

and practice, needless to say they will ruin all and help none. But a money system may be wrong on other grounds which we have yet to determine. Next, then, we shall take a glance at the nature of the money standard and its office.

A. SHORTT.

Sebastian.

What thoughts are in Sebastian's mind? He stands
Tall and loose-limbed, leaning upon his pole,
Wrapt, yet alert, a giant in a dream:
Drooped shoulders, head thrust slightly forward, hair
Curled duskily over wide and wave-like brows,
Long hands with lean and supple fingers, cheeks
High-boned, tanned red as leather, watchful eyes
Sudden and swift and grey, but far within
Fed by a tranquil and perpetual fire:
So leans Sebastian with unharrassed gaze
That marks the hour, but seems to watch beyond.

Outside the wide waste waters gleam. The sun
Beats hot upon the roofs, and close at hand
The heavy river o'er its fall of rocks
Roars down in foam and spouted spray and pounds
Its bed with solid thunders Far away
Stretch the grey glimmering booms that pen the logs,
Brown multitudes that from the northern waste
Have come by many a rushing stream, and now
The river shepherds with their spiked poles
Herd them in flocks, and drive them like blind sheep
Unto the slaughterer's hand. Here in the mills,
Dim and low-roofed, cool with the scent of pines
And gusts from off the windy cataract,
All day the crash and clamour shake the floors.
The immense chains move slowly on. All day
The pitiless saws creep up the dripping logs
With champ and sullen roar; or round and shrill,
A glittering fury of invisible teeth,
Yell through the clacking boards. Sebastian turns
A moment's space, and through the great square door
Beholds as in a jarred and turbulent dream
The waste of logs and the long running crest
Of plunging water; farther still, beyond
The openings of the piered and buttressed bridge,
The rapid flashing into foam; and last
Northward, far-drawn, above the misty shore,
The pale blue cloud line of the summer hills.

So stands Sebastian, and with quiet eyes
Wrapt forehead and lips manfully closed
Sees afar off, and through the heat and roar,
Beyond the jostling shadows and the throng,
Skirts the cool borders of an ampler world,
Decking the hour with visions. Yet his hands,
Grown sure and clock-like at their practised task,
Are not forgetful. Up the shaken slides
With splash and thunder come the groaning logs.
Sebastian grasps his cant-dog with light strength,
Drives into their dripping sides its iron fangs,
And one by one as with a giant's ease
Turns them and sets them toward the crashing saws.
So all day long and half the weary night.
The mills roar on, the logs come shouldering in,
And the fierce light glares on the downward blades
And the huge logs and the wild crowd of men.
Through every hole and crack, through all the doors,
A stream upon the solid dark, it lights
The black smooth races and the glimmering booms,
And turns the river's spouted spray to silver.

The blind across Sebastian's window lifts.
Leans over the sill, and toward the night
Looks out a moment with that ample front
And those calm, capable, untroubled eyes.
Far off into the dusk, halo'd and vast,
Level, dark-towered, sealed with its serried streets,
The city stretches miles on miles away;
And all around him, as he leans and listens,
The complex movement of this sleepless life
Surges with massive murmur in his ear,
The mingled sough and tumult of mankind
Groping forever toward an unseen end.
What thought is in yon city's moving heart?
What thoughts are in Sebastian's soul? Those stars
That sprinkle and incrust the height of heaven
Are not more clear and steadfast than his eyes.
The future! What shall the great future bring?
He dreams not yet; but this unconsciously,
Sown with the very seed of life, he knows
That all his being like yon city's heart,
Brain, flesh and spirit, by encumbered paths
To some large purpose moves serenely on.

Sebastian only works by day; the nights
Are his; the solemn and triumphant nights!
In the small upper chamber where he sleeps
The shaded lamp into the midnight shines
On rough hewn shelves and serried ranks of books;

And there Sebastian sits, and with grave brow
Keeps vigil stouter than a knight of old,
Questing through lands beset with doubt and toil
His modern Sangreal. Where it shall end,
Or what the seeker's final gain shall be,
He knows not, but already o'er his soul
Hath risen the first reward of knowledge--joy!

Not vain the fight; already hath the veil
Been partly lifted, he hath seen the God!
World upon world hath opened till his eyes,
Grown blind and dizzy with sheer weight of rapture,
Scarce dare to trust their strength; but not for him
Is doubt; might hath begotten might; the hours
Move onward, widening to eternity,
Sebastian sees them, and his eager gaze
Grows firmer and more trustful day by day,
More spacious and more solemn From his ears
Falls off the crash and thunder of the mills,
The city's roar, the pettier sounds of life.
Hoarse voices echo from the rooms below,
Threats, curses, drunken songs. He hears them not.
The world's poor makeshifts and its common lures,
Wine, lust or play, pass by him like a dream.
One genius rules him, the unresting mind,
Watchful and bright, insatiate, penetrating,
Feeding on all things, finding nothing waste.

Each fact, each thought, each point of knowledge gained
Pierces his being with a glow of power.
It is a key to open stanchioned doors
And lift the lid of coffers yet unsearched,
A golden gleam on many a dark recess,
A sword laid by that may be some day drawn.
So shall Sebastian sit and bind his fates,
Lonely, self-centred, pure, and armed with joy;
Build up the conquering fabric of his brain,
A sleepless engine, and abide his time.
There is no hurry in his soul. The world
Gleams out upon him from a thousand doors.
When he is ready, horsed, and fully armed,
The occasion will not pass unmarked. His hour
Will bid him with an unmistakeable touch.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

The Gentleman Colonist.

THE "gentleman" colonist is a conundrum to Canadians. Brought up in an element of luxury, accustomed to share in the social deference paid to his father, absolutely unversed in the elementary principles of life, with an education adapted to the life of a country gentleman, and a fixed determination at all hazards to farm, he has breathed a different atmosphere to the young Canadian of the farming class, who, accustomed to work from early boyhood, is, at the age of fifteen, quite capable of taking care of himself and looks upon education, not so much as a matter of course, as a natural and necessary stage to be passed through, as a stepping-stone, which, if rightly used, will afford an escape from the farm. Before leaving home, the young Englishman pays a premium, apparently to anyone, who will take it from him, to place him upon a Canadian farm, and upon arrival in this country, he pays an additional sum to a farmer for the privilege of working, at an age, when the young Canadian will be earning, if not a livelihood, as much as he can.

We will not enlarge upon the abuses of the farm pupil system, for the subject has been discussed *ad nauseum*, and the Birchall murder is not likely to be forgotten, either by Canadians or English people, for some time to come. It is curious to note the effect of the revelations that crop up from time to time. While the Press indulge in hysterical screams of abuse, the Government, with greater dignity, state in their emigration pamphlets that it is not necessary to pay a premium, and that the Government agents, without undertaking any responsibility, will do their best to find employment for young men: and the St. George's Society in Toronto lately, after a lengthy discussion, decided that, if young men do fall into the hands of dishonest people, it is their own fault for not communicating with some of the Government agents in an English port. This is all that has been done, so far, in Canada, to cope with the evil. In the meantime, the British parent quietly pursues the even tenor of his way; and year by year the same mistakes and the same follies are perpetrated as if they had never been heard of before.

The gentleman colonist may be divided into three classes: those who won't work, those who will, and those who can't. While differing thus in character, they have this much in common, that nearly all need more or less supervision on first arrival. Very few of them can earn their own living for the first year, which, apart from learning any