

sand pounds. The Derby is England's day out. People go for a holiday, and not, except in a minor degree altogether, to see the races. The capacity of English people to enjoy a holiday, according to the method of each class in society, is extraordinary. I do not think we can equal it here. I may be wrong in this, however. But to show that I am right, in the main, I simply ask anyone to witness the hilarity and the genuine, social, enjoyment on that one great holiday. People on the road seem in a way to forget for that day class distinctions; and woe to the unlucky wight who will persist in upholding them. He may return a sadder if not a wiser man than he went. It is England's bacchanalian feast, and the master and servant, at least if they ride in different conveyances, are for that day equally jolly good fellows, and meet on that plane alone. In such a conservative country this must be beneficial. If the Derby is ever abolished and replaced by something more in keeping with advancing civilization, may this good feature of it never be changed by any æsthetic coldness or ceremonious, but heartless, propriety.

Now, Sammy, I must, with this letter, bring the series I promised you to a close. They have been very imperfect as media for the thoughts I wished to convey; but as you insisted upon having them, such as my absorbing engagements would allow, I have given you. It may have sometimes occurred to you that I saw too many virtues in the old land, and too many weaknesses and blemishes in the land of our birth and adoption; but Sammy, I am deeply convinced that the public press of this country is not serving its best interests by encouraging so much our provincial pride and prejudice. We are constantly spoken of as a great nation, a great people. We may become such; I hope we shall; but at present we are a

very small people with a very large and imperfectly developed country. Our progress would be greater if we knew where our weaknesses lay, and how to correct them. I never took up a Canadian newspaper in England without smiling at its pride, which seems to me childish. Hence, like other Canadians, when I went abroad I was unduly sensitive, from my education, in regard to Canada's importance. As yet, in real fact, she has to the rest of the world very little importance. Let us try to give her more—let us be honest with ourselves. What we have made our country in a few years may be creditable to us; but then we must expect other nations to look at us very much as we are. The man who with a capital of one hundred dollars in a few months makes it four hundred, does well; still he has only four hundred, not four thousand. Besides, we have been so busy developing our material resources that we have to a large degree forgotten higher things; and our transatlantic friends see that; and we might as well confess to the meagreness of culture of colonists at once, and leave our pride at home when we go abroad, or, better still, have none to leave, but set about this higher culture as soon as possible. But, Sammy, whether you agree with my views or not, let me assure you that I am more than ever a true lover of my native country; and with all her faults, or rather the weakness of her childhood, for still she is very young, I prefer her to older lands that have the wealth and culture, but also the class distinctions—the grinding poverty, the gross ignorance like a cloud over the masses, the effete institutions, the lack of individual liberty, the senseless restrictions and what not that fetter human development. May good old England, for she is good, never grow less, and may Canada yearly grow greater.

Ever yours,

TOMMY.