

what thrilling remembrances of a happy past the contemplation of this page provokes, you would not wonder at my feelings. Since I wrote these lines, I have been going so fast down the rapids of life, that I owe you much for enabling me to live, though but for a few minutes, in the past, and I shall long remember this pleasant meeting." Moore authenticated the lines explaining how they were written, with his autograph. In the original note to the song, Moore says, "The words were written to an air which the boatmen often sang." He found on looking at this book that the music was as much his own as the words. The air had never been heard until he presented it for all time to the lovers of plaintive song and romantic imagery.—*N. Y. Sun.*

CUI BONO?

A harmless fellow, wasting useless days,
Am I: I love my comfort and my leisure;
Let those who wish them, toil for gold and praise—
To me this summer-day brings more of pleasure.

So, here upon the grass I lie at ease,
While solemn voices from the Past are calling,
Mingled with rustling whispers in the trees,
And pleasant sounds of water idly falling.

There was a time when I had higher aims
Than thus to lie among the flowers and listen
To lisping birds, or watch the sunset's flames
On the broad river's surface glow and glisten.

There was a time, perhaps, when I had thought
To make a name, a home, a bright existence:
But time has shown me that my dreams were nought
Save a mirage that vanished with the distance.

Well, it is gone; I care no longer now
For fame, for fortune, or for empty praises;
Rather than wear a crown upon my brow,
I'd lie forever here among the daisies.

So you, who wish for fame, good friend, pass by;
With you I surely cannot think to quarrel.
Give me peace, rest, this bank whereon I lie,
And spare me both the labour and the laurel.

M.

A QUESTION.

"But solve me first a doubt.

I knew a man, nor many years ago;
He had a faithful servant, one who loved
His master more than all on earth beside.
He falling sick, and seeming close on death,
His master would not wait until he died,
But bade his menials bear him from the door,
And leave him in the public way to die.
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, took him home,
And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved his life.
I ask you now, should this first master claim
His service, whom does it belong to? him
Who thrust him out, or him who saved his life?"

The question, so flung down before the guests,
And balanced either way by each, at length,
When some were doubtful how the law would hold,
Was handed over by consent of all
To one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate of phrase.
And he beginning languidly—his loss
Weigh'd on him yet—but warming as he went,
Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,
Affirming that as long as either lived,
By all the laws of love and gratefulness,
The service of the one so saved was due
All to the saver—adding, with a smile,
The first for many weeks—a semi-smile
As at a strong conclusion—"body and soul
And life and limbs, all his to work his will."

—"*The Lover's Tale*," by Alfred Tennyson.

CORRESPONDENCE.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return letters that are rejected.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—As my last letter to the SPECTATOR provoked uncalled for criticism, showing at least that it had bitten somebody, I take the liberty again of requesting permission, through the medium of your valuable paper, to call attention to such evils of the present day as I have faith to believe are under our immediate control, and require no special Act of Parliament to legislate against them, or supernatural agency from above to interfere against their rule. But before I attempt, in all humility, to find fault with my fellow-citizens and myself—our institutions and conventionalities, with all due respect to our peculiar national and colonial characteristics, I would plead on my own behalf that he who without hearing a case in dispute, or inquiring into the merits of its accusation, would dare pronounce an opinion or judgment upon it must be considered as being arbitrary against all show of reason, and as such is not only a bigot, but an unjust, intolerant, and altogether unreasonable man. My reason for this apparently strong statement may be considered just, when I state that several letters have appeared lately in local newspapers and pamphlets (purporting to emanate from men, who at least are supposed to be gifted with a show of reason) on the subject of "Infidelity" and "Atheism in Court," and that these men misunderstanding my quotations, and of being a hypocrite; and, in fine, without reading my letters at all, pronounce judgment upon me, and proclaim me a fool; so that in self-defence I must needs request the many readers of the SPECTATOR to do me and themselves this simple act of justice, that if they conscientiously are determined to denounce my letters as humbug, they make it a matter of duty to read them beforehand. And, while I am upon this subject, one in close connection with it strikes me very forcibly as being the greatest calamity that has fallen, or is likely to fall, upon Canada for some decades to come. I refer to the arbitrary unwisdom of the press, that mighty power that should wield such an incalculable influence for good in our land, is sold to men of the most contemptible and plebeian minds, who, for their paltry hire have abandoned themselves to party and to gold. Shame upon such degrading traffic, trading in the honesty and good name of our noblest citizens. Witness the principal Grit organ of the country—the *Globe* of Toronto—whose political editorials and columns are nothing more nor less than a common sewer of abuse and misrepresentation of Sir John A. Macdonald and his Government; or such men and things as happen to be discordant to the peculiar ideas of the Hon. George Brown. Even to falsify and withhold the speeches of political opponents in Parliament seems to give the party papers particular delight, for it would appear the *Globe's* reporter (and all the minor lights take the *Globe* for their great original) has authority to report at length only such speeches as good Grits might freely read and give to their Grit children. Shame that our leading journals should so degrade and lower themselves before our countrymen as to wilfully withhold from the ignorant, and to shamefully blackguard the statesmen of our land. Is there no greater aim than party? Is there nothing nobler than this eternal proving an opponent a knave or a fool. I pray God we may never be sunk so low as our exalted neighbours across the line; but the democratic aristocracy of Canada seem to be tainted with worse than Republican sentiment, when every man's motto seems to be the time-serving adage, "Every man for himself, and God for all," no thought or consideration for the feelings of one's neighbour but self, self, self constantly staring one in the face. But one step removed from the persecution of the press is that transparent fraud of lying advertisements. Surely the advertisement bully does not imagine for one moment that his customers are mad; are we come at last to that pass, so strangely expressed by our own poet, Laureate—Tennyson:—

"When only not all men lie."

It would be very difficult to discover how many hundred quacks there are whose patent medicines, allopathical and homoeopathical, are ready to cure every known and unknown disease under the sun. How many scores of men are there who have the A-I article, that can, without fail, accomplish a thousand more things than can ever be told.

And what shall we say of the exhaustless number of first prize pianos, harmoniums, sewing-machines, &c., &c., that have each and every one received the only gold medal at the latest world's fair. How often do we see, to our disgust, on the hand-bills thrust upon us in the street flaming advertisements of dry goods, or other commodity, by some paltry Tom, Dick or Harry of so many hundred thousand yards or pounds of some line of production, of which, had they but half as much would more than doubly fill the house from attic to basement; and yet these persons have the cool audacity to imagine p cpl