

we would fain revel in the tropes of the Washington lady correspondent, nor the gossip and scandal which she too often retails over a *nom de plume*; but it would be absurd to fasten upon a class the sins of a few of its individuals. Many of the women who write from the American capital do admirable and indispensable work in sending the social flavour of a cosmopolitan society into the remotest ends of the country districts. It is not all frivolity, the official life of any capital, and almost every American metropolitan journal of any consequence prints every week not only florid descriptions of Mrs. Cleveland's reception costumes and Californian millionaire Senators' dinner services, but interesting phases of social life somewhat less superficial. In addition they occasionally have more or less incorrect accounts of Ottawa society, which are eagerly read by a public apparently more curious about our official forms and ceremonies than we are ourselves.

I fancy I hear the complaining notes of the managing editor in the King Street distance again concerning this thing:—

One Organ.—"Ottawa society consists of a lot of Civil Service snobs. What do people care about them or their fooleries."

One.—"Toronto should have been the capital of this Dominion. Why should we interest people in Ottawa. Suicide! Madness!"

One.—"There is no literary life there, excepting a lot of fellows who are always wanting favours from the Government for writing a pamphlet because it is Canadian."

Both.—"It would be a great innovation; and somebody might get offended; and it would cost; and we have absolutely not an inch of space for it."

The boldest pleader for some knowledge of his country's capital might well quail before this array of protest and invective. Yet it seems to me that there still remains something to be said. Our "Civil Service snobs" (to let the arraignment stand), clustering as they do about the direct representative of the Queen, in this, her most loyal colony, must form a social circle of great relative importance in Canada. The doings of this circle, whether or not it profit us to know them, have a pardonable interest for us in view of the fact that it is drawn about the proxy of that institution which many of us still reverence—the throne of the United Empire.

We have little of the foreign element in Ottawa, but society there must be truly cosmopolitan of Canada, and so should be of interest to all Canadians from Halifax to Vancouver. The unpatriotic objection that as Toronto was not made the capital she should ignore the town that was, is quite beneath refutation. No doubt we should have a much livelier interest in Ottawa if we had a President there, but a Governor-General and his wife are not wholly unworthy of Canadian attention. There is a very perceptible literary atmosphere in Ottawa; some of our most brilliant essayists live there, and if literature is to be encouraged anywhere in Canada, where more probably than at her capital? We have no incessant stream of distinguished visitors, but an occasional celebrity has been known to travel thither and stay over night, and where in Canada shall we expect distinguished visitors if not in Ottawa?

It would be a great innovation, and somebody might very probably get offended, and it would undoubtedly cost; but if you haven't room for it you should enlarge your boundaries or contract your political intelligence, and there is little doubt that either the one course or the other, with this object in view, would result more profitably to the journal that pursues it.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

LIBERTY has become nature; the creature is one with its Creator—one through love. It is what it ought to be; its education is finished, and its final happiness begins. The sun of time declines and the light of eternal blessedness arises.

I FELT the unfathomable thought of which the universe is the symbol live and burn within me; I touched, probed, tasted, embraced my nothingness and my immensity. I kissed the hem of the garment of God, and gave Him thanks for being Spirit and being Life. Such moments are glimpses of the divine. They make one conscious of one's immortality; they bring home to one that an eternity is not too much for the study of the thoughts and works of the Eternal; they awaken in us an adoring ecstasy and the ardent humility of love.—*Amiel*.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

FAITH.

WE mourn: 'tis Nature mourns, but Faith
Can see beyond the gloom of death.
Nature mourns an earthly brother;
Faith can give thee to Another.
Nature sees thee go with sadness;
Faith on the future dwells with gladness.
Nature never sees thee more;
Faith knows thou hast gone before.
Nature says a sad "Good-bye!"
Faith says, "We shall meet on high!"
Yes; we miss thee, yet we'd rather
Know thee with our heavenly Father,
And patient wait His own decree,
That calls us home to Him and thee.

HOPE.

This world might seem so bright and fair
If our grumbling hearts would make it;
There's a gleam of sunshine here and there,
If we would but stop to take it.

Perhaps it's somebody's grateful thanks
For kindness willingly given;
Or perhaps it's the voice of a little child
That prays for us to heaven.

We must not despair: it will never do
To rebel and be always repining;
The clear blue sky will soon peep through
"The cloud with the silver lining."

There are no nights without their days,
No evening without a morning;
And "the darkest hour" (so the proverb says)
"Is just when the day is dawning."

CHARITY.

That is our sister—she who keeps
Her sorrows hid for years;
Who, when alone, so often weeps
Such bitter, blinding tears!

That is our brother—he whose eyes
With burning tears are dim,
While thinking how they now despise
Who once did flatter him.

The wise old Greek said, *Know thyself!*
'Twas good advice, he knew;
But Christ said, *Do to others*
As ye would they'd do to you!

Londonderry, Ireland.

THE BARONESS VON OPPEN.

HOW THE POOR LIVE.

MR. GEORGE SIMS'S "How the Poor Live," which originally appeared in the *Pictorial World*, is now selling largely, in a cheap edition, at all the English bookstalls. It is, beyond doubt, a horrible and harrowing revelation, and hard the heart must be which is not melted by it, or which in the midst of opulence and comfort does not feel a pang of self-reproach when awakened to the consciousness that there is such misery at its gate. Especially touching is the wretchedness in the cases where it is borne with patience, and where it has not been able to enbrute or to prevent the sufferer from retaining something of self-respect, of courtesy of manner, and of tenderness of character. The title of the book, however, is extremely misleading, and to the minds of Americans and other foreigners is likely to convey an impression, which Americans perhaps would too readily entertain, but which would be a libel on British civilisation. This is not a picture of the life of the poor even in London, much less in the country generally: it is simply a picture of the very worst of the London slums, including the haunts of the criminal population. Part of it relates to misfortune, but a good deal of it relates to crime and vice. The population of London is now four millions and a half. In such a multitude, the actual amount of destitution from various causes, including indolence, improvidence, and intemperance, must inevitably be large: whether the proportional amount is large, so as to be a national reproach, is a question on which Mr. Sims throws no light. Certainly there are hundreds of thousands in London of the class commonly called poor, who yet are living in decency and in tolerable comfort by industries which regularly afford them bread. The mere density of the population, by tainting the air, especially in summer, and rendering supply, particularly of water, difficult, produces evils for which no one is responsible, while the smoke