from dulness and barrenness of soul. At the desire of her confessor, she received her father twice a year, but during his last illness she never expressed the slightest desire to see him. Her cousin, Anne Barroy, who afterwards became a nun of the Congregation, waited upon her. If she required anything she left a note upon her window, and if any communication was addressed to her she sent it to her confessor without reading it.

In 1711 the English directed an expedition against Canada. A fleet started to attack Quebec, and 3,000 men left New York with the intention of taking Montreal. Ville Marie was at this time defended by palisades of stakes, and had no means of resisting the artillery with which the invaders were said to be liberally provided. The consternation of the little settlement was general and intense. All eyes turned, with something of Gallic light-heartedness still mingling with the poignant distress of the moment, towards the cell which sheltered the victim who had devoted herself as an expiatory offering for her country. Anne Barroy was told to acquaint her cousin with the peril that threatened the colony.

"If the English should have a favourable wind, and arrive at Quebec at such a time, all would be over for the colony."

How strangely the clamour of dread and anxiety, the multitudinous echoes of human life, must have thrilled in the silent cloister, causing strange memories to vibrate into vivid consciousness!

"No, sister," responded the hermit, "the Holy Virgin will take care of this country. She is the guardian of it; there is nothing to fear."

Jeanne gave her cousin a picture of the Virgin, upon which she had written a prayer of her own composition, to be fastened upon a barn in the country owned by the sisters, to protect it from harm. As soon as this fact was noised abroad, the whole colony was immediately animated by a vehement desire to obtain exactly such charms against evil; and when Mademoiselle Le Ber, from humility, refused to write any more prayers, some enterprising sinner, who particularly coveted a talisman, stole the original.

After a hasty consultation, it was decided that the Baron de Longueuil should start out to meet the enemy, lying in ambush at Chambly, to attack the English as they passed. Of a piece of linen upon which her brother Pierre had painted a portrait of the Virgin Mademoiselle Le Ber made a banner, and wrote upon it the following inscription: "Our foes place their confidence in their arms; we put ours in the Queen of Angels, whom we invoke. She is terrible as an army ranged in battle. Through her protection we hope to vanquish our enemies." In the parish Church of Notre Dame M. de Belmont blessed this standard in the presence of all the people. It is easy to imagine the scene. The surging sea of eager faces, all turned towards the brilliant glow of the high altar, as though therein lay their hope. Priests and traders, hard *coureurs des bois* and hunt-gilt children of the forest, all united in the extremity of the common danger. The women, distraught by haunting fears or rapt in the heroism of some finer purpose, all hushed and awed as they regarded the little band of heroes, who for faith and country had sunk all egotistical considerations. One can fancy the partings in the agitated urgency, the stress and hurry of the hour.

The hopes of the Canadians, wild and vague as they might be, were realized, not through any efforts of their own, but through the agency of nature. During the night

of September 23 a violent tempest arose. Seven of the largest vessels of the English fleet went to pieces on the rocks, a great number of bodies were cast up by the waves, among them two entire companies of the Queen's Guard, who were recognized by their uniforms. A quantity of spoil was thrown upon the shore, which a Canadian historian quaintly congratulates himself "enriched the country." When the English heard of this disaster, the land army immediately abandoned the expedition, and the day they returned to Boston a fire broke out that consumed eighty-four houses. The Canadians appear to have exulted in these catastrophes with a supreme conviction that Providence, for their especial benefit, had given the uncircumcised Philistines, hip and thigh. "We give thanks to God for the visible protection he has accorded the colony," writes M. de Vaudreuil, and M. de Belmont alludes to their deliverance as "the greatest miracle that has happened since the time of Mos-s."

The Le Ber family proved most substantial benefactors to the community of the Congregation. Pierre Le Ber furnished the stone required for the construction of their church. By will he left the community 10,000 livres, and his heart was buried in the chapel which had so long been his sister's abode. Mademoiselle Le Ber gave 3,000 livres as a fund to found a perpetual adoration of the Host, for a daily mass 8,000 livres, and 18,000 livres, the interest of which was to educate seven poor girls, orphans to be selected in preference. They were to be taught all the ordinary duties of housework, also to sew, knit and read; the art of writing was not considered necessary.

As though her task were accomplished, very soon after Jeanne Le Ber had made over all her property to the sisters she was attacked by dangerous illness, and died October 3, 1714. The body was exposed in the Church of the Congregation, where she was afterwards interred with great pomp and ceremony.

"Her poor robes were distributed, even to her straw shoes," says Mère Juchereau. "Everyone who could get anything belonging to her considered themselves fortunate, and revered them as relics. Many persons afflicted with different maladies touched her bier with faith and respect, and are now assured that she has cured them."

Mademoiselle Le Ber's tomb bears the following inscription in French: "Here rests the venerable Sister Jeanne Le Ber, benefactress of this house, who, having lived fifteen years in her father's house, passed twenty in retreat here. She died October 3, 1714, aged 52 years."

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

Montreal.

AMONG THE ORCHARDS.

ALREADY in the dew-wrapped vineyards dry
Dense weights of heat press down. The large bright drops
Shrink in the leaves. From dark acacia-tops
The nut-hatch flings his short reiterate cry;
And ever as the sun mounts hot and high,
Thin voices crowd the grass. In soft long strokes
The wind goes murmuring through the mountain oaks;
Faint wefts creep out upon the blue and die.

I hear far in among the motionless trees—
Shadows that sleep upon the shaven sod—
The thud of dropping apples. Reach on reach
Stretch plots of perfumed orchard, where the bees
Murmur among the full-fringed golden rod,
Or cling half-drunken to the rotting peach.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.*

THE differences of opinion that have complicated the question of the Higher Education of Women recall the remark of a thoughtful writer, that in the actual condition of humanity, errors and misconceptions are the natural accompaniments of the process through which truth is brought to light. To this general truth, the question of the Higher Education of Women forms no exception; and perhaps the cause has suffered from the mistakes of its friends, scarcely less than from those of its enemies. The main struggle, however, has been fought, and even it is now generally conceded that there is no reason why studious young women should not have free access to all the advantages of systematic and thorough training that are open to studious young men. There are still some who, either from misconception or from a strange and slowly dying prejudice against a thoroughly educated womanhood, would fain keep back the wheels of time. Even literary women have been found ready to sound the note of alarm that the progress of female education is likely to prove injurious to the race by deteriorating the physical health and development of the mothers of the future.

There can be no doubt that this is not altogether a superfluous warning, in regard to the conduct of education for both sexes under the present general "cramming system," which pervades all our educational institutions, and has called forth such a vigorous protest from English men of letters. Doubtless, also, the evil effects of the system are likely to tell much more injuriously on young women than on young men, but, this is merely an accident of education, not its necessary or legitimate accompaniment; and we may trust that, ere long, the growing intelligence of the age will sweep away a practice so injurious to the true development, whether mental or physical, which is the aim of education, properly so called.

All true friends of the progress of higher education among women have a double reason for urging on this urgently needed reform.

* A Paper read at the Dominion W. C. T. U., by Agnes Maule Machar.

But one distinction cannot be too strongly emphasized, in all discussions of this question; and that is, the distinction between "Liberal" and "Specialised" education. These two stand on entirely different grounds, and, in discussion, should be kept entirely distinct, especially as regards the education of women. For, as regards men, the specialised education, that is, the education which fits him for a special calling in life, follows naturally in the wake of the liberal education which should precede it, whenever this is possible, while, in the case of women, the domestic duties which form the usual and normal avocations of the most happily situated women do not seem to have the same direct connection with previous linguistic, mathematical or scientific study. As regards women, the specialised studies which naturally follow the college course of the young man are only for the comparatively few; those who combine, with the need and the desire to earn their own livelihood, the ability and the inclination for some professional calling. These of course have a right to the best specialised training possible to fit them for their chosen vocation; and as the great excess of women over men makes it inevitable that many women must remain unmarried, and in most cases maintain themselves, it is only to be expected that many more intelligent and independent young women will seek to provide themselves in advance with the means of earning an honourable competence, should a congenial marriage not fall naturally to their lot.

As for the somewhat overstrained fears of those who dread that this tendency to seek specialised training may deteriorate the physical health and development of women, we may well reply that, if it does tend to lower the ideal *physique*, in some cases, this is not an ideal world and we have frequently to adapt ourselves to very un-ideal conditions. If every woman could be fitted into a safe domestic niche,—

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming, as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each to each—

it would certainly be quite unnecessary that she should exhaust any portion of her strength and energy in undergoing a severe course of specialised study. But as labour of some kind must need be the lot of many women who frequently have not only to maintain themselves but to provide for others, helplessly dependent on them, and as it is better, after all, that women should "work" than they should "weep," or even idle, it becomes a matter of some consequence whether they shall do congenial and remunerative work, or earn a bare livelihood by ill-paid drudgery. And the severest course of study necessary for professional training is scarcely likely to exhaust the strength and vitality of women as much as must the hard menial labour, or the perpetual machine-work, at which so many mothers of families prematurely wear themselves out in too prolonged hours of manual drudgery. The dangers to physical health that lurk in specialised study are after all but a drop in the bucket compared to the manifest evil effects of the overstrain of physical labour to which many women are driven by hard necessity. And of course, for any individual, the greatest happiness and usefulness are to be found in the line of those natural gifts and promptings, which, for all of us, are at least indications of the kind of work that God means us to do in this world.

It would seem, therefore, unjust to deny to any young woman who should desire to prepare herself for some professional avocation, the means of so doing. In the case of her marriage, the acquirements will not be entirely thrown away—no real knowledge ever is wasted, while the mental discipline they have involved, the habits of accuracy and thoroughness gained, will be most useful to her in the conduct of her household and the training of her children. Only in very exceptional instances, indeed, would she be at all likely to attempt to live the double life—professional and domestic—which for most women would be a very undesirable strain. The natural tendency of women on marriage, is, as we all know, to throw aside other pursuits altogether, and to absorb themselves rather too exclusively, in purely domestic cares. This, though at first sight it may seem to promise a better ordered *ménage*, and a better cared-for family, is not, when left unchecked by any impulse towards the higher ideals and wider interests, the best preparation for the noblest functions of wifehood and motherhood. A well-known and popular writer has lately based a plea for the inferiority of woman, partly on the fact that it is *man* who does what he calls the "work of the world"—i. e. in the field and the mine, in building houses and navigating ships, while the work of woman lies in the home and the family. Most of us, who feel that the world needs nothing so much as true and noble-minded men and women, will not see that this division of labour, at all events, assigns to woman work of inferior importance; since, to her who presides in the home falls the highest and the most momentous work in which human beings can engage, that of moulding human character and human souls. When we add to this sphere of woman's work her large share in the teaching of our schools, we might well maintain, were it limited to these two departments alone, that its dignity cannot suffer by comparison with the tilling of the soil, mines for iron and coal, or even building the Menai Bridge! But in order to do this noble work nobly, she must herself have a fitting mental as well as physical development.

It is here that we find the strongest plea for "higher," that is "liberal," education for women. Let it be remembered, then, that the object of a "liberal" education for either sex is the improvement of the individual, not that of fitting the individual for any particular career. A man or woman cannot, indeed, be said to be educated in

the true sense, who has learned only what was necessary to fit him or her for the work of earning a livelihood, even in a profession; unless, indeed, this chosen line be one of the few which demand a wide culture as a necessary preparation. A doctor or a lawyer who has studied nothing outside of his prescribed course must fall far short of being a man of thorough culture. What is aimed at in the "liberal education" which should always, if possible, be the foundation of specialised training, is to prevent a narrow and one-sided development by the broad, general and varied culture, which the experience of ages has endorsed, as on the whole, the best fitted to brace, discipline and stimulate the intellect, and draw forth in the greatest perfection the mental powers of the individual. The culture aimed at in a "liberal education" has been defined to mean "assimilation, self-adaptation, taste; it is the mental reaction which succeeds the acquisition of new materials; it is the insight; the mastery of one who not only learns but thinks; it is more than a mental, for it becomes almost a moral attribute and an ingredient in character."

If this "liberal" culture, then, be thought desirable for young men, is it not at least equally needed by young women; since women, as we are frequently told, and by the opponents of "their" higher education, are "governed far more by instinct, by impulse, by affections, than by logic, by purpose, by physiology?" If this be true, and undoubtedly it is their natural tendency, surely they need in a proportionately greater degree such a training as shall give them mental flexibility and receptiveness; as shall teach them not merely to learn, but to think, and thus free them from the way of prejudice, of passion, and of a blind, unreasoning adherence to traditional or conventional opinions. More, indeed, than female specialists, do we need thoroughly cultivated women, who shall use the power and influence which, as women, they possess, not for selfish or frivolous ends, but to promote the higher ideals of life; who shall realize the nobler qualities of Wordsworth's "perfect woman," while, at the same time, "not too bright or good" for any sweet loving office of womanly care! The old delusion, which should certainly be relegated to "Turks and infidels"—for heathens, in India at least, are growing out of it—that if a woman be only pretty and lady-like, nothing else matters very much, has given us too many examples of the silly, vain, weak and narrow-minded type of feminine character that novelists seem with a contemptuous relish to delight in portraying. The spirit of the age demands women of a larger mould than this. Is it too much to expect that Christian Anglo-Saxon women should be less noble than "Cato's daughter," or than those heroic Roman matrons of a later age who encouraged the men dearest to them to risk preferment, property, life, in contending for the liberties of Rome? Compare such women with the conventional modern heroine and her

Life, that, like a garden pool,
Lies stagnant in the round of personal loves,
That has no ear save for the tinkling lute
Set to small measures, deaf to all the beats
Of that large music rolling o'er the world;
A miserable, petty, low-roofed life
That knows the mighty orbits of the skies,
Though nought save light or dark in its own cabin.

This picture, by one of the most gifted and cultured women of our own age, is but too often realised. It is this narrowness of horizon, arising from a narrowness of training that makes so many women unable to recognize wider interests than those of the individual, and that make accidental, emotional or sentimental considerations frequently over-power those of reason and common sense. It is the same narrowness of vision that tends too often to mar the usefulness of her philanthropic work, and more especially of her work in the cause of temperance; in which, just because her feelings are so strongly interested, zeal too often turns into a fanaticism which seriously discredits, with thoughtful men and women, her best intended efforts, and thus injures the very cause she so intensely desires to promote!

The more that, by reason of increasing activity and earnestness, woman is coming to the front in so many kinds of philanthropic work, the more does she need that mental training which promotes calm, clear and comprehensive thinking to guard her from the impulsive extremism which is so apt to carry her off the line of judicious and well-considered action. And it is for this mental training, not for "cram" or ambitious display, that higher education is worth the struggle to secure it.

Let it not be supposed, however, that this desirable training and culture, this "liberal" education, are nowhere to be found save within our universities. These constitute indeed at present the most direct and certain means of attaining it, especially for those who are not fortunate enough to possess other more private direction. But there are more ways than one of attaining the end, and we cannot here stop to discuss the vexed question of co-education. This problem will doubtless be best solved by the "logic of events." All we plead for is that young women should be encouraged, and if possible, trained and directed to seek to attain, by the best means in their power, that wisdom which is the result of the best and most symmetrical development of the mental and moral powers.

And in an age where the need for high ideals, right thinking, and noble living is more urgent than ever before, when "the thoughts of men are widening with the progress of the suns" more rapidly than ever, is it superfluous to claim for every woman from an enlightened society the best and completest development, physical and mental, which it is possible for that society to give? It will in the long run assuredly be found that, speaking generally, what is truly the best for the individual is truly the best for the race.

HELEN KELLER.

INSTITUTIONS for the education of the deaf and dumb are now so common over all the civilized world, that in all probability they are very generally regarded as having always formed a feature of modern civilization. But the truth is, that they represent one of the most recent discoveries in educational science. Although it is now over two hundred years since the Scotchman, Dalgarno, in his *Didascalocophus* or Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor, explained with marvellous ingenuity how those who are born deaf might be taught, yet the middle of last century had been passed before any practical attempt was made to apply his method in the systematic education of deaf mutes. This education must of course be carried on mainly through the sense of sight; and therefore a profoundly perplexing complication is introduced into the educational problem, when you have to deal with a person suffering from the double privation of sight as well as hearing. But as soon as the education of the deaf had been shown to be practicable, scientific educationists and psychologists began to moot the question whether it would be possible to educate a blind and deaf mute. This problem, however, remained a subject of merely speculative interest until, a little more than fifty years ago, Dr. Howe undertook the education of Laura Bridgman in the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, in Boston.

Just as Laura Bridgman passed away a few months ago, scientific interest was awakening in another blind and deaf mute who is already surpassing all that the most hopeful educationists could ever have expected to achieve. This object of benevolent and scientific sympathy is also an American girl, Helen Keller by name. She was born in Alabama on the 27th of June, 1880. In her nineteenth month she was attacked with congestion of the stomach; and this disease, after imperilling her life for some days, left her so completely destitute of sight and hearing, that the world has been to her ever since an absolute darkness and an absolute silence. But in other respects fortunately her health was completely restored; and, in fact, her general organization seems to be unusually fine, so that she displays a remarkable quickness in catching and interpreting the faintest impression conveyed to her through any of her remaining senses.

Her education began in March, 1887; and she seemed to take at a bound the step which it took Laura Bridgman three months to learn—the association of things with words or signs, which are to form the medium of communication between mind and mind, and thus, also, to be the indispensable instrument of further culture. In her first lesson, she learnt half-a-dozen names of common things, such as doll, hat, mug, etc. In little more than a week she had fully realized that all things could be identified by such names. After two months she learnt about 300 words, adding to her stock at the rate of five or six every day; and at the end of four months she had mastered over 450 words, which she not only spelled correctly, but used in their right applications.

The art of writing was acquired with a rapidity equally astonishing. After little more than a month's instruction she wrote her first letter; and the photographic reproduction of it, in the Report for 1887, is more legible than a great deal of handwriting that comes from people with all their senses. Her subsequent letters, given in last year's Report, are specimens of caligraphy such as are very rarely produced by children of Helen's age. I have before me a letter written by the little girl to myself last month. I had given in *The Scottish Review*, for October last, a pretty full sketch of all that has been achieved by her education up to the date of the last Report, and her letter is written in connection with my article. With the exception of two slight mistakes in some French phrases which she quotes, there is not a grammatical slip in the whole letter; and it is expressed in a style which, though charmingly childlike, is still distinguished by the accuracy of maturer years.

Many of the features which are gradually unfolding in the mental life of this little child already offer matter for careful inquiry in Psychology and educational science; and the welcome light, which she is likely to throw on some of the problems of these sciences, will more than repay all the benevolent labour that is being expended on her blind and silent life.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

THE late meeting of the Rational Dress Society was marked by an unpunctuality unworthy of the superior woman. It was not until considerably after the hour announced for the commencement of the meeting that Lady Harberton, a gentlemanly-looking lady in an imperceptibly divided skirt, appeared and took the chair. Meanwhile several male reporters had effected an entrance, but were promptly dislodged. Fortunately, however, several newspaper women were there to report the sayings and doings of their rational sisters. A letter was read from Mrs. Oscar Wilde, in which she expressed the opinion that no dress ought to be beautiful in itself, but should derive all its charm from its wearer—a pleasing idea for beautiful women, but not for the majority of the sex. The secretary, Mrs. Hall, reported that the work of the society was progressing favourably, and that it now counts members in Holland, Russia, and far-off Japan. A depot for the sale of "rational" garments has been established in Sloane Street, which, however, is not yet self-supporting. A note of compromise was sounded in the announcement of the importation of some Japanese silks, "quaint and durable, and suitable for ordinary gowns as well as divided skirts."

A MONODY.

TO THE MEMORY OF ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

I weep for our dead Sappho—Sappho, who is dead,
Was ours, and great, although her friends were few;
Let the great Greek go by, or lift in love her
laurelled head,
One of her peers hath entered; let her view
The latest poet-soul that darkly gropes
For light and truth; let the great Greek outstretch
Warm hands of welcome, Deity-bidden, fetch
The faint soul home with Love's strong coiled ropes.

I weep for our dead Sappho—Sappho who was ours,
The great Greek knew her, shame—that we did not;
Did not her songs pierce blue, light dark and break
through close-branched bowers?
Yet was an early grave her earthward lot.
Whom the gods love die young. Great Sappho, raise
Thy yearning arms and draw her from the flood;
Cheer thou her spirit, warm her freezing blood,
Lave her faint brow, and crown it with clinging
bays.

I make my moan the while. I do not weep
Because that Death her body hath not spared;
Weep I for thoughts of bliss, of converse sweet with
meaning deep,
That, had I known her, surely we had shared.
I weep for thinking much of the forest walks,
When willows shimmer with leaf of thinnest gold,
And crumpled green is ready to unfold,
And white show all the slender reedy stalks

Within the muddy marshes, here and there,
A stray wind-flower that stars the sunny glade,
A triple-leaved trillium tall, that soon in May-time
light shall wear
Its white flower—lovely lamp for lanes of shade.
I weep for thinking much of the purple blooms
We might have seen together on the hills,
The while the melting snow made rough the rills,
And from the frozen flats uprose the glooms.

I weep, and wonder much who was her friend;
Or had she none, and so crept unconsol'd,
Lonely along life's sunless shore and sadly, bravely
penn'd
The lines that read so warm, that ring so bold.
As water precious sediment, shining ore,
So the clear liquid of her verse embalms,
Like amber, flies, the fire, the flush, the palms
Of passionate tropics, pulsing, sun-bathed shore.

I make my moan the while. I weep to think
Such walks were not for us, nor yet that hour
Far dearer still to friends when snow hath curtained
every chink,
And hearth-sides blaze with welcome, though
there lower
The God of Storm upon the threshold neat.
To have sat so—close and tender; (women can—
Are all to themselves, and happy, need no man,
Alas! that we never lit on such retreat!

Such solace there was none. Great Sappho—raise
Her drooping head and tell her one hath come,
Late though it seem, with yearning words of comfort
and of praise!
*She does not hearken. Yet she is but dumb.
Wait but a little—she will sing again.*
I wait. I watch the trees fire, one by one,
I count the oxen, indolent in the sun,
I see the sparkle of many a distant vane.

I smooth the chestnuts shining in the grass,
I look up when a bird is felt to whir—
These are my truest joys. O wherefore comes it
thus to pass
That these are no more anything to her?
This day is like her—sumptuous, vivid, warm,
All golden mellow, gemmed with spots of fire.
Demeter, smiling, 'ere she slay desire
With warring winds and icy breath of storm

Hath cast upon the earth a veil of gold,
Defying Danaë. I, too, work my spells.
*Zeus is not only lord. Behold the valleys, the slopes
behold,
The woods of bronze, the topaz-sprinkled dells!
The myths still live. I am not shrunken yet,
Disabled, no, nor impotent, failing, weak;
'Tis I who crumple claw, form flower, ope beak,
Knit cobweb, paint the maples, frost-snares set.*

Thus the sly Goddess. Every year she makes
The simple Earth most beautiful for a time.
But, every year, dread mother, her revenge un-
guessed she slakes,
When green and gold are gone, with sleet and
rime.
Thus doth she make her moan. Persephone
Dieth once a year to light and life and air,
Howbeit she lives afar, most strangely fair,
With eyes that in the dark have learnt to see.

Here, where the leaves are trodden inches deep,
What waste of colour, symmetry, beauty, life!
There, where her soul's rich song is hushed in
waiting, wavering sleep,
We dare not figure waste. Across the strife
That strangles Hope ever high at the curt of God,
That voice at last shall be dimly, daily heard,
That Heart with holiest striving shall be stirred,
That soul be free to soar, as lark from sod.

Yet are we mocked by cold conjecture's wraith!
To sigh and grasp at what is gone for aye—
I too, Earth-mother, lose my calm, I lose my saving
faith,
I, too, disdain the world's vile disarray
And would avenge its blindness, point its shame.
*Kill off for me, Demeter, thus I cry,
These impotent—that—the great, good gods defy,
These flies of men that dally with her name!*

For her's was no slight soul. Kind Sappho knows—
For she hath read those Greek-inspired lines,
Stanzas in which as of old the Spartan spirit steadily
glows—
Deep—as Ægean blue, through branching vines,
Strong—as the naked limbs of Spartan youth,
Hot—as the suns on Tartary's treeless plains—
Clasp me the *Helot*—reach me the rich quatrains,
That throb with triumph, touched with the wand of
Truth!

I make my moan the while. Dear Sappho—list!
Ask her this, further. Was she loth to go,
Or was she ready, willing, soul-enchanted since
she wist
Not fully of her gift, nor of life below:
*Nay—so the calm Greek whispers—'tis no time
To question her. For a soul so lately riven
By Death's slow pains, though fully, know, forgiven,
May answer not. Ponder then in your heart your
rhyme.*

I wait. I watch the Autumn. Swift it passes,
Tittle and fall fungi stud the dripping tresses;
Brittle and brown and dry grow even the tallest,
greenest grasses,
And garden-plots lie naked to the breeze,
And rifed rigging climbeth the damp dull house,
And men and women crouching before their fire,
Hearken the wind as it climbeth ever higher,
Hearken the cricket, watch for the keen-eyed mouse.

Four walls hath bound them—bound me too, the
same,
Not like that spirit, bursting place and age,
The mummy-like cloths of genius—that pure fire—
that golden flame,
Her lambent thought, that fed each splendid page
With picturesque portraits, Greek, Italian, Spanish,
The pomp of Rome, the clash of Capitol hate,
La Bouquetière, sweet victim of foul fate—
How beside these do colder visions vanish!

Four walls could not her feverish spirit fatter,
Yet precious airs strove with her, sweet, unought;
Often I think, that had I called her friend or known
her better,
I might have steered the rich barque of her thought
To shores of our own, looming softly, freshly fair.
I might have shown her—tawny eastern torrents,
The lonely Gatinéau, the vast St. Lawrence,
I might have said—*In all this thou shalt share!*

*Take it, and make it—thou who only can'st,
Sweet alchemist—rare singer—what thou wilt;
Distilled in thine alenbic, earth-discovered, as thou
plann'st,
Our life's ideal shall on thee be built.*
Had I but known her well—thus had I spoken.
But now she sleeps where Sappho guards (and
guides,
Deaf to the rolling in of Death's slow tides,
And Charon's ship on the black wave's, crest un-
broken.

There where the canyon, cut in the living rock,
Its snow-streaked side up from the prairie lifts,
Shall not her name live long,—I think so, till Time
has ceased to mock,
Hath she not conquered Death by gracious gifts?
Did she not sing the song of the pioneer,
An epic of axe and tree, of glebe and pine,
Hath she not—Great High Priestess of Love
benign,
Rose-crowned, brow-bound, from Love dis severed
Fear?

I shall not cease to moan. Some day I shall catch
The music of the voice I wait to hear,
And hearing, rapt, declare that its magic melody
doth not match
With aught ever heard in this songless hemisphere.
O, could I hope that the mantle of her song
Might fall on me through very love of her,
Strong Sappho! Grant it! *I may not confer
High gifts: besides, her gifts to her God belong.*

SERANUS.

THREE RONDEAUX.

A MODERN HOMERIC NOD.

ONE, two, three, four! This is the way
To bring the drowsy god, they say,
To count, if need be, twenty score,
To count, count, count, until you snore.
I'll try the plan, perhaps I may
Combine it with a roundelay
Before I doze. A double play
In numbers should have influence, more,
One—two—three—four.

Old Morpheus now will surely pay
Attention to my need, and stay
This toil of conning numbers o'er.
And lead to that Lethean shore
Where countless millions own his sway.
One—two—three—four.

TO THE WRONG-DOER (RONDEAU-ER).

THOU shouldst refrain—thou who wouldst know
This measure right—from themes of woe,
For how can heaviness agree
With dancing numbers light and free,
To sadness still a deadly foe?

Yet would I not advise you so
To woo vain mirth, that thistle blow
And chaff had weight compared to thee—
Thou shouldst refrain.

But mix not moods, for *apropos*,
Mixed drinks to heads more quickly go,
What thou shouldst do, is (not by me
To take example), let it be,
Refrain, refrain, sings the Rondeau,
Thou shouldst refrain.

THERE'S NOTHING NEW.

THERE'S nothing new beneath the sun
In all man's toil, says Solomon,
If still his words continued true,
Then life's employments would be few,
With scarce a useful art begun.

But when we scan this idle one
Of spinning rhymes, as bards have done—
Of old, we weave the measures through—
There's nothing new.

The worn out themes we still pursue,
View Nature as our sires did view,
The same poor, thirteen lines are spun
Till Thought's brief rondeau threads are run;
He knows who doth the Muses woo,
There's nothing new.

WM. MCGILL.

INNISCO'S ADVENTURE ON
MOUNT CHIPPACO.

WHAT aileth our hunter, Innisco?
Why blanched is the cheek of our Chief?
Hast thou come from the Mountain Chippaco,
Chippaco that beareth the clouds?
Chippaco, of mountains the chief?

I have come from the Mountain Chippaco,
The mountain that beareth the clouds;
I've seen things that are frightful and awesome;
In the mountain that beareth the clouds,
I've seen things that I dare not repeat.

Why feareth our hunter, Innisco?
What is there thou dar'st not repeat?
Fear to thy heart is a stranger;
What then dost thou fear to repeat?

Distrust not thy kinsmen, Innisco,
Their hearts are as stout as thine own;
Tell them wherefore their Chief is affrighted,
Thou that huntest the grizzly alone,
With a heart full as stout as his own.
Quickly tell us, thou hunter Innisco,
From thy heart we would fain drive thy sorrow;
As the rushing wind rising tumultuous,
The clouds will dissolve on the morrow.
Come, Chief, art thou then a coward?

I have hunted the grizzly alone,
With my knife have I slain him for years;
Hear—hear me, my kinsmen and friends,
Hear me, nor mock at my fears.

Last night I encamped on the Mountain
Chippaco, that beareth the clouds.
At sunset I slew a Callowna,
And slept in her yet bloody hide,
On Chippaco that beareth the clouds.

My horse I tied trembling beside me,
He liked not the smell of the blood.
The bear's flesh was piled up between us,
To guard it from fierce mountain wolves;
Strong rose the fresh scent of the blood.

Black—black looked the dark mountain shadow
Against the pale light of the moon;
Neither that, nor wolves howling could fright me,
I slept, but was awakened too soon.

I slept—but what waked me I know not,
But my horse snorted sudden and loud,
And, breaking his reata, leaped o'er me,
And fled with the speed of the wind
From Chippaco that meeteth the cloud.

My first thought was to rise and to follow,
But close to me, awesome and grim,
Sonicappoo, the spirit of evil,
Stood eating and tearing my bear's meat,
Tearing it limb from limb.

Close wrapped I the bear-skin around me,
Each beat of my heart sounded loud;
A mist seemed to gather before me,
And then methinks that I died,
On Chippaco that pierceth the cloud.

But life again quickened within me,
And trembling, once more I arose,
Fearing to see him—but no,
Sonicappoo, the fiercest of foes,
Had vanished, and with him my bear's meat.

Then, half dead, I descended the mountain—
Chippaco that beareth the cloud,
The home of the evil Sonicappoo;
On foot have I travelled thus far,
Back—back to the wigwam's crowd.

My horse, too, is lost on the mountain,
Chippaco that beareth the cloud;
Then wherefore should men call me "Coward"?
Why shame ye with insults your Chief—
Your Chief who is strong man and proud?

Strong is the bow of Innisco,
Of hard mountain spruce is it made;
It is tipped with the horns of a wild goat,
Glossy and black do they shine,
In his grasp it is firmly displayed.

With a rattlesnake's skin hath Innisco
Wrapped his bow of strength,
In a rattlesnake's skin hath he sewn it,
For his grandsire hath taught him the charm:
Great is its span and its length.

Deer's sinew is also his bowstring,
Sweet music it makes to his ear;
Sweeter than south wind's sighing
Is the twang of Innisco's bowstring,
Twanging like metal clear.

Strong is the heart of Innisco,
Strong is the heart of our Chief;
And strong are the hearts of his kinsmen,
They bow to him low, and they cry,
We will go to the Mountain Chippaco,
We will go with Innisco, our Chief,
To search for the great Sonicappoo;
We will bind him with ropes and reatas,
And drag him along at our feet,
And heed not his terrible cry.

Oh, list to thy grandsire, Innisco,
Oh, list to the words that are wise;
Ropes and reatas avail not;
Sonicappoo will laugh them to scorn.
Sonicappoo thy bowstring defies!

Oh, seek not the Mountain Chippaco,
That mountain of wonder and dread;
Oh, search not for great Sonicappoo,
Who maketh that mountain his bed.

Vain, vain is the warning! They heed not.
They heed not the words that are wise;
They have taken their bows and their arrows,
They have taken their ropes and reatas;
Their arrows the spirit defies;

They have gone to the Mountain Chippaco,
Chippaco that beareth the clouds;
They will search for the great Sonicappoo,
And bring him in, tied, at their feet,
From Chippaco, the mountain of clouds.

The storm rageth fierce on the mountain,
The mountain of wonder and dread;
Loud echoes the terrible thunder,
Flames leap from the curtain of clouds,
The clouds that are lurid and red.

But naught daunteth the soul of Innisco,
His kinsmen care naught for the storm;
They have climbed up the Mountain Chippaco,
They have pierced through the gloom of the
clouds.
They are seeking a terrible form.

Above them the sunshine is streaming,
Below them the thunder is loud;
What aileth our hunter, Innisco,
Why blanched is the cheek of our Chief?
He is pale as the slow-climbing cloud.

Hush! there is the great Sonicappoo!
Look! yonder he lieth asleep;
His huge form is stretched on the mountain,
His breathing is laboured and deep.

His black face is upturned to the sunshine;
Yes, there on the Mountain Chippaco,
He lieth unconscious, asleep;
His foes snout with scorn and with laughter,
As forward to seize him they leap.

They bind him with ropes and reatas,
They bind him with thongs made of hide.
Sonicappoo awakens, he sneezeth;
He stretcheth his long, hairy limbs,
He stretcheth his arms long and wide.

They take up their bows and their arrows,
Their darts fly like hail to the ground;
They strike on the great Sonicappoo,
But like hail from a rock they rebound.

Vain, vain are their bows and their arrows;
Sonicappoo hath opened his eyes;
They jump on the great form before them,
They cling to his long, silky hair,
They shout at their prize.

He yawneth—half-sleeping he riseth,
The reatas are snapped like a thread;
And the warriors that cling to his long, silky curls
Ah—he lifeth them up with his head!

Loosing their hold, they roll off him,
And trembling, they fall to the ground;
Sonicappoo laugheth and shaketh
His ringlets down to the ground,
And his laughs peal out scornful and loud.

Innisco would fain have pursued him,
But he hid in a dark thunder cloud,
And, mingled with thunder, his laughter
Broke forth from the dark, threat'ning cloud.

Then fly they the Mountain Chippaco,
Chippaco that beareth the clouds;
Then fly they the great Sonicappoo,
Whose laughter is scornful and loud.
Back, back go the friends of Innisco;
Back—back from the Mountain of Clouds.

[This translation—as literal as consistent with
form—is made by a Canadian lady from a favourite
poem of old Innisco, who said it was true, and that
he really saw Sonicappoo when he was hunting. "No-
thing can bind him, he is so strong."—ED. WEEK.]

DEPRIVATION.

As when a mother's tender-reaching hand
Removes the baby-clasp and shows the track
It needs must go alone, it glances back,
Scarce knowing how without her help to stand,
And clutches vainly at the sweeping skirt,
Then staggers forward fearful lest it fall,
So I, a little one, in losing all
Thou art to me, O Friend, who blessed all hurt,
Who led me through the hours of each dark day
Unconsciously supported, clinging fast
To thy great strength, like as the child at last,
Perceiving whence the aid has come it may
No longer have, do stumble, silent, on
To strange, dim depths where never hope yet shone.
A. EVELYN.

THROUGH CANVAS DOORS.

WHAT witchery is this that o'er me steals
With magic spell, as dreamily I lie
On couch of fragrant boughs? No comrade nigh.
The woods are hushed; their curtained gloom
conceals
A silent choir. The shimmering lake reveals
A mirrored picturing of cloud-flecked sky
And tree-crowned hill. The weird and mocking cry
Of wandering loon 'mid answering echoes peals.
And save for this, or where the wanton trout
With eager splash disturb the limpid blue,
All Nature sleeps, and bids the tired heart
Rest in her arms that, sheltering, round about
Enfold, and, as a child, drink in anew
A balm to soothe life's fret and fevered smart.
Montreal. SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

HEROES.

NOT from the loins of kings are heroes sprung,
Nor reared in noble laps; but of the rude,
Untitled lineage of the multitude.
When Freedom calls to arms and off are flung
The chains of slavery; when there is rung
The knell of tyrants and their venal brood;
When in foreknowledge of the coming good
The hushed world listens to a patriot's tongue;
When blades smite deep and mighty songs resound,
When throne and palace tremble, and the feud
Breaks between despot and that brotherhood
With whom the gentle Christ was strongly bound;
Then heroes come with sword and song to free
A coward people from base slavery. SAREPTA.

THE POET OF NATURE.

HE takes from fertile fields the seeds of thought,
Which, cultured with much pondering, sprout and
grow;
He gleans in fields of solitude, and lo,
Some germ is found by which his soul is taught.
The merest nothings are to him full-fraught;
He gathers inspiration from the glow
Of sunset skies, and when the twilight goes
The poet's dream by shades of night is wrought.
His mind is one of sympathy and pain;
Of memories and mirth; of grief and hope;
A mind where very many moods may reign;
Where with each passion diverse passions cope.
His thoughts are many as the dead leaves strewed—
Sad, as the round of sprites that Dante viewed.
Montreal. HUGH COCHRANE.

PAGAN RITES AND CHRISTMAS
FESTIVITIES.

"It is good to be merry sometimes," wrote Charles Dickens on one of his benevolent and sunny days, and never more so than on that day which commemorates the fact that the Great Founder of Christmas was once a child Himself. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that this Christmas time, as a season of joy and merriment, originated with the advent of Him whom we call its Founder. It was so with the Britons and Romans long before Augustine preached or even St. Paul visited the British Isles. Among the early churches there does not appear to have been any uniformity in their observance of the Nativity; some held the festival in January, others in April or May. It is, nevertheless, certain that the 25th of December could not have been the date of the nativity of Christ, for it is the height of the rainy season in Judæa, and shepherds could hardly be watching their flocks by night on the plains. Yet not casually, or arbitrarily, was the festival appointed on this date. Perhaps the most powerful cause that operated in fixing this period as the proper one was, that almost all the heathen nations regarded the winter solstice as a most important point of the year, as the beginning of the new life and activity of the powers of nature and of the gods, who were originally merely the symbolical personifications of these.

"Christmas," says the learned Selden, "succeeds the Saturnalia—the same time, the same number of holy days, and the same sports—then the master waits upon the servant like the Lord of Misrule." The Saturnalia Regna—the golden reign of happiness and equality—was looked backwards or forwards to, as the case might be, by the Romans as the modern man looks to the universal feast of peace and equality. So much were the Britons impregnated with Roman customs, that the Christian preachers found it wiser to adapt old customs to new forms than to uproot them altogether, just as it was easier at Rome to cut away the insignia of the statue Jupiter and to alter them to those of St. Peter than to furnish a new image.

In the Saturnalia, as in our Christmas rejoicings, big fires were lighted; these fires connect us with Yule and the Yule-tide logs and fires, and these again with Bel or Baal, and Baal with Saturn, who, again, was Chronos, or Time—Saturn being the sap, spring, motive, life and origin of all things. Thus our Christmas festivities associate us with the fire and sun worship of the pagans.

Nature worship is the basis of all polytheistic religions; the chief deities of the several mythologies were originally personifications of the sun or its influences, and with its worship was more or less connected that of fire, its representative on earth. According to ancient belief the soul and the fire were identical; as the sun gave life to the earth, so the fire on the hearth radiated life within the house. Life was compared to a flame, to a torch, and no comparison can be more true. The hearth was the very centre of the house, as the regia was the sacred centre of Rome and the Roman Commonwealth. The Gentile hearth gave a recognized asylum—a right still in full vigour in some countries. The proud saying of an Englishman that his house is his castle is a remnant of this old feeling. In all countries it was considered a fatal omen if the fire died out on the hearth. The ancient Persians were fire-worshippers—some of them, known as Ghebers, and still retaining their old religion, form the subject matter of the fire-worshippers in Moore's "Lalla Rookh." Closely allied with them are the Parsees of India, who are chiefly settled in Bombay. The Parsee believer is enjoined to face a luminous object during his prayers, hence the temples and altars must for ever be fed with holy fire, brought down, according to tradition, from heaven, and the sully of whose flame is punishable with death. So great is the respect of the Parsees for fire, that they are the only eastern nation who abstain from smoking. The most cursory reading of the sacred Parsee books will show in a variety of points their direct influence upon Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism.

The most complete system of sun-worship that we have any account of is that existing in Peru when discovered by the Spaniards in 1526, and which is graphically described in Help's "Spanish Conquest of America:" "Our northern natures can hardly comprehend how the sun, and the moon, and the stars were imaged in the heart of a Peruvian, and dwelt there; how the changes in these luminaries were combined with all his feelings and his fortunes, how the dawn was hope to him, how the fierce mid-day brightness was power to him, how the declining sun was death to him, and how the new morning was a resurrection to him; nay, more, how the sun and the moon and the stars were his personal friends, as well as his deities, how he held communion with them, and thought that they regarded every act and word; how, in his solitude, he fondly imagined that they sympathized with him, and how with outstretched arms he appealed to them against their own unkindness or against the injustice of his fellow-men." In Cuzco, the capital, stood a splendid temple to the sun, all the implements of which were of gold. On the west end of the interior was a representation of the sun's disc and rays in solid gold, so placed that the rising sun, shining in at the open east end, fell upon the image and was reflected with dazzling splendour. In the place or square of the temple a great annual festival was held at the summer and winter solstice. Sacrifices, similar to those of the Jews, were offered on the occasion, and bread and wine were partaken of in a manner strikingly resembling the Christian communion.

The records of ancient Scandinavian mythology bear close analogy to many Christian observances. Of their three great festivals the first was held in the Yule month—feastings and Yule games occupied the time, whence it was also called the merry month. Offerings were made to Odin for success in war, and to Frey for a fruitful year, the chief victim being a hog, which was sacred to the latter god on the assumption that swine first taught mankind to plough the earth. On the introduction of Christianity, the people were the more ready to conform to the great church festivals of Christmas and Easter, from the fact of their corresponding with the ancient national sacrificial feasts, and so deep-rooted was the adhesion to the faith of Odin in the north, that the early Christian teachers, unable to eradicate the old idea, were driven to the expedient of trying to give them a colouring of Christianity. Thus, the black-elves, giants, evil subterranean spirits, and dwarfs, with which the Northmen peopled earth, air, and water, were declared by them to be fallen angels or devils, and under their latter character suffered to retain their old denominations.

Christmas trees are said to be a German custom to which the Queen of England is much attached, and which the great reformer, Martin Luther, rejoiced in and practised. In these green trees laden with gifts we perhaps see a relic of the symbols by which our heathen forefathers signified their faith in the power of the returning sun to clothe the earth again with green, and hang new fruit on the trees, and the frumenty still, or lately, eaten on Christmas eve or morning in many parts of England—in Scotland the preparation of oatmeal, called *sowans*, is used—seems to be a lingering memory of the offerings paid to Hulda or Berchta, the divine mother, the northern Ceres, or personification of fruitfulness, to whom they looked for new stores of grain. Yet the Christmas tree may well be a kind of offshoot of the old notion of Yggdrasil, the name given in Scandinavian mythology to a tree, the greatest and most sacred of all trees, which was conceived as binding together heaven, earth and hell. The tree is an ash, whose branches spread over all the world, and reach above the heavens. Thus we find Virgil, in the Georgics, describing the ash as sending its branches as high into the air as it sends its roots into the earth:—

Oculus in primis, quæ quantum vortice ad auras
Aetherias, tantum radice in tartara tendit.

In Franconia there are still existing observances which undeniably connect the festival of Christmas with the Roman Saturnalia. The ceremonies are identical in kind, though improved upon by Druidical and Christian additions. Christmas Eve was called by the heathen Saxons the Mother Night, probably on account of the ceremonies used. Gregory Nysen expressly says: "It came to pass that for exploding the festivals of the heathens, the principal festivals of the Christians succeeded in their room, as the keeping of Christmas with joy and feasting, and playing and sports, in room of the Bacchanalia and Saturnalia," and he adds: "By the pleasures of these festivals the Christians increased much in numbers, and decreased as much in virtue, till they were purged and made white by the persecution of Dioclesian."

In the Roman Saturnalia the distinctions of rank disappeared or were reversed. Slaves were permitted to wear the *pileus* or badge of freedom, and sat down to banquets in their master's clothes, while the latter waited on them at table, and might, as we learn from Horace, be scolded for awkwardness, luxury, vanity and folly, as the masters in their way scolded their men at other times.

Crowds of people filled the streets and roamed about the city in a peculiar dress, shouting *Io Saturnalia*; sacrifices were offered with uncovered head; friends sent presents to each other; all business was suspended; the law courts were closed; school boys got a holiday, and no war could be begun.

From the Saturnalia, the festivities connected with which lasted a whole week in Rome, we probably inherited our "Lord of Misrule," from whom we have a ghostly line of descendants in the king and queen and the rest of the "Twelfth Night" characters. "Twelfth Night," be it remembered, is old Christmas Day, or more properly Christmas, as marked by the old style calendar, which still exists, and is yet used in some of the old country towns and families of England.

In the days of the Puritans, Prynne's readers are warned against Christmas games of any kind, expressly because they "were derived from these Roman Saturnalia and Bacchanalian festivals," which should cause all pious Christians eternally to abominate them." The ivy, holly and mistletoe which were used chiefly for Christmas decorations were condemned as seditious badges. The ivy is evidently a relic of Bacchanalian sports, for to the god Bacchus the ivy was sacred; the holly and mistletoe are Druidical, especially the latter, which being a mere parasite growing upon the oak and other trees, was gathered by the chief Druids, cut by a golden sickle, and carried in a procession with great pomp. It was once supposed to have wonderful curative properties, and especially the power to gift a blind person with sight. Thus Loki, the wicked god in the Scandinavian mythology, gives the blind Höda an arrow formed of mistletoe, by which Balder is slain.

So, through Saxon and Roman times, our Christmas festivities may be traced back to Pagan rites; names only have changed, the things remain. But happy are we that in this enlightened and Christianized age we are free from all superstitions which beset the Yule tide festivals of the past, and that rejoicing in the celebration of a New Birth

—brought in with "tidings of great joy"—and while associating Christ as the founder of our Christmas, we can foster in our hearts peace and good will to all.

F. S. MORRIS.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE FISHERY
QUESTION.

A REVIEW of the Fishery Question at Christmas may seem extremely unseasonable, though not more so than the crop of ghostly and ghastly stories which, by some peculiar rule of unfitness, this genial time of year is accustomed to bring forth. But I doubt whether this particular question could be more appropriately considered at any other period of the year or juncture in the controversy. No elections are in progress, no harrowing tales of seizures are being carried over the wires, nor is any parliamentary or diplomatic debate going on to render all parties more argumentative and less reasonable. In peace it is wise to prepare for war, if war be probable. The somewhat lengthened lull in this dispute, which has followed the Presidential election, should not make us forget that the controversy still overhangs the future, and may soon again become a strain upon the judgment and conscience of the people, on both sides of the boundary. At no time could it be argued more dispassionately by statesmen. At no time could the foundations of popular impressions, on one side and on the other, be more deliberately and critically examined, with a disposition to arrive at justice.

Without any pretence of entering into the whole wearisome extent of the subject, in this paper, I would like to state some reasons for thinking that very high credit is due to the framers of the recently rejected draft treaty, and for trusting that in one important and much-vexed issue—that of the delimitation of the three-mile boundary of the fishing rights—the *modus* arrived at by the Commission must recommend itself for ultimate adoption.

It is most curious what a war of assertions and contradictions has raged over the effect of the latest English decision which seemed to touch the question. It is the fact that the decision was on a different matter, and that the opinions, as far as they bore upon the Fishery Question, were mere *dicta*, that has left the bearing of the case open to so much misconstruction.

The case (*Queen v. Keyn*, L. R. 2 Ex. Div. 63) came up from the Admiralty Central Criminal Court in England. A prisoner was indicted at the Central Criminal Court for manslaughter. He was a foreigner, and in command of a foreign ship, passing within three miles of the shore of England on a voyage to a foreign port, and while within that distance his vessel ran into a British ship and sank her, whereby a passenger on board the latter ship was drowned. The facts of the case were such as to amount to manslaughter by English law. Upon this state of facts it was held by the majority of the court that the Central Criminal Court had no jurisdiction to try the prisoner for the offence charged. By the whole of the majority of the court, on the ground that prior to 28 Hen. 8, c. 15, the admiral had no jurisdiction to try offences by foreigners on board foreign ships, whether within or without the limit of three miles from the shore of England; that that and the subsequent statutes only transferred to the Common Law Courts and to the Central Criminal Court the jurisdiction formerly possessed by the admiral; and that, therefore, in the absence of statutory enactment, the Central Criminal Court had no power to try such an offence; by Kelley, C.B., and Sir R. Phillimore, also, on the ground that, by the principles of international law, the power of a nation over the sea within three miles of its coasts is only for certain limited purposes, and that Parliament could not, consistently with those principles, apply English criminal law within those limits. Such was the decision. It was dissented from by a minority (a very respectable minority, it will be thought, consisting as it did of Lord Coleridge, C.J., Brett and Amphlett, J.J.A., Grove, Denman and Lindley, J.J.), on the ground that the sea within three miles of the coast of England is part of the territory of England, that the English criminal law extends over those limits, and the admiral formerly had, and the Central Criminal Court now has, jurisdiction to try offences there committed, although on board foreign ships.

The case has been curiously misunderstood, as if it threw some doubt upon the universally accepted three-mile jurisdiction. The true point in that case is clearly summarized in the head-note in the Law Reports. The issue in that case, only decided by a majority of a very learned court, was whether the open sea within three miles of the coast of England was *English territory for all purposes*; or, if not, was criminal jurisdiction one of the purposes to which national power extended over the three miles? In adjudicating this limited question, the very judges who gave the majority decision established (so far as it was possible, by implication on a point not at issue), the right of *fishery* jurisdiction, within the same limits. The very passage Sir Robert Phillimore cites in support of the opinion of the majority from the French writer Mané, ("Le Droit Commercial dans ses Rapports avec le Droit de Gens") is quoted as stating, first, that a State has not *full property* in the maritime belt (as the three mile space is termed). "It has only jurisdiction for limited purposes;" but, secondly, that the exclusive right of fishing is part of that jurisdiction, or, rather, of the property of its subjects. "*La pêche ne peut être faite que par les habitants du littoral.*"*

* *Queen v. Keyn* at page 71.

It is further to be observed that all the dicta uttered on the same occasion support by similar implication the claim even of territorial jurisdiction in *bays*, distinct from the three mile belt on the open coast. On that point very broad views are cited from Kent; and the following passage from another and still later American writer (Wheaton) is quoted with implied approval: "In respect to those portions of the sea which form the ports, harbours, *bays*, and mouths of rivers of any state* where the tide ebbs and flows, an exclusive right of property as well as of sovereignty in those waters may well be maintained." Wheaton's reason for the rule, also quoted, is particularly interesting in the present connection. "The State possessing the adjacent territory, by which these waters are partially surrounded and inclosed, has that *physical power* of constantly acting upon them, and at the same time of excluding at its pleasure the action of any other states or persons, which, as we have already seen, constitutes *possession*." †

The New York *Nation*, an almost impartial American weekly journal, whose editorials on the subject of law and history are usually the work of men of learning and authority, admits that the Senate Committee contention for a definition of the marine league, excluding bays more than six miles wide, would require a reversal of American decisions. The writer seems to urge the expediency of a reversal, on the ground of the vagueness of the headland rule. "When we attempt to claim jurisdiction from headland to headland along so extensive a coast as ours, it becomes a matter of wholly private judgment whether the claim includes all the space inside a line drawn from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras, or only the space from Nantucket to Montauk Point or something even less comprehensive"—*Nation*, July 27, 1888.

That any boundary should be a matter of private judgment would certainly be an evil. But the Commissioners who negotiated the recently rejected treaty seem to have made their delimitations according to a principle which accords with international law, and would avoid the suggested difficulty.

The American writer's eminently practical as well as just rule seems to have been kept in mind by the late commission. Their lines are drawn across the great bays from light to light; necessarily, therefore, between points of land visible on both sides from mid-sea. They include a great part of the Bay of Chaleurs, but exclude parts as broad as the Bay of Fundy.

The real test of the possibility of territorial possession is in the answer to the question, Can trespass be practically defined and substantially prevented? The law does not assign the idea of property apart from the power of protection. Judged by this test, it is obvious that a great gulf like the Bay of Fundy cannot be the subject of national possession. Claims which can only be enforced by cruisers out of sight of land are claims to jurisdiction of the high seas, not claims of territorial right. On the other hand, a line between visible headlands is not an imaginary line. Crossing that line will always be an overt act of trespass. It cannot be committed innocently, nor, in the presence of a vigilant guardian, with impunity. From the shore the offender can be detected, pursued and arrested. Great Britain, always contending with France for this and even a greater extent of possession along her coasts, European and American, has also always commanded the maritime power to enforce her claims. Under these circumstances, is there reasonable ground for narrowing the effect of the geographical terms, the coasts, bays, rivers and harbours of Her Britannic Majesty's possessions, farther than to a line drawn between headlands which are visible midway in ordinary weather from the deck of the class of vessel that from time immemorial has been employed in the trade of deep sea fishing? Something corresponding to this principle seems to have been followed by the Commissioners as a *ratio decidendi* in arriving at the lines proposed in the recently rejected Treaty, to define the extent of the liberty which the United States solemnly renounced by the Treaty of 1818. If so, the agreement dictated by practical common-sense may hereafter be confirmed as a declaration of maritime boundaries as they have always existed at law. Their conclusions curiously correspond with a closer reading of the precise language of the Treaty of 1818, than has been practised in the diplomatic correspondence on either side.

By the treaty of 1818 American fishermen are excluded (subject to exceptions as to Newfoundland and Labrador) from fishing within three marine miles of "the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America." The enumeration is worthy of remark. The line is to be drawn three miles from the coasts, and three miles from the bays. The whole waters within every indentation that can be described as a creek, harbour or bay, are included in the coast line, and the three miles are to be measured from that line. This is indisputable. The treaty cannot be read in any other way. But what is the geographical definition of a bay? Does it include every partially enclosed space of water, whatever its dimensions? Now it is observed that while the treaty so carefully enumerates "bays, creeks and harbours," it omits one other well known geographical term, "gulfs." The dictionaries define a gulf as a large bay. There is therefore a class of bays so large that they are described as gulfs. If we look for examples, we find them, on the map of this continent, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico. These are known by

those who have traversed them as wide sea-like expanses, where on both sides the mariner loses sight of the enclosing land. Is not this then what determines (though I confess it is not so stated in any legal or other dictionary that I have searched) the character of a gulf? It is a bay so wide that its boundaries are lost to sight from mid-channel. If it be permitted to lay any stress on analogy in the use of the term "gulf"—I think the sense in which the somewhat rare word is applied, outside the geographical sense, conveys the meaning of complete separation. With that force the translators of the Bible use it in the parable of Lazarus: "Between us there is a *great gulf* fixed."

If there is any room for dispute over the "headland question" it must be really a dispute whether the words in the Treaty of 1818, definitive of the extent of the coast fisheries are to be taken as terms of geographical description or as terms having a sense derived from some definition by international law.

Thus in the contention of the United States, stress seems to be laid, not on the substantial enumeration of "coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours," but upon the words, "of His Britannic Majesty's Dominions in America" as qualifying the geographical terms. A bay, the American Secretary of State seems to argue, is not a bay for the purposes of the treaty, unless it is less than six miles wide, because it is alleged that is the limit set to maritime dominion.

The principal rule of construction of treaties is that like contracts or Acts of Parliament they are to be construed according to the grammatical meaning of their language in its popular signification; subject to an exception as to technical terms, which are to be construed according to their technical meaning. Local descriptions, says Vattel, are to be construed according to the geographical propriety of expression of the period when the treaty was made (Vattel, iv. s. 33). The "bays, creeks and harbours of a country" is sufficiently definite term, a familiar, popular, and also a recognized geographical term. The "bays of a country" are the enclosures of water formed by the headlands or projections of the coast line of the country. Had the same words, at the date of the treaty, or have they now any established technical sense different from their popular sense as geographical terms? In other words, have the limits of maritime or territorial jurisdiction ever received an authoritative definition? The existing differences of opinion upon the subject are a sufficient answer to this question. Some writers have favoured the utmost extent of the headland theory. Among them are numbered the greatest American writers, some of them quite near to the time of the Treaty. Kent in his Commentary, edition of 1825, collates the opinions of lawyers on the subject at that time.

"The extent of jurisdiction over the adjoining seas is often a question of difficulty and of dubious right. As far as a nation can conveniently occupy, and that occupancy is acquired by prior possession or treaty, the jurisdiction is exclusive. Navigable waters which flow through a territory, and the sea-coast adjoining it, and the navigable waters included in bays, and between headlands and arms of the sea, belong to the sovereign of the adjoining territory, as being necessary to the safety of the nation and to the undisturbed use of the neighbouring shores."

It is worthy of note that while modern American statesmen, in presenting their contention, are in the habit of proceeding from the three-mile coast limit to define the extent of jurisdiction over bays—that is to say, that bays form part of the coast if not exceeding the double limit of six miles—that is, from shore to shore: on the other hand it will be seen that the older writers first lay down the law respecting inclusion of bays within the coast jurisdiction, as a simple and settled rule; and afterwards proceed to deal with the vaguer question of jurisdiction outward from the open coast. Kent proceeds in another place:—

"It is difficult to draw any precise or determinate conclusion, amidst the variety of opinions, as to the distance to which a state may lawfully extend its exclusive dominion over the seas adjoining its territories, and beyond those portions of the sea which are embraced by harbours, gulfs, bays and estuaries, and over which its jurisdiction unquestionably extends. All that can reasonably be asserted is, that the dominion of the sovereign of the shore over the contiguous sea extends as far as is requisite for his safety and for some lawful end. A more extended dominion must rest entirely upon force, and maritime supremacy. According to the current of modern authority, the general territorial jurisdiction extends into the sea as far as cannon shot will reach, and no farther, and this is usually calculated to be a marine league.

"The executive authority of this country, in 1793, considered the whole of Delaware Bay to be within our territorial jurisdiction; and it rested its claims upon those authorities which admit that gulfs, channels and arms of the sea belong to the people with whose lands they are encompassed; and it was intimated that the laws of nations would justify the United States in attaching to their coasts an extent into the sea, beyond the reach of cannon shot." Vol. 1, p. 29.

(If these broad doctrines of the older writers are to be deemed to be limited by the majority of opinions in the great case of *Queen v. Keyn*, the same case affirms, as far as can be done by dicta, the claim to an exclusive property in fisheries within the "chambers" of the coast, as well as to three miles from the outline of the land.) It cannot be said that the coasts, bays, creeks or harbours of a sovereign's dominions are words having, or which have ever had, any special meaning as terms of law. They have,

therefore, no technical sense that can be imported into the construction of a document or contract to overrule the well understood geographical meaning of the words. What is beyond doubt is that Great Britain was in the habit of claiming upon her coasts an extent of maritime jurisdiction co-extensive with the geographical sense.

Under the circumstances, the United States will have difficulty in contending that there was in 1818, or is even now, any definition of maritime dominion sufficiently distinct to even raise an alternative to the simpler construction of the treaty according to the language.

The treaty was intended to define and settle controversies, not to give rise to them. Can its framers be deemed to have intended to override an intelligible geographical description by an unsettled political qualification? The parties in such a case must be deemed to have worded their agreement with reference to some understood sense, which can only be the popular or geographical meaning of the terms.

The language, I think, has been justly interpreted and well applied by the commissioners who prepared the delimitations in the draft of 1888; which it is to be hoped may be considered as still lying open for reconsideration and mutual adoption.

The argument, from expediency, is rather in favour of the enlargement than the narrowing of the rules of maritime jurisdiction. Modern scientific experience is gradually demonstrating the wisdom of treating fish, not more, but much less as creatures *feræ nature*. They ought rather to be made the objects of a kind of farming. Unless their existence is protected, and their multiplication specially encouraged, it seems that mankind may have to deplore the ultimate extinction of this invaluable source of human food. This kind of farming requires expensive protection, an investment, as it were, in long-time improvements. It can hardly be doubted that this farming of the sea, like the farming of land, will be better carried on under a system of settled ownership than upon the principle of treating the fisheries as a right of common.

O. A. HOWLAND.

LITERATURE, NATIONALITY, AND THE TARIFF.

THE close of another year in what we are fain to call the national life of Canada—though it still lacks the essential characteristics of nationhood—suggests a review, if it could be undertaken, with the necessary space at one's disposal, of the literary output of the last twelve months, and some estimate of its varied achievements in the field of native authorship. The subject is an inviting one, as the successes of the year have exceeded those of any previous period, while Canadian writers have, out of the country as well as in it, made good their claim to public favour, and, from the literary brotherhood of other lands, secured a large and cordial measure of recognition. But the review of the year's work which we have suggested is too large and serious an undertaking for a brief paper, to which we are in this issue confined. It is therefore not here attempted.

It is, however, gratifying to note the facts we have mentioned, though recognition abroad, while it is scantily awarded at home, is apt to draw the native writer, to our loss, to the centres in which he is appreciated, and where he is sure to find both congenial and remunerative employment. Canada has no such literary markets as are found in London, New York, or Boston. She has not such as are to be met with even in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, or Chicago. But, if she cares at all for the intellectual life, she has or ought to have what these centres cannot well have—a just pride in Canadian letters and an ardent public interest in the national advancement. The native writer who has not these patriotic influences at his back is at an especial disadvantage, for, in the absence of other incentives, they are as the breath in his nostrils to encourage and inspire him in his work. We may find new magazines and set on foot whatever other literary enterprises we like, but without patriotic feeling, or any well-defined national sentiment to support them and bid them god-speed, they are in danger of sharing the fate of their ill-starred predecessors, and unless exceptionally well-endowed are likely to come to naught.

Indifferent as the field is in Canada for the pursuit of literature, it is a pity that public apathy should conspire with other drawbacks, such as the lack of population and wealth, to render it still less attractive. The result of this indifference is what we see constantly going on, the withdrawal of the native writer from Canada, and the carrying of good work to other and better markets. We talk with horror of political annexation, yet we pay no heed to the annexation of another kind, which is drafting off across the line not only the brains and pens of the country, but the hopes and hearts of those who move and inspire them. The extent of this literary exodus, which is absorbing the local talent of almost every section of Canada, few are aware of, though its reality may be seen by a glance at the current issues of many of the American magazines. Nor is it the States alone that are drafting off the native writer and opening to him the avenues of literary employment and fame. Not a few are now finding, even in London, both the field and the opportunities denied them at home. Nor is the general exodus, which is sapping the life and energies of the country, a less appalling fact. We neither keep our own people nor those who currently come to the country. Of the latter so much as seventy-five per cent. pass annually from Ontario alone

*Wheaton, it is to be observed, uses almost the language of the treaty of 1818.

†Queen v. Keyn, p. 74.

to the United States. For what sins is Canada thus losing her life blood save that she weakly refuses to take the step that would place her proudly upon her feet?

Another result of indifference to the native literary calling is the growing hopelessness of inducing Canadian publishers to take up literary enterprises which might bring honour as well as profit to the country. Canada is old enough, and now sufficiently well-to-do, to call forth many literary undertakings, which, if our national life were more robust, would find in the country an adequate field for their support. There are few of us, we venture to say, who have not approached a publisher with some literary project or other, at which, however promising its results, he has shaken his head, confessing ruefully that there was no market to be depended on in Canada to warrant him in assuming the risk of publication. Thus is the native literature restricted, and talent and industry are dormant for want of the publishing facilities and other incentives of literary work. Possessed of these, many useful compilations and much original work might be undertaken, local histories written, the growth of towns and districts illustrated and described, industries and public works treated of, with much else brought out, in the field of native literary effort, of high and abiding value.

It is we fear futile, however, and perhaps ungracious, to arraign the public for the want of interest it has hitherto manifested in the native literature. In the early colonial stage, when its quality as well as its quantity were poor, there was some excuse for public indifference. This cannot be pleaded to-day, for it now finds a ready market, and meets with cordial acceptance in other lands. If at home its acceptance is slow and begrudging we must remember that it has to contend, not against just appraisal, but against inherited disesteem and indifference. These must at last go, however. Or if we cannot eradicate them, we can at least prevent their being reinforced. Nor is there an excuse for the undue and, as we deem it, unpatriotic preference of our people for the foreign product. It would be rash to vaunt the work of native writers, and rasher still to contrast Canadian with foreign literary achievement. But how much of the latter that finds ready sale in Canada is better than could be produced in the country, were the conditions favourable to its production? Any one who has currently to appraise the imported literature of the time, or glances at it in its loud disarray in the news-stores, will be aware of a great deterioration in the mass. In the literary centres abroad, the increased facilities of production have by no means raised the standard of excellence. This is so apparent that in the native markets its claims are weakened, and the demand for it discredits both taste and judgment. Were this more generally admitted, Canadian disesteem of home talent might be less rare, and we should see more honest appreciation of its aims and worth.

There are many good reasons, we know, for the once backwardness of the native literature, and the same reasons, it is true, may be advanced to excuse public indifference in regard to it. But these reasons, if Canada is making progress, cannot longer remain valid. If we are making progress, and we are proudly pointed to statistics in attestation of the fact, what are the proofs of our advancement? First of all, are we, in any real sense, a nation, and if so, what are the evidences of the country's having attained to that honourable status? To narrow the issue, which is a wide one, let us seek replies to these questions in the field of authorship, and in view of the circumstances that favour or retard the native literature. We are no advocate of Protection, but if the principle is to be applied to other industries, why is book-publishing in Canada exempt from its operation? Twice has the Dominion Legislature passed a Copyright Law, which while it is proposed to exclude from the Dominion, in the interest of British authors, unauthorized American reprints of their works, would aid the native industries by legalizing with the copyright owners' consent their production in Canada. This native legislation, copyright being a subject which a colony is not permitted to control, has once been vetoed, and is now threatened to be vetoed again, by the Imperial authorities. The injustice to Canada of this course is manifest, and is as detrimental to Canadian literature as it is detrimental to the British copyright owner. With the lack of the power to make our own treaties, this Downing Street control of copyright is one, and not the least, of the irritating drawbacks of colonial rule.

Equally disastrous to our publishing industries, though the Dominion we believe is alone responsible for it, is the postal tariff between Canada and the United States. By it American magazines are permitted to come into Canada free, and the myriad popular libraries issued across the line, consisting for the most part of piracies of British copyrights, enter the country at the incredibly low rate of one cent per pound weight. Thus, again, is our literature subjected to an overwhelming competition, and an injustice is done to the native publisher, whose book issues in passing through the post are taxed four cents per pound, or four times the rate which the American publisher has to pay. It may be said that the latter has to meet the fiscal impost on books of fifteen per cent; but this, in the case at least of single books entering the country, is seldom levied, save perhaps in the cities; and on magazines as we have said the American publisher goes wholly untaxed. Compared with the native publisher, the British book manufacturer is still more unfairly discriminated against, for while the American sends his wares into Canada at the cost to himself of only a cent a pound, the English publisher has to pay in postage the equivalent of twenty cents a pound. Such anomalies in the tariff, and the unfair advantage

which Americans have received through the Postal Convention, operate adversely to the interests of the Canadian publisher and seriously handicap Canadian literature. Better, we have heard the Canadian publisher say, would it be if we were annexed, or that there was an end to British connection.

No one desires to speak unkindly of the tie that binds us to the Motherland; but those who see the retarding effect on the national life of the country, and note particularly its dwarfing effect on literature, can hardly wish it long to continue. England, as her public men constantly tell us, looks someday to see Canada emancipate herself; and when the time comes for assuming the responsibility would no doubt bid god-speed to Canadian independence. When that hour arrives and Canada at last shall stand on her feet, we may look for a great quickening of the literary life of the country and see its national aspirations rise into noble fruitage. An end we may also reasonably expect would then come to the ignoble policy of drifting; while patriotism would receive an impulse, which it is now without, towards welding together the loose and disintegrated sections of the inchoate nation. Until then let us abide in hope, and meantime be kind to the forces that are now shaping what we believe to be its high destiny, and will then mould the fair character, and give scope to the abounding energies, of the Canadian people. Of those forces, not the least helpful and perhaps the most benign, is Literature. Never more than now, it will be admitted, is its aid needed in evoking patriotic feeling and fostering national sentiment.

G. MERCER ADAM.

AN INCIDENT BY THE SEA.

WHEN we arrived in Colombo the Indian mirage that had been floating deliciously before our minds, fantastically magnificent as only a mirage can be, suddenly lifted before a British reality. Big hotels, and banks, and steamship offices, main-street drapers' shops, and suburban pharmacies where they sold everything, including the last bit of yellow-backed literature. Instead of temples climbing to the sky, we found the latest manifestation of commercial architecture; instead of nabob's palaces, the "married officers' quarters." We who wanted to lie under the palm trees, listening to the lazy burr of native life, eating strange luscious things and watching our fine dreams take body, we had to go into a Y. W. C. A. kind of coffee-house for—luncheon,—a luncheon of buns from which missionary zeal had deducted half the normal quantity of currants, all the "fizz." Of course, I can't help confessing that it was not disagreeable to be met by the kindest British hospitality, warmed to greater kindness by a tropical sun, rather than by a set of gleaming white teeth with ill-disguised designs upon our persons; only the Cingalese are the softest-mannered people in the world, the evidence of the missionary hymns to the contrary.

They were very charming to us, the English inhabitants of Colombo. The "oldest inhabitant" whom we visited in his bungalow, furnished like an English gentleman's farm-house, gave Garth as a present his beautiful "Guide," bound in red leather, and a later edition bound in cloth, and four pamphlets of statistics, and the promise of all the useful information—which we didn't require. The principal paper of the place put in the most fatherly little paragraph, charging its readers to help us in any way they could, and casting us upon their hospitality—as if we had been lady delegates to a convention. But all this wasn't Eastern, nor was it what we had come for. After all one can only get what is Eastern, what one has come for, here and there throughout the East.

I was sitting in our room in the "Galle Face Hotel." It was a very big room, high, with big windows, big doors, and two big beds, fearfully white and covered so closely with mosquito netting, I thought at first there must be somebody dead in them. The air that came through the windows was as hot as if the windows opened on to a fire. Now and again a wandering crow, overpowered by the heat, rested him awhile on the shutter. We of the West have no idea of the sociability of this Eastern variety. It hopped to the sill, strutted fearlessly about the floor and seemed disposed to all sorts of friendliness, until it saw the pamphlet of statistics over which I was pondering. Of course, if I had come to Ceylon for that, if I had come to learn about the legislation and not where the loveliest loiterers were to be found; about English commerce, and not about the mysterious mass in the native town; about dusty facts of wars and conquests, and not the secrets of the pine groves, there was no use talking. And it flapped disgustingly away. Suddenly Garth came in on tiptoe and put something between me and the pages of the pamphlet of statistics. It was a flower. It was a very large flower, with a multitude of velvety rounded petals, pearly pink, like the lining of a shell. I took it up in my hands. I looked into it as one looks in the face of a living thing. Its perfume was fine and strong. I bent lower over it with a sort of rapture. I put my lips close, close to its warm soft leaves. Then I felt my brain grow giddy. It was the heart of India that I held. Between me and the pamphlet of statistics Garth had put a lotus.

One evening after sunset I went into the *Petta*, the native quarter.

Like most "planet pilgrims" whose knowledge of Her British Majesty's Eastern possessions has been bounded to

what they can see while the P. and O. steamers stop to "coal," we had come to the conclusion that between Her British Majesty's subjects and the natives there was a lack of understanding, a lack of sympathy, a lack of any sort of desire on the part of each to appreciate the other, which it was our duty to rectify to as great an extent as time would permit. Like most "planet pilgrims," we thought the fault lay principally on the British side. The British would make no concessions. They were there to govern, and to administer justice, and to make money (perhaps, I ought to write these duties in the inverse order), and the heart of India might talk to the stars and the palm trees murmur to the sea, it did not concern them. Neither did it concern them to pay the nations those delicate little compliments—the employment of their stuffs for European clothes and of their designs for European furniture—which might have appealed to the savage intelligence with infinitely more beneficial effect than the uncompromising justice of a bargain, or the awful justice in the carrying out of the law. Garth and I decided that one of the means we might employ to bring about this sympathy between the two nations we deemed so necessary was to—no, not exactly—adopt the native dress; but to buy ourselves frocks made out of native material. The idea had come to us before, as early as our visit to Singapore, but then we were directed to a masculine dressmaker. One doesn't all at once get reconciled to the idea of a masculine dressmaker, but a genuine tailor is a very different matter and the steamer started off in the meantime. I was going into the *Petta* to buy this native material. The hostess of the "Galle Face" warned me the *Petta* was scarcely safe at noon-day and that the Cingalese were a villainous set. I regarded my hostess with all the pitying superiority of one or two days' experience, and concluded the English were even more blindly prejudiced than I feared. I unhesitatingly took a *jinrikisha* with a lithe, swift runner, and we—darted out into the Indian twilight.

The "Galle Face Hotel" is about a mile from the town. It stands off alone by the sea in a sort of sentimental contemplation; that was one of the reasons why we chose it. It is the most appreciative British structure in Colombo. The road to the town runs along the shore. On one side the sea, and on the other a wide stretch of ground stretching inwards without any houses. When the rank and fashion, who make of this road a sort of Rotten Row, have gone in after dark, it is almost deserted, and utterly still, but for the even, incessant, muffled chords the waves play on the sands.

The natives were coming home from their work in the English quarter. As the eye of the "Planet Pilgrim" rests upon them after having rested upon the British labourer, his resentment at the small measure of regard they receive grows apace. The men are not slouchy, and patched and red-faced; the women, even the poorest, have nothing bedraggled and tawdry about them. They are fit to be painted or cut in marble as they walk in an exquisite procession of soft, deep colour and delicate line against the fading light of the sky.

The shop my runner took me to had Europeanized its stock to a great extent to suit its European customers; but, beside the old conventional prints and muslins, there was a pile of native stuffs it gladdened the heart to behold. These stuffs were chiefly such as are used by the Cingalese gentlemen for their nether garment—an improvised article of clothing that looks much as if they had hastily wrapped themselves in a table-cover. The choice was not wide, but there was no need for it to be, everything was so charming in colour and design. At first I felt a strong temptation to buy a most characteristic bit with exquisite blue and red in it on a pale yellow background, but the pattern betrayed a zoological inspiration, and I feared that, if I wore it, I might be mistaken for an animated chart of the animal kingdom of the country. The material I finally fixed upon was not so ambitious, but none the less pretty—a yellow cotton, with a delicate border of red embroidery, telling it was "native." My runner, who had left his *jinrikisha*, and stood watching me from the shop door, approved my choice by a smile, and some other men whom I had not noticed before and who also stood at the shop door, approved too. I had no objection to my runner's approving—a runner for the time being is your guide, interpreter and councillor,—but I objected to the other men. The native sympathy seemed to be coming rather more quickly than I felt prepared for, rather more quickly than I quite understood.

The sundry preliminaries of getting a new dress, preliminaries which alone are enough to restrain the feminine extravagance of the West, had an unimaginable charm in the back room of that shop in the *Petta*. The hideous little parlour with its horse-hair furniture, the air redolent of garlic, the fussy pin-eating dame, gave place to a nook hung with Eastern stuff, the smoke of burning perfume and a dark, delicate-limbed creature who seemed to be of fallen princely fortunes. He had very fine, clever fingers this dark creature, and an artistic eye, and when the . . . surprise of the situation subsided the situation appeared to me very strongly artistic.

On our way home, passing the big pond of lotuses that lies on the outskirts of the native town, something started up from the road-side and a moment afterwards I recognized one of the men who had stood at the door of the shop in the *Petta* smiling his approval upon me. He was smiling still. I resented his smiling; I resented the man; I poked my runner with my umbrella and told him to go on. But my runner didn't go on. He stopped and exchanged a few words with this disagreeable apparition

and the result was that the disagreeable apparition volunteered his help and began pushing the *jinrikisha* behind, while the runner pulled between the shafts. The combination alarmed me. It was made without the slightest semblance of asking my permission and seemed premeditated. They went at a very deliberate pace and when they got to the road by the sea they slackened it still more. The night had come some time before. There was no moon, but the stars were out, only the stars had a look in them as if they had been in the eyes of the hostess of the "Galle Face." I involuntarily clutched my Japanese umbrella. But alas! I had left the country where an attack could be parried with a fan, an intrusion prohibited with a paper screen. Just then the man who was pushing put his head through the little window at the back of the *jinrikisha* and I felt his hot breath close on my neck. With the only native expletive I had at my disposal I jumped to my feet so that the runner dropped the shafts and stumbled on to the road. My previous hopes of adventure—that I might dispute the right of way with a snake, or spend a glorious ten minutes' tête-à-tête with a tiger, in that moment disappeared. Everything disappeared but the horrid fact of two dark faces in the still, pale starlight. If one of Her Majesty's most valiant officers would appear upon the scene, if only one would come I should promise never, never to buy any more native stuffs or want to establish bonds of sympathy between these sons of darkness and the Saxon, but I should approve of keeping these sons of darkness down under an iron heel forever.

"Stop this, you rascals! *Pallayan*, you cowards! Stop, I say, or I'll

And there arose from I didn't know where—I learned afterwards it was from a bicycle—a British Theseus in white ducks. This British Theseus so utterly petrified my runner and the other man that they continued to stand there grinning. Then the British Theseus gave the native nearest to him a British blow and the native went staggering into the dust. The other native followed his example and both began *salaaming Sahib!* with their foreheads to the ground.

"You're one of the ladies the 'Observer' told us to be kind to, are you not?" said the British Theseus as he left me at the entrance of the "Galle Face" hotel.

LOUIS LLOYD.

DE LIANCOURT AND SIMCOE.

ON the 20th of June, 1795, the Duc de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt crossed the Niagara river at Fort Erie, with the intention of extending his travels in North America, by a trip through Canada. The narrative of his journey appears in the second volume of the first edition of his "Travels through the United States of North America, the country of the Iroquois and Upper Canada," Paris, 1799, and in the first volumes of the English translation, two volumes, 4to, London 1799, and four volumes, 8vo, 1800.

The number of lines omitted in the English translation has always afforded room for surmise as to the reasons which led the translator to delete them. The scandals spoken of in the suppressed passages are not such as would be made public by a gentleman at the present day, but they are not worse than many others in books issued from the press at the beginning of this century. The happy discovery of a letter written by General Simcoe, in answer to one from Phillips, the publisher, enquiring whether he would object to a complete and accurate translation, reveals the truth of what has been long suspected, and the suppressions were made in deference to the wishes of General Simcoe, and that it was by his express desire that the report of his speech at the closing of the 5th session of the 1st Parliament of Upper Canada was printed as a supplement to the second volume of the 8vo edition of 1800. Accompanying the letter is a review of the book in detail prepared under the instructions of General Simcoe, intended for publication, but which does not appear to have been printed.

It is easy to see from the Duke's "Travels," that though a royalist and refugee from his native land, he was still a Frenchman, earnestly desirous of visiting his kindred on the St. Lawrence; so that, in spite of the acknowledged kindness and hospitality of General Simcoe and the officers with whom he came in contact, he was deeply mortified by Lord Dorchester's refusal to allow him to proceed further than Kingston, and betrays the suspicion that General Simcoe and others were cognizant of the import of Lord Dorchester's order before its arrival.

The consequence is that everything that tends to the disadvantage of Upper Canada and the British Government is eagerly seized upon, and comparisons are unfairly drawn between the older settled States of the Union and the newly established Province.

The whole tone of the books was therefore distasteful to General Simcoe and the U. E. Loyalists, to a degree that we cannot realize now, when the rawness caused by rupture has healed.

The posthumous memoirs of which General Simcoe speaks were, we believe, never finished.

WOLFORD LODGE.

25th June, 1799.

"I feel myself highly obliged by your letter of the 19th of June, and the more so, as the press, since the commencement of the American War, has fashioned itself to the

views and interests of those who have endeavoured to destroy the constitution of England.

"In respect to the subject of your letter, I do not see how it would be practicable to alter in the translation what the Duke de Liancourt has printed in his native language. The sheets before me are, I think, uniformly misstatements, and those on points (such as the Canada constitution) where he had the subject matter in print. I presume these errors not to be wilful. In respect to any part of my public conduct, that will be always ready to meet discussion where such discussion is useful to the public, but I trust our American enmity has ceased, and I know that, under God, I am the instrument that prevented the war between the two countries.

"If the Duke de Liancourt, on his return to Philadelphia, told the Americans that should a war commence, I said 'it must be a war of the purse,' and that instead of their attacking Niagara, 'I meant to attack Philadelphia,' his visit (and also that of many others), was of great temporary utility to the King's service. But where he could pick up the story of there being fifty thousand Indians (which no American could believe), or that they had all taken oaths to roast and scalp the Americans, which many Americans would swallow, I am at a loss to conceive.

"On the whole, let his book take its course in the world; if necessary I should contradict it, if otherwise, still in process of time my posthumous memoirs may appear, and a niche may be reserved for this very ungenerous Frenchman.

"In the 240th page the Duke mentions my boasting. I detest the word, and trust it has never infected my conduct. I wish it could be altered to 'speaking' or any other word. I never burnt a house during the whole war, except foundries, gaols, and magazines; and in the 'Memoirs of the Queen's Rangers,' a few copies of which I published, in one view to contradict such characters as La Fayette and Chastelleux, I expressly remarked, page 20, 'on the return, and about two miles from Haddonfield, Major Simcoe was observing to some officers a peculiar strong ground, when looking back he saw a house, that he had passed, in flames; it was too far gone for his endeavours to save it; he was exceedingly hurt at the circumstance, but neither threats of punishment nor offers of rewards could induce a discovery. This was the only instance of a disorder of this nature that ever happened under his command; and he afterwards knew it was not perpetrated by any of the Queen's Rangers.'

"So that you see, Sir, my proud boasting is of a different quality from what Monsieur Liancourt has apprehended; but most certainly if American avarice, envy, or folly had attempted to overrun Upper Canada, I should have defended myself by such measures as English Generals had been accustomed to, and not sought for the morality of war, in the suspicious data of the insidious economist; my humanity, I trust, is founded on the religion of my country, and not on the hypocritical professions of a puny Philosophy. That the Duke de Liancourt asserts my defensive plans were settled, and that I loudly professed my hatred to the United States, I conceive with the candid reader, will make all those shafts fall harmless, which through me he aims, as an honest Frenchman, at my country and its best interest, namely, an irrevocable union with the United States. Those sentiments of mine were called forth into public by the improper conduct of Mr. Randolph, the American Secretary of State, in 1794, and are printed in Debret's collection. I know they gave great satisfaction to the English Americans and as much umbrage to Philosophists and Frenchmen.

"I will trouble you for a moment to say, that if you publish any papers as an appendix to your translation, you may not think it improper to include the speech I enclose, which has never been printed in England, and is illustrative of the objects I had in view, and may, by a note of reference, be easily connected with the view of them, as exhibited by Mons. Liancourt.

"His descriptions, it may be easily traced, originated from snatches and pieces of my conversation. Should this speech not enter into your plan, I will be obliged to you to return to me.

"Does the Duke de Liancourt mention his companion Petit-Thouars? Perhaps your translator may not know that he was Captain of the *Tonant*, and killed in the battle with Lord Nelson;* if he does not, the anecdote may be agreeable to him.

"I am now to apologize for the trouble I give you in this hasty letter; receive it as a mark of my respect, as I would wish to stand well in the opinion of a man who, like you, has the wisdom to see that the character of the nation is interested in that of the individual; and that unspotted reputation is the most desirable acquisition for a military and civic servant of his King and country to secure and to enjoy.

"I observe the translator says, p. 229, 'York designed to be the seat of Government,' and it is at present the seat of Government, but before I left England for America, I designed London, on the Thames, or La Tranche, as the seat of Government, and York as an arsenal: I did not, as Mons. Liancourt seems to suppose, act from circumstances, for I always expected Niagara to be given up, and I never thought its possession of importance."

Copy of a paper delivered to the Honourable Rufus King, Minister of the United States.

LONDON, May, 1800.

"The Duke de Liancourt-Rochefoucault, in the recent publication of his travels through North America, speaks Battle of the Nile, 1798,

with much freedom of General Simcoe, then Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. It must evidently appear to any person who shall give the subject due consideration, that the conclusions which the Duke de Liancourt draws from his supposed communications with the Lieutenant-Governor (while living in his family) are at variance and inconsistent with themselves, yet, as a servant of his King and country, Major-General Simcoe deems it proper to say, that the principles which governed his conduct while in the administration of the Government of Upper Canada were the reverse of what is insinuated by the Duke de Liancourt, and that he was actuated by the most sincere intentions to preserve peace, good neighbourhood, and good will between the King's subjects and those of the United States; and he has ever been of opinion, in express contradiction to Mons. de Liancourt, that the most strict union between the two nations is the real interest of each, and will mark the soundest policy and true wisdom in those who shall, respectively, govern their Councils. Major-General Simcoe is so conscious of having personally acted upon those principles, during his administration of that Government, that he has claimed from the Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt protection and consideration, as having been the principal means of preventing hostilities with the United States, from the mode in which he executed the military orders he received in Upper Canada. In testimony of these premises, Major-General Simcoe begs leave, most respectfully, to offer this representation to the Honourable Rufus King, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the King of Great Britain."

James Bain, Jr., in *Canadiana*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

CHRISTMAS-LAND.

WHEN Christmas white comes in the night
And lines the lawn, the glebe and glade,
Then dozing lads and lassies haste
To reach, in dreams, the land of taste
Along the fields of jujube paste,
Across the streams of lemonade.

A moment seems a day in dreams,
A minute for a month avails,
Until they reach that honeyed land
Where sugar takes the place of sand,
And gum-drop trees on every hand
Are plundered by vanilla gales.

The hills are made of marmalade,
And jellied into dales and dells;
The peaks in taffy ridges rise
Where soda-fountains fizz to skies;
Where bushes bend with custard pies,
And trees hang low with caramels.

The streams that leap adown the steep,
Are melting creams of frozen ice;
And these in rivulets begun
With "mallows" softened by the sun
Into the sponge-cake valleys run,
With everything that's sweet and nice.

Then o'er the mead, with eager greed,
The youngsters flit like sunny gleams;
But ere a single sip they take
The jolly mountain starts to quake.
It topples,—tumbles; they awake
And—that's the way it is with dreams.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

PICTURESQUE INDIA.

A MORE gorgeous lady visitor was the wife of the Prime Minister of Nepaul:—"A more picturesque figure you never saw. Nelly (Lady Helen Blackwood) went down to meet her at the door and to bring her up. Walking is a work of difficulty in Nepaulese garments, and she needed help on the stairs. Her face was very pretty, and painted, but artistically done. The eyes had a good deal of black round them, and were lovely ones. Her head-dress was most indescribable. It consisted of a diadem worn just on the forehead, so as to frame the face. It was an arrangement of flowers and leaves in magnificent diamonds, with large bunches of grapes in emeralds, pendant just behind the ears. I never saw anything at all like it; and there were emerald flies settling on the flowers, which repeated the colour very prettily. The body of her dress was of pretty light pink gauze, and her skirts of the same were so voluminous that she had an armful to carry when she moved. She had pink velvet shoes, and on her hands English dog-skin riding-gloves, over which she wore diamond rings and diamond bracelets. If you can imagine this very quaint figure, submerged in her clouds of pink gauze, taking up most of the sofa on which I sat dowdily beside her in my every-day morning gown, you will see that I was a very small-looking personage indeed." To judge from the journal now published, Lady Dufferin found every hour of her time interesting. She certainly spared no trouble to make it so; and if more Anglo-Indian ladies would try as she did to learn the language, they too would doubtless suffer less from *ennui*. Lady Dufferin started a moonshee almost directly she landed, and she was told by her tutor that she would pick up Hindustani in a month. "But as he gives us," she quaintly observes, "such sentiments as 'Evil communica-

tions corrupt good manners' to translate, I fear our conversation in this language will be more stilted than useful." Lady Dufferin, continues *St. James's Gazette*, quotes some delightful examples of English as she is spoke by the natives. The extract from the schoolboy's essay on Riches and Wealth is a masterpiece:—"The rich man welters in crimson, while the poor man snorts on silk." Then there is the letter ending "You have been very kind to me, and may God Almighty give you tit for tat;" and the other letter addressed to Colonel Ewan Smith, and beginning "Honoured enormity." It was the same spirit of Oriental politeness that led the native servant to say, when asked what sport his master had been enjoying, "The Judge Sahib shot beautifully, but God very merciful to the birds."—*Lady Dufferin's "Journals."*

A POEM OF PASSION.

Adapted to latitude 42.21, north; longitude 71.3, west.

My Emerson is on the shelf, my Browning on the floor;
The abstract entity of self is lost forevermore.

No sleep at lectures now I take; in church I barely doze;
O'er Tolstol's page I keep awake, or mildly comatose.

There comes no salutary balm from psychical research;
Theosophy, which once could calm, has left me in the lurch.

In vain I seek to drown my care in copious draughts of tea,
At Afternoons and Evenings, where should dwell philosophy.

How can I win thy well-kept heart, thy perfect, pulseless hand?
Teach me to play a lover's part which thou wilt understand.

For thee I'd cut my flowing locks, my club, my nearest friend,
Buddha abjure, turn Orthodox, abide in the South End.

Be just like any common man . . . But, pshaw! my words
are wild;

I hold the gray Chicagoan below the Boston child!

Some day, when even Ibsen fails to be misunderstood,
Thy heart may know what grief assails the Beautiful and Good!

—*James Jeffrey Roche.*

ABOUT AUTOGRAPHS.

THERE has been a somewhat brisk correspondence lately, in the (London) *Athenaeum*, with regard to the sale of autographs of celebrities. Provided the letters do not contain any private matter, or anything that the writer would desire not to be made public, I cannot see that it can do any harm. As the copyright of any letter is the property of the writer and not the receiver, its publication can at once be stopped should it appear to be desirable. This course in special instances has frequently been taken. The author of "Adam Bede" used to have printed on top of her letter paper, "You are particularly requested to burn this letter when read." And probably if most letters were burned directly they were answered, it would save a great deal of trouble to everybody. But people will not, as a general rule, carry out this excellent precept. I believe there is a kind of ink, known to chemists, which will, in the course of a week or two, fade away altogether and leave nothing but a sheet of blank paper. People who dislike their letters being hawked about might use this to advantage. But, after all, autograph hunting, within decent limits, is a very harmless amusement. The only drawback with regard to a celebrity's letters is that he, the manufacturer, so to speak, gets no profit on their sale. I know a case of a popular author who saw a letter of his advertised for five shillings. He went to the dealer, looked at the letter, and asked how much had been given for it. He was told four shillings. Whereupon the author offered to supply the dealer with as many as he pleased at half-a-crown apiece. This seems to be a sensible and purely business view of the transaction, but the dealer did not seem to think that letters written to order would have so ready a sale as those acquired in promiscuous fashion.—*J. Ashby Storry, in Book Buyer.*

SCPTICISM ABOUT ONESELF.

HALF the scepticism about functions is nothing but distaste for a duty which has become disagreeable, but which nevertheless ought to be done. The man's hand has grown too weak for the wheel, and therefore the ship is to be left rudderless. He can cling on and die clinging, but that is exactly what he will not do; and in that absence of the power of self sacrifice is the condemnation of the thought, partly born of self-distrust, partly of distrust of any higher power, which has paralysed his energy. We suppose it is thought which produces these hesitations of our day. Shakespeare thought so, and he knew human nature as we cannot pretend to do; but it sometimes occurs to us that it may not be thought at all. There may be forms of moral cowardice as independent of thought as physical cowardice is sometimes of the will, and almost as much exempt from responsibility. Men admire strength, and have studied it, and know even how to generate it; but they have been neither so patient nor so observant about weakness. We suspect that there are a good many men like the poet Cypar, who literally could not face his position as Clerk of the House of Lords, and, long be-

fore his mind had given way, threw it up in a fit of self-distrusting horror. That was not a result of thought at all, but, if he was sane, of a weakness exactly corresponding in the mind to cowardice in the physical nature. It is a quality to be lamented over, and sometimes pitied; but it is never praiseworthy. Indeed, it never is praised, except by those who like its results, and who, desiring change, see that, under the operation of this dread of responsibility, this uncertainty as to duty, this doubt whether anything but renunciation can ever be right, no stable thing can exist. The man who does not believe in his own functions, be they king's or beadle's, is certain to be partially useless, and though he may be sometimes an enlightened man, unable not to see the ridiculous aspect of his crown or his red coat, he may be also, and usually is, much of a moral coward. Nine times out of ten, the work you have to do is work you ought not to shirk, and to leave that work undone because of faint inner hesitations, especially if you never act on them when all is smooth, is nothing but shirking, which would be discreditably, but that the whole world is doubtful whether any man has a right to anything, even to the position in which Providence has obviously placed him.—*Spectator.*

MRS. DELAND'S "FLORIDA DAYS."

IMAGINE a poet sitting down in a reverie and dreaming in the yellow sunshine till his reveries all turn to gold, and the gold takes the shape of tropic everglades, towering palms, rivers winding in and out of shadow and of light, and sea glimmering on the horizon's circle, a land humid and yet lit with all the glamour of the South, a population ungirt and warm-coloured and picturesquely and statuesquely lazy; a land of *hidalgos*, canebrake, and sunshine, and sluggish rivers; and suppose you called this reverie, with all its poetry hanging like Spanish moss about it, "Florida Days."—*Critic.*

WHAT IS GOOD?

"WHAT is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THE WAGE SYSTEM TOTTERING.

WHEN a system is seen by good men of all classes in a democracy to be unjust and inequitable, nothing can save it. It is now plain that the wage system makes a commodity of the bodies and souls of the workers, that it makes them shamefully dependent on the will and whim of an individual employer, in no way better than themselves, for the mere privilege of working for a living, and that it leaves them in horrible insecurity. This view is one of the fruits of evolution, for a short time ago the working classes themselves were not aware of any injustice in the system. The trades unions of England have been engaged in a sufficient number of strikes, but all that they contended for was a better situation under the system of wages. Now they have become self-conscious, conscious of their organy as human beings, and therefore all their organizations denounce, and are standing protests against, that system. And they have got allies everywhere. Read the pastoral of the bishops of the Episcopal Church, read at the close of their late convention: "It is a fallacy to look upon the labour of men, women and children as a commercial commodity, to be bought and sold as an inanimate and irresponsible thing. The heart and soul of a man cannot be bought or hired for money in any market, and to act as if they were not needed in the world's vast works is unchristian and unwise." This is socialist doctrine. What shall we say to the fact that Wm. H. Mallock, the anti-socialist writer, is brought by logic over to our side. In a late paper of his he says: "The loss of security is the real injury to the modern labourer. To be discharged means to be cut off from society, thrust out of all connection with civilization, and this makes want of employment a real torture to him." And then—oh, marvel!—he goes on to advocate that the workingmen shall be made into an "estate of the realm, that is to say, that trades unions shall be legally incorporated, shall embrace all the workers in the trades and speak with authority for them, and distribute that work there is to be done among their members. This," he says, "is the only way to lift the masses into a recognized and permanent place in the solid structure of the commonwealth." No Socialist could go any farther; such a plan would effectually do away with the "scab." And Charles F. Adams, as president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, has in a recent paper pronounced in

favour of a scheme that goes far in the same direction. He wants to see all the employees of railroads organized, with power to elect a board that shall see to it that all employees are sure of their positions during good behaviour, and also sure of due promotion, and shall settle all grievances. That means that in the future employers will not be permitted to carry on "their" business just to suit themselves, simply because it is not "their" own business exclusively; and that, again, means that the wage system is tottering.—*Lawrence Grönlund, in the Arena for January.*

THE PROPHECY OF MAJOR ROBERT CARMICHAEL-SMYTH.

IN volume 8 of the Pamphlets on Canada, in the Library of McGill College, is one with the following title page:—

THE EMPLOYMENT
of the
PEOPLE AND CAPITAL OF GREAT BRITAIN
IN HER OWN COLONIES,
explained in
A LETTER
from

MAJOR ROBERT CARMICHAEL-SMYTH,
to his friend

The Author of "The Clockmaker,"
containing

THOUGHTS ON THE SUBJECT

of

A BRITISH COLONIAL
RAILWAY COMMUNICATION

between

THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC,
at the same time

ASSISTING EMIGRATION AND PENAL ARRANGEMENTS,
with a map by Wyld.

LONDON:

W. P. METCHIM,
20 Parliament Street.
1849.

IN THE STREETS OF TRIPOLI.

IN the variegated crowd filling the streets scores of types may be distinguished: Arabs of the town, draped in their blankets like Romans in their togas, and, in fact, the "jaram" is the direct descendant of the toga and, judging from its looks, seems to have retained all the dirt of those intervening centuries; others, whose costume consists simply of a flowing robe, generally white, or, to be precise, which was once white! Sometimes this robe is of silk of vivid hue, and the effect of that gay note in a bit of street is like a poppy in a wheat-field. Bedouins, whose limbs, wiry and strongly muscled, shine a superb bronze colour through their scanty coverings, elbow Jews in ridiculous costumes, half native and half European. In a few moments one has met with an infinite variety of negroes, from the pure type almost without nose and with enormous jawbones and huge lips to those whose lineaments are absolutely Caucasian. Porters, in simple tunics corded about the waist, carry heavy swinging bales on long poles resting on their shoulders, cheering their progress the while with an invocation to Allah and his innumerable prophets, chanted by an old man and repeated by the chorus; a true song of savages, bursting forth like a fanfare of trumpets. Veiled women, voluminously wrapped, pass by like ambling bundles of clothes. Officers by scores, those of the new school, stiff but neat, trying to resemble their German confrères, since the fashion in Turkish circles is to imitate the lions of the day; the older officers kindly looking enough, but in what miserable costumes! Moorish dandies stroll and pose languidly about, seemingly absorbed in preserving their immaculate patent-leather slippers from an impertinent flock of dirt. Crafty featured Greeks and Levantines thread their insinuating way among the motley groups. At each step it is a new tableau, and the desire seizes you to stop while the eyes follow a curious type, and turning from it with regret you see ten as interesting.—*From Tripoli of Barbary, by A. P. Jacassy, in January Scribner.*

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent. of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

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Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours.

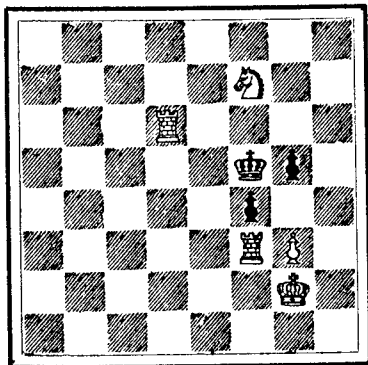
Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 421.

By B. G. LAWS.

BLACK.



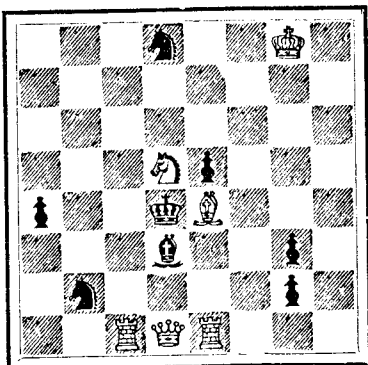
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 422.

By J. DECKOIX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 415.

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

This problem should have a white B on white K B 3

No. 416.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q x P | B x Q |
| 2. Kt-B 4 + | K moves |
| 3. Kt-B 3 mates. | |
| | If 1. B-B 6 |
| 2. Kt x Kt + | K-B 4 |
| 3. Q-B 2 mate. | |

With other variations.

GAME PLAYED DECEMBER 18, 1889, AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB BETWEEN MR. A. T. DAVISON AND MR. BLITH.

- | | |
|-------------|----------|
| DAVISON. | BLITH. |
| White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 |
| 3. P-Q 4 | P x P |
| 4. P-K 5 | B-Kt 5 + |
| 5. P-B 3 | P x P |
| 6. P x P | B-R 4 |
| 7. B-Q B 4 | P-Q R 3 |
| 8. Castles | B-Kt 3 |
| 9. Kt-Kt 5 | Kt-R 3 |

- | | |
|------------------|-----------|
| DAVISON. | BLITH. |
| White. | Black. |
| 10. Q-Q 5 | Castles |
| 11. Q-K 4 | P-Kt 3 |
| 12. Q-R 4 | K-Kt 2 |
| 13. Q x Kt + | K x Q |
| 14. Kt-K 6 + (a) | K-R 4 (b) |
| 15. B-K 2 + | K-R 5 |
| 16. P-Kt 3 + | K-R 6 |
| 17. Kt-B 4 mate. | |

NOTES.

(a) Kt x K B P double check is far better.

(b) P-Kt 4 best.

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On two occasions, during the past twenty years, a humor in the scalp caused my hair to fall out. Each time, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor and with gratifying results. This preparation checked the hair from falling, stimulated its growth, and healed the humors, rendering my scalp clean and healthy.—T. P. Drummond, Charlestown, Va.

About five years ago my hair began to fall out. It became thin and lifeless, and I was certain I should be bald in a short time. I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. One bottle of this preparation caused my hair to grow again, and it is now as abundant and vigorous as ever.—C. E. Sweet, Gloucester, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for years, and, though I am now fifty-eight years old, my hair is as thick and black as when I was twenty. This preparation creates a healthy growth of the hair, keeps it soft and pliant, prevents the formation of dandruff, and is a perfect hair dressing.—Mrs. Malcolm B. Sturtevant, Attleborough, Mass.

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Purifies as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it. Removes tan, pimples, freckles, moth-patches, rash and skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 37 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. FRED T. HOPKINS, proprietor, 42 Bond Street, running through to Main Office, 37 Great Jones St., New York. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1.000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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LIMITED.

DIVIDEND No. 31.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum has this day been declared upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Company for the half year ending 31st December, 1889, and that the same will be payable at the Company's Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto, on and after the 2nd day of January, 1890.

The transfer books will be closed from 16th to 31st December inclusive.

By order of the Board.

JAMES MASON,
Manager.

Toronto, 14th Dec. 1889.



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CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure of every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 30c.



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"Yes, dear, I am married now, and George and I are keeping house in the loveliest flat on 64th St. Well, yes, we did get married somewhat suddenly. My health, you know, had for some time been very delicate, and Dr. Heavy-fee told mamma that he feared I would follow poor dear sister Belle, who died three years ago from a wasting disease. Dear George was almost crazy when mamma told him what the doctor said, and I nearly cried my eyes out, but one day I overheard that 'hateful Nelly Parker' say to her mother, 'I think that George Blauvelt is just too lovely for anything, and when the girl he's engaged to dies, and they say she is dying of a galloping consumption, I'm going to step in to her shoes and become Mrs. George Blauvelt; now just you wait and see.' This spring I noticed George seemed to be almost resigned to the idea that we should never be married, and the thought that that deceitful busy night got him after all nearly drove me crazy. One day I read the testimony of Lawyers Howe and Hummel as to the wonderfully invigorating effect of DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC WAFERS, and I resolved to try what they would do for me. I commenced their use on the 4th of July. George had just sailed for Europe on business for his firm. On Sept. 18 he returned. I was, from the use of the Wafers, by that time again a well woman, and so enraptured was he with my healthy and robust appearance that he insisted we get married the very next day. I could not say him nay, and, as you will see by my card, I am now Mrs. George Blauvelt. Do call soon and let me introduce George to you; I am sure you will like him, he is so handsome, and as good as he is handsome. Good-by; be sure not to forget."

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The SHAH OF PERSIA and the SULTANS of TURKEY and MOROCCO now FATTEN and BEAUTIFY their harems exclusively on DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS. So great is the demand for these marvellous Wafers that their manufacture is continued day and night.

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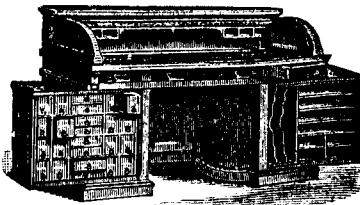
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