

the most enjoyable of the present season. The evening outside was decidedly cold, but within all was warmth, light and colour; the uniforms of the staff and of the local corps adding, as they always do, to the effectiveness of a ball. The decorations of the room were also much admired. Altogether, the present season at the Capital promises to make up for the dulness of the past winter. Out-of-door sports are being inaugurated with vigour. The Ottawa Cricket Club team, of which the members of the vice-regal staff are active members, promises some interesting matches, and will have a welcome opponent in the Parliamentary eleven, among whom are still a few of the enthusiastic cricketers of "the long session" of 1885. The legislators also have a lawn tennis club, for whose use a portion of the Parliamentary grounds have been reserved. The links of the newly-formed Ottawa Golf Club ought also to prove as great a solace here as in England to wearied politicians. X.

EMMA.

INSCRIBED TO HER FATHER AND MOTHER.

So calm a death became so sweet a life
As eve becomes the fall and fade of flowers.
Than thee, dear maid, no fairer flower e'er bloomed,
Nor of more rare perfume. For thou wert one
Whose heart, tender and large and true, went out
In love to all the world. The poor thee blessed:
And infancy put out soft trusting arms:
Age had best service of thy gentle youth:
Want never cried in vain: and sorrow stung
Less angrily when thou the wound hadst touched.
O thou wert Christ's handmaiden! All thy years
Were spent in doing good; in making glad;
In giving smiles for tears, and songs for groans:
Dear heart, how we do miss thee! That clear voice
Of flute-like sweetness, ne'er breaks on our ears,
As once it did, like to a merry chime
That lifts the hearers up to heavenly choirs.
Those eyes that looked in ours, as doth the sun
Into transparent depths, with fruitful power,
No more may look their fervour into ours,
A benison of warmth and life and love.
O sweet and beautiful! can we rejoice
Now thou art gone; hast left us here behind
To mourn thine absence ever—evermore?
How can that mother's heart that lapt thee soft
From every blow and breath of slightest harm,
That lived in thee and for thee, live bereft?
Thee absent, can endure so cold a life?
And how can he whose tender father-pride
Took joy of thee, and solace for the cares
That dog this outward life, now thou art gone
Smile on—thy quips and wiles and merry jest,
Thy loving kiss and sweet "good morn" cut off?
Ah, no, dear maid! 'tis hard to know thee gone,
To know no glowing morn, no warm bright day,
No summer eve shall ever give thee more
To tired eyes, weary with watching where
Our sad heart tells us thou shalt come no more.
But shall we mourn? For our lone selves we must,
But not for thee. Thou art where Jesus is,
The Light Himself makes thy long day of joy,
Thou hast companionship of Cherubim,
Of Seraphim, of angels, saints. And best—
To us who know this best—of them thy heart
And ours clung to with fond affection here,
Now, as thou art, beatified and free,
Free of the dross that spoils our earthly gold.
Now love hath full fruition and no let,
And thou art happy. No pain touches thee:
Nor sorrow, grief, or woe shall wear thee more.
Thy joy! we know it not. 'Tis far beyond
Our comprehension small. Our eyes ne'er saw
The glory that enrobes thine angel form,
Our hearts conceive not of that mighty love
That folds thee now so soft. Thine Home up there!
O we with all our love, anxiety,
And tenderest care ne'er gave thee such an one!
Tis His—the Father's—gift; and He informs
Thy spirit with such heights and depths of power
As gives thee opening into all the lore
Of the wide universe Himself has cast.
Ah, thy bright intellect finds now full play;
All thy large heart is filled with love and bliss;
All thy sweet graces find their gracious ends;
Thy life henceforth one glad Eternity.
Sweet spirit, thou art blest, and shall we mourn?

December, 1890.

S. A. C.

MAY ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

CHANGEFUL April has glided away from the forest with great shining tears in her tender blue eyes, and golden-browed May comes dancing wild over the greening hills, chasing the sunbeams up and down the grey avenues, and softly unfolding, on myriad dull branches, great clusters of thin shiny, silken leaves, dipped in sun-gold soft and yellow. The reign of the sweet Hepatica is nearly ended. Only a few flowers remain shining from shady nooks like little white stars, and now its fresh leaf is reaching out to the sun, for the blossoms come ere the new leaves unfold. Far and wide through all the green-

wood, by stream and hillock, snow-white lily-cups of trilliums stir in the wind, violets are budding, and in every sunny close the young grass is sprinkled white and pink with modest little spring beauties. Many wild flowers are in blossom. Half-way down the hillside, a little way from a narrow path, a solitary, deciduous shrub thrives in shadow of old trees, Daphne, rare, beautiful Daphne. In April its small, sweet, pink blossoms, opened in clusters circling its dove-coloured stems ere a green leaf appeared. Alone it dwells on the hillside with no other of its species for miles and miles around. In a corner of a sunny field, near a picturesque lake on the outskirts of a fair Canadian city, a shrub like it is growing, also another in one of the Maritime Provinces; and these are believed by the field naturalists of that city to be the only two in Canada. But this fertile county of Prince Edward lying out in the blue Ontario, and possessing a varied growth of wild-plant life, has been overlooked, and the Daphne is found here in several sequestered bowers. But let us turn again to the mountain-top. Song and sunshine are rampant. Here is a glassy pond mirroring a tangle of grey limbs and young leaves, while out of its grey-brown shadows come the vibrant voices of frogs, sounding their silver pipes from silver pools; and close by on the bole of an ancient elm two lively young wood peckers are dancing a *rush*! See them with their heads together beating a mad rat-tat on the bark with their bright beaks! To and fro they go, half-way round the tree—giddy black and white birds. Here comes a morning cloak! Solemn black butterfly, coaxed by a sunny breath from its winter repose in some hollow tree—slowly it passes by as if not yet quite wide awake, and, as it flies off through the woodland, I wonder if it has memory of the sunny springtime of the year gone by, a recollection of its beauty making this one the more sweet? Where Memory is, she rears a radiant tower of springtime on to spring time: trellis green with thin leaves, gaudy with beautiful star-eyed flowers, and faint with the breath of blossoms, she rests on its summit the while a warm wind rushes up, fragrant and full of bird song and sound of falling waters, and glancing down through the golden sunshine, she murmurs: *Paradise*—and could Persian pleasure garden be more fair? Out through the shallow pond rush the dogs with great bounds, splashing the water into spray, like white pearls in the sun, and the piping of frogs suddenly ceases. Yet the air is all restless with the humming of gold-banded bees in the willows, and from the topmost bough of a hemlock comes the liquid voice of a thrush, exquisite as from a throat bursting with song. Turning at last from the pond, our path leads through a tangle of fragrant junipers near by a cluster of cedars, whence comes a sudden sound of wings, and a partridge, a plump fellow, whirrs off through the sunshine. Half an hour ago he was drumming down the hillside—a rumbling sound as of far distant thunder. Thus at intervals through the long wild days, from sheltered places, come the hollow soundings of

THE LITTLE FOREST DRUMMER.

Forest drummer up the mountain,
Drumming in the sun
Mellow music by the fountain,
Where white rilllets run.

In the silence of the thicket,
'Mid the violet-bloom,
Ere the singing of the cricket,
In the piny gloom.

With his dark wing, grey and glossy,
With his might he drums
On a lone log, old and mossy,
When the gold light comes.

Pictou, May, 1891.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

PROVIDENCE IS ON THE SIDE OF LARGE BATTALIONS.

WE have heard a good deal lately of our relations with the Americans, the possibility of a conflict and so on. It does not do to despise an enemy, and however confident a man may be if he is going into a fight and he is wise he will take stock of his opponent's resources before he goes in. A few cold hard facts may not be out of place in enabling us to see what we might have to face before we undertook the job of giving our American cousins a lesson. A book has recently come into our hands called "Statistical Record of the Armies of the United States," by Captain Phisterer, U. S. A., published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. This book shows what the North did in the way of raising troops, and as the figures are probably new to most of our readers we give them an opportunity to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them.

Calls for troops were made as follows:

FURNISHED.		
91,816	April 15, 1861.	75,000 3 months.
700,680	May 3, 1861.	500,000 Various terms.
421,465	July 2, 1862.	300,000 3 years.
87,588	August 4, 1862.	300,000 9 months.
16,361	June 15, 1863.	16,361 6 months.
369,380	October 17, 1863.	500,000 3 years.
292,193	February 1, 1864.	200,000 3 years.
83,612	April 23, 1864.	83,612 100 days.
386,461	July 18, 1864.	500,000.
212,212	December 19, 1864.	300,000.
2,661,768		2,774,973

That is, over 2,500,000 men, being called out, took up arms as soldiers. There were, besides these, 182,357 men

furnished by States and Territories which, after the first call, had not been called upon for quotas. Besides, again, 67,000 men were enlisted in the regular army not included in any of above. The total number thus arrived at is 2,911,125—say 2,900,000 men.

Some of the more prominent States furnished troops as follows:—

	Regiments of Cavalry.	Regiments of Infantry.	Batteries of Artillery.	Aggregate reduced to three years' standard.
Massachusetts	5	68	17	124,104
New York	27	248	35	392,270
Pennsylvania	23	227	19	265,517
Ohio	13	218	27	240,514
Indiana	13	137	26	153,576
Illinois	17	157	8	214,133
Missouri	30	63	6
Other States	143	461	83
Coloured troops not included in States	6	102	10	91,789
Regular Army	6	19	19
U. S. Veteran Volunteers	9
	286	1899	250

There were, besides, engineers, heavy artillery, commissariat staff, etc. The American organization is somewhat different to ours, especially in the artillery, and it is not easy to reduce their figures to our establishment; but, on the whole, the above is sufficiently accurate.

Now, as to how these men fought, let their death roll tell:—

Killed in battle	44,238
Died of wounds	49,205
Suicide, homicide and execution	526
Died of disease	186,216
Unknown causes	24,184

Total 304,369

About 300,000 men lie buried in the various national cemeteries. Adding, for unknown casualties, a small percentage, the total loss foots up about 313,000 men, or eleven per cent. of the number of men enrolled. So that each man may know what his chances might be in case of a row, these statistics may help:—

Killed in action	1 out of 42.7 effective and actually engaged.
Died of wounds	1 " 38.1 " "
Died of disease	1 " 13.5 of the total force enrolled.
Died while in service	1 " 9.3 " "
Captured, etc.	1 " 10.2 effective and actually engaged.
Wounded in action	1 " 6.7 " "
Died while a prisoner	1 " 7 captured.

As to the number of battles and skirmishes fought, large and small:—

In 1861 there were	156
In 1862 "	564
In 1863 "	627
In 1864 "	779
In 1865 "	135

In all 2261

The loss in some of the more important engagements was terrible. We select a few:—

	Union.	Confederate.*
1861. July 21. Bull Run, Va.	2,952	1,752
1862. April 6-7. Shiloh, Tenn.	13,573	10,699
" May 3 to June 1. Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, Va.	5,739	7,997
" June 26 to July 1. Seven Days' Retreat.	15,249	17,583
" Aug. 30. Bull Run (2nd).	7,800	3,700
" Sept. 17. Antietam, Md.	12,469	25,899
" Dec. 13. Fredericksburgh, Va.	12,353	4,576
1863. May 1 to 4. Chancellorsville, Va.	16,030	12,281
" July 1 to 3. Gettysburg, Pa.	23,186	31,621
" Sept. 19 to 20. Chickamauga, Ga.	15,851	17,804
" Nov. 23 to 25. Chattanooga, Tenn.	5,616	8,684
1864. May 5 to 7. Wilderness, Va.	37,737	11,400
" May 8 to 10. Spottsylvania Court House, Va.	26,461	9,000
" June 1 to 10. Cold Harbour, Va.	14,931	1,700
" June 15 to 19. Petersburg, Va.	10,586	Doubtful
" June 22. Weldon R.R., Va.	5,315	500
" July 20. Peach Tree Creek, Ga.	1,710	4,796
" Before Petersburg	11,500	Doubtful
" Oct. 19. Cedar Creek, Va.	5,995	4,200
1865. Before Petersburg surrendered, April 2.	4,272	4,000

General Grant is responsible for the losses in 1864, from May 5 to June 22, amounting to 95,730. This modern Thor had the men and the money, too; but what his place will be in history is exceedingly doubtful. A General who flings away 100,000 men in six weeks cannot be said to have accomplished most with least means.

Now, what are our lessons? If the Americans could put 2,900,000 men in the field in 1861, what can they do in 1891? Is there any element present then and absent now? Is there any reason why in a war, say with England, the North would not turn out as well as they did against the South? Would they not be reinforced by the South? On the other hand we would not be the aggressors—we would be the party attacked. Would the feeling against an unjust or oppressive war be sufficiently strong to overcome the natural feeling in favour of one's country, right or wrong? Candidly, we do not think so. We think that, whatever opposition there might be to a war before it was declared, the moment the Union was committed to that war, the feeling would be unanimous from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Lakes. We would have to struggle probably against, not two millions nine hundred thousand men, but five millions of men, or about our whole population.

We are aware that there are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen who would not

* The figures stated as being the losses of the Confederates are in many cases only estimates.