

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 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 fendish 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'rt reigning,
Light's angel forms still feigning
In Protean disguise;
Mingling in childhood'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 Eve, behold him!
O Mother Earth, enfold 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 gain
His right on earth to reign.

Not as the world's creator,
Or constant preserver,
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 imiteth,
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 *feles*, 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'armée* of civil servants; any employee 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