

surrender of charter, was—if I mistake not—fifty million pounds sterling.

Yet, in the work of emprise for Empire, the former had—I consider—done infinitely more than the latter. What India was to Britain at the surrender of the former, viz., in 1858, was, as a matter of accretion to empire interest, not to be compared to that of America North from Atlantic to Pacific, as won, from the wild and alien hostility by the simple fur traders of England and Canada, in the name of The Hudson's Bay Company. These—simply a body of merchant adventurers in primitive enterprise in unknown seas and lands of utmost peril and difficulty—unaided, conquered the grand lands—a seat for Empire—they so surrendered. In that conquest not a shot from Army or Navy was required or had. Alone, with trade pack, but ever for defence, armed to the teeth, the simple fur trader, with lion courage, walked the wilds from shore to shore; Atlantic to Pacific; from Southern Settlement, say New York to utmost Arctic strand; mapping, for future commerce and civilization, that great new world. In that enterprise, truly the *Flag but followed Trade*. That fact, surely, should have weighed with the Imperial Government in the question of indemnity, when its Minister *ad rem* (His Grace of Newcastle) so earnestly urged it. What, precisely, the influence—"the power behind the throne"—against him was, he—I believe—found out before long; but to the day of his death his lips remained sealed on the subject. The solution of the difficulty came from Canada. This I must defer to another chapter.

MALCOLM MCLEOD.

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TO M. T. R.

Before me lies a pale-pink flow'r,
Sallowing fast in the soft arms of death
That only yestere'en lay upon her breast,
Vying in jealous fragrance with her breath;
And there where she has kissed it on the tips,
The colour's left it for her sweeter lips.

Mad thing! And yet I greatly pity you.
You could not know the all-absorbing pow'r,
Nor deem yourself unfitted for the fray,
When pitted 'gainst a fairer human flow'r—
You could not know that for one short, sweet day,
You would be loved, and then be cast away.

Sweet child of Earth, I cannot give you back
That you have lost, but I can sympathize—
For I have known her, too, ay, I have gazed,
Full deep into her golden-gleaming eyes—
Here, take this kiss, this last kiss, ere you die—
We understand each other, you and I.

HENRY F. GODDEN.

New York.

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A Few Thoughts For a Hot Day.

"Justitia suum cuique distribuit."

—CICERO

THE above quotation I have thought applicable to the great "Law of Compensation." What Cicero said on that occasion applies equally now; the world does not change in that respect or in many other respects. "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," is an absolute verity. There is nothing more apparent in every-day life than the above quotation. Men are what they were two thousand years ago, no better and no worse; perhaps the present cannot give us examples of men such as Cæsar, Pompey or Alexander, but if they are not to be seen now they will be found in time to come when occasion demands. It is, perhaps, generally considered that the latter part of the nineteenth century is a more progressive age than times past. This is natural to suppose, as men are at all times inclined to be selfish and egotistic and think themselves better than their ancestors of some few generations back, but can we to-day show better men than the Elizabethan era exhibited, or, as I said, can we compare with advantage our present men of greatness with those of two thousand years ago, and are not some of the writings of Bacon as true to-day as they were then, at least when applied to general principles, and although he, as a scientist, was, properly speaking, a child, yet his child-like words are

singularly as wise and applicable to the affairs of to-day as those of our modern scientific savants who think at least that they have almost, if not entirely, got to the top of the tree of knowledge. And again, was not Alexander the compeer of Napoleon. And so we might go on comparing men of one age with another; sometimes they were better, sometimes they were worse, but taking the world as it has been sent down to us, we must all admit that we are much the same as our ancestors; and as Cicero said that "Justice renders to every man his due," and again, "Let us remember that justice must be observed even to the lowest," and again Syrus has it, "He hurts the good who spares the bad," and Virgil says, "Being admonished, learn justice and despise not the gods," and Horace writes, "Justice, though moving with a tardy pace, has seldom failed to overtake the wicked in their flight," and again, "Let justice be done though the heavens should fall," so we must say that justice has always and will always be done in spite of all impediments. This seems to be an immutable law of nature, the Law of Compensation, and if known widely and acted upon, would convert this wicked world into a peaceful and lovely habitation; there would then be nothing but virtue, all crime would be at an end, all discord would cease and friendship would reign supreme; for who would commit crime if absolutely certain of just punishment, or who would be wanting in virtue if sure of inheriting vice? Men believe in chance when there is no such thing as chance. All is certainty. Justice must and will be done. There is no such thing as concealment; everything is, in reality, above board. Crime will come out and virtue will out, and cannot remain hidden. If a man do me an injury of any kind he ought to know and should be taught that this injury which he has inflicted on me will surely and certainly react on him. This fact cannot be too strongly impressed upon us all. There are those who do right for its intrinsic sake, having an innate love of such justice and right, but the great number of our fellow-beings will not naturally do right if there be an apparent advantage in doing wrong and no punishment in view therefor; but if it can be shown that there is, in reality, no advantage in doing wrong, which is the case, inasmuch as all wrongs are remedied and justice meted out, then this large class of men would see the absurdity of the act in the face of it, for what man would cut off another man's hand if he knew that his own would be severed the next moment. This is, in reality, what must and does take place, as the great Law of Compensation permeates all animate beings. We cannot err to the slightest extent without being punished in a corresponding degree. "Let the punishment fit the crime," is a true saying, and has no exceptions. "To err is human." Granted. But to be ignorant is also human, and as it is not quite possible to obliterate all ignorance, so we may look always for more or less crime; but as "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge," so we might hope that this fear of punishment from on high would be conducive to so much wisdom as to mitigate, or even obliterate, the greater portion of crime. Are men happy in doing evil? Are they not, on the contrary, made miserable in proportion to the enormity of it? And do men voluntarily seek misery and unhappiness? Certainly not. So ignorance must be at the bottom of all evil and vice; for happiness is the goal to which all men are seen running, and as there is no happiness apart from virtue, and as the latter stands aloof from ignorance, so the want of general knowledge in regard to this great Law of Compensation accounts for the major part of man's misery. One must in all things remember that there is no escaping this inviolate rule, that the greater the crime the greater will certainly be the punishment; whatever takes place to any excess must likewise exist later on in deficiency. If a man wastes his money, a time will certainly come when he will be in want of that which he has wasted, and sorely in want.

What was the fate of Brutus and Cassius, who slew Cæsar? Were they not also slain? Did not the slayer of Pompey meet the same fate? But if you ask if a murderer must necessarily always be punished in a like manner to his victim, I say no; because death is not always the worst thing that can happen to a man. Or, perhaps, it may be by death the punishment is made, and although the cause of such death is not apparent, it may have been occasioned by the stings and poison of a guilty conscience, which might be worse than by a blow from an axe or the poison of opium.