

direct expression of emotion is a laugh or a cry. Poetry is the expression of emotion after it has gone through a process of meditation and composition. The emotion may have changed its character in this process; for instance, Lord Byron was probably anything but in a melancholy mood when he wrote his most pessimistic verse.

The review in the *Saturday* is as unjust as it is dull. The writer has no power of sarcasm, and does not seem 'o know his own meaning. That a leading journal such as the *Globe* should republish such trash as a means of indirect mud-throwing at a great writer of whose presence in Canada all Canadians ought to be proud, is only another instance of

the *Globe's* deplorable want of the common sense of fair play, for which it received a deserved castigation from the *Mail*. In the latter journal, since writing the above, there has appeared a letter from Mr. Smith vindicating his work with considerable strength of the calm but trenchant irony of which he is such a master. One instance of this we cannot resist quoting. The *Saturday* calls Toplady a failure as a hymn writer. Mr. Goldwin Smith wonders if the author of the *Saturday's* article ever heard the name of the author of "Rock of Ages." The blow is a deft one, but according to the true proverb, "Against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain."

C. P. M.

READINGS FROM AN OLD GEOGRAPHY.—II.

BY DAVID BOYLE, ELORA.

TAKING up some of the dropped stitches from the thread of our *Readings* last month, we return to Europe, the only countries of which continent previously noticed being England, Scotland and Ireland.

In answer to the question, What is the state or condition of Switzerland in general? our geographer informs us that "this Country abounds with high Mountains. Some are covered with Ice and Snow all the Year round. Others are covered with Trees and Pasture, where the Peasants drive their Cattle to feed above the Clouds." As if driving cattle to feed above the clouds were a matter of scarcely any difficulty! But the next paragraph of the answer is still more delightfully quaint. "Some Mountains are very incommodious to the Inhabitants;

many of them look with a terrible Aspect as if they were falling that Moment; upon others the thick Woods harbour various Creatures, who sometimes do Abundance of Mischief among the Cattle." "Some Mountains are very *incommodious* to the Inhabitants" reminds us of the Frenchman who accounted for his downcast looks to an English friend by saying that he had just heard of his father's death, and therefore felt very much *dissatisfied*.

A rare bit of etymology is presented to us in the following definition of Germany: "Germany, in its proper language is called *Deutschland*, *i.e.*, *Dutch Land*, which name is derived from the first Inhabitants, *Teutones*, that people worshipping God, under the name of *Theuth*, called their coun-