

our amorous young men have the opportunity of reading the advertisements in this interesting paper and he may gain some very useful knowledge on the cost of maintaining such a pleasant companion as a wife, and that he may, while there is time, avert some future calamity, and if he remains unwarned the fault will lie at his own door, and he will have himself alone to blame. Love in a cottage is all very well, but it is frequently that we go to the cottage and fail to find the love. On behalf of students—present and future—then, we beseech the Council of the Literary Institute to here further our education where the University has fallen short.

It is not a matter of surprise that the hopeful and patriotic tone of Dr. Bourinot's admirable lecture should have grated on the feelings of the political pessimists. An editorial writer in the *Mail* takes the learned lecturer to task by finding fault with him for having too high an opinion of the rich resources of his native country. The writer in question refers to the paper by Dr. Bourinot as an expression of "Academic Optimism," and endeavors to imply that it was intended merely for a University audience, and that the views expressed were confined to a university sphere. Surely this is a lame attempt to minimize the force of the remarks of a high constitutional authority, who is thoroughly intimate with the material and political state of the Dominion. While the article pays a tribute to Dr. Bourinot's charming style, the comparison of the utterances of this cultured gentleman with the pamphlet of an emigration agent is rather out of place. To one who followed the lecture on Canada's development, at all closely, Dr. Bourinot's remarks, while very hopeful, would be seen to be tempered with much wise advice, while remedies for one or two dangers which the *Mail* shudders to think of, were suggested. It is only one who is purposely prejudicial and inimical to his native land that can find fault with the lecture. Dr. Bourinot is likened to a physician who fails to see any dangerous symptoms in a patient. Such a physician were far better than those who treat a patient for innumerable diseases with which he was never afflicted. Canada is not in such a position as to require the charlatan remedies of some political medicine men who are in the position of trying to persuade a healthy man that he is in dire need of their nostrums. The *Mail* writer attributes a statement to Dr. Bourinot which he never made, and then sneeringly dubs it as only a prophecy. The statement in question was quoted from no less a writer than Adirondack Murray, who, as an American, would certainly have no reason to indulge in rose-colored prophecies about Canada that would be distasteful to his constituency

of American readers. The statement referred to the North-west and was quoted as follows:—"A million of American wheat farmers ought to be in this country inside of ten years, and I believe that within that time population will pour in and spread over these Canadian plains like a tide." The *Mail's* attempt to throw cold water on opinions which are gratifying to every true Canadian, is a dismal failure, and we cannot help expressing the opinion that the continual gloom that overspreads the editorial utterances of that journal is sickening and disheartening to most of its readers. Why cannot the *Mail* cease from brooding over that "Old hag, Destruction," and from forever uttering prophecies of the predestined ruins of Canada, although in this case we are glad that the ill-omened bird of warning sings in vain.

Contributions.

A REMINISCENCE.

Do you remember, dearest—nay, I know
How well you do remember—that still day
When on the dim lagoon our gondola
Crept towards Torcello? How the sudden glow
Of giant Alpine ridges wreathed in snow,
Like an enchanted city far away,
Pierced the light haze, tower, dome and chatelet,
Ranged in a radiant, unsubstantial show?
What rapturous feelings did that sight command!
With what exclaim of gladness did we greet
The unearthly vision! Oh, in such a gleam
The shining frontiers of the promised land
Might break on wayworn pilgrims, when their feet
Falter a moment at the darkling stream.

G. A. M.

MAZZINI.

MAZZINI, the Italian patriot! What does not this name suggest! If Victor Emmanuel was the rallying point, Cavour the diplomat, and Garibaldi the soldier of the political resurrection of modern Italy, assuredly Mazzini was its prophet.

It was characteristic of him to regard the French Revolution not as the beginning but as the close of an era. It was the last act in the drama which began with a tragedy. The Revolution of the sixteenth century declared that the maximum of authority with the minimum of liberty was a false ideal. The course of history from that time to 1789, declared that the mutually repellent policy of Individualism was as disintegrating and destructive as its predecessor had been unifying and deadening. The third great era is now dawning upon a waiting world—an era of "Associationism," which has for its principle *identity of interests, together with the maximum of obligation not dissociated from the maximum of liberty*. What a progress! Authority to tame the savage hordes which fell upon the tottering Empire,