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editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to
any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WHETHER Mr. E. B. Osler is the most eligible of the candidates for the mayoralty or not, and whether his chances of election are better or worse than those of any of his competitors, the meeting held on Friday last for the ratification of his candidature afforded cause on the most public grounds for peculiar satisfaction. It did what has hardly been done in any of our municipal elections for many a year. It called out the quiet ratepayer. Previous municipal contests have been battles of political parties, political, national or religious fraternities, special interests, different churches or the adherents of philanthropic crusades and their opponents, forming by their intersections and collisions a chaos of intrigue, dickering and cabal, the temporary paradise of the wire-puller. The broad interests of the city have been nowhere: lip homage has always been paid to them; but in fact they have given place to any bait or allurements that could catch this or the other sectional vote. The quiet ratepayer, the man who only wants good police, good water, good streets, good drainage, good city government generally and moderate taxation, while the party and sectional meetings were vexing the air with their declamations, sat at home desponding and silent. He voted, when the polling day came, not for a man of his own choice, but for the man whom it pleased the wire-puller to thrust upon him. But he has been at length aroused to activity by the state of the city affairs and by a growth of taxation which, in some cases, threatens him with ruin. At the Auditorium on Friday last he unmistakably appeared in force. His pre-eminence was manifested not only by the aspect of the meeting and of the platform on which members of both political parties appeared, but by the tone and tenor of the speeches. There were no party or sectional appeals, no personalities, no electioneering claptrap of any kind. The speakers evidently felt that their audience had come in a serious mood, not to be tickled by platform rhetoric, but to be informed about the affairs of the city, and to learn who was the best man to set them right. This, we repeat, is a sure gain. Should Mr. Osler be elected, whether he proves able to fulfil all the hopes of his supporters or not, his election will be an omen of good because he will unquestionably owe it to the quiet ratepayer.

COL. DENISON'S lecture in the Auditorium, in this city, on Thursday evening last, was an able and eloquent vindication of the martial spirit, by a soldier. That the views he enunciated with so much warmth and with such evident sincerity of conviction are acceptable to a large class of our fellow-citizens was abundantly evident from the applause with which they were greeted by the large and enthusiastic audience which listened to them. Even those who may be disposed to dissent from what they cannot but regard as the undesirable tendency of such addresses to stimulate the belligerent spirit, always sufficiently active in the breast of the average man, must yet admire the intense loyalty of the gallant Colonel. We do not propose just now to enter into the merits of the question as between Col. Denison and Mr. Goldwin Smith, to whose lecture on "Jingoism" this was the answer, though we regard it as a very interesting and important question and one which Canadians, in the present formative stage of their coming national character, would do well to ponder very seriously and dispassionately. We do not of course refer to the subject of political union with the United States, which Mr. Goldwin Smith advocates, but to the question what general policy in respect to armies, armaments, and the cultivation of the military spirit, is best adapted to promote the highest well-being of our nascent nation, and to develop in its future citizens the noblest type of manhood. But while reading Col. Denison's address the law of association brought to our mind the many points of contrast in all the conditions of life and citizenship which distinguish the modern state from those of antiquity, to whose deeds of prowess on the battlefield the lecturer referred with so much admiration. For instance, how widely different is the very conception of citizenship which now prevails in those states which we reckon as free, from that of the great nations of antiquity. Even the Sparta, whose little band of heroes fell so nobly at Marathon, was in reality an oligarchy in which the citizens proper were but a handful in comparison with the wretched Helots who had no rights or privileges of citizenship, and so no basis for patriotism, no country, no liberty worth dying for. How different, in such a state, in which, as in many others of the olden time, war was the occupation of the real citizens, and the only profession deemed worthy of them as such, and the modern democracy, in which citizenship is the birthright of every man. Then, again, we remember how different were the causes and conditions of war, even a few centuries ago, from those which operate in free states at the present time, and thank God that the day is gone, never to return, when sanguinary wars were brought about at the will of despots, or were waged on behalf of dynastic quarrels, while the common people, those who did the actual fighting and poured out their blood like water, had really no voice, and often little interest in the matter. All these circumstances, at which we can but hint, suggest the changed conditions under which we now live and which make it pretty certain that war in the future will be a comparatively rare event. And then there can be no doubt that the sense of justice, or, where that is less operative, a feeling of respect for what we may call national public opinion, is becoming influential among modern civilized nations to an extent unknown and undreamed of in the days of old. Might no longer makes right in the estimation of the enlightened statesmen of to-day. And to these considerations a dozen others which readily suggest themselves, such as the vast and ever-growing expense of military armaments, the tendency of the enfranchised workingmen to disregard international lines in their organized efforts to improve their status, the growing favour with which arbitration as a substitute for war is coming to be regarded, and above all the mighty power of Christian sentiment in creating a horror of war as a violation of the highest law and a practical denial of the great Scripture doctrine of human brotherhood, and it will be seen that the chances of such a people as the Canadian ever being called upon to defend their country against foreign invaders are very small indeed. At the same time we do not wish to be understood as arguing that even a country so peacefully situated as our own should completely ignore the maxim: "In time of peace prepare for war." This position is by no means inconsistent with the

true spirit of patriotism and with relations of perfect amity with our neighbours as well as with the contingency of safeguarding the State from danger within.

IT is no undue disparagement of the speech of the Minister of Marine, delivered a few days ago in this city, to say that it was the speech of a young politician. It would, no doubt, be unfair to hold the orator responsible for all the grammatical and rhetorical faults which marred the *Empire's* report. Many of those we can well believe to be due to the pressure under which reporters and printers must necessarily have worked in order to give so lengthy an address in full in the morning edition. Still there is a clearly marked tendency to lengthy adjectives and to a general redundancy in expression which marks the Minister as the son of his father. Turning from the form of the speech to its substance we find everywhere abundant evidence of courage and vigour, though the effectiveness of these qualities would, it must be admitted, be materially increased by clearer indications of carefulness and self-restraint in statement, and a deeper sense of statesmanlike responsibility. The part of the address which was of greatest interest and value was naturally that which was most closely connected with the official duties of Mr. Tupper's Department. While we have never been able to conceal from ourselves and have never attempted to disguise the fact that the intervention of the Dominion Government to prevent the ratification of the draft treaty between the Island Government and that of the United States, however necessary such intervention may have been to protect the interests of Canada, was to some extent a just cause of offence to the people of Newfoundland and would have been deemed such under similar circumstances by the people of Canada, or of any other nominally self-ruling country, we were never quite able to account for the very prompt and peculiar bitterness with which our fellow-colonists resented the affront. Mr. Tupper's speech has thrown light upon the matter. The head and front of the Canadian Government's offending lies, it appears, farther back. It comes from a time when the latter was obliged to refuse to take a part in the dispute with France, and as we might also say, with Great Britain, in the French Shore difficulty. No other course was possible for the Ottawa authorities than a decided negative. To have entered into the quarrel would have been the height of folly for Canada and could not have helped Newfoundland. But, according to the statement of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, the Island Government has not been able to forgive or forget what it probably regarded as a selfish and cowardly refusal to come to its aid in its hour of need. Hence the violation of good faith in the enforcement of the Bait Act, and the generally unfriendly course which has since been followed and which has now culminated in an unseemly war of tariffs which is injurious to both parties, but in which the Islanders are pretty sure to get the worst.

THE announcement that the Dominion Government has entered actions in the courts against those merchants who paid commissions or bribes to Senecal in connection with his purchases of goods for the Government Printing Bureau is a surprise. The cases will be of peculiar interest, not only to the dealers who find themselves thus called upon to atone for their liberality to the Government's purchasing agent by duplicating their gifts in favour of the Government itself, but to the general public, who, probably, have never suspected that an action of this kind could lie. We had almost said that it would be a still greater surprise if the public prosecutor should be able to make good his claim, and recover for the Government a sum of money equal in each case to that improperly exacted by their own official. But, in view of the fact that this action has no doubt been taken after the fullest consideration and on the highest legal advice, such an expression of opinion by a journalist would be gross presumption. The Government can have nothing to gain by an abortive prosecution and would lose something by having the peculiar methods of their trusted but unfaithful servant again laid bare to public gaze. It is, therefore, pretty clear that the prosecution must have been com-

menced in good faith and with at least reasonable hope of success. But the difficulties in the way of such success are surely formidable. If our memory is not greatly at fault, it was repeatedly avouched on oath by the parties who paid these commissions that the prices of the goods furnished were not increased a dollar in consequence. That seems, it is true, very like a story for Apella, but yet it is not altogether improbable that in view of the large amounts of the orders the customary rates may have admitted of this liberal dealing with the purchasers and yet have been profitable for the sellers. Whether proof to that effect would defeat the Government's claim, we do not know. Probably it would still be held that the Government was entitled to the benefit of this reduction from regular rates, and could have secured it but for the bribery of the official. But aside from all such speculations as to the interesting questions that must come up on trial of these remarkable cases, it will be a cause for general congratulation if it should prove that the merchant who allows his eagerness to accomplish a sale to tempt him into tampering with the honour and conscience of a public servant, in a position of trust, can be held legally liable to the extent of the full amount of any improper pecuniary inducements he may employ in order to accomplish his ends. It would perhaps have been still more gratifying had the action been thought possible on other grounds, and the persons paying such commissions been found punishable for the offence of corrupting a public servant in the discharge of the duties of his office.

THE summary dismissal of his constitutional advisers by the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec marks the beginning of an agitation of which it is not easy to foresee the end. That a Governor has, in extreme cases, the right to thus rid himself of a Ministry which still possesses the confidence of a majority of the people's representatives, few will be disposed to question, however opinions may differ as to the justice or wisdom of exercising the right in a given case. There can be little doubt that the constitutional aspect of the question is correctly presented in the words which a newspaper correspondent ascribes to Dr Bourinot:—

The Lieut.-Governor, like the Governor-General, has full constitutional power to dismiss the body of men who act as his constitutional advisers on all affairs of State. It is for him alone, as the head of the Executive, to consider whether the public reasons are sufficient to justify the extreme step, open to him under the constitutional system of England and Canada, of dismissing his advisers. But he must at the same time call to his counsel a new set of advisers who will be prepared to accept full responsibility for his acts and to justify them to the Legislature and the country.

Lieutenant-Governor Angers has taken upon himself the serious responsibility of deciding that the evidence of malfeasance in office is sufficient to warrant him in unceremoniously dismissing the Mercier Administration and calling upon a leading member of the Opposition to form a Ministry. That conclusion is based upon an interim report of two of the Commissioners, prepared, it is believed, at the earnest solicitation of the Lieutenant-Governor, in view of the fact that the illness of Judge Jetté renders it impossible that the drawing up of the final report can be completed for some weeks to come. There is, it must be confessed, some room for difference of opinion as to the completeness of the justification afforded by the document submitted to Mr. Angers for his precipitate action. That the charges which were made the subject of enquiry before the Commission were ample, if sustained, to warrant the most decisive action is unquestionable. That the circumstantial evidence available was remarkably strong and, indeed, of such a kind as to make it well-nigh impossible to reconcile it with any theory of the innocence of the accused is equally well known. But that the evidence adduced in Court of guilty complicity on the part of Mr. Mercier and his colleagues was sufficient, in the face of their sworn denials, to warrant a verdict of "Guilty," many were disposed to doubt. For this reason the public have been awaiting with unusual interest the report of the Commissioners in order to learn from it what impression the evidence as a whole produced upon the minds of three gentlemen, trained in the weighing of testimony, bound by every consideration of professional honour to the strictest impartiality, and guided by such a study of the whole case as no one else could give. Rumours of a most contradictory character are now current in respect to the very important question of the unanimity of the Commissioners. The partisans of the dismissed Ministry allege

that Judge Jetté dissents from the conclusions of his colleagues, and that the report upon which Lieutenant-Governor Angers has acted is, therefore, only that of a majority. But it is obvious that this is a question of the very first importance.

PRIMARILY the question at issue in Quebec is one of administrative purity. Unhappily, however, as seems inevitable under the party system, at least as it is operated in Canada, the spirit of partyism is intensely active in the affair and has been so from the first. To so great an extent is this the case that there is very great danger that the whole contest, which is now inevitable in Quebec, may be carried on and decided on purely partisan principles. Such being the state of things it was greatly to be desired that the conduct of the affair by the Lieutenant-Governor should be scrupulously free from anything that could be plausibly construed as an indication of party bias. There is some reason to fear that this cannot be safely affirmed of Lieut.-Governor Angers' procedure. It would be, to say the least, an extremely unfortunate precedent, should the Lieut.-Governor, after delivering this *coup*, be received into the Federal Cabinet at an early day, according to current rumour. The Lieut.-Governor's refusal to make known the contents of Judge Jetté's note seems unfortunate. It seems fairly open to question whether the interview which is said, without contradiction so far as we are aware, to have taken place between the Lieut.-Governor and those two members of the Commission who were formerly, like himself, active members of the party opposed to Mr. Mercier's Government, should have taken place. Mr. Angers must be considered as having occupied in relation to the enquiry to some extent the position of an interested party, and as such it is not easy to see why it should be more seemly for the Judges in the case to have consulted him in reference to the verdict, or have exposed themselves to a suspicion of having done so, than to have done the same thing in regard to Mr. Mercier himself—an act which would no doubt have been deemed most reprehensible. We make this remark with some hesitation and shall be glad to stand corrected if we have overlooked some circumstance or consideration which puts a different face upon the matter. But if it be said that Mr. Angers had a right, as Head of the Executive, to ask for an interim report, it may be replied that for constitutional reasons the Commission was not appointed by himself personally, but in Council, and that it would seem a fair inference that only the appointing power had a right to give further instructions. The right of the Lieut.-Governor to dismiss his advisers and summon others, subject to the conditions mentioned by Dr. Bourinot, by no means implies his right to perform, personally, any other Executive act whatever, if indeed that can be properly considered an act of the Executive. There is another point upon which we should like much to have the opinion of Dr. Bourinot, or some other authority on constitutional questions. It is, we think, well understood that the plan of Government by party is a recognized part of our constitutional system, or of its machinery, and that the Queen or her representative in any given case, is bound to exercise strict impartiality as between the two parties, and to have scrupulous regard in any necessary use of the prerogative, to the views of the majority. If this be granted, does it not follow that in case of being called on to dismiss, on the ground of personal misdoing, the members of a Government having the support of a large majority of the representatives of the people and so presumably of the people themselves, it would be the duty of the Head of the Executive to select his new advisers from the party of the dismissed Ministers? Is not the act of choosing them from the opposite party equivalent to an implication that the corruption is characteristic of the party and not merely of the individuals who have been found guilty of it—an implication which the impartial representative of royalty has no right to make? It may be said, of course, that the assumption of responsibility by the new advisers covers the ground. But that is hardly a satisfactory answer, since it is well known that the *de facto* Government has always a tremendous advantage in an appeal to the people, and it would therefore be often in the power of a partisan Governor to bring about a change of the party in power by the dismissal of his advisers on some plausible pretext. In the present instance, the course pursued by Mr. Angers is not unlikely to lead to serious difficulties of another kind. If, as is far from unlikely, the result of the general election which must almost surely be held, should be the return of a majority of Mr. Mercier's supporters, the last

state of things would be worse than the first. Either the resignation of Mr. Angers, and the triumph of Mercierism, or a conflict between the Province and the Dominion, would then be, so far as we can see, inevitable.

THE judgment pronounced by Justices Rose and MacMahon on Saturday, to the effect that the free tickets on which certain voters in the North Perth election were carried to the polls by the Grand Trunk Railway were furnished by the railway and not paid for by agents of the candidate, and that therefore no violation of the law was committed, carries with it conclusions of grave importance. It is of course a perfectly reasonable interpretation of the Statute, there being no legal reason why a railroad should not be allowed to give free carriage to the voters of the party it favours as well as a keeper of a livery stable or a private individual. The only question really before the Court was that of the responsibility of the party agents for the cost of the tickets. But it is of no little importance in its bearing upon future contests that it is now settled by a clear judicial decision that the railways are at liberty to do all in their power in this way to determine the issue of an election. Another mighty means of influence in politics is thus placed in the hands of those great corporations whose power in relation to the Government of the country is already so great as to have become a cause of serious alarm to many thoughtful citizens. The Liberals have little reason to congratulate themselves on the result, which, while it saves the seat of one of their representatives, and assures them for the present the influence of the Grand Trunk, lets loose against them the still greater influence of the Canadian Pacific, which there is good reason to believe has not been and will not be a whit behind its rival in zeal and liberality on behalf of the party of its choice. It is very unlikely that a Parliament and people who have gone so far in the attempt to prevent the use of undue influence in elections will be content to permit such a state of things as is foreshadowed in this judicial decision, to exist. And yet it is not easy to see how any special legislation can be enacted to meet the case without a seemingly unfair and invidious discrimination against the railway corporations. Possibly sufficient ground for enforcing impartiality on these companies, in distinction from all others, might be found in the peculiar relation in which they stand to the public, as having been granted extraordinary powers in regard to the property of individuals and having also in many cases received direct aid from the public funds. But the direct and logical way in which we have frequently advocated on other grounds—the introduction of the "one-man, one-vote" system. The adoption of this system is, in any event, but a question of time. The decision of the Court in the matter in question adds another to the many cogent reasons hitherto urged in its behalf, and will probably hasten the day of its coming.

THAT nation is to be envied whose statesmen have ability, time and inclination to turn aside occasionally from the anxieties and perplexities of political life to discuss those larger questions which lie beyond the range of even the broadest statesmanship, to say nothing of the petty politics which unhappily occupy so large a share of the time and attention of those who have to do with affairs of State, at least in this western hemisphere. It is characteristic of the better class of British statesmen that they are able and disposed to do this to a greater extent than those of any other nation. The latest illustration of this may be found in the very thoughtful and scholarly address which was recently delivered by Mr. Balfour, now leader of the Government in the House of Commons, before the University of Glasgow. Mr. Balfour's address was on a subject which, however abstruse in itself, is of profound interest to every thoughtful mind. It was intended to show that we have no sufficient grounds for cherishing that vague but pleasing optimism which regards the progress of the race as an immutable truth, grounded on the unchangeableness of a natural law, operating beyond and above the sphere of human will and effort. We have but an outline of the lecture before us, and cannot pretend to deal with it in any broad way. One or two points may, however, be adverted to with tolerable safety. Mr. Balfour made, for instance, the very interesting point that if the law referred to be the law of evolution, as generally accepted, that law worked in the past by a process of elimination which has long since ceased to operate in the more highly civilized communities. Instead of the weaker and less effective members of this community being elimi-

nated by the extirpation of the unfittest, the social instincts of the race now carefully preserve the feeble and less fit specimens of humanity. Nor can any satisfactory evidence be adduced to show that the effect formerly produced by the selective process is now brought about by the appearance of any power to transmit to children the acquired faculties and aptitudes of experience. How the absence of such a power, if Mr. Balfour's statement on the point be accepted, is to be reconciled with the law of evolution, on general principles, is a question which may be left to the men of science to answer. We refer to the very interesting point made by Mr. Balfour to suggest whether the faith of the optimists may not be justified in accordance with a higher law, which may still be regarded as a law of development. The *Spectator*, to which we are indebted for an outline of Mr. Balfour's argument, suggests two riders to his propositions. The first is that the cohesion of human society, depending, as it admittedly does, "on a profusion of influences of the binding force, and often of the very existence of which, the members of that society are as completely unconscious as they are of the circulation of their blood and the condition of their nerves, must owe its fine constructive energy to a power far higher than any of which we can sound the depths or fathom the purposes"—in a word, to the mighty Power which "foreknew what it did predestinate." The next rider is that "heartily faith in the guidance of this Power is one of the most effective of all securities against the social languor and decay to which every society is otherwise liable." The thought we were about to add is this: It should not, it seems to us, be overlooked in such discussion that the very cause of the overthrow of the savage selfishness or indifference which wrought out the elimination of the weakest, and the substitution of the merciful instincts which now lead to their careful preservation, is the development of the higher qualities and attributes of the race, such as sympathy, unselfishness, pity, love, etc., which are now operating as conscious forces vastly more powerful than any unconscious forces can possibly do for the elevation and progress of the race. That is to say, the cessation of the selective or eliminating process is at once the outcome and the proof of the development of those nobler instincts and moral qualities which are the highest attributes of humanity. We do not attempt to show just how this fact is to be fitted into the evolutionary science, but it certainly accords well with the belief in human progress, and may even justify the faith of the most ardent optimist, while it surely gives us much more than a glimpse into the modes of working of that mighty predestinating Power of which the *Spectator* speaks.

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S BIRTH.

In the olden time, in an eastern land,
 In a land beyond the sea;
 A song was sung by an angel band,
 In celestial harmony;
 And that song has re-echoed down the years,
 And it falls on the heart to-day,
 As fresh as when under starry spheres
 The eastern shepherds lay,—
 And marvelled to hear in the night so still
 The heavenly host proclaim,
 "Peace on the earth, to men good-will,
 In the new-born Saviour's name!"

Halifax, N. S.

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

Of course Canadians are Americans in a broad sense, just as Nova Scotians are Canadians, but when it comes to calling our best Canadian writers and notable people by the more general title, and thus giving the impression that they are citizens of the United States, we strongly object. We have often had cause to protest against this appropriation of our talented countrymen and women by the United States, and sometimes English authorities are guilty of crediting the work of our writers to Americans. In the *Illustrated London News* of October 31 (American Edition), we find a portrait of Miss Sara J. Duncan, author of those bright books, "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London." Miss Duncan is a Canadian, but she is, in the paper mentioned, spoken of as "one of the brightest and most deservedly successful of recent American writers." True, the *New York Book-Buyer* is cited as authority, and the note goes on to say she was born in Brantford, Ont., and gives a list of the prominent journals the young lady worked so successfully for, but when we see the error made of calling our writers American, we are seized with a burning desire to set people right on the subject. Miss Duncan was married a few months ago to Mr. E. C. Coates, who holds a scientific appointment at Calcutta, where she met him on her journey around the world.—*Halifax Critic*.

THE FIGHT IN FICTION.

"SO I say that these two are going to be the watchwords of fiction for the next twenty years at least—ROMANTICISM and IDEALISM." So asseverates Mr. Hall Caine, with the watchwords in capitals. Nevertheless he cannot quite conceal his fears as to the result, even though he "feels very strongly" that the assertion that the "stream of tendency" is "towards a newer and purer 'Realism' is utterly untrue, and that somebody should say so with all the emphasis he can command."

Already surely we are a little tired of this controversy. We think we have heard before and heard enough of Classicism and Romanticism, Idealism and Realism, Spiritualism and Naturalism; just as we think we have heard before and heard enough of another controversy not a little analogous to this, in which similar watchwords divided similar camps—the Nominalism or Conceptualism and Realism of the Schoolmen, namely. This latter controversy, if it was not brought to a conclusion, was happily at least brought to a stand-still. Nobody now anathematizes anybody else upon the question whether Universals are *ante rem* or *in re* or *post rem*; nobody much cares whether Universals exist at all, much less where or how; perhaps some may not even know or care what *Universalia* are. And to some of us, I say, the one discussion arouses as little interest as the other. Nor is this new quarrel by any means so new after all. We must at least regard Zola's "Le Roman Expérimental" as a throwing down of the gage, and this appeared more than ten years ago; some trace it to Balzac; others go as far back as Diderot; and one writer thinks it "bears unexpected and laughable affinities to the controversy in which Æschylus is pitted against Euripides at the close of Aristophanes's 'Frogs.'" And neither of these squabbles is a mere storm in a teapot. The apparently purely logical—shall we say logomachical?—discussion concerning genera and species ramified in all directions, and especially, and of course, into theology. And so does this apparently purely fictional—shall we say fictitious?—discussion ramify in all directions. "The Realists," says Mr. Caine, "are all unbelievers; unbelievers in God, or unbelievers in man, or both. The Idealist must be a believer; a believer in God, a believer in man, and a believer in the divine justice whereon the world is founded." That is enough to show us something of the scope of the enquiry. It is almost conterminous with Optimism *versus* Pessimism, and that, we know, is interminable.

But what is it all about? I can very readily imagine a great many very sensible people asking. It would be as difficult to find an answer in the case of the Novelists as it would be in the case of the Schoolmen. The watchwords are so comprehensive they cover everything in the heavens above and in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth; and what is more, they are so vague they are actually interchangeable. This is a simple fact. Hugo, of course, was a Romanticist. Yet did not "Hernani" proclaim the victory of Romanticism over Classicism, and was not Romanticism one step, and a long one, towards Naturalism? Mr. George Meredith has been called a Realist, which will be news to some. Walt Whitman Mr. Symonds calls an Idealist—"Walt Whitman, whom Mr. Alfred Austin takes as the archetype of the materialistic trend he sees in modern poetry"—and Materialism has always been the hand-maid, or rather let us say the body-servant (it is difficult femininely to personify Naturalism), of the foe of the Ideal. But what is perhaps most astonishing of all, the same writer, Mr. Symonds, enumerates Saul also among the prophets by classing with Whitman Zola himself, and in this he is joined by M. Anatole France. It is doubtful, I think, whether the author of "La Terre" would admit the soft impeachment. However, there are reasons of course, and not uninteresting ones, for these vagaries. Hugo is undoubtedly a Romanticist, beside, let us say—to compare small things with great—Mr. George Moore, though both deal with life in a great metropolis. Mr. Meredith is styled a Realist because he "takes a soul . . . that he may explain how it works," because he "lays bare the fibres," and so on, even though he himself holds that "if we do not speedily embrace philosophy in fiction, the art is doomed to extinction," which seems far enough removed from Experimentalism. M. Zola is an Idealist to Mr. Symonds because he is constructive, synthetical; because his picture as a whole possesses artistic "composition," though the details are photographic. And so with Walt Whitman.

Already perhaps by this ringing of changes the confusion existing between the combatants has become worse confounded. And, after all, is it at all possible to draw a hard and fast line of demarcation between them: to say to the Naturalist, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and to the Idealist, Have thou nothing to do with that man? That Naturalism can go to inordinate lengths, and that Idealism keeps company with a certain amount of Naturalism must be conceded when we remember that it is not with abstractions but with flesh and blood that fiction deals. Absolute Realism is as impossible as absolute

Idealism. It is impossible to paint things as they "really" are; they are only as they appear to the painter. Indeed M. Guy de Maupassant lays down the rule that nothing should be depicted till the pourtrayer has enveloped it with his own personality. But even so, no one could represent the whole of a fact or of an idea; and if he did, it would destroy the general effect, and thus art would defeat its own ends—which lands us in a quagmire of discussable points. Broadly perhaps Idealism is nearest akin to Optimism, Realism to Pessimism. But then Optimism and Pessimism are themselves untenable extremes. The staunchest subscriber to "Whatever is right" must admit that many things certainly appear very wrong; and nobody can believe that this is the worst possible of worlds, since he himself could add to its pejection, thus impaling himself on a dilemma. Shall we say that Idealism takes for its theme the ultimate perfectibility of Humanity? Even here there are obstacles, for there are two ways of preaching this, that of preaching the blessedness of higher things, and that of preaching the cursedness of lower ones, and it is the latter, the Naturalists may aver, that they adopt. Schopenhauer, in modern times, is the great exemplar in this method. "He has shown with unusual lucidity of expression," says Professor Wallace, "how feeble is the spontaneity of that intellect which is so highly lauded, and how overpowering the sway of original will in all our actions." But did not even Schopenhauer believe in the possibility of the ultimate expungation of Will? If so he is an Idealist. But Professor Wallace distinctly declares to the contrary, "He has thus," he continues, "reasserted Realism." Here again we have completed the circle of argumentation.

Suppose we leave distracting generalizations for a moment and descend to particulars. What are the supreme typical examples of Idealistic and Naturalistic fiction of the century? Of the first surely "Prometheus Unbound" stands unrivalled, unapproached. Lofty, heaven-born, are the adjectives for this lyrical drama. Yet, or perhaps consequently, it leaves us unsatisfied. In 1819 it may have been sustaining enough; they were in the thick of Romanticism then, and Romanticism lived on a very ethereal diet compared with that which suits the stronger digestive apparatus of to-day. Besides, "Prometheus Unbound" broached topics which then were "in the air," were the problems of problems, crying for answer. For us it is not human enough. Demogorgon and Panthea and Ione and Echoes and Furies and Phantasms mouthing wonderful monologues do not move us now. In 1819, we must recollect, they were some seventy-two years behind the age that talks glibly of the crash of creeds and the crumbling of crowns. And of Naturalism what shall we choose as the type? I think "La Bête Humaine" will suit. Lowly, earth-born, are the words for this. In "La Bête Humaine" the human animal is depicted with two instincts and two only—the desire to perpetuate, and the desire to annihilate, the species. All other sentiments are sunk as of little account beside these. And these are pourtrayed without a ray, without a gleam of meliorism. Only the slightest possible hint is given of a higher or nobler feeling, but the character which exhibits this is dead before the action commences, so that the harmony of animality is absolutely preserved. All the chief characters are murderers or murdered or both, and all are potentially or actually immoral in the narrowest sense of that word—and generally verily actually. Shelley's drama is replete with beauty and nobility of thought and language; Zola's romance (romance! save the mark) reeks with hideous ignobility. Shelley teaches the upward progress of man through a deliberate endurance; Zola shows only man sinking under ungoverned licence. Shelley soars into a tenuous atmosphere of delicate emotion; Zola grovels in a murky miasm of passion. And yet it is quite possible that the aim of the one is as high as that of the other. This may appear a hard saying; but its categorical denial is inadmissible. Zola may be working on the Schopenhauerian method. He may have one eye on the fritter and the glitter, the culture and refinement, the education and the taste and the what-not now everywhere so obtrusively flaunted; and the other eye on the heart of man, which is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; and he may be trying to expose the one by discovering the other. This may be the explanation of his rigid exclusion of whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report. But perhaps this is merely darkening counsel. Certainly it is a sort of *lucus a non lucendo* argument. But enough. We have now got at all events some little light on the respective realms of Idealism and Naturalism.

There used to be an idea once prevalent among men not altogether uneducated or unintelligent, that Art had something to do with Beauty—what, perhaps no one was very sure. And indeed there are reasons for thinking that some such idea still lingers amongst perhaps less favoured or less civilized nations. In fact, in a little book published so late as the year A. D. 1891 there occurs the following sentence: "A theory of Beauty is at the same time a doctrine of Art, while every doctrine of Art is based upon a theory as to the nature of Beauty." What would the Naturalist say to that? And what would he say to Keats's

¹ *Contemporary Review*, lvii. 488. ² See *Forum*, ix. 391 et seq.
³ *Quarterly Review*, clxxiii. ⁴ *Ibid.* ⁵ *Ibid.*
⁶ *Contemporary Review*, cit. supra.
⁷ *Quarterly Review*, clxxiii.
⁸ *Fortnightly Review*, cxcviii.
⁹ *The Poetry of the Period*, ad fin.
¹⁰ *Fortnightly*, cit. ¹¹ *Nineteenth Century*, clxxvii.
¹² *Quarterly Review*, clxxiii, 473.
¹³ *Diana of the Crossways*, Preface.

¹⁴ *Pierre et Jean*, Preface. ¹⁵ *Encyclopædia Britannica*, sub voce.
¹⁶ *La Bête Humaine*, Larousse's *Grand Dictionnaire* (vol. xvii., p. 2018) ingenuously (or perhaps slyly) describes as "singulière analyse psychologique de détraqués, de maniaques homicides, mêlés à une peinture des chemins de fer."
¹⁷ *The Philosophy of the Beautiful*, by William Knight. Ch. i.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

What would he say to Tennyson's

Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears?

And what would he say to Shelley's

My purpose has hitherto been simply to familiarize the highly refined imaginations of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" he would say, in the language of one of M. Zola's characters, "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" We have indeed.

But the tide is turning. In France there are some who call themselves *Décadents* and who regard *décadence* as progression. It is said that in Paris there is a rebellion against Naturalism; that new "schools" are springing up; that in place of the old Romanticists and Realists that are now Psychologists, Symbolists, Occultists, Neo-naturalists, Évolutive-instrumentists; and that these say very nasty things about each other. What M. Renan said about them all is worth repeating, he said: "These Symbolists, Naturalists, Psychologists, *et hoc genus omne*, are like so many nasty little children sitting sucking their thumbs." Paris is hardly "a nest of singing birds."

It is not a good sign, these schools and schoolmen. There were not schools when England was a nest of singing birds. The history of the majority of schools is a history either of increasing mediocrity or of increasing extravagance, usually with constantly accelerated velocity. The founder's memory perhaps lives, rarely the disciple's. In fact a founder of a school belongs to no school—which is neither a paradox, nor a truism, nor an Irish bull.

It is significant that we do not hear the names of any of the world's truly great in these discussions; Shakespeare is not claimed by the Naturalists, nor Dante by the Symbolists, nor Carlyle by the Occultists, nor Goethe by the Évolutive-instrumentists. Others abide their question; these are free. Only the contemporary small-fry are subpoenaed as witnesses in the suit.

But we have heard enough and to spare of arguments *pro* and *con*, of counsel for the defence and counsel for the prosecution, of cross-examinations, of depositions, and of summings up. What the literary world wants is a judge who will nonsuit the case and clear the court. In the quiet that followed perhaps somebody who really had something to say worth hearing would have a chance to say it, and to say it as well as he could, heedless of schools and schoolmen.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

ROAMINGS IN CLASSIC MASSACHUSETTS. IV.

AT WELLESLEY AND ANDOVER.

COULD Mary Lyon, the earnest self-denying pioneer of "Higher Education" for American women, have beheld in a vision the noble buildings and beautiful grounds of Wellesley College, with its splendid equipment for study in all possible directions, she would have felt her life-long labours rewarded, and her heart refreshed, as by a vision of the Promised Land! And any enthusiastic reader of Tennyson's "Princess," set down before its imposing Elizabethan *façade*, and seeing its beavies of "sweet girl undergraduates" pouring through its corridors or disporting themselves on tennis ground or lake, with not the faintest suggestion of a masculine interloper anywhere, might easily accept it as a realization of Tennyson's not too serious "castle in the air." To be sure, the lack of antiquity and of ivy suggests America rather than England; yet the ivy is not wholly absent—at least the "Japanese ivy," so common here, makes a very fair substitute. And England itself could scarcely furnish more magnificent elms than those which supply "overarching vaults of shade" in every direction.

Wellesley College stands within its three hundred acres of grounds, about twenty minutes' walk or ten minutes' drive from the commodious railway station of the pretty little town of Wellesley. As we approach by the long drive through the shady and well-kept grounds, we *did* see *one* masculine official, the gardener, but, with one or two of such perhaps necessary exceptions, the College is commanded, officered and manned, or rather *womaned*, by the gentler sex. As we dismount from the carriage at the main entrance, we find ourselves in a long and broad corridor, with handsomely furnished reception rooms on either side, and a square court in the centre filled with palms and other ornamental plants. Beyond this the corridor is prolonged to the opposite or southern entrance, its walls lined with paintings and statuary,—among them a fine life-size statue of Harriet Martineau. As we approach the wide, open doorway we see before us, not a stone-throw down the sloping bank, a lovely sparkling lake, set between boldly rising shores, clothed in living green, its placid waters glancing brilliantly in the morning sun. A number of pretty pleasure skiffs lay moored on the pebbly beach, and at the side of the doorway stood a sheaf of oars marked with the years of the various classes to which they belonged. A group of merry girls were just starting, oars in hand, for a morning row, for the day of our visit was *Monday*, which, at Wellesley, takes the place of the more orthodox *Saturday* as the weekly holiday, and recreation of all kinds was the order of the day. The tennis

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, clxxvii.

court a little way from the building had its groups of animated players, looking as if they thoroughly enjoyed it, and here and there a fair bicyclist was setting out for a "spin." A few of the students, however, were taking their exercise in a somewhat soberer fashion, engaged in brushing and dusting the spacious corridors, for all the light work of this kind in the institution is done by the students themselves, all of whom keep their own rooms in order, and take turns in caring for the rest of the building, this domestic training being part of the course of tuition, and one to which no masculine mind is likely to object.

The equipment for mental as well as physical development is very complete, as the appearance of the multitude of classrooms abundantly testified. The library is a delightfully comfortable apartment, well supplied with all the books of reference that the students are likely to require. The laboratory is also thoroughly equipped and convenient, and a fine, well fitted up gymnasium completes the educational apparatus, so far as the main building is concerned. A large part of the building is devoted to residence accommodation. A comfortable study and bed-room are allotted to each two students, while a few larger studies, with two bed rooms opening off each, are allotted to groups of four. The girls decorate their studies according to their own taste, with pictures, photographs, drapes, etc., etc., and they have quite a cosy and inviting appearance. A large dining-room below accommodates the three hundred students resident in the building, but there are a number of attractive smaller homes built after the fashion of the summer "cottages" near Alexandria Bay and elsewhere, in each of which a small number of the students reside, the seniors being allowed a year of this quiet "cottage residence" at their option. In one of these, of charming outlook and tasteful external and internal decoration, are the luxuriously appointed rooms of the acting principal, at this time Miss Lord, during the absence from illness of the regular principal, Miss Shafer. This largest of the cottages is named Norembega Cottage, and accommodates about twenty students. The dining-room is a charming apartment, with ample open fire-place, bright flowers and pleasant outlook on park scenery. The rooms of the students are most home-like and inviting, their adornment varying with the tastes of the owner, and a kindly matron presides over the domestic arrangements, and makes the place really *homelike*. Besides "Norembega," there are "Freeman," "Eliot," "Simpson," "Wood" and "Waban" cottages, all on the same general plan, though all varied in exterior and internal details. "Stone Hall" accommodates more than a hundred students, the total number amounting to some six or seven hundred girls, who pay for board and tuition the modest sum of \$300 per annum; so that the exceptional advantages of this admirable institution are by no means exclusively confined to the wealthy classes. Many girls who look forward to earning their own livelihood are here fitted for teaching others, and in the gifted and thoroughly-trained female professors, all themselves graduates of colleges in America or Europe, they have excellent models always before them.

In addition to the fine main building, there is, a little way off among the overarching elms, a beautiful little art gallery and school, built of stone in Grecian architecture, much resembling some of the smaller art buildings at Munich. It was planned, built and furnished under the supervision of a German lady, then teacher of art at Wellesley, who has since married an Austrian nobleman and returned to her *Vaterland*. Under her auspices the \$25,000 bequeathed or given for this special purpose seem to have been most judiciously expended, to judge by the well-arranged gallery, filled with really good paintings and casts, the convenient lecture rooms and the pretty and commodious art library. In short, nothing that can minister to the physical, intellectual and æsthetic development of the students seems to be omitted at Wellesley. Nor is the higher progress—moral and spiritual—unprovided for. There is a beautiful chapel, where all assemble for at least one service on Sunday, and where the students often hold religious meetings of their own; and the tone of the teaching and training is distinctly and profoundly religious, while characterized by a breadth and catholicity which precludes the narrowness and conventionality too often the bane of feminine religious training.

This splendid institution is the gift of private munificence, and has its own pathetic story. In the art gallery stands the delicately-sculptured bust of an infant boy, whose early death left his parents childless. His father was a Mr. Durant, to whose estate belonged the three hundred acres now the site of the College. After his child's death Mr. Durant decided to consecrate his land and wealth to the cause of female education, and had, himself, the satisfaction of laying the foundations of Wellesley and seeing it well under way before his death. He not only erected the beautiful and commodious buildings, but left it an ample endowment fund, which has enabled it to carry on its efficient work for American girls in so thorough and complete a fashion. No more beautiful monument could have been erected to a lost child than this College, to which the father gave the name of the town of Wellesley instead of his own. His widow still resides in the handsome family mansion within sight of the College, and near the beautiful little Lake Waban, which, as its half-mile of ornamental water is included within the grounds of the College and one other estate, is private enough to give the students unlimited privileges for aquatic exercise.

But time presses, and we have reluctantly to leave these

consecrated groves—too hurriedly seen; for, after a morning at Wellesley, we have in prospect an afternoon at Andover, under the hospitable auspices of Professor Tucker, one of the somewhat celebrated Andover professors and editors of the *Andover Review*. Returning to Boston by one line of railway and leaving it by another, we soon find ourselves at shady, old-fashioned Andover, and are quickly driven past the several educational institutions, the Phillips Academy for boys, the Abbot Academy for girls, and the plain, old-fashioned, brick four-storey building, the collection of which forms the external lodgment of one of the educational landmarks of America—Andover Theological Seminary, which has sent forth so many able and devoted labourers into the home and foreign fields, and round which in recent years have raged the waves of stormy theological struggle. The Phillips Academy is the lineal descendant of the original Andover Grammar School, taught in the early years of the eighteenth century by Dudley Bradstreet, grandson of Anne Bradstreet, one of the most gifted and remarkable women of early colonial days. Her brother-in-law, a minister, had been its first teacher. The Abbot Academy for girls was opened in 1829, and, during its sixty years of existence, has educated more than three thousand girls, to whose moral and spiritual training has been given no less attention than to their intellectual progress. With so many excellent facilities for female education during the last half century, it is small wonder that America to-day owns so large a class of vigorous and efficient female workers in every department.

The Theological Seminary buildings stand on a broad expanse of green *campus*, shaded, of course, by the ubiquitous Massachusetts elms, opposite to which, and separated only by a broad, smooth road, stand, amid their shady lawns, the pleasant abodes of several of the professors. Next to that of our host, Professor Tucker, stands the old-fashioned white-house, with pillared portico, which was the residence of Professor Phelps, and the early home of his gifted daughter, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, now Mrs. Ward. The immediate surroundings would be easily recognizable to all readers of "Gates Ajar."

After luncheon and a quiet hour in Professor Tucker's spacious library—filled with the best modern theological and other literature,—we had the enjoyment of a delightful drive through Andover, and its environs, the "environs" indeed being the greater part of the place; for its business centre is comprised in one small block, while—after the manner of New England towns—its homesteads, surrounded by ample grounds, cover a large extent of what would elsewhere be called *suburbs*. Close to the College farmhouse, whence are supplied most of the vegetable products consumed by the students, stands an old-fashioned brown wooden-house—for many years the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Here, in all probability, was thought out and written her world-famous book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which it is safe to call the most popular of all "novels with a purpose."

Out of the shady lanes—rather than streets—of Andover, stretch quiet woodland roads, leading through bits of forest as primitive as Canadian "backwoods." From one of these forest tracks, lush with luxuriant growth of ferns, we came out on a bit of elevated ground, which commands an extensive and charming view of the valley through which the Merrimac wanders, and in which, at distances of a few miles, stand several of the most famous manufacturing towns of New England. Lawrence is distinctly visible; and out of sight, a few miles over the hills, stands Lowell, the scene of "the fall of the Pemberton Mill"—Miss Phelps' most vivid bit of word-painting. North-eastward stretch the blue waves of low hills that close about Whittier's Haverhill and Amesbury, and among them—but for the haze that blurs the distance—we could distinguish Monadnoc and other hills, touched by the light of New England genius. With this lovely landscape—bathed in the warm light of a June afternoon still fresh in our mind's eye—we bid a reluctant farewell to Andover, with its charming present-day experiences and old-time associations.

FIDELIS.

WHATEVER crazy sorrow saith, no life that breathes
with human breath has ever truly longed for death.—
Tennyson.

WHEN the electric telegraph was first introduced into Chili, a stratagem was resorted to, says a contemporary, in order to guard the posts and wires against damage on the part of the Araucanian Indians, and maintain the connection between the strongholds on the frontier. There were at the time between forty and fifty captive Indians in the Chilean camp. General Pinto called them together, and pointing to the telegraph wires said, "Do you see those wires?"—"Yes, General."—"Very good. I want you to remember not to go near or touch them; for, if you do, your hands will be held, and you will be unable to get away." The Indians smiled incredulously. Then the General made them each in succession take hold of the wire at both ends of an electric battery in full operation; after which he exclaimed, "I command you to let go the wire!"—"I can't; my hands are benumbed!" cried each Indian. The battery was then stopped. Not long afterwards the General restored them to liberty, giving them *strict injunctions to keep the secret and not betray it to their countrymen*. This had the desired effect, for, as might be expected, the experiment was related "in the strictest confidence" to every man of the tribe, and the telegraph has ever since remained unmolested.

THE DEAD POET.

DEAD he lies at Elmwood,
Who sang of human fortitude,
Who voiced the higher, clearer way
By which all nobler spirits may
Rise to the rims of God's pure light
Over the edges of earth's night:
Who sang of manhood's highest best,
Like some sweet Arnold of the west,
With more of kinship in his blood
With the great struggling, human brood.
With more of lyric in his note,
More of the clarion in his throat,
Tuned to the brawnier west,
He sang the songs our men love best.

He woke new longings in the heart
For that love-hungered, better part,
He stripped religion of her creeds
And showed beneath the withered reeds
And dead old grass husks, bleached and sere,
The streams of God's love running clear.
In humour's ink he dipped his pen,
And mirth stirred in his fellow men,
That larger, healthier, kindlier mirth,
That kindles in great souls of earth.
His was the mind of reverence,
Too great to give the soul offence.

His was a heart too wise and great,
To pass the things of low estate;
He left the wealth of wisdom's dower,
To love a common roadside flower,
And in its dusty gold did ken,
A beauty never born of men.

This was the poet, simple, true,
Who all things glad for brothers knew,
With clear eyes knew the kings of earth,
Beneath the husks of common worth;
Who never grew too learned to know
The hope of earth in heaven's bow,
Who never grew too old to feel
The sap of springtime upward steal,
Who never grew too worldly-wise
To see with parer, childward eyes;
Too human to be merely good,
This great soul dead at Elmwood.

The song of life was on his lips,
True human to the finger tips,
With heart that pulsed and pulsed again,
A man, he loved his fellow men,
This singer of all singers, who,
To the young, strong republic true,
Voicing earth's people in the van,
Most manly, strong American.

Yes, he is dead as men know death,
Who count our living by the breath
That ebbs or flows. Yes, he is dead.
With morning's blush or evening's red,
No more upon this earth will walk,
No more in human page or talk,
Will he delight or teach his kind
Who love the glad lore of the mind;
But till the last despair is fled,
The last weird cell untenanted,
The last sweet hope athwart the dark
Vanishes in meteor spark;—
While love of earth and man lives on,
And God and hope ahead are gone
To lead the way to loftier truth,
And earth rejuvenates her youth;
Till earth her latest blossom gives,
The heart of Lowell breathes and lives,
His Launfal learns the godlier way,
His dandelion casts its dusty ray,
His "Zeekle," knows eternal youth;
As long as love, and hope, and truth,
As long as bloom, and pulse of blood,
He lives in earth's eternal good,
Who now lies dead at Elmwood.

Ottawa, August, 1891.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

AN OLD PILGRIMAGE.

TWAS years and years ago, in days of Bannockburn,
that pilgrims came flocking across the wide areas of
sand that separated a large part of Lancashire, England,
from any access or communication with the outer world.
Their aim it is true was purely religious, and now folks
come northward for pleasure and profit; but still the old
tales run, and the country is unaltered, but for the encir-
cling railways that intersect on either hand. For centuries
and centuries were no roadways round Morecambe save
those across wide shifting sands, which at high tide were
covered with rushing waters, a tide which came in at tre-
mendous pace, and went out again for nine miles. Good
men and true left large endowments, to provide guides for
pilgrims to come up hither; the endowment in one case at
any rate now remains, though for pilgrims you must now
read venturous travellers. To give you an idea of the
extent of the Lancashire Sands which separate various
headlands from each other: There were tracks followed
from Grange to Kent Bank; (eleven miles) from Kent
Bank to Morecambe (twelve) from Ulverston to Lan-
caster across a channel of water, a longer distance even
than either of these. Crowds of pilgrims were wont to
cross them, for whom the old monks of Cartmel lent guides,
their object the old Abbey at Furness, or the Priory still
traced at Conishead, and well known to fame. Chapel
Island, opposite to Conishead, was so called from an oratory
where monks prayed for travellers' safety! the ruins of

which chapel are still to be seen; thanks to the iron road,
its need exists no longer.

Only some thirty or forty years ago a coach ran by
sands from Ulverston to Lancaster; but one day the team,
passengers and coach, were swallowed up in a quicksand
and disappeared from view. One lady, folks tell you,
was saved from that disaster, and still lives in Windermere
hard by. From that day the coach and four was "taken
off the road"; nothing was ever heard or seen of the
equipage any more, for in a few hours the tide came in as
usual, and there was an end of that gruesome episode. The
track must have been always hard to keep or trace, owing
to the shifting nature of the sand; many guides were
provided at various points: many calamities (now
unknown) must have necessarily occurred. The present
guide has a big black dog, which pilots the way, the guide
riding behind it; a dog-cart crossed in the summer of
1891, and a "waggonette" not so very long ago. But the
quicksands are so like in appearance to all other roads, it
is inevitable that sooner or later they may claim their
victims; it is said that but two years ago Lord Edward
Cavendish and his brother were very nearly overtaken in
such a way.

Furness Abbey, to which the pilgrims chiefly travelled,
is now rapidly going to destruction, owing perhaps to the
oscillation of a railway, the growth of ivy (now cut down)
and wear of wind and rain. It must once have been of
exceeding beauty, for the remaining sculptured arches are
wonderful in their gracefulness, and the Sedilia, perhaps
of Italian workmanship, are still lovely in trefoils and
panels. I believe till quite recently steps were pointed
out, worn by the pressure of pilgrim feet: made thin by
passing footsteps ere the dissolution of monasteries, and
exposed for long centuries to wind and rain. The Chapter
House at any rate is still to be traced, where the last
Abbot signed away his precious possession to King Henry
VIII., and some magnificent glass from the Abbey east
window is still to be seen in Bowness Church. Besides
Furness Abbey, pilgrims journeyed to Cartmel, whose
lovely old church is still standing; with wonderful oak
work, fretted by rain and storm, during the many years, it
was left unroofed. In 1620, however, it was restored,
and more beautiful oak carving added. Of late years a
marble monument has been erected to the memory of Lord
Frederick Cavendish, of Phoenix Park renown, whose
father, the old Duke of Devonshire, lives at Holker Hall
in the near neighbourhood. The Priory church of Cartmel
is all that remains of the conventual buildings, which like
those of Furness Abbey were the object and aim of crowds
of pilgrims.

Conishead Priory exists only as a modern mansion, a
huge palatial building, now converted into a Hydropathic;
it alone, strange to say, is most like in appearance to a
modern monastic institution in outward and inward aspect,
for it literally revels in stained glass, sculptured stone and
oak, and its fine entrance hall covers the site of what once
was a saintly chapel. George IV. was entertained in the
fine residence raised here by Colonel Braddyll, and, in
erecting which, remains were discovered of the old founda-
tion of Edward II.'s time. None of these are now to be
traced; all evidence of them has disappeared, save and
except the one old red stone archway, at a distant corner
of the Priory Grounds, and so the dissolution of monas-
teries which put an end to pilgrimages for a while to these
three notable northern shrines; also must have frustrated
the grip of the most deadly quicksands, which claimed long
lines of saintly victims.

Instead of to Priors, travellers now turn to the beauti-
ful neighbourhood of the lakes, and from Morecambe
diverge to Windermere, Grasmere and the home of the
poet Wordsworth. To Swarthmoor, too, sacred to the
memory of George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends,
or perhaps trace the modern home of Ruskin; the former
abodes of Dr. Arnold, Hartley Coleridge, Miss Martineau,
Prof. Wilson. "Modern," alas, is already misleading;
years are passing since these places knew many of these
men; of Ruskin alone, as a contemporary, can pilgrims
now think and speak. But as an old pilgrimage and sacred
shrine, the neighbourhood of Ulverston will still live and
endure; albeit the quicksands, guides and monks will have
passed soon almost out of ken.

Few pilgrims, however, who have once seen them will
forget the wide expanse of strange and weird sea sands,
which divided and still divide many west towns from each
other: in the far away north-western county of Old Eng-
land, known to name and fame as Ulverston.

E. K. PEARCE.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, if we forgive it the instinc-
tive spread-eagleism of the American journal, has earned
the approval of Canadians by pointing out to our pessi-
mists the fact that Canada might easily be in a worse
plight. "To have gained a population of nearly 5,000,-
000," it remarks; "to have built up a merchant marine
that is exceeded in tonnage but by two—or possibly three
—of the great nations of the world, to have developed
agriculture, despite a somewhat inhospitable climate,
and to have made a good start towards manufacturing
prosperity, are achievements of which any people in a
colonial stage may be proud." It naturally fancies that
we would have done better had we been in the Republic,
but it might cure itself of this error by comparing Ontario
with Michigan and Ohio; British Columbia with the terri-
tories that lie nearer the heart of the Union than it; and
the Maritime Provinces with Maine.—*Montreal Star*.

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, 1783-1883—UPPER CANADA,
1791-1792—ONTARIO, 1891-1892.

WHAT a memorable day was that 18th of May, 1783,
when a fleet of twenty vessels sailed into the har-
bour of Parr Town, now St. John, New Brunswick, hav-
ing on their decks and in their holds three thousand
refugees, United Empire Loyalists, fleeing from the ruth-
less persecution of their brethren of the United States,
who had succeeded in substituting the Stars and Stripes
for the Union Jack throughout all Yankeedom.

Parr Town, named after Governor Parr, of Nova
Scotia, was, at the period, a small village, containing prob-
ably not more than one thousand inhabitants, but was,
nevertheless, the most accessible and important harbour
on the Bay of Fundy. Parr Town was still in the ancient
Province of Nova Scotia as at that time the County of
Sunbury, then one of the counties of Nova Scotia and in
which Parr Town was situated, had not yet been carved
out of the ancient Province of Nova Scotia to form the
new Province of New Brunswick. This carving-out pro-
cess did not take place until August 17, 1784, when the
new Province was established, with Thomas Carleton,
late Colonel of the 29th Regiment, brother of Sir Guy Car-
leton, as Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of New
Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Canada.

Parr Town was not only destined to become a place of
refuge for the three thousand Loyalists who sailed from
New York for that harbour in April, 1783, arriving at
their place of destination on May 18, 1783, but many
others followed during the summer of 1783, and in the
month of October the fall fleet arrived with twelve hun-
dred. Thus we have quite a town established on the
shores of the Bay of Fundy, so that at the end of 1783
Parr Town, with its neighbour, Carleton, had a popula-
tion of five thousand.

The people of Ontario, originally settled by United
Empire Loyalists, ought to have a deep and abiding affec-
tion for New Brunswick, St. John, and the inhabitants of
these places, for they are, nationally speaking, their kith
and kin.

We will mention the names of some of those United
Empire Loyalists who settled in New Brunswick. The
Rev. John Sayre, when the war commenced, was Rector
of Trinity Church, Fairfield, Connecticut. He drew lot 36,
Dock Street, Parr Town, then removed to Maugerville,
on the River St. John, and died August 5, 1784, in his
forty-eighth year. His daughter Esther married Christo-
pher Robinson, and shortly afterwards left with him for
Upper Canada. Mr. Robinson was appointed Deputy-
Surveyor-General of Crown Lands. He was the father of
Sir John Beverley Robinson, late Chief Justice of Ontario,
and grandfather of Hon. John Beverley Robinson, ex-lieu-
tenant Governor of Ontario.

We had at one time in Toronto a street called Sayre
Street, which ought to have remained so *in perpetuo*, but
the wisdom of City Fathers have erased the name and
given the street the name of Chestnut Street, probably
because there are no chestnut trees on the street.

On the walls of the County of York Law Association
Library, in the Court House, Toronto, there is suspended,
in a frame, a letter written in 1807 by the Hon. Robert
Thorpe, one of the Judges of the King's Bench of that day,
presented to the Library by Mr. James Sears, of New
York and Toronto; a devoted lover of literature and
antique art.

The family name of Sears is a very old one in Parr
Town (St. John). The first child born in Parr Town was
a daughter of Thatcher Sears, at the time living in a tent
at the Market Square of St. John. There is, in the Mar-
ket Square referred to, a public drinking fountain, pre-
sented to the City of St. John by William Macara Sears,
a grandson of Thatcher Sears. The Market Square is a
notable place in the City of St. John, for it was within
that Square that the first landing of the Loyalists was made
in 1783.

I need not refer to the Peters of New Brunswick or
the Jarvises and Merrits more than to state that their
names are so familiar to Canadian ears that it will take a
long time indeed before they are obliterated from their
memories. They were of the true old stock of U.E.L.
who equally impressed the New Brunswickers and Can-
adians with their individualities.

The name of Ludlow is one not unfamiliar to us. The
Hon. Gabriel Ludlow was a New York Loyalist, and through
the war commanded one of the Loyal American Regiments.
He was the first Mayor of St. John after its incorporation in
1785. In 1795 he resigned the office of Mayor, and in
1803, when General Carleton left for England, Col. Lud-
low, as Senior Councillor (after Chief-Justice), was sworn
in at St. John, President and Commander-in-Chief, resi-
ding at Carleton, except during the meeting of the Legis-
lature. The residence of Col. Ludlow is standing and
known as the "Old Government House." I will not
pursue the subject further, lest I transcend the limit of a
newspaper article.

It is gratifying to know that the New Brunswickers,
and, notably, the people of the City of St. John, have,
ever since 1783, periodically celebrated the landing of the
Loyalists in their historic town, the oldest town in the
British Provinces. On May 18, 1833, their Semi-Centen-
nial year was ushered in by the firing of cannon. In the
evening a dinner was given by the Corporation in the
Masonic Hall, head of King Street. The chair was taken

by the Mayor of the city, John Wilmot, Esq. On his right was the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Archibald Campbell; on his left, the father of the city, the venerable John Ward. When the toast of the day was given, a salute of fifty guns was fired by the City Artillery from King Square. The Loyalists at this meeting, while celebrating an anniversary of the land they had come to, were not forgetful of the land they had left. This was the toast of the day: "The land our ancestors left, and the land we live in; both inhabited from one common parent, and enjoying, though under different governments, the blessing of freedom. May old animosities be forgotten, and the present good understanding continued."

This being the Centennial Year of the erection of Upper Canada into a separate Province, and the next year being the year of the establishment of its government, we may with fitness imitate the United Empire Loyalists' descendants in New Brunswick, who, in a right loyal manner, celebrated their Centennial in 1783.

And here let me refer the reader to that good citizen of St. John, J. W. Lawrence, corresponding member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and Honorary Member Worcester Society of Antiquity, who has in his "Foot Prints, or Incidents in Early History of New Brunswick," given us so much food for thought, and of what may be useful in the Centennial celebration of Ontario. Especially would I refer to his able paper on "New Brunswick Centennial Year," read before a distinguished audience in St. John at a meeting composed of judges, senators and others, the most distinguished citizens of the ancient City of St. John, and which received the highest encomiums from the able speakers at the meeting, and the most favourable comments from the press of the Maritime Provinces and the ancient Province of Quebec. The "Foot Prints," besides other interesting matter, contain the names of the Original Grantees of Parr Town and Carleton in 1783, among whom are many names of United Empire Loyalists, who made Upper Canada their permanent home.

D. B. READ.

THE TWO KINGS.

THE Prince of this world reigneth;
Man's choice his throne sustaineth,
Which first by man's choice rose;
O'er millions he rejoices,
And scorns the feeble voices,
His will that dare oppose:
Wealth, learning, power, adore him;
The broad earth quakes before him;
Stout-hearted ones are those,
Who rank among his foes.

O thief, the crown that stolest!
O murderer that rollest
Thy wheels above the slain!
Stealing, destroying, killing,
The souls that are most willing
To see thee live and reign:
The Father's face still clouding,
Their manhood's glory shrouding,
Searing the brand of Cain
On hand and heart and brain.

For thee the rich man toileth,
For thee the poor man moileth;
Thou hast no lack of slaves:
They serve thee with their treasure,
They worship thee with pleasure;
Thou diggest them their graves,
They curse not when thou smitest,
Nor dream 'tis thou delightest
In agony that raves,
Blaspheming Him who saves.

The preacher hears thee, Devil,
And calls thy stroke of evil
The Father's chastening rod;
When thy curse sudden smiteth,
The clerk, by thee taught, writeth
"Died by the hand of God,"
Storm, plague, and serpent's venom,
Yea, and the fires of Hinnom,
Thou lay'st on Him who trod,
In Christ, our bitter road.

The rulers of the nations
To thee bring their oblations
Of pride and fenshish hate;
Throughout the earth's four regions,
Fleets and embattled legions
Upon thy bidding wait:
They praise, in song and story,
Death, death, thy chiefest glory,
Ascribing to man's fate
Thy thirst insatiate.

From old thou art a liar,
Who sayest thou and briar
Are true fruits of the earth;
Call'st black germ of corruption,
Made such by thine adoption,
The outcome of man's birth.
Nay, thief, he came from heaven,
Whence thou hast long been driven,
Home of all wealth and worth;
With thee are bane and dearth.

Yet, still on earth thou art reigning,
Light's angel forms still feigning
In Protean disguise;
Mingling in oldhood's prattle,
As in the shock of battle,
With fools and with the wise.

Church, State, and mart thou hauntest,
At beauty's shrine thou vauntest,
Concealing from thy prize
The worm that never dies.

O World, that thinkest never,
Shall this go on forever?
How can'st thou be content,
To see thy home invaded,
Thy heritage oft raided,
Thy ties forever rent?
Obsequiously fawning,
Canst thou not see the dawning,
In eastern firmament,
O'er night that is far spent?

Bow'st thou to will supremest?
I tell thee that thou dreamest,
O man, who sayest all
Was made at the creation
For ends of desolation,
Thyself raised up, to fall;
Chief of all lies e'er spoken
To weary hearts and broken,
The lie that dares to call
Life's Light a funeral pall.

Leave words that counsel darken;
Up! slave who wast, and hearken
The voice of thy best friend:
Thy skirts shake from earth's vermin,
Up, up! and don the ermine,
The judgment seat ascend;
Judge art thou, and elector,
Of thy domain's protector;
Forth righteous verdict send,
The tyrant's power shall end.

Up, up! for time is flying,
The old year is a-dying,
A week, and 'twill be gone.
Rich sages, keen, far-sighted,
Who see the heavens lighted,
Up, up! and follow on.
Poor shepherds, flocks attending,
To whom these heavens, descending,
Reveal the Holy One,
To Bethlehem haste anon.

O Mother Eye, behold him!
O Mother Earth, unfold him,
The child thou soughtest long.
'Tis He that Abram craved,
Thine heir is here, O David,
Break forth in joyous song.
Prophet, that climbed to Heaven,
The Son, the Son is given,
The Prince is us among,
The Judge, to right the wrong.

Shine bright, thou blue vault, o'er us,
Ring out, earth's bells, in chorus,
Ye mourners, dry your tears;
Shake off the thoughts that sicken,
Ye myriad hearts grief-stricken:
Ye timorous, cease your fears,
Put on your manhood's raiment,
O slaves, He brings your payment,
The Babe who rules the spheres:
This is the year of years!

Ah, who believes His story,
That came, not in His glory,
The heritage to win?
God was He, high and holy,
Yet in a garb so lowly
That we might take Him in,
To lighten all earth's faces,
When clasped in their embraces:
Only, as kith and kin,
Can God cleanse souls of sin.

God's word, and yet neglected,
Earth's heir, and yet rejected,
The Prince of Life, yet slain;
Immortal life revealing,
All man's diseases healing,
Himself enduring pain;
Fore demons' rage unshrinking,
Man's cup to deep dregs drinking,
'Twas thus He came to gath
His right on earth to reign.

Not as the world's creator,
Or constant preseryator,
Or bearer of heaven's ban;
Not His the accuser's mission
Of rigid inquisition:
Each secret thought to scan;
Not God the blame imputeth,
Judgment He executeth,
According to Heaven's plan,
But as the Son of Man.

He chose our humble station,
This great Lord of Salvation,
Our choice, what shall it be?
Is Jesus still rejected?
Barabbas still elected,
And suffered to get free?
Is mankind, tired of cursing,
The world's old vote reversing,
Pleading the contrite plea,
We knew not it was He?

Ah yes! 'tis He, our Brother,
Himself and not another;
Though God's eternal Son,
The children who awaiteth,
The while that he reciteth
The conquests He hath won:

"Same as to death that thrust me
This world that will not trust me,
Else had the work been done
That now is scarce begun."

O myriads of mortals,
With sad eyes on the portals
All souls pass through at last:
Behold! their gloom He spurneth,
One traveller returneth,
His death is overpast:
Immortal man rejoices,
Calls for your myriad voices,
To claim for millions vast
His life-pulse beating fast.

O happy Christmas greeting,
Unnumbered voices meeting,
From shore to utmost shore,
That hail the Babe of story;
Thou art the King of Glory,
O Christ, whom we adore;
Judge Thou earth's brooding Vampire,
Take to Thyself the Empire,
Wear Thou the crown he wore,
Reign o'er us evermore!"

JUDICAVI.

PARIS LETTER.

M. ALPHAUD, on whom the mantle of Le Nôtre fell, leaves, like Alexander, his realm "to the most worthy." The vacancy created by Alphaud's death cannot be filled up; even his united lieutenants are unequal to the task of sustaining what he discharged. In the execution of all the metropolitan public works, in the organization of national fetes, in the ornamentation of public squares, the creation of parks, the conversion of waste places to blossom like a rose, M. Alphaud had no rival. Hercules might boast of his twelve labours, but Alphaud could pride himself on his twelve times twelve. He created parks alike for the poor as well as the rich Parisians; he executed the works of three international exhibitions with no more anxiety than if they were so many public avenues or branching alleys. He always applied the grammar of industrial art to every scheme for modernizing and beautifying Paris. His were the fairy hands that gave the finishing strokes even to the projects of others. He was not a pluralist but a necessary cyclopaedic monopolist. He represented ten official departments rolled into one, and had an argus eye on the minutiae of each.

M. Alphaud was one of the most notable outputs of the Second Empire. Napoleon III. discovered Baron Haussmann in Bordeaux; the Baron discovered Alphaud in the Landes, and both focussed their talents to making Paris the abiding city that it is to-day. The deceased, to a mind of grit, added a frame of granite. He died aged seventy-four, but was as robust and as stalwart as a man of thirty-five. He seemed to illustrate the creed of philosopher Flourens, that manhood only commences at seventy. He was never ill; he was to be met everywhere, in all seasons and at all hours, followed by an army of private secretaries. To be sure, he had two paralytic strokes, but these no more affected his health than do such Pasteur's. And to think that strong man was only a few days "down" and succumbed before the celebrated doctors who attended him could discover the nature of his illness. They do not even know it yet. Where Alphaud found the time to sleep and eat was as great a mystery as the Franco-Russian treaty. His word might be accepted when he said he had no time for society.

Taken with the grain he was the kindest of men. When an order was given it was to be executed; to discuss or delay it involved dismissal. He commanded quite a corps d'armées of civil servants; any employée that showed talent was at once recompensed. He was perhaps the sole distinguished Bonapartist that the Republic never attempted to displace. He never pulled down his colours, but at the same time he never flaunted them in any one's eyes. That radical of radical body, the Paris Municipality, which braves Home Ministers and Prefects became magnetized, as he disarmed its hostility to his plans and estimates by the sparkling humour of his illustrations and the lucidity with which he explained his figures. He well merited the civic honour bestowed on him. France could well spare a better man.

Those who never go to bed are very early risers. Balzac devoted not only the greater part of his time to writing his human comedy novels—that medical museum of vices and virtues, but in drawing and renewing bills and dodging creditors. His nights were passed in cafés; as day-break was approaching, Balzac would take an almanac out of his pocket to ascertain the exact hour of sunrise; then he would enquire the precise time by the Bourse clock. He desired to be at home before sunrise, and so avoid arrest.

The solid opinion of France is becoming alarmed at the consequences of those two questions, the ultra-tariffs—passing in the Senate like hot cakes, and the separation of Church from State. The former is disastrous; in adding 700 per cent. on Spanish wines France has not only provoked reprisals but is driving the Spaniards right into the arms of the Triple Alliance. To meet her export and home demands France does not produce half the quantity of wine necessary; hence why she took 233,000,000 frs. annually of Spanish wines to mix, as clarets, for the English market. Spain is giving handsome salaries to Bordeaux blenders to come and mix imported Medoc brands with native growths, and ship directly to London. The

\$3,000,000 frs. of general goods that Spain takes from France will, as reprisals, be excluded. In the case of Italy France again blundered, by tariffing out products from that peninsula. Italy sought—and found—markets, and executed commercial treaties, elsewhere, and finds herself in a position to decline overtures from the Gauls for trade treaties.

The French clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Aix, have clearly taken to the warpath against the present Constitution. A section of the republicans insist on cutting down the annual grant of 54,000,000 frs. to the clergy; and second—which would be unnecessary—to cheques, or abolish, the Concordat. Either solution is far from being ripe; the republic could not fight 36,000 clergymen, no longer dependent for their support on the State, and inciting their flocks to vote for some other régime. It would be impossible to imprison that army of disaffected. There is this new feature in the religious question, that the Church is prepared to accept divorce from the State, provided it be accorded the rights for the religious orders, such as they exist in England, and that the "Decrees" be abolished. Z.

EPITHEN.

The night was lingering still, though but one star
Shone through the blackness of the eastern bar.

Then as that star behind the darkness passed
A crescent of pale pure fire appeared at last.

The dark grew gray and from the deep there came
A ruddy ring, a disk, a shield of flame.

Across its blazing surface long there lay
Three straight black bars that would not melt away.

It seemed that there we still might view the Gate,
Behind which flowers and joys of Eden wait!

SEBASTIAN.

THE RAMBLER.

A RECENT despatch to New York informed the inhabitants of that city of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's delight in the portrait of the latter painted by Mr. Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, the eminent Canadian. Can this be our old friend Mr. Forbes? The conversion of Smith into Smythe, of Murphy into Morphy, of plain Brown or plain Robinson into compound Browne-Robynson or Robinson-Browne is at least established by precedent, but from Mr. J. C. Forbes to Mr. Johnstone Forbes-Robertson is a step which at once presents some incongruities, to say the least. Possibly the artist has been knighted as well; Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson would be still better.

Some interesting facts have frequently been noted with respect to those French-Canadians who, leaving their native Province, and sometimes country, change their names into the equivalent English. Labelle becomes Bell, Loblau is Mr. White, while the aristocratic LeVerrier re-appears as Ferrier. I knew a cabman once who led a completely double life. In Upper Town he was known as King, while in Lower Town he bore the euphonious name of Leroy. But when you come to Laframboise and Archaubault it is almost impossible to translate such high-sounding appellations—they are better left alone. The only resource is to shorten them, as you do Cholmondeley or Mainwaring, and say, "—rr—sh—m—bol!" That is a very fair rendering of the name so often met with in Montreal and Quebec.

The Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffiths, pastor of the Shawmut Congregational Church for many years, held an important position in the educational service of Japan. Returning to this country, he wrote "The Mikado's Empire," which, together with his subsequent works, has given him high rank as a student of Japanese life and history. In an address given recently in Boston, he sharply censured Sir Edwin Arnold and men of his type, who visit Japan for a few months and then write such optimistic, entirely eulogistic narrations of their impressions. Dr. Griffiths allows no man to surpass him in his admiration for many of the national traits, nor in his appreciation of the marvelous strides the Japanese have made; but he does protest against the wilful neglect of most of the writers on Japan to describe the depths of moral degradation that prevail there and the thoroughly baneful effects of so much European and American flattery of the Japanese. He reports that the best men in Japan deprecate, quite as much as he does, the style of writing of which Sir Edwin Arnold is past master.

There can be little doubt that there is much truth in Dr. Griffiths' remarks, apart even from the fact of Japan's comparative remoteness and isolation. We might not unnaturally ask, Has Sir Edwin Arnold seen anything of the Canadian people during either of his visits? He remains for a couple of days in the two or three larger towns, is driven about and entertained, and then writes a chapter about us. At best it must be a second-hand kind of information thus gained and thus displayed.

Some years ago we used to think that the European or English idea of Christmas was but imperfectly understood by citizens of the Republic. The Dickens Christmas was far from realization among a practical and unimaginative people. Thanksgiving Day and New Year's rather crowded the old-fashioned Christmas out. Of late, happily, Anglo-

mania has resulted in a better understanding of what the festival really is, or should be, and the following extract will convince every one that while practical, New Yorkers are also intensely kind-hearted, sympathetic, and eminently Christian in such a noble effort to ameliorate the condition of the poor:—

The Christmas Society, at its headquarters at Madison Square Garden, is working steadily and satisfactorily toward the accomplishment of its end. This is no less than to make 20,000 poor children happy on Christmas Day. It is to be an occasion for the offerings of the children of the rich to the children of the poor. To instruct children in the delights of giving as well as of receiving is one object of the society. To get at the poor children the society has enlisted the aid of the King's Daughters and of the Working Girls' Societies, and the co-operation of people who have made it the business of their lives to thoroughly understand tenement-house districts and the difficulties of those sections.

Meanwhile the gifts are pouring in from private individuals, from the well-to-do little children, from the large mercantile houses, and from many church societies without the city limits. As fast as received the gifts are divided into six classes, suitable for boys and girls of different ages. Then they are stored in the Garden basement.

The doors of the Garden will be opened at one o'clock Christmas Day, and the children will come in. The lower part of the house and the arena seats will be given to the poor. Spectators will be assigned gallery seats. Upon entering, each poor child will be supplied with apples, gingerbread and candy. Then an entertainment will begin and last until three o'clock. It will be given by a full military band and a volunteer banjo orchestra of 400. The college banjo clubs and nearly all local prominent players have volunteered for this.

In the centre of the Garden will be a huge Christmas tree, and from the tree to the roof girder ropes will be run on pulleys, rigged like tenement-house clothes lines. On these ropes the presents will be hung. A circle of chutes will be built around the tree, up which the children will proceed, each in his or her proper classification, to the place where the proper present will be bestowed. Then a straight passageway will be provided to the Fourth Avenue exit.

Of course each of us must have a word to say about the Sunday cars. There are two shibboleths, and one is as bad as the other. Why may not the question rest for a few years until the growth of Toronto renders the introduction of Sunday cars necessary? Nobody, I imagine, doubts there being a necessity for omnibuses and trams in a city as large as London. If there were none, only those who lived near or owned carriages could ever hear Mr. Spurgeon, for instance. Other instances will occur to the rational mind. The point is, that at the present juncture Toronto is not as large as London. If you wish to hear Mr. Macdonnell, for example, and you live in Parkdale, you can still hear him if you are a good walker; for, although the distance is considerable, it is not vast. This should dispose of the church-going question. With regard to the other arguments brought forward—such as, the easy access to the country, parks, etc., I do not believe that our population feels so much defrauded because Sundays are not as free as other days. This population is largely a native Canadian one, founded on orthodox British lines. The "alien" of the States is here only in very small numbers. The Germans, the Italians, the Swedes, and Danes of New York and Chicago must have, and can scarcely live without, their remnant of the Continental Sunday. Certainly, if there is to be a decision by voting, let the people vote. Let us hear from The People on the subject, not from pedagogues and politicians, not even clergymen.

So, burying every hatchet, let us look forward to that golden year in which factions, feuds, and fevers shall melt away, and a nobler era emerge. Before another Christmas Day what may not our old world have seen of strife, of victory, of defeat, of dissension, of much brave failure, of more imperfect success!

Let us wish for it and ourselves and others some small measure of that good fortune, health, prosperity, and happiness which can come, in the long run, only to those who have worked, not only for themselves, but the common weal.

NATURE AND MAN IN AMERICA.*

PROFESSOR SHALER'S volume, as the preface informs us, is mainly the reproduction of a Lowell Institute course of lectures. Judging from internal evidence, we should have assumed it to embody two separate and very diverse courses of lectures, the coherence between which is somewhat forced and incomplete. Professor Shaler speaks with the kindly admiration of an old pupil of his "Master Louis Agassiz"; but his text reveals his devotion to the great naturalist, to whose revolution of biological science Agassiz persistently refused assent. The Professor, indeed, in his zeal as a Darwinian convert, altogether outruns his later master, and makes a near approximation to the materialistic creed which Agassiz repelled, and from which Darwin shrunk with instinctive distaste. Neither of them would have affirmed what he thus unqualifiedly sets forth, "that man's body

* By N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1891.

has been slowly evolved from the earth, passing onward through inconceivable stages, each leading upward from the level of the lowest organic life."

The too eager modern biologist assumes an ingenious hypothesis to be a demonstration. The old Greek astronomers solved the astronomical problem with the earth as the centre, not only of the solar system, but of the whole stellar universe. It was a mere hypothesis, and, as we now know, very wide of the truth. But it was accepted alike by the wisest of the Greeks, and by later orthodox churchmen, no less than by men of science, as a demonstration which it was impious and heretical to question. That we owe a wondrous debt of gratitude to the great English naturalist all will willingly admit. But not one, but a long series of missing links have yet to be discovered before the assumed "Descent of Man" passes beyond the region of hypothesis. The great naturalist does indeed say that "Huxley has conclusively shown that in every single visible character man differs less from the higher apes than these do from the lower members of the same orders of primates." But this is, as Pope long ago said, "To show a Newton as we show an ape": in other words, to leave out of consideration the marvellous intellectual and spiritual element—the invisible one,—which distinguishes, not the Newton only, but also the Australian or Patagonian savage, from the ape.

The scope of Professor Shaler's work is, as we have already indicated, twofold. In the earlier chapters he deals, with the skill of a well-trained geologist, with the broad question of geographical changes on the physical structure of the globe, with the origin of the ocean-beds, mountain building, denudation, and the excavation of river valleys. The natural origin of continents is discussed in special relation to the effects of physical geography on the development of diversities of race. But after dealing, with the skill of a well-trained geologist, with earliest palæontology, it is with a sense of disappointment that the reader finds the author of "Man in America" jumping abruptly from remote geological eras, and the strange life of those æons, to the modern Red Indian, the Spaniard, Frenchman, Dutchman and New Englander.

In its later chapters the book belongs more to the region of political economy than to ethnology. The historical influences of physical geography are discussed with much judgment; the Negro question in its present and future aspects is dealt with as one of practical significance at the present time, and of grave moment in the future of the American Republic. But when the author meddles with ethnology he has no longer that mastery of his subject which is apparent in the purely geological chapters; and as for the archaeology of the American Continent, he does well to evade it. When he touches on one of the most favourite subjects of disquisition among American antiquaries, that of "The Mound Builders," he does not seem even to be aware of its most difficult element, that of the remarkable manifestation of geometrical skill by a barbarous people, ignorant of metallurgy. The old tribes of the Ohio valley have been made the text for a good many foolish treatises. We shall not apply this term to Professor Shaler's theory; we only state it. The tribes of the Ohio valley had, by increase of numbers, been driven to tillage. Hence they became sedentary, and manifested the forethought which agriculture requires, and so advanced to the condition of settled communities. "In the pre-European state of the country, probably down to some time after the year 1000, the American bison, or buffalo, appears to have been absent from all the region east of the Mississippi." But when abundant herds of buffalo made their appearance, the temptation to revert to the savage-hunter life was too much for them. "Not yet firmly fixed in the agricultural art, these tribes appear, after the coming of the buffalo, to have lapsed into the pure savagery which hunting entails." The author is manifestly unaware that the history of the overthrow of the old native semi-civilized settlements in the Ohio valley, and of those of its tributaries, by the Iroquois and other warlike invaders from the north, is now a matter of historical proof.

We have indicated the leading points in the treatise. If the reader turns to Professor Shaler's volume in the hope of finding any light thrown on the existence of palæolithic man in America he will be disappointed; and yet it would have seemed the natural sequence to his earlier chapters. But some of the geological questions treated of, are ably dealt with; and that of man and his modern environments embraces practical issues now forcing themselves on the study of the citizens of the United States, and not devoid of interest for Canadians.

GO AS YOU PLEASE.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway, having met with so much success last winter in their "Around the World" excursions, have just completed arrangements with the Peninsular and Oriental S. N. Company, and the fastest steamship lines on the Trans-Atlantic route, to run these "Around the World" excursions at rate of \$610.00. This rate will apply in either direction, and for slight additional cost variation can be made in the route to travel over India, Egypt, and Continental Europe. For further particulars apply to W. B. CALLAWAY, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

A FIT of anger is as fatal to dignity as a dose of arsenic is to life.—J. G. Holland.

THE CHAIN.

ONCE from the bitter pages of doubt it hapt
That, wearily, I turned me to the wall,
And, lo! there, in the hearth's dull embers, all
The self-same thoughts which harrowed me seemed mapt.
But, near, were coiled a cat and kitten, hapt
In furry dream; then, next, where lay—in thrall
Of slumber softer than a feather's fall—
Dear wife and babe, I stood in silence rapt.

O endless chain of being and of love,
O paths and pathos of mysterious sleep—
Ye pointed to a world yet undescried!
Strange calm befell me, light as from above,
And thoughts which man can neither yield nor keep:
My heart was filled, my house was glorified!
Prince Albert, N.-W. T. C. MAIR.

ART NOTES.

A RAP AT ART CRITICS.

LET me conclude my few remarks with a hint of wholesome advice which, if heeded, will save you many an otherwise wasted hour. Avoid reading criticisms on contemporary art, unless merely to note the subjects treated, and the names of their artists. To form a sound judgment on a work of art is one of the most difficult attainments I am acquainted with; and this difficulty is multiplied, in the case of works by living men, through the embarrassments from extraneous influences we are in no way conscious of. If this be so with men whose life is work, whose lives are spent working on the principles established by the great, working by the maxims founded on experience, how infinitely more perplexing should it be to those who contemplate it from without, who have never by toil and practice been made free of its mysteries! Now, it is for the most part by such outsiders the art-criticism of the time is made, and it cannot be relied upon for art teaching and guidance. These opinions, hurriedly made, often from the most cursory glances, cannot be trusted to contain that insight of the artists' conceptions, that just balance of qualities in their works, that fair estimate of each work as a whole—nor to be expressed in sober, reasonable language that awakens interest by its sympathy, and by its truthfulness commands assent. Do not suppose I regard the whole of this literature as utterly barren. Undoubtedly a gifted man, from keenness of observation and refined training in other paths of effort, will strike sometimes rare and valuable truths; but an artist's time, especially in youth, is too precious to spend any of it in searching for these scattered treasures. If the daily paper or the monthly magazine lies before you with a notice of a passing exhibition, better to leave it lying there untasted; take out your sketch-book and make a careful study of the coal-scuttle, of your mother's shawl or your father's hat and gloves; for assuredly any of these, carefully studied, will yield you a better interest in the future.—T. Woolner, R.A., in the Magazine of Art for December.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

MANY more merry meetings 'mid my many metronomed musical messieurs.

THE GRAND.

AGNES HUNTINGTON'S reappearance in Toronto brought a large audience to the Grand on Monday night. In Planquette's new and sparkling comic opera, "Captain Therese," Miss Huntington plays the dual rôles of a lovely maiden, fresh from college, and that of a military captain, whose uniform she assumes for the purpose of rescuing her lover from the treachery of his military superiors; this she succeeds in doing eventually, and all ends happily for the lovers. The opera was very well presented by a large company of seventy performers; the music is tuneful and Planquetty, being original and attractive, though it is a sure sign of waning musical thought when some principal solos have to be interpolated. Next week Sardou's great play, "Cleopatra," will be presented with America's favourite actress, Fanny Davenport, in the title rôle. This will prove to be, no doubt, another great attraction.

THE ACADEMY.

"THE Tar and Tartar," which had a run of 150 nights at Palmer's Theatre, New York, was capitally presented at the Academy on Monday night, and, even in the face of the strong kindred attraction at the Grand, was greeted by a crowded house. York's N. Y. Comic Opera Company, including the clever and versatile Digby Bell and his wife, Laura Joyce Bell, and also Marion Manola, in the leading rôles, together with an all-round clever company, carry this purely American production to a successful issue. The curious adventures of a ship-wrecked sailor and his tartaric spouse are very funny. Miss Marion Manola has a pleasing voice and graceful presence that at once made her a favourite. A cleverly-executed Amazonian march closes the last act.

THE PAVILION.

THE plan for those world-famous artists, the Gruenfelds, opened on Tuesday at Messrs. Gourlay, Winter and Leemings' piano rooms, Yonge Street. The concert will be held in the Pavilion on January 7, and the renown of these able executants on the pianoforte and violincello should attract all musical devotees.

THE VOCAL SOCIETY.

ON December 17th took place at the Pavilion the first concert of the season given by the Toronto Vocal Society; the musical director being Mr. Edgar Buck, of this city, and formerly of London, England. The programme was a pleasing and varied one, and lovers of good music could say little but in its praise. Mr. Victor Herbert was warmly welcomed, his "Souvenir de Spa" and his "Petite Valse" being amongst the most charming features of the entertainment. Miss Olive Fremstadt, who was vigorously applauded, delighted her audience again and again, its enthusiasm rising to a climax in Robaudi's "Alla Stella Confidente." The delicate touch of Miss Irene Gurney went home to her hearers, her piano solos meeting with spontaneous applause. In response to one of Miss Fremstadt's encores, she delighted her audience with "Sweetest Flower," a charming song, still more charmingly sung. Of the ladies of the Toronto Vocal Society we must say that their beauty is only rivalled by their musical ability. Their charming costumes were in sympathy with "Moonlight"; both were beautiful as a dream. This Society deserves the warmest thanks for their performance. "The Spirit of Night," sung by so many voices, lost nothing of the delicate charm of its poetry. It was, indeed, worthy of Shelley, and a fit comment on Herbert Spencer's ethics of music. The choral march given by the gentlemen of the T. V. S. was strong and vigorous. The lighting and decorations of the hall were all that could be desired, the latter adding in no small degree to the artistic effect of the whole. In conclusion we would remark that Mr. Buck is to be congratulated upon his enterprise, the success of which was not lost upon his audience. No better tribute could be paid to Mr. Buck than the well-filled house, the high order of the music, the rank of the performers and the masterly manner in which the baton was wielded by this most efficient conductor.

CONVERSAZIONE OF THE SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

ON December 16 took place a conversazione, given by the School of Pedagogy. The audience, which was a good one, enjoyed a pleasing and varied programme, in which a piano solo by Professor Hunt was a pleasant feature. The performances of the students, *in toto*, were excellent, the solo of Mr. Frost and the original address of a lady, whose name we did not catch, being worthy of special notice. Some stirring addresses by well-known educationalists were listened to by an audience, some of whom, at least, knew that what they heard had real bearing upon their own present and future lives. At the close of the programme an address was read to Dr. McLellan on behalf of the students of the School of Pedagogy. The address stated in concise terms the gratitude which all felt for the unvarying kindness of their principal, as well as for the masterly manner in which he had steered them through the "mysteries" of the science of education. That these were no mere formal words could be easily seen by the enthusiasm with which Dr. McLellan was greeted on rising to reply. The main points of the Doctor's speech, which at times approached to oratory of no mean order, were, in the first place, that they, the students of the School of Pedagogy, had formed independent judgment, and were fit to face the fallacies even of our great philosopher, Herbert Spencer, himself. In the second place, the Doctor laid emphasis upon the necessity of sympathy and personality on the part of the teacher. Things and their forces, men and their ways, "besides self," said Dr. McLellan, "are two other elements—God and love." Miss Houston then read an address to Miss Knox, an address which was but the echo of every student in the School of Pedagogy. Miss Knox's genius is fully appreciated by the Toronto public, and the students are to be congratulated upon having their voices "tried" before this Canadian Portia of the 19th century. Miss Knox replied in a few graceful and well-chosen words, and fairly delighted her audience with her rendering of "My Own Canadian Home." The evening closed with the National Anthem.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A NUMBER of Mr. Torrington's advanced pupils gave a programme on Wednesday evening, the 16th, in the College Hall, demonstrating their ability to render the highest class of music in a musicianly way. The organ numbers selected from the several schools were calculated to display the technique of the performers who, by their talent, will no doubt find their place amongst advanced Canadian organists. The Belisario Duo (Goria) for two pianos was excellently played by Miss McLaughlin and Miss Dease, while the Chaconne (Raff), which is one of the test pieces at the Royal Academy of Music, London, Eng., brought forward the two gold medallists of the College, Miss Clarke and Miss Sullivan. Miss Snarr and Mr. Burt, the vocalists of the evening, are promising pupils. Miss Marguerite Dunn, teacher of elocution at the College, at once established herself in the favour of the audience, who repeatedly recalled her. The pupils are fortunate in being under the guidance of so experienced a master as Mr. Torrington.

BOSCOVITZ PIANO RECITAL.

MR. FREDERICK BOSCOVITZ gave the second of his series of three piano recitals; misnamed lecture-concerts, owing to the absence of the lecture element. In a few cursory remarks Mr. Boscovitz gave to the fashionable audience assembled in the Normal School rotunda his impressions of Chopin's method of technique, and was pronounced in condemning thumping, though he did not throughout adhere to his text strictly, occasional jingling of

the Steinway parlour grand being audible; and in the song accompaniments he forced the singers' voices to an unpleasant degree by his too forcible playing. Mr. Boscovitz in his solos plays at times with an exquisite delicacy and a genuine fervour, also displaying great intelligence in the interpretation of Chopin; one number, the Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2, he seems to love especially well, having played it on three public occasions within a short period, feeling, no doubt, that the delicate character of its construction suits his style best. Miss Lash, the possessor of a fair mezzo-soprano, sang De Koven's "O Promise Me" quite fluently, but lacked sympathy. Mr. Beddoe's naturally sweet tenor voice was over-weighted, both by the piano and the composition he sang. Although "an evening with Chopin," Mr. Boscovitz played several of his own compositions in a masterly style. Altogether he scored a success by his conscientious work.

PRIVATE MUSICALS.

THE pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, assisted by Mrs. Adamson, Signor Dinelli and others, attended a musical reception at Mr. and Mrs. Vogt's residence. The young ladies displayed efficient piano technique, and their several recitals were quite enjoyable.

MESSRS. SUCKLING AND SON have favoured us with two very easy piano morceaux, by Frederic Forrest, entitled "Rustic Dance" and "Reve D'Amour Valse," also a Terantille by Sohmer of easy difficulty. A very attractive collection of medium difficult pieces called "In the Spring Time," by Gurlitt, also by the same publishers, should prove to be quite saleable. They include all styles, from a "Hymn" to a "Scherzo."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

BEATRICE AND BENEDICT. By Hawley Smart. New York, London and Toronto: John A. Taylor and Company.

This novel by Hawley Smart will be read by all who have a lingering interest in the Crimea. To us "Sabastapol and Inkerman" are always interesting, be the tale told by Colonel Clery, by Tolstoi, or by Hawley Smart. In these days of pessimism the public are so used to the voice of Schopenhauer through the medium of Dostoiéfky or George Moore, that one feels glad to peruse a good plain tale told in a healthy jolly way. Subtle psychology may account for Raskolnikoff, but it takes good old English pluck and common sense to produce Hugh Flemming and Tom Byng or to write about them. Miss Lynden is a charming girl, but for the Russians, one would almost go to the Crimea itself, to win her. The Benedict (Tom Byng) goes the way of all Benedicts, and Beatrice is quite willing to accompany him to the altar. The end is pleasant and natural. We have very little psychology, but our author has told us a good tale for all that.

SCHOOLBOYS OF ROOKESBURY. Edited by Laurence H. Francis. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

This, as the name implies, is a story of school life. It is said that the author has followed somewhat after the style of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," but Rookesbury is not Rugby in disguise, and either Laurence H. Francis or Judge Hughes is grossly libelled by the comparison. The book, however, with its pillow-fights, its cricket matches, its boyish enmities and friendships, will be in some measure interesting to boys on this continent who have curiosity in regard to the school life of their cousins over the Atlantic. Mr. Francis has hardly the touch of Archdeacon Farrar, the "Power" and "Kenrick" of St. Winifreds are more interesting types of boyhood than "Tickle" and "Blobs," but then the latter exist, so it is just as well to write about them. "Crabbe," "Wimm," "Blobs," we hope, we are certain, that Mathew Arnold never met *them* at Rugby. "Wrag is in custody" does not sin nearly so much against the æsthetic taste as that other monosyllable—*Blobs!* The book is illustrated with original drawings.

HANDBOOK OF ATHLETIC SPORTS. Edited by Ernest Bell, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. IV. Rugby Football, Association Football, Baseball, Rounders, Quoits, Bowls, Skittles, Curling, with twenty-one illustrations. London: George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden and New York. 1892.

The present volume of Bohn's Library of Sports and Games will be eagerly welcomed by many lovers of sport, and as a handbook will be found invaluable if once looked into. It occupies a unique position. The articles are clear and concise, and are written by men thoroughly competent to speak with authority. The Rugby game is by Mr. Harry Vassall, late captain of the Oxford University Football Club, Hon.-Treas. of the Rugby Football Union. The Association game is by Mr. C. W. Alcock, Hon.-Sec. of the Football Association. The other games are treated of by men entirely in touch with them, and well versed in the intricacies of each, and all are clear and authoritative in the expression of their opinions. To teams desirous of perfecting their work the articles on football will be invaluable, containing as they do so many serviceable hints. The handbook is thoroughly illustrated and tastefully bound.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Nos. 13-17. New York: John B. Alden.

We have a further instalment of this condensed literary cyclopædia. As a work of reference it is useful, for we can find out the main facts in an author's career, and have a list of his works for the trouble of turning up the proper place in an alphabetical list. The selections are often interesting, and give some idea of the writer's vein. In some cases they are copious; those from Ruskin extend over seven pages, those from Luther over fourteen, those from Macaulay over thirty-one. We might suggest that some sort of critical estimate of the writers mentioned would be an improvement. The opening article of volume thirteen is on the Kalevala, the ancient Finnish epic, which is treated with unusual fulness. In this volume the most important names are Kant, Keats, Landor and Longfellow. Volume fourteen includes Lowell, Luther, Macaulay and John Stuart Mill. Volume fifteen contains Milton and Morris. Volume sixteen ends with Rabelais, and volume seventeen describes Ruskin and Sir Walter Scott.

SONGS OF THE SEA. Illustrated by Reynolds Beal. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; Toronto: Hart and Company. 1891.

These songs are fragments from the poems of Moore, Clough, Tennyson and Rogers; the parable of the draught of fishes, verses from the Psalms and New Testament, and that favourite hymn, "Eternal Father! Strong to Save," go to make up a choice, cheerful, and inspiring collection. Each quotation is finely illustrated with appropriate sketches, embellished with nautical gear such as of compass, anchors, life belts, ropes, oars and fishing nets, schooners, brigs, and fishing smacks, etc., mostly executed in sea blue, a peculiar shade, and well known to those familiar with the heaving main. Occasionally we alight on a sketch executed entirely in a harmony of brown and gold, which reminds us of the tint and odour of seaweed. At this season of the year a more appropriate gift for those who have friends who "go down to the sea in ships" could not very well be found. The strong board covers of a soft grey-green tint are illumined with a seascape where the silver moon sheds her peaceful light over the quiet deep, with its remnants of floating wreckage—calm after storm—allegorical perhaps of the lives of those to whom this artistic volume is destined to bring comfort.

FAVOURITE RHYMES FROM MOTHER GOOSE. By Maud Humphrey. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; Toronto: Hart and Son. 1891.

A charming book and one destined soon to become a favourite with the little ones is this volume of the old familiar rhymes of our early childhood with its beautiful illustrations. Turning the pages over we find a chubby boyish king in hib and regal crown surrounded by the four-and-twenty blackbirds who "began to sing." In this entrancing book all the affairs of the nation are conducted by its bright small boy and girl citizens; the sky is cleaned of cobwebs by a quaint little old woman attired in gown and poke-bonnet of cloudland hues, and "hot cross buns" are purveyed by a bright youth in frock, pinafore and curls. Too long would it take us to attempt to describe the chaste beauty of this juvenile gallery of delights, and as we regretfully turn the last pages the little Miss of "Primrose Hill," robed in her frock of primrose coloured stuff, decorously drops us a farewell courtesy, and we close the book, mentally deciding that nothing could give the little ones greater pleasure than the gift of this highly artistic volume. The style of illustration revives in these old rhymes the life of the realm of childhood. We sincerely compliment the artist compiler on her most excellent work, and feel sure it will give a pure and noble conception of the beautiful to the mind of any little child happy enough to become its possessor.

IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS. By George Moore. Price, \$1.25. New York: Scribners; Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

Mr. George Moore is a gentleman of fine critical insight and of considerable literary power, and these essays of his quite merit the distinction of republication and even of being revised and re-written, as some of them have been. They have appeared in the *Fortnightly*, the *Universal Review*, and the *Magazine of Art*, and are now collected in this handsome and inexpensive volume. Most of these essays are devoted to foreign writers and artists; and, on the whole, are pitched in rather too high a key. We are quite willing to admit that our English Philistinism has been too disdainful of much excellent French work; but we must not, for that reason, rush into the opposite extreme and condone every monstrosity in French literature, merely because we are told that this is the way the French genius works, and we must accept it. The French genius often works in a very objectionable and offensive manner, and we have no mind to put up with it. We do not mean that Mr. Moore is indiscriminating in his eulogies. He tells us that *l'assommoir* is not realistic, which we are very glad to hear. He also speaks in terms of unmitigated disgust of *La Torre*, which is well. But in his essay on Balzac, the first and longest in the book, we must express our honest belief that he gives too high a place to a novelist whose power and genius no competent critic will think of questioning. Mr. Moore also takes a

delight in telling us of "a great poet" of whom probably not one reader of this review ever heard. His name is Verlaine; one article and the half of another are given to him. We think that few persons will regret the time spent over this book, and we may specially commend several papers on the drama and the theatre.

LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS. Edited by Sidney Colvin. Price \$1.50. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891.

This is a charming volume. Mr. Sidney Colvin has shown his competency for the work he does here by his excellent volume on Keats in "English Men of Letters." Keats not only occupies a very high position as a poet of the first class, but he constitutes a link between Wordsworth and Tennyson without which the history of modern poetry would be incomplete. Keats was born in 1795, and died at Rome in 1821, only twenty-five years of age. It used to be said that he was killed by a savage article in the *Quarterly Review*; but this has been disproved by his excellent and sympathetic biographer, Mr. Monkton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton. It was in this biography that some portions of these letters were published; and when it is said that "they lent an especial charm to a charming book," this is true, since "he is one of those poets whose genius makes itself felt in prose-writing almost as decisively as in verse." The letters extend from 1816 to 1820, the last being within about three months before his death. There was a special necessity for this publication. Even if Lord Houghton had published all of them which were of interest, he had not the power of giving them from a trustworthy test. Many of them were written to his brother and sister-in-law in America, and when this lady married again to Mr. Jeffrey, of Louisville, this gentleman, in copying them, made such large omissions as greatly to diminish the interest and value of the letters. Mr. Colvin has had more trustworthy material to work upon, although he considers that, even now, they may not be absolutely complete. Among Keats' correspondents, we may mention, was Haydon the painter for whose genius Keats had a higher admiration than posterity has confirmed. Although there are, of course, passages in these letters of no great interest, there are other passages which place the writer in the first rank of letter-writers.

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF CHARLES DICKENS. London: Hutchinson and Company; Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.75.

This is a very interesting book written by Mr. Langton, F.R.H.S., who is an enthusiastic admirer of Dickens. It gives a variety of details not to be found in the formal biographies. A curious instance is quoted, showing the wide-spread interest in all that pertains to that favourite author. About fifty years ago his father lived at Alphington, near Exeter, and he has been dead nearly forty years, yet only a few years since a letter from America was sent to him to his old address. Of course it was returned through the Dead Letter Office; but it is believed that it was a request from a Yankee collector for his autograph. A large proportion of the particulars contained in this work have been derived from aged persons who have given their personal recollections of Dickens when a boy. One of his sorest memories was that when he was about twelve years old and his father (subsequently typified as Micawber) was imprisoned for debt, he was sent to a blacking manufactory where he had to paste labels on bottles and do other light work of a menial character. For this he was paid eight shillings per week. But it must be borne in mind on behalf of his parents that, in London, fifty-seven years ago, eight shillings a week was very high wages for boys' unskilled labour; and we have no doubt that his employer believed that he was behaving handsomely in paying the lad double or treble the ordinary rate of boys' wages. Dickens was not the only man of genius who has had a hard time in his boyhood. His father was incarcerated in the King's Bench, afterwards known as the Queen's Bench. There are capital descriptions of the ancient inn at Cobham, "The Leather Bottle," described in Pickwick, as well as of many other places made famous by their association with the life and writings of Dickens. The volume has many engravings and a thoroughly good index. We heartily recommend it to our readers as a perfect biographical treasure relative to Dickens; figuratively there you can see him grow. It would make a good Christmas present for an intelligent youth.

THE LORD'S SUPPER AND THE PASSOVER RITUAL: From the German of Professor Bickell. By W. F. Skene, D.C.L. Price, 5s. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: McAinsh. 1891.

This is a book of considerable interest and value. It will of course chiefly concern those who belong to churches in which some form of the ancient liturgy is in use; but it will not be without interest to any who concern themselves with the earliest literature of the Christian Church. It has long been a matter of dispute where we may expect to find the origin or origins of the great liturgies which have been used in different parts of the Christian Church. Palmer divided them into four families, ascribing the greatest antiquity to that which was in use in the church of Jerusalem, and which bore the name of St. James. It

is now generally agreed that Palmer attributed too great an antiquity to the various Liturgies which he regarded as typical. Drey and Probst have contended successfully for the antiquity of the so-called Clementine Liturgy, which is preserved in the eighth book of the Apostolic Constitutions—a treatise which probably belongs to the end of the third century, although it bears the name of a Bishop of Rome of the first. There never has been much doubt of the antiquity and purity of this Clementine Liturgy; but it was regarded by most as being rather a specimen of the arrangement of the Liturgy than the copy of a Service which was actually in use. The two writers just mentioned may be said to have proved that it is an actually Liturgical Service, and the oldest in existence, and Dr. Bickell, the author of the original of the volume before us, has completed the proof by showing its resemblances to the Service in use among the Jews. The book is divided into three parts, the first dealing with the Primitive Christian Liturgy, and showing the superior antiquity of the Clementine; the second describing the Jewish Ritual which gave rise to the Christian Liturgy, and the third instituting a Comparison between the Apostolic Liturgy and the Corresponding Jewish Ritual. Dr. Bickell arrives with great certainty at the conclusion that the Clementine Liturgy is apostolic in its origin, and that it is derived from the Jewish Ritual. The only conclusion of interest which he deduces, apart from the origin of the Liturgy, concerns the place of the invocation of the Holy Ghost in the Canon. According to the writer it is no part of the consecration. The name of Dr. Skene is quite sufficient to show that translation and editing are well done, and that his own contributions to the volume are of value.

CANADA'S PATRIOT STATESMAN: The Life and Career of the Right Honourable Sir John Macdonald, G.C.B., etc. Based on the work of Edmund Collins. Revised, with additions to date. By G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: Rose Publishing Company, C. R. Parish and Company; London: McDermid and Logan. 1891.

The life of Sir John Macdonald by Mr. Collins has, for some years, been recognized as the standard work on the subject; but the death of our great Premier had rendered it desirable that the book should be completed by the narrative being brought down to the time of the decease of its subject. Mr. Collins was no longer in Canada, and the work was entrusted to Mr. Mercer Adam. That gentleman's previous literary work had eminently fitted him for the undertaking, and the book as it now stands proves satisfactorily that the completing of Mr. Collins' excellent biography could not have fallen into better hands. In truth it should not now be forgotten, as it may be, from the disappearance of Mr. Collins' Preface, that Mr. Adam had some share in the original work. "Let us here," said Mr. Collins, "express our gratitude to Mr. G. Mercer Adam for information, guidance and numerous hints, while at our work. Mr. Adam, with the modesty which is only equalled by his courtesy and merit, desired that no mention should be made of him, save casually in our chapter upon Canadian literature; but we have not allowed this to interfere with a sense of duty."

Mr. Adam's work is not a mere reproduction of Mr. Collins' with the addition of chapters on the subsequent history of its subject. The first chapter has been entirely rewritten and so have the last three, whilst no fewer than ten chapters have been added. Portions of Mr. Collins' appendices have been incorporated in the text; but the great speech on the Pacific Scandal has been printed entire at the end. The biography is now as complete as need ever be desired, and although it was not quite easy to write with a steady pen so soon after Sir John's death, Mr. Adam seems to us to have united justice and generosity in a very judicious and satisfactory manner.

On this subject it is perhaps best to let the author speak for himself. "If," he says, "the present writer cannot rise to the pitch of enthusiasm to which Mr. Edmund Collins had attained when he wrote the bulk of the following pages, he is none the less conscious of the gifts and endowments of the subject of Mr. Collins' lively panegyric, or in any way unwilling to do justice to his theme. What he has alone stipulated for, in taking up and carrying down to date that writer's work, is freedom to present facts without doing violence either to history or to the dictum of a calm and impartial judgment, and always with consideration and courtesy towards the other great party in the State."

The whole of the Introduction from which these words are taken forms a discriminating, if also generous, estimate of the man the story of whose life is here told, of the man whom all Canadians will now recognize as great. Mr. Adam closes this excellent part of his work with the expression of the hope that our great loss may bring us gain. "May we not see, as its fruit, our politics purified, our public life elevated and ennobled, our patriotism broadened and increased, the people set free from the enslavement and noxious influence of faction, and the country made more closely and enduringly one?" May God grant it!

THE *Western World*, illustrated, Dec., 1891, contains a very valuable paper on the North-West Territories, their history, resources and possibilities, as well as an interesting and readable article on "Farm Pupils," which should appeal to the numerous young Englishmen of Ontario who have left Liverpool in the hopes of "learning farming" in Canada.

WE have received with pleasure a specimen copy of the "Canadian Almanac" for 1892. We consider that it is well got up and suitable for every purpose in view.

THE *Daily Free Press*, London, has issued a very attractive "Holiday Number." In this issue "The Rise and Progress of London" will be read with much gratification by all who have any interest in the Forest City.

CHRISTMAS *Ladies' Home Journal* is a particularly good issue of this popular journal. Mamie Dickens, daughter of the celebrated novelist, contributes as also does no less a personage than Mme. Adelina Patti; Mrs. Kendall and the author of "We Two," are also on the *tapis*. The issue in fact contains so many well-known names that comment becomes unnecessary and we can only exclaim, "Read, read!"

THE *Magazine of Art* for December, 1891, is a number replete with interest. "Where to Draw the Line: a Word to Students" should find its way into our universities. "The Mystery of Holbein's 'Ambassadors': A Solution," by W. Fred Dickes, is well illustrated and contains some close reasoning. There are many more good papers, amongst which may be mentioned "The Collection of Mr. Alexander Henderson"; W. H. Y. Titcomb's "Primitive Methodists," a painting which received a third medal in last year's *Salon* is reproduced. The number is on the whole a good one.

THE Christmas *Wide Awake* is calculated to drive Morpheus away from the dullest and sleepest of boys and girls. In it Mrs. Jessie Benton tells a charming little story entitled "The Fairy 'Content.'" "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of," by John Mead Howells, is a clear case of *tel père tel fils*. "The War of the Schools" is a capital story for boys; Helen Keene's "Captain Joe" is full of vivacity and free from affectation. A pretty ballad entitled, "The Fourth Little Boy," does Mary E. Wilkins credit. The illustrated papers are well worthy of perusal: "A Roumanian Princess" being really interesting. The serials are good; amongst the best are "Jack Brereton's Three Months' Service," by Mrs. Maria McIntosh Cox, and "Men and Things" deserves more than a passing glance. *Wide Awake* will be read with feelings of pleasure by all who love wit, humour and *esprit de joie*.

Scribner's Magazine, January, 1892, contains an interesting paper upon the "Paris Theatres and Concerts," in which the actors of Molière's theatre are astutely criticized by William T. Apthorp. "A Ballade of Dawn," by Hugh McCulloch, jr., is a curious poem, by no means devoid of charm; the refrain:

And in the west the weary morn
hangs low,

which appears at the end of each stanza seems but a mournful salute to the rising day with all its own toil and triumph. "A Day with the Donkey-Boys" is a brightly written account of pleasure-seekers in Egypt. "American Illustration of To-day" is well treated in an article from the pen of William A. Coffin. The number is a very good one and worthy of the commencement of '92.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

OTTO HELLER has translated "Harold," by Ernst von Wildenbruch, from the sixth German edition.

THE January *Century* will contain an article by Gounod, the well-known French composer, on his own early life.

AN important paper on "Boston," from Mr. Emerson's unpublished manuscripts, will appear in the January *Atlantic*.

THE "Adventures of a Fair Rebel," by Matt Crim, will be read by all who still look back upon the great Civil War with interest.

IN the January *St. Nicholas* will appear, a new serial story, by Lieutenant Robert Howe Fletcher, entitled "Two Girls and a Boy."

THE eleventh scientific session of the American Academy of Political and Social Science will be held in Philadelphia, on December 15th.

A NEW serial story, by E. Marion Crawford, entitled "Don Orsino," is promised as one of the leading attractions of the *Atlantic Monthly* for next year.

THE *American Academy of Political and Social Science* has just published an essay on "Some Neglected Points in the Theory of Socialism." The author is T. B. Veblen, of Ithica.

THE next number of *Harper's Weekly*, published December 16th, will contain a four-page map, giving a bird's-eye view of the exposition grounds and buildings at Chicago.

THE death of any author naturally produces a demand for his works. Fortunately Mr. Lowell had just edited his writings, and they had been brought out in a very attractive form.

MR. BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, of Boston, will shortly publish a new novel, "The Duchess of Powysland," by Grant Allen, the author of "What's Bred in the Bone," the \$5,000 prize novel that had so large a sale last summer.

FREDERICK C. SMYTH, Recorder of the city of New York, has written for the January *Scribner* a remarkable article entitled, "Crime and the Law." Recorder Smyth states that in his opinion the earlier steps in crime are largely due to the overcrowding of the population in narrow and unhealthy quarters.

THE *Writer*, a monthly magazine, with a portrait of Danske Dandridge, contains some interesting matter, amongst which, "Are Literary Women Unpractical?" and "The Domestic Happiness of Literary People," are perhaps most worthy of attention. The *Writer*, *in toto*, is well worth looking at.

"A CANADIAN IN JAPAN," by Malcolm McLeod, Q.C., lately District Judge, Counties of Ottawa and Pontiac, Province of Quebec, will be of special interest to Toronto readers, now that Sir Edwin Arnold has roused their curiosity to know something more about this strange country, with its dreamy, almond-eyed sons and daughters.

Literary Opinion contains some strong lines by H. Smith Wright, M.P., entitled "Who Goes Home?" Elizabeth Lee has discovered a "German Kipling." Lady Dilke gives some sad, weird lines on "Death in Life." The paper on Christina Rossetti is really interesting. The magazine is well got up and deserves more comment than space will permit.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S treatise, "The Greatest Thing in the World," has been translated into nearly every civilized language. Amongst many others, it appears in a Japanese dress. The treatise was originally an address delivered by Professor Drummond before a small audience. It is an interesting fact that the last letter Von Moltke ever wrote was devoted to his favourite booklet, "The Greatest Thing in the World."

MR. W. G. KINGSLAND'S critical hand-book on Robert Browning has recently made its appearance under the title of "Browning: Chief Poet of the Age." *En passant*, we may remark that Mr. Kingsland does not stand alone in his opinion of the dead poet, although possibly it might be hard to convince the French admirer of Alfred de Musset as to its propriety. M. Taine's contrast would have been still stronger had Browning been opposed to the latter instead of Tennyson.

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF WEALTH," by J. B. Clark, A.M., Professor of History and Political Science in Smith College; Lecturer on Political Science in Amherst College, is something for all students of political economy, or even casual readers, for we are particularly told that it is not in the form of a text-book. Since Adam Smith pointed out the importance of the two great factors, sympathy and selfishness, the average man has felt more and more inclined to dip into economics.

ONE of the art publications undertaken by the Cassell Publishing Company is the life of "Henriette Ronner, the Painter of Cat Life and Cat Characters," by M. H. Spielmann, editor of the *Magazine of Art*. It is for her pictures of cat life and cat character that Mme. Ronner has gained her great reputation, not only because of their perfection of execution, but because of the truth, vigour and humour displayed in her representations of the manners, graces and beauties of cats and kittens.

THE seventeenth of December being Mr. Whittier's eighty-fourth birthday, Mr. C. E. L. Wingate, in his Boston Letter to the *Critic* of December 12, prints extracts from a number of communications which he has gathered from well-known men and women of letters in which the writers pay tribute to the genius of the poet and express their choice among his writings. Among the contributors to this symposium are Julia Ward Howe, Celia Thaxter, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Rose Terry Cooke, Dr. A. P. Peabody, Lucy Larcom, Sarah Orne Jewett and Donald G. Mitchell.

THE *Bookman*, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, are most readable copies of this new London venture. No. 1 gives us an article, instead of the usual rather tiresome eulogy, on Rudyard Kipling. "He has also *les défauts de ses qualités*," remarks "Y. Y.," who none the less appreciates Mr. Kipling. No. 2, amongst much that is entertaining and instructive, gives us "A Reminiscence of Louis Stephenson," by Charles Lowe. "The Brontës" gives us four good portraits of the Bell family, besides an interesting sketch of Hawth. In No. 3 "The Work of Thomas Harding" and "Reminiscences of Mr. John Morley" will be read with interest. "The Carlyles and a Segment of their Circle," in all three numbers, is well worth perusal.

ON Thursday, December 17, a large audience assembled in the Auditorium for the purpose of hearing a lecture on "National Spirit," from Colonel George T. Denison. Many of the chief citizens of Toronto were on the platform. The fervour and interest with which his hearers followed the lecturer were in themselves proof that they were in the fullest accord with the sentiments expressed. With that sarcasm and *verve* which those who have heard him, know so well, Colonel Denison appealed to Canada upon that "National Spirit" which glows in the heart of every nation worthy of the name. Patriotism is still a living sentiment. The sneer of Alphonse Karr is out of date. The lecturer proved from examples in ancient and modern history that this national patriotism and enthusiasm are the true causes, the *raison d'être*, so to speak, of the "survival of the fittest" nations. From Assyria and Babylon the lecturer passed to Greece and the deathless fame of Marathon and Thermopylae. Would Pericles have prated of "annexation" at a time when the very existence of nations is trembling in the balance? Colonel Denison then dwelt upon the lessons of modern history, in which Switzerland furnishes so splendid an example of national unity and national strength. There are men now living who have seen the establishment of German and of Italian unity. In the same spirit France has risen like a god

from the sea of misfortune. Muscovy, an ignoble province of rude barbarians, through the potent spell of *Pan-slavism* has developed into the modern Russia of Todleben and Skobeloff. It is the same story with all nations, but the Colonel told it with a mastery of expression and clearness of application which gave to these obvious deductions a charm which was greatly enhanced by the correctness and élan of the speaker himself. It is needless to remark that the opponents of the integrity of the British Empire were handled without the gloves. The large and intelligent audience was delighted not only with the conclusions of the reasoning but also with the exceptional and varied ability which Colonel Denison showed in handling his subject. At the conclusion of the lecture the Bishop of Toronto moved a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was seconded by His Worship the Mayor. Though personalities and strong language are objectionable, the advocacy of annexation is abhorrent to the vast majority of Canadians, who are loyal to the throne and Empire of Britain, and to the traditions of the land of their adoption or birth.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CHILDREN OF THE FOAM.

Out forever and forever,
Where our tresses glint and shiver
On the icy, moonlit air;
Come we from a land of gloaming,
Children lost, forever homing,
Never, never reaching there:
Ride we, ride we, ever faster,
Driven by our demon master,
The wild wind in his despair.
Ride we, ride we, ever home
Wan, white children of the foam.

In the wild October dawning,
When the heaven's angry awning
Leans to leeward, bleak and drear;
And along the black, wet ledges,
Under icy, caverned edges,
Breaks the lake in maddened fear;
And the woods in shore are moaning;
Then you hear our weird intoning,
Mad, late children of the year:
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Lost, white children of the foam.

All grey day, the black sky under,
Where the beaches moan and thunder,
Where the breakers spume and comb;
You may hear our riding, riding,
You may hear our voices chiding,
Under glimmer, under gleam:
Like a far-off infant wailing,
You may hear our hailing, hailing,
For the voices of our home:
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Haunted children of the foam.

And at midnight, when the glimmer
Of the moon grows dank and dim,
Then we lift our gleaming eyes,
Then you see our white arms passing,
Our wan breasts the moon disbosoming,
Under gloom of lake and skies:
You may hear our mournful chanting,
And our voices haunting, haunting,
Through the night's mad melodies:
Riding, riding, ever home,
Wild, white children of the foam.

There forever and forever,
Will no demon-hate discover
Peace and sleep and rest and dream:
There is neither fear nor fret there
When the tired children get there,
Only dews and pallid beam
Fall in gentle place and sadness
Over long streets of madness,
From hushed skies that gleam and gleam:
In the longed-for, sought-for home
Of the children of the foam.

There the streets are hushed and restful,
And of dream is every breast full,
With the sleep that tired eyes wear:
There the city hath long quiet
From the falling hearts of care;
Balm of peacefulness ingliding
Dream we through our riding, riding,
As we homeward, homeward fare;
Riding, riding, ever home;
Wild, white children of the foam.

Under pallid moonlight beaming,
Under stars of midnight gleaming,
And the ebon arch of night;
Round the rosy edge of morning,
You may hear our distant homing,
You may mark our phantom flight;
Riding, riding, ever faster,
Driven by our demon master,
Under darkness, under light:
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Wild, white children of the foam.

—William Wilfred Campbell, in *Donation Illustrated*.

TWENTY-NINE thirtieths of all the diamond mines in the world are controlled by one company, whose capitalization is \$18,000,000. In the mines at Kimberly, South Africa, eight-tenths of one carat is found in every 1,600 pounds of dirt taken out. To light these mines, ten electric circuits, burning lights of 64,000-candle power, are employed.

THE use of asbestos has now become so general that there seems no longer any reason for being burned. Complete suits for firemen, fire-proof masks, mittens for handling heated articles are made and entire dresses of the material are designed for women working in dangerous proximity to fire.

If 369 men who had done nothing worthy of death were to be killed on a day fixed, by decree of the law, the whole nation would be horrified. Instant measures of prevention would be set afoot. But 369 men were last year killed outright, and 7,841 maimed and mangled in coupling cars on the railways of the country, and in default of uniform mechanical contrivances for this service, the killing is likely to go on indefinitely. Is it not about time that some missionary work should be done among the railway companies to induce them to adopt adequate means of stopping this yearly slaughter? There is no doubt it would be a costly undertaking to make the requisite change in rolling stock; but as a matter of facility and of time-saving it would be profitable—and where the dictates of humanity and the surety of material advantage run hand in hand, there ought to be no further hesitation on the part of corporations organized primarily to serve the people and not to kill them.—*Philadelphia Record*.

THERE have appeared from time to time in THE WEEK during the past year accounts of remarkable cures in various parts of the Dominion. In each case the circumstances connected therewith had been investigated by well-known newspapers, and there could be no doubt as to the entire reliability of the accounts given. Perhaps the case that attracted most attention was that of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton. This was not, perhaps, because his case was any more remarkable than some others, but because it was attended by some other peculiar circumstances that served to emphasize it in the minds of the public, as for instance the fact that he had been pronounced absolutely incurable by half a score of clever physicians, and was actually paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance. Elsewhere in the issue is given particulars of a cure in Cape Breton, which is quite as remarkable as that of Mr. Marshall. The particulars of the case are taken from the *Halifax Herald*, but they are also vouched for by Mr. Richardson, the editor and proprietor of the *Island Reporter*, Sidney, C.B., who says that in not a single particular is the story overdrawn. We fancy we hear some reader say, "Oh, pshaw! this doesn't interest me." But it does. The story as told elsewhere is worth reading, and we will guarantee before you are through with it you will be thoroughly interested.

THE QUESTION IS OFTEN ASKED, WHERE SHALL I INSURE MY LIFE?

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A FEAT of steel casting that eclipses the best performance of American works was recently accomplished at the River Don Works of Vickers, Sons and Company in Sheffield, England. The casting was an ingot, weighing ninety-six tons, and it is believed to be the largest casting of steel ever made. The casting is to be used for one of the parts of a forging press, which is also said to be the largest in the world.

To extract grease spots from books or paper, gently warm the greased or spotted parts of the book or paper and then press upon it pieces of blotting-paper, one after another, so as to absorb as much of the grease as possible. Have ready some fine, clear essential oil of turpentine heated almost to a boiling state; warm the greased leaf a little, and then with a soft, clean brush wet the heated turpentine both sides of the spotted part. By repeating this application the grease will be extracted, according to *The Publishers' Weekly*. Lastly, with another brush, dipped in rectified spirits of wine, go over the place, and the grease will no longer appear, neither will the paper be discoloured.

ACCORDING to *Nature*, an interesting experiment has been lately made by M. Chabry of the Société de Biologie, with regard to the pressure which can be produced by electrolytic generation of gas in a closed space. While the highest pressure before realized in this way was 447 atmospheres (Gassiot), M. Chabry has succeeded in getting as high as 1,200; and the experiment was broken off merely because the manometer used got cracked (without explosion). The electrolyzed liquid was a twenty-five per cent. soda solution. Both electrodes were of iron; one was the hollow sphere in which the gas was collected, the other an inner concentric tube. The current had a strength of one and a-half amperes, and was very constant during the experiment, which was merely one preliminary to a research in which very high pressures were desired.—*Science*.

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A CAPE BRETON MIRACLE.

A CASE THAT FAIRLY OUTRIVALS THE WONDERFUL HAMILTON CURE.

Hopeless, Helpless, and Given up as "One Who Must Soon Go."—An Interesting Story as Investigated by a Reporter.

Halifax Herald, December 16th.

A few months ago all Canada was astounded by a remarkable cure reported from the city of Hamilton, Ont., and vouched for by the press and many of the leading residents of that city. In the Hamilton case the man (a Mr. Marshall) had been pronounced incurable, and after rigid examination by half a score of physicians, the Royal Templars of Temperance paid him the \$1,000 members of that order are entitled to when pronounced totally incapacitated from labour. The remarkable narrative of Mr. Marshall's cure and the remedy to which he owed his recovery were given wide publicity by the press throughout the Dominion, and naturally it brought a ray of hope to others who were similarly suffering. Among the homes to which it thus brought hope was that of Mr. Joseph Jerritt, of North West Arm, C. B., and Mr. Jerritt's recovery may be regarded as even more marvellous than that of Mr. Marshall, and many others whose cures have recently been recorded. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that never before in the history of Cape Breton has medicine wrought such an almost miraculous cure. In the year 1879 Mr. Jerritt received a fall from a truck wagon, the wheel of which passed over the small of his back. Those with him succeeded in restoring him to consciousness and took him to his home near by. For six months he was unable to perform any work and even after a lapse of a year was troubled with severe pains and weakness of the limbs. He was able, however, to do light work about the farm, and about a year later shipped on a vessel bound for Charleston, S. C. While on this trip Mr. Jerritt was engaged in furling a sail, when he overreached himself, and felt something start, as though something had burst in his left side. He became almost helpless, and on the arrival of the vessel at Charleston, he was taken to the hospital for medical treatment. Here he remained for two months under the most skillful physicians. His side became strong again, but his limbs grew weak and frequently the pains were intense. Mr. Jerritt then returned home, he continued to grow worse and the pains never left him. After his return home he made an attempt to work but had to give it up, and gradually became worse and worse until at last he was entirely helpless and was looked upon by his friends as one who not only could not recover, but whose time on earth was short. It was in this condition, depressed in mind, helpless and continually suffering intense pain, that at last a ray of hope came to him. One day he read in the *Halifax Herald* of Mr. Marshall's remarkable cure. Symptoms in this case were those of his own, and despite the fact that he had already expended hundreds of dollars in patent medicines and medical treatment, without receiving any benefit, he determined to try the remedy that had restored Mr. Marshall to health. The result is that he is again restored to health and strength. Hearing from various sources of Mr. Jerritt's remarkable recovery the local reporter determined to investigate the matter, and gives his story as told to him. "In my early days," said Mr. Jerritt, "I was one of the strongest young men in our village. Until I received the fall in 1879 I did not know anything about sickness, and after that time I did not know a perfectly well day. I tried to fight the trouble off and to work, and partially succeeded up to the time I received the strain on board the ship while bound for Charleston. Since then my limbs have continued to grow worse until I was compelled to give up work altogether, and send for a doctor. I may add that all kinds of medicine were tried but none did me any permanent good. The physicians of our place said my disease was locomotor ataxy and, although several of them treated me, none gave much hope of recovery; in fact the impression became general that 'poor Joe must soon go.' After the failure of doctor's treatment I again resorted to patent medicines of which I believe I have taken \$500 worth. Still my disease grew worse and finally I was unable to even move from my bed. I was advised to again go to the hospital in Halifax, and after spending two months there I returned home only to find myself even worse than before. My legs became so weak that I could not stand alone, having to use two chairs to steady myself with; I could not bear my weight on them. For five weeks I was between life and death. My left leg swelled to an enormous size and the doctors pronounced it dropsy. My feet and legs have been cold for over five years until the last three months. It was impossible for me to sleep with the pain which would continually be in my legs and body. Mustard drafts were applied, but no sooner would they be taken off than the pain would return. About one year ago I lost all feeling from my legs; they would feel like ice and to move them caused the greatest agony. I prayed that God would take me from this world and give me relief from the torment which I was hourly in. Thus I lived; not lived, but existed, a suffering being without one day's relief from the most excruciating pangs from the disease." Here the face of the hitherto sufferer brightened as he began to tell of the release, as it were, from death, and continuing he said: "But from the blackest day of my sickness a glimmer of hope shone when my little girl, who brought home my paper, read the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got her to read to me the cure effected in the case of John Marshall, of Hamilton. As soon as she read the statements contained therein, I saw at once that his case was similar to mine and I told my wife that I believed I would be a well man again if I only could succeed in obtaining some of this medicine. I sent to our drug store but found none there; I then decided to send to Brockville, Ont., for the Pills, but my neighbours only laughed at me saying that they were, just like all other patent medicines, no good. This was in August; I forwarded the money and in a few days received two boxes of Pills, deciding to give them a fair trial. After taking them a short time the pains left me, and to-day I am not troubled with an ache or pain. True, my limbs have not yet entirely recovered their former strength, but it makes me happy to know that if five boxes will enable me to stand with just a little assistance, more will continue and complete the cure. Dead legs for a year are not easily made perfectly strong again but," here Mr. Jerritt threw both legs high into the air, "this is something myself or my

friends never hoped to see. All my neighbours gave me up for dead, but thank God my strength is returning and after three months I feel like a new man. You need not fear to state my case plainly, as I am well known in Cape Breton, and all the people here-about know how far gone I was. Scores of the neighbours call to see me and are surprised to find that I am improving daily. My appetite has returned; my strength is renewed and when my limbs become a little stronger I shall be a healthier man than ever. No doubt exists in my mind of complete cure as the worst symptoms have entirely disappeared and I seem invigorated by the medicine. You see," he said to the reporter, "I am to work mending nets, as I feel too well to remain idle. Every person who saw me last July and sees me now can bear testimony to the truth of the story I am telling you. My weight since I began taking the Pills has increased from 125 pounds to 146 pounds and I am heavier now than I have been for five years. I hope what I have told you will induce other sufferers to try this wonderful medicine, and I am sure they will have as good reason to feel grateful for it as I do."

After the interview with Mr. Jerritt, the reporter called on a number of his neighbours, all of whom endorsed his statements, and said they considered his cure one of the most wonderful things that had come within their observation. They one and all gave the credit to the treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and are naturally enthusiastic in speaking of them.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study on the part of an eminent graduate of McGill and Edinburgh Universities, and they had for many years been used in his private practice before being offered for sale throughout the country. They are offered to the public as a never-failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all diseases, such as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, pale and sallow complexion, muscular weakness, etc. These pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, bearing down pains, chronic constipation and all forms of weakness, building up the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

The proprietors deem it their duty to caution the public against imitations. These Pills are never sold in any form except in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." They are sold by all druggists or will be sent post-paid upon receipt of price, 50 cents a box — by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Consumption—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

CATARRH indicates impure blood, and to cure it, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood. Sold by all druggists.

HIRAM MAXIM, the scientist and electrician, says it is a mistake to suppose that the discharge of a rifle loaded with smokeless powder is noiseless. There is, he says, no such thing as a noiseless gunpowder. The report from a discharge of smokeless powder is much sharper and higher pitched than that from black or ordinary gunpowder; it cannot, however, be heard anything like so far away. The recoil of the piece is much less, also, with smokeless powder.

IF YOUR HOUSE IS ON FIRE you put water on the burning timbers, not on the smoke. And if you have catarrh you should attack the disease in the blood, not in your nose. Remove the impure cause, and the local effect subsides. To do this, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, which radically and permanently cures catarrh. It also strengthens the nerves. Be sure to get only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood effects a permanent cure of catarrh by eradicating the impurity which causes and promotes the disease. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength. All who suffer from catarrh or debility should certainly try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the past four years at intervals. I was troubled with catarrh, and the medicine effected a perfect cure. I take it now whenever I feel debilitated, and it always gives me immediate strength, regulates the bowels and gives an excellent appetite."—LEVI CAMPBELL, Parkersburg, W. Va.

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