

Here, for instance, are the windbags of the Cook and Talmage type - "but when I think of him as a preacher, I seem to see an Egyptian priest standing on the threshold of the great door at Ipsambul, blowing with all his might to keep out the Libyan deserts, and the four great stone gods, sitting behind the altar, far back in the gloom, laughing at him."

Here again are the newspapers—"I maun hae buiks. I wad get the newspapers whiles, but no often, for they're a sair loss o' precious time. Ye see they tell ye things afore they're sure, an' ye hae to spend yer time the day readin' what ye'll hae to spen' yer time the morn' readin' out agin, an' ye may as weel bide till the thing's settled a wee."

The whole book is a temperance lecture of intense interest, yet, says the author—"there are so many that are sober for one that is honest."

Describing a fairly good and amiable Scottish clergyman, he also outlines a Doity not peculiar to puritanism alone. "He was genial, gentle, and a lover of his race, with much reverence for, and some faith in, a Scotch God, whose nature was summed up in a series of words beginning with *omni*."

There is a beautiful passage on the Gaelic language too long to transcribe, but, incidentally, apropos to a subject I touched on the other day, it is written—"Donal had never learned it, and the lowland Scotch, an ancient branch of English, dry and gnarled, but still flourishing in its old age had become, instead, his mother tongue."

Of love he says—"He (Sir Gibbie) was a rare one who did not make the common miserable blunder of taking the shadow cast by love—the desire, namely, to be loved—for love itself: his love was a vortical sun, and his own shadow was under his feet. Silly youths and maidens count them selves martyrs of love, when they are but the pining witnesses to a delicious and entrancing selfishness." Then he goes on to guard against being misunderstood, in a way showing a profound insight into various natures.

FRANC-TIREUR.

RAILWAY NOTES.

It is said the Intercolonial conductors are the finest looking set of railway men in Canada or the United States.

Railway guide-books will soon be as bulky and large as a history of the world.

There must be a fascination about railroad life, such as men have for the sea; both are dangerous callings, but while death on the rail is one of agony, that of the sailor is one almost painless.

I was once on a railway passing through the State of Indiana. As we were approaching a station named Hanna, a brakeman opened the door, and shouting "Hanna!" retired. Five or six minutes after a brakeman at the other end of the car looked in, and in stentorian tones shouted "Hanna!" an old gentleman who evidently was neither acquainted with the locality, nor used to travel by rail, rose from his seat and shouted back to the astonished brakeman and amused passengers, "I don't think she can be in this car, sir!"

In the construction of the great East Indian railways, all the earth and rock were carried from the cuttings in wicker baskets upon the heads of Hindoo men and women, and even children assisting; this navvy, or rather navvy's horse, wife and family, dwelt in a little bamboo shanty constructed for the occasion near the works.

Mr. Joe Edwards is at present probably the most famous conductor in Canada.

The Folly Bridge needs some better safeguard than it has. If a train ever goes off that bridge there will be one of the greatest calamities on record in railway travelling; I hope it never may, but if it does, I hope those whose duty is to attend it, will be among the fated passengers. I have been over it hundreds of times, but never without a certain dread.

CHIT CHAT.

CANADA'S MILITARY STATUS.

No. I.

In every state, whether supreme or dependent, it is considered necessary in the nineteenth century, to have some methodical means of suppressing internecine conflicts, should they at any time arise, and of repelling possible invasions. As yet universal peace is a theory of the most visionary kind. Theologians tell us it will be ushered in on the golden wings of the millennium. This period of purity, however, has not yet dawned upon the world in common every-day life, and, until it does, a well defined system of defence must be adopted for self-preservation by every commonwealth. With the youthful and rapidly developing country the perplexing question presents itself, what shall this economic arrangement be? In old monarchies and republics, the problem does not arise, as centuries of hapless war have settled the lines to be followed for an indefinite time. In Europe, Asia, Africa, whether the dynasty be barbarous or refined, standing armies have been almost universally supported from national infancy. If we turn over the pages of history, we will discover that such a course has been imperatively demanded by what might, in truth, be called the crudity of civilization. The safety of a people has always, up to the last quarter of a century, depended upon the strength of its arms. In this era, a slight change has come about. Now war is occasioned almost invariably by good reasons only. Something more than a flimsy pretext is required to plunge great nations into the horrors of modern military crusades. But when principles, and not notions are involved, the sword still champions the cause. And, to-day, no rational man would assent to the advisability of any single European power laying aside its armor. On this continent, the case is somewhat different. Between it and the surging tides of old world diplomacy lies a vast expanse of trackless ocean. The danger of America being drawn into the whirlpool of European complications is thus reduced to a minimum, although not wholly dis-

pelled. Here an alien reign has been inaugurated. Far removed from the political entanglements of Europe, this continent is not likely to be menaced by any of the autocrats who ride rough-shod over the people of that great territorial division. Outside of England, the United States is not likely to be drawn into a foreign war for some time to come, unless it be with Canada, which, however, would be a natural outcome of a conflict with Great Britain, so long, at least, as the Dominion remains a crown possession. On the other hand, Canada has no nation to fear but the United States, and in view of the very close relations which exist between the two countries, and the physical unity of the whole continent, it might be well to enquire into Canada's real condition from a strategical standpoint, and discover, if we can, how she would fare with her great Republican neighbor in the role of an enemy in arms.

In regard to military matters, British North America holds a peculiar position. Since the final cession of Nova Scotia to Great Britain, in 1713, a British protectorate has been established in the province, and—since the close of the seven years' war, in 1763—over the whole of Canada. All the way down the history of the colony, English redcoats have upheld the dignity of the country by their presence. Canadians have thus learned to repose a confidence in the imperial troops which would make it extremely hard for them to feel the responsibility which would be thrust upon them by a severance of the tie that binds them to their parent country. Canadian waters, too, are never without a detachment of the British fleet. But what avail, may well be asked, will the British army or navy be to Canada when the maternal bond is snapped and British America takes her stand among the nations of the earth? "This is premature," says the reader, "it is a poor policy to be crossing bridges before they are reached." True, the time is not so far distant, however, to prevent us from seeing the birth of the Canadian nation as the nineteenth merges into the twentieth century. A few years of spirited agitation, now on the threshold of its career, will float the Canadian flag over one of the largest nations—territorially—on the earth. Canada will then have no England to fight her fouds, to rock her into a sense of security when her dominions are threatened by a foe, or to bear on her broad shoulders the brunt of a national struggle. In the hour of need, a reasonable amount of assistance might be expected, but not that full flavor of British military ardor which would characterize England's actions were Canada still a child of Downing street. We may be assured, then, that no one will be likely to dispute the necessity of Canada continuing the present military arrangements, or of adopting some better means of defence than that afforded by the existing state of affairs. Canada feels that within herself are about all the requisite elements for putting down local insurrections. Of her ability to cope successfully with a foreign enemy, it would not require a test to determine. Without the aid of Great Britain, she would be a mere bauble in the hands of the only enemy she is likely to have—the United States, at least under her present military regime. And just here comes up the query, would England take the struggling infant under her protectingegis? We have only to glance at the history of the American revolution to assure us that Canada would have to work out her destiny single-handed. Of course the circumstances of the two cases are widely dissimilar, and an equally wide dissimilarity of result might be expected to ensue. Were George III. wielding the sceptre of the empire and the power of the throne still in its zenith, it might be a dark day for Canada when she struck for independence. But under Victoria's benign rule, no Washington will be required to draw up a declaration of independence, and defend it at the bayonet's point. The transition will be peaceful and imperceptible. After it, Canada may expect to individually settle her own disputes to make her name a byword or a power.

C. P. M.

JOAQUIN MILLER, IN "LITERARY LIFE," NOVEMBER.

You named me "Comrade" for my rhymes.
My comrades of my country's East,
I sit no more at your great feast,
Leave my glass empty at such times.

Poor man; still boast without one scar,
Still burn and burn, and burning die.
But God's white finger points thy star
In calm dominion of the sky.

That wine you drink is woman's tears.
Turn down my glass! I will not sit
At your great feast, nor look on it
Again, through all the coming years.

Lo, not one ray of light the less
Comes down to bid the grasses spring;
No drop of dew nor anything
For all your boast and bitterness.

The Poet shall create or kill.
But heroes live, bid braggarts die.
I look against a lurid sky:
The silent South lies very still.

That land that nursed this Nation's youth;
You burned it, sacked it, snaped it dry,
You gave it falsehoods for its truth:
Your fame you fashioned from a lie.

The lurid light of burning lands
Still clings to heaven overhead.
Still women wring white withered hands;
Their eyes are red, their skies are red.

That land is stainless, still is true.
It still is young, and strong and bold;
But you, old Time is after you,
And you wax weary, shamed and old.

Oh Shenandoah, shall I say
Renown to him who boasts renown?
Who boasts he rode by burning town
To find the front that battle day!

If man grows large, is God the less?
The moon shall rise and set the same,
The great sun spill his splendid flame,
The South be clothed in queenliness.

Oh brazen brass! Oh shameless shame!
'Tis meaner far a thousand fold,
Than all mean robberies of gold,
This hoarding up of pilfered fame.

And from the very soil you trod
Some large-eyed seeing youth shall come
Some day, and he shall not be dumb
Before the awful court of God.

A few years ago General Sheridan, followed by some Americans of doubtful footing, entered the Cafe Greco in Rome, where I chanced to be sitting with some artists. Now, whether it was his reputation as the author of the celebrated "Crow Order," or whether it was because the acknowledged head of the American Army had congratulated the German Emperor on the fall of Paris, that made Rome let the "hero of the Shenandoah" have all his time to himself, I do not know. I will say this, however, to all hired fighters, who are employed and paid by the civilians of this Republic, and whose servants they are, whether educated at the Charity School on the Hudson,