

hill overlooking the broad valley, it culminates, so to speak, so prettily in its English-steeped church, and, above all, on a hot summer's day it seems to have so little in the world to do that it hardly appears to belong to ever-active Canada.

Moreover, the first settlers laid out the winding roads and planted them with English oaks so long ago, that one feels as if Mr. Weller and the Brighton coach might come bowling along at any minute and pull up before the square brick tavern, where the geese are reposing in the road as if nothing on wheels ever came that way. One can hardly believe that even election time, and the fateful questions of separate schools or the wrongful sale of timber limits could stir the placid population to a state of excitement; they seem rather to belong to some planet, where it may be, both parties unite in conserving all that is worth conserving and reforming whatever needs reform.

T. M. MARTIN.

RUTH.

'Twas June, and strangely wild and sweet  
Sea-winds blew down the village street.

Along the maiden Ruth lay there,  
The sea-wind stirred her golden hair.

They came and veiled her little head  
And left the maid, for she was dead.

He tender lips, so like a rose,  
They could not find the heart to close;

For secrets more than seas could bear  
Seemed hidden in their curved despair.

A bird beyond the orchard wall  
Soft fluted out its lilted call,

And loud along the summer fields  
The echo of the bird-note steals.

But he who loved the woman dead  
Unbearing bent his fevered head:

And standing by the sea alone  
He heard the waves' eternal moan.

His thoughts were mild and far away,  
As twilight fell upon the bay.

The burden seemed too great; and worse  
To live, than die with heaven's curse;

For when the morning dawned once more  
And breezes rippled up the shore,

The children found him on the sands,  
With sea-weed clutched within his hands.

His soul had crossed the unknown bourne  
To reach—eternal night? or morn!

Did voices in the night arise  
From waters where the last light dies?

Did something whisper to the youth  
That sounded like his lost, dead Ruth,

And did the old familiar tone  
Float up to him who watched alone?

"Come down, O love," the soft voice said,  
"Come down among the happy dead;

Below the green, translucent wave  
We cannot call this calm our grave:

In pure, unbroken endless peace,  
Of oceans cool, dark waves' release.

My arms are white and wide apart  
To draw thee down beside my heart;

Through all this endless solitude  
My heart upon your heart to brood.

And from the stillness, fathoms down,  
We'll ever watch the old, white town.

Come down, O love, come down to me  
And dream beneath the dreaming sea.

Did waith from out the waves appear  
And speak these words into his ear?

And was it wafted o'er the wave,  
The voice close-shut in its still grave?

And out upon the waves once green  
Saw he her hair's dull golden sheen?

Or was it just the midnight breeze  
That murmur'd o'er the moonlit seas?

Was it the sea's despairing moan,  
In low, eternal monotone?

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

PARIS LETTER.

The French public, up to a certain stratum, appears to be off its head again respecting Turpin's alleged discovery of a terrible explosive. As no one knows anything about it, that may explain the reason of its terrors. Except what Turpin himself states, no one can supply hints. Now he is not a man whose past or recent conduct entitles to off-hand belief in him. The present Minister of War attaches no importance to the alleged discovery; he says Turpin tried to sell the secret of melinite formerly to Germany and England, who both declined it as useless, well knowing that he was only offering picric acid. The secret of melinite is the discovery of and only known to the French Government. Then he has been imprisoned for unpatriotic disclosure of official documents belonging to the State. While in prison, Turpin claims to have discovered his newest explosive. As the War Office would have nothing to do with him, and all the independent scientific authorities, chemists and mechanics, pooh-pooed his balloons with poisonous vapours, and aluminium artillery fired by liquid gases' expanding, he set off to Brussels, and there with some persons interested in running his discovery, announced that he had sold his army annihilator to Germany, and in addition founded a financial company in Belgium to execute contracts for the killing apparatus and balloon chcke damp—a kind of sky gasometer. The idea of the Germans securing such benefits set the public at large in a blaze; Turpin was a traitor, etc., etc., but why force him to go over to the Volscians? He could destroy 20, or 20,000 men at once with his balloon and aerial artillery—not thunder, but a Maxim gun arrangement, while ravaging sea boards and sinking navies was merely child's play. Imagine a balloon wound up, to drop on Metz, and clear out the hereditary enemy from Alsace? There are 3,000 red coats in Egypt; picture a 3,000 man-killing balloon wound up to alight at Cairo, or Madagascar, or Siam, or the Ouganda, Portsmouth, Spezzia or Kiel? But Turpin had been drawing the long bow, and also upon his imagination. The Germans were willing to examine his offer, but had the shrewdness, especially after his melinite proposal, not to buy a pig in a poke. The founding of the Belgian financial company, to work his discovery, was the baseless fabric of a vision. Not an Englishman, but above all not an American, would bite at the wonder till they saw a few thousand sheep asphyxiated in the open air, and the shower of balls "killing the remainder," as Paddy would say.

Baffled with the foreigner, Turpin now played the repentant patriot; he would quit the Volscians, return to France and give his discovery "free gratis for nothing" to his countrymen; only, he would keep an eye to the main chance by taking out a patent,

so has pursued the usual commercial course of depositing, in sealed envelope, his plans and specifications. They are at present in the Hotel de Ville Patent Office. He authorizes the French War Office to open the packets and control the aerial flying Dutchman. With the masses, Turpin is to-day a hero; he can be elected a deputy when he pleases; five days ago they would have strangled him and cut his body up into eight parts, to be distributed over the country like the Corean Kim's remains, because, forsooth, he sold to foreigners a presumed process to effectively confound the politics and frustrate the knavish tricks of Frenchmen, instead of the latter having the prior right to so deal with opponents. Rochefort was the first to comprehend the Turpin business—nothing but to puff a discredited inventor, top heavy with vanity, and a-hungering and a-thirsting to pose. The balloon, etc., has a "boomerang" peculiarity, to hark back instead of going ahead. Let patriotic aeronauts then beware.

The French have wonderfully toned down on the Anglo-Belgian Congo treaty. It is ever a good plan to allow Monsieur to call and let him see that his thunder and lightning do no harm. Besides it will enable him to recall the advice of Thiers, "take all things seriously but nothing *au tragique*." The French people know very little about the Upper, aye, or Lower Congo of Belgian rights and British advance. They want the English out of Egypt and to take their place; that's the African question for them. The speech of Lords Salisbury, accepted and endorsed by Lord Rosebery, has acted like a douche on the colonial Expansionists; the great leaders will allow no government to poke its nose into British African affairs that do not concern them; and they will resolutely continue to prevent by all lawful means any Power securing African territory merely to hold it, not to open it up but merely to close it against British trade. France feels her difficulty with the Anglo-Belgian treaty; Lords Salisbury and Rosebery have unmistakably warned her off; she can show no right of occupation; England acts as leasing agent for the Sultan and the Khedive, and no one can deny the right of King Leopold to lease a morsel of his Congo either to England or Germany. Besides, the Belgian Congo has been handed over to the kingdom of Belgium by King Leopold, and France has never protested against that transfer. Her right, then, to the succession of the Belgian Congo only comes into play when the kingdom wishes to sell it, or when Belgium itself disappears—a very unlikely event.

M. Dupuy, the re-installed Premier, differs in nothing from his predecessor M. Casimir Perier, nor from his former self. He has brought new men to the front, which is an advantage. In a word, they have merely re-exchanged places; M. Dupuy returns to the premiership, and M. Perier, to the speakership. But the juggling reveals some fun. M. Perier was happy in being defeated on the motion that the railway employees on the lines worked by the state should be allowed to syndicate, like the hands on the other railways. The present Ministers all voted with M. Perier's minority; they have just now voted the contrary, and in favour of the unionism. The absurd man is he who never changes. Only, do not hold two opposite opinions simultaneously, and before adopting the contrary, allow at least a few days to elapse. The night always brings wisdom. The