

it must fight its way and strive, unaided, toward the goal. From that point to the sea, more than fifteen hundred miles, the great river flows without a tributary; for hundreds of miles through iron deserts, under cloudless skys, under blazing suns, not a drop of water from heaven, not a rivulet or creek from either side, but still it throws wide its breast and forges on, though meanwhile losing in volume by evaporation. The irrigation of lower Egypt drains away all the strength that remains, while incessant sowing and reaping bear evidence to the life and comfort and wealth it has destroyed itself to give. For three thousand miles the abounding river flows, at once the highway and the life of a continent, and within sight of the sea it disappears. Oh the pathos of it! Is it not like all great lives? Was ever great heart yet that accomplished all it planned? that reached the dreamed of goal? But when we aim greatly we accomplish much; the aim itself is much; but more the incidental good. Lady Aberdeen's aim is great and sanely conceived, one of its several felicitous watchwords, "Not woman's rights but woman's duties," calling up before the mind a vista, down which wives and mothers and children, happy and in true domestic relation, walk; at the end of which no screaming phantoms rule and roar and rend, but heaven smiles on a pure hearth; where service is placed higher than sovereignty, being indeed its greatest attribute and claim, and where in noble contradiction, but truest harmony, embodying the wonderful divine complexities of the soul, duty kneels to love and love crowns duty.

There are some movements whose main aim transcends the incidental advantages; others the incidental advantages of which overshadow the aim, as the health, eager excitement and society of fox hunting are out of all proportion to the value of reynard's brush or hide; others again where the reflex results and the direct about balance each other, just as the vigour, enthusiasm and general satisfaction inspired by cutting down a tree, may be held to be at least worth its value in the lumber yard, *vide* Mr. Gladstone *passim*. The woman's council movement, whatever it eventuates in, justifies itself as it goes on. Everywhere good, kind, estimable women who never met before, or only on rare occasions, meet regularly to discuss ways and means of doing good; Catholics, Presbyterians, Anglicans, Methodists, Baptists meet and work together. Benevolent projects are proposed, discussed, resolved on. Good women of different traditions hurrying together to inquire, by co-operation, what deed conducive to human happiness they may accomplish—this is an end of no small moral magnitude. In Regina, where I have had an opportunity of observing the impetus given to benevolent action on the part of women by this movement of Lady Aberdeen there the ladies have already determined to establish a hospital. They are also about to start an Aberdeen association for the dissemination of literature. This pours a breath of air and life over what were else dead. What leagues and miles of old magazines, old novels, old illustrated papers are on the bookshelves of literary and professional men laden with dust, useless, nay cumbersome! What a blessing on all hands to stir up their owners to take them down from the top shelves, the imagination meanwhile filled with the pleasure their perusal will give the eyes and hearts of men still unknown, and, up to an hour before, undreamed of; the pleasure of secretaries and presidents in a dozen distributing centres on receiving the consignment; the pleasure of sending them to settler and rancher; but best and most blest of all the feeling of surprise and joy and gratitude of the owner of hamlet or shack when the treasure arrives;—ah no!—the most blest of all is the day's work done, the pioneer sitting and reading, or, when storm is around, his fancy engrossed with the fortunes of ideal persons and actual care forgotten in sympathy, admiration, love, delight. From the curve at hand we may know what the circle is, and from the excellent effects in Regina one may build up the large activity, the sum of the benevolence, the moral stimulus, inspiration of soul on soul throughout the entire Dominion as scientists create antediluvian monsters from a single limb; the artist realizes the bulk and power of Hercules from his foot, and gazing at her slipper his fancy glows with the delicate outlined splendour of the beauty of Rhodope; but I believe it was a king and not an artist whose heart that famous sandal smote so keen, ending in a marriage and nobler duties, a denouement which all Woman's Councils will regard with satisfaction.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

George Augustus Sala.

BORN, NOV. 24, 1828. DIED, DEC. 8, 1895.

Most graphic picturer of the Passing Show
We wayfarers call Life, he passes too,
Midst sorrow's requiem reverent and low;
He who knew all, and whom the whole world knew.
The curtain falls upon the pageant strange
He loved, and limned in its most striking phases,
"The world's great raree-show," whose motley range,
Its wars, its fêtes, its courts, its crowds, its crazes,
His keen eye followed, his quick pencil caught,
In all its surface tints and shifting humours,
That wondrous pageant with quaint follies fraught,
And echoing to strange voices and wild rumours.
Incarnate echo he, of year, week, day,
Or Dionysius-ear through which there sounded
An Age's gossip genial, graphic, gay;
And though that Age with *anc* has abounded,
His will be missed; and that distinctive voice,
Trenchant, inimitable; quaint, strong-hearted,
At which, in youth, we elders did rejoice,
And from whose spell we never wholly parted,
Many will long remember and regret.
Twice Round the Clock in London years ago,
He, and Mc'Connell, took us. Even yet
We feel the graphic warmth, the humorous glow,
Of many a well-told story, vivid sketch,
And rambling gossip in that young-old time,
When it required, in sooth, less force to fetch
Praise to our lips for passing prose or rhyme.
When Household Words, with plain, unpictured pages,
Moved by "The Master" and his "merry men,"
Came to us as the voice of wits and sages.
Well, quidnuncs tell us 'tis not now as then,
Nor is it, verily, since we now are plumbing
A more profound and pessimistic day,
Sadder, and far more shrieky, more numbing
To instinct genial, and to impulse gay.
But memory will not, cannot doff it wholly,
The poor old motley now so out of fashion;
Nor yield to the new modish melancholy,
Muddy profundity and monstrous passion.
To deal with Dickens as a fallen Dagon,
And with his "boys" as a mimetic rush,
Old mirth as born of folly and the flagon,
And old humanities as bleat and gush,
May please our younger "lions" when they bray.
But the younger "lions" of George Sala's prime,
Roared, in the Daily Telegraph, their day,
Whereat let whoso will tilt nose sublime.
Punch parts with an old friend in kindly sorrow,
Loses an old contributor with grief,
And trusts his kindred solace sure may borrow
From knowledge that his fame is green of leaf,
Although the days seem dry-as-dust and dreary.
For there be many in the haunts of men
Who'll miss the gossip gay, the wisdom cheery,
That fell for forty years from Sala's pen.

Anagram.—"Sala" . . . "Alas!"

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A New Phase of the School Question.

MANITOBA'S answer to the Remedial Order has been sent to Ottawa, and Manitobans are anxiously awaiting its publication, for they feel that the future of their Province for good or ill will be materially affected by its terms.

Has the Provincial Cabinet persisted in maintaining the position in which a chain of unforeseen circumstances, the result of uncalled-for and rash legislation, has placed them, or have they immolated their vain—glorious assumption of loyalty to a false principle by bowing before the constitution?

By holding to the fatuous policy of forcing a weak minority to contribute to the support of what they consider an abnoxious school system, the Ministry have thus far secured the support of a large body of the electors who salve their consciences in the perpetration of an injustice by the pharisaical argument—enunciated, alack, from many a pulpit—that they are thereby acting for the material welfare of their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, helping those who are too blind to help themselves, by insisting that they shall stultify themselves in the matter of education; thus charitably thrusting upon the benighted ones a share of that modern enlightenment which they pride themselves on possessing in all its purity, grandeur, and broad catholicism. They have also won the applause and admiration of those honest yeomen whose motto is, "No Surrender," whenever the coercion of the "jeesweets" or "d—papisches" is ever so