

adians. What shall be our relation to our nearest neighbor? Will closer commercial relations lead ultimately to political union? To look solely at the practical or utilitarian aspect of this question will give us only a partial and inadequate view. If pecuniary reasons alone are taken into account, then it will be a matter of indifference whether Commercial Union with the U. S. would lead to political union or not, so long as the most paying terms are made. But surely Canadians are impelled by higher motives than the "mighty dollar." There are far greater considerations that must be taken into account in deciding the question. In proportion then as the pecuniary aspect is raised to a leading issue will the central point be obscured. Nationality does not depend on commercial relations alone. There are elements of infinitely greater importance which enter into and mould the life of a nation, and are essential to its autonomy. These we must never lose sight of.

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## LITERATURE.

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### CARELESS CONTENT.

[John Byron, born 1691, died 1763, at Kearsale, near Manchester. Briskness of thought and fluency and lightness of touch are his characteristics.]

I AM content, I do not care,  
 Wag as it will the world for me!  
 When fuss and fret was all my fare  
 It got no ground that I could see;  
 So when away my caring went  
 I counted cost and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought  
 I strive to make my matters meet;  
 To seek what ancient sages sought,  
 Physic and food in sour and sweet;  
 To take what passes in good part  
 And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gently-humored hearts  
 I choose to chat where'er I come,  
 Whate'er the subject be that start;  
 But if I get among the glum  
 I hold my tongue to tell the truth,  
 And save my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,  
 For fortune's favor or her frown,  
 For lack or glut, for loss or gain,  
 I never dodge nor up nor down,  
 But swing what way the ship shall swim,  
 Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,  
 Nor trace the turn of every tide.  
 If simple sense will not succeed  
 I make no bustling, but abide,  
 For shining wealth, or scaring woe,  
 I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,  
 Of they're i' the wrong and we're in the right,  
 I shun the rancours and the routs;

And, wishing well to every wight,  
 Whatever turn the matter takes  
 I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,  
 Nor if the folks should float me, faint.  
 If wouted welcome be withdrawn  
 I cook no kind of a complaint.  
 With none disposed to disagree,  
 I like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule  
 How all my betters should behave;  
 But fame shall find me no man's fool,  
 Nor to a set of men a slave;  
 I love a friendship free and frank,  
 But hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,  
 I never loose where'er I link,  
 Though if a business budges by  
 I talk thereon just as I think;  
 My word, my work, my heart, my hand,  
 Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,  
 Whatever hap the question hath  
 The point impartially I poise,  
 And read and write, but without wrath;  
 For, should I burn or break my brains,  
 Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbor as myself--  
 Myself like him too, by his leave!  
 Nor to his pleasure, power or pelf  
 Came I to crouch as I conceive!  
 Dame Nature doubtless has designed  
 A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,  
 Mood it and brood it in your breast;  
 Or, if ye ween for worldly stirs,  
 That man does right to mar his rest,  
 Let me be deft and debonair,  
 I am content, I do not care!

### EPIGRAM.

In truths that nobody can miss,  
 It is the quid and not the quis;  
 In such as lie more deeply hid,  
 It is the quis and not the quid.

God bless the King—I mean the faith's defender,  
 God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!  
 But Pretender is, or who is King—  
 God bless us all!--that's quite another thing.

—J. BYRON.

### BY LAKE ONTARIO.

"Cha tuile mí tulidh"—  
 "I return no more."

Ca' the dog frae the hill there, Ewen,  
 There's a mist on the land frae the sea;  
 The day closes in dark and dreigh, lad—  
 Dark and dreigh, lad, for you and for me.