Little Willie.

Such a day to leave him, lest in his lonely
grave;
Hark how the north wind whistles through the
forest of the waves!
Such a day to leave him, where wild shall
sweeps and swirls,
With the cold rains pattering over him, and the
owls on his golden curls!

Just a short week since we watched him, down
on the sunny lawn,
And smiled to hear his ringing laugh blend
with the breakers' roar;
Just one short week—a start, a cry, a crash
from the falling cliff,
Pretty little Willie dumb and dead; light
feet laid still and stiff!

Such a day to leave him! How his blue eyes
looked and shone,
And the colour glowed in his round cool cheek
but one brief week gone,
Hard he fared, and cold he slept, yet his little
life was joyous;
Sea, sand, and sunshine Nature gave to bless
our bonnie boy.

Such a day to leave him! What though the
parcel blest
The black earth where we put him down, what
does the child with rest!
He loved his life, and light, and play—they were
all the boon he had!
Yet few the tears he ever shed, the bold and
blithesome lad.

It had not been so hard, perhaps, the narrow
grave to make,
If the seagulls had been floating where the
waves showed like a lake;
If the daisies had been springing, and the
kindly sunlight warm,
And the green grass waiting for him like a
mother's sheltering arm.

But while the whole air thrills and throbs with
the great June sunshine,
And the Churchyard Road looks grimly on the
white and silent shrine,
With the pale rank grasses shivering 'neath
singing birds and bees,
Our grief's happy darling—it is hard to leave
him so.

Well, God took him in his merriment, our God,
whose ways are wise!
He is safe from cold and hunger, in his home
of the skies;
But oh! that the white-winged angels would
hush them for an hour,
While up upon the Head we leave our early-
gathered flower.

All the Year Round.

HAD SHE BUT KNOWN.

A still, quiet day in February, the air mild and soft, and filled with a faint, pearly haze, through which the sun shone with the shy sweetness of a bride half shrouded in her misty veil. Crocuses thrusting their white and lilac heads out of the mould in London parks and gardens. A fairy, ivory flask dimpling the tips of the almond-trees in the park. The mouldered pollinoes in the Row looking very like an ill-stuffed cloth figure of Patience on a monument, smiling at emptiness. A small dog barking at the fleets of ducks dimly showing through the mist on the gray silver of the Serpentine. A girl sitting on a bench near the boat-house waiting—that was all.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, of eight or nine and twenty, brown eyes, brown curly hair, cropped in that peculiar close convicts cut which our lads assume nowadays; a handsome, haughty face, browned, too, by foreign suns and out-door life—a face the expression of which could be sweet and winning as a woman's, but clouded now by a strained, weary look, suggestive of a long, hopeless, and fatiguing struggle with fate, which, expressed not at all (need I say it, this being the nineteenth century?) in his greeting.

"Here before me, Maxie! I am so sorry, dear, but I could not get away sooner; an old friend of mine, Sankalow, of the Tenth Hussars, delayed me at the club."

"I always come here on that Jack may enjoy his swim without the risk of spoiling anybody's fine dress afterward," she answered, hardly waiting for his earn most lips and taking away the hand he was still holding. Will Travers looked at her narrowly, and, as if glad to find a reason for the pallour on cheek and brow, burst out:

"You are vexed with me for being late, Maxie, and it was good of you to come but indeed—"

"I am not vexed at all, and I come here on Jack's account; I told you so last night," she said shortly, and turned away with a slight shrug of her shoulders as Will Travers cried out:

"Hang that Jack! you think of nothing but Jack!

"I asked you if I might come and meet you."

"And I told you the path by the Serpentine was not my property."

"But you did not say that I was not to."

(When men are excited their grammar is generally at fault.) "You knew I would come; that I would not break an appointment with you."

"Mr. Travers," said the girl proudly, "I would not make an appointment with you, nor any other man." Then her voice changing as she met his look of surprise—"But, after all, you are right. It comes to the same thing. What hashes we are!"

"Don't speak in that way, Maxie," pleaded Will Travers. "What makes you so different this morning? Why are you so cold and bitter?"

"Because—because, Will, I am getting very tired of all this," she answered, looking up at him with eyes filled with pitying wonder the water's edge now, with Jack describing wet and frenzied circles round them; and both faces looked very pale in the misty light.

"Tired, Maxie! Tired of me?"

"No, not tired of you, but of your ways—of the life you lead, and of the life you are making me lead."

"I don't understand you," he said, flushing up half in anger, half in mortification.

"You are complimentary this morning, Maxie, are you."

"No, I am not complimentary; only honest." Maxie replied sadly. "Look here, Will"—for he was going to speak; "listen to me a few minutes, for I am going to be very plain. You saw I was among the crowd the ball last night, and you asked me to come here to-day. I was amused, and I thought—something choked her for a moment, and she passed—"come to tell you that I am tired of this secrecy, which I hate; of this half-and-half engagement, which is everything or nothing, according to your pleasure, and which simply gives you the right to make me wretched by your jealousy, your flirtations, your temper, and your love—yes, your love; for, if you did not love me a little, or pretend to do so, I would never have let you have your way, never have cared for you at all. Now, Will—"

"Have done, Maxie! Don't you care for me?"

"That is not the question," she said, coldly. "What I was saying comes simply to this. I am weary of it all—weary and disgusted, and I want to end it."

"In fact, to break your engagement, and leave me!" Oh! Maxie, you cannot, you can't mean that."

His voice, his eyes, those bright brown beautiful eyes, so terribly fascinating when they were full of passionate reproach, but she never looked at him; the small, gloved hands never trembled as they played with Jack's silky ears; the dull flutter of her dress, gray also, lay smooth and unruffled over the shapely bosom; only she said in the same quiet tones:

"You told me it was not an engagement when we began it; that we were both free to decide as we pleased."

"And you have decided to fling me away because you are tired of even the shadow of a bond to a poor devil with nothing but his love to give you. My God! Maxie, you cannot be so base, so heartless, or, if you are—"

"If I am, you would be much better off without me," she answered steadily, though the gray silk was heaving stormily under it now, and Will Travers saw it, for he caught her hands in his, and cried out:

"Maxie, you are not! I don't believe it; you are too noble, too true. Oh! Maxie, if you knew how I love and worship you. I know I did flirt with that little girl at the girl last night; but what will you have! a man isn't a saint; and when a girl throws herself at his head—"

"That's right, Will! It is so gentlemanly, so honorable, to accuse yourself to one woman at the expense of another. There, I beg your pardon. I had no right to comment on your words. What is the use of going on talking when there is really nothing to be said but good-bye."

"Maxie, Maxie, what would you have me do?"

"I? Nothing."

"What have I done then? At least tell me that. You won't make me believe (I know you too well) that you would cast me off for one idle flirtation."

"No, not for one," she said, sadly, "nor yet for ten. In themselves they are nothing; but because if you cannot keep true to me before marriage, you would never do so afterward. If the pleasure of a little flirtation, of whispering pretty compliments, and calling blushes to pretty cheeks, is greater to you than the honor, the peace of mind or your honour, we are better apart. What would you say, what would you think, if I were to act as you do?"

"Women are different to men," he muttered half apologetically.

"Yes, I suppose they are. At any rate, you and I are so different that we would never be happy together. No, Will, it is not the flirtations only; it is the want of firmness, the want of energy, the want of, for it is selfish weakness which ruins your whole life, and lets you pay, under another duty, even honour, for an hour's pleasure.

"You are plain enough, God knows, and devilish hard on me, too," her lover replied, laughing in his turn. "Another woman might have hesitated before blasting my fame, exiling myself on a three-years' cruise half across the world, when it was my love for her which held me here. But you are so cruelly rigid. One might as well have a stone for a wife as you. Pool that I am to have ever thought you had any softness or womanly tenderness in you."

"It was a short-lived folly," she answered, the utter deadness of her tone freezing his wrath even as it aroused it; "and it is another now. Good-bye.

She held out her hand, and he took it; but only to half crush it in both his, as he cried:

"Maxie, forgive me, I think I am half mad to talk so; but I will do better if you will only stay with me. I'll speak out to your mother, though I know she will say 'No,' and so do you, don't you, Maxie?"

"I think so. Yes." The girl's face had grown even whiter than before, and her breathing came hard and quickly.

"Then where is the use? I wish to God I were a rich man for your sake; but at least I'll never be a shiftless loiterer. I never rest till I get my promotion. I—Maxie, darling, don't look like that. I know I've said that once before; but I do mean it now. Dear, don't you believe me? Won't you say you can still?"

White and whiter yet, and the bosom rising and falling in slow, heavy throbs; but she spoke quietly:

"No, Will, no; not yours any more. I do believe what you, that you mean what you say now; but would you mean it a week hence? Could you keep true to me—true in my sense of the word—not only for a few months but during the years we might be parted? You know you could not; and I should be wrong—I should be guilty of making you sin—by binding you to what you could not do, something your life, and deceiving my kind stepmother, for silence is a sort of deceit, say what you will; and all for what? In a hasty whim, which, when you had cooled, never does last beyond its own gratification. Second thoughts are wisest. No, Will, a thousand times no. It is over. If we can love each other at all, we can do it as well free as bound. And now forgive me if I've hurt you, and God bless you. Good-bye."

"Good forgive you, Maxie," cried the man, "for you have cursed me indeed. I shall go to the devil now fast enough—the faster the better. Who cares? Not you, hard and calculating as you are; and yet—yet—though you don't care enough for me to save me from ruin, I love you! I always shall love you better than dirt living, woman; and I'll win you yet some day, my own heart's darling;" and then—they were under the arch of the bridge, with the deep shadow round them, and only the grey, trembling water for a witness—Travers caught the girl in his arms as she was turning from him, caught and nearly crushed her to his heart in a sort of frenzy, kissing her eyes, lips, and cheeks, not once, but a hundred times as he did so. The next moment he was gone, passed away into the misty mist, and Maxie Jerningham was left alone.

Two years—a short space in a long life, a mere nothing to look back upon in general, though a very eternity in prospect—two years had passed, and Maxie Jerningham still still Maxie Jerningham, still alone. It was evening now—a calm, bright evening after one of the coldest days of an unusually hot July—and she was sitting on the pier at Southsea, looking across the sheet of deep, molten blue to where the Isle of Wight rose greenly purple against pre-Raphaelitish backgrounds of violet and crimson sky. Behind the dark fringe of trees crowning the summit of the island the sun was just sinking like a huge globe of faintly flushed same, and as it touched the topmost boughs it flung a broad bar of liquid gold across the dimpled waters of the harbour to Maxie's feet as she leaned over the railings, the only solitary, the only sad-looking person among the gaily-dressed, gaily-talking group of people who sprinkled the pier.

There she sat thinking, as she did often—much too often of that parting in Hyde Park under the old archway. She never could quite recollect how she had got home afterwards and what came between, that she could remember well that, just after Will had sprung up the bank Master Jack had leaped on the foremost miss of an approaching girls' school, splashing her with waterfront mud, and she (Maxie) had to go forward and apologize in her pretty, lady-like manner for the accident. She could remember that trifle, and also a very red pimple on the very large nose of a bald-headed old gentleman who sat by her side, and to see that day; but everything else, thought, feeling, and surroundings, seemed like one long dream. Will had kept his word, however, and, looking down into the boat, she saw the very man she had been dreaming of, the lover she had so sharply parted, just going on to the steps of the pier. What she meant to do, what she was going to say, I do not know; but, like one in a dream, she rose to her feet and made a step forward with great, wide, glistening eyes, and parted lips, quivering lips. It has been said that she had taken her to his arms before all the people on the pier, I don't think her propriety would have been much startled, for the moment; but as it happened he was stayed at the gangway by two girls, who were talking and waiting for him, and whom he greeted familiarly.

One of these ladies was a friend of Maxie's; the other a tall, fair, German-looking girl, rather coarsely built, and dressed with more assertiveness than taste. Maxie only stood a minute talking with Captain Travers, and then all three came forward. Miss Fitzroy introduced the good-tempered Jane, who was very proud of ranking "that charming Miss Jerningham" among her acquaintance, and congratulated her with great *empressement*. Maxie's lips moved, but no sound came. Her eyes had never left Will's face. They rested there still with a sort of mute, eager appeal, strangely pitiful in its helplessness. It was the same, the same look Captain Travers' face flushed with a sudden recognition; flushed, too, with the consciousness that it was not the same, that face, for there was a little natural embarrassment in his manner, as he said:

"It is so odd, Miss Jerningham, that I suppose I can hardly expect you to remember me."

Then he commonplace civil speech startled Maxie back to her senses. She turned as white as any statue, and with a sort of gasp for breath, when her friend most opportunely struck in: "Did Captain Travers know Miss Jerningham, Maxie? How nice! Old friends, she supposed, since he had had only just arrived in England; and what a pleasant coincidence to meet, wasn't it?"

"Yes! very old friends," Captain Travers answered, his eyes still on the white face and quivering lips of the girl before him. Maxie's brain was reeling, a sickly mist was creeping over it! Will was flushed and happy, and looking more handsome than ever; and with his hands clasped together round her shoulders, and her eyes looking into her heart, he went through the prayer they had both said from childhood apart; now for the first time together. As the last Amen was followed by a sigh, and when it was over she said softly, "thank you," then, after a little pause—

"It is so nice to have you, Will. I am very tired. I can't breathe. Lift my head a little more closely, and let me rest on your dear mamma comes. I shall be better then."

"Have I been very long, Maxie?" Will raised her head obediently, pillowing it upon his breast as he spoke, and her eyes looking as if it sleep already; but first he bent his face down and asked:

"Are you happy, Maxie—only once, darling. You have never kissed me yet."

The girl's eyes opened; and she put up her lips, pale and pure as an infant's, to meet his tender passionate kiss.

"God bless you, Will love," she whispered very wearily, "Don't fret any more."

"Never!"

It must have been ten minutes later when the door opened softly to admit Mrs. Jerningham and the doctor. Captain Travers was still on his knees.

"Hush!" he whispered gently. "You will wake her; and she is sleeping so peacefully."

Mrs. Jerningham stood still; but the doctor, an old, white-haired man, came forward, and looked narrowly at the white face and quiet form. The mother's eyes dwelt lying so quietly on the silver-grey dress. Then he stooped, touched the slender girlish wrist and parted lips; and, turning to Captain Travers, said quietly:

"Lay her down. No one can disturb her now. It is all over."

"Dead!" was at their lips had parted in that last, lingering kiss, the spirit had silently sped; had gone, as it had lived, quietly and alone; with a last thought, a last look, a last blessing for the lover—gone away into the vague, misty future of the world to come.—*London Society.*

THE END.

Idle People.

(*From the London Globe.*)

There are divers sorts of idle people. Some, without any natural disposition to laziness, from the mere accident of birth are compelled to be lookers-on. It is a common saying that when a duke has taken his trouble to be born he has done all that can be possibly expected of him; and, though we find it not unfrequently the case that those who are thus born are moved from the necessity of labour are for all that the most zealous and active members of society, it sometimes happens that some of the parties condemn their wearers to be comparatively idle people. Others, again, with the most industrious intentions, are idle, because they cannot get work. Addison said he was ashamed of his profession, and the three great professions of divinity, law, and physic; how each of them was productive of many considerable evils, not with a multitude of ingenious gentlemen who only starved one another. Since "Mr. Spectator" wrote, everything has become more difficult, and this multitude of gentlemen out of work has gone on increasing enormously. The Wat-end-Idle, in fact, has sought relief in emigration. India and Australia are overstocked with sanguine adventurers who are willing to put their fortunes to anything that will win them an honourable independence; nevertheless, the supply of workmen, both abroad and at home, continues immeasurably in advance of the demand, and the demand of all the day because no man has hired them.

But if we embrace from our calculations those enforced idlers, "the gentlemen of leisure," who cannot help being absent from business, we are vain enough to imagine that the rest of us are a nation of workers, of so methodical and industrious a nature that we have little room for the idle people who, in the first sight appearing to be most indefatigable workers, come really and properly under the denomination of idlers. A woman those who are always busy, and yet prepared, who walk arm-in-arm with conversation, and who have always a kind of clinging to the idea that they can always wait till the last moment and then give an energetic impulse, which, if we venture to think, more common to our brilliant relations, appears to be a gaudy almost than to us—are the tortoises of the fable, who are always flattering themselves that they have had a great deal to do, and have had hurry through life after the fashion of that Duke of Newcastle of whom it was said that he was a school-boy who could have half an hour in the morning which he was running after the rest of the day without be able to overtake it.

Perhaps we ought to be grateful to our climate, which makes idleness a thing almost to be a luxury; and to our mineral wealth, which at once furnished us with a reason for idleness, and has taught us that, after all, a thing else has saved us from being an idle people is the disorderly which has always been associated with idleness, and the severe laws which have been passed to prevent it. Henry VIII. made statutory enactments against begging, and encouraged charity. An ordinance of his reign imposed on any one who gave money to a beggar a fine of ten times the value of the alms. Later still, those who could and would not work were branded for a time, for example; and a law of Elizabeth punished with death any strong man who was convicted of begging for the third time. Still fiercely deterrent system reduced the poor laws in those days to a state of extreme simplicity. But we shall be more than half with the unpopularity of begging in England (considering our enormous population), and the compensatory. It is only from those which naturally follows, if we glance for a moment at those countries where begging is not, or has been connived at, if not fostered, by a sympathetic Church. Indeed, however severe the laws against begging were in Roman Catholic countries, they remained a dead letter while mendicant friars and pilgrims were excepted from their operation. Thus, Spain is the country where the Church has had its way more than anywhere else, and here, as we have said, beggars most exceedingly abound. A Spaniard considers it no disgrace to beg. He takes off his hat to solicit alms with all the air of a grandee, and expects to be treated with as much respect; while the very prince who is people habitually use when they refuse a beggar is one of polite and considerate importance. It has been wisely said that charity creates much of the misery it relieves, but does not relieve half the misery it creates; and this misery, in the path by begging, which has pauperised the people, is one of the reasons why Spain is country weak of the south-land. Not even say themselves, "We are born doing business, we pass our lives in doing business, and we do nothing but business." This is their history—the history of an idle people. But if we, as a nation, cannot fairly be accused of being idle by disposition, Defoe very truthfully expressed our character when he termed us a "lazy, diligent people." Our industry is fitful. Perhaps we shall better explain our meaning if we say that the Englishman insists upon a certain amount of idleness as the reward of a certain amount of activity, and he differs from the Frenchman in this respect, that while the latter requires amusements, he simply asks for repose, as his indemnification for toil. "Noos reposer, y pensons vous?" said M. Arnauld, when his physician remonstrated him to take a little rest after his death,—"nous avons l'éternité pour nous reposer!" But it is a common thing to see one of our own artisans of the north, who, for money, and then remain idle until he has spent it, when he will work as hard as ever he can to earn more. Take a case in point. During the gold harvest in Australia a man would come down to Melbourne from the diggings with as much in his pocket as would keep his family in luxury for the rest of his days; but, as likely as not, he would wake the next morning without a sixpence, having spent his earnings over a single debauch, and be off cheerfully up country again with his stout heart for his sole capital. This zest for doing nothing after intensely engrossing work is characteristic of us in all walks of life. Charles Fox, for instance, was not a bad type of an educated Englishman, and he tells us that he knew nothing pleasanter than lying under a tree with a book in his hands, except lying under a tree without a book.

A robber who was recently arrested for breaking into and entering a Boston city store, told the officer that it amused him to see folks put two or three strong locks on their front door, and then fasten the back door with a small button.

The Rev. Edward Sullivan, pastor of Trinity Episcopal church, Newark, was stopped by other priests in a street boy to go to—. He whipped the boy, and on the next day was arraigned in a police court. The boy showed his bruises, the clergyman apologized, and there the case ended.

"Campaign editorial" writers are springing up. One in New Hampshire offers to write articles for $3 a column; but a New York man offers to do them for fifty cents less. The last fellow offers them "fresh and vigorous," and we doubt not they are as fully fresh.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Plato says that philosophy consists a man in all trials, but we would have liked to see Plato chasing a lawn-mower about his front yard, and trying to produce a pleasing impression on the girl across the way about the time the machine struck a stone and the handle took him in the pit of the stomach.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Albani is to have $16,000 for singing twenty nights in St. Petersburg.

The Bible Society of Foreign Bible Society issued 2,682,185 copies of Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scripture last year.

A Russian publication called the *Period*, which is published in London, has been prohibited from circulating in Germany for the next three months.

The Dean and Chapter of Winchester, with a view to protect the cathedral in case of fire occurring, are about to place a self-extinguishing system of chemical fire-cells on the top of the building.

The *Post* is informed that Mr. Gladstone has undertaken to write the essay on Lord Macaulay in the forthcoming number of the *Quarterly Review*, suggested by Mr. Trevelyan's life of the late statesman.

The system which has hitherto prevailed of supporting the poor in the Isle of Man on voluntary contributions is likely soon to be abolished. A bill has been introduced which proposes the imposition of a poor rate not to exceed 3d. in the pound.

A medical student has just been handed over to the Glasgow police by the Sheriff of Lanarkshire for attempting to impose on the Glasgow university authorities by inducing a man to personate him at one of the examinations for a surgeon's diploma.

An English paper says: "The immense landing stage at Liverpool are nearly finished. The docks of the port now cover an area of 420 acres, and form a continuous line of more than six miles in length. Thousands of people go each afternoon to the respect of his neighbours, but he was only waiting for a few years more to retire with a strong or the village were filled with German troops, he got in the crowd and stole a peep through a window of the gamekeeper's cottage, killing his wife. On the next day it was said that he had killed a man in a duel, and he had a large funeral. The ex-poacher became moroses, and not long ago he shot himself through the head, which led to the arrest, trial, and sentence to death.

The *Printer's Register*, bells of a unique character have been published in Austria. The date of the day occupied the centre of each leaf, and it surrounded by the bells, the ring of which the saints to whom the day is dedicated, and on the right by a maxim. The bells are printed in red and black on two columns. From January to June the left hand column contains a course of lessons in six languages, and from July to December Schiller's poem. For the other half of the year one column is devoted to a romance by Marie Verna, and the other to a French vocabulary. At the back of the leaves are notes on mythology, cooking, law, housekeeping, and other distinct subjects. These are so prepared that during the summer months they are intended for a bedroom, and October to April can be made into cigarettes.

A miner named John Sedcole, of West Radnon, in England, has made an addition to his family in a peculiar manner. Mrs. Seddons has been the mother of twelve children, two of whom, a young and delicate child, has survived. Seddons, who is fond of children, was passing along Old Houghton road recently, when he met a woman who was carrying a fine female infant. The woman seemed to be tired, and he asked him, he, by the way to sell yer bairn? I'll gie ye sixpence for it." "Have ye are, sir," said the woman, handing the child and pocketing the money. Some weeks have elapsed since the bargain was made, and Seddons has succeeded in persuading his wife that she should be content to be well satisfied with his share of the transaction, and nothing further has been seen of the unnatural mother.

A curious case has been decided in the Court of Justice at Munich. It has always been customary for the towers of the cathedral with flags upon occasions of public festivity, and until recently the Bavarian flag was raised on any misunderstanding. Since the unification of Germany the Archbishop of Munich has always hoisted the imperial flag, which the Protestants do not appear to be any disposition on the part of the Dominion Government to contest the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. In spite of the encouragement given from this side by those who are known to be favourable to the doctrine of "legislative independence" of Canada from the Mother Empire to the doctrine of "legislative independence" of Canada from the Imperial Parliament ought not to ignore legislative privileges which have been conceded to it, and that to pass a law regulating merchant shipping without consulting the Dominion Parliament is to bring the Legislature of Canada into contempt, to spoil the work of the Imperial Parliament itself. The question thus raised naturally divides itself into one of law and one of policy. The former we believe to be much clearer than the advocates of the theory of the "legislative independence" of the colonies. The Dominion Parliament has represented it. There can be no doubt that Parliament has delegated to the Imperial Parliament to legislate for all Imperial shipping, as for any other Imperial matter. The Act authorized in the Parliaments of Great Britain, and the principal, if not the only, representative of the Imperial Parliament in the Mother Country, cannot be affected by any act giving to the colonies the power of legislating for itself. Nevertheless, we do not seriously entertain the contrary opinion we must suppose that the Imperial Parliament has power over all jurisdiction, not only over Canada, but over Australia and all the colonies, and that it could, if it thought proper, abolish the Legislatures of these Institutions—which is absurd. Inasmuch, however, as neither Canada nor any of the colonies have asked for the repeal of the Imperial Legislature, we shall not be tempted to enter into this question by those who have sought to raise a Nationalist and anti-imperial sentiments. If either party to the compact, vague and indefinite as it is, should be found to be unworthy or unfaithful, the Colonies, choose to exert its full legal right without consulting the wishes and interests of the other, then no common basis of life is possible, and a separation is inevitable. It is not wise to be ignorant of such consummation is desired in this instance either by the one side or the other. The Legislature which has arisen on the question of Canadian shipping is one of the unpleasant consequences of the Act of Union, and is involved through irresponsible legislation. The solution of the present difficulty may be reached without abrogating either the right of the Imperial Legislature to make a law for the Canadian merchant shipping, or giving up any reasonable securities for the protection of life at sea. The point on which the Imperial and Canadian Parliaments differ is the Plimsoll Clause as to deck-loading, the way out of the complication clearly lies in amendment of the Act of 1875 so as to exclude the provisions already in force of the merchant shipping Act, which seem to clash with the provisions of the case. The Canadians, so far as we can learn, will be satisfied if the insurance of three feet of deck-loading be made with the exceptions enumerated in their Act; and the question being thus reduced to the insurance of three feet of deck-loading in merchant ships during the winter months, there ought to be no practical difficulty in the way of a satisfactory settlement of the question before the House of Lords.

The Canadians are undoubtedly right in asking whether a Canadian ship is to be considered a British ship or a foreign ship. It is foreign, but they are within the jurisdiction of the British Legislature. If a British ship, as Sir Charles Adderley has stated, the Canadians claim that they have the privileges of British ships and be subject to their liabilities. It appears, however, that in some respects Canadian ships are not treated in foreign ports on a different footing from British ships. It is asserted that Canadian ships, when in France, are not subject to a higher tax than British ships, while in other countries they do not participate in the advantages of the British flag. This is a very legitimate complaint, and if it be found to exist, strengthens the force of the claim which Canada has upon the British Parliament in the matter of the merchant shipping. It is obviously unfair that Canadian ships should be for some purposes treated as British, and for others as foreign. There can be no doubt that they are, and that they should be, regarded as British, equally with those which sail from the Mersey or from London. The Act of 1875 was passed without consulting the Dominion Government to contest the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, in the Act of 1875 Canada was represented in the Legislature, not only for ourselves but for all our colonies, and respect the rights and privileges which we have enjoyed in the Legislatures, there will be no obstacle to such a modification of the present bill as will satisfy all the claims of that very large and important section of the shipping interest which has its home in Canada.

St. Helena and its Fortifications.

St. Helena is an island fifteen leagues in circumference, in the South Atlantic; it is sixteen degrees south of the equator, and about 1,200 miles distant from the nearest point of the African coast. Its situation on the ocean highway of the southern trade-winds rendered its possession, at one time, a matter of high importance. It lies in the course of the Indian and Chinese fleets, which were, owing to the uniform direction of these winds, under the necessity of taking it, and although its value as a stronghold has become of far less magnitude since the opening of a direct route to the East, via the Suez Canal, still its possession, in the event of war occurring between Great Britain and any of the maritime powers would be of weight consequence. Only Gibraltar and Malta among the fortresses of the world can be compared to St. Helena for strength, and these only surpass it in so far as the costly nature of their equipments is taken into account. The only possible ingress to the island is through the deep gorge on which Jamestown is built. There are no roads during one o our numerous gossips; "he was always so informally wise." He said to me, "Dickens, you talked about you felt that he would have the wisest views upon the subject. He seemed too great an listener for conversation. Now Dickens was very different. He was full of fun, merry and wise, buoyant with animal spirits. I always, however, liked Thackeray, in addition to other reasons, because he liked Dickens, and never grudged a spark of intelligence about his work, which he always openly and honestly admired. He read 'Dombey and Son' each month with avidity. When the fifth number appeared, containing the death of little Dombey, Thackeray, who lived in the window of the gamekeeper's cottage, killing his wife. On the next day it was said that he had killed a man in a duel, and he had a large funeral. The ex-poacher became moroses, and not long ago he shot himself through the head, which led to the arrest, trial, and sentence to death.

The *Printer's Register*, bells of a unique character have been published in Austria. The date of the day occupied the centre of each leaf, and it surrounded by the bells, the ring of which the saints to whom the day is dedicated, and on the right by a maxim. The bells are printed in red and black on two columns. From January to June the left hand column contains a course of lessons in six languages, and from July to December Schiller's poem. For the other half of the year one column is devoted to a romance by Marie Verna, and the other to a French vocabulary. At the back of the leaves are notes on mythology, cooking, law, housekeeping, and other distinct subjects. These are so prepared that during the summer months they are intended for a bedroom, and October to April can be made into cigarettes.

A miner named John Sedcole, of West Radnon, in England, has made an addition to his family in a peculiar manner. Mrs. Seddons has been the mother of twelve children, two of whom, a young and delicate child, has survived. Seddons, who is fond of children, was passing along Old Houghton road recently, when he met a woman who was carrying a fine female infant. The woman seemed to be tired, and he asked him, he, by the way to sell yer bairn? I'll gie ye sixpence for it." "Have ye are, sir," said the woman, handing the child and pocketing the money. Some weeks have elapsed since the bargain was made, and Seddons has succeeded in persuading his wife that she should be content to be well satisfied with his share of the transaction, and nothing further has been seen of the unnatural mother.

A curious case has been decided in the Court of Justice at Munich. It has always been customary for the towers of the cathedral with flags upon occasions of public festivity, and until recently the Bavarian flag was raised on any misunderstanding. Since the unification of Germany the Archbishop of Munich has always hoisted the imperial flag, which the Protestants do not appear to be any disposition on the part of the Dominion Government to contest the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. In spite of the encouragement given from this side by those who are known to be favourable to the doctrine of "legislative independence" of Canada from the Mother Empire to the doctrine of "legislative independence" of Canada from the Imperial Parliament ought not to ignore legislative privileges which have been conceded to it, and that to pass a law regulating merchant shipping without consulting the Dominion Parliament is to bring the Legislature of Canada into contempt, to spoil the work of the Imperial Parliament itself. The question thus raised naturally divides itself into one of law and one of policy. The former we believe to be much clearer than the advocates of the theory of the "legislative independence" of the colonies. The Dominion Parliament has represented it. There can be no doubt that Parliament has delegated to the Imperial Parliament to legislate for all Imperial shipping, as for any other Imperial matter. The Act authorized in the Parliaments of Great Britain, and the principal, if not the only, representative of the Imperial Parliament in the Mother Country, cannot be affected by any act giving to the colonies the power of legislating for itself. Nevertheless, we do not seriously entertain the contrary opinion we must suppose that the Imperial Parliament has power over all jurisdiction, not only over Canada, but over Australia and all the colonies, and that it could, if it thought proper, abolish the Legislatures of these Institutions—which is absurd. Inasmuch, however, as neither Canada nor any of the colonies have asked for the repeal of the Imperial Legislature, we shall not be tempted to enter into this question by those who have sought to raise a Nationalist and anti-imperial sentiments. If either party to the compact, vague and indefinite as it is, should be found to be unworthy or unfaithful, the Colonies, choose to exert its full legal right without consulting the wishes and interests of the other, then no common basis of life is possible, and a separation is inevitable. It is not wise to be ignorant of such consummation is desired in this instance either by the one side or the other. The Legislature which has arisen on the question of Canadian shipping is one of the unpleasant consequences of the Act of Union, and is involved through irresponsible legislation. The solution of the present difficulty may be reached without abrogating either the right of the Imperial Legislature to make a law for the Canadian merchant shipping, or giving up any reasonable securities for the protection of life at sea. The point on which the Imperial and Canadian Parliaments differ is the Plimsoll Clause as to deck-loading, the way out of the complication clearly lies in amendment of the Act of 1875 so as to exclude the provisions already in force of the merchant shipping Act, which seem to clash with the provisions of the case. The Canadians, so far as we can learn, will be satisfied if the insurance of three feet of deck-loading be made with the exceptions enumerated in their Act; and the question being thus reduced to the insurance of three feet of deck-loading in merchant ships during the winter months, there ought to be no practical difficulty in the way of a satisfactory settlement of the question before the House of Lords.

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The Merchants' Shipping Bill.

(*From the London Standard, June 23.*)

That the Canadians should regard with great interest the bill now before the Imperial Parliament relating to merchant shipping was to be expected. Canada claims to be the fourth maritime country in the world. There is no part of her national industry which has increased so rapidly or which is so sensitively conscious as the trade in the building and employment of ships. Canadian vessels are engaged in the carrying trade between all parts of the world, and every port the Canadian flag has become familiar. The number of Canadian ships of commerce, according to the latest returns, is 5,992, measuring 1,205,555 tons, and of an estimated value of 7,233,900l. sterling. No less than 800,000 tons are employed in the carrying trade between Canada, Great Britain, and foreign countries. It is not unreasonable, therefore, that Canada should demand to be heard upon the question of a bill which affects Canadian equally with British ships; nor should it be matter for surprise if a Canadian feel strongly that Canada is not wholly at one with Ireland as to the amount of supervision to be exercised by the State over property of the owners. For the protection of its interests the Dominion Government has sent over as the instance of Mr. Plimsoll. According to the bill as it stands, Canadian ships are subject to the same rules as British ships, and award them Bibles and silver medals for keeping their servants. (Laughter.) A Canadian ship's crew and some of the mistresses had spoken highly of their servants obtained through the medium of this society. Canadian ships are worthy servants as a general rule, and where there were bad servants but indifferent mistresses were concerned, they had to blame. We always glad to find one person willing to praise another. There had been a notion that Canada must not be treated as British ships. We had seen a height of three feet above the deck. There will therefore be a difference between the Imperial law—if the Merchant Shipping Bill is carried in its present shape—and the Canadian law, a certain amount of deck-loading which is allowed by the latter being prohibited by the former. The Canadian complaint that they are to be made subject to the Plimsoll Clause their ships will be liable to be detained in foreign ports for third time, and participate in the advantages of the British flag. This is a very legitimate complaint, and if it be found to exist, strengthens the force of the claim which Canada has upon the British Parliament in the matter of the merchant shipping. It is obviously unfair that Canadian ships should be for some purposes treated as British, and for others as foreign. There can be no doubt that they are, and that they should be, regarded as British, equally with those which sail from the Mersey or from London. Canada is not a young son of an English Lord, or something of the kind."

A medical authority says that a man loses one per cent. of vitality every time he is waked suddenly from sleep. This is what makes a Dryggin look so pleasant when he is rung up at two o'clock in the morning by a fellow-citizen who wants to borrow a fellow-citizen who wants to borrow a fellow-citizen who wants to borrow