

the true glories of America ; he who despises the past should not presume to prophesy about the future. Why should we be ashamed, indeed, of being "a part of Europe?" Europe has been for ages the centre of human history ; she still is, as she will long continue to be, the richest repository of human experience. To the struggles of great Europeans, in darker hours than America has ever known, we owe the institutions which we now enjoy. Europe handed the torch of civilization to America, and has a right to expect that America will not turn from her but rather stand by her side and fan that torch to a still higher flame. It is to Canada's honor that she is still connected with Europe, that she clings with fondness to all the Past, while also reaching out to share the blessings of the Future, that she forms the strongest political tie that binds the Old World to the New. And why should that tie be destroyed? Why should it not rather be strengthened? Political ties are not so easily formed that they should be lightly broken.

The sharp distinction hitherto drawn between the Old World and the New no longer exists. There is an indestructible unity in Aryan civilization. Though at certain times that unity

seems to be breaking up, there is a mighty Power silently at work to draw the various races once more together. That Power is at work to-day. The highest aspirations of the race, irresistible forces of the economic world, both point to closer unity among all nations of the earth. There is no need to conjecture what new forms of government will appear. They will be established gradually by the application to each difficulty as it arises, of the principles of expediency. The artificial division at the forty-ninth parallel will do doubt disappear, but the movement may not be in the direction generally supposed. Upon that tremendous flood of humanity which stretches away to the south many storms must be expected to arise. It is not beyond the range of possibility that some shattered ship of state should seek a refuge in the quieter havens of the north. The breach of 1776 would then be healed by those who caused it. If the union of the Anglo-Saxon people, not on one continent merely, but on all continents, should be thus secured, and it can be secured in no other way, then the part played in history by the Peninsula and the Valley would not be insignificant—it would be sublime.

## THE END OF THE READING.

WITHIN our Book of Love one crumpled leaf,  
Torn by your angry fingers, stained with tears  
Not yours, shall mark throughout the vacant years  
The last-read passage of our story brief.

Hope's broken lilies on the page are lying,  
Their sweet, strong perfume waning unto death—  
Dear flowers, whose living essence was my breath,  
How passionately dearer in their dying!

So let them lie. Through bright or darkling weather,  
No ray from other eyes, no touch save thine,  
No promise of a passion less divine,  
Can woo me past the page we read together.

Grief lurks within its lines ; yet not so fond  
Were the full heart-song of a lip less dear  
Than one, whose music, all in vain, my ear  
Craves from the silence of the dark Beyond.

HENRY MARMADUKE RUSSELL.