

"teacher", and wonder at this strange grief? Mary never thought of it, until an arm stole gently around her waist, and a warm kiss was imprinted upon the hastily upraised face.

The effect was not soothing, for Mary started to her feet with a cry that strove to be indignant, but was only glad.

"I could not help it. I have come for my little wife, and I almost forgot that I have to ask her permission first".

"O Lawrence!" said Mary, and—well, never mind.

She ought to have asked about "the other girl" first, of course, but she never thought of her, not for a good while, at least. Then, upon enquiry, she learned that "the other girl" was herself, and that Lawrence's "dearest wish" was to be in a position to ask for what he knew to be his own, having read, with man's conceit, her secret in the softening eye and glowing cheek that ever welcomed his approach.

Ottawa, Ont.

Our Contributors.

A SUMMER EVENING.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR (FIDELIS).

NAY, long enough you've sat, with brow downbent
Above your book, dear! lift these eyes intent!
Lay down the printed page and, from the cliff,
Read Nature's page, inscribed in hieroglyph!
Leave man's best thoughts for less enchanted hours
That dull the skies and steal away the flowers!
Yon sunset hues are too bewitching sweet;
See God's own thoughts unfolded at our feet!
On the still river, rose and opal seem
To melt and mingle in the quiet stream,
Blending in rich empurpled tones of air
With gleams of palest azure, here and there,—
The softer double of the rose-flushed sky,—
In which the fairy islets seem to lie
More true, more lovely than reality!

All silently, the little skiff glides o'er
The tide of glory, to the further shore,
While Nature's self seems to stand still with us
As, through her temple, tolls her Angelus!
See how yon bird has ceased his happy thrill,
Peched on the pine-bough, standing mute and still
As if he listened to a sweeter strain
He fain would catch and give to us again!

Let us, like him, leave earthly thoughts and things,
To catch the sweeter song that Nature sings!
What boots it though we could, with curious eye,
Thread all her hidden paths of mystery?
See how she works out, in her inmost shrine,
This myriad-featured life, so rich and fine;
Trace all its growth, from earliest dawn to day,
And measure all the laws its forms obey;
If, in our eager quest, we miss the soul
That vivifies, inspires, informs the whole?

In such an hour as this, if but we will,
While *that* is speaking, listen and be still,
We hear the "still, small voice" breathe soft and low,
In tones of love that well we seem to know,
Till that vast Infinite we vainly sought,
To comprehend, transcending human thought,
Seems near and sweet, like tenderest kisses pressed
On Nature's child, close-folded to her breast!

Kingston, Ont.

LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

IF the reader, after glancing at the above heading, should question, rather cynically "what connection is there, or can there be, between them"? no student of contemporary legislation could refrain from accepting the inquiry as a pertinent one. The connection, just at this day, is certainly neither obvious nor intimate. A broader outlook, however, may yield a different result.

Directly or indirectly, manifestly or by unseen process, the national literature and the national politics must act and react upon each other; and it may be accepted as a safe induction from historic facts that the more immediate the connection between them the better for the nation. When they become estranged, the estrangement tends immediately to the debasement of politics, to the emasculation of literature. Literature makes alliance with dilettantism, and politics with the saloon.

The literature of a people, if genuinely a nation's product, is of necessity shaped by the national character. It is the effect, not the cause, of the national character. In its turn, however, when once set in motion with the nation's force behind it, it exerts an almost incalculable influence upon the direction of the nation's aims, upon the mode in which the national character takes expression. This it continues to do, so long as its connection with the springs of national life is full and vital. The ideal, surely, of a national literature, is that it shall be the most perfect expression in written words of the best of the nation's thought and feeling. The ideal of a national politics, speaking broadly, is that it shall be the most effective expression in act and deed of the best of the national thought and aspiration. How far literature may fall short of this ideal, and how much further politics, we have all been made too vividly aware; but history reassures us by showing that there have been times when such an ideal appears to have been clearly apprehended, and in a manner realized, by politics no less than by the sister art. At such periods we find that, almost without exception, the national literature and the national politics were going hand in hand,—and the politics, though perhaps not avowedly, depending upon the literature for its sanction and its guidance. This has been the case with England and France in their times of most shining splendour—the days