

quality which makes him at home among the most diverse races—a quality totally wanting in the race which in some respects is most like himself, the Frenchman of the Northern departments. His position in France for centuries was exactly that of the Frenchmen who thronged the Court of the Plantagenets, and whom our fathers, calling them ‘favorites,’ used to massacre every now and then, but he never excited any national hatred. Why? The Scot adventurer was a violent person, who took all he could and held it with the strong hand, and was very free of blows and not at all free of money, yet he was liked and obeyed, while his rival was hated and despised. We believe the secret to have been the entire absence of insolence in the Scotch character, a sort of thrift of force, which induced him to injure nobody unless there was a reason for injuring him; but we should like to see Mr. Burton’s opinion on the subject. The adaptability exists still, and has perhaps done more for Scotland and Scotchmen than much higher but less cosmopolitan virtues.”

ALBERT THE GOOD.

We have been shown a large number of poems by John Arthur Elliott, a soldier in the Coldstream Guards. As the author is a native of Montreal, some may be interested in the following (written on the occasion of the uncovering of the Aberdeen Memorial) as a specimen:—

Oh! who rides forth on this bright day,
With mien so sad and lone?
What is that grand and proud array
In Scotia’s mountain home?
“It is our Queen!” the people cry—
“The Lady of Holyrood!”
She comes to raise a monument
To Albert the Great and Good.”

Then strew her path with flowers sweet
To cheer her wounded heart;
Let Scotland’s sons their monarch greet,
And break fierce sorrow’s dart.
For he was royal, great, and good,
A husband sweet and kind,
The angel of a better world,
A man of noble mind!

Oh! we will hold his memory dear
For many a year to come,

And in his name our children rear
In England’s happy homes;
And often shall we talk about
The Prince Victoria loved,
A tribute which will long hold out
To Albert—Great and Good!
—*Montreal Paper.*

THE LAST OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

SHE is living alone in the old brown house,
Where her parents lived and died,—
The loved and the cherished have gone to sleep
In the church-yard, side by side.

She has watched them all, while the damp of death
Has settled upon each brow,
Till she, the oldest, is left alone,
In her father’s mansion now.

Still burns the fire on the old hearth-stone,
But she sitteth there alone,
Where once the light of the cheerful blaze
On a happy household shone.

It is New Year Eve—but they will not come,
As they came in days of yore—
Those brothers and sisters, a welcome warm,
To find at their father’s door.

The tea-kettle sings on the ample fire,
And she spreadeth the cloth with care,
And putteth the chairs in their places round,
As she did when they all were there.

Then she taketh the Bible—God’s book of truth—
And reads where her father read;
And they seem not so very far away—
The friends who are with the dead.

They are gone,—but she knoweth the road they went,
T’was “the straight and the narrow way,”—
They are only hid from her sight awhile,
In the light of a purer day.