

QUEBEC.

Quebec! how regally it crowns the height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years ago,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to
groan;
England rejoiced, but checked the proud
acclaim—

A brave young chief had fallen to vindicate her
fame.

Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names
ne'er graced

The page of history or the hostile plain;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They passed unto their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valour claims, and Feeling's self
imparts.

Down the rough slope Montmorenci's tor-
rent pours,
We cannot view it by this feeble ray,
But hark! its thunders leap along the shores,
Thrilling the cliffs that guard the beauteous
bay;
And now the moon shines on our downward
way,
Showing fair Orleans' enchanting Isle,
Its fields of grain, and meadows sweet with
hay;
Along the fertile shores fresh landscape
smile,
Cheering the watchful eye for many a pleasant
mile.

—CHARLES SANGSTER.

OVER-EXERTION AT CYCLING.

There can be no doubt that bicycling is more calculated to induce foolish and reckless men to over-exert themselves to a dangerous degree than any other form of athletic exercise. The legs, being relieved from supporting the weight of the body, are left free to be used as the instruments for the putting forth of an amount of energy that becomes a severe tax upon the physical powers and upon various organs of the body, especially the heart and lungs. Where the weight has to be borne by the legs, as in walking, a weariness supervenes, which counsels or compels a cessation of effort before any dangerous strain occurs. In bicycling (says an expert) very severe exertion may be continued to an extraordinary extent without nature coming to the rescue of the overwrought system by a timely foot soreness or distress that admonishes the rider to desist. Excessive perspiration, as a result of severe exertion, has a very severe effect upon the constitution, which, in the case of men unaccustomed to hard, physical work, will often, in the end, break down under the protracted strain to which it is subjected. Attempts are constantly being made by ordinary riders without adequate preparation to emulate the feats of trained athletes. They will frequently endeavor to cover great distances against time, without taking the precaution of gradually leading up to such feats by a long course of steady practice and suitable living. The results are often very disastrous to those attempting such foolhardy experiments. No exercise, reasonably indulged in, can be more thoroughly beneficial than bicycling, though it must be admitted that many, who are never content unless they make a severe and ceaseless labor of it, have found their abuse of an unrivalled pastime anything but advantageous to their health.

Men of strong affections are jealous of their own genius. They fear lest they should be loved for its quality, and not for themselves.
—Bulwer Lytton.

If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have light, have guidance, immortality?—Curlyle.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Montreal Gazette: The situation is one of restricted rather than of depressed business, and though it may not improve rapidly, presents features which indicate that with the recovery of trade in other parts of the continent, which, unfortunately at the moment appears to have sustained a slight check, there will be a quick revival in Canada.

St. John Telegraph: The United States tariff is likely to develop a good many puzzling questions for the Government of Canada, but none more so than the action of the House of Representatives in placing sugar of every grade on the freelist. It will be interesting to see what Mr. Foster will do if this feature of the tariff bill is retained.

Ottawa Citizen: In our opinion it would be well if Protestants and Roman Catholics went to the same schools, joined in the same classes, mingled in the same games, and if provision were made for religious instruction by clergymen of different faiths at stated hours, or if this subject were left to the church and the home.

Vancouver World: The outlook for a lively and business-like session is encouraging, and once the Redistribution Bill is disposed of, many who are opposed to the Government on this question will become its most ardent advocates, when it is found that much of the fault-finding has been entirely unjustifiable and without the slightest cause whatever.

Canada Presbyterian: If an intolerant spirit, uncharitable judgments and unkind conduct are unlovely, unbecoming and reprehensible on the part of Roman Catholics towards Protestants, let us bear in mind that they are, to say the least, equally so when the case is reversed, and more so, because it is one of the boasts of Protestants that the liberty which they claim to think and act for themselves in all matters, they are willing to allow in the fullest extent to others.

Manitoba Free Press: Is it not worth while considering the propriety of some radical change in the methods of our higher education? There is no obvious reason why a university should not turn out high-class farmers, first-rate joiners, very superior builders, exceptionally good house decorators, as well as young men learned in the classics or with a knowledge of anatomy. It is pleasant to be familiar with the Greek and Latin roots, but in this country it is more useful to know all about those which grow in the ground.

Halifax Critic: Sight-seers who have visited the Imperial Institute in London are most enthusiastic in their accounts of the great exhibit from India. . . . When compared with the other colonies, Canada appears to the greatest disadvantage, very much in the light of "a poor relation." This state of things should not continue. Every week that passes while the Canadian exhibit is in its present condition is doing a permanent injury to the Dominion. The enterprise of our people should step in, and the small outlay necessary to prepare special exhibits would be found in many cases to be a profitable investment.

Hamilton Herald: If the cries from the Northwest and the professions of the Patrons are to be taken as indicating the feelings of the rural voters, they will not be satisfied with tariff reform on the half-shell, and yet if Minister Foster goes beyond that he will have the manufacturers banging away at him with both barrels. The situation is not a pleasant one for the Government, but it was wise in its way and day in waiting until the tariff problem was well threshed out in the States before calling the members of the House together. The U. S. tariff regulates the Canadian one, and the country is just in that shape that it can't very well help letting it, humiliating as it may be.

Life is like a game of whist. I don't enjoy the game much; but I like to play my cards well, and see what will be the end of it.—George Eliot.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

Charles Sangster, the poet is dead. He has for years past kept so much in the shades of retirement that many of the younger generation of readers will ask, who is Charles Sangster? And yet he long stood as our most representative Canadian poet. He was seventy-one at the time of his death, being born in Kingston in 1822. It is not too much to say that, among all the sad life-histories of English bards who battled with unpropitious fortune, poverty and neglect, there is scarcely one who has had a rougher or steeper path to climb, or faced unfriendlier fate with a braver heart than he. Want of space prevents dwelling on the events of his life.

It is thirty years since the writer of this article wrote and published in his "Selections from Canadian Poets," the following estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry:

"We are disposed to think that any just estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry will assign him the first place among Canadian poets. Others may have written as well and as sweetly on some themes as he could have done; but no one has contributed so largely to enrich Canadian poetry. No one has attempted so much. No one has displayed equal freshness and variety of imagery in the treatment of national themes. Indeed, in the variety of subjects selected from the scenery, seasons and part history of this country, and in the success and originality with which he has treated them, he has no competitor whatever. His genius is more truly Canadian than that of any other poet of distinction in this Province. Mr. Sangster, while cherishing a loyal attachment to the mother-land, gives Canada the chief place in his heart. Her mighty lakes and rivers—her forests and hills—her history, religion and laws—her homes and liberties—her brave sons and fair daughters—are all objects of his most ardent affections, graven alike upon the pages of his poetry and upon the tablets of his heart. The most prominent characteristics of his genius are, a wonderful fertility of thought, which enables him to pour forth images and forms of expression with lavish prodigality;—an intense sympathy with nature in all her varied moods and forms;—and that peculiar freshness and originality of language that is the sure distinction of those to whom belong the vision and the faculty divine. Occasionally, too, we catch glimpses of a philosophic spirit, capable of grappling with the deep problems of the world of mind."

In some important respects he is still the most representative of our Canadian bards. It is not merely that his themes are Canadian, he lived in an atmosphere of Canadian sentiment, and everything he wrote is permeated with the free spirit of his country. His "St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," published in 1853, consists mainly of the descriptions and reflections which the scenery and history call forth from an imaginary voyager from Lake Ontario up the Saguenay. It contains 110 Spenserian stanzas, and has many fine pieces of poetic description. "Hesperus," published in 1860, showed growth and improvement. The poems of this volume showed finer literary culture and greater perfection in the poets art. There is ever the lofty faith in God of a devout worshipper in nature's temple. This spirit is seen in his prelude to "Hesperus":

"The stars are heaven's ministers,
Right royally they teach
God's glory and omnipotence
In wondrous holy speech.

"O heaven-cradled mysteries,
What sacred paths ye've trod!
Bright, jewelled scintillations
From the chariot-wheels of God.
When in the Spirit He rode forth
With vast creative aim,
These were his footsteps left behind
To magnify his name."

—REV. H. DEWART, in *Guardian*.

Man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollections; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.—Washington Irving.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.