

while life and memory last. One thing, however, is a continual surprise. Death appears to have introduced no new point of view. In other cases one frequently revises his opinion of a friend who has been snatched away, or of his own attitude towards the lost one. The writer is unconscious of any change in this respect. What his friend was in life, that he seems still. His personality, with its oddities and conceits as well as its charms, seems as real as ever. The scenes where we tried to rescue each other from danger, and those in which we fought for mastery; the other scenes of varying success and disappointment in our sport; our experiences at the camp fire, and the thousand incidents in which, when away from the restraints of modern life, men's minds and hearts become open and known to each other, remain as they were. It would seem in all respects the most natural thing in the world that we should meet again in the same scenes, and go on just as if nothing had happened to interrupt our intercourse.

The appropriate inference each mind will draw for itself. The writer contents himself with the obvious one that his friend was singularly free from artificiality and affectation; that he was above all else genuine—was what he seemed to be—neither worse nor better than he shewed himself.

D. E. THOMSON.

Toronto, February, 1898.

QUATRAIN.

Full oft the light that feebly glowed,
 But for the breath of blame,
 Might have become a beacon-flame
 Upon the hills of God.

M. A. MAITLAND.

Stratford.