

Dr. Holmes and Lord Tolle-mache—to cite a few of the more striking of the grand old men of our day—attest to the unimpaired vigor of our race in the nineteenth century. Nor need we hesitate to add to the list the name of our own Premier who lately reached his 76th birthday with his intellectual powers virtually unabated and his grasp of affairs unrelaxed.

Men like this are not mere waifs and strays from the past but rather

A link among the days to knit  
The generations each to each.

The heading of this article is not, indeed, of our choosing, nor is it altogether, in its titular guise, a stranger to many of our readers. "Waifs in Verse" they may recall as the title of a volume noticed in our columns in that retrospective year, 1887. While all who could recall the Queen's accession were ransacking their memories for incidents connected with that epoch-making event, the author of this book could claim to have been a young man when Her Majesty was born, could remember the jubilee of George the Third, and was in Canada before the first year of Lord Dalhousie's administration was ended. When he was born the 18th century had still a year to run. And to-day when the 19th has entered its final decade, and he his 92nd year, he is still hale and hearty, takes (as he has always taken) an intelligent interest in the world's progress and especially in that of Canada, with whose legislation he was officially connected for nearly sixty years. To his "Waifs in Verse" he lately added a smaller volume of "Waifs in Prose" having already discharged the friendly task of editor for a sister and a brother poet. A meritorious Anglo-Indian (the collaborator of Sir John Kay, in writing the story of the Mutiny) called one of his works "Recreations of an Indian Official" Mr. G. W. Wickteed Q. C. (for it is he of whom we write) has, like Col. Malleson, comprised under a modest title some very interesting and valuable reminiscences.