

sweeps along the winding river and makes it mighty.

Does my sarcastic reader laugh at the idea of *pink* and white snow? Here in Newfoundland, as the setting sun catches the top of mountains, have I seen snow appear every color in the lights, sometimes rose, sometimes pale yellow, sometimes lavender, perfectly complemented in the shadows. Perhaps best of all is a gorgeous flame-color; an emblem of purity lit by the light of God's warm love, which we may behold from the shadow of the plain, but which blinds us if we dare ascend into the light.

But this is not on the Thames! It has other beauties and divers. Ye strict ones, read not the next few lines, for therein is contained

a confession. The Philosophic oarsman, he sometimes makes his gig his church. While he hears the music of the bells of churches call their hamlets to service, he worships sincerely the Power that made these surroundings so harmonious to himself, with all his heart. And, after all, if he only does himself good perhaps the deed is better for the day, and certainly he is less likely to lose his temper on Monday.

Lastly, after a hard day's work on the thwart, he likes to let the blades lie on the water and hear the sound of curfew rung from some old riverside tower, steal softly to his ears across the placid water, as he watches the sun go down.

Reginald Faija.



THE LITERATURE OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

THE richest fruits of incident and imagination are to be found in the records of nomadic man, garnered by a goodly array of poets and historians, travellers and novelists in all ages from Homer to Kipling, Herodotus to Peary. The lover of nature, the eccentric and fine literature, may choose to wander with Stevenson through the Cevenues, or hobnob with Borrow's gipsies and prizefighters or see adventure in a cruise with Rob Roy. The craving for the sensational drives others to seek the excitement of a Railway Detective story or a midnight trip to Whitechapel—journeys and adventures "alone amid crowds." The serious and the studious follow the perilous discoveries of a Livingstone and Franklin or the more prosaic wanderings of a Darwin and a Young.

These writings have a charm and a value—they have their appointed place in the republic of letters.

They all pale in interest, however, before those works of facts and fiction intertwined, which present us to ourselves, the men-in-the-street (to use a hard-pressed simile) which portray our own daily life on the crowded King's Highway. In modern literature *Don Quixote*, *Tom Jones* and the *Pickwick Papers* reach the high water mark on their depiction of movement and life; they stand above and apart from all others in the estimation of the critic and the crowd. These immortal works mirror life in the saddle and on the coach in the days of Spain's commercial prosperity and England's solid well-being. The weird pictures they afford of dead and dying epochs are as valuable to the historian as the canvasses of a Hogarth or a Rembrandt—the form and fashion of those ages live again under the magic touch of Cervantes, Fielding and Dickens. It is hard to realise the immense value of these contem-