

dashing past, while twice a day the great paddles of the 'royal mail line' are heard long before the approach of the stately steamers, usually crowded just now, with tourists. Misguided mortals! They fondly imagine that by steaming past through a single channel, they are seeing the Thousand Islands. A good many American travellers, however, are better advised, and have built summer retreats on the islands of the American channel, where they may enjoy the cool river breezes, and a temporary return to the primitive open air life which seems so especially grateful to the tired denizen of nineteenth century city life. Here they can cruise, fish, lounge and loaf to their heart's content, and go back with braced health and spirits, and the care-wrinkles smoothed out, for a little while at least. On our own islands a few houses are planted here and there, where these have happened to be private property. The Government has acted wisely and generously in reserving the mass of our islands for public use. Long may they remain public property, so that the modest tent of the camper-out, who cannot buy an island or build a house, may blossom out among the green foliage, and his boat may cruise in and out among the winding island channels. Only let the camper-out, in return, forbear to injure the foliage that makes the beauty of the islands, and see that no careless cinders or reckless match light fires that would soon desolate a little earthly paradise! F.

—Have you read George Eliot's new poem? No? Then don't attempt it until the weather grows less enervating, for it is harder than German metaphysics. I have wrestled with it for hours, and intend returning to it in December. My strongest feeling, except weariness, is regret that this College Breakfast Party's talk should have been reported in distractingly condensed, bewilderingly transposed,

and learnedly worded blank verse, instead of in the author's compact and lucid prose. I have read that she believes herself to appear at her best in poetry, and fails to account for the greater popularity of her prose. If we were all George Eliots we would agree with her in this, but, as we are not, most of us prefer the prose. She has thrown away an opportunity of giving the world a discussion on the problems of life that would have quickened the pulses of all reading and thinking people, and given a fresh impetus to philosophic studies. As it is, she has buried the germs of her thought so effectually that few will attempt its discovery, and fewer still will succeed in finding half of what the author intended to express. There were half-a-dozen students in the party, and it is to be feared that their breakfast was not digested. Such table-talk is rare, and, from a hygienic point of view, undesirable. The students are appropriately named after characters in 'Hamlet.' Young Hamlet is like the Prince of Denmark and many moderns,

'Questioning all things, and yet half convinced,
Credulity were better.'

His experience, when he

'Resolved to wear no stockings and to fast
With arms extended, waiting ecstasy,
But getting cramps instead and needing change,'

may or may not be that of many others. I have no experience to enable me to judge of its probability. Horatio, another of the party, is a man after the author's own heart,—

'Quick to detect the fibrous spreading roots
Of character that feed men's theories,
Yet cloaking weaknesses with charity,
And ready in all service save rebuke.'

Then there were 'Osric, spinner of fine sentences,' 'discursive Rosencranz,' 'grave Guildenstern,' 'Laertes, ardent, rash, and radical,' and

'The polished Priest, a tolerant listener,
Disposed to give a hearing to the lost,
And breakfast with them ere they went below.'

It is possible, on the theory that all things are possible, that some of you will see nothing of a sarcastic character in these descriptive touches of hers. They talked and talked.