

Hamilton, "the ambitious," is displaying its spirit of enterprise in the right way. At the last meeting of the Board of Education, the proposal was made to establish night schools. The Management Committee reported that they had agreed to recommend the establishment of three such schools, the course to be of three nights a week, for twenty-two weeks, one male teacher to be appointed for each class at \$1.50 a night.

The subject of university fusion or federation is still discussed in the different provinces, especially Ontario and Nova Scotia. The latest is the proposal of union between King's College and Dalhousie, whereby it is generally agreed that both institutions would profit, without losing the stamp of individuality by which the two are distinguished. The most important is to raise the standard of scholarship.

The retaliation farce is still going on in the American Congress, to the great edification of outsiders. First, there was the President's extraordinary proclamation; then, the blustering articles of the Democratic organs; next, the passage of the measure through the Lower House, with only four Republicans daring to vote against it, and now comes its blockade in the Senate, through Mr. Sherman's tactics. In other words, the President is shorn of his thunder.

A new society has arisen in the United States, rejoicing in the classic name of Typothetæ. From the name one would imagine that it was composed of type-setters, which is the meaning of the compound word, but it seems, on the contrary, to be made up of publishers, both in and out of newspapers, between whom and the National Typographical Union there will be war before long. From the last meeting in New York, however, it looks as if the Typothetæ were going to take up the question of International Copyright in earnest.

### THE TURN OF THE LEAF.

A long walk around about the Royal Mountain, yesterday afternoon, showed us the first steps of the autumn season, which betoken the departure of the warm weather and the coming of the wintry season. A few weeks ago, we mused together on the summertide, and listened to the multitudinous harmonies of summer music. Then the meadows and the woods were gay and green; the waters flowed clear and abundant in their channels; the harvests bowed in their fullness; the flowers scented the air; the ripe fruits hung from the trees; bird and butterfly enlivened the landscape by their colours and their song. But now, all is changing. The hand of death and decay is asserting its force, and we are reminded, with Horace, that we ourselves, with all that we have, belong to death.

Debemur morti nos nostraque.

Where all was pleasant sound, now is stillness; where all was varied colouring, now is darksome sameness; where all was growth and profusion, now all is decrepitude and bleakness. Athwart the favourite woodland, where we roamed, the winds blow shrill; the birds are hushed; and from the trees the dry yellow leaves are falling. Some fall in lonely nooks; some in the hollow road, trampled by wheel and hoof; others on the quiet waters, which they cover as a mosaic, and others are driven by the shifting winds in eddies over the ground. And the sky is ashy grey—small flakes begin to hover in the air—the faint, infrequent cry

of belated birds strikes the ear like a warning—overhead the dry branches rattle like broken spears, and, under your feet, the crackling of crisp leaves startles you, in your walk.

It is the wreck of the forest—an image of life. Leaning, as we did yesterday, against the trunk of an elm, looking at its red and saffron leaves turning and dropping around us, thought went back unconsciously to the silver days of spring and the golden days of summer. One by one we saw them bloom and droop—those that we loved—till we remain forlorn in the solitude of this mountain wood, and feel, with all the bitterness of hopeless regret, what it is to be well-nigh alone in the world. Those who have parents, brothers, sisters, a warm fireside and fair hopes of life, cannot duly understand the blight of that dereliction which deprives one of all that makes this world tolerable, of all—even of the one who was the last prop, the last comfort in the inevitable sorrows that surround us. Alas!

Prayer was vain for death to leave her, prayer that God might stay the fever;  
Night and morn we both besought Him to remove the hectic bloom;  
Springtide gave the fatal blooming, summer found the bud consuming,  
And God took her in the autumn and the red leaves strew her tomb.

The last leaf falls from the elm, the last loved one passes from earth, and beyond, within sight of the white slabs of the two marble cities—Mount Royal and Cote des Neiges—it is very dark in soul and sky. Yet we may not weep as they who have no trust. There is a comfort for every woe, a hope amid the gloom of every despondency. The falling leaves form the mould out of which the spring flowers and the summer corn will grow, and our sorrows and our heartaches will yet turn to springs of unblended gladness in the days that are everlasting.

The reader, we trust, will not look upon these lines as sentimental. Our paper is meant for the lovers of the beautiful, and the admirers of nature, in the brown autumn fields, and the bleak desolate woods. None but the cynic or the epicure fear to be charged with sentiment. The *nil admirari* school is hypocritical and has no real existence. Old Dr. Johnson pretended to love the shadow of Fleet street more than the cool green lanes of Windsor Park, yet how eloquently he describes rural scenery in *Rasselas*. Pope is said not to have appreciated a natural landscape, and yet he wrote sweet eclogues after the best manner of Theocritus and Virgil, and laid out his Twickenham grounds like a garden. Byron took the Lakers to task for their pastoral loves, their devotion to nature, and still who better than Childe Harold has sung the elemental grandeur of ocean, Alpine storm, and tempestuous night, or the sympathetic beauty of field, forest and fell?

### BRITANNIA.

"Britannia rules the waves" is true in a peculiar sense of the pleasant little watering place known by this fair name,—famed in song, if not in story. A railway run of some five or six miles from the Capital City brings the traveller to what, at first sight, appears only a desolate little wayside station; but, ere pronouncing sentence on its rocky soil and scanty vegetation, let him mount that rugged hill, with summit worthily crowned by a dear old Methodist Church, and, seating himself beyond the brow, gaze across the tent-dotted plain toward the foaming, tumbling rapids, taking into his lungs their sweet breath; into his heart the holy lessons whispered among the tree tops from "over the hills and far away."

Or, bending his steps toward "The Old Mill," "The Spig," or "Lakeview Terrace," as some of the tenants of the improvised miniature residences in that old structure prefer to call it,—let him, from the delightful promenade of its broad verandah, survey the beautiful Lake Deschenes at his feet. What more refreshing, in the sultry August weather, than the contemplation of Britannia,—rather its floating population,—male, female and infantine,—bathing, boating, wading and swimming with impunity in those delightful waters? What, indeed, except a personal experience of the delightful dip, a *liquid promenade* as far as "the pier?"

Those who are fond of tracing resemblances to that imaginary land of beauty—Fair Land—will find its name many times on their lips as they ruminate on the shore of the little lake. See the boys of all ages, in every available boat, eagerly making off with trees and brushwood toward the nearest pier, for a bonfire *on the lake* is in contemplation, and even the beautiful silver moon, capable of rendering those dancing waters so brilliantly bewitching, may look down upon them jealously as they shimmer in the rosy light of the magnificent bonfire. See the little girls in their quaint bathing costumes, sporting with the waves, the babies in their mothers' arms shrieking with excitement and delight at some unexpected dip; the very dogs, who began by angrily barking at the waves, now plunging boldly in after their little masters and mistresses; the poor old horses, too, pressed into the service of that prospective bonfire, patiently wading out with their load of brushwood.

Socially, also, Britannia offers abundant facilities for enjoyment, the number of young people in attendance each summer increasing as its attractions become better known. It is seriously to be hoped that among the many young ladies consolation may have been found for the astonishingly large number of bereaved young men whose voices from all quarters were borne upon the evening breeze in the sad refrain:—

"O my darling—O my darling—O my darling—Clementine—  
She is lost and gone forever—dreadful sorry—Clementine."  
Ottawa. A. T.

### LITERARY NOTES.

Browning says that the only poems he knows anything about are his own. He seems to have attained to a knowledge that is denied the rest of the world.

Mr. James MacGillivray, B. A., a graduate of Toronto, and Ph. D., Leipsic, has just been appointed professor of modern languages at Queen's University, Kingston.

Montreal has another scholar, Rev. Henry Rembe, pastor of the German Lutheran Church. He is the author of several learned works, one of which we shall shortly review.

Mr. James Coppon, M. A., Glasgow, educated at the High School, Dundee, and at the University of Glasgow, is appointed professor of English language and literature at Queen's.

The governors of McGill University have appointed as lecturer in German language and literature Mr. P. Toews, M. A., modern language master in the Collegiate Institute, London, Ontario.

At the first yearly meeting of the Maritime Press Association, a committee considered the low advertising rates current among Maritime papers, and will probably recommend a general advance of 25 per cent.

Mr. W. D. Lighthall has concluded his work of the selection of Canadian poets and poetry, for a special volume of the Windsor series, London, and sent off his copy on the 20th. The book will be published forthwith.

The International Literary and Artistic Congress, now in session at Venice, has decided that authors' copyrights should include the right of translation. The congress expressed the wish that the United States would accept the Berne convention.

The first researches of the late P. H. Gosse, F. R. S., in natural history, were carried on in Newfoundland and in the Dominion, and the second work issued from his pen was entitled "The Canadian Naturalist," in 1840, based on a study of the zoology and entomology of Lower Canada.

The distribution office at Ottawa has received the report of the Senate committee on the resources of the great Mackenzie basin. It makes a valuable volume of over three hundred pages and contains the fullest information relative to the character of the vast territory lying to the north of the Saskatchewan watershed. Half a dozen maps greatly enhance the value of the book, and the whole is a lasting monument to the energy of Hon. Dr. Schultz.