

of wind catches up my bits of down, and again they are sent straying over broad waving meadows, green hedges, scattered houses, and finally are dropped at the very centre of the bustling city, to be caught up now by this gush, now by that; now in Broadway, now at the wharf; now floating about the grounds and over the roofs of princely mansions, now wandering about dark alleys and squalid courts, What glimpses of joyous brightness! what lights of misery and gloom! what myriad pictures of all the varied moments of life's long day! A wailing child in a gloomy garret, a gambling den, a felons' cell, a group of ragged news boys, eagerly watching chances, a bridal party, an election procession bearing aloft the "chosen of the people" proceeded by the never failing brass band, and followed by an admiring rabble of street urchins. Truly the final reward must be great that carries an aspiring candidate through the multifarious agonies of election day! One of those fitful breezes that whirl unexpectedly around street corners lodges my silvery balloons under the platform, whence the newly elected pours forth a stream of burning eloquence savoring wonderfully of certain inaccidental speeches. Astounding is the fire of patriotism and fraternity kindled on nomination day in the heart of a candidate for political honors, and still more astounding its results as if by magic the haughty, exclusive and even arrogant Mr. Z., is transformed into the genial large hearted brother of workmen, and struggling genius at last of the class of workmen and struggling geniuses who possess a property qualification for a vote when he says "friends," you feel at once that he wants to invite each individual member of his audience home to dinner; "Countrymen" impresses the idea that there is no place like Canada and that there isn't an abler representative in the Dominion than himself. When with outstretched arms he ejaculates "Brethren!" you know before he tells you so that his feelings overpower him; that he never before

felt the fire of patriotic zeal, philanthropy and fraternity so strong within him; and so he dwells upon his ambition for his country, his consciousness of responsibility and his determination to devote himself to the interest of the people, you feel personally aggrieved that he was not long ago given a chance to revolutionize civic affairs.

Possibly thistledown muses sagely that a judicious distribution of the patriotism bottled up for election day would do our country better service than these periodic explosions.

Simplicity in character, in manners, in style; in all things the supreme excellence is simplicity.—Longfellow.

"Churches come and go, creeds are formulated and forgotten; but the heart still ponders the mysteries of life, and hands are always being lifted to the Eternal."

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything—such at least as would carry us further than can easily be imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything and leads us towards perfection.—Locke.

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