

daughter of Cræsus, who can afford to cross at regular rates. Congress will immediately pass the long-delayed appropriation for a new Executive Mansion, the President and his family absolutely requiring the use of the six apartments they have, and the necessity for a spare room in the White House for Her future American Majesty becoming imperatively apparent. And an American version of our national anthem will be at once prepared by competent hands, of which the burden shall be, "God Save *Their* Gracious Queen!"

To give the matter a serious thought is to be scandalised and repelled by the idea to a very unpleasant degree. Commercial ties, a common faith, and the community of sentiment existing between peoples under similar institutions, are all that is necessary to bind the United States to the Mother Country. It is easier to see the disadvantage in the outrage of British sentiment which would result from the selection of a wife for the coming king from a nation whose disloyalty cost his people dear a century ago—the exaltation of a rebel's great granddaughter to be the queen of the realm. Infinitely more agreeable to the English people would be the breaking down of precedent entailed by the future king's marriage to the daughter of a Peer, the aristocratic human product of the centuries—a creature somewhat fitter to rule Albert Victor, and consequently the nation, than any crude daughter of the democracy, however fair and clever, of possible pork-packing lineage! For, one democrat being as good as another, it would be illogical to deny the royal suitor the range of the Republic in his choice. Nor is it easy, to revert to practical considerations, to see how the United States Government could consistently support the monarchical system if the democratic tug of war should come in Albert Victor's time, even if he had an American wife. The limit of its assistance, I should think, in the event of a writ of eviction upon Windsor, would be that spare room in the White House. In the meantime, gentlemen of both Houses of Congress, now adjourned, do not give yourselves any unnecessary anxiety with regard to the appropriation upon this score, if your surplus can be more judiciously invested. Your present accommodation for American Queens of England will be found ample for quite an indefinite time to come.

THE Anglophobia which Her American Majesty of the future is to banish from the United States has no more amusing phase than its repugnance to English criticisms of the native language. Says the editor of a Washington newspaper scathingly to a correspondent, who pleads for English usage upon a point of speech:—

England is no longer the arbiter of the language that bears its name—and whether her writers like a word or not has nothing to do with the question whether we shall employ it.

This gentleman must be an acute sufferer from the disease he illustrates, as this is his third paroxysm within a month. The first—a very severe one—was brought on by somebody's indiscreet criticism of the odious American custom of investing ladies with their husband's titles, political, military, and other, as Mrs. "Senator" Spooner, Mrs. "General" Hancock, and so forth. The second was incited by the mere sight of a very small preposition; and this is the third. At first sight one is disposed to consider the disrespectful "its" a deliberately preconceived slight to Great Britain; but reflection convinces one that it is but a symptom of the inflammation that accompanied the attack. The American editor, when suffering from this species of mania, is seldom known to be restrained by ordinary grammatical forms.

The amusing feature of the matter is the necessity which this person and others of like affliction feel to announce and re-announce the fact that they do not speak English! It is difficult to imagine upon what basis anybody would accuse them of it. In the early settlement of the country there is every reason to believe that the English language was the common medium of communication. We learn this from some few expressions which survive among the people, and from the roots which appear in the philology of American. And while it has disappeared as a vernacular in the majority of the States, about Boston the natives are still proficient in the use of it, and, as in Japan, it is taught in the public schools of that city; so that the educated Bostonese, when travelling in England, have little or no difficulty in making their wants known. But the great majority of Americans not only do not speak our language, but do not understand it, as all English-speaking people who have travelled in Uncle Sam's dominion are painfully aware, and why they should find it necessary to perpetually affirm this fact is past finding out. As to England's being the arbiter of the American language—that, one declares with something like a shudder, is absurd on the face of it.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

I CANNOT, like Scherer, content myself with being in the right all alone, I must have a less solitary Christianity.—*Amiel*.

SEA BREEZE.

THE eager wind is speeding from the sea,
O'erleaping tall brown cliffs that thwart the wave,
Around whose feet the angry waters rave,
Then wild careering on the upland lea.

The dusty clouds from beaten highway whirled,
Are scattered 'mong the fluttering fields of grass;
O'er sprouting grain the gleaming wind-waves pass,
And then against the dark-brown wood are hurled.

Thro' bare fields winds a brook with waters brown,
That trickle down the gorge's shelvy rocks;
But at each rocky brow the gusty shocks
Upjet the stream to form a sparkling crown.

Yet to the sea the water falls at last,
Where weed-strewn trunks upon the shore are borne,
Whose earth-embracing limbs were wrenched and torn
And riven from the land by furious blast.

The breakers madly dashing o'er the reef
Ride haughtily with foaming crests erect;
But treacherous sloping shore doth aye deject
Their wind-urged pride, and prone they fall in grief.

Thus glad and strong and free the sea-breeze comes,
Leaving white footsteps over all the bay—
From rock or tree or wave brooks no delay;
While all the coast resounds like roll of drums.

New Brunswick.

W. P. M.

SUMMER IS OVER.

To farmers, and people of the country districts generally, the seasons are much more clearly defined than to townsmen and villagers. They see the summer in the bloom of the clover; they hear it in the rippling and gurgling melody of the bob-o'-link's song. The mowers are at work, and the rare odour of new-mown hay is wafted on the breeze. The growing crops of Indian corn and potatoes, carrots and turnips, are to be tilled with the hoe and the scuffler, and in the summer-fallow the roots of the thistle and other noxious weeds are turned up by the plough to the scorching sun. Afterward comes the gradual colouring and ripening of the grain—first the fall wheat and barley, and then the spring wheat, oats, and pease.

When the grain crops have all been cut, and the last sheaf has been stored away close up under the roof of the well-filled barn, the farmer regards the summer as over, and fall begins. At once he sets to work and ploughs his summer-fallow for the last time—"ridging it up," he calls it,—and sows his "fall" wheat thereon. Then the ordinary "fall" ploughing begins in preparation for the next spring's sowing. And thus the season is fixed for the farmer by nature and by his occupation, and defined in his everyday language.

But to the dweller in towns and cities there are no such graphic indications of the change of the seasons and the declining year. The paved streets, with their noisy traffic, the long rows of warehouses and dwellings, the trim lawns and well-kept pleasure grounds, look very much the same in September as in July. Nature cannot write her illuminated calendar of the seasons on them. And so, when we wish to know how the year is going, we consult the gorgeous and beguiling tables of days and months issued by insurance companies, which hang in our offices, and we are there-with indifferently content.

"Has any one seen a lost summer?" is a question I once heard pathetically asked by such a one, upon whom the autumn had come on unnoticed. And this seems to be the experience of many. The summer days slip by so joyously, and withal so quietly and gradually, that it is with a perceptible shock that we become conscious at last that the summer is over, and that winter is marching upon us.

But if we watch the change of the season from the beginning, this unpleasant feeling is avoided, or, at least, greatly modified. I know of no more interesting recreation at this transition period than frequent afternoon rambles in any of our suburban parks and the adjacent valleys and fields. The people of Toronto are well favoured in their rural surroundings for this refreshing diversion. The Scarboro' plains, the valley of the Don, the Rosedale ravines, High Park, and the Humber valley, are all within easy reach, and a few hours spent in one of them will recreate the body and smooth the wrinkles out of the weary brain.

The subtle charm of these quiet September days pervades our nature, but eludes our comprehension. Something, we know, is going—has gone—from the glory of summer, and we know not what. The contemplation