

ways thinking of proving something. He gets too near the canvas and consequently there is a lack of perspective. But despite these defects, Macaulay is a great and attractive writer and rarely surpassed in his animated and picturesque style.

Macaulay was indisputably a man of splendid talent. He had a sagacity and swiftness of understanding that enabled him to comprehend and rapidly methodise his vast array of facts. He was not in the least affected by the immensity of his attainments. He wore all his load of learning lightly as a flower. In ease, purity, grace, and point, he rivals those who have made felicity of style their chief study. He has been accused of partiality, of exaggeration, and of gratifying his passion for epigram at the expense of truth, but the essential truth and accuracy of his narrative, as a whole has never been disapproved.

The influence exerted by this able essayist and his works over English prose has been very near read. He was among the foremost ranks of critics and these criticisms have been of great benefit to many of our writers of English prose. His widely-read essays have give us a more extended knowledge of some of the British dominions and their populace. They have also encouraged and raised essay writing to a much higher standard. His history has introduced that picturesque and pleasing effect in history writing, making it interesting and pleasurable reading. In fact few authors and their works have had a more elevating and praise-worthy effect than Macaulay and his productions.

E. M. D. M.

The Canadian Log Cabin.

It seems strange now to think of a time, when in this Canada of ours, every one lived in a log house. Yet such was the case and the time is not so very far distant either.

When first our grandfathers came to this land, it was no such easy matter to get a

house as it is now a days. They could not merely buy the land and the material for their houses and set others to work to build them; no indeed, they had to set to work alone and single-handed to make a clearing in the vast forest and hew the great logs to the required size. Then unaided, or if so fortunate as to have a neighbor within thirty miles, with his most welcome assistance, these pioneers constructed their humble homes.

Humble—yes, very humble, and yet it seems to me that many of these log cabins, containing perhaps but two rooms, made happier and more peaceful homes than do the magnificent mansions of to-day.

When, in the twilight of evening, the weary farmer at last returned from his long day's work in the forest, glad and bright was the welcome awarded by his wife and children. And after their evening meal, they gather about the bright fire-place, perhaps to talk longingly of the old home and friends left so far away in the distance, or to cheer one another on with expressions of hope for prosperity in their new canadian home.

As the years roll on, ever increasing prosperity does reward their early self-denial and endurance. With increased prosperity comes the desire for more of life's comforts, until the old log cabin is no longer considered good enough. It is pulled down and a more commodious and finer house erected in its stead. So that now the log house is a land mark not often met with.

Yet in my mind's eye I can see one of these dear old cabins—a log house built by my grandfather, and in which he lived for over fifty years. A small hill lies on one side of the house, at the foot of which runs a clear little stream. On the other side is the lane bordered with poplars, which stand like tall sentinels on either side of the passage as if to guard the quiet spot from all marauders. The house stands some distance back from the road, and is almost lost to view amid the pines that surround it. Nothing could ever induce grandfather to leave it, and my only memory of him is as a white-haired old man sitting by its open fire-place telling me

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