

holding aloft his pills and panaceas for mortal ills and here the glib politician, crying his legislative reforms and the virtues of his immaculate party. "Thirty-two strong we stand before you to-day, full of ambition, life and hope. For if we have no touch of ambition in this, the spring of life, God help us twenty years from this time, for we'll never be able to help ourselves. To the ambitious person, life is a brilliant game,—a game that calls forth all his tact and energy and nerve, a game to be won in the long run by the steady purpose and yet having sufficient chance about its working-out to give it all the glorious zest of uncertainty. And yet if we be defeated, we win the grim joy of fighting; if we do lose the race at least we have had the run. We listen not to the good people, who tell us ambition is a sin. What would the world do without ambitious people I should like to know? Why it would be as flabby and heavy as a Chipman Hall dumpling. Ambitious people are the heaven, who raise it into wholesome bread. Of course we intend to seek our own reward. We are not given that god-like unselfishness, which thinks only of others' good, that unselfishness, which we read about in Sunday School books and college texts. But in working for ourselves, we work for all. Just as the stream, struggling ever onward in its course, turns the mighty mill-wheel so we as we struggle ever forward hope to influence others. Wish us good luck then in the race before us, that we may not be among those who fall in the course through any fault of our own. And yet in spite of the killing pace and the stony track, who but the sluggard or the dolt can hold aloof from the course? Who,—like the belated traveller, that stands watching fairy revels till he snatches and drains the goblin cup and springs into the whirling circle—can view the mad tumult and not be drawn into its midst? Not we I'm sure. We confess that the wayside arbour and the lotus leaves are altogether unsuitable metaphors. They sound very nice and philosophical but we are not in a position to sit in arbours when there is any fun going on outside. We more resemble the Irishman, who seeing a crowd collecting, sent his little daughter to see if there was going to be a row "Cos if so father would like to be in it." We are soon to engage in the fierce strife. Even now we like to watch it. We like to hear of people getting on in it, battling their way, bravely and fairly. It stirs one's old Saxon fighting blood, like the tales of knights "who fought 'gainst fearful odds" which thrilled us in our old school-boy days. And well we know that fighting the battle of life, is fighting against fearful odds.

There are giants and dragons, though of a different kind in this nineteenth century and the golden casket, which they guard is not so easy to win as it appears in the story books. There, Algernon takes one long, last look at the ancestral hall, dashes the tears from his eyes and goes off to return in three years' time rolling in riches. The authors do not tell us how it's done, which is a pity, for it strikes us that that is the most important part. But then not one novelist in a thousand ever does tell us the real story of his hero. They lin-