

Love of Country.

SINCE the time when Dr. Johnson defined Patriotism to be the last refuge of a scoundrel, it has been dangerous for any man to profess that virtue. That stout old Tory did much harm when he penned those words, for he gave the indifferent a powerful weapon. Nothing kills a sentiment so quickly as ridicule, and when a speaker knows that he is likely to have old Johnson's definition flung at his head he will pause considerably before he even talks of love of country. There are besides things which a true man feels but says very little about. Still waters run deep. The most dangerous symptom of a man's being in love is when he never mentions the woman's name nor speaks of her. The man who will die for his faith talks least about it. The man who stands up in the front rank and sees his friends fall on his right and left hand and grimly slides in another cartridge is the man who at home has kept his mouth shut. When you sit at dinner next some quiet gentlemanly person whom you have never met before, and whose name you have not heard, but whose modest, unaffected manners and conversation have strongly appealed to you, you find out afterwards that that man either led a forlorn hope or made some startling scientific discovery or penetrated into unknown lands. You never hear of that from himself, but you do hear it from others. In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility.

But Shakspeare goes on to say, "When the blast of war blows in our ears" then it is very different.

Now, in Canada, we require the stimulus of patriotic exhortation. Our position is very peculiar. We are, and we are not, a nation. We are a portion of the greatest Empire history has ever known. Still, we are an outlying portion. Modern discovery has provided wonderfully rapid modes of communication. But we remain by force of situation an outlying portion. Between the Provinces and the Metropolis there is always jealousy. The dweller in Imperial Rome looks with pitying self-satisfaction on the benighted individual who is condemned to live, say, in Massilia. The Cockney looks down on the Canuck. We have often thought that this feeling did more to bring on the American Revolutionary War than all the Stamp Acts that ever were passed. It should be the duty of the educated classes to set the example of minimizing the effects of this feeling.

To aggravate this unfortunate infirmity of human nature, Canadians live beside a very large country, a country which fought for and won its own independence a hundred years ago. There are some parts of this Dominion which would fit into the Union, in the opinion of the Americans, uncommonly well. Many of our people are constantly appealed to—Look upon this picture and on that. We are very often asked to switch off from the tail of the Lion to that of the Eagle. So far, Canada's answer has always been the strongest negative. But those who advise us to change our allegiance do not by any means all reside across the border. A man's foes shall be those of his own household. We have among us an element, not only imported, but alas! also home-born who sing the same tune. They too have piped to us, but we do not, as yet, dance.

Still, constant water wears away a stone. Unless this stream be dammed up or diverted it may sap our foundations. In other countries it would not be tolerated. Why should we put up with it? Fancy a prominent man, say in Hamburg, openly advocating the restoration of Alsace to France. Imagine an American writer advocating by speech or pamphlet, say in Boston, the restoration to Canada of the territory filched from us in Maine, or out West, or along the Ohio river. How long would he be allowed to advocate

such an idea? How much patience would the Italians have with any orator who advocated returning Venetia to the Austrians? Yet, there are Canadian press writers who seem to think that there is nothing wrong in suggesting here the surrender of this country to the Americans, and that it is improper to get angry about it. We do require here a very clear demonstration of our determination to have no more nonsense about this subject. We will listen to any man who can give us ideas about developing our back country or improving our internal condition. But we ought to make it thoroughly understood, and if necessary felt, that there is one subject which we will not have trifled with, or even discussed.

The Swiss loves his mountains and knows how to hold them. Torrents of German blood have flowed for the Fatherland. The Austrian dungeons, if they could speak, could tell many a tale of Italian martyrs who endured the extremity of suffering to have their country free. We are free already. How many a son of unhappy France has wept bitter tears when he recalled her sad misfortunes. Why should it be thought that we have less love of country or pride of race than they? A speaker at the dinner to Hall Caine, the other evening, apologized for the little history we have had. This depreciatory tone must cease. We have allowed too much of it to go uncontradicted. As Canadians, we have a position not to win, because it is won, but to maintain. We often hear silly people among us sneer at the Americans. If we had half their national self-assertion it would be good for us. *Quod arrogas, habes* is not a bad maxim; but we must remember that while Brag is a good dog, Holdfast is a better. We must not only claim respect but we must deserve it. We must make it distinctly understood that we have no intention of exchanging King Log for King Stork, and that any man who advocates a change in our present condition does so at his peril. Some of our careless Gallios apparently require to be taught that there are some questions about which men will not allow even argument. We are on the eve of serious times, and just as old Cromwell instituted Pride's purge, before we do have trouble here we must take the same course.

Petrarch's Sonnets.

Time's withering pages long have pressed these flowers,—
These tender trills of song, whose ancient rhyme
Flows soft and low as first it 'gan to chime
To Petrarch's lute amidst Italian bowers;
Wild-blossoms of Love's fancy, blown in showers
Of blooming passion, perfected in prime,
Unfading petals reared in Pelion's clime,
Their classic incense later ages dowers.

So gleams the torch of Truth thro' darkened years:
Earth's beauty blooms perennial, half-divine;
So live the primal passions of the heart
That gaily throb thro' mists of human tears;
O trust that souls shall cherish, while they pine,
The songs that speak love's ardor, heal its smart.

Toronto.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

An Appreciation of Hall Caine.

I THINK the great charm about Hall Caine is that at the age of forty-two he has the ripeness of judgment and the tolerant estimate of humanity which are usually the attributes of old people, though only the best old people. To these he joins keen perceptive faculties and a large and sympathetic insight into human life. Nature and men play upon him like a harp. The nine years he spent in a newspaper office enabled him to get down to the bed-rock of the feelings and aspirations of men and women. The editor of the paper on which he was employed was keen enough to "spot" him at once, and had wisdom enough to tell Caine to do just what he felt he could do best. With this roving commission he went out into the stir and ferment of a great city and saw with his own eyes things that others would have passed by, and wrote about them so that readers of the *Liverpool Mercury* began to feel that there were interesting aspects of life in their city and its surroundings of which they had never dreamt. Previously to this he sat at the drawing-board in an architect's office—a school of