

one person's business as another's. Our politicians, in keeping with their profession of statesmanship, might be expected to do something in this respect. But politicians never lead, only sometimes they follow; as in France, of which Hamerton says: "Nor could any popular government altogether refuse to employ artists and keep up picture galleries." Our politicians will be likely to look to others for any real improvement. They will point in all directions, but more particularly to education. Here is the darkest corner. "We look to education for the improvement of the masses; we are the flies upon the wheel." The teeming nothingness of

childhood is to afford the solutions which they are not capable of accomplishing with fully rational individuals. The "mere schoolmaster" whom they despise must correct their blunders and make good their deficiencies. But what if the paradoxical profession should really accomplish this very result!

I set out with the intention of showing art to be a good thing for us, but an ideal is incapable of demonstration, and I have only succeeded in showing that no art is a bad thing for us. Canada does not just now present the materials for the positive demonstration. That will have to be "another story."

RHYME AND REASON.*

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The mind is its own place, and of itself
Can make a hell of heaven, a heaven of hell.

—PARADISE LOST.

THIS paper makes no pretension to be a thorough exposition of the text, nor even a very sequential or exhaustive thesis of any sort. It is a mere argument in embryo, whose parts are bound together by links of illustration and suggestion, links that each may extend for himself, as far as, and in whatsoever direction, he chooses, "only this and nothing more."

If you were to travel a long distance from here, east and south, in the direction of the rising sun, you would, in course of time, come to a triangular plateau of vast size and great geographical and historical interest, known as the peninsula of Hindustan or India.

This great plateau, belted on either

hand by the Eastern and Western Ghauts, and on the north and north-west by the giant chains of the Himalaya and the Soliman ranges, is alive with people, the dusky-skinned children of the sun.

A mild and indolent race for the most part, of a somewhat fatalistic and long-suffering habit of mind; here the generations have lived and toiled and died through long ages of patriarchal government, priestly rule, or foreign domination, apathetic, uncomplaining, and, in some respects, unprogressive.

What have we to do with these dusky denizens of a far-distant, strange and, to some of us at least, uncongenial clime, the faint echoes of whose foot-falls in life scarce reach these western shores, whose hoarse murmur of unrest, though welling ceaselessly from two hundred and fifty millions of throats, is scarce wafted to Canadian ears?

* Read before the Collegiate Literary Society.