

roarious gathering who would recognize the hard-working "diggers?" But no member would be absent on such an occasion. Let us follow this club to one of its ordinary meetings. It may be a "Corps," but as likely as not a literary club. Suppose it to be a classical club. The president calls on the member who has been intrusted with the work of the evening, namely, the interpretation of a Latin author. After the translation, pure and simple, into German, the speaker launches into an elaborate explanation in Latin. This is criticised by the members in Latin. The second part then begins, namely, the translation of a Greek author into Latin—rather heavy in the case of Thucydides. Then a precise business meeting follows. What next? Why, of course, these sages go quietly home. But watch. The place where they are all repairing looks like a "Lokal"—a beer resort. Greek and Latin are heard no longer, and each student lovingly reaches for his own beer-mug. Very inconsistent, is it not? These songs have nothing in common with Thucydides, but remind one strongly of some of Horace's Odes. All are here "brothers," and each has a special club name. With songs and speeches, intermingled with peculiar drinking customs, they take no thought of time. But this does not often interfere with putting in an appearance at the eight o'clock lecture next morning.

Such a club celebrates Christmas enthusiastically. All members, past and present, from the student of twenty to the man of fifty, attend the meeting. The feature of the evening is the Christmas tree, from which all receive a present—in every case a suitable one—accompanied by original verses composed by different members. Here is a man rising in the world, who has brought his last book to be formally dedicated to his club. Beside him is a younger man who has just passed his Doctor examination and is receiving congratulations on all sides. Another group are talking of the "good old days." Christmas songs are sung, capital speeches made, and finally, with vows of eternal friendship, they part somewhat late the next morning.

And how the whole people rejoice at this time of the year! The remark that "Christmas is a nuisance" is in Germany nothing less than sacrilege. Every town has its Fair—the delight of every child who dreams all year of gingerbread and "marzipan." Every family, high and low, has its Christmas tree. Every public square is crowded with trees for sale, and we see the "prince and the pauper," side by side, making a bargain with the owners. With the Holy Evening a general holiday begins, but this is the great night, and one sees the old grand-father suddenly grown young again as he stands with his toddling descendants waiting for the magic door to open and reveal the gifts of the Christ child. Are these the "heavy" Germans? And in the humblest ranks of life the same rejoicing prevails, though the tree be smaller and hot punch not so abundant. The washer-woman joins the general holiday and declines to ply her trade in the week between Christmas and New Year's, but takes as an excuse the superstition that clothes washed in the old year and not dry by the new are sure to forbode a death in her family.

And this brings us to a most peculiar feature of the uneducated in many parts of Germany, that is, their intense superstition. To a great mass of German peasants of to-day the Giant

on the Fiery Horse, evil witches, hobgoblins and spirits are a living reality. Their faith in medical skill is nothing compared to their absolute trust in the efficacy of magical incantations repeated the proper number of times at the waning of the moon. And even the educated German finds pleasure in spending a few moments with "Red Riding Hood" or "The Sleeping Beauty." Very undignified reading for a philosopher! But, so it is, contradictory as it may seem. Blend poetry and prose, romance and matter-of-fact, laborious industry and scientific revelling, and you have the German character.

Cannes.

A. A. MACDONALD.

### "THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST."

We stood by a rugged pathway, my unclothed soul and I,  
And watched the throng to the Judgment sweep triumphant or trembling by;  
For I thought that the call had sounded to the everlasting birth,  
And there came at the awful summons the fruit of the travail of earth.

Not, as my thought had pictured, a silent and shadowy band,  
Came they from the land of shadows, wearing the crown or the brand.  
But each as the life had left him—from desert, from mine, or from wave,  
From the field of battle-carnage, and from quiet churchyard grave—  
From the forest's black recesses, from the bone-bleached mountain pass,  
From the slime of the reedy river, from the depths of the still crevasse—  
From the hidden dark of the jungle, from the Arctic's frozen thrall,  
Came the dead of all the ages to answer the trumpet call.

There were eyes with rapture lighted, there were cheeks with horror pale,  
There was guilt with a red hand dripping, and purity virgin-veiled.  
There were lips yet curled with the laughter that was choked when the death-stroke fell;  
There was joy for the winning of heaven and anguish for terror of hell.  
And each bore the mark of the slayer—of fever and famine and fire,  
There were glorified wounds of the martyr, who smiled at the funeral pyre.  
There were scars of the patriot soldier, who through death won his crown of fame;  
And the ball-riddled breast of the traitor whose breath paid his forfeit of shame.  
There was bruise of the midnight collision, there was victim of levin and storm,  
And the stern signet stamp of the frost-king on the rigid, inanimate form.  
There was bane of the bowl and the reptile, brand of axe and of rope and of knife—  
Of each thief that had entered and ravaged the frail habitation of life;  
And a woful and grisly regiment, with a swift and silent tread,  
Marched under the grim commander who marshals the hosts of the dead.

But not for the terror nor pity did I and my awe-struck soul  
Give heed while the ghostly column sped on to the final goal.  
For each phantom carried (and breath came hard and blood ran slow at the sight),  
The sum of his deeds in the raised left hand and a burning torch in the right.  
And the blaze of death's torch illumined, with a just and an awful glare,  
As never the light of life had done, the black and the seeming fair.  
And oh, what reversal of verdicts! for not with the sight of the past  
But to cleared and pure-eyed vision are all things made known at the last.

And the veils were drawn that had hidden the secrets of faces and hearts;  
And revealed at once and forever stood the "Truth of the inward parts."  
From the greed-stricken soul who gave grudging each coin of his hoarded store,  
From the fair, soft speech of lip-service that failed in fulfilment's hour,  
From the hypocrite, prudent-pious, who would prate but who would not pray,—  
From tyranny masked as justice—the cloaks were stripped away;  
No more lurked in darkness the poison of the liar's tainted breath;  
And the kiss of the sweet betrayer was known for the seed of death.

But the torch of the spurned and the guilty shed hope on the sin and gloom,  
The coward who blenched in the battle bore his brother's felon-doom.  
There were forsworn lips that had solaced the widow's need and grief,  
And the heaven-blest cup of cold water was held in the hand of the thief;  
The deserter, false to his colours, could point to his captain's life  
Saved once at his deadliest peril in the hottest storm of the strife;  
And the trampled daughter of sorrow lifted eyes whence the dews of shame  
Were wiped by Divine compassion, her love and her tears her claim.

Then I turned to the shade beside me—"Oh soul of my soul!" I cried,  
"Knowest thou thy place or fortune, with the lost or the glorified?  
When the great account shall be given, and thou bringest thy deeds in thy hand,  
On which side of the solemn balance will thy record of judgment stand?  
When the roll is called wilt thou answer when the pardoned are summoned by name?  
Or, when thy torch is kindled will it flare on the path to shame?"  
I turned—but the shade had left me—I stood in the dark alone;  
The light, and the throng, and the turmoil of joy and of fear, were gone.  
Was the vision a dream or a forecast? Who knoweth?—And who dare say  
What deeds shall bear the shining of the torch of the latter day?

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

Kingston.

### SIR THOMAS FARRER ON CANADIAN TRADE POLICY.

Sir Thomas Henry Farrer is well known as an English authority on matters commercial. Some suggestive remarks of his in an article in a recent number of *The Forum* should be carefully considered by Canadians generally, and especially by advocates of the kind of Imperial Federation which would seek support in a preferential, i.e. an exclusive, trade policy. As their object is to draw Great Britain and her colonies closer together, instead of loosening the links that bind Canada to the Mother Country, Sir Thomas Farrer's warning as to the probable result of a policy, which would soon "strain" our reciprocal relations to an alarming degree, may well offer food for reflection and hesitation in promoting any such policy.

His view of the effect of reciprocity with the U. S. on the British public is also worth considering by advocates of reciprocity. But as the United States has begun to show signs of relaying her protective policy, Canada has a great opportunity. Here are Sir T. Farrer's words: "Canada has led the way in an agitation in which, under the guise of a desire to promote a closer union between different parts of the empire, protection has for some time been making insidious steps towards an impe-