

rated year after year as they occurred. Its style, however, is very marked; the character of the writer is felt throughout, and with consummate skill he bathes such narratives as those of the plague at Athens, or the Sicilian Expedition, in a certain emotional atmosphere. But an author may not merely impress his character and mood upon his matter, he may shape that matter itself to the production of certain effects. Here we reach literature in its purest form—literature which is literature first of all—not history, or science, or philosophy. In it the writer's aim is primarily artistic, the embodiment of a beautiful conception in appropriate language. Of this species, there are several varieties, but we may take poetry as the best and highest representative. The poet is, in the fullest sense, creative; the subjective factor reaches its maxi-

mum; and hence poetry is, in an especial degree, the subject of the student of literature. In Euclid we have, as near as may be, the colourless presentation of fact. In Thucydides the main object is still the presentation of fact, though it is coloured by emotion. Poetry, on the other hand, is differentiated from these in that the production of emotion is here the chief aim in subordination to which the facts themselves are chosen and moulded. As by its form, then, so by its aim, poetry is the highest species of literature. For the highest manifestations of human nature are emotional. Emotion raises morality to religion. Nay more, the work of Christianity itself was to introduce the reign of emotion, to substitute for the tribunal of an unchanging code, the arbitrament of an inner and ever progressive emotional state.

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO TWO NEW STATES.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

ON our journey in Montana we met cow-boys, who told us that ten years before they had seen the country, as far as the eye could reach, covered with herds of buffalo marching in dense columns. Now, all are gone, save a few herds in captivity, and possibly some scattered remnants in inaccessible parts of the mountains. It is an interesting commentary on the practical nature of the new era of western life that their bones which once lay scattered over the prairie have not been allowed to remain as memorials of their fate, but have been shipped down east as an article of commerce. Many a struggling settler has found in them a providential aid in his fight for independence, but now

the country is picked so clean of them that nobody can afford time to gather what is left, except the Indians, with whom time is of less value than with the present masters of the country. The Indians, though manifestly a decaying race, have not, like the buffalo, disappeared entirely before the advance of the white man, but, slowly and painfully, and with more or less success, are learning to change their modes of life and make their living the way the white man does. As a public danger and hindrance to the development of the country they are no longer to be feared. The railway and telegraph have placed them completely at the mercy of the government. On the slightest symptom of