



"G.M." communicates to us this puzzle, which recently came under his notice. As our readers will observe, it is of the "I understand you undertake" order, but they will agree with us that it is not bad of its kind:

Quid tuæ ? Tu ra-ra-ra
est bia
es et in ram-ram-ram ii.

Under the head of "Island Echoes," a correspondent who is no stranger to our readers sends us some timely reflections:

"The echoes of our island just now may well be a mingled 'sound of joy and grief'—grief for the loss of the Cynthia and a deep silent joy at the heroism displayed by the captain, his gallant crew and the solitary rescuer of the solitary pilot. 'Never mind us. Go to the pilot. He can't swim.' One of those who said this could not swim himself. He an Englishman, the pilot a Frenchman—who would not say that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

O England! while thy sailor host
Can live and die like these,
Be thy broad lands or won or lost
Thou art Mistress of the Seas."

If, however, Britannia rules the waves our seasick ones but too often wish she would rule them straight.

"It is a pride and pleasure to have had the close personal friendship of Mr. John McVey, the barefooted hero of the shallop, for so many years; to have known he was a king among men and to have had the fact come out at last. Mr. McVey, though not a carpenter by trade, built many years ago what was for many a season the fastest sail-boat on the St. Lawrence. He built his summer residence, for he has two houses side by side—a summer and a winter palace, like the old kings of Asia Minor with his own hands. His name being Jack, it is verily "the house that Jack built." He is an excellent boxer, and, as a result of that manly exercise, is tender and true to the weak, without ever having any need to strike a bully, for where he is they sing low, like any sucking dove. It is the maggot parasites who do not fight themselves, but hound others on, like some crooks, we know, and the dudes who haunt the Madison square brutalities, that eat the very life out of manly and athletic sports. Such are those thieves (for every gambler is a thief accepting what he has not earned nor begged) who bet on lacrosse and baseball matches ('base' indeed) and yet never play themselves. They remind one of the kid-gloved gilded youth who used to run on the bank while we were pulling in the 'Torpids' races on the Isis, crying, 'Now put it on,' 'Now pull harder,' when we were pulling ever inch we knew.

"The laws of 'heredity' are marked indeed. While Mr. McVey was winning his victory on the water—he the only English-speaking man present—his French co-villagers were winning their victories of sympathy and wished they could aid on the land. The English have ever been victorious at sea, the French on land; witness Trafalgar and Austerlitz. That the French are not deficient in courage is well known and evidenced by their striking behaviour at the St. Johns fire and under other and gun fire generally. Some have a constitutional and phenomenal cowardice in the water, no more to be overcome than the horror others have of pigs, bag-pipes, and 'the harmless necessary cat.' A friend who swims daily when in town at the Turkish Bath, in ten feet of ice cold water, as the greatest joy he has in life, has never been able to overcome his constitutional 'funk' or pluck up resolution enough to 'take a header.'

"The plague of flies' which haunts Montreal with the arrival of summer, as it did Egypt with the departure of the Israelites, might be easily prevented. Buy some seeds of Ricinus (called Palma Christi, from its palmate 5-lobed leaves), or castor oil plant, from Evans, or any other responsible seedsman. Sow them in biggish pots. It forms a very handsome plant, as all who passed near 1373 Dorchester street last year know full well. No fly will come within yards of it. Well is its meaning, 'Detestation,' in the language of flowers. Mr. T. Burns tells me that when he was coffee growing in Natal he used to see hedges of it. Frail as a reed, no cattle, however freaky, will come near it. It used to be called Agnus Castus, or the 'purifying lamb,' not from the purging and purifying effects of its seeds. From Castus oil came Castor oil through a tendency to use the known word 'Castor,' a beaver in lieu of the new word 'Castus' (chaste)—very new probably to many who ought to have used it. It is strange it is not grown in every garden and its fresh, pleasant-tasted, gently purgative seeds used in lieu of the gripping, half-poisonous (because stale) stuff sold by retail druggists. We know of a convent of Sisters of Charity who on one of their *couvé* picnics in their garden, finding the seeds ripe, pleasant to the eyes and good for food, partook universally of them, with the same universal effect a few hours after.

Elsewhere in this number we print a beautiful "Legend of the Child Jesus," by George Murray. "Written for a child," it has a lesson for readers of

every age—a lesson which it would be well for many if they took to heart.

And here is a truth for all seasons, for all sorts and conditions of men, in the form of a

BALLADE.

"For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."
In witching days of early spring,
When sunbeams smile through mist and dew,
With skilful hand the sowers fling,
Along the furrows damp and new,
The grain that last year golden grew,
Against the time when reapers go
Across the fields, with sickle true,
For we shall reap ev'n as we sow.

Our days that fly on noiseless wing,
Days often lived so lightly through,
Each will a well-turned furrow bring
For our unskilful hands to strew,
Ev'n as we will—heartsease or rue
A future time will bid us know,
As each day's harvest meets our view—
For we shall reap ev'n as we sow.

Where tares are sown, no other thing
Will grow, for all we say or do;
If garnered nettles sharply sting,
These hands have sown the nettles too.
When ears of grain, so weak and few,
We see with spirits sinking low,
The truth comes home to me and you,
For we shall reap ev'n as we sow.

ENVOY.

Heave! grant this boon! We humbly sue
The grace to plant each daily row
With thought of harvests daily due,
For we shall reap ev'n as we sow.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

AUSTRALIA.

PROGRESS, PEOPLE AND POLITICS.

VIII.

The loyalty of the inhabitants of the southern continent to their union with the empire is an important point in any consideration of their future. Great was the enthusiasm at the time of the Soudan war when colony after colony volunteered troops and equipment for the purpose of aiding the mother country in that far-off region. They cared nothing for the Soudan. They did admire General Gordon and looked upon him as one of the last of England's heroes, and the victim of political folly and ministerial mismanagement, but it was not this that made them so enthusiastic. It was simply a practical demonstration in favour of Imperial unity and an evidence of national identity. Victoria offered six or seven hundred men, armed and equipped; the Volunteer Corps of Queensland offered their services; New South Wales, whose offer was finally accepted, sent about one thousand men, and thousands more volunteered. A "Patriotic Fund" of \$200,000 was very quickly raised, and the contingent left the colony amid an excitement and enthusiasm unprecedented in Australian history, though once more repeated in the reception accorded to the soldiers upon their return home. The Right Hon. William Bede Dalley, who was largely instrumental in arranging satisfactorily the offer, and in effecting the details of what has been called this epoch-making event, said a few days after the departure of the contingent from Australian shores, covered with flowers, congratulations and good wishes, that: "We have awakened in the Australian colonies an enthusiasm of sacrifice, of heroism, of all the nobler qualities which are to the loftier national life what the immortal soul is to the perishable body of humanity. We have lifted up remote colonies to equal companionship with chivalrous nations. We have shown to the world that in a sense, and with a meaning of sacred patriotism, the watchword of disloyalty is the motto of our devotion; that England's difficulty is our opportunity; that we have watched and waited for the moment when we could aid, however humbly, that empire which, after all, is the depository and guardian of the noblest form of constitutional freedom that the world has ever seen. Enemies of England in the future will consider the rapidly increasing millions of her colonial subjects, their boundless

resources of all forms of national wealth, their capacity of swift and effective organization for the purposes of offence as well as of defence; and, above all, their triumphant resolve to stand by the great empire in her troubles, and to spend and be spent in her service. Our little noble band is but the advance guard of a glorious Imperial Federation."

The noble spirit which found expression in these words, and many more as deeply eloquent and true, the lofty intellect which created and carried out the great idea, the chivalrous statesman who for a time controlled the affairs of New South Wales, and who became the first Australian member of the British Privy Council, is now no more; but his words and policy are a monument resting in the hearts of his countrymen and in the annals of his colony which will prove one of the corner-stones of the grand edifice of Imperial unity for which he spoke so eloquently and laboured so earnestly.

The time is undoubtedly near at hand in Australia, as in Canada, when the people will desire to cast off colonialism and assume the privileges and duties of a nation. The only question for solution is as to whether this can be done within the empire or without. The former means the adoption of some form of the federal system; the latter means independence. The Australians recognize the evils and disastrous results of separation as fully as we do in Canada, but they are also awakening to the fact that two changes are essential in their constitutional system: first, internal union; second, external representation or control. For the first they are rapidly becoming prepared, and will doubtless adopt a system somewhat analogous to that of the Dominion. For the second public opinion is becoming moulded by the mismanagement and blunders of the Imperial Government under the late administration and by the very evident fact that the interests and safety of Australia's world-wide commerce is dependent upon the efficiency of Britain's naval power. With their millions of pounds worth of commerce upon the oceans and traversing the Suez canal; with their growing trade with India and their immense traffic with England; with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the proposed lines of steamships, and increased cable communication, as well as the possibility of a future commercial interchange with Canada; they are indeed becoming aware of the importance of their union with the empire.

But changes are imperative, and it is the duty of statesmen to guide the feelings of their people in the right direction. Sir Henry Parkes, the veteran Premier of New South Wales, voiced the sentiments of the rising generation when he recently stated that the Imperial constitution must be recast to be permanent, and that "in uniting the outlying colonies to the mother country England must present an object for love and loyalty, and for the young passion for national authority in Australia, which would be more attractive than any elsewhere to be found within the wide circle of the family of nations."

The Hon. James Service, the leading statesman of Victoria, when writing, as premier, some five years ago, to the Agent-General in London, used the following words, instructing him at the same time to support the movement for Imperial Federation, which was then being inaugurated: "It may be difficult so say in what way so vast an empire can be federated, but any scheme that may be decided upon must give to the colonies more tangible influence and more legal and formal authority than they now possess. The notion, before now openly propounded by Goldwin Smith and others, of separating the colonies from the empire, has little sympathy from Australians, but we believe that the colonies may be tributaries of strength to the parent state, and they and it may be mutually recipients of numberless advantages."

But so great a subject as the future of Australia will require further consideration, though I hope we may look forward to:

"Canada, Africa, Zealand, Australia,
India, Continents, Isles of the Sea,
Adding your jewels to Britain's regalia,
One with Old England, the home of the free."

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.