

With broken faith, with plunder of reserves—
 The sacred remnants of our wide domain—
 With tamprings, and delirious feasts of fire,
 The fruit of your thrice-cursed stills of death,
 Which make our good men bad, our bad men worse,
 Ay ! blind them till they grope in open day,
 And stumble into miserable graves."

The third act narrates the outbreak of the War of 1812, and the rising of the Indians in the West, with the fatal issue at Tippecanoe, and the subsequent crossing of Tecumseh and his warriors into British territory. The fourth deals with the mustering of the Canadian volunteers to repel invasion, and introduces us to General Brock at Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River, and to the pusillanimous Proctor, at Amherstburg. Here the drama, in the formative hands of the author, rises to its true mission, to preserve the memory of an heroic period in the country's annals, and to stimulate national interest in the events and characters of the time. The latter glow with the ardour of an intense patriotism ; and their love of country is finely expressed in many lines of vigorous thought and noble sentiment. The author's fine historic observation, no less than his poetic discrimination, keeps him to the salient features of the history, and relieves the drama from the tedious recital of unimportant incident. The action is therefore swift, dignified and singularly effective, while the romance portion furnishes many happy interludes, and the Indian wrongs numberless passages of tender, appealing pathos. We might remark, however, that our neighbors across the line won't take kindly to the rather slangy prose dialogues introduced, as representing the local speech and feeling towards the Indians among the white settlers of the Republic in the Western States. Nor will Brock's colloquy with the same seditious class in the Ontario peninsula, against whom the Alien Act was at the period put in force, be any more palatable. But the author will doubtless claim that the introduction of these rather jarring episodes is not only true to history, but is needed as an effective foil to Canadian loyalty. If we do not agree with him in this view of the matter, he will understand that we prefer that Canadian literature should do nothing to revive the now slumbering acrimony which the separation at the Revolution brought about, and that Canadian loyalty, while it may be justly indignant, is too lofty a virtue to give needless offence.

The fourth act (pp. 130-3) has a fine poetic description of the western prairies, which Lefroy has visited with Tecumseh, and which is here recited by the poet-artist for Brock's delectation. Equally fine is the closing scene of this act, dealing with Hull's surrender of Detroit and Brock's chivalrous recognition of Tecumseh's services. The final act opens with a lament over Canada's mishaps in the year 1813—General Prevost's ill-timed armistice, Brock's valour and death at Queenston Heights, the destruction of the capital, the reverses to the fleet on Lake Erie, and Proctor's weak refusal to make a stand at Amherstburg and his retreat upon the Thames. The latter decision calls forth some spirited speeches by Canadian officers, who see ignominy in retreat, and a scathing denunciation of Proctor by the valiant Tecumseh. The end comes swiftly with the subsequent stand at Moravian Town, the death of Tecumseh, and the rout of the British and Canadian troops. On the disastrous field Iena, dressed as a young brave, intercepts a bullet aimed at her lover, Lefroy, and touchingly yields her life a sacrifice to love. The drama fitly closes with a noble tribute to Tecumseh in the mouth of the victorious general, Harrison :

"Sleep well, Tecumseh, in thy unknown grave,
 Thou mighty savage, resolute and brave !
 Thou, master and strong spirit of the woods,
 Unsheltered traveller in sad solitudes,
 Yearner o'er Wyandot and Cherokee,
 Could'st tell us now what hath been and shall be ?"

The conclusion is elevated, but restrained ; and the whole drama, which is full of lessons of the highest patriotism, is a great and permanent gain to Canadian literature. Though pitched in a high key, and throughout aiming at ambitious results, we have found but two or three lines unworthy of the theme and its treatment ; while the work, as a whole, shows unmistakable genius and well-sustained power, lit up with delicate poetic feeling, exalted patriotism, and tender sympathy. A study of the work will lead every reader to thank Mr. Mair for thus elevating and extending the somewhat narrow domain of Canadian poetry, and for giving to the Canadian people an imperishable record of a stirring period in the nation's annals. Appended to the book are some valuable historical notes and explanations of literary and other allusions. The publishers' work, it may be said also, has been well done, and merits commendation.

G. MERCER ADAM.

A MESSAGE IN SYMPATHETIC INK.

God writes some lessons, and his best ones, in sympathetic ink—so that for years, mayhap a lifetime, we may look upon the page and never see the writing. Thus it was with me. I remember now the time with wonder and a feeling of thankfulness that it is over. How could I for these many years have stared so closely at the page and seen nothing there ? At a time when my mind blazed with the fiercest intellectual fire, through the years of university competitive struggle, I gazed at that part of God's great book of nature and saw a blank.

Flung then by some rare chance among the miserable and hopeless of a large city, and sharing myself in some portion of their woes, there began to appear on the blank page lines of divine meaning. In the rags of the beggar, in the haggard face of the outcast, in the moaning and wild silence of hungry children, in the hard lines on the grasping hoarder's face, in the sleek roundness of the selfishly comfortable, in all lay written, with terrible plainness now, the secret lines of a divine command.

I cannot speak of the awe that came over the soul as it read and understood the words. It was to waken at midnight out of deep slumber and read on the walls around plain letters of fire. It was to see everywhere in broad daylight on human faces the message from God, which he wrote with his finger steeped in the gall of violated nature.

And now I can never rest with these words branded, eating into my soul, until the shame and wrong are done away of human souls entering our world with god-like powers and hopes, only to have them blasted. The very thought of my own better eternity makes the sight of it all maddening.

Whoever has seen this writing dare not, would not disobey. No need of the daggers of conscience ; for the wakened soul has a natural, irresistible longing, a desire unquenchable, to right the wrong, to give peace to tortured brothers.

And the many men and women who have read the writing are leagued together in the sympathy of their common desire. On the altar of their hearts is burning the intense, white flame of the purest of all ambitions. Love for wronged fellow souls is the breath that quickens the flame.

GUEUX.

EUCLID'S CONFUSION OF GEOMETRIC PRINCIPLES.

A point is position without magnitude—space of no dimension. Points, then, exist everywhere, as is implied in Euclid's first postulate. A line is length—space of one dimension—distance. Lines also, which are real but not material, exist everywhere and run in every direction between all possible points. Their existence is independent of our wishes. We can neither destroy, create, di-