

Milton, in the second book of "Paradise Lost," has a description of a female monster who guarded the gates of the infernal regions. I commend this passage to our fair friends:—

Upon the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape.
*The one was woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold.*

Doff the garment, ladies—doff it, we beseech you. Never mind what Godey, or Leslie, or the Illustrated News tell you; but come out again as you once did, walking as Canadian ladies *can* walk, and charming all hearts by your modesty and womanly grace.

I now come to the most important part of my subject. In our President's very able Essay on "Canadian Nationality," I think he forgot one essential element of patriotism. I mean that quality possessed so strongly by the Briton, and still more by the Irishman, German and Scandinavian, a love of his home. The restless disposition inherent to the American mind seems almost to have driven this sentiment from our hearts. We care not for our homes, we care not to make them worth the loving. One hope that we cherish throughout the year, is the hope of moving on the first of May next. Considering the varied origins of our hybrid community, it seems strange that a greater amount of home feeling does not exist. With what a reverence do we not contemplate the places where great and good men once moved. However modest the tenement may be, we know that greatness has been there, and we wish not to add one stone to the humble pile.

"Nec domo dominus sed domino domus honestanda est."

What American visiting Europe, does not make a pilgrimage to that cottage at Stratford where the Bard of Avon first saw light? Many a pilgrimage have I myself made to that old house in Westminster, now no more, where Caxton first printed "The Bible," and many a time have I turned aside from my daily walk to gaze on that tottering dwelling in a narrow passage in London where Newton first edited "The Principia." Nor is America herself deficient in associations of this kind. I fondly hope that I may one day make a pilgrimage to that honored dwelling on the banks of the Potomac where the great founder of American liberty laid his sword aside and became once more the modest tobacco planter of Mount Vernon.