

not head the Sutherland Highlanders (Ninety-second Regiment) against the Boers in the Transvaal, had to content himself with spreading broadcast the fact that he is lord and master of 1,208,546 acres, yielding a rental which, if properly used, would make thousands of homes happy.

The foregoing names are but a few taken from among that class of beings who claim to give over a people's heritage to the red deer, grouse, partridge and bittern. Still, it is pleasant to observe that the people are beginning to think that a system placing the soil of a whole country into the absolute control of a few absentees must ere long be changed for some such plan as will restore to them their primitive rights in the public domain. The extension of the franchise in Scotland will, sooner or later, work out the extinction of land monopoly, especially among a class whose only claim to the soil is in the fact that their forefathers got grants of the same from some royal robber, or for deeds of blood or spoliation performed by Highland Kerns or Lowland troopers.

A CHANGE OF OPINION.—Ten years ago a politician who was then known as plain Mr. Robert Lowe declared in the House of Commons that "there is no doubt that hard conduct by the landlords and evictions have popularized murder in Ireland and have made people look upon a murderer as not entirely in the wrong." Mr. Robert Lowe has disappeared from the stage of politics, and is now known as Lord Sherbrooke, with evidently new ideas and principles as to how the unfortunate Irish land tenants should be treated. He now deprecates the contemplated changes in Irish land tenure, and denounces any limitation of the landlord's power as shore robbery. Yet evictions in Ireland are as numerous, if not more so, in 1881 as they were in 1870. Elevation to the Upper House has evidently made Mr. Robert Lowe altogether oblivious of the past.—*The Universe*.

Education is the proper employment not only of our early years, but of our whole lives.

INDIAN LYRICS.

X. THE SETTING SUN.

Sink slowly mid those mellow dyes,
The tints of amber, blue and gold
That softly blend in western skies
As evening shades unfold.
When thy pavilion's flags are furled,
Repose broods o'er the silent world.

Tell, Wanderer, what thou hast seen
In distant lands beyond the sea,
Hills rich in mines and vales of green
And haunts of revelry;
With pride and pomp in city walls
And luxury in lordly halls.

Have they not all the heart can wish
In fertile fields and woods of game,
And lakes and seas that teem with fish
From whence the pale face came?
Yet though the earth is good and wide
He grasps it all unsatisfied.

His blood with water mixed is thin,
Which there thy beams will ne'er absorb,
While richly flows that of Red skin
Beneath thy glowing orb;
So dark the Yazoo* has become
The Evil Spirit sees but some.

Of those wild woods and hills, O ! Sun
Canst thou no ancient tale disclose,
O'er which thy circling race has run
For many thousand snows;
Old, famous tribes here once at home
That faded like the river foam.

Of Sachem † brave and Sagamore ‡
Still many an old tradition speaks,
And mighty deeds in times of yore,
Of Incas and Caciques;
And mounds and ruins now unknown
With trees for ages overgrown.

Great source of heat and life and light,
That as the Sabine, seeks the main,
Unlike thee—sinking out of sight
Our race can't rise again,
They worshipped once the Day-God—yet
Their glory is for ever set.

In crimsoned purple clouds, red Sun !
Descend unto thy gorgeous rest,
In eastern climes thy tour begun,
Sleep in the dreamy west;
When curtains of thy tents are drawn,
To-morrow we'll salute the dawn.*

MONTREAL.

* YAZOO—An ancient tribe on the Sabine river which flows into the Gulf of Mexico, between Texas and Louisiana. No doubt they have been "improved off the face of the earth"—as the name no longer appears, except on an old map.

† SACHEM—An ordinary chief.

‡ SAGAMORE—A head chief.

** This is one of the superstitious practices of the Pagan Indians of the South who worshipped the sun.