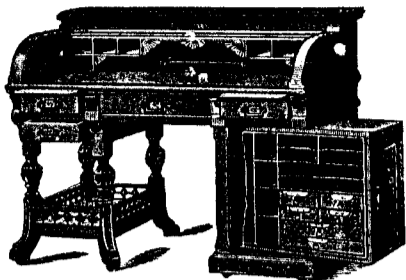




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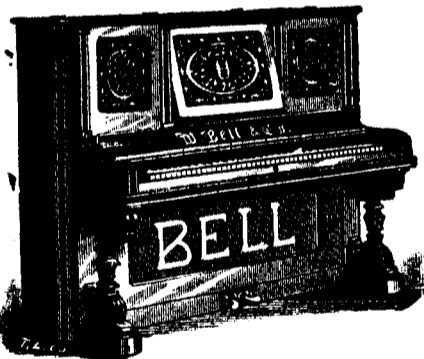
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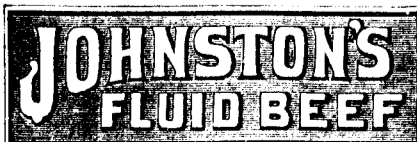
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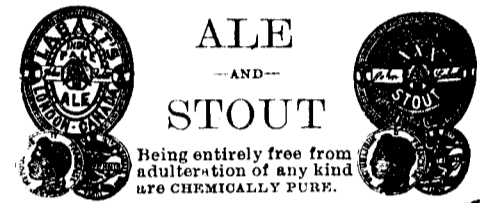
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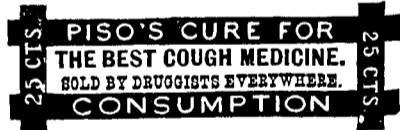
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## THE WEEK :

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### CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS -	PAGE
Social Questions Supreme.....	35
Relation of the Pulpit to Politics.....	35
Relation of the State to the Pulpit.....	35
The Election in Napierville.....	36
The Sudbury Nickel Treasure.....	36
Free Discussion Needed.....	36
Experiments in Sugar Beet.....	36
An Absurd Project.....	36
The Parnell Struggle.....	37
Senator Blair on Union.....	37
The Farmer in Politics.....	37
Is Civilization on the Decline?.....	37
CHRISTMAS	38
"CHRISTMAS NUMBERS".....	38
LONDON LETTER.....	39
ROUNDEAU.....	39
ON THE MARCH AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN INDIA.....	39
PROMINENT CANADIANS, XXXII. (Charles Mair).....	40
THE CHRISTMASSES: A GHOST STORY.....	41
HOLLY LEAVES (POEM).....	42
THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1890.....	42
THE INDIAN MESSIAH.....	42
THE FUTURE OF CANADA.....	43
THE RAMBLE.....	43
THE LITTLE RED HOUSE (POEM).....	43
CORRESPONDENCE	
A Canadian National League.....	43
BABY'S QUESTION.....	44
NOTES ON GHOSTS.....	44
ART NOTES.....	45
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	45
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	48
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	48
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.....	48
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	50
CROSS.....	

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

"SOCIAL questions are supreme." So said a leading Non-Conformist preacher at the opening of one of the great May meetings of the churches in England a year and a-half ago, and his words gave the key-note to the discussions over which he presided. Those words were but the echo of the voice which has been going forth from some of the most influential pulpits of both the Established and the Non-Conformist churches in England for years past. The same note has, too, been taken up by a few leaders of Christian thought in the United States. All honour to the noble prelates and preachers who like Dr. Westcott, in England, and Bishop Huntington, in America, have neither failed to perceive nor shunned to declare "in the name of humanity" that "there are social sins and human equities which have a more urgent and imperative claim on the consideration of ecclesiastical councils and of weekly sermons, than any questions of discipline, ritual, hymnology or predestination." These men—and it is the wonder and reproach of modern Christianity that their number is so small—have done and are doing, we venture to say, more to bring the true Christian ethics from Heaven down to earth, and more to re-vindicate the claim of Christianity to the faith of the struggling and suffering millions, than all the profoundest theological disquisitions, and all the most eloquent eulogies of piety and virtue in the abstract, have effected in a century past, or can effect in a century to come. These men's eyes are opened to the actual state of society as it exists near the close of this vaunted century. These men, too, have not only the divine sympathy with suffering humanity which has nerved them to explore the depths of wretchedness in which hundreds of thousands of their brethren and sisters—for so their Bible calls them—are wearing out an existence which it seems almost a mockery to call life, but they have also the no less divine courage which emboldens them to search out and hold up to view, in the sunlight of the sermon on the Mount, the fruitful source and cause of all this misery. That cause they do not hesitate to describe in a word as human selfishness, selfishness rooted and

flourishing in the hearts of capitalists and employers of labour—the money-grabbers of every description who are one of the products of the age, and many of whom occupy the foremost seats in luxurious houses of worship. But these men go further and lay the axe, it may be hoped, at the root of the tree, by exposing the true character of that nineteenth century fetich, which was appropriately called by Rev. E. A. Oliver, in his striking sermon at St. Simon's Church, in this city, on Sunday last, "The Great God of Competition." After this allusion it is unnecessary to add that the preceding thoughts have been suggested by the reading of that sermon. We have often wondered that these great social questions, which are moving so deeply the minds and hearts of many of the foremost clergymen in England and of some in the United States, have attracted so little attention in Canada. The great billows of thought and feeling, which are overwhelming some of the noblest minds and hearts in the Mother Country, seem to become attenuated to the merest ripples before they reach our shores. It may be the fault of our own want of observation, but we do not remember to have before read or heard a sermon from a Toronto pulpit touching these intensely living questions in the manner and spirit in which they were dealt with by Mr. Oliver in the sermon which was noticed in most of the Monday morning papers. We congratulate the eloquent preacher on having called attention so pointedly to the great question, religious as well as social, of the day. We hope that he will continue the work so well begun and that many others will follow his example.

THE so-called "Minister's Movement" for the deliverance of the city of New York from Tammany rule, which unfortunately for the city ended in defeat at the recent elections, has given rise to an interesting discussion with regard to the proper relation of the clergy to politics. The question evidently has two aspects quite distinct from each other. It may be looked at from the view point of the churches, or from that of the citizens. Touching the former the policy of the clergy in most parts of Canada is pretty clearly marked out by the law of expediency, and can scarcely be considered on its merits, the fact being that in most congregations both political parties are usually so well represented that any attempt of the clergyman to bring pulpit or vestry influence to bear in favour of either candidate would inevitably lead either to the dismissal of the pastor or to the disruption of the church. This fact would make it eminently unwise, if not utterly impracticable—to say nothing of its consistency or otherwise with the spiritual functions of the churches and the great ends for which they avowedly exist—for the Canadian clergy to attempt to exert any influence in their professional capacity on the side of either party or candidate. But we may venture to doubt whether either the politically mixed character of its adherents, or the spiritual motives and aims of the church itself, should prevent the occupant of the pulpit from bringing all the combined influence of his office and his personal character and eloquence to bear for the moral education of his hearers in regard to their duties and responsibilities in political as well as in business and social life. Is there not reason to fear that this duty of the pastoral office is in too many cases neglected or shunned? It can hardly be denied that the political morality of a considerable proportion of Canadian electors, including, there is reason to fear, many habitual church-goers, and even active church members, is at a deplorably low ebb. How else is it possible to interpret the facts that are constantly being brought to light in our election courts, facts which should bring the blush of shame and the flush of indignation to the cheek of every honest Canadian? It is, unhappily, not necessary to go back more than a very few days or weeks in our political history in Ontario for illustrations of our meaning. It can hardly be doubted, we think, that this unblushing buying and selling of votes is in very many cases due more to the lack of moral education than to utter unscrupulousness. Somehow or other, many a man, who would be tolerably upright in regard to ordinary business transactions, seems to see no moral wrong in selling, or bribing another to sell his political birthright, his national manhood, for filthy lucre. Could such a state of things exist if the pulpits of the

various churches rang as they should with denunciation of such acts of baseness and corruption, by whomsoever done or winked at? Is there not reason to believe that if the great principles of New Testament morals—the highest code of morals the world has ever known—were persistently and fearlessly brought home to the consciences of those who sit in the pews from Sunday to Sunday, and from week to week, the occupation of the briber would soon become politically unprofitable? Surely the churches, with their pulpits, Sunday schools, and other machinery for doing religious work, should regard it as a part of their duty to teach their adherents that genuine Christianity, whatever else it may mean, means honest and conscientious citizenship.

CLEARLY it is one thing to conclude that the clergy, as such, neither can nor should take part directly in party political contests, unless compelled by the highest moral considerations; but is quite another thing to maintain that the State, as such, has any right to deny to the clergy the utmost freedom of action in the matter. It may be very wrong politically for the State to forbid what it may be equally wrong religiously for the clergy to do. In Canada the principles of absolute religious liberty and equality are happily pretty well understood, and in most respects pretty firmly established. With the exception of one particular Church, the Roman Catholic, we do not suppose that any Canadian Parliament or Legislature would think of interfering with the freedom of the clergy, even were they, or any number of them, to use their pulpits for the advocacy of partisan politics of the most pronounced stripe. An unenviable notoriety has recently been gained by a Nova Scotian Bishop, through the publication of a letter written by him to influence the judgments of his parishioners at the last general election, which letter, it is thought, saved the present able Minister of Justice from defeat. But it will be found on examination that the main inducements held out by the letter in question are precisely of the same kind as those often used by other canvassers, and even by Ministers of the Crown themselves. It is simply an appeal to the avaricious instincts and impulses of his parishioners. No thoughtful person can have much doubt as to the moral quality of such appeals and their pernicious effects in lowering the general standard of political morality. But a clergyman loses none of his rights of citizenship on entering his profession, and it would be absurdly unjust to forbid a priest or prelate to do what any other citizen may do with impunity. The only question that can be soberly argued touching the right of the clergy to the utmost freedom in the use of their professional influence is that which concerns the practice of that spiritual intimidation which ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church alone can use, because they alone are believed to have power to follow their parishioners with their influence beyond the bourne, and to determine, in some measure, their happiness in the future state. This spiritual intimidation is, as is well-known, regarded as a species of undue influence, and as such forbidden by our laws. An able correspondent of THE WEEK has criticized this particular characteristic of our election laws with much force and acumen, but we doubt if he will be able to convince the people of Canada that the free use of this mighty weapon for influencing weak and superstitious electors can be permitted without serious danger to Canadian interests. The question is really *sui generis* and can hardly be discussed on general principles, and there is undoubtedly a good deal to be said on both sides. But should a priest make use of the same spiritual terrors to deprive a superstitious parishioner of his property, few would hesitate to declare that the law should step in for the protection of the defrauded. Why should society be readier to protect a man's personal property than his political liberties?

THE return of Mr. Paradis, the Government Candidate in Napierville, adds another to the series of Government victories in bye-elections during the present Parliament. Napierville was regarded as one of the strongholds of the Opposition in the Province of Quebec. What is the cause of this unexpected change in its political sentiments? A satisfactory answer to the question is not easy to find.

We are not aware that the Leaders of the Liberal Party have of late done anything in the Commons, or out of it, to forfeit the confidence of those constituencies which have hitherto accepted their political creed. The only question of national importance now before the country is that of the tariff. From its location close to the American border the county of Napierville is one that is sure to feel the effects of the trade barriers erected on both sides the line more than many other constituencies, and for this reason would naturally be disposed to regard with favour rather than otherwise the chief feature of the Opposition policy. As a matter of fact the outspoken declarations of the successful candidate and the more cautious utterances of Hon. Mr. Chapleau in favour of reciprocity seem to argue that, to say the least, the Liberal candidate was not sacrificed to any popular resentment against the Liberal policy in this respect. The wonder then grows why, in choosing between two candidates, both of whom declared themselves friendly to unrestricted reciprocity, a strong Liberal constituency should have chosen the one put forward by the Conservatives. If there were any local or personal circumstances, such as the superior popularity and prestige of the successful candidate, the public has not heard of them, as it would pretty surely have done could the defeat of the losing party have been thus explained. Of course, as things now are, the advantages accruing from the possession of the reins of power, and so of the disposal of public money and patronage, count for a good deal in bye-elections and, other things being equal, may generally be relied on to turn the scale. But other things were not, judging from previous contests, equal or nearly so in this case. Moreover the nearness of the general election would go far to counteract the influences under consideration were the prospects of a change of Government considered good. Weighing all these circumstances; weighing, too, the fact that the influence of the Quebec Premier and Government is well nigh supreme in the Province, and could scarcely have failed to secure victory had it been vigorously put forth; putting, also, into the same scale the further fact of the alarming state of the finances of Quebec, as revealed in the late budget, there is, it must be admitted, some ground for the suspicion which has been expressed, that the result may have been permitted or brought about with an eye to future contingencies, Provincial leaders deeming it wise to make to themselves friends of what they would, under other circumstances, regard as the "mammon of unrighteousness." Perhaps we may be able to form a better judgment as to the soundness of this theory when we learn the result of the contest now going on in South Victoria, in which the reciprocity question is fairly at issue. Another Government victory in that constituency might be reasonably taken as showing that the loyal instincts or prejudices—call them which you will—of Canadian electors have responded to the strong appeals which are being made to them, and are in revolt against the plea for unrestricted reciprocity in any form.

PUBLIC attention in Ontario is being fixed to a degree hitherto unprecedented upon the sources of untold Provincial wealth which are believed to exist in the Sudbury nickel deposits. The prominent members of the Toronto Board of Trade, who recently visited the mines to see for themselves, have raised popular expectation to a still higher pitch. When staid business men, noted for soundness of judgment and moderation in speech, vehemently affirm that they believe it impossible to exaggerate the importance and promise of this wonderful storehouse of mineral treasures, those of warmer temperament and less balanced judgment may well be excused for giving rein to imagination. There certainly is left no room to doubt that the metal which has, of a sudden, become so precious, is to be found in the Sudbury district in quantities which are practically unlimited. If the present belief that nickel will be, for the future, unless, and until superseded by means of some new scientific discovery, indispensable for all the naval and other purposes for which it is now about to be used, and if it further prove correct, as Mr. Ritchie and other authorities affirm, that in the Sudbury region we have five-sixths of all the nickel deposits in the known world, there is certainly no conceivable reason why this metal should not become to Ontario what England's iron mines have been to England, a source of immense wealth and development. The all-important practical question just now is how to turn this great gift of nature to the best account. The prompt action of the Ontario Government, in preventing further speculation for the present, is unquestionably wise and

commendable. The vast demand that is certain to spring up in a very short time, if it does not already exist, may be relied on to stimulate the working of the mines and exportation of the metal in some shape, on a gigantic scale. It is obvious that in order that the Province and Dominion may profit to the full by this great natural advantage, the manufacturing process must be carried as far as possible in the Province. If, in any case Government interference with private enterprise in industrial production is justifiable, it surely would be so in this case. The *Canadian Manufacturer* continues to call loudly for an export duty, not only on the crude ore, but on its semi-manufactured form as "matte." It is certainly most desirable, it is almost imperatively necessary that the manufacturing process should be completed in the Province. The question is, will not the enlightened self-interest of those who may control the mines insure this, without either the objectionable export duty, or the Government bonus asked for by Mr. Ritchie? To the uninitiated it seems as if the cost of carriage, on the one hand, and of fuel and other raw material needed, on the other, should settle the question. The first is, of course, wholly in favour of home manufacture, and it is scarcely possible, one would think, that the second could counter-balance it. There is, of course, no reason why labour and the cost of living should not be wholly favourable to manufacture in Ontario. These are questions for capitalists and experts, but they should be decided before Government aid is sought in either of the ways mentioned. At the same time it seems clear to us that, if either an export duty or a bonus of some sort be proved to be a *sine qua non* of home manufacture, the argument, on protectionist principles, in favour of such duty or bonus would be stronger than that in support of almost any form in which a tax for protection is now imposed.

CAN it be possible, as intimated in some of the papers, that there is still in existence a law of the Senate of the University of Toronto, forbidding the discussion of political subjects by any literary society connected with the institution, and that there is some danger that the debate on the question of Commercial Union, in the Mock Parliament, a few evenings since, may expose the students who took part in it to censure under this medieval statute? If so, no time should be lost in seeking the repeal of such a law, and a genuine Reform party in the students' Parliament might find in agitation for this liberation a useful field for the application of its principles. What is needed in these days is more genuine discussion of large political questions instead of less. Especially is this true when those questions, like the one above mentioned, involve really important principles of political economy. It might be well if Canadian public men would adopt more widely the practice of English parliamentarians, by addressing audiences all over the country during recess, on the larger problems of the day. Here, discussions of that kind are limited for the most part to electoral contests such as that being now carried on in South Victoria. But the heat of such party conflicts is by no means favourable to dispassionate argument. It is true that Sir Richard Cartwright and a few other members of the Opposition are now presenting in a series of addresses to various constituencies the reasons they have to offer in support of their views. This is well and it is needed only that the Government leaders should adopt the same course in order to give to the public a much needed education in regard to the great questions of the day, in Canadian public life. The more the people are trained to think and reason on the merits of the opposing views, the less danger will there be of their being subject to influence by those baser arguments on which the lower classes of politicians are too much accustomed to rely.

THE question whether the manufacture of sugar from the beet root can be profitably carried on in Ontario is one of great importance. With present habits and at current prices, sugar is one of the most expensive of all our table and culinary necessities, or luxuries, as the case may be. Its successful manufacture from the beet root would mean not only a very large saving of money now sent out of the country, but the employment of a large number of men in the fields and factories. Bulletin LVII. on Sugar Beets, just issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture, is, therefore, a valuable document, showing as it does the result of a series of experiments in beet culture in various districts of the Province. The general conclusions reached by Professor James, of

Guelph, and Mr. W. Skaife, of Montreal, are to the effect that while there is great room for improvement in the methods of cultivation, as affecting both the amount of sugar and the degree of purity, sugar beets of fine quality may be grown in many parts of Ontario, with proper care. Mr. Skaife says:—

The general appearance of the samples, together with their net weight and analyses, seems to point to the general conclusion that the yield per acre in the Province of Ontario would be higher than in Europe, while the percentage of sugar would be as high under intelligent cultivation.

The next question to be decided is, we suppose, whether the cost of labour and other conditions of manufacture in the Province are such as to admit of the raising of the roots and the manufacture of the sugar at a cost below that of the imported article, with or without the high duty now paid by the latter.

IT is hard to treat seriously the question raised by the petition of the people of the West coast of Newfoundland, asking to be divided from the Eastern part of the Island, and organized as a separate colony, with a view to subsequent union with Canada. There may be, it is true, considerable force in some of the reasons given in the petition to show that there is little in common between the inhabitants of the two parts of the Island, separated as they are from each other by a great wilderness, and having in many respects divergent, though surely not necessarily, as the petitioners allege, antagonistic commercial interests. But there is an optimism verging on the absurd in the argument that "the creation of a new province and its incorporation into the Dominion of Canada would be pleasing to the British, French and Canadian Governments, and would tend to the speedy and happy solution of the vexatious questions so long in dispute between England and France as regards the French shore question." By what magic of persuasion or terror of arms the Canadian Government would bring about a settlement with France of a dispute which England has hitherto been unable to arrange, it is not easy to conjecture. The supposition that Canada would be willing to add to her chronic vexations arising out of the Atlantic and Behring's Sea fishing questions, others of a similar character with France, argue a belief that either her national simplicity, or her lust for territory, must be wonderful. When there is added to this the probability of incurring the permanent enmity of the Government and people of the sister colony, or what would be left of it, it becomes pretty clear that the object of the petitioners is not likely to be speedily accomplished.

THE Parnell struggle continues to occupy a large—looking from this distance one feels disposed to say a surprisingly large—space in English papers and cablegrams. Notwithstanding the bull-dog ferocity with which the discredited champion holds his place in the thickest of the fight, it is becoming daily more evident that he is fighting a losing battle. The clergy is arrayed against him in almost solid phalanx, and the clergy in Ireland, especially when it represents a moral idea which appeals with peculiar power to the best instincts of Irishmen, is a host not easily vanquished. Evidently, too, and naturally, the zealous and belligerent faction which supports Parnell is largely composed of the worse rather than the better elements of the population. These may make the noisier shout, until fatigue and hoarseness come, but the weightier and more reputable classes who are with his opponents will probably show better staying powers. Meanwhile, and this is the important fact for other parts of the Empire, the Home Rule party is, for the present, hopelessly divided, and consequently comparatively powerless. If, as Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said, "Home Rule is saved," its salvation is pretty surely postponed to an indefinite, if not a far off future. Meanwhile what will be the attitude and action of the three British parties which now make up the Parliament? It is scarcely possible that the fact, if such it be, that the Tories are supporting Parnell's candidate in the pending election can have any political significance out of the constituency. It is almost inconceivable that any alliance or concerted action could take place between the Government and the Parnellites, save on terms of compromise that must be fatal to one party or the other. Further, waiving all questions of political principle and consistency, the first clear indication of such an understanding would almost certainly be the signal for the return of the Liberal-Unionists to their old allegiance. The overthrow of the Government would speedily follow.

SENATOR BLAIR, in a recent article in the *Detroit News*, argued that the political union of Canada and the United States is essential to the preservation of the industrial independence of the latter nation. "Conditions," he says, "have now arisen which are rapidly producing a people to the north of us which in fifty years will be more powerful than the whole 45,000,000 who now make up the Spanish American countries, lying in such way as to threaten us industrially." Well, if the question of annexation must be discussed, it is refreshing to have it for once advocated as an economical necessity for the Republic instead of for Canada. Nor are we prepared to say, looking on the one hand at the tendencies to effeminacy and to dislike of industrial pursuits, so marked in some parts of the United States, and on the other at the capacity of our Northern clime and habits for rearing "most vigorous men," that there may not be a good deal of force in his argument. That argument is, however, one that concerns our neighbours rather than ourselves. It is, moreover, an argument for the annexation of the Southern country to the Northern, rather than of the Northern to the Southern. When our republican neighbours make application in due form, we shall, no doubt, be prepared to give the proposal due consideration, and say whether and on what terms we are prepared to receive them. But when Senator Blair goes on to maintain that the fact that the two countries are separated only "by an imaginary line of 4,000 miles in length, and the diversity of institutions and tendencies and of industrial conditions, make it apparently impossible for these two great peoples to live in such close proximity without perpetual and increasing collisions," he insults the Christian civilization of both countries. What more is necessary to guarantee perpetual peace and friendship, than that both shall desire only what is just and fair, and take measures to secure it by binding themselves to impartial arbitration, and avoiding, after the excellent fashion which was for many years set by the United States, the formation of armies and navies? All the real interests of both countries are on the side of peace, friendship and the freest social and commercial intercourse. Collisions can come only from selfish greed or quarrelsome obstinacy on the part of one or the other or both.

THOSE who have studied with any care the recent remarkable Democratic victory in the United States must have been struck with the fact that a new force is to the fore in American politics. We refer of course to the part taken by the Farmers' Alliance, which had so much to do with bringing about the result. For the first time in the history of the Republic—may we not safely say in the history of any nation?—the farmers appeared as an organized and disciplined army, marching on to victory. When but a year or two ago the proposal thus to organize the farmers and enable them to consult and work together in their own interests was mooted, it was received with very general incredulity. It was naturally thought that the conditions of the farmers' lives were such as to render effective co-operation well nigh impossible. They were necessarily separated from each other as individuals by the size of their farms, and were thus, in the very nature of the case, placed at a great disadvantage as compared with all other large classes of labourers. The event has shown all such objections to be futile. Combination, organization, unity of action have been proved, by the best of all tests, to be perfectly feasible. This being accomplished, their great victory was not needed to demonstrate their power. The meeting, a week or two since, of the Farmers' Alliance Convention in Ocala, Florida, emphasized the fact that the tillers of the soil are already a great power in the Government of the country and are sure to become a still mightier one at no distant day. The Alliance had succeeded in uniting and working with the labourers in towns and cities—a thing which had been pronounced impossible a year ago. The process of amalgamation went on during the Convention, by the organic union with it of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, which had itself proved formidable in the Illinois election. Then, again, the Coloured Alliance, which claims a membership of several hundred thousand, held its session separately at the same time and place, but worked in full accord with the white alliance. The question of forming a Third Party was seriously discussed. The proposal met with great favour, but action was postponed to give opportunity for fuller consideration. But the important point to be noted by Canadians is that this movement brings into the field of action an entirely new army of very great strength. Its possibilities of development are practically unlimited.

"Hitherto," one of their leaders told them at Ocala, "they, the farmers, had followed the plow with their eyes open, but party leaders with their eyes shut. They had been afraid to act for themselves." But in a single year their movement had become so important that there was no longer a solid North, and he trusted and believed that in 1892 there would be no solid South. What has been done in the United States can be and will be done elsewhere. It is only a question of time when the farmers of Canada will follow suit, and by organization and united action make themselves one of the most potent factors in Canadian politics. There is no cause to dread such a movement. There is much in the life and habits of the farmer to develop independence of thought, shrewdness, and sound judgment. These qualities, combined with a moral principle and sentiment, probably higher on the average than that of other industrial classes, go far to give assurance that the influence of the body in politics will be on the whole wise and beneficent.

CAN it be that the great nations of the world have passed the zenith of their civilization, and are beginning their relapse towards barbarism, thus justifying the old theory of recurrent cycles? There would seem to be some reason for such a dread, unless we are prepared to repudiate the view which has so long been regarded as one of the plainest teachings of history, and almost an axiom in sociology, that commerce is the mother of civilization. From various quarters come reports of increased national tariffs. The protected nations are adding new layers to the Chinese walls which they have erected as barriers to foreign intercourse. The great American Republic which should have been an example to the world in commercial, as it has been in some other kinds of freedom, is now leading the van of modern trade restrictionists. Cablegrams from Paris indicate that the French Republic is likely to outmarch even our American neighbour in the path of commercial unfriendliness and isolation. In Germany, too, the tendency is still towards higher tariffs, as the demands of the insatiable demon of military ambition become constantly greater. Other European nations, with one or two honourable exceptions among the smaller, are following the same general lines. Even the little Argentine Republic on this continent is said to be about attempting to retrieve its squandered fortune by a resort to high taxation. Were it not that Great Britain proudly maintains the grand principle of commercial freedom in the face of the hostile tariffs of the world, thus counteracting to a great degree the restrictive ordinances of the other great nations, it is not easy to see where the blind competition would end. It cannot be denied that the logical tendency of tariffs, verging more and more towards prohibitive limits, is in the direction of non-intercourse. We believe, of course, that the commercial instinct is too deeply rooted, the desire for intercourse with other nations too fully developed to admit of any great trading nation ever again sinking to the level of non-intercourse with other nations, and so dooming its people and its institutions to stagnation and decay. From one point of view it seems almost a pity that Great Britain could not repay her competitors in their own coin by imitating their protective systems, and thereby teaching them practically the obvious truth that hostile tariffs against trading nations tend to counteract each other and leave each nation in the same relative position which it would have occupied under a system of universal free trade, save that the necessities of life would have been made artificially dear. It may be that the apostles of protection in the countries which are adopting higher rates are simply moved to illustrate the old saying, *Quem deus*, etc., and that the first effects of their increased tariffs may be akin to those produced by the McKinley Bill in the United States.

CHRISTMAS is the preacher who emphasizes the fact that the religion which it celebrates is adapted to human nature. Horace is called the laureate of the worldly, of the epicurean, of the pagan who would eat and drink in view of to-morrow. The gay adage *dum vivimus* is cited with a shudder as the gospel of pleasure. Christmas was hunted in the Puritan Parliament as a kind of god of pleasure who was only a masked devil. It was confounded by Governor Bradford with the belly god. But why, said Charles Wesley, as he sweetly sang—why give all the good tunes to Satan? The sweet singer might have enlarged his view and his question. Why give Satan any of the good things? Why, above all, let him have Christmas? —G. W. Curtis.

## CHRISTMAS.

The Time draws near the birth of Christ :  
The moon is hid : the night is still :  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

But they my troubled spirit rule,  
For they controlled me when a boy ;  
They bring me sorrow touched with joy,  
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

THE Festival of Christmas has ever been a favourite theme with the poets. It is Christmas—of all the feasts of the year—that inspired the carols, ancient and modern. It is Christmas which called forth the Waits in the dead of the cold night to remind their neighbours of the joyful event which this season ever commemorates. Christmas was sung by one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of our English poets, in that glorious Ode on the Nativity, which is one of the great and eternal possessions of our literature.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring :  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

And so it has been sung in strains as sweet, if not as strong, by the Poet of the Christian Year ; and there is no time in all the year, not even the glorious Eastertide itself, when the hearts of Christian worshippers are more deeply thrilled by the emotions which find expression in their songs of praise.

At this season the Gospel comes to every heart and to every home ; and it goes forth from every heart, carrying benedictions to all around. At Christmas we are all Christians ; we cannot escape the spell of its power and charm. It conquers us and makes us long to conquer and to be conquered—to know more and more of the victories which are gained by self-conquest and lowly love.

An English judge once declared that Christianity was part of the law of the land ; and this is true in a sense even higher than that which he intended. For the true law is not that which is merely written in statute books, nor even that common law which is recognized among us as an immemorial usage. The true law is that to which the conscience does homage ; and such is the Law of Christ among the peoples of our race.

But the thought comes to us at Christmastide in a form of greater beauty and tenderness. The Gospel is the Law and the Life of the Family. And it is here that we are most joyfully, thankfully conscious of the presence of the Christ-child ; for here the child has his place and his privileges. In the Great Congregation the eye turns to the little children as they celebrate the Divine child's birth, and grows dim as it gazes upon their sweet youth and hopefulness.

Well may Christmas be a time of "great joy" because of the "glad tidings" which it brings ; for it tells us that we are no longer to think of ourselves as orphans lost in a foreign land, but children who have a Father and a home : a Father who has sent the Son of His Love in our own nature and condition, who has so remembered our weakness, our fearfulness, our hopelessness, that He sent us not one who seemed a mighty warrior, a glorious King, an omniscient and omnipotent Judge—although He was all of this and more in potency—but

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,  
And in His manger laid,  
The Hope and Glory of all lands  
Is come to the world's aid.

And here, amid our Canadian snows, where we have "the winter wild" without and the genial warmth within, we have perhaps a livelier picture of the meaning and the grace of this Christmas season than in the land which heard the songs of the angels on that first "happy day," or the lands in which our forefathers have for centuries celebrated and sung their joyous Nowell. For here around us lie signs of the chill of death which lay heavy upon mankind before the peaceful night

Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began :

whilst here within we have light and warmth from the rays of the sun given back from their imprisonment, never having lost the nature of their source.

The Babe of Bethlehem is the true sweetener of the family and the civilizer of the race. It is He alone who speaks to us of His Father and our Father as One who knows Him and can reveal Him. When we see Him we see the Father. In the accents of His voice the Father's love is thrilling. On the cross the Father's compassion is weeping and bleeding. Yes ! but even here at the manger

we read of a love which was all Divine in this image of weakness and helplessness and poverty: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

In this land of light and shade, of joy and grief, which has its vale of tears as well as its mount of beatitudes and its bower of bliss, Christmas brings with it shadows as well as sunshine. But even the shadow has lost its blackness and darkness, and the tears of the brothers and sisters of the Christ have no bitterness, because they are sweetened by His love and the love of the Father. Yea, those very tears bring refreshment to the parched soil of our humanity, which would harden under perpetual sunshine.

How much poorer would be our world and our race if we had no Christmas Day and no Christianity. If we think only of the gracious influences of this blessed season in subduing animosities, in reconciling differences, in knitting closer the bond of brotherhood, in diffusing love and good-will among men, in awakening and directing compassion and benevolence towards the fallen and the suffering, then may we know something of the blessing of Christmas, and compute something of the loss which we should sustain by its being blotted out. And this is but the beginning. To lose Christmas Day and all that it tells us, would be to lose ourselves, to lose humanity, because it would be to lose God, for what do we know of our Father in heaven but that which we have been taught by Him who was born on Christmas Day? O that we may not be altogether unworthy of the boon.

Think on the eternal home  
The Saviour left for you;  
Think on the Lord most holy come  
To dwell with hearts untrue;  
So shall ye tread untired His pastoral ways,  
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.

#### "CHRISTMAS NUMBERS."

A WRITER in the current number of an American magazine in an article on "The Unclean in our Fiction" has pointed out that, when free from external or purely local and temporary influences, the literature of the Anglo-Saxon races is and ever has been praise-worthily pure. It is a sweeping statement and one which, to carry weight, should be backed by comprehensive historical surveys and by far reaching comparisons. It is a statement also somewhat vague: literature is an elastic term; purity a relative quality. Doubtless, too, in all literature there can be found, if sought, works which, if taken into account, would necessitate a qualification of the assertion—unless indeed, acting strictly in accordance with the dictum of Goethe that all art will have a moral influence. We excluded such works from consideration. Another caution also must not be neglected. The statement involves a comparison, and comparisons in matters of this kind are often not only odious but difficult, sometimes even misleading. Nevertheless the truth of the general statement is, all will admit, undeniable, more especially if we choose to include under the term literature that vast body of matter becoming hourly vaster called the press.

And this is quite admissible. If literature means the highest utterances of the greatest minds on the noblest subjects, we can deny to a very large part of the press (including under that name the weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies) the epithet of literary only on the grounds that these utterances are for the time and on topics of the time. At all events, without staying to argue this particular point, it is, we think, true, and as conspicuously as it is fortunately true, that the tone of this Anglo-Saxon press in its wider signification is as high and as pure as the strictest and most fastidious could wish. And this press represents, better perhaps than any other class of literature, the habits and temperament of the great body of the people at large; it is typical of the character of the masses, it appeals to the masses, it is supported by the masses.

It could not be deemed altogether an argument from the particular to the universal if one were to point, as evidence of this high tone, to those wholesale issues of lavishly embellished "Christmas numbers" of illustrated periodicals yearly becoming more popular; for in these, it may safely be said, national habits and sentiments are accentuated, are exhibited in heightened colours. Do these bear out the assertion as to Anglo-Saxon literary purity? We think they do, and this in a unique and conspicuous manner; and, what is more, we shall be able to find in them a source, and this no unimportant or insignificant source, of the high character of the national moral taste. For example, if we look no farther than at

the illustrations of the English publications only, we find one and all replete with matter which can only be fully appreciated and wholly understood by a nation in which home and the domestic affections form a very large part of life. What could a Frenchman make of the *Graphic's* "How Jacky Marlinspike returned Home in time for Christmas Pudding," or of "Teddie's Buffertrap"? And to "boarders" and inhabitants of "flats" how pointless must "Playtime in the Nursery" and "A Merry-go-Round on the Ice" be. As for "Naval Manœuvres" and "A 'Winning Hazard,'" to continental people they must be absolutely insipid—because spiceless. Or take the *Illustrated London News*, the delicious group of children awaiting the arrival of near and dear relations as Christmas guests and called "Here they Come" is unappreciable where the hearth is unknown. So, too, is "Musical Chairs"; and "Caught" would be as insipid as "A 'Winning Hazard,'" and for the same reason. Compare these with the Christmas *Figaro*. The two large chromotypogravures are certainly magnificent, and as artistic as only the French know how to make such things; in fact as specimens of art they are superb. But what do they represent? The "Charge!" of the Imperial Cuirassiers is a colourless, neutral subject, unindicative of any peculiarly national characteristic; and "Après le Bal" is—what shall we say? At all events the "Bal" is a Parisian one of no uncertain type, and the couple depicted remind us of what we have read of *le bal à l'Opera* rather than of any more lofty or ambitious festivity. There is spice, doubtless; lots of it. Well, the Anglo-Saxon palate is for the present abundantly content to take its literature without this condiment, satirists of the fastidiousness of the British matron notwithstanding. Compared with the *Figaro's* pictures "D'sdemona," "Prince Charlie's and Flora Macdonald," "Little Jack Horner," "The Cats' Christmas Party," "The Bride," "The Queen of the Roses," are delightful, are charming in their simplicity, their innocence, their homeliness—Monsieur, perhaps, will think the last an epithet most apt! In short, the contents of the English Christmas numbers all cluster round the purest and most sacred of sentiments: parental affection, youthful friendship, brotherly kindness, charity, love.

And may we not quite legitimately see in this simple fact a quite important and significant factor in the foundation of the tone of Anglo-Saxon literature? Where so large a part of the life of the average man, woman, and child is spent in the society and companionship of parent or brother or sister, surely there is little or no chance for a vitiation of moral taste. And is this after all so minor a matter, or one so self-evident as to need neither recognition nor comment? When there are writers, and these, some of them, well-known and admired writers, who today openly in the public press argue, albeit perhaps at present on somewhat vague and theoretical grounds, against the very basis and foundation of all home safeguards and influences—against monogamy and the stringency of the marriage tie, it is not so minor a matter. It is at all events a weighty fact whereby to counterbalance their little measure of theory. Let us then welcome these Christmas numbers, not merely as evidence of the existence of an untainted literary spirit, but also as in themselves a defence against domestic and social taint.

#### LONDON LETTER.

LONG-LIMBED horses turn in and out of the waves and tramp among the curved lengths of green water crested with white. The red-capped man astride on a dapple gray is splashing towards the shore. Curlew fly low over the sea. A chill salt wind tosses the foam and seems to blow keen over the picture-frame into the gaslighted London studio where the familiar atmosphere, dense with odours of turpentine, paint and tobacco smoke, alters and freshens, I think. . . . It is hard to turn oneself from the great chair in which one sits Canute-like with the rushing waves at one's feet, but someone calls me to tea, tea in Hester Savory's own china, they say. So I leave the wide ocean and the steely clouds, the bathing horses and shouting men, and soon by the fireside I am deep in all manner of old-world gossip, touching principally the one-time owner of these sepia-painted tinkling cups and saucers.

Hester Savory. Think! Does this name convey anything to you?

Don't you remember the girl whom Charles Lamb used to meet in the fields about Pentonville as he went to and from his "thorn of a desk" in the old East India House by St. Mary Axe. Don't you remember the verses he wrote to her memory?

There lies on the painting-room table a portrait of that "sprightly neighbour" for whom all Elia lovers have a

tender regard, and near by are heaped a few of the girl-wife's treasures hoarded these eighty years by loving hands. The cheerful owner has vanished long and long ago, while still her tortoise shell caddy glows in the firelight, and the links of her *châtelaine* are yet unruined. Slim fingers, weak young fingers with so insecure a hold on Life, once proudly handled that brittle china, and clasped the jingling steels, and unlocked the bright box with housewifely care. The tragedy that befell after these things were gathered into the house which the lad and lass set up together is fresh in the mind of my host to-day. And as I take into my hands Esther's silhouette—such a pretty face with its crown of loose hair, such a pretty shape with unquakerlike frills and loops about the slender throat—he tells me all he knows of the history of this young girl.

Hester Savory was the daughter of Joseph Savory, who had a goldsmith's shop on Cornhill (begins my host) which, becoming a very extensive business, is now represented by the 'Goldsmith's Alliance Company.' She married my father, Charles Stokes Dudley, in 1802, on the first of Seventh month, as they have it in the Quaker tongue. As to their brief married life I fear but little can now be known; she died of fever within eight months of their marriage. He was exceedingly attached to her, but very seldom alluded to this sorrowful chapter of his life; indeed I am not sure I ever knew him do so, directly. But this can hardly be wondered at, for I have heard from others how tenderly and unceasingly the young husband (he was not twenty-three; they were a very youthful couple) watched and hoped through her illness, and how painfully keenly he felt the blow. She caught the fever, I have always understood, in going to visit a friend who was ill.

"My father and Hester met first, I think, somewhere near Bristol, where she was visiting. I wonder if Lamb knew she did not keep so strictly to 'the Quaker rule' as to preclude 'her going to the play,' at least to see 'dear Shakey' acted as her sister Martha used to call the 'Bard.' I remember Martha Savory, as an old lady, quite well; she was what is called a ministering friend, and, with her husband, went as far as Greece on a religious 'concern,' a cure of souls. They were a quaint couple, full of information and intelligence, in whom Elia would have delighted.

"My father did not marry again for twenty years. His second wife, my mother, was said to be very like Hester in face and was born the year she died. My mother was not a member of the 'Society of Friends'; a connection my father had left before his second marriage. My sister has told me that Hester's pocket-book and work-box were carefully and religiously kept in a wardrobe as she left them. Once for some reason my mother and one of my sisters opened the case. A long tress of rippling hair, securely wrapped, was over the needle-work laid aside long since by Hester Dudley, in which her threaded needle still remained. Shortly after they unfolded the hair it appeared to lose colour and form, to become, so to speak, disintegrated and to perish.

"I am quite sure that my sister fully believed in this effect, but feel great doubt whether there must not have been some illusion or hallucination in this, for would human hair disappear if it had been shut up for years and suddenly exposed to light and air? Try and find this out for me.

"And another thing I should like you to find out. Hester Savory's nephew married the daughter of a Quaker lady who in her youth was so pretty that she was called the 'Lily of Guernsey.' Byron once was a fellow traveller with her in a stage coach, and admiring her profoundly from a distance, for they didn't speak, left a paper of verses at her inn door. Stay, I can remember a few lines:

What though we never silence broke?  
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke.  
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals  
And tells a tale it never feels:  
Deceit the guilty lips impart  
And hush the mandates of the heart.  
But souls' interpreters—the eyes  
Spurn such restraint and scorn disguise.  
As thus our glances oft conversed;  
And all our bosoms felt, rehearsed;  
No spirit from within reproved us,  
Say rather, 'twas the Spirit 'moved us.'

"There is much more in the same strain and very flattering to the young Quaker traveller who was proud of the tribute paid her, and whose son told me there was no doubt of the identity of the illustrious stranger on the coach. I should like to know if in any edition of Byron these lines were published. I never have been able to discover them."

Mr. Dudley takes down a volume of the Lamb Letters and at the end of No. 99 finds in a note a communication to the editor, Canon Ainger, from a Miss Savory of Blackheath:—

"She (Hester Savory) was the eldest sister of my father, A. B. Savory, and lived with him and his sisters Anna and Martha at Pentonville. . . . I possess a miniature portrait of her which I greatly value. My mother used to say that her beauty consisted more in expression than in regularity of features. I do not think our mother was aware of Charles Lamb's attachment to Hester Savory. Perhaps she did not know it herself."

Sure Hester must have known the name of the little gentleman in snuff-coloured coat and knee-breeches, with the bright dark eyes and sweet smile, who so often, stepping briskly, passed her as she wandered towards the city to meet her father on his way from Cornhill, "or to meet my father," says Mr. Dudley. She in her turn, no doubt, made enquiries about her admirer, though it is likely

enough she kept both the meetings and the silent greetings to herself. And the "prying" mind, to which Lamb alludes, of the young lady would not have been easily satisfied, I take it.

Then Mr. Dudley shows me, by drawing out a genealogical chart, how Hester Savory's great-nephew is the present Lord Mayor of London, whose sister, by the way, is wife of Sir George Elvey. Another great niece married Dr. Thomas Scott of Bournemouth, nephew of the architect, Sir Gilbert Scott, and friend of Stevenson who dedicated one of his books to his dear doctor. I don't know whether one of Hester's family will profess "the Quaker rule." The sect is dying out, there is no doubt of it; and the children of "Friends" join the Church of England as did Bernard Barton's daughter, and Quaker garments no longer whiten the streets in May as when Lamb was young. 'Tis the rarest thing to see the quilted bonnet and straight cloak, the broad-brimmed hat and gaiters. Indeed the costume will soon be as dead as powdered hair and periwigs.

Spode, predecessor of Minton and pupil of Wedgwood, made Hester's charming cups and saucers over which to-day Mr. Dudley gossips so kindly. Delicate brown country views on creamy china testify to the taste of the young wife, who so long ago set forth, for the last time, this tea equipage. There is something touching in the homely relics, carefully kept. I think if the first owner were to have come into the studio this afternoon she would have been pleased to see again the well-remembered broad-lipped cream jug and pretty plates and cups. And if she could have heard the talk! This young girl must have made something very perfect of her life when, near a hundred years after her death, her name is still remembered with a most affectionate regard, inherited from the lover-husband of her youth.

Loath to leave the blazing, cheerful painting-room, I linger to look at a dozen of gay sketches on the walls; but the last view I see is that which stands opposite Mr. Dudley's sea, and is by a younger hand. It is only a country churchyard where a sombre yew tree spreads its broad branches over the graves, and the moorland stretches beyond the lych-gate away to the horizon, dyed with the colours of the setting sun. The pathetic notes, skilfully touched by the Academy student (about whose churchyard-piece are woven all manner of rainbow hopes as regards a coming prize), form a sort of epilogue to the story of Hester Savory, who on "that unknown and distant shore" may have met again, as heretofore, our dear St. Charles. "Not all the preaching since Adam," says Mr. Lowell, "has made Death other than Death," and this is a truth which mocks at Consolation. "Not all the preaching since Adam has made Death other than Death."

WALTER POWELL.

RONDEAU.

In Shadow-land when Death shall fling  
His gloomy veil o'er everything  
I'll sing of Heaven's brightest blue  
And earth's fair flow'rets as they grew  
When we of love went whispering;

I'll sing of larks upon the wing  
That made the sunny meadows ring  
Till slumbering echoes wake anew  
In Shadow-land.

I'll conjure all the past to bring  
Its tale of love's awakening  
And then unto the ghostly crew  
I'll sing my heart's delight of you  
Till thy name every soul shall sing  
In Shadow-land.

SAREPTA.

ON THE MARCH AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN INDIA.

IN the year 186—the regiment to which my husband belonged was stationed at Fort George, Madras, and was under orders, at the time of which I speak, to hold itself in readiness to proceed to Bangalore, and to encamp there on the Arab lines, awaiting further orders for the march (there being no railway in those days) to Bellary—its ultimate destination.

We had been expecting the arrival from Burmah of the regiment to relieve us, but it had been delayed by a tremendous cyclone, in which their ships had been nearly lost. They had reached the Madras "roads" just when the storm began, and were driven out by stress of weather: great anxiety was felt for their fate, but they returned after several days "under jury masts," after having suffered terribly.

The windows of our quarters overlooked the sea, and during the cyclone the great wooden shutters had to be put up, and strongly barred, to keep out the awful wind, but we bored holes in them with an auger, large enough to see through. Truly it was a sight never to be forgotten; it seemed as if the fort might be taken up bodily and blown away at any moment.

I cannot attempt to describe the appearance of the sea; it would require a "Clark Russell" to do so. All ships had been signalled to leave (as there is no good anchorage there) and only one was too late to get off. We watched

her with intense interest, as it became evident that her anchors were dragging, and she was unmanageable. At last they put up sail and drove her straight on shore through the wild surf. She appeared to fly at it like a great bird, and we were almost afraid to look at her. However, she came through on the top of a wave, and was left almost high and dry, with a broken back, but with crew and cargo safe. On Advent Sunday the expected regiment arrived, and we received orders to leave by train the same afternoon. So we left for Bangalore, where we arrived in the early morning.

We spent three delightful weeks in Bangalore, where we received every kindness; it is one of the best stations in India, having a very healthy climate. Ours was a double tent, with a sort of hall between the inner and outer "walls," where all baggage was placed, and where the servants slept. The room was twelve feet square, and was prettily arranged; with an easy chair which formed a couch, a sofa, a table and ordinary chairs, which, with books, flowers, needle-work and a guitar, made a very cheerful little apartment. Beside, we had another smaller tent for a dressing-room, which was to be sent on in advance with the quartermaster's party, to be pitched in readiness for us on reaching the camping ground.

Three nights before Christmas we set off, at 1 o'clock a.m., the bugle sounded, and all was instantly in a sort of orderly commotion. I looked out and saw the tents all standing, white in the moonlight, the next moment, at the sound of a bugle, they all sank down at once, and in an incredibly short time were packed on the camels and elephants. Just at the last a "few particular friends," who knew that I was to accompany my husband, came to our tent (the only one left standing) for hot chocolate, which arrangement, by the bye, became an "institution." Then the men "fell in" and were marched off, the drums and fifes playing cheerily. My own bullock-bandy slipped in between the main body and the quarter guard. It was a very pretty picturesque scene. We used to march each night (resting the whole of every third night) until about sunrise, and it was delightful when tired and dusty we reached the new camp, to see Dr. O— (who had gone in advance with the quartermaster's party) standing in his tent door waving a battered, almost spoutless old teapot (but oh! what charming tea was brewed in it!), the tea came to us in jugs, which were passed round! Half way on the night's march there used to be a stall prepared, with hot coffee for "all hands"; one or other of the men of my husband's company always brought me some in his tin, and very refreshing it was. I have always found soldiers most civil and thoughtful for one's comfort.

Christmas eve was a lovely night, the moon so bright that I could distinctly see everything—even the dear little gazelles that would come quite near, watching us with great startled eyes, and suddenly bounding off when alarmed. We passed many shepherds, some leading their flocks (as in India they always do) others sitting by little fires, wrapped in their brown blankets, their flocks scattered round them. I suppose the "Shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks" 2000 years ago, on the night of the Nativity, must have looked like these.

At this time I knew so little of the language of the people that I could not talk to them, or find out what they thought about Christmas; but early on Christmas day the butler came in with wreaths of flowers for our necks, and with "plenty salaam," wished us a "happy Christmas." All the other servants followed, some with flowers, some with gilded limes, others with native sweets; but each with some gift. We asked the butler what was our part of the performance, he replied, "Native man making Captain-Sahib and Mem-Sahib present. Now, Captain-Sahib and Mem-Sahib making native man present." Accordingly we made our presents, and they retired well satisfied, with endless salaams. Col. H— came in to tiffin, bringing with him various "Europe articles" to make it a festive affair. He was the district magistrate, sent to see us through the Mysore territory; and, our very kind friend; he did everything he possibly could to make it pleasant for me, the only lady with "our wing." We had a bright little service under a tope of cocoa palms, with hearty singing. As there was no chaplain with us, there could be no celebration of the Holy Communion, our first Christmas without that privilege. After our siesta, we (that is "the specials," as Col. H— called the "few particular friends," ourselves and Col. H—) went to visit a lovely old garden, where we were given roses (some of which are still in my possession), strawberries and green figs. On returning to the tent, we found a beautiful "Europe iced cake," for which Col. H— had sent coolies back all the way to Bangalore, in order that we might have something that looked like "Christmas at home," even on the march. In the evening we all sat round our tent door, listening to the cheerful chorus-singing of the soldiers, for whom everything possible, under the circumstances, had been done to make it "A Merry Christmas." Afterwards we told ghost stories, sang glees and carols, and talked of absent friends, until very late, as there was to be no march that night, and so ended Christmas day.

Col. H— was always arranging some little expedition, in the cool of the evenings, to any places of interest within our reach. Once we went to see (at Seerah) an old fort, a wonderful old place, which has, of course, a ghost, there was a gruesome moat, so deep, that, if you threw a stone in, you had almost time to forget you had done so, before you heard the very faint splash it made in the water. The sides were over-grown with creepers,

and there were quantities of bottle birds' nests. To my great terror one of the Peons climbed some way down by the creepers, and brought some nests up, which I kept as curiosities and mementoes. I used often to go to see the elephants fed. They had piles of branches to begin with, and then huge puddings made of cholom. They were very susceptible to kindness; one of them had such an affection for one of our corporals that when he had to pass him on the march, he would stand still and refuse to move until the corporal had greeted him kindly, when he would go on quite contentedly. Another took such a dislike to his driver, who had been unkind to him, that one day, coming back from the water, he lingered behind the others, and then seized the unfortunate man with his trunk, and beat him to death on his knee. During the march I expressed a wish to see what a baby elephant was like, and one afternoon, a few days later, I was lying on a charpoy in my tent, when I was roused by hearing a tinkling of bells, sweet and small, and a pattering of many slippered feet. Looking out, I saw a procession of natives approaching, escorting a baby elephant, almost as big as a cow, with a saddle cloth of crimson silk edged with deep fringe, and many tiny golden bells, which rang prettily as the baby walked. Wreaths of flowers were around its head and neck. The procession stopped at my tent, and a Peon dressed in scarlet and white, presented himself, with salaams, and said "H— Sahib sending small elephant for Mem-Sahib with plenty salaam." He was a friendly baby, and allowed me to rub his head; peeping into the tent, he saw upon the table a basket of sugarcane and plantains; whereupon he became excited and trumpeted loudly, his voice being somewhat suggestive of a boy's when it is changing. We gave him some, which made him quite happy. I had been a little disturbed by a fear that the baby was intended for a present, and was wondering what we should do with the novel addition to our household, when I was relieved by the Peon saying it belonged to a small temple under a Mango tope not far off, and was sacred, and was only allowed to pay this visit as a courtesy to Colonel H—, and at his request. On account of the position Col. H— held he had great influence with the natives, and was much honoured by them. At another resting place the Amaldah of a village sent us a pudding for a present; it was in a quaint looking dish, with a white napkin around it, and four spoons standing in it, all ready for us to begin immediately—which we did as the messenger waited. It was quite nice, tasting of honey and vermicelli; it agreed however, but indifferently with some of us, two of our number being unable to march that night! We, of course, sent back a present to the Amaldah. "Native man always liking present" the butler said. So we marched on and reached Bellary, in three week's time. One of our friends in the right-wing (which had preceded us) sent out his Gorra-wallah with the pony carriage to meet us, and invite us to breakfast. So we drove, for the last stage, in the carriage; parting with great regret with good Col. H— who had done so much to relieve the tediousness and monotony of our march at Christmas-tide, in far-off India, so many years ago.

A. H.

PROMINENT CANADIANS—XXXII.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander MacKenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McTachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion and His Grace Archbishop O'Brien.

CHARLES MAIR, F. R. S. C.

THE subject of this sketch was born at the village of Lanark, in the Province of Ontario, on the 21st September, 1840. That district was then the scene of extensive lumbering operations, Mr. Mair's father being one of the pioneers of the square timber trade on the tributaries of the Ottawa. From his earliest youth Charles Mair was surrounded by the beauties of Canadian rural scenery, and the nature of his father's business made him thoroughly acquainted with the streams and lakes, the forests and wild flowers of his native land. The effect of these early associations is clearly to be seen in his writings, which show in almost every page a deep love of nature and a keen appreciation of all her manifold wonders.

Mr. Mair was educated at the Perth Grammar school and afterwards at Queen's College, Kingston. He subsequently studied medicine for a short time, and in 1868 was temporarily employed to make some researches in the Parliamentary Library for the Hon. William Macdougall, in connection with the proposed transfer of the Hudson Bay Territories to Canada. Circumstances arising from this temporary occupation caused him to abandon his medical studies, and, changing the whole course of his life, led him to become an active participant in some of the most stirring episodes of our Canadian history. Being at this time only twenty-eight years of

age, he was naturally affected by the outgrowth of Canadian National sentiment, which, immediately after the Confederation of the Dominion, had so great an influence on the minds of the Canadian youth. While at Ottawa, engaged in the researches mentioned, he published his first book entitled "Dreamland and other Poems." This consisted of a collection of poems, many of which had already appeared in print. The finest of them was probably "The Pines," a poem of great force and beauty, closing with this stanza:—

Sublime in our solitude, changeless, vast,  
While men build, work, and save,  
We mock—for their years glide away to the past  
And we grimly look on their grave.  
Our voice is eternal, our song sublime  
For its theme is the days of yore,  
Back thousands of years of misty time,  
When we first crew old and hoar.

It was at Ottawa that Mr. Mair first met the four young Canadians who, together with him, formed the nucleus of what afterwards was known as The Canada First Party. Nearly every evening for some weeks Mr. Mair, Robert Grant Haliburton, of Halifax, George T. Denison, and W. A. Foster were in the habit of meeting in the room of Henry J. Morgan, at Salmon's Hotel, where they discussed, with all the enthusiasm of youth, the future of Canada, her greatness and her brilliant prospects. They united in an understanding to work together, and strive to create and encourage a Canadian National sentiment. One prominent idea in the minds of these young men was the necessity of Canada acquiring the Hudson Bay Territory. In the fall of 1868, Mr. Mair was offered by Mr. Macdougall the position of paymaster of Mr. Snow's party, then being sent to the Red River Settlement, to build a road to the Lake of the Woods. He at once accepted the offer. His decision was partly influenced by the desire to aid in attracting public attention to the new field for emigration. With this object in view, he made arrangements before leaving to correspond with the *Toronto Globe* in order to enlighten the Ontario people as to the resources and capabilities of the country.

On his arrival at Fort Garry, he almost immediately commenced his letters to the *Globe*. He told his readers of the fertility and richness of the country, and urged strongly an immigration of Ontario farmers, painting in vivid colours the future greatness of the Territories, when a layer of "Ontario brain and muscle," as he put it, would be spread over those fertile plains. These letters attracted great attention in Ontario, and were copied largely in the Provincial press. They found their way back also into the Red River Settlement where they created a great sensation. The Hudson Bay Company's officials were very averse to the proposed transfer of the Territory to Canada, while the French half-breeds, who felt the country was going to be overrun by strangers and feared they were going to lose their lands, became so excited that they broke out into open rebellion, and prevented by force the entry of the Hon. Wm. Macdougall, the new Lieutenant-Governor. Shortly after they captured and imprisoned Mr. Mair, Dr. Schultz, Dr. Lynch and a number of loyal Canadians who had taken up arms at the call of Lieut. Colonel J. Stoughton Dennis.

After some weeks of close confinement, Mr. Mair was informed by Louis Riel, the rebel leader, that a decision to execute him had been arrived at. By a bold plan, aided by good fortune, Mr. Mair effected his escape, and succeeded in reaching Portage la Prairie, where he at once set about organizing an expedition to attack Fort Garry and release his fellow prisoners. Major Charles Boulton, an ex-army officer, was elected to command the force. They marched to Kildonan where they were joined by a large body of armed men under Dr. Schultz, who had also effected his escape, and had roused all the settlers along the lower portion of the Red River to take up arms to rescue the loyal men still in Riel's hands.

The approach of this imposing force alarmed Riel, who at once agreed to release all the prisoners he held and not to interfere any more with the loyal party. The prisoners were consequently released, and the force at Kildonan disbanded. Mr. Mair, however, placed no confidence in these pledges, and insisted on getting back to Portage la Prairie at once. With a few companions he started that night and, making a long detour around Fort Garry, reached his destination in safety. The remainder of the party passing Fort Garry the next morning were intercepted and placed in custody. Major Boulton who was with them was shortly after sentenced to death, and his life was saved, only, by the strenuous exertions of the influential people of the settlement. Thomas Scott, however, who was taken at the same time, was cruelly put to death. There is little doubt that Mr. Mair's caution and forethought saved his life.

Shortly after this affair, Mr. Mair came back to Ontario, travelling about 400 miles across Dakota on snowshoes over prairies, at that time absolutely unsettled. Dr. Schultz by another route under equal hardships reached Toronto almost at the same time as Mr. Mair. These proceedings had been keenly watched by the Canada First men in Ontario, and after news of Scott's death and the escape of Mair and Schultz reached them, steps were at once taken to stir up the popular feeling in this Province. W. A. Foster wrote in the *Daily Telegraph* a series of brilliant editorials which were extensively read and copied. Public meetings were everywhere organized. That held to welcome Mr. Mair and Drs. Schultz and Lynch in the City Hall Square, Toronto, was

one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in the city.

This agitation was followed by the organization of the Red River Expedition under Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley. The arrival of this force restored order and Mr. Mair at once returned to the Red River Settlement and rejoined his wife to whom he had been married only a few weeks before his capture by Riel's forces. He had lost during the troubles all his manuscripts comprising a number of finished and unfinished poems, and was so disheartened by the loss that he determined to abandon literature and devote himself to mercantile pursuits. He commenced fur trading and general business at Portage la Prairie, where he remained until the year 1876, when he removed to Prince Albert, where he for many years carried on the same business, and acquired a large amount of real estate in that place and neighbourhood. About the year 1882 he first noticed the mutterings of the coming rebellion and made several visits to Ottawa, during the years 1883 and 1884, to urge upon the Government the necessity of taking some steps to allay the dissatisfaction among the half-breeds, which he foresaw would lead to open insurrection. His warnings were unheeded, and it is a remarkable proof of Mr. Mair's clear sighted knowledge of men that he should have so accurately gauged the state of affairs and the probability of trouble. Finding in his last visit to Ottawa, in the summer of 1884, that it was impossible to impress the Government with the threatened danger, he went to Windsor, Ontario, bought and furnished a house and removed his family from Prince Albert and settled them in their new home. After winding up his business in Prince Albert, he rejoined his family in Windsor, and waited quietly for the outbreak of the rebellion which he felt confident was soon to occur.

The enforced leisure caused in this manner led him to take up a project he had conceived in his youth, of writing a drama on the subject of "Tecumseh," the celebrated Indian Chief who had fought and died for Canada in the war of 1812. The subject was one that appealed strongly to him, as it was so thoroughly connected with the history of the continent, as well as with the period of Canadian affairs when loyalty to our country was most required and when the people responded most heartily to the appeal. All through the winter of 1884-5, Mr. Mair was busily engaged on this his greatest work. He was about half through with it, when in March, 1885, like a "bolt out of the blue" to the people of Canada, came the news of the rebellion and of the fight at Duck Lake. Troops were ordered out, and Mr. Mair at once left Windsor for Toronto to join some corps marching for the relief of his neighbours and friends in the North-West.

The Governor General's Body Guard received orders to march shortly before Mr. Mair's arrival in Toronto, and it was arranged by Colonel Denison of that corps, that his friend should accompany it as acting Quarter Master. Thus Mr. Mair once more became a soldier and served through the rebellion, receiving with his comrades, on the following Queen's Birthday, the war medal which was pinned on his breast by Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Lieutenant Governor, who expressed her great pleasure in presenting it to "our Canadian poet, the author of 'Tecumseh.'"

When the Body Guard was relieved from active service, Mr. Mair returned to Windsor, and immediately resumed work at his drama, and about the end of 1885 his manuscript was in the printer's hands. In February, 1886, it was issued to the public. "Tecumseh," at once created a marked sensation. It is doubtful whether any book of Canadian poetry ever sold so rapidly in Canada before, or since. It was received by the press in the most flattering manner, the opinion being general—that it was the finest work of the kind that had ever appeared in Canada.

The wrongs of the Indian race and the attempts of Tecumseh to remedy them is the central idea of the poem, but the moving spirit of the author is a loyal patriotic feeling for Canada, and a confidence in her future. The whole of the fourth act is a song of triumph for the Canadian people, and in almost every page it teaches lessons for the future, as for example in General Brock's remarks at the opening of the war of 1812:—

'Tis true our Province faces heavy odds;  
Of regulars but fifteen hundred men  
To guard a frontier of a thousand miles,  
Of volunteers what aidance we can draw  
From seventy thousand widely scattered souls;  
A meagre showing 'gainst the enemy's  
If numbers be the test. But odds lie not  
In numbers only, but in spirit too—  
Witness the might of England's little isle!  
And what made England great will keep her so—  
The free soul and the valour of her sons;  
And what exalts her will sustain you now  
If you contain her courage and her faith.  
So not the odds so much are to be feared  
As private disaffection, treachery—  
Those openers of the door to enemies—  
And the poor crouching spirit that gives away  
Ere it is forced to yield.

The illustrations and similes are redolent of the soil; the book is absolutely free from classical references. With Mr. Mair loyalty to Canada and the Empire is the moving spring of every thought, and he is a typical specimen of the loyal Canadian of our day.

On the death of his friend, the late W. A. Foster, Mr. Mair wrote the beautiful lines to his memory which appeared in the pages of *THE WEEK* on February 1, 1889. In these verses he voiced not only the sentiments which animated Mr. Foster, but his own ideas as to the destiny of Canada. A short extract will bear repetition:—

Throw sickly thoughts aside  
Let's build on native fields our fame:  
Nor seek to blend our patriot pride  
With alien greed or alien shame.

First feel throughout the throbbing land  
A nation's pulse, a nation's pride  
The independent life—then stand  
Erect, unbound, at Britain's side.

Mr. Mair returned to Prince Albert shortly after the appearance of "Tecumseh" where he has since lived, and where he has large interests, being one of the largest property holders in that place. He has been urged to accept a seat in the House of Commons, more than once, and could easily have been elected, but his tastes do not run in the line of politics. He is too much of a Canada First man to make a party politician. He is a member of the English literature section of the Royal Society of Canada, and at intervals contributes poems to the press, several well known poems having first been published in these columns. He is still comparatively speaking young, and we may hope for good work from his pen for years to come.

YORK.

## TWO CHRISTMASSES: A GHOST STORY.

"WHAT makes you so silent, papa? You have said scarcely a word since dinner."

It was Julia Evans who thus addressed her father (the editor-in-chief of a great daily in a great city), as they sat together in their drawing-room on the evening of Christmas day, 18—.

"I have been thinking," said the kindly-looking old gentleman, "of that poor young fellow John Bruce, the harum-scarum son of my old friend Sir Thomas Bruce—though really I do not think he at all deserves the character his father gave me of him"—

(Is it the glowing fire before which they sit, or is it some other flame that brings to Julia's cheek a brighter colour?)

"It is six months since we have seen him, is it not?" he continued. "Strange how persistently the thought of him has clung to me all day."

Both were silent for some minutes.

"They say he is clever, do they not, papa?"

"To judge from the little he has done for the paper, those who say so speak only the truth. His editorials on international European politics are really remarkable for their insight and grasp of the subject. But . . . ah! there it is . . . always, or almost always. How few really clever men there are who have no corresponding deficiency somewhere; want of judgment, lack of self-control, impetuosity, recklessness. I am afraid poor John Bruce has something of this last."

(Has the fire died down, or where has gone the colour from Julia's cheeks?)

At length the old man rose. "I am going to see for myself if all is right with him," he said determinedly.

"What, at this time of night?" said Julia amazed. "What are you thinking of, papa? Could you not send a note, or go to-morrow morning, or send a message? . . ."

"I am going myself; I feel impelled to," answered the old gentleman; "please ring for the brougham."

"Then I shall go with you," said the girl as she touched the bell.

There was an imperiousness in the father which he had handed down to his daughter. He knew this, so to her resolve he made no objection.

### II.

"Mr. Bruce in?" said a deep voice to the janitor of the "Bachelor Chambers" some twenty minutes later.

"Mr. Bruce ain't as well as he might be, sir, and he told me as he didn't want to be disturbed. But if you was to go to his room may be it would be as well."

"Very well," said Mr. Evans. "I shall be back in a minute or two," he called to the girl in the brougham.

### III.

Two large rooms, almost destitute of what is called "furniture," yet filled with a curious collection of books, pictures, newspapers, magazines, reading lamps, writing desks, papers, such was the scene which met the editor's eyes as he entered. But no one was to be seen. He advanced cautiously into the inner room. There on a bed, pale as death, lay his young friend John Bruce.

For a moment the kind old man hesitated. Was it death he saw before him? What ashen, sunken cheeks! What pallor! What utter prostration!

In a moment he was at the bed side, chafing the young man's hands, trying to force brandy and water between his lips, doing his utmost to recall him to life. Some minutes elapsed before any signs of returning consciousness appeared, and when at last the patient recovered sufficiently to sit up, with an expression of questioning terror and half despair he murmured, "And . . . who . . . who is that other?"

"My poor boy," said his grey-haired, stooping friend, "you are ill; what is it you want?"

"That . . . other. Who . . . is that other?" was all his answer.

### IV.

Together Mr. Evans and his daughter took poor John Bruce home that night; took him home to their large and handsome house; called in the most eminent doctors; provided an experienced nurse; and spared neither



thought nor expense for the so-called harum-scarum son of old Sir Thomas Bruce.

But all was of none effect. For months he lay tossing and moaning, and his one incessantly re-iterated cry was, "Who . . . who is that other?"

At last one day the doctor declared that physic was useless; that the cause of the fever lay deeper than in mere bodily tissues; that the mind must be quieted.

Mr. Evans, much perplexed, consulted Julia. "Could you do anything, child?" he asked.

"Let me take the nurse's place and try," she said. "You know we were playfellows once." And the father, noticing the reddening cheek, consented. He was fond of the young man, and held a high opinion of him.

V.

Still that unanswered question, "Who . . . who is that other?" came from the parched lips as Julia sat silent and tearful by the bed side. Hours passed and no relief came neither by day nor night. At length, driven to try any experiment, perhaps, too, with womanly instinct, unconsciously to herself, dimly divining the drift of the query, she ventured once to make answer, "I am that other; it is I, Julia Evans, who is with you. No one else is here."

The patient turned. His hitherto half closed eyes opened wide and fixed themselves upon her face. Memory seemed to be awakening. His expression changed, changed slowly from terror and despair to hope. "Are . . . are you that other who is to . . ."

Then once again hope seemed to flee. In deep anxiety Julia strove to keep that glimmer of health alive. "Yes, John, if you like I will be that other—if you wish."

"You . . . mean . . . it?"

"Yes, John, yes."

And in a few minutes, such was the marvellous effect of the young girl's softly spoken words, the patient fell into a placid sleep.

VI.

It is a long time since that last strange scene in the sick room. It is again Christmas day, and in the same drawing-room before the same hearth are seated three persons: Mr. Evans, Julia, and John Bruce—the last still weak, but gaining strength fast, and in his face a look of self-confidence and hope.

"Now then, John, my boy," says the kindly old gentleman, "let us have your promised story. What was it that nearly took you out of the land of the living last Christmas?"

"A ghost," said John Bruce, with serious accent and paling cheek.

"A ghost!" echoed Julia, and her cheek too lost colour.

"Well, tell us all about it," said the father.

"I will, sir, and you may judge if it was not a real one."

The young man bent his head and gazed into the fire. Without raising his face he began: "You must know that for many weeks last winter I could find no employment: no publisher would accept my book; no paper seemed in want of articles . . ."

"Why did you not come to me?" ejaculated almost impatiently Mr. Evans.

"Ah! Mr. Evans, if you had not been so kind to me formerly I might have done so; but I was not worthy of further kindness; despair and desolation seemed to have taken possession of me; my own shame of myself kept me away. Last Christmas day I was at my worst, with no money, no food, and worse than all, no hope, I threw myself on my bed, dejected, worn out. Then it was that the awful apparition appeared. It glided in noiselessly with its back to me. It was not in white, like the spectres one reads of, but in sombre black—terribly, weirdly sombre. A cold shiver crept over me and cold drops stood on my brow. Still the thing stood there motionless, its features turned away, a tall, gaunt, fearsome thing. 'What brings you here?' I asked. 'Want,' it said huskily; 'want and shame and despair,' and it shuffled nearer to me. 'Are you only a shadow,' again I asked, growing bolder, 'or are you a reality?' 'As real as thyself,' it muttered. I shuddered. 'Who are you?' at length I shouted at it. It turned slowly round, and as its eyes looked into mine, and its haggard, hopeless features seemed horribly familiar, it said: 'The—ghost—of—thy—future—self.' I fell back—I suppose, fainting; still it steadfastly faced me. With one more effort I confronted it. 'What,' I asked, 'what will dismiss you forever, forever?' In hollow voice it answered: 'Thine own efforts and those of another.' It then vanished, and I remembered no more till— . . ."

"As real a ghost as ever was," broke in Mr. Evans, rising. "Well, my boy," he said kindly, moving towards the door, "I hope you will find that other," and he quietly left the room.

VII.

Some minutes later he returned. Julia rose hastily to meet him, her cheeks aflame (she had been sitting too near the fire perhaps). John also rose.

"Well," said Mr. Evans with a smile, "have you exorcised the ghost of your future self?"

"Julia has promised to help, if you will consent, sir," he said.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

HOLLY-LEAVES.

Ah, holly-leaves, whose points entwine,  
My fancy grieves to see the sign  
Of sharp and cruel pain in you!  
Beneath the thorns your berries red,  
Emblems of blood but newly shed,  
An old, old anguish paint anew.

The nightingale as I have heard  
Tells sweetest tale—alas poor bird!—  
With bosom pressed against the thorn.  
On you the Poet's fancy pressed  
Your points turned inward to his breast,  
Inspired must sing of Christmas morn.

The moon low lies; the stars are set;  
In frosty skies Dawn lingers yet,  
As rising from his slumber strong  
The Poet bids farewell to night,  
And preening eager wings for flight,  
Greets Christmas morning with a song.

THE SONG.

Now in the dawning  
Of Christmas morning,  
And ere the sun has greeted the earth,  
My greeting lowly  
With offerings holy  
I bring to welcome a Saviour's birth.

I bind the Greeting  
(For time is fleeting)  
With lilies culled where angels know;  
A garden blooming  
Spite winter's glooming  
Where flowers perennial ever blow.

Herbs for forgetting  
Earth's sorrows fretting  
Roses all memories sweet to recall,  
Pansies for healing  
And Violets revealing  
Life's tender secret; the sweetest of all.

I may not linger  
For dawn's pale finger  
Has melted the frost-bound earth to grief,  
The trees are weeping,  
Cold shudders sweeping  
The snowy dew from each frozen leaf,

For all things sorrow  
That joy to-morrow;  
And earth is unlading each weighted bough,  
While I am going  
My tears down flowing  
To lay before Him my greeting now!

ROSEMARY A. COTES.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1890.

IT certainly must be gratifying to those actively interested in football to note the increased interest taken by the public in both the Rugby and Association games. For the number of people who turned out to see the final matches in such weather that those not specially interested would not dream of running the risk of bad colds, etc., is a sufficient guarantee that for some years at any rate football will be one of our most popular sports. The four matches played on the Rosedale grounds, also one on the Varsity lawn, were the most important matches of the past season in Ontario. They were most unfortunate in having such bad weather, the rain making the ground so soft that it was almost impossible to play; added to this the cold made it very disagreeable for the spectators. The reasons why foot-ball has become more popular in this than in previous years are two-fold. Like all other open air games football has increased in public favour on account of the decline of baseball. The keenness of the competition between both the Rugby and Association Clubs to obtain their respective championships has done much to interest the public, both games being represented by a greater number of efficient clubs than ever before. The fight for the Association Championship has also covered a larger area this year, the Eastern Association being in the swim. The divisions were three-fold; in the Western division Berlin had things nearly all their own way, the only match of any importance being against Seaforth, Berlin winning by 3 to 1. For the first time for many years Galt did not enter the series, but turned around and helped their old opponents, Berlin, with what remained of last year's team. The Toronto League showed far better form than either of the other divisions, the matches being very good indeed. Varsity, Osgoode Hall, Scotts and Marlboros were the competing clubs, and in strength they rank in the above order. The best match, that between Varsity and Osgoode Hall was played on the lawn; the score was 4 to 2, Varsity winning. The score hardly indicated the merits of the teams, for had the Osgoode team practised as diligently as their opponents it is very doubtful which way the game would have gone. This match decided the Toronto League Championship. We have as yet heard little of the Eastern Association; it came into existence last year when the Grand Trunk team defeated their opponents in Ottawa and Cornwall by such large scores that they contemplated a trip to Toronto, which did not, however, materialize.

Two games were played between Varsity and Berlin, the first being in Berlin; when time was called Varsity led by 3 goals to 2; by a mistake of the referee, he called time ten minutes too soon, so that Berlin justly objected to the game. Varsity were hard pressed in the second half, Berlin getting both their goals not long before time was called. In a few days, however, they agreed to play the second match on neutral grounds, i. e. Rosedale, the championship to be decided by the result of the game. The day for the match was cold and raw, the ground was wet and slippery. In the first half Varsity scored almost at once, but during the remainder of the half they were very fortunate in keeping their goal cleared, the Berlin forwards were very good in the field, but when they got close they invariably fumbled. In the second half, Varsity scored twice on account of the carelessness of the Berlin backs in playing so far out of goal. The play during this half, however, was, with the exception of these two mistakes, very evenly distributed, the score by no means indicating the strength of the two teams. The position in which the backs of a team ought to play is a question very hard to answer, some players thinking they ought to follow the ball sometimes even further than mid-field, others again think they ought to stay close to their goal, never going out more than twenty-five or thirty yards. Most players consider the former style of play the better, but, as was the case in the Varsity-Berlin match, when the opposing forwards are fast, and the backs, although good kicks and good tackles, rather slow runners, should never run the risk of allowing their opponents to take goals the way Thomson and Breckenridge did in that match. As soon as those two men got past them with the ball, those backs might as well try to fly as catch them. It seems folly, therefore, for a back to play very far out when he knows that the opposing forwards can run much faster than he can.

The final match of the season between Varsity and the Grand Trunk team of Montreal was played on the lawn in pouring rain, and, considering the frightful state of the ground, Varsity played a very good game, winning by 5 goals to 1. This match decided the championship of Canada, and Varsity have the honour of having won every game they played in the last two years. Looking over the personnel of the team, their half-backs are their strong point, they being exceptionally good. They also have a better balanced line of forwards than they ever had; every man is good—Thomson, at centre, of course, being their stronghold. There are two other matches which we must not overlook. The first, between the Toronto League and the Western Association, played at Berlin, was considered the best contested match of the season, ending in a draw. The second, between a team of the Western Association and Toronto League against the Eastern Association, was a somewhat one-sided affair, played on the Rosedale grounds, the Western combination winning by 5 to 0, chiefly through the bad goal-keeping of their opponents.

The Rugby season started with seven competing clubs—Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, London and Stratford being the city clubs; Queen's University and Toronto University being the only college clubs, Ottawa College having retired from the Ontario union at the end of last season. In the preliminary contests Stratford beat Toronto 12 to 0; Hamilton beat Toronto at Hamilton, after a close contest, by 8 to 5; Queen's College beat Toronto University easily by 29 to 5, Ottawa having first defaulted to Queen's; and Hamilton beat Stratford, at Hamilton, 37 to 0, not long after, leaving Hamilton and Queen's in the field. Most players thought that Queen's would win, judging from the result of the match between Toronto University and Queen's, and erroneously thinking that the score was due to Queen's strength, instead of to the University's weakness. The match was played at Rosedale, Hamilton winning by 7 to 4; but a dispute arose on account of the referee calling time six minutes before time was really up, on account of darkness. There was much wrangling about the referee's action, and at a general meeting of the union the match was given to Hamilton, but it was decided that they should give Queen's another chance if they wished it. So, the next Saturday these two clubs again faced each other on the Rosedale grounds, Hamilton again winning by 8 points to 6. The match was very even, Queen's getting 2 points in the first half with the wind, but in the second half Hamilton scored two tries, Queen's also getting a try just as the referee blew his whistle. Hamilton showed good spirit in again facing their heavy opponents, and for so doing many who were inclined to favour Queen's turned around and shouted for Hamilton. Queen's were much heavier than their opponents, and were slightly stronger in the forward line, but Hamilton played far better behind, their success being due to Saunders' good kicking and good judgment in dropping on the ball. Hamilton, for the first time, has possession of the cup. Although Ottawa College dropped out of the Ontario Union they still claim the championship of Canada, and are virtually entitled to it, for they have not been defeated since they won the championship from the Montrealers in 1887. This year they have upheld their reputation, although closely pressed by Montreal, McGill and Queen's, by the respective records of 11 to 12, 17 to 14, and 5 to 6—in two of these games having just saved themselves by a draw. The number of clubs of nearly the same strength has greatly increased this year. By the scores recorded above one notices that there is very little difference between Montreal, McGill, Ottawa College, Hamilton, Queen's and Toronto.

During the last six or seven years the play of the Rugby game has altered much, owing chiefly to the extension of

WE are always in the right; fate always in the wrong.  
—La Fontaine.

wings from the scrimmage. This style of play laid the game open to tricks of all kinds—some legal, but many illegal. In the rules of the game there is no penalty imposed on the side at fault. As a result players continually make fouls, in the hope that the referee will not see them, knowing at the same time that they cannot lose anything by it. Anyone who heard the continual wrangling and the constant appeals to the referee during the last two games of the season at Rosedale will not wonder at the movement now on foot to put the rules in such a shape that the game can be played harmoniously, as it used and ought to be. This can only be done by severely punishing foul play. Foul play is now the most objectionable feature in the game. It should be stamped out. As soon as this is accomplished, this grand old Anglo-Canadian game will be far more enjoyable to both players and spectators.

E. C. SENKLER.

### THE INDIAN MESSIAH.

PERHAPS, since the time of the Millerites, no delusion concerning the second coming of Christ has been so widespread as that now prevailing among the Indians of the Western United States. This strange craze began last spring and has been gathering force ever since. At first the agents on the various reserves in Western Dakota, Wyoming and Montana, noticed that the Indians on their reserves were acting in a very strange manner. Small parties would leave the reserves for a few days and return to become the centre of great interest. Gradually it leaked out that a prophet, or teacher, was somewhere in the hills of Montana, and it was to see him that they had gone. None of the earlier visitors saw him; they were assured by the tribes in the immediate vicinity that he was an Indian Saviour, possessed of miraculous power, and upon this assurance they came back, bringing with them the ceremonial of the new religion which he was teaching the tribes there.

Other bands, farther from the region in which he was supposed to be, were more suspicious and sent out trusted braves to see the Messiah and to make a full report thereon. First messengers invariably came back with long stories of his power and with full instructions as to methods of worship, but without having seen the Messiah. However some later delegates returned and this is substantially what they told as gleaned by the missionaries and agents.

They had gone into the heart of Montana and had there met a large band of men and women learning the Ghost dance and the new song. In the dance all join hands, and chanting the religious song move round in a ring keeping time to their singing by measured swaying of the body and stamping of feet. It was all done in strict accordance with certain rules, given by the Messiah himself, who they averred was present at the dance. As the dance proceeded the excitement grew and some fainted from exhaustion and excitement and fell down. The dance continued, but a man, appointed by the leader of the dance, threw blankets over those who had fainted. When any of these revived they were brought to the leader of the dance and asked to declare what had been shown them by the Great Spirit while they had been with him (in the swoon). Of course the stories told were very wonderful and the excitement spread rapidly to newcomers, so that they forgot their mission to catechize the prophet and became most ardent followers. They saw him in the dance but were told that he did not like to be asked questions. When he did speak he did not address anyone in particular, but, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, uttered dark sayings after the manner of ancient soothsayers.

The prophet was described by different witnesses in various ways. At one time he would come out of his secret dwelling in the hills looking like an old man, with long flowing white beard and bald head. At other times he had long raven locks and a hairless Indian face. He had wonderful medicine bags and could put men to death, bring them back to life, and was in every way a purely supernatural being.

His doctrine was this: Ages ago he had visited the earth for the purpose of saving the white race. He told them many things and had many followers, but was at length put to death by wicked whitemen. Nevertheless he left them a book, which, had they followed its teaching, they would still have been saved. For a while many did so, but at length they grew cold and at last deserted him and mocked his teaching altogether. Time after time he had warned them but it was all to no purpose, and he had at last decided to let the punishment fall. He had come to the conclusion that the Indians were the only race that could be saved; and he had now come to make his offer to them, trusting in their known solidity of character to lead them to see the truth. All the Indians who received him, would be saved, but all who would not must perish with the poor deluded whites. The end of the world was to come when all the Indian tribes had heard the good news and been given a chance to accept. When the day came all people would be gathered together. All believers would be placed on one side, and all the rest of the world on the other. Then, at the Messiah's command, a huge wave of liquid earth would gradually spread itself over the world; all unbelievers and all evidences of civilization would be forever crushed beneath this crust; but all good Indians would scale the edge of the wave as it swept onward and would find on top a happy hunting ground, a land of countless bison, of skin tents, of everything in fact the heathen Indian loves; a land of perpetual summer and

perpetual feasting, where the good Indians would dwell with the Messiah forever.

This was the story with which the messengers returned, and soon the excitement reached Rosebud and Pine Ridge Agencies in the east, while south and west it travelled rapidly. There are about two hundred and fifty thousand Indians in the United States and probably half of them are on reserves in the region along the Platte, the Upper Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers—the part affected by the delusion. So that in event of all becoming crazed and a religious war breaking out the Government would have difficulty in rapidly suppressing it. The agents and missionaries hoped by giving the thing free play, however, that it would die out as soon as the time set by the Messiah for the Judgment had passed; and they were the more hopeful because it was generally understood that he was preaching a doctrine of non-resistance. This would, no doubt, have been the case but for another reason, which is given at length by Bishop Hare, of South Dakota, in a letter to the press, and which is generally concurred in by missionaries of all denominations. The spread of education and Christianity among the Indians has greatly lessened if it has not completely nullified the power of the old tribal chiefs, who writhe under the new order of things. Believers in the old religions see their inevitable decay, unless something can be done to stop Christianity. Half-breed men, who have played at being farm instructors at good salary, see themselves crushed out by men who are willing to teach. In fact heathenism is on its last legs, and, driven to desperation, it is making a final stand under the cover of the Messiah craze. Whether these Indians invented the delusion, or are simply taking advantage of it, will probably never be known, but now that the new religion has got a foothold they are making every use of it, until in fact in the Sioux reserves it has lost its religious character almost entirely and has become simply an Indian outbreak. Reserves hundreds of miles away from the heart of the trouble are being constantly visited by runners, who invite all likely braves to take part in the dances. In the meantime the peace-preaching Messiah has dropped completely out of sight and Sitting Bull has come into prominence as a sort of Chevalier Bayard of the movement. During the last four or five years Sitting Bull has been completely spoiled by enthusiastic and foolish easterners, who have paid him liberally for his scrawled autograph and given him the impression that he is a very important personage. He seems to have grasped the opportunity for causing trouble and is now the centre of all mischief. This is how trouble has grown out of a religious craze.

Returning to the immediate subject: no one now proposes to say whether or not there really was any man who represented himself to be the Messiah; and yet it is plain that someone must have played the part of prophet (even if not claiming the Messiahship) or the craze would not have begun. Who then is this man? Some have thought, on account of the plurality of wives allowed good Indians in the happy hunting grounds, that he was a crazy Mormon, who had somehow wandered into Indian camps, but since the Indians are polygamists this is not at all conclusive. On the contrary, indeed, many old trappers and frontiersmen are decidedly of the opinion that he is a Cheyenne or Soshone Indian youth who has returned to the wilds after travelling with some wild west troupe, in which he has picked up the slight-of-hand tricks that deluded the ignorant Indians and gave him the reputation. Certainly whoever he is he has caused a world-wide sensation and put forces in motion which are now far beyond his control.

IOTA.

### THE FUTURE OF CANADA—II.

IN a previous paper, the fact that this country is evidently in a transition period of its history was recognized; and the projects of Canadian Independence, Imperial Federation, and Annexation to the United States were briefly discussed, and shown to be inadequate to our case, as well as open to grave and fatal objections.

Coming back, after the manner of land surveyors, to the place of beginning, we now venture to cast the horoscope of Canada's future. "The thing that hath been it is that which shall be," with such evolution and development as changing circumstances may render necessary or desirable. It has already been hinted that it is quite possible for the colonial position to be exchanged for one of greater independence, without the severance or endangering of British connection. The stalwart man may be entrusted with more freedom than the callow youth. A member of the family possessing large freedom while yet under age may become a junior partner on attaining his majority. Let this hint suffice now. What the terms of the co-partnership should be, and what especially the prerogatives of the senior member of the firm, must be left for future discussion and adjustment; but here is a scheme differing from all the others in essential points, yet embodying the best features of some of them, and which is capable of embracing not only all the parts of the British Empire, but also of comprising the United States itself. It may be styled Anglo-Saxon Federation, and though not, in its fullest extent, immediately practicable, it is possible to keep it in view in mapping out the future of Canada, and to make the outlines such that they will readily blend with the greater scheme.

While, as shown in the preceding article, absolute national independence would be a misfortune and a mistake for Canada, there is an impression among thoughtful and patriotic people in this country, that a somewhat

larger grant of freedom might be made to us by the Imperial Government, without impairing the connection that now exists. It has been argued by some Canadian journals, that we ought to have an independent treaty-making power. This is hardly practicable or necessary; not practicable, because it would render it possible for Canada to enter into relations with other nations that are not compatible with British interests, looked at with an eye to "the greatest good of the greatest number"; and not necessary, because all we need to ask is the concession already made in connection with the Behring Sea negotiations, that we are to be consulting and consenting parties to any international agreements that affect our interests. It might be well to have this not only as an article in our unwritten Constitution, but to have it set down in black and white. I would modestly suggest, without going into arguments on the points, that the selection of our own Governor-General, and the amendment of the Act of Confederation by our own House of Commons, without need of concurrent or permissive Imperial legislation, are concessions that might be made in the direction of a larger grant of independence. I would also venture to suggest a limitation of the veto power to matters affecting Imperial interests, and the abolition of appeal to the Privy Council in reference to all purely Canadian matters, for which our own Supreme Court ought to be considered sufficient. This discussion is not meant to be exhaustive, and I refer to these matters merely to illustrate the possibility of Canadian independence being recognized in a larger degree without being made absolute.

While these changes might be commended to the advocates of Canadian independence as steps towards the goal they have in view, the maintenance of British connection intact should be so far satisfactory to Imperial Federationists as being a realization in regard to this country of their idea, and why we should wait for a federation common to the whole empire does not appear. There are parts of the empire not qualified for the same degree of independence for which Canada is fitted, and which she may respectfully claim as a well-earned right. It is hardly reasonable that junior members of a family should have the same terms of co-partnership with those that are of full age. Why cannot Imperial Federationists accept this as a moiety of their larger scheme? Let us federate Canada to that extent, and leave the rest of the empire to follow suit as well as it can and as fast as it may.

The scheme which has been faintly outlined looks to closer connection with the United States, though not to actual annexation. We have many interests in common, and language alone is a great unifier. The English-speaking nations of the globe must, sooner or later, form one great confederacy. They have ideas of freedom, education, and commerce which make them essentially one. The despotic powers of Europe must combine for the maintenance of that arbitrary sway to which they are wedded. In like manner, the British and American nationalities will, of necessity, make common cause for the development of popular liberty, so far as it can be done consistently with order and good government. England, Canada, and the United States: what a triple alliance is this for the peace of the world and the elevation of the human race! The United States, equally with Canada, is the child of its mother, and might, without sacrifice of its national dignity and independence, enter into a compact along with its venerable parent and younger sister for mutual defence, assistance, and harmonious development of resources and influence; for the gradual evolution of Anglo-Saxon ideas, and for the enfranchisement and uplifting of the whole world of mankind.

The present unfriendly attitude of the United States towards Canada, and the Anglo-phobic spirit betrayed in many quarters, may be cited as rendering the probability of more intimate relations but small and remote. It must be borne in mind, however, that the passage of the McKinley Bill is the act of a party, and that much of the anti-English talk is mere bidding for the Irish vote. Periods of courtship, especially if long protracted, are usually marked by misunderstandings and little tiffs, which a fuller disclosure of the love that lies hidden at the bottom of the heart suffices to remove.

We shall know each other better  
When the mists have cleared away.

While they still be-dim the political sky, it is a time for self-reliant and patient development of the resources with which nature has so bountifully endowed us. It is a time also for drawing more closely the ties which bind us to the mother-land. England will surely have something to say about the policy which bears so hardly upon Canada. There are trade reprisals possible, which may yet put Brother Jonathan to his shifts, and bring him to his senses. Retaliation is a thing to be deplored, but New England and other portions of the Great Republic will suffer from it as well as Canada. Before long it will be discovered that the policy is a suicidal one and must be abandoned. The truth must dawn on the mind of that dull scholar—the public—that "we be brethren," and that England is the great mother of us all. In the practice of self-help and self-government, let us prove ourselves worthy of belonging to that triple alliance which has been foreshadowed in the foregoing sentences. We have but "to labour and to wait" for the "good time coming," when petty jealousies shall die out, and the three great powers of the western world shall grasp the fact that "before all nations is humanity."

These articles have been in process of incubation for some time, and since most of the foregoing paragraphs

were penned, Principal Grant's magnificent address before the Nationalist Club has been delivered. It may seem like "laying the flattering unction to one's soul" that the case is that of great minds flowing along the same channels of thought, but I hope it will not be considered egotistic to say that the writer of these lines is very much gratified and somewhat elated at finding that the orator's views are so nearly coincident with his own. The description of Canada as more than a colony and less than a nation; the assertion that the growing sentiment of Canadian nationality is quietly killing out the thought of annexation; and the picture of our destiny as a Great North American Dominion, "worthy to be the living link, the permanent bond of union between Britain and the United States"; are ideas entirely harmonious with those presented in this paper. They are enforced with a clear logic and fervid eloquence which will give them great weight with all thoughtful minds throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

WARFLECK.

## THE RAMBLER.

I WONDER how many people have read Rudyard Kipling's contribution to the Xmas London *News*—read it, and liked it! It is intensely clever, of course. It is daring even to unconventionality, introducing as it does three persons in the little Anglo-Indian drama so high up in the social ranks as His Excellency and Two Aides. Fancy an Ottawa writer daring to perpetrate a like outrage in the pages of—say, *THE WEEK*! (And let me tell you there is plenty of game both patrician and otherwise in that ambiguous little town.) Why, he would be ostracized directly! Nevertheless, when one goes to London and makes a hit, one may say what he chooses, and therefore Mr. Kipling uses the most taking material that comes to his hand without regard to consequences. Happy Mr. Kipling—secure in London lodgings—Fleet Street, I think, or somewhere in that classic neighbourhood, redolent of bygone literary memories—from exasperated officials and all the flighty originals of his remarkable tales.

However remarkable though, this Xmas contribution wearies one a little. There is no rest in it and altogether too much haste. One even begins to tire of Mrs. Hauksbee with her little intriguing, drifting ways, set to the tune of "Manage them! Manage them!"

Men must be greater fools than even women take them for if they really are capable of being so easily led and managed. There is that kind of woman assuredly, and Mr. Kipling is not by any means the first to discover her. I should say Grenville Murray has done that. But she is an exception and one that personally, I cannot consider as a distinct creation, and, besides, she is already overdone.

The strongest thing Mr. Kipling has yet given us was that short story, reprinted in *THE WEEK* last winter from *Macmillan's*, and entitled "The Head of the District." There were no women in it; there was no intriguing in it, and it rang true of native raw material, with strong, honest manly feeling throughout. I should say, let Mr. Kipling leave his millinery and *mesdames*, his five o'clock tea and figurheads alone—these do not make for literature—and his success will be all the greater because more difficult to obtain, and more enduring.

I listened to a very noble sermon not many Sundays ago in which a great many arguments were advanced in favour of what we may term a Christian Socialistic Code. The unfairness of our social and economic systems was dwelt upon in powerful and eloquent speech, calculated to arouse every thinking hearer to a sense of personal responsibility, and one thought suggested itself to me above all others as I followed the preacher of the hour—What is this thing we call the growth of leisure, or the growth of a leisure class? Is it in truth such a boon as we take it to be? I, for one, dare to think not. Certainly, the rich work—some of them. Certainly, it is a good thing and a pleasant thing and a Christian thing that a man or woman, especially in declining years, should be able to take life easily and cheerfully, without regard for the financial to-morrow and with all care for mental and moral rest and improvement. But that is not what most people mean by referring in congratulatory terms to the approach of a leisure class among us. Not, it is to be feared, what leisure brings, but what leisure itself is, is what most men look forward to. At any rate, the alarming increase of luxurious habits, the really absurd prices paid by rich women for articles of sensuous charm and novelty, the whole expensive machinery of modern household life (I am saying nothing about Clubs and so forth) has been referred to in these columns before now, and I hope in no mince and garbled form. There is only one way out of these Socialistic problems; the rich *must* commence because they are the only ones who can. Sumptuary and restraining laws for the rich; protective and compelling laws for the poor—some day I will write a romance about them and settle the sociological problems of this poor work-a-day world. In the meantime have faith. It is the Laureate who sings—

This fine old world of ours is but a child  
Yet in the go-cart, Give it time . . .

I see Miss Frances Power Cobbe is about erecting a monument over the spot near which poor Gough was found upon Helvellyn. I remember very well what De Quincy in his "Early Memorials of Grasmere" calls an "awful

curtain of rock" *Striding Edge*—one of the most dangerous of mountain precipices in the British Isles. Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth both recorded the story in verse, and you will easily remember the beautiful lines in which the latter poet immortalized the fidelity of the scientist's only companion—the dog who, when found watching over his master's body, was worn to skin and bone. The impenetrable volumes of mist that come floating up from the gloomy fells below are still around the awful precipices of that weird spot, but thanks to a generous Englishwoman the story of poor Gough and his faithful dog will never be forgotten.

There is something so touching about the following paragraph, illustrating the simple manners of the noble rich, that, although my column was made up, I feel very much like including it—a pretty sermon in itself. Poor Lady Rosebery died on the 19th of November last, as readers of the daily journals know. She was a rich woman—Hannah Rothschild—and a clever woman though shy and reserved, but her chief sphere was Home. Her four children each placed a wreath upon her coffin, and these were the inscriptions to which I wish to draw attention:—

"Lady Sybil wrote on a card attached to her wreath: 'To the dearest of all mothers, Sybil Myra Primrose.' On Lord Dalmeny's card was written: 'To mamma from Harry and picked from his garden with love.' On the Hon. Neil's card was written: 'To darling mamma, from Neil, out of his garden.' Lady Margaret's card bore: 'To darling mamma, from Peggy, picked in her garden.'"

## THE LITTLE RED HOUSE.

The little red house, by the frozen lake,  
Stands out clear in the moonlight glow,  
While the smoke wreathes up from the chimney tops,  
And the roof is crusted with snow;  
The cattle are housed in their stables snug  
And the bucket swings from the well,  
As the silvery sound of the Christmas chime  
Comes floating o'er hillside and dell.

The little red house, by the frozen lake,  
Is lonely to-night and so sad,  
For the face is gone and the winsome laugh  
Whose magical ring made it glad;  
And father bends low, o'er the glowing hearth,  
Where the pumpkin rind hangs o'erhead,  
And the little ones move, as if up stairs  
Some beloved one lay cold and dead.

If mother is busy and needles click  
In the stocking yarn, to and fro,  
It is only that work is a balm for thoughts  
That are heavy with speechless woe;  
A blessed vent for the harrowing grief  
That must have its way, ere it break  
The loving heart, in the little red house,  
On the hillside beside the lake.

How different the Christmas, a year ago,  
With Johnny just home from his school,  
When the children revived the old time sport,  
Of cutting and burning the yule!  
When Margaret was there, with her crowing babe,  
From Saskatchewan's prairie plain,  
And the old folks laughed, as if time had turned  
And had made them all young again.

And Edith, the belle of the country round,  
With her rosy red cheeks, and eyes  
In whose hazel depths the merriment lurked,  
And then burst with a glad surprise;  
The father's own darling, the mother's pride,  
The life of the romp, and the light  
Of the red farm house, where is Edith gone?  
For her presence is missed to-night.

It's the old, old tale of a trusting heart  
By a treacherous tongue betrayed,  
Of a ruined life, and a darkened home,  
And a corpse in the churchyard laid;  
A mother and child, in the coffin, one,  
With no ring on the hand so fair,  
And "earth to earth," with the echoing voice,  
That kills with its dull despair.

The little red house, by the frozen lake,  
Is lonely to-night, though the sky  
Is flooded with beams of the silvery light  
And the angels sing loud on high;  
There is rest somewhere for the aching heart,  
In the cold ground, under the snow,  
There is peace, but not for the little house,  
With its burden of shame and woe.

Kingston.

K. L. JONES.

EXPERIMENTS prove that the Atlantic breakers have a force of three tons to the square foot; thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to fifty-four tons.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

A CANADIAN NATIONAL LEAGUE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I beg leave, through your columns, to make a few remarks upon the communication of Mr. F. G. Scott which appeared in *THE WEEK* of the 5th inst., under the above heading. The expression *uncalled for* has only a negative meaning, and must therefore—as I maintain—be uttered with the strongest possible emphasis in applying it to Mr. Scott's extraordinary project. That gentleman proposes "the formation of a Canadian National League," the members of which are each to pledge themselves as follows: "I,—, hereby promise that I will do all in my power to promote the interests of the Canadian nation, and prevent as far as I can political union with the United States." There is a pitiful plaintiveness in the resolve, "as far as I can," which seems to indicate that the effort will be a despairing one and opposed to what is almost a foregone conclusion.

I look upon the proposal of the above quoted pledge as a downright insult to every man, woman and child in the Dominion of Canada; for it is based upon the undisguised assumption that Canada is morally capable of debasing and disgracing herself to the appalling extent of seeking "a political union with the United States." For myself I repel this accusation with the utmost intensity of scorn; and I feel perfectly assured that Canada, in the widest meaning of the word, is with me in this. I would as lief gravely think of joining a "league," the object of which was shown by a pledge not to commit murder, or some other vile felony. Cannot your correspondent see that, in proposing his "league," he is diligently contributing his aid to familiarize the Canadian mind with the idea of that "political union" which he professedly wishes to suppress, and which has now no place in that mind? Surely there is something preposterous and ludicrous in this proposal to pledge Canadians against their own acts; to ask them to swear they will never do what nobody has ever condescended to ask them to refrain from doing.

It matters not to us Canadians, nor need we take much note of, with what silly dreams and delusions the people of Yankeeland beguile themselves. They always imagine they are doing some "big thing"; but, as a community, they are marvellously ignorant of everything outside of their own country. But here in Canada there has been, in my humble opinion, a great deal too much harping upon what is called "annexation"—meaning annexation to Yankeeland; not—thank God—advocating such a disreputable thing, but talking *about* it, through the press. That nightmare conception called "annexation" never has taken hold, and there seems no possibility that it ever will take hold, of the Canadian mind. There may be, and I believe there are, a few individuals scattered about this wide Dominion who are all but dying with the desire to attain some sort of notoriety, and who, with that end, try to preach annexation whenever they can get anybody indulgent enough to listen to them. They would preach Thuggee rather than not suppose themselves talked about. There may be a few obscure and ignorant news sheets seeking a circulation which may be gained through public curiosity, and therefore comically calling themselves annexationist. But both these individual men and these papers are destitute of ability or influence. There may be a few of a somewhat abler class of journals which, either through partisan blindness, or more corrupt motives, are pursuing a course which, if successful, would seem to tend towards annexation; but fortunately they, in their mischosen lines, are powerless.

I beg that you will excuse the personality when I say that I have had opportunities second to those of no other person living of ascertaining the sentiments and opinions of the people of Canada from Cape Breton to Vancouver Island, and that I have never neglected to avail myself of those opportunities. One result of the study is the conviction that there is no such thing as a sincere annexationist wish throughout Canada, and not even a pretence in that direction deserving of a moment's sincere consideration. Let me add one thing further. I think the too prevalent propensity indulged by some of my Canadian acquaintance of calling political opponents "annexationists" is a great mistake. It is not right, and it is not politic. Every true Canadian, when called by that misnomer, feels that he is grossly insulted. If he scorns to reply, it does not follow that he does not feel the insult.

P. S. HAMILTON.

Yarmouth, N.S., Dec. 11, 1890.

SOME practical improvements in diving apparatus have been effected by M. Albert Marcelhacy, a French engineer. Instead of the heavy electric hand lamp hitherto used by divers he affixes a light but powerful glow lamp on the top of the helmet, so that the diver's hands are both at all times free for work. The lamp is connected by a conductor with a battery either on shore or in a vessel above, as the case may be. The next point is a new method of connecting the helmet with the dress without any loose parts, and this is effected by means of only one watertight joint instead of two, as in the ordinary dress. In the new method the upper part or collar of the india-rubber dress is gripped in between the lower rim of the helmet and the upper rim of the breastplate, and there held fast by gripping pieces attached to the breastplate. These improvements have been adopted in the French navy.—*English Mechanic*.

## BABY'S QUESTION.

MAMMA, why was Jesus born  
When the world was all forlorn?

Surely, baby, you can say  
Who were with him yesterday,  
You who mirror in your eyes  
Worlds of untold mysteries,  
Worlds that I and Papá trod  
Years ago, like you, till God  
Sent us to a world of snow  
Where cold winds and sorrows blow.  
So long since he sent us, pet,  
That Papá and I forget  
What those worlds were like; but you,  
Had you told us what you knew  
When you came, sweet, might have told  
More than all the saints of old  
Dreamed with their cloisters dim  
Of the Father and of Him.

He too was a little child,  
And His mother, when He smiled,  
Full of love and full of fears  
Laughed like mamma through her tears.  
And, like you, her baby Boy  
Came to bring a purer joy  
Than all joy of fields or books,  
Shimmering sea, or shady brooks.  
What my baby brought to me  
He did bring humanity,  
Leading man to God above  
By a child's resistless love.

As with Him, sweet, so with you;  
Even as our Lord Jesus grew  
Perfect in all things that are,  
So, my baby, from afar  
You may follow day by day,  
Asking Him to show the way;  
Till my little one shall reach  
Power of knowledge passing speech,  
Hear the ever murmuring sea  
Till what was and what shall be,  
Or from high on eagle wings  
Pierce the very heart of things,  
Weaving tree and beast and man  
In a great and rhythmic plan,  
Such, dear, as Papá and I  
Shall not fathom till we die.

Good night, darling. Love might trace  
Glorious future in your face;  
Mother asks it not, but prays  
For her wee one happy days,  
Loving friends and ruddy health  
And, with these, yet greater wealth—  
Knowledge that the Lord was born  
All to save a world forlorn.

J. ROSS-WETHERMAN.

## NOTES ON GHOSTS.

"KILLING a ghost would bring him to life again," says the spectre of the Danish monarch, in Lord Iddesleigh's play of "Hamlet, without the Prince of Denmark." Perhaps the reason why ghosts are still so lively is that they have been so often killed by the arguments of sense and of science. Probably as long as mankind endures, belief of some sort will never fail for want of this perennial well-head, this source of a faith that we are environed by mystery and are creatures of it; always ignorant of our whole nature, and of many things that we would give the rest of knowledge to know.

To be frank and make open confession, I admit that, after much study of ghosts, I find myself in Sir Walter Scott's position, as described by Lockhart: "There is, perhaps, in most minds, a point, more or less advanced, at which incredulity on those subjects may be found to waver. Sir Walter, as it seemed to me, never cared to ascertain very precisely where this point lay in his own mental constitution; still less, I suppose, did he wish the investigation to be pursued by others." One of his ghost stories would receive from him a "natural solution"; another tale would be smiled at as "merely fantastical"; a third would "take its chance of a serious reception." Thus, in his own case, there was the apparition of a man that he met as he rode across the moor to Ashiesteil. The tale is in Gillies' "Recollections of Sir Walter Scott," published before Lockhart's biography. Scott seems, after riding back and getting a second view of the spectre, to have left it unexplained; and he treated in the same way the nocturnal disturbances at Abbotsford, on the night when his architect, Mr. Bullock, died in London. On the other hand, Scott explained his vision of Lord Byron, in the hall at Abbotsford, as a mere optical delusion. In Italy he told Sir William Gell "how to make a ghost," and I hope no young person will try the experiment. You paint your ghost white, on tin, exhibit it in the dusk, and make it vanish "by turning the edge, almost without tickness, to the spectator." Thus there are ghosts and ghosts. In a note to the new edition of Sir Walter's diaries, which will be published before this essay, there is a very touching story of Sir Walter's own apparition. His friend, Mr. Skene, of Ruberslaw, was still alive in 1864. One

day his daughter found him with a look of much happiness on his face. He said that Scott had been with him, talking of old times; "he had come a long way." In a few days Mr. Skene died, and one trusts that this ancient friendship found its crown.

No one, to my knowledge, has studied and compared the ghost stories of savages and of the ancient peoples, or has properly examined oriental magic, with its extraordinary performances.

Concerning this last matter, the late Colonel Henry Yule, the editor of *Marco Polo*, had begun collections out of his unrivalled knowledge, but his lamented death has left them incomplete. Among his anecdotes was one about the rope trick—the one in which the magician throws a rope into the air, where it hangs self-suspended. Another magician climbs the rope, and a third follows him with a knife. They disappear; presently the mangled remains of the first climber are thrown down, the second descends, and the fragments of the first are put together and reanimated! Of these prodigious events an oriental traveller in the thirteenth century was a witness. He also saw the cups at the table of the King of Delhi carried by invisible hands, as he supposed. But he adds two curious notes to his narrative; first, that he was seriously unwell after beholding both performances; secondly, that a friend who was with him on the first occasion laughed, and said that nothing had happened at all! Now, the tale of the former feat is current in many ages, and something very like the second, with the other phenomena of the *Poltergeist*, is reported by an early Spanish missionary at the court of a converted Peruvian prince. We may compare with these the oriental arts by which a man is made to sit raised two feet in the air, or is laid at rest, horizontally, with no support but the point of a sword under his elbow. The former trick is described in an old number of the "Asiatic Review"; the latter was reported to me by an English officer, an eye-witness, who closely examined the suspended person. Can we suppose, as the old traveller's tale might suggest, that some hypnotic influence was exercised, and that the looker-on saw what he fancied he saw by dint of hypnotic "suggestion"? Or what are we to say about the most widely-diffused kind of story—that of "supernatural" disturbances, as in the case of the Wesleys' house, or of the Peruvian prince already spoken of; or about those extraordinary anecdotes of disintegrated matter in a recent little book on "Obeah," in Hayti? Very frequently vulgar imposture is at work; but, in the Wesleys' house, or in the old Scotch affair of the Devil of Glenluce, the long-continued disturbances were never explained, any more than the analogous events at Abbotsford. "The noise," says Scott, "resembled half a dozen men hard at work putting up boards and furniture; and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time." The business "made a much stronger impression on Scott's mind," says Lockhart, "than might be gathered from the tone of" his letter to Terry on the subject. This is the most vulgar kind of "manifestation"; but what interests one is the wide diffusion of this belief, and of the belief in the felling of trees by a mysterious "nocturnal axe." This occurs in Ceylon; this sound frightened De Quincey's brother, Pink, on the Galapagos Islands; and this, according to the early Spanish missionary, Sahagun, was heard by trembling Aztecs in the woods of Mexico.

The unanimity of tradition, among races widely remote from each other, interests one; and so does the coincidence of the tradition with what we are told by modern seers, who certainly do not know much about Henry More, or Homer, or the Sagas, or the Eskimos. The tales of the old Jesuit missionaries, in their "Relations," of Huron and Iroquois magic and spiritualism, and the analogous anecdotes of second sight which missionaries like the late Mr. Leslie bring from among Zulus and Basutos, may be looked into by any one who likes to let his fancy roam after the shadowy kindreds of the dark. What was that wind which, on an occasion not lightly to be quoted, shook the Huron "medicine tents"?

As to ghosts, we find the same uniformity, or great similarity, of belief. One of the dialogues of Lucian, the "Philopseudes," reads like a modern conversation of the credulous. In Syria, or Rome, or Athens, as in London, or New York, or Fiji, ghosts have always been the same vague, ineffectual, capricious beings. A ghost with a purpose, and with a rational idea of attaining it, has always been very rare. He seems hampered by impediments of which we know nothing; he moves like a delirious patient walking in a fevered sleep; he never can come to the point, and appear at the right moment to the right person. Ghosts behave so now, and so they behaved to the friends whose tales Lucian laughed at. If there are no such things as ghosts at all, why does all tradition assign to them this common character?

The problem becomes more puzzling when, in lands savage or civilized, people see the spectres of their dead kinsfolk, who predict to them their own dying days, the prophecies fulfilling themselves. This is illustrated by Henry More's tale of the lady who saw her dead mother, was informed that she was to expire at noon the next day, and did so, punctually, among her sorrowing kinsfolk. Now, this kind of ghost and ghostly warning is very common among the natives of Fiji and of Australia, as Mr. Fison and Mr. Charles du Vélle allege. In "The Cruise of the *Beagle*," I think, we hear how Billy Button, a Fuegian boy on board the *Beagle*, saw his father's ghost one night at sea, and how, when they reached Terra del Fuego, they learned that the old gentleman had died at or about the

time when his son beheld his apparition. This shows that the most orthodox and official European ghost may appear to a savage.

People are often advised, if they see an apparition on a chair, to sit down on it; but suppose it turns out to be no ghost, no illusion, but a man of flesh and blood! He would not readily be persuaded by a lady who tried the experiment that her motive was not affectionate, or by a man that it was not insulting. What are people who see wraiths to do? For myself, I have beheld only a brace of apparitions. The first was the wraith of a scholar, at that moment either dead or dying, far from Oriol Lane in Oxford, where I encountered his appearance. The second, fortunately, appeared without any such cause, and for no motive whatever. If the first was a ghost, what was the second? And if the second was an hallucination, can one call the first anything more significant? Lucretius thought that all bodies throw off airy semblances of themselves, which, being beheld, are taken for visible spirits. But he formulated no law of their appearance, nor did he tell us why some persons see them while others do not.

Not long ago, in rather curious circumstances, one person saw what he took for a man, though no man was there present. Twenty minutes afterward, another person saw the same figure, in the same place, though it was now invisible both to its original observer and to a third person, who had joined the other two. All three were in perfect health, and thinking of anything but apparitions. Clearly, "there are visions about"; so many, indeed, that one can hardly rate human testimony very high.

Of one point in the common argument against ghosts, the futility seems to me manifest. Ghosts do not come of "attentive expectation"; at least, not to everybody. I have been at amateur *séances*, and expected a great deal; but never saw or heard anything more abnormal than a suppressed giggle, for which my own innocence was unfeelingly blamed. I have passed nights in a haunted castle, with the whole haunted wing to myself; and that when I was young, ill, and overworked. I have occupied the ghostly chamber where the original of Dickens' Miss Havisham (in "Great Expectations") lived and died in her mouldy bridal raiment. But, in spite of expecting, with fear and trembling, all sorts of horrors, I never saw or heard anything to establish the existence of a bogey. In another haunted castle, and in the haunted room, I have known a timid and invalid spinster to sleep comfortably, though a military officer of approved valour had previously been so frightened in it that he had cut short his visit and fled the place. Here was a ghost of gentlemanly character, who appeared only to persons unlikely, as he might guess, to be dangerously alarmed. As a rule, the fairly-well-attested ghosts of my acquaintance have been seen, not by the timorous and fanciful, but by unimaginative people in perfect health. Some persons, as a man says in one of George Eliot's novels, "have the smell for a ghost"; others have it not; and you cannot say beforehand who will prove a seer, and who will be unvisited by any shape of dread.

A scholar of world-wide reputation (among scholars) was, when a boy, driving in a dog-cart, while a stout farmer held the reins. Both were Scotch. They passed a churchyard, beyond which the road ran through a long avenue of trees. Out of the kirkyard slipped a shadowy figure, passed over the wall, glided beside the dog-cart all down the long shadowy avenue, and then vanished. Neither the man nor the boy said a word while this lasted. When the appearance had vanished, the farmer whispered, "Did you see yon?" "Ay!" said the lad. "Thank the Lord!" cried the farmer; "I was feared it was the horrors." He had been afraid that the appearance was subjective, and born of whisky toddy. Finding that it was objective, he was reassured, though neither he nor his companion ever knew what the thing was that they had looked on. They both, perhaps, were "seers," and "had the smell for a ghost."

To myself, the most impressive spectre I ever heard of, at next to first hand, was this—I think I may have told the tale before: There is, in an English county, a village of one long street. The houses are small and old. At the head of the street, and at right angles to it, is the manor house among its trees. The lady of the place was driving through the village one day (she told me the tale), when, through the open door of one of the houses, five or six children rushed in the utmost panic, and one of them fell down in a fit before the horses. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon, on a sunny August day. The lady stopped, attended to the child, and asked the others what ailed them. They said they had been at play on the staircase, when they were terrified by "a dreadful woman," who suddenly appeared among them. And why was the woman dreadful? The children could say only that she was dressed in a long woollen robe, and had her brow and chin bound up with white linen. In fact, she was a walking corpse, come back from the days when the law compelled us to be buried in woollen, for the better encouragement of the wool trade. This wandering old death, seen in the sunlight by children, has always appealed to me as a very good example of ghosts and of their vague, unaccountable ways. For it is most unlikely that the children knew anything of the obsolete law or of the ancient English mortuary fashions. However, there are differences of taste in ghost stories, and many prefer something with more of a motive for an appearance. But the best-attested spectres are motiveless; they resemble, as Mr. Myers says, what we might expect of a dead man's fevered dream, if in that sleep of death such dreams may come. Whether

they come to the dead or not, a sort of refraction of them has come, and probably will always come, to the living, now and then, and like

A sunset touch,  
A chorus ending of Euripides,

will ever make us less assured that we know all about ourselves and have spoken the final word on death and life. This, I think, is the moral and the lesson of ghost stories—we do not yet know everything.—A. Lang, in *The Forum* for December.

### ART NOTES.

WE are at a disadvantage in noticing Mr. O'Brien's pictures, as we should be in noticing those of any painter who chooses his subjects in many lands and climes; we are unfortunately ignorant of the colourings and natural effects in British Columbia and on the lower St. Lawrence. To this ignorance we must attribute the fact that our favourite pictures among those shown by Mr. O'Brien are scenes from the old country. On entering the room we were first struck by No. 11, "A Woodland Road, Devonshire"; a most restful piece of painting that we should not tire of in a life-time, and that seems to embody in itself the essence of a hundred home remembrances. In No. 22 we do not think that Mr. O'Brien has been quite fortunate in his subject. No. 14, "The Pier at St. Ives," is to our mind a masterpiece, except as to the sky. We may say the same of No. 1, "Out into the Night," on the coast of Cornwall. This is probably the finest piece of work in the exhibition. It is only the sky that makes us hesitate in judgment. In No. 6, "Clovelly Herring Boats," we are not called upon to make any such reservation. The picture is a gem in drawing and colour. And now, as we started, we will end with Mr. O'Brien at his best, as we think, that is as a painter of trees and ferns and mosses. No. 16, "The Lime Walk at Clovelly," is a glory of luminous colours. We have always remembered the first Ruysdael we saw. We shall always remember the first little thing we met with by Mr. O'Brien. It was a little woodland scene, a few square inches, that hung among a host of larger and more pretentious paintings, but we picked it out amongst them all for its truth to nature, its careful finish and exquisite colour. It has been our loss that we have not since met Mr. O'Brien oftener, and we thank him cordially for the opportunity he has given us now.

MR. J. W. L. FORSTER gave a lecture on "Art Criticism and How to See Pictures," before the Alumnae Association of Hamilton Ladies' College, on Saturday, December 13. The lecture was both pleasing and instructive and fully merited the high praise bestowed upon it by Dr. Burns at its close.

### MUSIC AND DRAMA.

WE intended last week, when we launched our barque on the stormy sea of dramatic criticism, to preach a short sermon on the text that we should be thankful for having three theatres in Toronto and should be rather ashamed of ourselves for not supporting them better. We are in a much more favourable position than several places in England with a decidedly larger population; Bristol and Dublin for instance—please do not convict us of perpetrating a bull, as we are quite aware that Dublin is in Ireland. No doubt our readers can add other towns both in the States and England to the two we think of at the moment. Now, we maintain that having good theatrical attractions is just as valuable to a city as the possession of good hotel or street car accommodation. We know nothing of the opinions of the Toronto lessees in this matter. We are led to speak out by what we have observed at the different theatres from time to time. The public at large might be more generous in their patronage, and the daily press a little more generous in its criticism. It is easy to go in for sweeping condemnation. It is not a hard matter to find fault justly with details and yet give an appreciative notice of a performance that may be good as a whole and well worth a visit. Having thus unbosomed ourselves we can proceed to our weekly task.

#### THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

IF we needed an application for the above sermon, we could find it in the meagre attendance at the Grand on Tuesday night. We have not looked upon Rhea as exactly a great artist, but she is undeniably charming, and her company is marvellously well-balanced. The staging of her present piece is of an excellence rarely seen in Toronto. We like Mr. Francœur as "Talleyrand," we like Mr. Rees as "Murat," Mr. Dunbar as "Fouché," Mr. Hastings as "Rustan." We were charmed by Miss Annesley's "Pauline Bonaparte." If we do not mention the rest, it is not because they did not please us equally well. We have still to notice Rhea as "Josephine," and Mr. Harris as "Napoleon." Frankly we wish Rhea would play in French for her own part. Individually we should understand her better, and we have an idea that those who do not know French, would understand her as well in French as they partially do in English. Rhea really makes a charming "Josephine," regal and sweet all through. If the intonation of her English words is Frenchified, it is not a great thing to forgive and forget while we look at her, and, better still, while we hold her face and mien in our memory on the following morning. Mr. Harris makes a good "Napoleon," and that is saying a

good deal, for we can hardly imagine a more exacting character to fill. A perfect make-up of the part almost necessarily implies the temporary possession of a face like a mask. At least we have never seen a face in the flesh that would fill the rôle except that of the present Prince Napoleon. If we have a criticism to pass on Mr. Harris' performance, we shall make it in the way of a surmise. We hardly think it historically correct that Napoleon sat like an apathetic log for minutes together, while things of moment were in progress. Granting that Mr. Harris is historically correct in his interpretation in this particular, we still venture to think that he is artistically wrong. And did Murat always wear that jacket, or whatever it is, slung on one arm? Did Fouché and Talleyrand speak to the Emperor in the tone of their representatives before the footlights? If they did not, the author is to blame and not the players. In conclusion, we cannot but admire the courage shown by Rhea and her company in playing with so much *elan* to such a poor house as that of Tuesday. We do not know to what extent the attendance on that occasion was influenced by the criticisms of the daily press. We did not read them. We trust that our candid opinion will serve to increase the audiences at the Grand on Friday and Saturday.

#### THE ACADEMY.

THE house at the Academy on Monday was fair. It is unfortunate that Miss Coombs was evidently suffering from a severe cold, and we are consequently unable to judge of her full powers. Her enunciation is distinctly good, which cannot be said for the rest of the company. For instance, Mr. Gossin has a most mobile face, but he speaks tragedy all the time, that is to say—the first walking gentleman kind of tragedy. Yet his acting is not to be taken lightly. Miss Daymar, as "Esther Gummerston," has to struggle against the disadvantages of an ugly dress that would make the prettiest girl unprepossessing. The make up of "Jo" and "Guppy" borders on the ludicrous. Mr. Loughney as "Krook" reminded us for a moment of the great Shiel Barry in the "Cloches de Corneville." We hope to see Miss Coombs again in "Bleak House" on Saturday, when she has got over her cold, and that we shall see a fuller house. We would suggest to the stage manager that the thimble-sized wine glasses used in the third act are not favourable examples of Canadian hospitality.

#### TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

A LARGE number of the pupils and their friends were present on the 13th inst, at the matinée musicale given by pupils of the above institution. The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the performance: Mr. George W. Witfield sang "Love's Sorrows," Mr. Bradley "Bruce Waters"; both songs were well rendered and the Messrs. Foad and Wallace sang "The Fishers" with taste and feeling, while Master Eddy Hardy, Misses May Kirkpatrick, Amy Pearce, Flora M. Boyd, Jessie Bustin, Mildred Beck, Mary Johnston and Charlotte Smith acquitted themselves creditably at the piano.

#### TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE organ recital at the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening, Dec. 11, was a very successful and enjoyable affair. Mr. W. E. Fairclough is a painstaking musician and an accomplished performer. The judiciously selected programme by its variety afforded a wide range for the exercise of his capabilities. Every one of his numbers was finely executed, while the "Andante in G minor of Böely," the "Passacaglia of Bach," the "Allegretto of Fumagulli," and the concluding "Fantasie" were specially pleasing. The vocalists added a charm to the entertainment. Mrs. Hutchinson's rich and melodious soprano gave fine effect to "How Dear to My Heart," and Miss Bousall's powerful but well modulated alto had full scope in "Ah rendimi quel core." Together in the duet "Holy Mother guide His footsteps" their singing was most effective. The modest bearing and fine musical enthusiasm of Master Arlidge elicited the sympathetic admiration of the audience. He sang with fine taste and culture "Angels ever Bright and Fair."

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE DOYLE FAIRY BOOK. Illustrated. London: Dean and Son.

Richard Doyle, for some years one of the *Punch* artists and the illustrator of a number of famous books, would have made an undying name for himself were he known only to posterity by the exquisite illustrations of the fascinating fairy book which bears his name. In these marvellous pictures of those mysterious beings, whose province it is in this hard materialistic age to touch with their magic wands, the juvenile imagination, and "to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," he has raised for himself a monument which is as imperishable as the fairies themselves. In the twenty-nine fairy tales translated from many foreign languages with such lucidity and grace by Mr. Anthony R. Montalba, we find apt representatives of the Folk Lore of the Dane, the Hebrew, the German, the Russian, the Arabian, the Iclander, the Italian, the Pole, and of other nations—but alas! We fail to find that prime favourite of our children, dear old "Jack and the bean stalk." Such omissions may serve to remind us that perfection does not abide even in the realm of fairy land. The introductory memoir of Doyle, from the pen of Mr. F. G. Grant, is a fitting preface to one of the best fairy books in our language.

A RASH PROMISE; or, Meg's Secret. By Cecilia Selby Lowndes. Illustrated. London: Blackie and Company; Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Company.

The unwisdom of making rash promises is forcibly illustrated in this story for young readers. It is well told, pervaded by a fine spirit, and sustains the interest from beginning to end. It is neatly and beautifully got-up.

THE YOUNG QUEEN AND OTHER STORIES. By E. S. Vicars. London: George Bell and Sons.

This little volume contains some eight or nine short stories of considerable merit. They are told in an easy, graceful style, and in many of them the dialogue is bright and sparkling. The escapades of "Rachel," who appears in several of the stories, are always amusing; and her talk, which she has great difficulty in keeping within conventional bounds, is fresh and entertaining, but it is continually getting her into trouble. Altogether these stories indicate ability for more ambitious efforts.

BABYLAND. Edited by Editors of Wide Awake. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 75 cents.

"Babyland" is what its name suggests. One of those sweet little oases of life, where little birds sing, little dogs bark, little kittens mew, little ducks twett! twett! all for the pleasure and delight of dear little children; and where dear little boys and girls gallop on hobby horses, play with their attractive toys, scamper through the sunny meadows, or pluck the pretty wild flowers and drink the cup of innocent childish enjoyment to their fill. As we look at the bright, chaste, toned cover and turn over its charming pages they make us almost wish we were a little child again and that this sweet little book was to be one of our Christmas presents.

THE LIGHT PRINCESS AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. By George Macdonald. Illustrated. Glasgow: Blackie and Son; Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Company.

George Macdonald is a very versatile writer. He possesses the art of reaching the heart and intellects of widely differing classes of readers. As a writer of stories for young people he stands pre-eminent. He is able to throw more meaning into a story than most authors who have made this department their specialty. These fairy stories are charming, and, though very different from the matter-of-fact style peculiar to this enlightened age, there is nothing morbid or unhealthy about them. It is well that there should be appropriate stimulus to the young imagination, and George Macdonald knows how to provide it.

TWIXT SCHOOL AND COLLEGE; A tale of Self-reliance. By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N. London: Blackie and Son; Toronto: J. E. Bryant Company.

A book for boys, in which the career of Fred Hallam as school-boy, young farmer, breeder of domestic pets, and student at Aberdeen University, is sketched in a way that cannot fail to interest the youthful reader. In addition to the main incidents of the story, which the author assures us are taken from real life, the book contains a large amount of useful information as to the housing, breeding and management of domestic pets, which any intelligent boy can readily turn to practical advantage. The chapter in which Fred tells his friends what he knows of the habits of wild birds is by no means the least interesting in the volume.

TENNIS, RACKETS, FIVES. By J. Marshall, Major Spens and Rev. Arnan Tait. London: George Bell and Sons.

This little book belongs to the "All England Series," and gives the history and rules of each game in a concise and useful form, besides furnishing many useful hints for beginners and others. The illustrations are good and instructive. Each chapter shows that the authors write from long personal experience, and consequently their contributions to the literature of sport are all the more valuable. It is a pity that these particular games have not as yet taken root here in Canada, and it is to be hoped that the deficiency will ere long be supplied. The trouble has been, we believe, that a good deal of money is required for the initial outlay; but, still, among the wealthier classes of such a city as Toronto, this should be no obstacle when health and recreation go hand in hand.

BROADSWORD AND SINGLESTICK. By R. G. Allanson-Winn and C. Phillips-Wolley. London: George Bell and Sons.

The former of the two authors brought out not long ago an excellent little book on the art of boxing, which was received with much favour. The present work deserves the like treatment. It contains chapters on quarter-staff, bayonet, cudgel, shillalah, walking-stick, umbrella and other weapons of self-defence, each in turn being treated in an interesting and useful spirit. The subject of self-defence is thus discussed in the broadest sense and, we may add, in a capital manner. We may have learnt somewhat before on the art of using the quarter-staff and bayonet; but there are few of us but will be

able to profit by a little instruction in how to make use promptly and effectively of those common accessories which we may find in our hands at almost any hour in the day. This book is one of the "All England Series."

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG. By Charles Lamb. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Toronto: Hart and Company.

As everyone is familiar with this inimitable essay of Lamb, it will suffice to say that in this well printed, beautifully bound and appropriately illustrated edition the publishers have presented to the reading public one of the choicest morceaux of literary gastronomy that the world has ever seen.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. Toronto: Hart and Company.

Mr. Butterworth has so successfully adapted the French method of teaching by anecdote, story and description, together with illustrations innumerable to his purpose, that the Zigzag Series of travel have attained a degree of popularity that is simply marvellous. Is it not really a development of the Kindergarten system for children? The present volume of the Series deals with the North-West by way of our continental railway, the C. P. R. Mr. Butterworth has the power of conveying knowledge in the most attractive and agreeable manner. This volume has a portrait and sketch of the life of its author.

HAL HUNGERFORD. By J. R. Hutchinson. London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin: Blackie and Son.

Mr. Hutchinson writes in a spirited manner well adapted to the youthful mind. Hal Hungerford is a true, plucky English boy, as is shown in his protective care of little Tom. Young readers will follow with keen interest the hair-breadth escapes of Dr. Barnardo's young boy emigrants, from their experiences in the Nova Scotian home of kind old farmer Tomson, to Hal's timely rescue through the intervention of Millie from the horrible death prepared for him by the wretched hermit, to the escape from the smugglers of the *Nancy Lee* and the sad death of little Tom. The story of their eventful lives will be followed with lively appreciation by all juvenile readers to the fitting conclusion of the history in the happy settlement of the hero.

LONGFELLOW'S REMEMBRANCE BOOK. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Toronto: Hart and Company.

One of the brightest features of the Christmas holiday season is the charmingly written and tastefully illustrated books of remembrance of the great poets and writers who have won for themselves cherished places in the hearts of the lovers of literature. The "Longfellow Remembrance Book" is one of this class and it well deserves a place among the books of the holiday season. It consists of a number of pleasing sketches of phases in the life of the good and gentle poet, together with poems from the pens of John G. Whittier and Louise Imogen Gurney, and articles on the boyhood of the poet and his relation to children, by Rev. Samuel Longfellow. There are other interesting articles and a number of illustrations of Longfellow's home. The frontispiece is a fine representation of the subject of the sketches.

THE RED FAIRY BOOK. Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated. London: Longmans, Green and Company.

Mr. Lang has not only won the admiration of his adult contemporaries by his excellent literary work and critical ability, but he has gathered laurels in the domain of juvenile literature as well. We almost wonder in what direction this accomplished scholar will next direct the point of his triumphant pen. He has followed up the success of "The Blue Fairy Book" with a fairy book of another colour "The Red." In it we have many enthralling fairy tales gathered from varied sources. We welcome some as old friends and some we hail as new. We may say that the tales have been translated or adapted with ability and success. In the thirty-seven wondrous stories comprised within the three hundred and sixty-seven pages of "The Red Fairy Book," we have a rich and varied feast from fairy land which will interest, gladden and inspire with awe its juvenile partakers, for many a day and night to come. The illustrations by Messrs. H. J. Ford and Lancelot Speed are admirable, and impart an air of solemn and awful reality to the tales, which greatly enhance their interest.

HUSSEIN THE HOSTAGE; or, A Boy's Adventures in Persia. Illustrated. London: Blackie and Son; Toronto: J. E. Bryant Company.

Hussein Kubi is not more—perhaps he is not so much the hero of this story as his friend and comrade, Askar. Hussein is the eldest son of Mehemet Taki, chief of a fierce, nomadic, semi-independent tribe, dwelling in a mountainous district of Central Persia. Askar, a lad of about twelve, whose father has been slain by a "Kafir" lion, is taken into the chief's household to be trained up with his own sons, the eldest of whom is nearly of the

same age. These two soon become fast friends and inseparable companions. Hussein confides to Askar the whereabouts of a vast cavern which he had furnished with a few conveniences, and in which the lads spent many a happy hour. This cave, the existence of which is known only to Hussein and Askar, becomes a place of importance in the course of events related in the story. Unable to pay a large sum of tribute money demanded by the Shah, and unwilling to make oppressive exactions on his people, he delivers up Hussein as a hostage, and is himself soon afterwards thrown into prison. Askar, devotedly attached to Hussein, determines to rescue, or at least obtain tidings of, the young prince. His two attempts to accomplish this, and Hussein's escape from Teheran to his old home, involve a series of such startling adventures that the reader will be apt to forget the heroes of the story are not full-grown men, but a couple of boys in their early teens.

BY RIGHT OF CONQUEST; or, With Cortez in Mexico. By G. A. Henty. London: Blackie and Son.

MAORI AND SETTLER; A Story of the New Zealand War. By G. A. Henty. London: Blackie and Son; Toronto: J. E. Bryant.

Mr. Henty needs no praise from us; he is too well known and too great a favourite to need further recommendation. The long list of historical tales appended to the volumes named above are evidence enough of this, and these two just published additional volumes deserve all the success of their predecessors. The binding is bright and attractive, such as it ought to be for gay young readers; the illustrations numerous and striking, perhaps if anything a little too striking, but no doubt Messrs. Alfred Pearce and W. S. Stacy know the tastes of their juvenile constituents; a map, too, accompanies each volume. We think Mr. Henty's labours deserving of the highest praise; to interest young boys and girls in great historical scenes and epochs is to do good work. Only one piece of criticism we venture to suggest. Is it necessary, in such stirring historical events as the Conquest of Mexico and the New Zealand War, replete, both of them, with many and many a thrilling incident, is it necessary to devote so large a share of the narrative to the mere story? The popularity of such books as "Great Battles of the British Army," in which nothing extraneous is introduced, leads us to think Mr. Henty would lose no readers by sticking more closely to his text.

ROMOLA. By George Eliot. Illustrated. Florentine Edition. Two Vols. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates. Toronto: Hart and Company.

On the dark background of the fifteenth century from the beautiful home of the Florentines beside the classic Arno the genius of "George Eliot" portrayed in "Romola," a literary masterpiece which rivals in its degree the architectural grandeur of the Duomo, and the artistic glory of the Madonna Dell'Impruneta. The impressive figures which the great artist has drawn with inimitable skill upon her large and rich historic canvas, in Tito, in Nello, and Baldassarre, in the pure angelic Romola, in Savonarola, the martyred Dominican of unfading memory, and the others who appear upon the moving scene bear the imprint of the broadest culture, the deepest insight into human motive, and the play of human thought and feeling, and their outcome in the deeds of life: and show the highest point of literary finish of which this great writer was capable. We know of no work from a literary standpoint more representative of the loftiest school of historic fiction that has been written during the present century. In the two superb volumes of this edition we have one of the happiest combinations of literary and artistic beauty which we have as yet met with. The paper is excellent, the printing sharp, clear and beautiful, the binding in half vellum cloth and blue, with heraldic imprint in gold, and protecting blue cloth covers, is chaste to a degree; and the sixty photogravures, which embellish the volumes from the impressive frontispiece of the author in the first volume to the sombre scene of the execution of Savonarola near the end of the second, embody the most striking personalities, scenes and features of the great Italian city, and the time of marvellous story which has been woven about it.

A ROUGH SHAKING. By George Macdonald. Twelve full-page illustrations. London: Blackie and Son; Toronto: J. E. Bryant Company.

A story for young people by George Macdonald requires no commendation. This is not a tale of battles, sieges, and "moving accidents by flood and field," but of the struggles and sufferings of a brave boy, as sweet in temper, as gentle in manner, as winning and lovable as the little hero of Mrs. Burnett's popular story. Little Lord Fauntleroy had no hardships to undergo, no miseries to endure; his lines had fallen to him in pleasant places. But Clare, the hero of this story, orphaned a second time when he lost the good clergyman and his wife, who had taken to their hearts the child they found sitting on the dead body of his mother, in the ruins of the earthquake shattered church from which they themselves had barely escaped, was thrown at a tender age on the rough world, penniless, without home or friends, and exposed to want, cruelty, and temptation. Yet neither hunger nor cold nor harsh usage could tempt him to wrong-doing, or daunt his courage, or lessen his sweet winsomeness. No one can read the story of his misfortunes and sufferings, and the patience

and courage with which he bore them, without being affected by it. But it must not be thought that it is a story of endurance only. It is a story of achievement also, and the reader will find many of those stirring incidents in which young people chiefly delight. His encounter with the village bully, in which he was so opportunely aided by "Nimrod"; his rescue of the drowning baby from the water butt, and his brief residence in the deserted mansion, with the baby and Tommy and "Abdiel" to provide for; his sojourn with the travelling menagerie; the capture of the burglars at Miss Tempest's—these are some of the striking incidents in an admirable story told with the art of a master.

BY ENGLAND'S AID; or, The Freeing of the Netherlands. By G. A. Henty. With Illustrations and Maps. London: Blackie and Son; Toronto: J. E. Bryant Company.

In perusing this admirable story the reader will meet with great personages, and participate in memorable events; it was an age prolific of great men and memorable enterprises. He will have glimpses of Leicester and Raleigh, Essex and Sir Philip Sidney, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, and the gallant Howard. He will fight with Prince Maurice and Sir Francis Vere in the Netherlands, and follow the white plume of King Henry on the battlefield of Ivry. He will see the swift ships of England out-manoeuvre and out-fight the mighty armament of Spain. He will assist at the capture of Cadiz, and in the long defence of Ostend. He will see the strong cities of the Netherlands, that had been beaten or starved into submission by the Spaniards, re-captured one after another by the Dutch and their English allies, until at last Spain was glad to conclude a peace which brought the war to an end, and secured the independence of Holland forever. But while he is mingling with these great personages and taking part in these great events the reader's interest is never long withdrawn from the fortunes of two English lads, Geoffrey and Lionel Vickers, sons of an Essex clergyman, and protégés of Sir Francis Vere. He follows them through their first campaign in the Netherlands, where they served as pages under Sir Francis; back to England, where they discover and disclose a plot against the Queen's life, and to the fight with the Spanish Armada, in the course of which Geoffrey was borne overboard by a falling mast, and was believed by his friends to have been drowned or slain. He escaped, however, and the fortunes of the brothers are followed in alternate chapters; Lionel campaigning continually until the freedom of the Netherlands is achieved; Geoffrey meeting many strange adventures, until, eight years after the accident which separated them, the brothers meet again.

WILD BEASTS AND THEIR WAYS. Illustrated. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

To quote from the author's preface "when a title is worded 'wild beasts and their ways,' it may be inferred that the wild beasts are to be killed, and that we must thoroughly understand their 'ways' before we can undertake the killing; this will involve a practical study of natural history in the most interesting form." For the first studies on killing, we are given a chapter on the rifles necessary to the sportsman in pursuit of large and small game, and of the great improvements wrought in the huntsman's armoury during the last half century. The wide personal experience of so reliable an authority as Sir Samuel Baker, who can say "all that I described may be depended upon, as the result of a long life's observation in many portions of the world, during which, although devoted since my boyhood to the rifle, I have never hunted without a keen sense of enjoyment in studying the habits of the animals pursued," gives a yet deeper fascination to this hunter's thrilling sporting adventures in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. In his stories of the elephant, tiger, leopard, lion, bear, hippopotamus and other animals too many to enumerate here, the author's firm grasp of his subject, and clever descriptions of "wild beasts and their ways," will open a source of true pleasure to all lovers of the chase. This book is a valuable contribution to that branch of literature so well upheld by such able pourtrayers of animal and sporting life as Gordon Cumming, "The old Shekarry," etc., and we feel confident that it will receive a warm welcome. Sir Samuel Baker is a true sportsman, never killing for the mere sake of "making a big bag." In vigorous English he has presented to us the treasured knowledge acquired by a sportsman of fifty years standing. The following extract shows him to be no believer in the quelling power of the human eye on beasts of prey: "It is an error to suppose that the steady look from the human eye will affect an animal of a superior power, and thereby exert a subduing influence; on the contrary, I believe that the mere fact of this concentration of a fixed stare upon the responding eyes of a savage animal will increase its rage and incite it to attack. If an animal sees you, and it imagines itself unobserved, it will frequently pass by, or otherwise retreat, as it believes it is unseen, and therefore it has no immediate dread; but if it is convinced you mean mischief, by staring it out of countenance, it will in all probability take the initiative and forestall the anticipated attack." We may add that this book is not a mere scientific treatise, but is a graphic and powerful pourtrayal of wild adventures by night and by day in

Indian jungles, on African plains, in the tropical forests of Ceylon, and other wild scenes. The recitals throughout bear the touch of the masterhand of one perfectly familiar with his subject.

ASCUTNEY STREET; A Neighbourhood Story. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Mrs. Whitney's works are always deservedly popular, and "Ascutney Street" will add to her popularity, and be warmly welcomed by the admirers of her clever, but almost "painfully cultivated" style. This book will repay a more careful reading than is usually given to so slight a story, as it contains much depth of thought, of a refined and elevating character. Ascutney Street is charmingly described, with its little rivalries and small ambitions, as a few quotations will show. "Ascutney Street took rank, as it had been laid out to do, with pronounced gentility, albeit in a small way." . . . Most of the ladies "did their own housework, with help hired in, and with a reticent dignity, nobly superior to any circumstance involved, except the carefully guarded contingency of being caught at it. . . . To do them justice, the credit of the whole street was so much at every heart that they would not have found each other out—out loud—if they could." There are some lovely descriptions of scenery, and speaking of Miss Rickstack's garden, she mentions "the low, jewelled bed of pansies, with beautiful dark velvet faces, or pale, sweet silken ones in tenderest violet, straw-colour, creamy, or pure white, crowding and smiling upward. We are glad to see how thoroughly the authoress enters into and appreciates the well-known and delightful fairy tales—"Alice in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-glass." Mrs. Whitney shows both courage and kindness in taking for her heroine, Jane Gregory, a pretty young seamstress, quite one of "nature's gentlewomen," and thereby interesting us in a class for whom much might be done, by a little consideration, to relieve the monotony of their somewhat "jog-trot" and toilsome lives. The story begins with the loss in a gust of wind of Jane's hat, while getting into a train; her sweet and modest manner of conducting herself under the loss attracts the attention of a gentleman—Dr. Griffith—a true "gentleman," whose unobtrusive and courteous assistance makes a lasting impression upon her, and thus is laid the foundation of the romance of both lives. It is a most pleasant and interesting book, even though a somewhat "laboured simplicity" is apparent, and it would seem that the English language is inadequate to supply Mrs. Whitney with sufficient adjectives, consequently obliging her to "coin" a good many.

THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE PRAYER BOOK. By the Rev. Dyson Hague, M.A., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, N.S. Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Company.

Some sixteen years ago we heard the celebrated Rev. Stopford Brooke lecture in St. James', Picadilly, on "Christianity in the Poetry of Shelley." By explaining away everything the poet said against the Christian faith, he managed, very cleverly, to prove that Shelley was rather a good Christian. This seems to be the Rev. Dyson Hague's method with the Prayer Book. He is determined to make it "Protestant" in his own, coloured, acceptance of the term. If history is against him, so much the worse for history. He quite ignores the fact that the English Reformation was based on an appeal to Catholic antiquity, and that the quoted opinions of the Reformers savour so strongly of Catholic (not Roman) doctrine, that they would make a modern Protestant, of Mr. Hague's type, shake in his shoes. That does not matter in the least. The Prayer Book must be "Protestant" at any cost, and "Protestant" the Rev. author proceeds to make it.

In a brief book notice it is impossible to go into the question in detail, and we will therefore refer only to the chapter on the Communion Office. We have here a fair sample of the author's idea of argument. On page 42 he says: "It is well, then, to remember that these services—communion, baptismal and ordination—were composed and compiled, and supervised, in the most Protestant age, and by the most Protestant men, and were in identity with, or similarity to, the most Protestant views that the world has ever known. A comparison of our Communion Service, with the Sarum or Roman services, will speedily make this point clear. What our Communion Service is, as compared with the Roman Mass, is known to all who may have ever witnessed that ceremony in a Roman Church. The strange and unintelligible mutterings, the incessant crossings and genuflections, the kissing of altar and paten, the uplifting of the host, the prostration of the people, the lighting of the candles, the burning of incense, the changing of vestments, the tinkling of the bell—all these things remind one more of the performance of some ceremony of heathenism than the administration of the Lord's Supper to His believing people." This certainly is a wonderful statement. First as to the "Protestant age" and the Protestant authors of the Prayer Book. Why, that age had no idea of modern "Protestantism;" Protestantism then meant opposition to Roman corruptions, and not, as now, to Catholic truth. Were we to quote the teaching of these so-called "Protestant men" on such subjects, as confession, absolution, baptismal regeneration, and the real presence, Mr. Hague and his school would repudiate it with vehement indignation. It is also a revelation in

theology to learn that the essential truth of a service depends on its accessories. The English Communion cannot possibly be at all the same as the Roman mass, because, forsooth, the latter is celebrated with vestments, lights, incense, genuflections, etc. Then, we suppose, the Communion office in St. Paul's Church, Halifax, has no identity with the one used at St. Alban's, Holborn, or St. Matthias', Toronto, because in these latter churches we see many of the ornaments complained of; and if we carry this kind of reasoning into every day life, the woman we left in the morning in a plain tweed dress cannot be the same beautiful being who greets us, on our return in the evening, in all the radiance of the gas light, and with all the adornment of silks and jewels.

*Knowledge*—John B. Alden, publisher—adds its weekly quota of information on matters of encyclopedic interest.

*Friend's Music and Drama* in its Christmas number is a striking illustration of what the happy combination of artistic taste and business energy can accomplish.

*The Musical Courier* comes to us in bright attire, the letter-press is of unusual merit, and it is accompanied by an artistic supplement comprising sixteen well executed character portraits of members of the Metropolitan Opera House Company of New York.

*The Christmas Wide Awake* is, as usual, charmingly printed and illustrated. In the space at our disposal it would be invidious to particularize where so many things are good; we have found the stories invariably readable. The frontispiece is, to our mind, worth the price of the issue.

ONE of the brightest, purest and best purveyors of literary pabulum to the youthful appetite of the present day is that old—yet ever youthful—journal—*The Youth's Companion* of Boston. Its Christmas double number has almost restored to us the fervour and vivacity of youth.

*Queries Magazine* has for frontispiece an excellent portrait of Richard Wagner. Amongst the articles are one on Whittier, another on Mercator, and a third on J. P. F. Richter. Teachers will relish the reprinting of a lecture on "Science Teaching" by A. P. Laurie of Cambridge, England.

*The Illustrated London News*—Christmas number—has the beautiful coloured plates "The Swing," and "Idle Moments," and "Little Jack Horner," the last from a picture of the distinguished artist Jan Van Beers. The letter-press is seasonable and charming, and includes "Only a Shadow," by the well known writers D. Christie Murray and Henry Hermann; "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out," by Rudyard Kipling; "Ye Baron's Daughter and Ye Squire of low Degree"; and "A Ballad of two Lovers," with appropriate illustrations interspersed.

*The Cosmopolitan* for this month is a good number with a varied and interesting table of contents and many delightful illustrations. Amongst the more important articles are "The Passion Play at Oberammergau," "The Cruise of the *Tonoma*," "Literary Boston," "Field Marshal von Moltke," "Collections of Teapots"—all embellished with admirable pictures. Dr. Edward Everett Hale writes on "Temperance" as a social problem; Murat Halstead reviews current events; and Gertrude Franklin Atherton contributes an amusing story of a fascinating widow who engaged herself to four young men at one and the same time.

*Outing* for December is a capital number. The first part of "A Far Countree" shows great power, and from the materials of the remotest history is woven a thrilling and absorbing tale. In "The Switzers of America," C. H. Shinn writes of old mining days. Walter Camp brings football to the fore in "What is Foul Tackling." "Cyclists for Cavalry Duty" is an able article on a new phase of modern warfare. St. George Rathbone graphically writes of Florida. J. Parmly Paret brings cricket to the fore in "Scientific Bowling." Buck hunting finds an advocate in Merlin. And other bright readable articles treat of a variety of topics such as Swan Shooting, Photography, Fox Hunting, etc.

*The Methodist Magazine* for December has quite a Christmas flavour. Mr. Algernon Blackwood contributes "Christmas in England." The editor demonstrates the superior advantages of Canada over any country in the world. Professor A. P. Colman, Ph.D., writes on "Norway and Its People." Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage" comes to its tragic close, and the editor adds a postscript on her death on board the *Sunbeam* and burial at sea. All the above are well illustrated. Other articles, poems, etc., make a capital number. The *Magazine* for 1891 will be enlarged by 100 pages to make room for a new department on "Popular Science."

THE December number of the *New England Magazine* will no doubt please a variety of readers. The literary man will read "Emerson and His Friends in Concord," and "Our Unclean Fiction" (which the author traces to French influences). The historian will turn to "Anti-Slavery Boston," and "King Philip's War," and "A General of the Revolution" (Major-General William Heath is the officer alluded to). The politician will interest himself in the question "What shall we do with the millionaires?" and all will read such lighter articles as "A Day in the Yosemite with a Kodak"; "The Romance of Miles O'Meara"; "Making Man-o-war's men," etc. Numerous illustrations accompany the letter-press throughout.

THE December number of the *Forum* on "The Government of American Cities," Andrew D. White, shows that the weakest point of American government is in the management of municipal affairs. Jules Simon, of the French Senate, contributes an able article on "The Stability of the French Republic." President Eliot, of Harvard, writes of "Family Stocks in a Democracy." President W. A. P. Martin, of the Royal Tung Weng College, China, writes on "China's Competition with Western Nations." W. M. Springer publishes results of the Census. Archdeacon Farrar writes on the "Formative Influences" in his own life. There are other essays by Major J. W. Powell, Frances Power Cobbe, Commander F. M. Barber, Andrew Lang, and Prof. R. H. Thurston.

*Scribner's Magazine* for December is a capital holiday number (with a special bronze cover) containing articles illustrated by Robert Blum, Domenico Morelli, Harry Furniss, Howard Pyle, A. F. Jacassy, C. D. Gibson, W. L. Taylor, and W. L. Metcalf. Among the contributions are Sir Edwin Arnold's first paper on Japan; Humphry Ward's description of a famous London picture sales-room; W. H. Rideing's picturesque account of Amy Robsart's country; A. F. Jacassy's article on Domenico Morelli; and three short stories suited to the Christmas season by Octave Thanet, Richard Harding Davis, and George A. Hibbard. The poems of the issue include Helen Leah Reed's Sargent prize translation of Horace, Book III, Ode XXIX; and contributions by Richard Henry Stoddard, Duncan Campbell Scott, and James Herbert Morse.

THE Christmas number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* now issued opens with "The Ancestral Home of the Washingtons," and we promptly skipped it because we do not want to hear anything more of Washington or of Abraham Lincoln, at least not just now. "The Wisdom Tooth," by Christie Murray and Henry Hermann, is a passable story. There is a gossip article on Clint, entitled "A Painter of Players." The reproduction of some of Clint's work is good, and the gossip about the players is interesting, if somewhat stale. The Bishop of Bedford sends a timely and instructive contribution on "Working Men's Clubs." If we have any fault to find with Mr. Norman's "Inns and Taverns of London," it is that he has not given us enough of them. We are disappointed in the humour of Mr. Wain's designs to the "Frogmoussiad," but we are perhaps a little too exacting. We need only refer to some welcome illustrations of spots in Westminster Abbey by Herbert Railton, accompanied by notes by Archdeacon Farrar. A couple of short stories and an instalment of Marion Crawford's serial make up a very good number. There are some quaint and pretty initials, headings and tailpieces.

THE December number of *St. Nicholas* has for frontispiece Rembrandt's wonderful portrait of himself, engraved by T. Johnson. This portrait is referred to in Mrs. Dodge's account of Holland and its strange features. There are to be two of these papers, and it is the first, which here appears under the name "The Land of Pluck," fully illustrated by new drawings made expressly by George Wharton Edwards. Another important contribution is "The Story of the Golden Fleece," by Andrew Lang, with illustrations by Birch. The serials, by J. T. Trowbridge, Noah Books, and Mrs. C. V. Jamison, are captivating stories; all three serials are admirably illustrated. Among the shorter stories, Joaquin Miller has an exciting tale of his own early life, illustrated by Remington. Frank M. Bicknell tells of "The People who Jumped," illustrated by E. B. Bensell; Miss Ewell of "Master Muffet's Mishap." Adele M. Field describes an "Elephant Hunt in Sierra," and Emilie Poulsson has a pretty Christmas story. There is a poem by R. W. Gilder, and a "Sewing Song," by Mary J. Jacques; a jingle by Isabel Frances Bellows; a poem, "The Little Fir-Trees," by Evaleen Stein, and pictures, notions, and suggestions as usual.

THE December *Century* has a Christmas story by Joel Chandler Harris, and a Christmas poem by President Henry Morton, of Stevens Institute, while the editor has "Some Christmas Reflections." The frontispiece is "Daphne," by George W. Maynard in "The Century Series of American Pictures," and the opening paper is General Bidwell's "Life in California Before the Gold Discovery." Here is also published "Ranch and Mission Days in Alta California." Mr. Charles Henry Hart has a paper on "Franklin in Allegory," with a full-page engraving of Franklin after a portrait by Peale, and reproductions of French prints. The fiction includes stories by Joel Chandler Harris, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps—"Fourteen to One" (a true story); Richard Harding Davis, and Maurice Thompson—"A Pair of Old Boys"; F. Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" is continued; and "Sister Dolorosa," a three-part story, by James Lane Allen, is begun. This is a companion story to Mr. Allen's tragic story of "The White Cowl." It is interesting to read in this number the views on acting by Tommaso Salvini, the greatest of living tragedians. Other illustrated papers are Mr. Maclay's "Laurels of the American Tar in 1812," and Mr. Rockhill's "The Border-Land of China." The poetry of the number has "Some Boys," by James Whitcomb Riley. Other poems are by Austin Dobson, and Celia Thaxter, and George Parsons Lathrop. Further topics treated are "Trees in America," "The Railway Zone-Tariff of Hungary," and "Higher Education: A Word to Women," by Miss Josephine Lazarus.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MESSRS. HART AND COMPANY, who recently published Mrs. Harrison's "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis," have just issued another meritorious volume of Canadian verse, "The Song of an Exile," and other poems, by Mr. Wilfrid S. Skeats, a young Anglo-Canadian poet of excellent promise. We compliment the publishers on their Canadian enterprise.

THE NEWS PRINTING COMPANY have issued a souvenir album of Canadian Statesmen. It contains, beneath an artistic cover of blue and gold, pleasing photogravures of many of the men who have been making our history during the last half century.

OUR talented and versatile contributor, Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P., is seeking laurels in the field of fiction. He has contributed the opening chapter of the composite tale, "George Rowan the Emigrant," which appeared in the *Winnipeg Tribune* of the 6th inst.

PRINCESS BEATRICE of England is writing a book on lace, to be illustrated by herself.

THE brilliant *Scots Observer* has changed its title, and made its first appearance as the *National Observer*.

PROFESSOR SAYCE leaves Oxford to spend the winter in Egypt. He resigns all appointments except his fellowship at Queen's.

THE *Century Magazine* is running a fast press day and night to have the first instalment of "The Talleyrand Memoirs" ready for the January number.

JEAN INGELow is sixty, but her cheeks are as rosy and round as a girl's. She writes but little now and lives in an old stone house in Kensington, England.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE is writing a story of the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks in 1454. He intends it to be as good in its way as "Ben Hur."

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE, always restless and energetic, is, it is said, to start shortly on a voyage round the world in one of the Canadian Pacific Company's new steamers.

WALT WHITMAN is putting the later touches to a volume called "Good-Bye my Fancy," containing his old age songlets, and intended as a "second annex and completion" to "Leaves of Grass."

WORTHINGTON'S COMPANY, of New York, announce "W. Heimbürg's Christmas Stories," translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, and "One of Cleopatra's Nights," translated by Lafcadio Herne; both illustrated.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY have published "Ways and Means," by Rev. F. E. Clark. "Our Early Presidents," etc., by Harriet T. Upton, and new editions of "The Artists' Gallery" and other interesting works.

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEUS' account of his exploratory arctic journey across Greenland, fully illustrated, is announced by Longmans, Green and Company. It will be a work of unusual interest by a great explorer.

THE *World* contradicts, "on authority," the statement about Sir Edwin Arnold's retirement from journalism which has been going the round of the papers. Sir Edwin may, it says, be expected back in London very soon to resume his editorial functions on the *Daily Telegraph*.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have issued attractive catalogues of books of infinite variety, some being of great value from an artistic or literary standpoint such as "The Museum of Painting and Sculpture," a collection of 1,500 splendid engravings of the great pictures, statues, etc., in the galleries of Europe, including the great English representatives in those arts. Rich editions of the standard authors, of scientific works and new holiday publications also fill their pages.

THERE has recently been found among Mr. Thackeray's papers a collection of drawings from his pencil. They were apparently intended to illustrate the strange adventures of a fisherman at Boulogne, who set himself the task of, single-handed, capturing the British fleet. Thackeray never finished the story, but the drawings tell it with considerable effect. Mrs. Ritchie, daughter of the novelist, is writing an article on the treasure trove.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Bertenshaw, T. H., B.A., B. Mus. Longmans' French Grammar. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Butterworth, Ezekiah. Zigzag Journeys in the Great Northwest. \$1.75. Boston: Estes & Lauriat; Toronto: Hart & Co.
- Comte De Maugny. Souvenirs of the Second Empire. London: Dean & Son.
- De Salis, Mrs. Tempting Dishes for Small Incomes. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Eliot, George. Romola. Florentine Edition Illustrated. \$6.00. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates; Toronto: Hart & Co.
- Freytag, Gustav. The Lost Manuscript. 2 vols. \$4.00. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.
- Gautier, Theophile. One of Cleopatra's Nights. 50c. New York: Worthington & Co.
- De Saint Amand, Imbert. The Court of the Empress Josephine. \$1.25. Translated by Thos. Sergeant Perry. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- Lamb, Chas. Dissertation upon Roast Pig. \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.; Toronto: Hart & Co.
- Olipphant, Mrs. Royal Edinburgh. American Edition, \$3.00; English Edition, \$8.00. London: Macmillan & Co.
- Stewart, Aubrey, M.A. The Tale of Troy. \$1.00. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- Longfellow Remembrance Book. \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.; Toronto: Hart & Co.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THERE'S a song in the air!  
There's a star in the sky!  
There's a mother's deep prayer,  
And a baby's low cry.

And the star rains its fire  
While the beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem  
Cradles a King!

There's a tumult of joy  
O'er the wonderful birth,  
For the Virgin's sweet boy  
Is the Lord of the earth.

J. G. HOLLAND.

## CHRISTMAS TOYS.

CHRISTMAS toys are fast encroaching upon the window spaces that flank the principal town thoroughfares. Everywhere children may be seen loitering outside the brightly lighted shops, deep in the momentous problem of selecting the most fitting Christmas gifts. No city man, be he ever so much hindered by the erratic movements of these little ones, can, if there is a warm corner left anywhere within him, grudge the loss of time when he sees their shining faces, and their wondering eyes exploring the motley collection of toys, new and old, which, in bewildering variety, compete for the juvenile attention. The same toys, or almost the same, have distracted and delighted many generations of children. The doll, the hoop, the ball are coeval with civilization. They have been found in the Catacombs at Rome, and the shrivelled mummies that sleep in the tombs of Thebes played with them when they and the world were young. When the ancient Briton was fashioning the few rude utensils with whose use he was acquainted, the kite had been flown and the top had been spun for thousands of years in China. Even the comparatively modern toys of their legacies from the middle ages, the product of German ingenuity. The Noah's Ark is German from the points of its gables to its promenade platform. The almost military bearing of the trio of brothers is in itself suggestive. Their singular attire, and that of their wives, is a wooden echo of the peasant costumes of the Schwarzwald, and the representatives of the fauna of the same locality are never absent when the ark is new, and are often honoured by a generous exaggeration of their dimensions. The time-honoured favourites of the nursery are likely to be favourites to the end of time, whatever science may do towards their evolution. It is a curious fact that the application of mechanism, from the primitive device, the purple monkey on the yellow stick, down to these days of the phonographic doll, has always been studied and developed in other countries. There is hardly an English invention to record. It will be strange if the movement now on foot to encourage toy making as a form of industry does not succeed in a country where children have more money given them to spend than anywhere save in the United States.—*Manchester Examiner*.

## THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

THERE must be something very good in human nature, or people would not experience so much pleasure in giving; there must be something very bad in human nature, or more people would try the experiment of giving. Those who do try it become enamoured of it, and get their chief pleasure in life out of it; and so evident is this that there is some basis for the idea that it is ignorance rather than badness which keeps so many people from being generous. Of course it may become a sort of dissipation, or more than that, a devastation, as many men who have what are called "good wivets" have reason to know, in the gradual disappearance of their wardrobe if they chance to lay aside any of it temporarily. The amount that a good woman can give away is only measured by her opportunity. Her mind becomes so trained in the mystery of this pleasure that she experiences no thrill of delight in giving away only the things her husband does not want. Her office in life is to teach him the joy of self-sacrifice. She and all other habitual and irreclaimable givers soon find out that there is next to no pleasure in a gift unless it involves some self-denial.

Let one consider seriously whether he ever gets as much satisfaction out of a gift received as out of one given. It pleases him for the moment, and if it is useful for a long time, he turns it over and admires it; he may value it as a token of affection, and it flatters his self-esteem that he is the object of it. But it is a transient feeling compared with that he has when he has made a gift. That substantially ministers to his self-esteem. He follows the gift; he dwells upon the delight of the receiver; his imagination plays about it; it will never wear out or become stale; having parted with it, it is for him a lasting possession. It is an investment as lasting as that in the debt of England. Like a good deed, it grows, and is continually satisfactory. It is something to think of when he first wakes in the morning—a time when most people are badly put to it for want of something pleasant to think of. This fact about giving is so incontestably true that it is a wonder that enlightened people do not more freely indulge in giving for their own comfort. It is, above all else, amazing that so many imagine they are going to get any satisfaction out

of what they leave by will. They may be in a state where they will enjoy it, if the will is not fought over; but it is shocking how little gratitude there is accorded to a departed giver compared to a living giver. He couldn't take the property with him, it is said; he was obliged to leave it to somebody. By this thought his generosity is always reduced to a minimum. He may build a monument to himself in some institution, but we do not know enough of the world to which he has gone to know whether a tiny monument on this earth is any satisfaction to a person who is free of the universe. Whereas every giving or deed of real humanity done while he was living would have entered into his character, and would be of lasting service to him—that is, in any future which we can conceive.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for December.*

## THOROUGH.

From the Swedish of Count Snoilsky.

ONE and only must thy purpose be,  
Whole and decided:  
From giant force but pygmy deed wouldst see  
Were it divided.

Thou must at once thy choice for ever make,  
For strife or pleasure:  
Must choose the kernel or the husk to take—  
Repent at leisure.

Some seek for pearls, others for bubbles mere,  
On life's sea cruising:  
Complain not if the bubble disappear,  
'Twas thine own choosing.

—Collard J. Stock.

## THE MISTLETOE—AN INHERITANCE FROM THE DRUIDS.

THE legend of the mistletoe is an inheritance from the religion of the Druids. The cathedral arches under which the Celts worshipped were the spreading branches of the oak, the roof a dense foliage of greenery, and the mistletoe, the mystical parasite of the tree, was a symbol full of meaning, for it was believed to renew its life by some agency differing from that which propagated all other plants, and to exist by a divine power. Here, under the oak, the favourite tree of the Celtic sun-god, at the period of the winter-solstice, priests and people sacrificed white bulls and human victims. The mistletoe was gathered and dispensed in small sprays, to be hung by the worshippers over their doors as amulets against evil, and propitiation to the sylvan deities. The Scandinavian legend of the mistletoe, which tells the story how Loki, the god of fire, made the mistletoe the agent of the death of Balder, most glorious of Odin's children, is familiar to all students of the Norse Sagas. The mistletoe continues to be specially cultivated in England for the sale which is always large at Christmas-tide, but the apple-tree has taken the place of the oak, as the soil on which the plant feeds the most generously. The kissing privilege connected with the mistletoe during the days of yule is probably the most familiar relic of its traditions. Both the yule-fire and the mistletoe were of old believed to have special virtue as safeguards against the powers of evil; yet when they became thoroughly embodied in the Christian legend, it was not so much this as their suggestion of the divine power which at Christmas kept the Prince of Darkness and his satellites in abject submission, that gave them their value. All readers of Shakespeare will remember the legend and its association with the crowing of the cock, as put in the mouth of Marcellus in *Hamlet* :—

It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawn singeth all night long:  
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

## THE PEOPLE'S GOSPEL.

EVERY little while we hear of, what an interesting time this is to live in, with its eager activities and rapid gains, its marvellous inventions and triumphant forces, its conquests by hand and brain, its telling out aloud of the secrets of the earth and sea and air and stars! But we are living, all of us, in the presence of a far more majestic movement, and it is the old miracle of the Galilean mountain side and the hungry wayfarers over again. Underneath, within, beyond all these mechanisms and expositions of mortal energy and skill, there is building silently another commonwealth, a house of almighty justice and love for the brotherhood of man, a city of God out of heaven, not reared by the builders of roads, or factories, or ships, or empires, or universities. Ministers of the Gospel proclaim it; statesmen may help to bring it on; scholars may serve it; but so can every one of us, like the lads with the loaves. Out of the classrooms of colleges, out of libraries, lecture halls, workshops, and the fields ought to come workmen in that work, and master workmen. Out of the homes of a believing and thankful people and the arms of gracious mothers should come labourers just as honourable and just as true as those of Galilee, who find it needful enough and mastery enough to follow the steps and share the homely lot of Him who is Master of us all. And all this will be the people's gospel.—*Bishop Huntington.*



## DUTCH LULLABY.\*

WYNKEN, Blynken and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—  
Sailed on a river of crystal light  
Into a sea of dew :  
"Where are you going, and what do you wish ?"  
The old moon asked the three ;—  
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish  
That live in this beautiful sea ;  
Nets of silver and gold have we !"  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew.  
The little stars were the herring-fish  
That lived in that beautiful sea ;—  
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—  
Never afear'd are we ;"  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken  
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam—  
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home ;  
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea ;—  
But I shall name you the fishermen three :  
Wynken,  
Blynken  
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies,  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.  
So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things,  
As you rock in the misty sea  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three :  
Wynken,  
Blynken  
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

## AN ENGLISH VIEW OF HAWTHORNE.

READERS of Hawthorne can hardly fail to observe the prominence he gives to portraits and their painters. His references to them are frequent and particular. He treats them as though they possessed a profound human or superhuman significance. The great Pyncheon portrait in "The House of the Seven Gables" is made to conceal the missing title deeds during all the years of the Pyncheon ascendancy, and its fall from the walls is coincident with the healing of the breach which forms the motive of the romance. Holgrave, the photographic artist, is made to say: "There is wonderful insight in heaven's broad and simple sunshine. While we give it credit for only reflecting the merest surface, it actually brings out the secret character with a truth that no painter would ever venture upon, even could he detect it." In "The Prophetic Pictures," one of the "Twice Told Tales," the artist "paints, not merely a man's features, but his mind and heart—he catches the secret sentiments and passions, and throws them upon the canvas." Of this wonderful painter we are told that the rumour went that after he had once got possession of a person's face and figure he might paint him in any act or situation whatever, and the picture would be prophetic. The painter's own theory of his art, as set forth in the story, is that the true artist must look beneath the exterior. It is his gift "to see the inmost soul, and by a power indefinable even to himself, to make it glow or darken on the canvas, in glances that express the thought or sentiment of years." Just such a painter was Hawthorne himself, only that his tools were pen and ink-stand instead of brush and palette. His method is essentially that which is here described. He is one who not merely draws the features—which, however, he does with wonderful exactness—but the mind and heart. He, too, is a painter of prophetic pictures—pictures which reveal, not indeed the future of the world of fact, but the realities of the possible. He wrought upon the transcendental principle that circumstances influence behaviour, and develop but do not radically alter character. A gifted observer, he was not contented simply to transfer to literature such facts in life as came under his observation. These served as a basis; but for the men and women whom he met in daily life he conceived some new and striking environment, and worked out the result. We may suppose that Hester Prynne might have been a fairly happy and truly devoted wife and mother, with no

\*"Neither Blake nor Mr. Stevenson has written, to my mind, a more delightful song of childhood."—Andrew Lang, in *Longmans for December*.

extraordinary experiences to record. Perhaps Hawthorne knew the original in some such aspect. But the fire which warms the hands may burn the house; and Hester, defrauded in marriage of the needed love, and finding it outside amid a community of rigid Puritans, develops into the figure of "The Scarlet Letter." Clifford Pyncheon, the sensitive lover of the beautiful, created for careless, irresponsible happiness, is arrested in his growth by an almost life-long imprisonment; and in the wreck of his life we discover an infinite pathos, knowing what has been lost. The Faun in "Transformation," a figure not wholly dissimilar in character, derives his development, as Hester Prynne derives hers, from sin; the one in knowledge of it, the other in participation. Powers undeveloped or capable of a development different from the actual, where the material with which Hawthorne wrought. In his choice of subjects, Hawthorne was eclectic. The "sleek and comfortable visage and the gold-laced coat" did not attract him. Persons of outward grandeur figure seldom in his writings, and only as minor personages. For the most part, his people are the people of the every-day world, whom most of us would pass in the street without a second glance, but whose faces were to Hawthorne the index of something "uncommon in thought, sentiment, or experience." Hester, Hollingsworth, the Pyncheons, and the Maules, although by virtue of Hawthorne's magic they did for our behoof many wondrous deeds, belonged essentially to the ordinary life of the world; and their originals were, no doubt, for the most part, in the mere lives they did lead—though not in the lives which Hawthorne shows they might, under other conditions, have led—commonplace enough.—*London Academy*.

AMUSE not thyself about riddles of future things. Study prophesies when they become histories, and past hovering in their causes. Eye well things past and present, and let competent sagacity suffice for things to come.—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

UNDERSTANDING does not always drive onward like an arrow. The mind sometimes by making a halt, and going round for advice, moves straight on, nevertheless, and hits the mark.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

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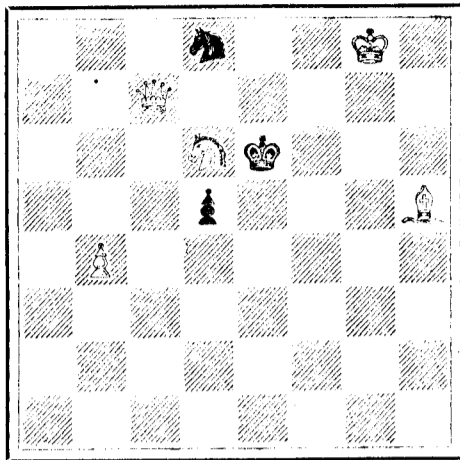
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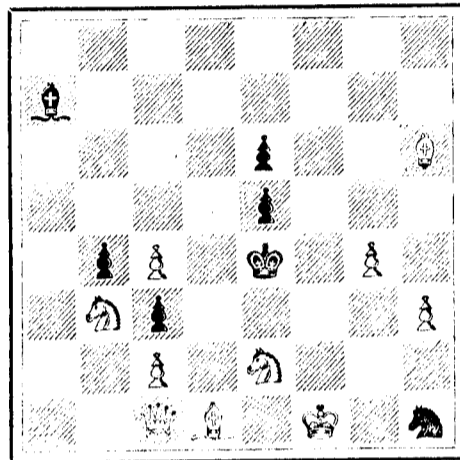
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

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- White. 1. Kt-Kt4 2. Q-R7+ 3. Kt-B6 mate

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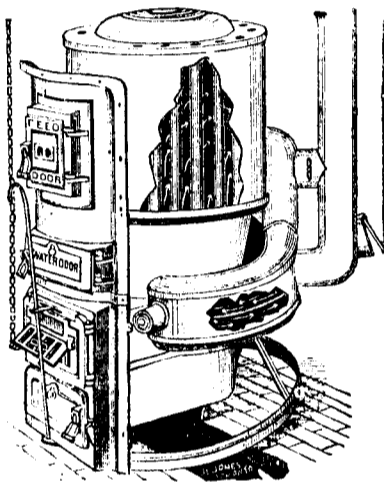
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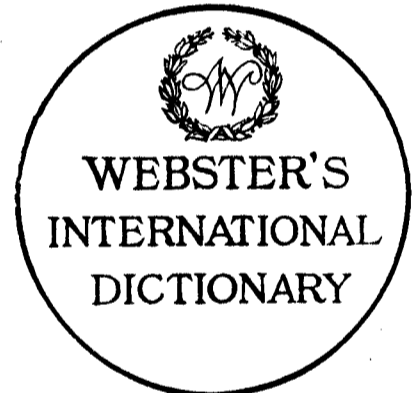
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