

mons. These gentlemen are elected or appointed for the Dominion Government,—that is for the management of all matters that the Provinces cannot manage very well for themselves, for such matters in one Province that other Provinces may be interested in, and to make sure that none of the Provinces shall make laws for themselves that might be hurtful to another Province, or to the country as a whole.

Our young Canadians have not been taught to bother themselves about these things. Why, we do not know, unless it be just by custom. But it is a great mistake. We want our country to be a great nation. We want to learn all about it; to take a pride in it; and to vie with each other in what we know. No young Canadian is too young to begin. Next to our duty to the good God who has given us this happy land to live in, to our parents who love us so well, and to our sisters and brothers around us, there is no duty so sacred as that we owe to our native land. Now, how can we perform our duty to our native land, if we know little about it? How can the young Canadians in the West love those in the East if they do not care to read about them, to know what they are busy with, how they are getting on, and what they want to make of themselves.

Our grown up newspapers try to do that for our grown up people. THE YOUNG CANADIAN is going to do that for our young people. We have sent a special editor to Ottawa who will go to the Parliament Buildings and say "I come from THE YOUNG CANADIAN." A

special chair will be given us. We shall go out and come in. We shall see everything and hear everything that our young readers should know. We shall call at Rideau Hall where His Excellency lives, and leave for him and for his excellent lady, two cards "THE YOUNG CANADIAN." Their Excellencies will be pleased. They will invite THE YOUNG CANADIAN to their entertainments. The citizens in Ottawa will invite THE YOUNG CANADIAN. We shall be here, there, and everywhere. When the mysterious little bell rings in Parliament to call the members to their work, we shall be there too. We shall go in with a smile on our youthful face. Sir John, (he is the Premier you know) will have his eye on us. Mr. Laurier, the Leader of the Opposition, (I must tell you about that next week) will have his eye on us. When Lady Stanley comes to her Gallery to see what is going on, she will have her eye on us. All the Members will know that we young Canadians are listening,—a million of us, to what they say; that our eyes, two million of them, are watching all that is done; that at our fire-sides, a million of them, what they say and do will be talked about. We shall clap our hands with Canadian lustiness when they are brave for what they think right, and polite to all who do not agree with them. And we shall sit in mute silence when they disappoint us,—only in mute silence. But what a silence it will be! One million young Canadians in mute silence!

EDITOR.

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## MAY-DAY.

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How we long for it, after our snow and ice! Birds, flowers, green fields, shady trees, how delicious is the thought of them! No wonder May-Day has always been full of dance and song!

Among the old Romans the Floral Games lasted for days—a regular stampede for summer fun. In our own olden times we did our best to follow the good example. We began at break of day. We were impatient to be off. Flowers and hawthorn branches were gathered, and carried home to triumphal music of horns and tabors. Every window and door in the village was decorated. The decorations came to be called "May," and the fun was "bringing home the May" or "going a May-ing." The fairest maid was crowned "Queen of the May." Young people met, and danced, and sang, and frolicked. We can't do it now. We've grown too old and stiff. The Lords and Ladies came down to see the sport. Even the King and Queen mingled in the joy of their subjects. Alas! for the days that are no more!

They could not stop at the windows and doors, these dear old charming, simple, natural, happy folks. More flowers! More play! They got a pole, a May-pole, like the mast of a ship, and fixed it on the market-place, covered it with flower-wreaths, and danced around it till sunset. There it stood from year to year, as important a part of rural life, as our Court House or County Jail is now. By-and-bye came along our good Puritan forefathers with their dread of a laugh and their horror of sunshine, and tore up the May-poles. But the disposition of the people would out. Play they must have. The poles were brought back again. And fortunately for us, as the English people most distinctly to this day

show traces of that healthful, wholesome country life that we delight ever to read about. What may our descendants say when they come to find out that we have given it up!

The "Queen of the May," however, did not join in the sunny revelries, which was a great mistake in Her Majesty. She was dressed up and placed in an arbour near the pole, where all might admire her. She was almost smothered in flowers. A crusty old bachelor friend of mine says the admiration made up for the loss of the fun. I am sure I do not think so. Pretty little maidens love fun as much as anybody else. Indeed, I find they love it more, and very often it is their love of fun that makes them look so pretty.

In our own day, in London, the memory of the good old times is kept up by some absurd imitations. The chimney-sweeps dress up very oddly, carrying with them a man hidden in an arbour of evergreens. They shout and dance to rather unmusical music, and beg for money for a feast. Until recently, the London milkmaids too used to dress up a cow in flowers and garlands, and dance through the streets early in the morning of May-Day. In Scotland the country maidens still go out at sunrise to bathe their faces in May dew. I have often seen, around Prince Arthur's seat in Edinburgh, gay and merry bands of laughing Scotch lassies in their quest of May morning beauty. If the early dew did not bestow it, something else did. A fresher, happier, lovelier spectacle I have never seen. How could we introduce May dew into Canada? The Twenty-Fourth is too late. We should have a Spring National Outing to preserve our very complexions.

ENID.