

Our Contributors.

CONCERNING THREE GOOD QUALITIES.

BY KNOXONIAN.

A Montreal clergyman said the other day that the present duty of Canadians is to keep their "heads cool, their hearts sweet, and their tongues silent." These three things he thought we should do until the Fisheries dispute is settled and the ugly word retaliation no longer used.

That is exactly the course which most of us have been pursuing. No one can say that the retaliation threat gave Canadians hysterics to any great extent. We are so much accustomed to the sheet iron thunder of party politics that we don't "take on" when we hear it at home or abroad. We have heard our own Grits declare so often that the Tories are ruining the country, and our own Tories so many times sweetly assert that the Grits are a lot of unwashed rebels, that we make every allowance for a party leader in search of votes. We can keep our heads cool even though President Cleveland should lose his. Besides our practical knowledge of the exigencies of party warfare, we Canadians have a fair amount of self-reliance. Most of us have paddled our own canoe on the voyage of life and we feel reasonably confident that, with the help of Providence, we can paddle it to the end. So we don't get into a state of mind when politicians talk loudly because we know that they don't always mean what they say, and even if they did, we don't care much.

Our heads are quite cool and our hearts are sweet. We have no unfriendly feelings toward our neighbours. They are fine people. The typical American is one of the most agreeable men in the world. Some of the politicians over there have a weakness for twisting the British Lion's tail during elections. That pastime pleases the Fenians and does not hurt the lion. The lion may be trusted to take care of his own caudal appendage. If he does not roar we need not get into a passion. Besides, our politicians sometimes say unpleasant things about the American Eagle. If the American campaign orator sometimes tries to make a few votes by twisting the lion's tail, some of our own occasionally try to do the same thing by threatening to "lick the Yankees." The international account for bluster about balances itself.

Yes, the national heart of Canada is quite sweet toward the heart of Brother Jonathan. We like him, and we very specially like his money. We like to sell him barley and lumber and other products. We like him as a summer tourist. He spends his money freely. Great American orators come over here and we like to hear them. High class American papers and magazines come, and we like to read them. Yes, the heart of this country is sweet enough. We want no quarrelling with our neighbours. Let us have friendship and a chance to make money out of each other.

This wise Montreal minister also told his hearers that it is our duty to keep our *tongues silent*. For the most part this has been done. All the circumstances considered, our people have shown marked self-control. There have been a few painful exceptions, and a portion of the press in the East seems to court retaliation, but the great body of the people have shown self-respect and good sense. Our neighbours have for the most part done the same thing. Two Canadians, who recently made a business tour through New York State in connection with a line of business that retaliation would probably annihilate, told us the other day that they met their business friends, did business with them as usual, and that retaliation was never alluded to. There is a vast amount of good sense on both sides of the line and good sense usually tells people when to keep their tongues silent. There is no better sign of a sensible man than that he knows when to speak and when to be silent.

If these three things, a cool head, a sweet heart, and a silent tongue, are so good during a Fishery dispute, and a Presidential election, they must be not bad at other times. We began this paper with the intention of discussing three qualities, coolness of head, sweetness of heart, and silence of tongue, but our pen drifted into the international question in spite of all we could do. This may prove that our own head is

not as cool as it ought to be. Well, supposing that proposition were proved, we would not be disturbed to any great extent. Coolness is only one good quality, but it is a good quality. No good enterprise of any kind can be successfully carried on unless there are some cool-headed men managing it. Panicky men and hysterical women never accomplish much in this world.

It is easier to keep a cool head than a sweet heart. Many a man has a cool head united to a very bitter heart. That kind of a man is always dangerous. There are so many things in this world to make the heart bitter that it is almost impossible to keep it sweet. Ingratitude, opposition from those who should help, misrepresentation of motives, treachery, vile insinuations, and slander, are among the things that do the most to make hearts bitter.

A silent tongue is, for many people and for many occasions, the best kind of a tongue. It is a singular fact, a very ordinary man can for years pass as a very wise man by simply looking wise and remaining silent. The philosopher Billings says "there is no substitute for wisdom, but silence comes nearer it than anything else." Silence may often be overrated and may as often be mistaken for wisdom, but the fact remains that no small part of the evil done in the world is done by the unruly member. With the best possible wishes for every good measure that helps to put down intemperance, we don't hesitate to say that sins of the tongue injure society more in this country and hinder more the cause of Christ than the liquor traffic, bad as that traffic undoubtedly is.

TWO TRAVEL PAPERS.

WANDERINGS ABOUT AIX.—ON TO ROME.

BY MARGARET COMRIE.

Towards the end of October, a July day, which had lost itself among clouds and mist in its own month, came forth most unexpectedly in a flood of joyous sunshine, perplexing Dame Nature, who was busy painting the forests with her glorious autumn tints. Across Lake Bourget, the white, picturesque monastery of Haute Combe nestling amid its own orchards and vineyards on the slopes of the hill, attracted us irresistibly. Yielding to the temptation of weather and scene, we took the tiny lake steamer, and in twenty minutes were landed on the opposite shore, just under the walls of the old monastic pile.

A gray haired monk, apparently a privileged member of his order, was very communicative and pleasant, as he conducted us over the interesting church attached to the convent, where many of the royal house of Savoy lie buried under magnificent marble monuments. We asked permission to ascend the tower, from which we had been told there was a magnificent view. The monk shook his head regretfully, for he felt amiably towards us, and it grieved him to do his duty. "I cannot take you there, we should have to pass where the fathers are, no ladies are allowed to go." "No ladies?" we echoed in disappointed tones. With a comical look, the old monk said confidently: "The Queen of England came this year, and she went up the tower, but then you see everybody is not the Queen of England."

But we had compensation. Bidding adieu to the friendly Cistercian, we followed, in obedience to his advice, the road which for some distance skirted the lake. The afternoon was lovely, and Haute Combe lay like a little paradise in the sunshine. Every step we took revealed fresh beauty and fertility. All around were the monastery, vineyards, where the purple clusters, peeping out cosily from under the green foliage, seemed to invite us to begin the Haute Combe vintage on our own account. But the equally rich, if humbler, profusion of brambles and wild grapes, which grew along our path, proved a delicious and more legitimate refreshment. Avenues of magnificent chesnut and walnut trees shaded us overhead, their leafy boughs forming an archway of delicate lace work against the cloudless, blue sky. Lake Bourget, with dark mysteries hidden in its still depths, lay apparently asleep in the shadow of the wooded hills, radiant in their autumn glory, while in the far distance, their white summits losing themselves in the clouds, towered the great Alps.

There was not a sign of life or habitation near, not a voice broke the hush of a Sabbath peace, until, through the still air, came the sound of the convent

bell, like the tones of a father's voice calling his happy family around him.

The sun was taking a reluctant farewell, lingering in fitful indecision, now glancing doubtfully on the cold face of the lake, now smiling at the snowy peaks blushing rosy red under his stolen kiss, now setting on fire the hillsides with his touch, and lighting up with a playful flash the modest spire of a village church, and now returning with warmth the greeting of the tall trees as they waved him a graceful *au revoir*. In fancy, we imagined ourselves in the Garden of Eden, before its light was quenched in sudden darkness.

Presently our attention was attracted by the sight of something white glancing among the trees on the winding path behind us. In a few minutes we saw it was a little band of the white-robed fathers, come, we supposed, to enjoy like ourselves the air and scene. But could we be seeing aright, we wondered, as we watched the men tramping drearily and heavily along in single file, their head sunk listlessly on their breasts, and with just sufficient distance between each monk to render speech between them impossible. On they came towards us, joylessly and doggedly keeping the middle of the dusty road, looking as if the spirit to live and walk like men had long since died within them. We stood aside to let them pass. Not an eye was raised either to glance at the strangers on their path or on the sunset glory in front of them. Can this be the happy family of the monastery, we asked ourselves? Happy? Look at that miserable creature bringing up the rear, scarce able to drag his weary limbs along, his shoulders almost seeming to protrude through the folds of his dirty white gown, and with a woeful expression on his gloomy face, as if, like his forefather, he was being driven out from the garden and the presence of God. What amount of self inflicted torture or penance has made that man's body a skeleton and his soul a wilderness? Dare any one call a system which produces such ghastly results the religion of Christ?

How we longed to stop these men and cry out: "Look up, don't you see this beautiful world which our Father has made for us to enjoy? Look higher, don't you see the Father's smile in the sunlit sky? Look higher, don't you see His Son holding out His hand to draw us into the Father's very presence? Look higher, don't you see the Father on His throne, stooping down with sorrow in His eyes, that His children should so misunderstand Him?" But they passed on. The sunset glow was fading, the day was dying, a cold chill was crying down the mountains, making us shiver as we turned to leave Haute Combe, at once the sweetest and the saddest memory of our visit to Aix les Bains.

Early in November, when the vintage was over, the sun took a well earned holiday, and left for foreign parts. His departure was quickly followed by the advent of unpropitious storms of rain and snow, which utterly changed the aspect of affairs at Aix. The establishment was deserted, and the railway station largely patronized. At the latter rendezvous, we, too, soon found ourselves taking our tickets for the sunny South.

The first part of our journey was very lovely and interesting amidst the grand Savoy mountains, through the famous Mont Cenis tunnel, seven and three-quarter miles long, then by picturesque valleys and wild gorges to Turin, from thence, as night fell, we went on to Genoa "la Superba," as it is called, on account of its beautiful situation and palaces. There, a vast number of passengers were waiting to join our train, and we were roused from our state of fatigue and drowsiness by the tumult. The sound of Italian voices, raised to a most unmelodious pitch, the sight of the swarthy, black-eyed officials, and the gay coloured Southern costumes, mingling with the sober, and for the most part unattractive habiliments of the English travellers, awoke us to the fact that we were now indeed in Italy. With a thrill we heard a porter in charge of some luggage shout "Roma," as he thrust it into the van at the last moment, and, as we moved slowly out of the station, we tried to realize that our engine-driver had it in his mind to take us to the city of Julius Cæsar.

The discomforts of this last part of our journey are most memorable, the pleasures were conspicuous by their absence. The train proceeded in the usual leisurely fashion of an Italian express. No sooner however, did we draw up at one of the larger stations, where, according to the veracious Mr. Baedeker, there should have been a good restaurant and time to