

will be of a colour and texture that would please the eye of a wild Indian, and sufficient to clothe an elephant. When reasoned on the folly and wickedness of such conduct, he will, in all probability, reply, "Well, you should have gone for it yourself."

A woman can follow up a train of thought more clearly than can a man. It is raining heavily, and the new silk umbrella which Mrs. Jones has never had out but once is lost. Whose fault is it? Mr. Jones will try, but his efforts will be futile to throw the blame on his wife.

Mrs. Jones will systematically, step by step, follow up that umbrella till she proves, and that conclusively, that Mr. Jones, deliberately, in cold blood, and with malice aforethought, loaned that good umbrella when his wife was on a visit to her mother. It will be shown, as a side issue, that this course of conduct will, if persisted in, land himself and his family in destitution and penury. The character of ladies' associations is of a higher tone than those of men, though some men try to detract from the elevated nature of the proceedings, by making the assertion that sewing societies and meetings of a similar kind, which ladies delight to frequent, are but schools of scandal. It may be that a great deal of valuable information is disseminated at these laudable institutions; but, for pure unadulterated scandal, you must enter the arena of politics which men have so far monopolized. The character, history and private affairs of not only every possible candidate for parliamentary honours, but that of all his wife's relations, are freely discussed and commented upon. If we read the leading organs of both political parties, and credit the state of things which they represent, we will be forced to the conclusion that in our legislative halls we have not one disinterested statesman, not one patriot, not one

honest man. If this state of things be true, does it not seem strange that men should take pleasure in publishing their own shame, and, if it be not true, is it not equally strange, that men, for such paltry considerations as office and emoluments should be willing to sully the honour of their country?

Macaulay tells us of a time in the "brave days of old"

When none was for a party, but all were for the state.

That time has passed, and now we have the reverse of the picture—"Grit is to a Tory more hateful than a foe," and *vice versa*. Every man is for his party, and the state must take care of herself. If Diogenes could re-appear upon the scene, to resume his fruitless quest of yore; and, if he have gained wisdom in the meantime, which it is to be sincerely hoped he has, he will seek for, and find honesty and integrity of mind; not in the ranks of men, but in a different quarter. A gentle and cultured young lady, upon being questioned by her father as to her feeling towards an aspirant for her hand, said: "No, Papa, I do not wish to marry yet; what I want is a husband with lofty ideals, noble aspirations; one who will eschew all the vanities and frivolities of life, and strive to make his existence as a beautiful song." Her father looked thoughtfully into the fire for a few moments, then, with tears in his eyes, and in a tone of deep depression, remarked, "My daughter, you are but a stranger here; your place is in a better world than this." It matters not how much a woman may have at stake in the country; how ardently she may desire to see rights maintained, to see wrongs redressed—she may be intelligent, cultured, refined—all this counts for nothing in this land in which the highest ruler is a woman whose administrative abilities have been unquestioned: a man may be ignorant,