

English folk-moot; McLennan, who has thrown much valuable light on the early history of marriage; Morgan, who has personally inquired into the social customs of the North American Indians; Sir John Phear, who has minutely described the Aryan village in India and Ceylon; Professor Hearn, who has carried us behind the Aryan community to the Aryan household; and a contemporary group of active explorers in the United States, who have placed in our hands the means of tracing the historical connection between our modern municipal township and village in Ontario and the Aryan household held together in pre-historic times by the bond of ancestor-worship. It is given to few men to completely revolutionize the views of a generation of scholars, but this Maine has done. And his influence will not die with him. He expresses the opinion in one of his books that, in the light of the village community system, the law of real property in England, hitherto explained by reference to feudal institutions and customs, will have to be re-written. It is equally safe to predict that the discovery of the same old system will have an important influence on future land tenure legislation. The demand of the English agricultural labourer for "three acres and a cow" is not one suggested to him by modern demagogues; it is a survival of the old practice of allotment, which was an essential feature of village community tenure of land. And, in much the same way, we must explain the deeply settled conviction in the minds of the tenants in Ireland, and of the crofters in Scotland, that they have a title to the soil older and more incontrovertible than any conferred on them by modern Acts of Parliament.

I would like, in conclusion, to express my deep gratitude to Sir Henry Maine for many hours of pleasant reading. I know of no books of scientific worth that are so deeply interesting as his. His "Popular Government," which is deeply tinged with a pessimism that is certainly not out of harmony with the culture of the day, should be read with John Morley's critique as an antidote, just as the reader of Brutus' "Reflections" finds it beneficial to peruse Mackintosh's "Vindiciae Gallicae" as a tonic.

WM. HOUSTON.

THE ANGELUS.

From the old belfrey, rude and low;
The Angelus sounds, sweet and slow.

Its soft notes thrill the evening air,—
A call to peace, a rest from care.

And weary reapers in the field
One moment pause, a thought to yield

To heaven, whose distant glories seem
Too oft the shadow of a dream.

The busy housewife at her loom
Closes her eyes, and through the room

Comes the patter of tiny feet, the crow
Of the babe that died long years ago.

And children loitering in the lanes,
Linking long dandelion chains

Drop their golden stores and reverent-wise
Fold sun-burned hands and raise their eyes.

Then with laugh and shout they scamper home
Untouched with gloom their good thoughts come.

The prisoner restless in his cell,
Had cursed his fate, but the voice of the bell

Steals thro' the bars; once more he sees
A lowly cottage beneath the trees.

His mother at the doorway stands
Shading her eyes, with trembling hands.

(The hands so worn, the eyes so dim,
With toil and grief and care for him).

Again the gate slams in sullen wrath
And his noisy steps come up the path.

He hears her welcome, his rough reply
And sees her turn with a patient sigh.

Then he bows his head in the lonely cell,
And weeps for the mother that loved him well.

The moment's pause has come and gone,
The reapers to their toil move on.

The mother hastens with her task,
For living children her guidance ask.

But oh, not lost, is the hush, the prayer,
For an angel descending unaware

Has touched each heart with healing balm,
And toil is lighter, and sorrow calm;

For peace has fallen from highest heaven,
As dew on the thirsty flowers at even.

KATE WILLSON.

THE STRANGE CASE(S) OF DR. J. KILL-W-N AND MR. HIDE-C-N.

Scene I.—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Prof. C—n (loq.)—Be good enough, Doctor, to tell me the exact spot in which you found this fossil.

Dr. W—n.—Certainly—I spent part of the long vacation in the North-West Territories, and going over the battlefield of Batoche, I found this specimen on the banks of the Saskatchewan. Thinking it might be of some interest, I sent it to you.

Prof. C—n.—You will excuse my questioning you so closely, when I have explained. Believe me, I am about to shake the scientific world with a palæontological thunderbolt. Listen—I, too, have been travelling this vacation. Me, the historic Nile, mother of the ancient and desiccated Arab Sheik, the antiquated Egyptian buffalo and other fine old ruins, invited. In the bank of the river near Wady Halfa, and almost buried in the sand, I found, strange to say, an exact counter-part of the fossil you sent me. See—they are ridiculously alike. (The Professor here produces two articles, in shape something like the case of a pair of large opera glasses, with dimensions about as follows:—Height, 8 inches, breadth at top, 6 inches, at bottom, 4 inches, and 2 inches thick; both articles are covered with an incrustation).

Dr. W—n.—Well, yes. But what about the palæontological thunderbolt.

Prof. C—n.—Don't you see? The Saskatchewan, the Nile, Canada, Egypt, the New World, the Old. If, after a thorough examination, I can establish the fact that the fossils are similar, I prove that the new world (so called) and the old are . . . twins. Yes, twins, bearing the same geological strawberry mark.

Dr. W—n.—Great Scott! I me mea-mean, Me Hercule! Do you know that I have always felt, in my own mind, that the car-loads of alleged dried buffalo bones, shipped from the North-west Territories, were the skeletons of by-gone bipeds, with heads, no doubt, abnormally developed, but this might be explained by the fact that northern people often indulge freely in alcoholic stimulants. We know, too, that in later days, the lightest wine of the descendants of these peoples was the Hudson's Bay Rum, which is reported to have been so strong that it was used as a means of defence, taking the place of powder magazines and trains. The savage hordes were fully convinced that the "Evil Spirit" was with the whites. Excuse this historical digression.

To strengthen your case I might mention that the skulls of these skeletons also resemble, especially in thickness, those of the Nubians, now living in Upper Egypt.