

By goin roun' some distance
 We struck an easier place
 And slidin down on our snow shoes
 Made for the Push in a race.

But tho' the crust war broken
 And the snow war tramped around
 The boss warn't no wheres near us
 And the half-breed not to be found.

But we followed a trail which led us
 Straight in among the wood
 And thar we found em lyin
 As close as ever they could.

As we arterwards heard the story
 He'd chased a deer from the bush
 And runnin along kinder careless
 Fell down in the Devil's Push.

And thar he lay nigh frozen,
 Fur he found that his leg war broke,
 Till the Injine woman found him
 Jist as he give up hope.

She made him drink suthin to warm 'um
 And set up his leg all right
 Then broke up his snow-shoe and used it
 To keep on the bandage tight.

Then inter the bush she dragged him
 And took up his other snow-shoe
 And scooped out a hole to the bottom
 As them Injins allers do.

And thar we found em lyin
 Fur shelter under the trees
 And hadn't we just come on em
 They'd a bin most ready to freeze.

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That night we did keep Crismuss
 But the woman still gets cross
 When anyone asks the question
 "What made yer foller the boss"?

I. F. A. W.

OUR NATIONAL DRAMA.

The history of the English drama through all its varied stages of development up to its present form is an interesting one.

Upon glancing at the earliest forms in comparison to our present dramatic representations, we will find that in the modern drama a complete subversion of the aims of the primitive has taken place, and that in subject material and in the conditions under which they have been respectively introduced there is so wide a dissimilarity that

only on an inspection of the intermediate stages can one believe that the one is a direct and lineal descendant of the other. If we visit for instance a performance at some low-grade theatre and witness a panorama of crime and bloodshed with a profuse admixture of colored fires, we find it a difficult matter to conceive that this production is the issue of an institution intended mainly for the instruction in and promotion of religious knowledge among the unenlightened masses of the fifteenth century. This, however, was the aim of the Miracle-plays, the first representatives of English drama, being elaboration upon scenes in Biblical history. These appear to have been inseparably associated with ecclesiastical affairs, being exhibited within the walls of sacred buildings and under the direction of clergymen, who, indeed, did themselves sometimes doff the cassock to assume the costume and mask of the stage. For a considerable period these productions were of a strictly allegorical nature, in them we find his Satanic majesty ever a popular favorite together with an impersonated vice who occupied a similar position in respect to the audience as the modern heavy-villian to his Olympian friends; between these two by a close system of analogy some ingenious person may possibly establish a direct relationship.

By degrees, however, under the workings of various influences, these forms threw off their visionary and obscure nature and finally merged boldly into the light as legitimate examples of Comedy and Tragedy. It was at this point that the authors began to seek their material from among the different ranks of existence which lay around them, and to endow their creations with a genuine passion, and reality such as would strike up a firmer bond of sympathy between the character portrayed and the spectator. In those days the theatre was frequently the scene of a double play: in the pit a motley crowd were wont to assemble ever ready to express their disapproval in a by no means delicate way, or anything upon the stage which did not meet ideas of histrionic perfection, or at a moment's notice to turn on their fellow beholders club in hand, and engage in a conflict whose only object seems to have been mutual delectation. The rough and simple taste of these people demanded none of that detail in scenery and accessories which is now such an important factor in dramatic effect; a plain curtain with an explanatory placard was in most cases the substitute for scenery. Should an audience of this day on going to see a popular melo-drama be confronted by a green baize curtain inscribed with large letters, "This is the Thames Lumberment by moonlight," or something similar, there would be a general stampede. No, the average theatre-goer of this rushing age, drawing, as he does from so many sources for his feasts of transport and excitement, demands such a completeness in detail that only productions of a vivid and startling nature will arouse him from his habitual indifference; a realistic simulation of death throes will please him, and a repre-