

as regards their conscientious performance of their duties, and their morals and character generally.

It is humbly submitted that these Members would only be performing a just and fair action, and complying with the exhortation "to do to others as they would wish to be done by," by reading to their fellow members this defence as publicly as they made these charges against perhaps as hard working and deserving a body of public servants as may be found anywhere in the world.

One word as to the hours of duty of the service. We think when the close attention the clerks are required to give to their work is considered the hours as at present, are not too short, and if the House lengthens them it will be retrograding in the path of progress, and offering an extremely bad example to the country, which the labouring and wage-earning classes will not thank it for. The tendency now as must have been observed by the House, wherever Anglo-Saxon civilization is found, is to reduce, and rightly, the hours of labour, and if the Canadian Parliament, which professes to be a democratic institution *par excellence*, were to pass such a reactionary measure it would not assist the cause of humanity.

Another point it is desirable gentlemen of the House of Commons should realise, is this that the Canadian Civil Service is not a hi-faluting, haw-haw Civil Service, as so many like to picture it outside. It is drawn from all ranks and is composed of a very sober, sedate lot of men as a rule, there being very few who have either the time or inclination to be dandies, or who are able to spend much on their personal adornment, or to neglect domestic duties of the most prosaic description when the country does not demand their time.

And while on the subject of the action of the House *par rapport* of the service, we may perhaps be allowed to say a word about the proposed further reduction of the supplementary staff, rumours of which are flitting about so ominously "in the air". The auxiliary service has no doubt done its duty, in the past faithfully, and will continue to do whatever work it may be called upon to do in the future, in the same conscientious way. If there is not sufficient to occupy many of them, now that so many large state works have been concluded, it is not their fault, and the service should not be badgered for it. We fear a large number of these extra men may have to submit to the inevitable, the necessity which called them into being as part of the machinery of the Government no longer existing; but we cannot see that the Government is to blame, or that the Country will be disposed to be too severe, if the process of reduction is carried on in a humane manner, and not too summarily. Any prosperous business house would not be too harsh with its employees in such an untoward emergency, and surely the Dominion, which so generously lavishes its millions on useful public works, can afford to be generous also with its defenceless employees when comparatively, so few dollars are involved, and Christian feeling is so very much involved.

COMMUNICATED.

Several members of Parliament have been pleased to express themselves as being of the opinion that the REVIEW has a wide field of usefulness before it.

Sixteen compositors were discharged from Government Printing Bureau on the 16th inst.

A gentleman from Quebec writes, "I am heartily in accord with all your sentiments, and trust you will meet with the support and encouragement such a worthy object deserves not only from the Civil Servants but from the public generally.

Per Tenebræ ad Lucem.

A vision of darkness came over my soul,
A horror of darkness, that might be felt,
Death seemed to have sway from pole to pole,
Till the day when the heaven and earth shall melt.

Never again could I dream of light,
The song of birds, nor the scent of flowers,
My child, my butterfly, my delight,
My own, had numbered her mortal hours.

Oh, how I had loved her sweet, fresh smile,
How her cooing voice had delighted to hear.
How many a grief could her laugh beguile,
The darkness was greater than I could bear.

And I sat alone and nourished my grief,
I hugged it close in a selfish delight,
It seemed I never could feel relief,
This gnawing sorrow was mine by right.

Through the darkness around me I heard a sound,
A rustling sound as of angel's wings,
When they come to earth from the heights profound,
And each some blessing, or mercy brings.

I felt a presence beside me then,
As when a departed soul draws near,
A loved one left on earth with men,
Whom it comes to comfort, and bid not fear.

"What do'st thou here?" 'Twas a thrilling voice,
Which through the darkness fell on my ear,
Such a tone could ne'er mourn, but must rejoice
As though tuned by an essence of harmony clear.

I replied: "black anguish has seized my soul,
The waters of bitterness surge o'er my head,
No balm from Gilead can make me whole,
My idol, my butterfly sweet is dead."

Then spake the angel, "Come away . . .
I will show thee of death a most beautiful thing,
Thy butterfly only is ta'en to-day,
To the happier land of eternal spring."

At once it seemed as though I had passed,
To a realm of the spirits sank to rest,
Where the chrysalis armor off had been cast,
And in beauty eternal the souls been dressed.

As I looked I saw myriads of flashing wings,
As butterflies joyous before me danced,
And the peace which the pleasure of others brings,
Came over my soul as on each I glanced.

Then a marvellous thrill came over my heart,
I felt that my lost one was drawing near,
Was coming, from me never more to part,
Bringing light that should all my darkness clear.

And a beautiful form drew within my sight,
So lovely and sweet eye had never seen.
On earth, my lost darling, my delight,
So radiant and lovely had never been.

'Twas my butterfly darling, my mourned, my own,
In the radiance pure of her heavenly home,
Whose presence had come to hush my moan,
Whilst she longed for the day when to her I'd come.

With a loving smile of infinite bliss,
She looked on the grief her loss had made,
The smile was sweeter than earthly kiss,
And I felt my sorrow was half allayed.

"Mourn not for me, in my brighter home,
I shall keep a spot, where I shall rest
When through life's mazes you cease to roam
As I used of old, on my parents' breast."

"I shall grow," she sang, "in love and grace
In the earthly years till you enter here,
For we know not sorrow, nor time, nor space,
But can carry to God a heartfelt prayer."

The vision melted, and I awoke,
A weight from my heart had passed away,
And as the faint light of the morning broke,
I felt I had seen the true light of day.

LUIGI VAMPA.

From Dreamland, 1892.

"As Other's See Us."

The following are some of the kindly notices bestowed on the *Civil Service Review* by the Press.

The first number of "The Civil Service Review," a journal devoted to the interest of the class mentioned in the title, has made its appearance. The paper is to be a fortnightly issue, it will be non-political, and we are happy to see will take its stand upon the eternal principles of truth and justice. The first number contains several well written articles upon matters pertaining to the service, among others the proposed civil service act, and recent changes." The editor holds decided views upon both these subjects. From the amount of ability and culture which exists in the departments at Ottawa, the Review should develop into a first-class publication. Its typographical appearance is excellent. We wish it success.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

A NEW journalistic venture appeared to-day, "The Civil Service Review." "The most severe abstinence from personalities and partizanship will be enforced," says the editor. The contents are exclusively topics of interest to the members of the civil service, and if the policy of fairness foreshadowed in the first number is adhered to a future of usefulness is in store for the new venture.—*Evening Journal*.

THE CIVIL SERVICE REVIEW.

This is the title of a new eight-page paper just started in Ottawa, as the organ of the civil service of Canada. The publishers are Messrs. Paynter & Co., and the editor is Mr. H. Reed Holmden. The Review promises to be strictly non-political and non-sectarian and to devote special attention to the interests of civil service and to protect its members from unjust aspersions. The first number of the Review complains of the discharge of extra clerks from several public departments, calls attention to withdrawal of certain privileges from the members of the service, and argues for esprit de corps among civil servants. There are also complimentary references to the promotion of Mr. Justice Sedgwick and the public services of Mr. William Smith.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

MR. REED HOLMDEN, of Ottawa, has commenced the publication of a *Civil Service Review*. Its first number under his editorship appeared on last Saturday. It is a fortnightly, devoted to the interests of the service. It was high time that such an organ should appear. While there is very much to criticise in the service and in some of its members, yet the whole body has labored under a great disadvantage. They had no mouthpiece to voice their interests, and the honest, hardworking, worthy citizens who are members of the service have always had to bear the burden of the faults committed by the few. We have known Mr. Holmden for years; his journalistic experiences are very extensive, and his abilities are adequate to any post in the realm of newspaperdom. He is at once a clever and conscientious writer, and one who is fearless and exact in all that he pens. We wish him every possible success in his new enterprise.