

agnostic god; men with whom Paul, had he found them assembled on Mars' Hill, would have had even less success than at Athens.

But the law of kindness, the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, retains its full force to this hour, and has its full effect in spite of sciolism, of materialistic thinking, of disbelief in ghosts, witches and supernatural phenomena.

The burning bush may be an electrical phenomenon, the cloven tongues as of fire, St. Elmo's lights—but "Love thy neighbor as thyself" speaks to the human heart as forcibly as ever.

It is the shock to our sensibilities which makes the idea of vivisection so appalling, and yet things are done more atrocious yet.

Read the account of the execution of Mrs. Roxiana Druse, we hope it is not true. Could anyone conceive a greater jumble of absurdity, philanthropy, cruelty, religious fervor, mocking satire, sensibility and brutality in actors and spectators, in the law as carried out, and the details as described.

Vivisection is but a flea-bite to a transaction like that execution, for which we must presume the same arbitrary necessity is to be assigned as to vivisection.

*Humana salus suprema lex.*

But is it so?

There is another suggestion which has a shadowy honor about it, though whether it has foundation must be left to your able contributor, "Francis Tisseur," to decide.

If, as we are told, this virus is capable of being attenuated by its transmission alternatively through dog and rabbit, till it comes down to inoculation pitch, like the strychnine in a homoeopathic globule, why may it not be capable of regaining its original strength by incubation and transmission through successive generations of men, differing in form of nervous temperament, and physical vigor no less than dog or rabbit, till it regain enough power to become a human malady. A race of hydrophobic men is fearful to contemplate. A dipsomaniac is not far off, but with the canine element a fixture added to his nature for good, man would be indeed terrible.

After all, would it not be better instead of all this fuss to eliminate dogs from society as we have wolves. Doubtless we should miss their society, but their utility, except to the shepherd, is mainly confined to the protection of property from the "dangerous classes." Why not deport by a compulsory "assisted emigration," both dogs and dangerous classes:

To some retreat in depth of woods embraced,  
Some happier island in the watery waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No friends torment, nor Christians thirst for gold.

A TRAMP.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

### THE LADY-FERN'S STORY.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

"You want me to tell you my story," said the lady-fern to the inmates of a large dark drawer, a lock of golden hair, and a faded rose. "I will comply with your wish and hasten to begin. Once I was the lady-fern of a sweet and pleasant forest, where anyone would be delighted to roam. We ferns indeed had a pleasant lot, there was a beautiful lake at the foot of our little bank, so calm and clear, we would gently bend over to watch our reflection and the breeze would every now and then make little ripples on the smooth bosom of it. The scenery was very beautiful. Many pleasant parties used to go to see, one fair maiden leaning over the boat now and then to catch a sweet-scented lily lest it should be forgotten for one more beautiful; then would the artist long for his pencil, but he could not copy on paper the full beauty of the scene; the birds caroling forth their song, the bulrushes in the marsh sighing to each other, and a little breeze from the lake would rustle among the trees. All was harmony.

We had many friends, the bulrushes told us pretty stories of little children that played among them and whispered their secrets in their (the bulrushes) friendly ears. Then in the early morning the glorious sun would stoop down and print a cheerful kiss on us, and when we were downcast the evening breeze would whisper 'cheer up' little ones, the sun will soon be here with his kindly light, and all of us would murmur 'thanks.'

I remember one particular morning," the lady-fern continued, "the sun had kissed me with more fervor than usual, as it seemed to me, and I took it as a warning that something would befall me. All day long I was in a state of trembling, my friends comforted me as best they could, but it was in vain.

Near sunset a boat rounded the point, it was a signal for me to prepare myself. Nearer and nearer it drew, but it did not seem to come nearer the shore, and hope again rose within me, but alas! I was doomed to disappointment. There were two figures in the boat, that of a lady and gentleman, and as they drew near I heard the lady say—

'Oh! Arthur, do look at those beautiful ferns. Do you think you could get me one?'

'Oh yes, certainly,' replied he, laughing. 'I think I can easily land.'

'Thank you, Arthur,' she said, with a loving look out of the depths of her eyes.

'Which one will you have, Lily?'

She pointed to me, but I was prepared for it. He jumped out of the boat and climbed up the bank, not to me but another. When he went back she playfully scolded him for getting the wrong one, but he laughingly replied, 'They are all alike.'

However, he attempted it again and came up for the second time, when he stood before me he turned round as if to ask a question, but he never

asked it, for what a scene it was that met his bewildered eyes, the boat was upset, and he saw his beautiful Lily for one minute unconscious on the troubled waters, the setting sun gave a glow to her whole figure and never afterward did I see her so beautiful as at that moment, as she sank back in the water. Arthur sprang into the boat which was all right again and pushed out to her, soon he had her in the boat, dripping and wet, and I was soon glad to see her conscious. After that he rowed away, leaving me untouched. I never saw them again till the next spring.

Winter came, and we were for a time buried in the damp disagreeable ground, away from the blessed sun and our friends the bulrushes; who, when winter was over, told us about the silver-crested trees, and best of all, about the wonderful skaters that thronged the lake and made the woods ring with laughter, so merry and happy at heart were they.

But we bore up against all our grievances until the snow had vanished, when we had a long peep at the sun, and asked him to help unfurl us.

It was once more a fine day when I again saw a boat draw near, and to my surprise it contained no others than the identical persons, Lily and Arthur. They came ashore and sat down on a rock near us, they were talking in murmurs, when suddenly Arthur jumped up saying:

'Now, Lily, I shall get you a fern as you wished one last year.'

She shuddered at the remembrance of that evening, and I began to tremble with fear, and I had reason, he came slowly along and carefully selected a fern, which was me. I could do nothing but cling to my neighbor, but it was all up with me, I was plucked. But I will not grumble now at any rate. I was put in his pocket-book and he chose another for Lily, the reason why I could not tell. Soon I was conveyed to this dark drawer, and afterward you, my dear friends, joined me, and then I heard from you, madame," addressing the lock of hair, "that his loved Lily has quitted this world of sorrows for the better one of perfect bliss, and whenever he is troubled and sorrowful, he looks at me until he is calmed and even happy. As I said, I will not grumble, for why should I if I make anyone happy I am and should be very happy and contented myself."

T. S. PATZANT.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

### ODDS AND ENDS.

"Crest of Creation, thou noble North!"—Frithiof apostrophizes his native land as he is going into banishment. "Crest of Creation," no doubt, every Nova Scotian thinks his country and patriotism (if not too narrow) is a sentiment of which it were to be wished we saw a little more. But Nova Scotia, in June 1886, declared herself by two-thirds for annexation—I beg pardon, repeal. In Feb., 1887, she decides by two-thirds against secession. May not the jibe lie in the mouths of the profane that the "Crest of Creation," lofty though she be, knoweth not her own mind. In 1870, the late lamented Mr. Riel appeared to Mr. Edward Blake in the light of a murderer, for whose neck it was proper to offer a large reward. In 1886, when Mr. Riel had gaily become responsible for sixty or seventy more deaths, Mr. Blake arrived at the conviction that he was a martyr. These things are edifying!

A good and gallant man has recently passed to his rest full of years and honors, so full of years that what one feels in relation to him is hardly so much regret as affectionate remembrance. The last English papers record the death, at the age of 85, of Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, G.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom. The late admiral was flag-captain to Sir Francis Austen, (whose name is mis-spelled in the tablet over one of the fireplaces in the dining room at Admiralty House,) who had his flag in the *Vindictive* on this station from 1845 to 1848. Sir Michael was posted in 1826, nearly 61 years ago. He was a pattern gentleman and officers. There must be some in Halifax, now getting up in years, who remember him. He was peculiar in appearance, being above six feet in stature; but, although wiry and muscular, somewhat lank and narrow in the shoulders, and giving a general impression, face and all, of Don Quixote; and, in truth, all the best of the Don was in him, without a crank. Perfect, and always courteous, gentleman, with a sober, practical sense which compelled respect, and an unfailing kindness which made him loved. Splendid seaman and admirable disciplinarian, no ship had fewer floggings in that day than the old *Vindictive*, and three or four of what there were were the result of a chance outbreak, as ludicrous as, at the time, it was discreditably. I will describe it an early day, if it should be thought worth insertion.

The deceased admiral was captain of the fleet, and afterwards second-in-command, in the Baltic in 1854-5; commander-in-chief in India and China 1856-8; commander-in-chief at Portsmouth 1863-9, Registrar and Secretary of the Order of the Bath 1830 to 1857, and M.P. for Devonport 1859 to 1863.

Only two officers stood senior to Sir Michael Seymour—the venerable Sir Provo W. P. Wallis, Admiral of the Fleet, who was posted in 1819, and is, I believe, about 96; and Sir W. Fanshawe Martin, G.C.B., Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom, who was posted in 1824.

The CRITIC published recently a very interesting article of Dr. Richardson's, from *Longman's Magazine*, on "Woman's Work in Creation." It bears throughout the stamp of that sober tone of thought so pleasant to those to whom the "falsehood of extremes" is abhorrent. But, in speaking of the mathematical or arithmetical powers of the human mind, Dr. Richardson seems to miss one or two striking illustrations. If mathematical powers and powers of calculation exist in a high degree in two instances, why not in perhaps two thousand? On the other hand, the comparison of two heads is altogether inconclusive, especially the heads of two persons