

acknowledgment from England. "Zoan No. I." is in the press, detailing Mr. Petrie's work at Zoan. I ask that our Canadian friends join us in aiding what Mr. Curtis, in *Harper's Weekly*, so well called "a varied and most interesting series of labours for archaeology and art Hellenism, Egyptian history, Biblical confirmations and elucidations, and for the important object of furnishing materials for a reliable, classical, and Biblical atlas." There is no endowment, and the death last August of Sir Erasmus Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S., our president, left us without a wealthy patron. We depend more than ever on the generosity of the public. I will furnish circulars, a list of contributors, and other information when desired.

WM. C. WINSLOW.

429 Beacon St., Boston, U.S.A., May, 1885.

#### CONJUGAL AFFINITY.

MR. JOHN CARRY, writing in response to "W. F. C.," says:—"Now, Sir, I do not mean to enter upon any discussion of this matter with 'W. F. C.' or any one else; but I do seriously beg the attention of your readers to *one point*. The present English Marriage Law has a definite principle, viz., that affinity bars marriage just as consanguinity does. The Marriage Law of Canada breaks down that principle, and the question is, Upon what *principle* does it proceed? Does it not abandon principle in abolishing the bar of affinity in one instance and maintaining it in all others? Is this consistency? and are we prepared for a consistent extension of the law? I have found in respectable quarters but one example of this thoroughness—the London *Spectator*—who 'is prepared to legalize all marriages of affinity.' 'There are, so far as we know, no reasons for forbidding marriages of affinity on any grounds except those of feeling.' Here we have definiteness and consistency; and we might well be content to have no laws on the subject if all men were on a level with the writer in the *Spectator* in moral delicacy and spiritual refinement. 'But the law is not made for a righteous man,' etc.

"Are the maintainers of the traditional marriage laws of the Church unreasonable in expecting that those who would legislatively alter them should be consistent and act on some definite and understood principle? If that principle be the abolition of the bar of affinity, then let the Christian public see with open eyes what that means."

Your obedient servant,

JOHN CARRY.

Port Perry.

'85.

Lo! The rag of treason flaunted!  
Hearts of iron all undaunted,  
Let the battle hymn be chaunted,  
While you strike for hearth and home!  
Ho! for honour of the nation,  
Though but blood be the libation,  
And our bodies the oblation—  
Cry "For Heaven and Home."

Fling our brave old banner over!  
Marshal round it, son and lover,  
Man of peace and prairie rover,  
It hath floated long and well  
Over turret, over tower,  
Where the mists of battle lower;  
'Neath its folds no cravens cower—  
So the battle ages tell.

We who wait and watch and wonder,  
Fearful of the battle thunder,  
While our ranks are rent asunder  
By the havoc of the field:  
Shall we falter at the story  
Of the battle grim and gory?  
Better die the death of glory  
Than to traitors' malice yield.

Victory! So let it quiver  
On the lips. Shall not the Giver  
Then be thanked? O Lord forever  
Thine eternal name we bless.  
Ring the bells in every tower,  
Count them heroes from this hour,  
Who shall win us peace—the dower  
Of a nation's joyfulness.

We will greet you, O my brothers,  
Who have fought the fight for others,  
We will greet you, O my brothers,  
Who have fought the fight for us;  
We will greet you well and gladly—  
Greet you well who fought so gladly—  
Though our hearts are yearning sadly  
For the brave who died for us!

HORATIO GILBERT PARKER.

THE only way to be loved is to be, and to appear, lovely; to possess and display kindness, benevolence, tenderness; to be free from selfishness, and to be alive to the welfare of others. When Dr. Doddridge asked his little daughter, who died so early, why everybody seemed to love her, she answered: "I cannot tell, unless it be because I love everybody." This was not only a striking, but a very judicious reply. It accords with the sentiment of Seneca, who gives us a love charm. And what do you suppose the secret is? "Love," says he, "in order to be loved." No being ever yet drew another by the use of terror and authority.

#### ANTI-JINGO SONG.

I AM going to make allusion  
In my topical effusion  
To a subject which engrosses our attention;  
Need I say I mean the Jingo,  
With his fierce and warlike lingo,  
Though to fight he never has the least intention;  
No, to fight he never has the least intention.

#### CHORUS.

He can fight, "Yes, by Jingo, don't you know,"  
And could crumple up creation in a wink;  
So you'd think to see his face with ardour glow,  
As he seals his declaration with "a drink."  
  
He's a match for all the Russians,  
The Austrians and Prussians.  
For Frenchman and Italian, for Spaniard and for Turk;  
You might put them all together  
And he'd never question whether  
To beat them out of time is not the easiest of work;  
Yes, he'd beat the lot, and reckon it the easiest of work.

But he's lately fared quite badly,  
And he surely must feel sadly  
That the Soudanese are better than he thought them;  
And his notions of the Boers  
Who proved such steady goers,  
Must have altered very greatly since he fought them;  
Yes, he's altered his opinion since he fought them.

He has caused both blood and treasure  
To be wasted past all measure,  
Has this boasting, loud-voiced, mischief-making elf;  
But there's one way to disarm him  
Which would certainly alarm him—  
That's to make him do the fighting for himself;  
Yes, we'll make him do the fighting for himself.

—Weekly Dispatch.

T. H. BURGE.

#### THE SCRAP BOOK.

##### INTELLECTUAL CHARMS OF WAR.

WE suspect the truth to be that it is the variety of the excitements offered by war which, when the details are visible, so rapidly diffuses interest in them through classes the most diverse or far apart. Some, perhaps the majority, are attracted almost solely by the dramatic effects of a campaign. The sense of surprise which lies so deep in human nature is constantly being evoked, as it is evoked by nothing else. No battle is ever quite certain, nor was there ever a campaign in which it was not possible that individual genius might create situations, or cause catastrophes of the most entirely unexpected kind. History itself seems modified when the old army is beaten by the new one; and when Napoleon crushes the Austrians, or Von Moltke crushes the French, there is as much of material for amazement as if new forces from Heaven had descended into the field. Men love surprise; and no surprise could be greater than that of the skilled onlooker when Koeniggratz revealed the powers of the needle-gun, and Speicheren showed to what kind of dreadful discipline the Prussian Army had been wrought-up. Many spectators, again, who care less for dramatic effects, feel intensely the historic aspect of war, the light it throws on the martial capacities of the different peoples, on their organization, and on their aspirations. "These Germans, then, are not dreamers." "These French are only great when they win." "These Russians die in heaps uselessly." "These Arabs are heroes." Such revelations as these, palpable and unmistakable, beyond argument as beyond alteration, enchant observers with historic minds, and seem to them to throw on the past a stronger light even than on the present. Then there is the passionate interest excited by great individualities. Nothing arouses this like war, because no human being is so visible as a great General. His strokes, his ideas, his shifts, are studied like those of a superior being, and whole nations wince if he has made a palpable mistake, or is cut-off before he has executed his plans. It is Wellington who interests, not the British Army; it is the fate of Gordon that attracts, not that of Khartoum. And finally, there is the interest in the mighty "game" itself. If the faculty of strategy is not much more widely-spread than is believed the interest in strategy is; and it is one of the most absorbing kind. Of the thousands who watch the turns of a campaign, hundreds, whether qualified or not, form an opinion as to the merits of the last move, and the necessity for the next. One rarely meets the mute, inglorious Milton; but the non-fighting Jomini is at every corner. Add to the lovers of great drama, to the lovers of history, to the enthusiasts for ability, and to the men who delight in chess with a country for table and brigades for pieces, the uncountable crowd who only feel alive when emotions are strong and dangers great, and events cataclysmal, and we shall understand pretty fairly the wide diffusion of the interest in war which develops in some minds, often belonging to sedentary people, into a consuming passion.—*Spectator*.