

Mac.—Be innocent of the knowledge,
dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ;
and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood :
Good things of day begin to droop and
drowse
While night's black agents to their prey do
'rouse."

Again, when Macbeth hears that
the Queen is dead :

"She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a
word.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle !

Life's but a walking shadow : a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Ah ! the stream of language is a
wonderful stream, for I have often
loved to compare it to such, and I
deem it an apt comparison. Tentative
and coy in its earlier stages ;
trickling gently from the tiny cleft of
first articulate speech, and shyly
lipping at its infant source ;
shimmering here and glimmering
there under the faint light of nascent
inspiration ; whispering gleefully in
the sunbeam's play, or darkling tenderly
'neath the twilight of sober
thought or poetic melancholy ; anon
fuller grown, with merry prattle, and
gurgles, and rhythmic babble, fancy
fed, it leaps and mantles over the
caustic bed of humour, flashing and
foaming with subtle feint of witty
war, or frothing and bubbling with the
glee of ready repartee ; still gathering
volume and expressive force, it issues
now into the open, gliding gently and
rhythmically on with many a wind
and graceful curve, through shadowy

vales of dreamy thought and soft
expression, and ministered to by many
affluents, for of such is this realm of
poetic bud and bloom prolific. Thus
ever-increasing as it flows, it emerges
from among the flowers and enters
once again a new region of sense and
sound, where, with the menacing tone
of the mountain cataract, it rumbles
between cloud-capped peaks of lofty
sentiment and apt felicitous utterance
springing from giddy heights, and tossing
aloft its spray in sparkling showers,
rainbowed with the hues of an
impassioned eloquence, or iridescent
with the tints of a classic diction, till
at length, full-fed and perfected, it
surges onward in all the majestic plenitude
of the father of the waters,
sweeping apace with giant might
through realms of doubt and bigotry,
of wilful misapprehension and besotted
opposition ; here smiting with
irresistible force some adamant rock
of gross ignorance or cruel
superstition, there shaking with its
mighty voice of thunder some dread
abyss where lurks the taint of covert
vice, or crouches the misshapen form
of monstrous irreligion, coursing
through gloomy chasms and deep
dark ravines, and laying bare to the
glorious rays of universal and progressive
intelligence the golden sands
of philosophic lore and scientific research,
ever widening, ever expanding,
the while bearing richly-freighted
argosies of accumulated lore onward
through years, and epochs, and
cycles—forever onward—to the broad
bosom of that illimitable ocean of
perfected wisdom which, unswept by
temporal gale, unruffled by even a
transient breeze of earthly misconception
or scepticism, placid and profound,
sleeps forever beneath the
beams of the eternal sun.

And, in conclusion, let me say a
few words anent the so-called spelling
reform. I may be prejudiced ; some
may style me antiquated in my no-