

'pegging away at them.' Sometimes a man may sit with his pen in his hand for half an hour, vainly seeking to formulate the ideas struggling for arrangement, and for the fittest terms in which to clothe them, but persistent thought wins the battle, and suddenly there is light; light enough sometimes, perhaps, to see only a little way, but that little way affords a coin of vantage from which to gain an expanded view. Thus it is with Imperial Federation. The dawn is very grey and dim, and the horizon obscured in heavy mists, but at last, by virtue of a steady regard, there is, in the words, if we remember aright, of Sharon Turner:—

"Morn on the waters, and purple and bright,
Bursts o'er the billows the flushing of light."

But to what does the morning light arouse us? Only to renewed work of hands and brains—to fresh efforts of mind and thought. "The sun ariseth, * * * man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening." Let us then bend ourselves to this work, and we shall see how many aspects a difficult question may be made to yield; and, if we are true disciples of progress, let us by no means shirk or avoid the difficulties which may lie in the path of solution.

First of the thick scrub and undergrowth that has to be cleared from the tangled pathway is the altogether detestable cult of the sordid and materialistic mammon of the pocket. It is superfluous to insist that we, no more than others, undervalue the blessings of competence, and of that state of things which enables every man, not only to earn a living for himself and those who belong to him, but to improve his position, and to increase his provident accumulation on whatever scale it may be. This is a great—a very great—consideration, but it is not, perhaps, altogether the greatest. If it can be proved that mankind is degenerating to the level of the lower Jew, (and, in using this instance, we are not unmindful of a Hebrew nobility of munificent generosity,) well and good! Let us go down, Fagin is good enough for a type of us. We hardly think we are come to that yet, but it is the strenuous endeavor of unpatriotic and interested persons to lower us to it by the perpetual cunningly half-subdued sneer at "sentiment." There is always a copious body of moral cowardice, incapable of asserting its better heart against a low materialistic cynicism, and the whole country seems to be permeated with it, till "sentiment" threatens to become a by-word.

We now take this distinct ground in the rising controversy. We, at least, are not ashamed of noble sentiment. We unhesitatingly assert and insist that the man who is ashamed of it, the man who leaves no place for it in his nature, the man who jealously excludes it from any influence on his thought, his expression, or his action, is simply an inferior animal, let us say, without varnish or circumlocution, a cur. Is it of such that any nation has been builded up? Is it the man who takes anxious thought whether at the end of the day he shall have eleven, or only ten cents in his pocket, who is to be our type? "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." No doubt Joshua was well furnished of this world's goods, but he could have had but little time or leisure to care much about them. We do not suppose Gideon, or Jephtha, or Judas Maccabæus, took much thought about their pockets. We know, for a very great certainty, One who did not at all.

A few dimes, more or less, did not, we fancy, much exercise the minds of Socrates, of Aristides, or of Leonidas, and the three hundred who fell with him at Thermopylæ.

Cincinnatus was a farmer, as many of us are, and it would seem, depended on his uninterrupted work for the livelihood of himself and his family, if he had any; but the interruption of his pressing avocation troubled him nothing when his country called, Regulus, and, far later on, Belisarius, could have taken but little thought of their pockets.

There were famous knightly leaders in the middle ages, to whose standards all men flocked, who, to the end of their lives, owned little but horse, armor, and weapons, and, if we follow this strain to later days, let us think of Kossuth and Garibaldi. The leaders of the Cantons, and all their following, were substantial farmers, but the immortal Winkelreid was little concerned about his "natural market" when he grasped the mighty sheaf of Austrian spears.

When the Frenchman and the German go to war what is the motive power? Is it pocket, or is it—Patriotism? And if we think of the "sentiment" which accomplished the unification of Germany and that of Italy, we must seem to ourselves to be rather poor creatures.

There is a lesson of no uncertain sound to be learned from the very country to which some of us think it would be good to offer up our magnificent inheritance. What was there that the citizens of the republic of the United States were not prepared to deny themselves for the "sentiment" which gave them independence?

Let us then, as one of the first steps in clearing the ground, repudiate with scorn the current deprecation of "sentiment." Let us at once proclaim that the man who sneers at it, and who is uninfluenced by it, is lower than the brutes that perish, who indeed are not devoid of it, and let us declare that if the consideration of gain conflict with the pride and the love of country, the lower feeling must give place to the higher sentiment.

We are a sorry folk if our love for Canada is to be measured by five cents, more or less, on a bushel of potatoes. The calculation of cents is inevitable, but the world is inordinately given over to it, and there are things that are higher. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

THE ACCESSION AND WATERLOO.

On Wednesday, Her Majesty completed the 51st year of her reign, which now stands quite clearly as the third longest in the annals of England., Henry the third having reigned 56, and George the third 60 years. Two

Sovereigns of the house of Brunswick have thus occupied the British throne for the long period of 111 years. The 18th, two days earlier, is the anniversary of the great battle fought 73 years ago, the result of which Europe awaited in fear and trembling. The close proximity of those two occasions afforded, at the death of King William, a subject for the exercise of a little poetic license on the part of Russell, the most popular song-writer of that day. Russell's songs are now but little remembered, and rarely if ever sung, but they enjoyed a great popularity for a good many years at that time. There are no doubt many who can recollect the "Maniac," the "Ship on Fire," "Down among the Dead men," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "There's a good time coming, boys," etc.; but one, which we always considered one of his best, was, even in the palmy days of Mr. Russell's talent comparatively but little appreciated. We cannot recall its title, but it ran thus:

"'Twas the day of the feast in the Chieftain's hall,
And the banner was brought at the Chieftain's call,
And he went in his glory the banner to bring
To lay at the feet of the brave old King.
'Twas the day that his country's valor stood
Against steel and fire, and the tide of blood,
The day was marked by his country well,
They gave him broad valleys, the hill and the dell,
And they asked, as a tribute, the hero should bring
The flag of the foe to the foot of the king,
But the hall of the King was in silence and grief,
And smiles as of old did not greet the Chief
For he came on the angel of victory's wing,
And the angel of death was awaiting the King."

The song requires but a slight gloss to tell its own story. Many English estates are held by some fanciful tribute. We do not know whether estates granted by Parliament for national services are always held by such conditions, but the magnificent domain of Strathfieldsaye in Kent, granted to the great Duke after Waterloo, was conferred under the obligation to lay before the Sovereign a miniature French flag every year on the 18th June. This, and the fact that the Duke always entertained the surviving officers of Waterloo of a certain rank, at a splendid dinner at Apsley House on "Waterloo day," furnished a basis for Russe's song, part of which we have given. The King, did not, of course, die until the 20th, and, if we recollect aright, there was not much the matter apparently two days previously, but there is no great strain in saying that "the angel of death was awaiting" the aged monarch on the day the tribute was due.

The Duke and, it must be, almost all his following on that memorable Sunday, have long since passed away. Men then unborn have exceeded the three score years and ten, but it has been stated recently that one aged veteran survives in Nova Scotia, Mr. Donald McDonald, of Gairloch, Pictou County.

THE EMPEROR FREDERIC.

The death of the venerable Kaiser Wilhelm came upon the world as an event expected and in due time only—the calm and dignified close of a chivalrous life of patriotism and beneficence in the extreme fullness of years and honor. But a short three months has elapsed since the dead Monarch was borne to his resting place amid "the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation," when the tomb again uncloses its portals to receive the remains of his son and successor, cut off in his prime by a malignant disease, whose virulent and excruciating nature has but afforded to the world a splendid instance of the triumph of a heroic fortitude, and a christian patience, unsurpassed in the records of death by lingering and painful disorders.

No ordinary King was the father, no ordinary Prince the son. Great in the field, but yet greater in the riches of a loving and tender heart, and of high and noble principles. A splendid soldier, who hated war and its miseries, and devoted his energies to the objects of peace and liberal progress. History is probably unable to furnish an example of energies so magnificently sustained under so long and terrible an ordeal of waning strength and continuous suffering. None will dispute the breadth and liberality of the late Kaiser's political conceptions and administrative powers, but there have been those who have doubted his claim to be ranked as a great general. It used to be frequently said that he was not the equal of his cousin Frederic Charles, the "Red Prince," as he was called. There was little foundation for this depreciatory comparison. The hero of Chlum was in reality the conqueror of Sadowa, and but for his keen generalship the result of that memorable day might have been very different from what it was, and the unification of Germany under the House of Hohenzollern might have remained unaccomplished. When the King of Prussia bestowed upon his son the Order of Merit on that well stricken field, it was to no toy soldier of his Royal House that he gave it, but to one of the most able and indefatigable generals who ever led an army into battle. But he was at heart a man of peace, and often expressed his earnest hope that he might never again be compelled to gaze on the scenes of carnage he had so often contemplated with the stern composure of the resolute leader. Every one knows how gracious, benignant, affectionate and unassuming was his daily walk. He was a typical hero, but it can scarcely be doubted that he longed for his release.

The late Emperor was in his 57th year, and was nine years senior to the good and accomplished Princess who is left to mourn the loss of such a husband.

What may be looked for among the nations from the loss of a Prince so resolute, yet so calm and moderate, cannot be foretold, but will, no doubt, be instinctively dreaded. The poor mitigation of the expectedness of the inevitable is all that remains to the desolation of the Imperial Widow—prostrated as she must be by prolonged anguish and untiring ministration—to the profound grief of the Fatherland, and to the deep regret of Europe. Men will not soon look upon his like again.