

CANADA TO BRITANNIA.

GREAT Mother in the world across the wave,
Far sundered by the waters though we be,
How'er self seekers in their folly rave,
The ties of kinship hold across the sea;
And we, thy children of a larger land,
Safe in the promise that the past has shown,
Trust to the power of thy mighty hand,
Till all our thews increased, our stature grown,
Though kinsmen still to thee, we dare to stand alone.

Oh! strong and brave, a beacon to the world;
Light through the ages, star to guide the free;
Though all thy realm were into ruin hurled,
And blackest chaos, still should Liberty
Blazon thy name the first upon her scroll;
And if in heavy aftertime the knell,
The death knell of thy vanished power toll,
Are we not here, the coming years to tell
The tale of all thy glory, which is ours as well?

But, whatso'er the future hides, we still
Cleave to the memory of the days gone by,
And one in feeling, one in heart and will,
Hold fast the links of forged history.
For you, for us, the stalwart Barons wrung
The charter of our freedom from the Crown;
For both alike has Shakespeare thought and sung;
And Cromwell pulled a tyrant's power down;
And many a hero faced grim Danger's iron frown.

Have we not stood together in the van;
Whether at Queenston Heights, or Lundy's Lane?
Or later, on the scorching wide Soudan,
Our loyal aid has not been all in vain;
And should the sun break on a wilder day,
And Britain cry, "Push on, brave volunteer,"
'Tis but the word to point us out the way
We knew before; and, with no touch of fear,
Learn thou, where Britons go, Canadians also dare.

When thy fierce grip with Gaul thy power drew
Away Columbia worsted thee, and yet,
The freedom that she fought for she but knew
Through thee, and we were foolish to forget
The way her Southern States have learnt so well
To stoop beneath her mandates, and to bow
Their necks beneath her power; shall we swell
Her alien ranks? We will not break our vow,
We would have peace with her; but dearer still art thou.

What power then shall teach us to forget?
The same brave banner freely floats above
Thy stormy island with the salt seas wet;
Our land of promise we have learnt to love—
Thou knowest how it has been, how those few
Arpens of snow the French king flung away
Flourished beneath thy ægis well, and grew,
From ocean unto ocean, till to-day
Breaks over countless fields that own thy Sovereign sway.

Yet, weep not, Mother, if we part at last;
God's ways with men are hidden; but behold!
Does not the record of thy glorious past,
The sturdy truths of liberty unfold?
And shall we fail to read them? should we part,
In after years, the hope of days to be
Will rise the same in every loyal heart;
One tongue, one goal, and steadfast eyes to see
The way to glory lies in emulating Thee.

BASIL TEMPEST.

PARIS LETTER.

BRETAGNE is not remarkable for its republicanism. However, it can produce credentials that it was in 1792, in one corner at least, as far advanced in the 1789 liberties as any portion of France. Gahard, in the department of Ille-et-Vilaine, possesses the only authentic Tree of Liberty in France, commemorating the First Revolution. That tree is a brave old oak, flourishing on the estate of M. Perrussel at Gahard, and which his grandfather, an ardent republican in a royalist milieu and a friend of General Hoche, planted in the winter of 1792, to commemorate the triumph of National Sovereignty, and the discomfiture of the invaders of France.

The oak was consecrated to Jupiter, as the olive was to Minerva, the myrtle to Venus, the vine to Bacchus, and the laurel to Apollo. Mars had the fig, and Hercules the poplar tree. The latter was the favourite with the French republicans of 1848, but the Third Republic concentrates its political affection on oak. Walnut was tried, but failed; it was not an all-climate tree. Evelyn described oak trees as the keepers of Commerce and Liberty, and it was the idea of the Conventionists to plant an oak in every Commune of France, baptizing them after the name of the locality. The tree was to be surrounded by a railing, and its base was to be a *parterre* of flowers; all was to be so cared that it might attain an altitude of 100 feet at least. As an oak requires 200 years to reach its maturity, Frenchmen were to bear in mind the lesson it suggested, namely, slowness of growth spoke necessity for exercising patience in the development of reforms. The Coup d'Etatists, and those "Oddfellows," the Boulangists, it seems, never found "tongues in trees."

Charles I. obtained shelter in the Boscobel oak, but before his day it was a refuge-tree with the ancients. If an oak could shelter squadrons of English cavaliers, and regiments of infantry, the inside of oaks served with the Romans as goals for prisoners. These were not precisely trees of liberty. It is said that the planting of trees, to commemorate political triumphs, was a transplanted event from the United States, due to Lafayette and his associates. Strange, it was an humble clergyman, in the department of Vienne, who, in 1790, was the first to plant a political memorial tree. He selected a young oak from a neighbouring wood, and planted it before the mayoralty of his village, to commemorate the Federation of the Champ de Mars. The "fad" spread, and before three years 60,000 trees—poplars—of liberty were registered in France, while edicts were issued, severely punishing those who damaged the symbols, in addition to compelling them to make good the injury. These trees were classed as public monuments; the locality was bound to care for them, and they were placed under the jurisdiction of the Inspectors of Forests. The public, however, was allowed to hang up poetic odes to Liberty on the twigs; soon the tree became a Pasquin statue for lampoons, and was never destitute of "leaves"—of paper.

In the second year of the Republic a tree of liberty was planted in the Tuilleries Garden, when the latter had been turned into a potato park to bring a little grist into the treasury chest. It was a veritable tree of Good and Evil. The reactionists damaged it and the republicans protected it. Possessing this exciting property of the red rag on a bull may explain why the northern Spaniards utilized trees of liberty to express attachment to the *fueros* and their defender, Don Carlos. On the restoration of Louis XVIII., the first act of the royalists was to extirpate the trees of liberty. These disappeared in a night just as rapidly as the gourd of Jonah sprang up. In 1830, when the Bourbons were expelled, only a little tree-of-liberty planting was indulged in; perhaps the nation concluded that Louis-Philippe symbolised in himself all the trees of freedom. Lafayette alleged as much, and so did Thiers.

But, when Umbrella-Pear Louis was expelled, *sans cérémonie* in February, 1848, quite a rage set in, not only for planting trees of liberty, but for blessing them by the clergy into the bargain. The latter had to work overtime. Paris alone was thus in a fair way of becoming a forest, till in 1850 a decree was promulgated to convert trees—no hard winter reigned—into firewood, that which nearly provoked a revolution. "To what base uses may we come, Horatio!" The few trees of liberty that escaped the massacre were not spared by that woodman, Napoleon III. They seemed to have for him a Birnam Wood suggestiveness. This will explain why the discovery of Gahard oak has now become as sacred as Shakespeare's mulberry, or Pope's willow.

M. de Cyon is the high priest of Philo-Russianism. He does not pay a great compliment to France by writing "that in the steppes of Asiatic Russia the traveller enjoys as perfect security as in the outskirts of Paris." It is news, however, to learn that "the Russians were Christians before Christ appeared on earth." It is not less true that it was only in the tenth century that Olga and Vladimir were converted and baptized. There are many ways of writing history; but the statement that in 1148-15, when the allies entered Paris, the Russians only had the *role*, of preventing the capital from being pillaged by the allies, and of saving France from dismemberment. It was of course only to show his love for Alexander I. that Napoleon brought about the little calamity at Moscow. M. de Cyon quotes Prince Krapotkin, as a foil to Kennan's denunciations of Siberia, to state that political *détenus* in Russia are subjected to milder treatment than similar offenders in France. He winds up by the assertion that "in Russia the laws are more liberal and more advanced than in the greater part of European countries, and that she resembles France most by her democratic institutions." The United States of Europe must be within measurable distance.

The washing of the Boulangism linen threatens to fill several laundry baskets. It is a dismal episode in the history of contemporary France, and a scathing reflection on public men and political parties. It is full time for those involved, to "purge, leave sack, and live cleanly."

The theatres all opened for the season on Monday last, and, what is very uncommon, simultaneously. The prospective programmes published are rich and appetizing, but do not promise to attract more bites than hitherto. Public taste has quit tragedy, drama, grand opera and filtered opera-comique, for the circus, pantomime and the music-hall. The unfilled houses must keep open all the same, and their expenses are very high. Thus the daily average working expenses of a Paris theatre are between 2,000 and 3,000 frs. For twenty-five years the scenery and general mounting of a play have become sumptuous. Hence, the expenses have risen to be enormous—fantastical even. The opera absorbs at least 15,000 frs. for every representation that it gives, the gas bill alone being 1,300 frs. Next in high outlay are the theatres of the Porte St. Martin and Châtelet, that give spectacular pieces; their daily outlay varies from 4,000 to 5,000 frs. These figures are equalled by the Opera Comique, but, in this case, they are the star salaries which run up the bill. Theatres of the *renaissance* order expended 3,000 frs. a night. A *café* concert, such as the El Dorado, has an outlay as high as 1,800 frs. per evening.

The Comédie-Française, which is a subsidized theatre,

has an annual outlay—year 1882—of 1,854,000 frs., or, per day, including matinees, of 4,878 frs. It has no orchestra, yet expends yearly 22,074 frs. on "music." Among other items: gas costs 89,092 frs.; porters and programmes, 19,553 frs.; "funeral expenses," 800 frs.; Sarah Bernhardt's row involved an outlay of "82 frs." The salaries and dividends for the artists amount to a total of 467,000 frs.; costumes, to 142,000 frs.; poors' tax, 187,000 frs.; and authors' rights, 269,000 frs. Contrast that outlay with the following in 1660, when Molière directed his theatre; each representation, less fees, cost 44 frs. Among the details were: music, 4 frs.; candles, 10 frs.; bills, 3½ frs.; an ordinary utility, 3 sous; refreshments—bread, wine and "tisane"—1 fr! A theatre to-day may have from 200 to 500 individuals depending on it for a livelihood.

M. Ben Scander states that France alone can to-day, by her situation in Northern Africa, cut in two the strong Mussulman currents which already circulate under Algeria. These currents are perfectly recognized, and run between Morocco and Tripolitania, uniting all the Isiam sects or orders. The order of Sidi-es-Senoussi represents pan-Islamism; its head centres are in the Fezzan and Tripolitania, where they are masters; even in Constantinople they dominate, as well as upon the routes through the Sahara and Soudan. All the orders of Islamism tend to amalgamate. At Djerboub they have always an army of 30,000 men. They intend to Ismalize the Soudan up to Southern Algeria; and it is France that will have to bear the first shock. Z.

A MODERN MYSTIC—X.

IT was arranged that we should drive out to Baywater farm to see the immense volunteer crop of Mr. Fisher, and I asked Gwendolen whether she would be afraid to ride behind a pair of bronchos.

"Bronchos!" said that highly cultivated and captivating young lady, "I'd love to."

The day was bright, clear, beautiful, the air stimulating like wine—ah! better than wine, for there was no headache as an inevitable reaction to its exalting influence.

"How delightful!" went on Miss Gwendolen. "Only a month off the ranche—wild horses a month ago. Such beauties! How they go! And that is the Legislative Assembly? How the air thrills! What an abundance of roses! And that is the new Government House?—hem! Something between a palace and an hospital."

"But you have not told me what you did; have you made any notes?"

"Haven't I? The next time we met—it was at Madame Lalage's—we had Cardinal Newman up, whom Mr. McKnom declared to have had a mind like Plato's, and we discussed him—never dreaming his end was so near; and Professor Glaucus, who laughs at everybody, spoke with a certain tenderness of Newman and said he was a great man. But Mr. Hale would not admit he had the logical faculty. Strong and contrary to his wont he became quite warm; he evidently knew the subject well, for he referred again and again to the 'Apologia pro vita sua,' which I am ashamed to say I have never read, and not by chapters, but by stages in Newman's life. We had a regular squabble, and Hale made quite a speech. I luckily had my note book near, and, making use of my short-hand, took him down. What's that fine village?"

"That is the barracks of the North-West Mounted Police. I will drive you there as we come back. You have got the notes transcribed?"

Gwendolen: "O yes. You shall have them when we return to the town."

What this young lady said of the magnificent fields of grain is neither here nor there. The following are her notes—McKnom, Glaucus, Helpsam, having all praised Newman:

Mr. Hale: "Some seventeen years ago Cardinal Newman—then merely Dr. John Henry Newman—published a reply to Gladstone's pamphlet, 'Vaticanism.' In this answer the future Cardinal tried to prove the Pope is 'not infallible in matters in which conscience is of supreme authority.' The wonder was not that John Henry Newman should have written in this way, but that a Roman Catholic priest should have done so. What is still more extraordinary is that a Roman Catholic priest who could make such a distinction as is made in this reply should have remained within the bosom of the church.

"There are many able men in that Church, but for scholarship, intellectual subtlety, and elevation of character, there are few if any who can compare with Cardinal Newman. If we ignored certain qualities of this eminent man we could not account for his passage from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism. Cardinal Newman is singularly rich in natural gifts and acquirements, and had he been weaker in certain directions where he is strong his strength in other quarters would have enabled him to achieve more than he has done, though as a specimen of culture he would have to take a very much lower place. He has the heart of a child, the tenderness of conscience of a saint, the reason of a philosopher, the intellectual subtlety of a casuist, the hungering after the Divine of a mystic, and the learning at once of an Erasmus and a Pascal." [Here Helpsam shook his head.] "Were he not so conscientious he would have remained in the Church of England, exercised a vast influence on her history, and won the highest preferment, as he probably would have done if, with conscientiousness as large as it is, he had less spirituality or less subtlety. Again, were he without spiritual