

can be quite fitted for self-government without visibly and openly governing itself. The idea of a rival dynasty is as dead as if it had never been the predominant thought of English politicians, dead so long that our mention of it will seem to most of our readers an absurd anachronism. Two great colonies—Canada and Australia—have grown into subordinate States capable of sending out armies, and mainly because there is a standard that is revered, a Queen who affronts no one, and neglects no one, and preaches to no one obedience as a gospel; they are actually fighting that the Empire which protects and controls them may endure. Even South Africa teaches the same lesson; for, though civil war is raging there, every Englishman on that continent stands steadily by the flag, and professes as his political faith that he is “for the Queen.” Would he have been for the British Republic? And one reason, at least, why we have not tried that dangerous experiment is that the Queen has never, either by action or opinion, aroused the faintest degree of hostility, a fact the more noteworthy because one-half, at least, of the common folk are still persuaded that

laws are made by the Queen, and that Her Majesty raises and spends at her own discretion all that is known as “the Queen’s Taxes.” It is usual to say that this success is mainly due to the sex of the Queen, or to her virtues, but, while we are not sure whether but for the career of the Queen herself feminine sovereignty would be considered so desirable, we are sure that blundering is at least as fatal to dynasties as evil conduct. Charles I. and Louis XVI were not beheaded for their vices. All honor to the virtues of the Queen, but beside them there must have been a power of avoiding blunders, of saying and doing the right thing at the right moment, a body of clear sense, in short, which has never been sufficiently recognized by the people, and to which the people owe much of that permission to grow in liberty and order, of which they have so largely availed themselves. The expansion of England is their work, but it is work which could hardly have been done but for the personality which for more than sixty years has provided them with a pivot round which, if necessity arose, they were prepared to die.—*Extract from the London Spectator of Nov. 18, 1899.*

INDIAN SUMMER.

GEO. S. HODGINS.

THE beautiful, warm, balmy, hazy days that often succeed the first sharp frosts of early autumn have been called by the poetic name of Indian summer. The duration of this, the most delightful period of the year, varies indefinitely from year to year. Its advent is as irregular as the early frosts. The only constant factor in the problem of its production seems to be that

it invariably follows the first and almost unexpected frost in the early days of the fall. The cause of the heat developed during this period, giving to the air its soft balmy warmth and the delicate haze that hangs in the tranquil atmosphere, has been the subject of much speculation.

It has been held by some that the great forest fires, which are gener-