

A CARPET KNIGHT IN HIS
DOTAGE.

The Casket.

That at least one of our readers entirely agrees with us in our estimate of Lord Wolseley both as soldier and as author is evident from the following communication:

Lord Wolseley, a Field Marshal of England, and for a long time an office soldier and commander, has written a book which he calls "The Story of a Soldier's Life." Most of us have some idea of what goes to make up the life of a soldier, and our knowledge of the subject is of much the same kind as that of Lord Wolseley. That is to say, we have gained our knowledge by reading and by listening to the narratives of others. Lord Wolseley acquired most of his information in this way. He is old now; and is in some degree entitled to be garrulous; and if garrulity were the only fault we had to charge against him, we should hold our peace. We could even bear to hear him in the farce of a prolonged portrayal of his life as a soldier, notwithstanding that he has small claims to parade in that connection. But we like to see old men at the close of life preserve a love of truth. We like to see men who have sinned doing penance in their latter days, if so it be that they have mishandled the truth at an earlier period. We do not know just where we are to place Lord Wolseley, whether amongst the unrepentant life-long falsifiers, or in the class of men who begin romancing in their dotage. Let us be charitable, and give him the benefit of the doubt. Poor old man, probably this is the true explanation: He imagines he has lived a soldier's life. That alone, to any one who knows anything about his career, suggests senility. The dotting old man is fighting over again his dream-battles, winning again his fireside victories. Such an amusement in old age is so harmless in itself, that, did he utter nothing worse than empty boasts, his readers in Canada could pass them by with an indulgent smile. Unfortunately, there have come to him, amid his dreams of military glory that never was, some echoes of the bigoted rash judgments of his younger days. He has never forgotten them, and now they come back to lend a sinister sound to the boasting of old age. Some thirty years ago he was in Canada, in the Queen's service. Canada had a little trouble on hand just then. Out in the North-West there dwelt a man who lived, worked, and, later, died in God's service. No office warrior he; no fireside champion of his Master's cause. And when the rebellion looked threatening, he saw that his duty lay in actively supporting the Government and the law. The Government trusted him; the people loved him; Canadians honored him then and afterwards; and the memory of no dead Canadian is more honored and revered today than that of Archbishop Tache. Now, what has our carpet knight to say of this man?

Thirty-three years have passed away, and we in Canada thought we knew all about that little rebellion; nor did we imagine that Lord Wolseley, who played a very small part in suppressing it, had in his possession any deep, dark secret connected with the affair, not known to, or ever heard of by any Canadian in public or in private life. And yet it seems we were mistaken. And who do you think was implicated? The heavy villain was none other than Archbishop Tache! Ponder well upon that. All these years we have been accustomed to think of that grand old pioneer churchman, as all Canadians thought of him, as the upholder of

law and of British authority in the then wild regions of the North-West; as a man whose whole life was one long sacrifice to duty; as one who was trusted implicitly by the civil government. But why recount his virtues and good works? Lord Wolseley was in Canada for several months at the least; and of course he knew. It is true he never told any one about it; and no one would have believed him if he had; but who could think of doubting the opinion of a Field Marshal of England; especially when this opinion has been carefully treasured for thirty years in silence. And so, whilst all the people of Canada hailed Archbishop Tache as a hero and a bulwark to his country, he was stirring up treason! And not a soul in Canada ever found it out! Let us still admire him for one thing: His phenomenal shrewdness in concealing his designs. And those words of his, spoken years ago: "I am a Canadian. For six generations my people were born on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Canada is my country. I owe allegiance to one flag alone and that is the flag of Britain,"—how they thrilled us, those eloquent words of the dead prelate, knowing—as we thought—the life and work and duty well done that lay behind them. But the old armchair warrior in England has spoken. It is true he waited till Archbishop Tache was dead, and most of his contemporaries also. But great minds move slowly, and probably it has taken Lord Wolseley the thirty-three years to think it out.

PASS ON THE PRAISE.

"You're a great little wife, and I don't know what I would do without you." And as he spoke he put his arms about her and kissed her, and she forgot all the care in that moment. And, forgetting all, she sang as she washed the dishes, and sang as she made the beds, and the song was heard next door, and a woman there caught the refrain also, and two homes were happier because he had told her that sweet old story—the story of love of a husband for a wife. As she sang, the butcher boy who called for the order heard it and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle, and one man hearing it thought, "Here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented."

And because she sang her heart was mellow, and as she swept about the back door the cool air kissed her on her cheek and she thought of a poor old woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home with a quarter for a crate or two of wood.

So, because he kissed her and praised her the song came and the influence went out and out.

Pass on the praise.

A word and you make a rift in the cloud, a smile and you may create a new resolve, a grasp of the hand and you may repossess a soul from hell.

Pass on the praise.

Does your clerk do well?

Pass on the praise.

Tell him you are pleased, and if he is a good clerk he will appreciate it more than a raise. A good clerk does not work for his salary alone. Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it; if he is better, tell him again. Thus, you see, good, better, best.

Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the home. Don't go to the grave and call "mother." Don't plead "Hear me, mother; you were a kind mother, you were a good mother and smoothed away many a rugged path for me."

Those ears cannot hear that glad admission. Those eyes cannot see the light of earnestness in yours. Those hands may not return the embrace you now wish to give.

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