

remove existing discontent and restore or create confidence in parliamentary institutions. To this end we sincerely believe that the subsidence of the Boulangist agitation will conduce. Panacea-mongers are always fit objects of suspicion, and a cure-vendor who does not know the ingredients of his own remedy is least of all to be trusted. Grave defects the Republic may have, but equally grave defects have been complained of under every régime, and a system under which France has recovered her rank among the Powers, her industrial tone, her commercial enterprise, and has been able to develop the invention, taste, skill and many-sided energy of which the Exposition has shown the results to an admiring world, cannot be so ill-adapted to France's condition as some extremists pretend.

THE BILINGUAL PROBLEM ELSEWHERE.

Canada is not the only colony in which the use of two languages has caused some perplexity to the authorities. In south Africa, as our readers are aware, the Dutch had preceded the British as settlers and administrators. The English had, indeed, landed at the Cape in the reign of James the First, in whose name it was taken possession of. But England, like Portugal before her, was too eagerly bent on East Indian wealth to linger long at a port of call. It was not till the middle of the seventeenth century that colonization was begun in earnest by the Dutch East India Company. The Cape remained in the hands of the Government of Holland until 1795, by which time the settlement extended as far as the Great Fish River. After being restored to the Dutch in 1803, it was re-occupied by England in 1806, since which date it has been a dependency of the British Crown. Great Britain's claim to it was finally confirmed and ratified by the Treaty of Vienna in 1815. In 1820 English settlers began to arrive, and since that year the colony has made fair progress, and has, on the whole, been prosperous, notwithstanding sanguinary wars with the natives and occasional conflicts between the rival European races. In 1835 a number of Dutch farmers crossed the boundary—the Orange River—and established a settlement, which, after remaining till 1861 under a single administration, separated in that year into the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic. Notwithstanding this secession, there still remained a considerable Dutch element in Cape Colony. In the rural districts the Dutch farmers speak their own language, or rather dialect, but in the towns they generally learn English. In the organization of the school system, this bi-lingual problem had to be solved. In some districts little difficulty is experienced as, though the authorities make provision for Dutch as well as English teachers, both parents and children are anxious that English should be thoroughly acquired, even though their own tongue be omitted. They consider the use of that language at home sufficient to ensure a knowledge of it, and think it more profitable that the money expended on education should be devoted to the study of English. The teachers, nevertheless, insist that Dutch should also form part of the course, as the colloquial dialect differs somewhat from the written language, in the grammar of which the pupils also receive instruction. The chief trouble arises when Dutch is taken up by a limited number of pupils from different classes, in which case skilful classification is needed to avoid waste of

time. In some instances, the parents, through prejudice or ignorance, refuse to have their children taught English, to their own serious loss, as such children invariably fall behind their fellow-pupils in all the subjects taught. The matter is complicated in some parts of the colony by the necessity of giving instruction in Kaffir and other native tongues, for which special teachers are engaged.

A colony which offers a still closer parallel with Canada is Mauritius, formerly a French possession, but since 1810 a dependency of Great Britain. In this island about two-thirds of the population consist of Hindoos—mostly of the coolie class. There are also representatives of other Asiatic as well as African races—Negroes, Malagasy, Parsees, Singhalese, Chinese, Malays. The entire inhabitants number about 375,000. Of the Europeans, including half-castes, the French have a considerable majority. There are 38 government schools, with over 5,000 pupils. Of these about 73 per cent. are Roman Catholic, 14 per cent. Hindoo, 8 per cent. Protestant, and 5 per cent. Mohammedan. Of the Roman Catholics the greater proportion consists of French pupils. There are also 54 schools, with more than 4,300 scholars, that obtain aid in the shape of grants. The pupils receive instruction in their respective languages. Mauritius has retained its old French laws and the clergy are supported by the State. They include the Roman Catholic Bishop of St. Louis, with a vicar-general and 34 priests; the Anglican Bishop of Mauritius, an archdeacon and seven clergymen, and three clergymen of the Church of Scotland. The inhabitants, who have been asking for responsible government, have had for the present to be satisfied with ten elected members in a Legislative Council of twenty-seven. The Seychelles—the healthiest tropical residence under the British Crown—are dependencies of Mauritius.

ISLAND ECHOES.

"To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave through the thick-twined vine."
—The Lotus Eaters.

The echoes now resonant in Montreal are naturally voices of sympathy with the crushed and suffering ones in her sister city of Quebec. Now that the disaster has taken place the cry is, not—"Who would have thought it?" but—"Who wouldn't have thought it?" Unless I am mistaken in this very spot, "avalanches have given frequent warnings, and jags of jutting crags" have fallen from time to time on the road beneath the cliffs at Levis, which are far less butting than these at Quebec. But fear of future calamity has very little effect on mankind, until it becomes an un-reasoning panic. Then it is an overpowering master passion, as evidenced at Himera, Salamis, Bull's Run, and our own Stanbridge. Hence men will live close to Vesuvius with wells failing and steam issuing from the ground, embark on crazy ships, hire as stokers, with an average five years at most to live, and amuse themselves with needless sins on the brink of the illimitable grave.

Our own cliffs, those on our Royal Mountain, are happily safe enough. A truly romantic mountain has been defined as one on which one gives the most chances of breaking one's neck; that being the most romantic where you break your neck craning it to get a glimpse of the summit. There is one pretty path on Mount Royal which is so far breakneck that you cannot run down it without having a *suite* of clattering stones and rocklets following your hasty steps. Near it (sure sign that few pass by) is found the *real* wild Canadian honey-suckle with amplexicaul leaves and berries, as tenderly beautiful as those of the English eglantine. Not far away glitters the antennaria, the best perhaps of all immortelles, because, like immortal man, by dying it lives forever in hues

and tints it never knew in life. Within reach was the delicate raceme of the spirœa, and that brake, bracken or eagle fern, whose seeds render the wearer invisible, and whose stalk cut transversely on the slant shows to an Englishman King Charles in the Oak, to an American and Roman an Eagle, and to a Canadian a blotch representing the undefined possibilities of his own country—the most promising in the world.

And talking of Romans, Yankees and eagles, who can help quoting the Autocrat who so loves to repeat his own happy thoughts and to have them repeated,—“The Romans worshipped their legionary eagles. We Americans worship the dollar, whose numbers are more than legion, and which is only the tenth part of an eagle. But to atone for this do we not worship it ten times more?” To come back to wild flowers. Why do not the Park Commissioners procure seeds of our Canadian wildings and scatter them freely over the Park at suitable seasons and each in its favourite haunt and home? Why does not our Montreal Horticultural Society offer prizes for the best collections of Canadian wild flowers, both in posies and in pots? There is a beautiful blue lily of the valley growing in the prettiest garden among all the pretty ones near the Hochelaga toll gate. It is now in blossom. It makes an excellent edger, green from earliest spring till after the earliest frosts, and blossoming like shaded hyacinth always sapphire green of the mid-May. It was transplanted from our woods. And a red-ink plant grows in our marshes, making an ink as red as that drawn by the criminal from his arm to write that confession of crime which he could not bring his tongue to tell.

But soon the flowers will disappear beneath the white sheet of winter, and the Mountain be untraversed except by showshoe tramps. Then let us have Dominion Square flooded with a coating of ice to protect the sheltering snow from that alternate thawing and freezing which is so deadly to grass and our less hardy trees. Then shall we have the finest free skating rink in the world. It will be in the open air, where there is so much less risk of cold and chill, as there is so much less temptation to sit down and throw off wraps. There will gather lad and lass, stalwart youth and maiden fair, and devote even our stern Canadian winter to what is after all only another form of husbandry.

F. C. EMBERSON.

DESCHENES RAPIDS.

"And every little wave had its nightcap on," and flirted jauntily in the bright morning sun, as I took my seat on the Breakwater to watch the raftsmen "run the rapids" on their cribs. Against the blue Laurentides on the opposite shore the mellow tints of autumn already appear, and on my right the spires and pinnacles of the Parliament Buildings, though robbed by the distance of their glittering splendour, stand out against the soft grey sky in bold relief, while around me, with surge and swish and tumble and ceaseless music, the waters flow, and reverie claims and holds me fast, as, with innumerable kindred spirits in all ages, in the mystic meaning of the "sound of many waters" I hear the voice of God, speaking in emotions so inexpressible that even from the poet is forced the despairing cry:

I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arises in me.

With sudden consciousness of human presence. I raise my eyes as a crib darts by, the agility of the raftsmen in evading the waves exciting my admiration no less than the patience with which the poor fellows receive an occasional shower bath and its provoking accompaniment, the exultant shout of the ubiquitous boy. But far away adown the line of the C. P. R., Ottawa claims her workers, and from the beauties of a summer morning in the country scores of Civil Servants hasten to the duty of the city.

A. C. S.