

boundaries their widest extension and admit all, or else, over-fastidiously to deny the claims of all until we have fitted them to our exacting measure. But what will be this measure? I know certain men who have been measured and accepted by the holding of the Queen's commission; and there are few of us who do not know some whose ticket of admission is a banker's balance. And there are thousands of human animals, of both sexes, who confidently present as their credentials the admitted facts that they have the ability and the will to devote themselves to the most effective mode of decking themselves with coverings and ornaments taken from other animals. And there are others whose entrance fee is simply the diligent devotion of their time and such wit as they have to the pursuit of amusement. These are the pledges that a false society exacts. Kid gloves and silk cravats are its badges; its most honourable pursuit the pursuit of enjoyment. A hard hand is a blot upon its escutcheon, an honest trade entails the loss of arms. He whose arm and brain are alike incapable of producing is a worthy member of society; and he who is most able to consume what others produce is most worthily preferred to the highest place. I trust that a higher standard than this will yet obtain in Canada. Give us rather the noble faith in valour, valour of will and word and work—valour against all foes within and without—valour for truth, and scorn for falseness, producing a reverent respect for all who are honestly what they are, and a pitiful contempt for cravens; give us the gentleness that does not wound, and the courage that does not shrink—the perfect manhood, which knowing its own place, is not afraid to keep it, which knowing the place of all others, is not ashamed to recognise it,—the truthfulness which makes a man's respect for himself of greater worth than the respect of others;—give us a man who possesses these and we will shew you a gentleman. As our good friend, Herr Teufelsdröckh, has somewhere remarked: "How strange it is that, in our reflections upon the human race, it so seldom occurs to us that men are *naked*!" By which our German professor would say: that the man is the man himself, and not the man plus the gilded, or the altogether ragged circumstances which surround his life. It is told of Burns that once, when walking in a street of Edinburgh with a fastidious young gentleman, he spoke familiarly to a rough-looking man whom they passed. His companion's pride was hurt, and he found fault with Burns for his unnecessary civility in public to a man of evident low station. "Hout!" said Burns, "you gomeril, I did not speak to his auld coat or his breeks, but to the man that was in them; and the man, for worth and true value, would weigh down you and me and ten more like us."

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