

THE MONTH OF MAY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Dost thou know where lies
May, the month so sweet,
Who more swiftly flies
Than the wood-deer fleet?

Embosomed in the secret bowers
Where springtime ever bides,
Deep in the verdure and the flowers,
The month of pleasure hides.
The gentle zephyrs form her train,
The spring flowers deck her lovely way,
And, as if snows had come again,
The apple blossoms bend and sway.

The burning sun has left the sign
Of Taurus underneath the Twins,
And with its leaflets bursts the vine,
That sweet consoler of our sins.
What perfume from each flow'ret floats
Above the fields of purple hue,
What living music from the throats
Of birds and insects in the blue!

The lark, before the dawning, sings:
A signal for each songster gay,
And from each leafy covert rings
A welcome to the coming day.
From out the bosom of the grain
The quail or partridge makes reply,
The swallows wheel and turn again
About their home with twittering cry.

At noon, from burning cliffs above,
The cuckoo's note goes echoing by;
At even-tide the turtle-dove
Vibrates the myrtles with her cry.
When forest leaves are turning brown
The nightingale will come again,
And 'neath the moonlight streaming down,
Will trill aloud her loving strain.

The new love, nestling in the heart
Of maiden fair, in smiling spring,
Does to her beauty more impart
Than eye can see or voice can sing.
My country lass is fair of face,
When leading through the waning light
(In simple coif devoid of lace)
To cooling streams her flock so white.

Dost thou know where lies
May, the month so sweet,
That more swiftly flies
Than the wood-deer fleet?

Montreal.

WILLIAM McLENNAN.

OUR LATENT LOYALTY.

THE simple minded American, looking up into skies guiltless of aristocratic cloud of ominous portent, and across broad lands on which no more hateful shadow of lordly tenure than a railway company's indemnity belt has ever rested, and beyond into what he has lately fallen into a trick of calling "Lansdowne's country," finds us, doubtless, a peculiar people. Some of our peculiarities, such as those which have not yet ceased to provoke his criticism regarding our disposition of our own codfish, must be simple and obvious to him; others must have a degree of intricacy puzzling to an intelligence nurtured in the pure air of untroubled democracy.

There is no use in endeavouring to disguise our complexity. Much as we might desire to assume a virtue that we are totally without, and stand forth among the nations of the earth a simple unit with a single purpose and unadulterated methods of achieving the same, candour compels us to admit the ramifications that history and geography have conspired to bring about in us; and even while we deprecate them, to acknowledge that it is the chiefest joy of our politicians,—the savour of life unto our newspapers, that they exist. Frankly confessing then that we are complex, even in the fractional sense—for does not our Government exist at Ottawa by virtue of itself and two-thirds of Quebec?—and that we are disposed to revel in the fact, let us, for the benefit of our untutored neighbour, even now engaged in a vain struggle with our national problem,—endeavour to explain ourselves.

While it is by no means exceptional to find an otherwise intelligent

American believing that we regularly pay to England the taxes that still make tea an odious article of diet to Bostonians of high principle, and have so affected his whole nation that the brewing of it is an unknown art to this day, believing also that our Governor-General rules the land with a sway as absolute as His of all the Russias, it is no more uncommon to come upon one who has a fair knowledge of our system of government and our relation to Great Britain. Such an one, knowing our practical independence in all senses, crosses the line to find it loudly voiced by the press and echoed by the people, without animus for the most part, and without blame or remonstrance from any quarter. He discovers that similar conditions have brought about the adoption of economic principles very like his own, that the body social is governed by much the same laws, that individual opportunity exists to almost the same extent as in his native republic. He finds us tacitly acknowledging that hereditary monarchy and a privileged aristocracy have been reduced by the remorseless action of the centuries to the limited functions of the surviving castles of the feudal lords, in being landmarks of history and picturesque accessories to the national life. He finds too a very general, impersonal, unimpassioned belief that the latter will outlast the former in this pleasing capacity. He sees the honour of knighthood loftily smiled at by everybody not remotely expecting it; he hears occasionally, not often, for the fact is too patent for frequent comment, how impossible would be the existence of the English social fabric in this country. If this come to his hearing anywhere in Western Ontario it may be voiced in nasal syllables that have a dear familiarity in his ear. He sees American goods in our shops, American methods in our advertising, American slang in our newspapers, and a large number of people desirous of following Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Erastus Wiman into the broad highway of Commercial Union which Mr. Butterworth is so industriously preparing for the feet of them that love not the N. P. He may well be pardoned for supposing that one great tide of political faith and social hope and religious charity pulsates from the Arctic Ocean to the Rio Grande, national in all but name. Yet he finds even the Prohibitionists still loyally toasting Her Majesty Queen Victoria in the beverage of their preference; "God Save the Queen" still lustily rendered by Canadian lungs; her birthday still the occasion of harmlessly enthusiastic gunpowder plots; the jubilee year of her reign originally celebrated by every town and village in the Dominion; and the contemptible assailant of her representative greeted with something of the warmth his mission deserved. He comes upon a little court at Ottawa whose precincts he is kindly but firmly deterred from invading uninvited, even though he be a nabob of Gotham who has considerably telegraphed his intention beforehand. He finds the little court, alien to our social system as it is, transferred from place to place with marvellous adaptability, and whole democratic communities standing on tip-toe to see Viceroyalty drive by. He sees a tumult of enthusiasm arise wherever Their Excellencies present themselves, and he goes home perplexed to know why the ordinary piece of humanity he sends to the White House every four years cannot make his pulse beat as this fragment of an effete civilisation does when the band plays the National Anthem in his honour, and all the people rise to pay him homage.

These are the facts: the explanation is less easily stated. Sentiment is difficult of analysis, and the sentiment of the flag of the most difficult sort. We owe more to Britain than we are ever likely to pay; gratitude may be detected in it. We love our Queen: for the span of a long lifetime she has been to us the embodiment of all the tender virtues of a woman, all the noble graces of a queen. Thousands of her subjects in Canada were born in her kingdom; and nothing is more contagious than the loyalty they colonised with. Rideau Hall is an isolated fact in our social life. It has, and can have, no translatable meaning as a centre for the very irregular circumference it should dominate. Such old-world practices as obtain there we rather rejoice to see, feeling again in their dignity the bond of connexion with the most dignified of commonwealths, and in their great incongruity, assurance that they never can become indigenous. We are glad to know that Her Majesty's representative is comfortable at Ottawa, and can be made so in his own way; and for esteeming his presence there or here an honour, with the history he bids us share, the traditions he commits to our keeping, and the flag he points our love and loyalty to, we cannot think of apologising.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

LOVE.

What's love? Why love (for two), at best,
Is only a delightful jest;
As sad for one as bad for three,—
I wish you'd come and jest with me.—George Eliot.