

and other of his poems. Like the clay-built cottage by the Doon, it will hereafter be among the

"Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

A recent edition of *The Week* gave a most pleasing account, by Agnes Maule Machar, of a visit to the poet, and of his cordial and generous reception of her, at his home in Amesbury. Fidelis, the gifted, genial, and good, could but exhibit the bard of charity and freedom worthily, and many will feel a warmer glow toward both, because of her representation.

Long live the Bard! O, could our love and praise
In his serene retirement, crown his days,
How lavish were it pour'd! But, higher still,
He finds and seeks of Him the approval meet,
Who wrought with wounded hands and bruised feet,
Lord of the Infinite Heart and Perfect Will!

IN this age of ours, when most are on the rush, or are fagged out, when we learn style from the reporter, and contemplate Volapuk, or maybe a limited number of signs, as a means of universal communications, the old-fashioned grace of letter-writing, known to Cowper, Byron, or Mrs. Carlyle, threatens to become one of the lost arts. It presupposes a certain measure of serenity and aloofness from life's whirlpool, a natural kindly interest in your friends and the life around you, as well as an inclination to put some of your best thoughts where no eye but one, after your own, may ever trace them. Nevertheless, we are aware of some who still write letters of as fine a quality as those that have become classic; and the receiver considers himself fortunate. Hunter Duvar, Bliss Carman, George Martin, Charles Mair, and others, when they turn to this species of composition, produce easily what is quite as delightful in its way as their more elaborate writings.

Do our readers notice that wholesome spice-o-the-forest, "*The Land We Live In*," published by D. Thomas & Co., Sherbrooke, Quebec? We can scarcely believe it; but if any of them do not, we would call their attention to its late numbers, that put our country forward rarely in picture, song and story. The old hunter always has a tale to hold you like that of the ancient mariner, and the latest fisherman gets some credit for his toughest story. Such serials as Miss Ogilvy's "Marguerite De Roberval," and such articles as LeMoine's "Birds of Canada,"—to say nothing of Sandy, Pat and Baptiste, who still stand in the market-place,—ought to commend it to the favourable regard of our countrymen, and to their patronage, whether they be patriotic, sportive, or literary. [\$1.00 per annum.]

WHERE are the promised volumes from the pens of Bliss Carman, Prof. Roberts, and Mrs. Heusley?

WE also look for another publication from the Halliburton Society, which continues to do honourable work in the field of Canadian letters.

MR. ARTHUR WEIR, author of "Flours de Lys" and "The Romance of Sir Richard," has more in his *repertoire*. Let him not keep the best too long in his portfolio.

Canadian Statesman.

ETHICS AND POLITICS.

WE cannot divorce our political economy entirely from ethics. Political economy as a science, like every other scientific study, must limit its field of enquiry. Like every other science, it strives to reach general rules of what may be done. Political economy does not tell the politician or philanthropist what ought to be done, but simply how certain ends may be gained. To determine which ends should be sought, the politician and philanthropist must consider the comparative worth of various ends. The latter is the special work of ethics. No one lives for himself alone; no one acts for himself alone. No greater moral delusion exists than to suppose that some of our actions are our own private possession, and affect no one else. Directly or indirectly, every moral act goes beyond the actor, and nearly or remotely affects other persons for good or ill. But, if the first apprehension of this thought brings with it at first a sense of awe, a second thought brings gladness and joy to each soul that is in love with the good, who desires the progress of the human race, the conquest and supremacy of the higher life.—*Professor James Hume in Inaugural Address at Toronto University.*

LORD ABERDEEN AT TORONTO.

LORD ABERDEEN'S sensible, practical speech at Toronto will establish him in the esteem of all Canadians. We are so accustomed to visitors from the Old Country lecturing us on our destiny, and telling us what we must do to be saved politically and nationally, that it is quite a relief to hear good, plain, common-sense talk from an earnest, level-headed Scotchman. Lord Aberdeen knows our country pretty well. He has travelled all over it, sojourned at many places, mixed with and made himself acquainted with the people of the various sections, invested his money in our soil and has become a practical Canadian farmer. He has thus not only shewn his good-will, but also established his right to be heard. And when a man of his standing proclaims his abiding faith in the prosperity and coming greatness of the Dominion, giving sound reason, therefore, at the same time steering clear of the political snags on the surface of Canadian affairs, we recognise in him a friend of the right sort. His speech has the ring of that true statesmanship so much needed in Canada. Of politicians and politics we have more than enough. If his words should turn popular attention away from the miserable squabbles of boodling politicians to the practical development of the material resources of the country, he will have done more for Canada than any speaker who has come amongst us for a long time. Present economic conditions

are not permanent. This country is too great in its extent, resources, and in the spirit of its people, to remain for any length of time in a state of depression. Even bad government and restrictive tariffs cannot hinder its development, and Lord Aberdeen is a good witness to the fact.—*Montreal Daily Star.*

THE WANT OF THE HOUR.

WHAT is imperatively demanded at the present moment is a government composed throughout of the broadest, loftiest and most statesmanlike minds to be found in the Dominion. Upon his steadfastness in adhering to this aim, and his success in reaching it, depend all Mr. Abbott's prospects of any real and lasting success in the accomplishment of the great and hard task which is set before him. Surrounded by a band of men whose characters and abilities command and compel the confidence of all honourable citizens, his position might, by a year or two of good legislation and wise administration, be made impregnable. Should he yield to selfish or factional pressure, and adopt a low policy of expediency, any structure he may erect will be pretty sure to go down before the first of the blasts, many of which are no doubt still in leash in the cave of the political winds.—*The Week.*

Science Notes.

ANTHRACITE COAL.—The discovery of new deposits of anthracite coal in the Province of Alberta, comprising a portion of what was formerly known as the Northwest Territory of the Dominion of Canada, will prove, if the reports are correct, highly important not only to Manitoba and British Columbia, but also to the Pacific Coast States of this country, there being no import duty on anthracite coal. It is said that large seams of this coal have been found along the Red Deer River, 40 miles north of Banff. Hitherto, it has been supposed that the only anthracite coal in Canada was at Anthracite, near Banff, from which place the present supply for the western part of the Dominion is taken.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

WILD GESE.—Thousands of wild geese go to solitary places on the Labrador coast, and I know that hundreds upon hundreds of thousands go to silent spots in the interior of Newfoundland, building their nests around the gravelly shores of the ponds and lakes.

Think of this flight from the mainland out over the stormy waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the birds have often to make their way through leagues of fog with nothing to guide them!

They usually leave the mainland with a southwest wind, rising slowly into the air, and ascending very high. They wheel this way and that, as if establishing their bearings, and then slowly begin their way toward the distant island of Newfoundland.