

approaching the age of emancipation, and the Mother-Country accords him the initiative that he claims. The work of enfranchisement is being accomplished for the highest good of Canada, for the greatest glory of England."

Profitable as it may be to look at ourselves through imported spectacles, don't you think our country would gain by accounts from travelled Canadians? At present amongst us an Englishman is adding a new terror to life by interviewing all the "likely" citizens he can waylay. From notes thus gleaned I am under the impression we need fear no "modern warning," yet it would be just as well, nay infinitely more satisfactory, were some native *littérateur* ready with a native version.

Thanks to the elderly gentleman whose success at piloting his friends "the shortest way round" you may perhaps have had occasion to groan over, we had a capital opportunity the other day of studying that most interesting portion of our city, the wharves. It was proposed some time ago to utilize the hideous dyke that has been built all along the river's bank by converting it into a promenade, and into a promenade they have converted it. Whether the rough board footway at present doing duty for what we had hoped would attract well-shod humanity despite the inevitable "wharf rat," shall eventually boast those finishing touches which it deserves, I cannot tell, but we may safely predict the sole monopoly of this charmingly picturesque walk by the presidents of the dust-bins and engine-houses, unless improvements be made.

Here we are perched high above the river with its gauzy mists, the ships that stand like haughty prisoners of war, and we may gloat over lovely bits of colour in the great fruit market close by till our artistic hearts are full.

I was speaking with somebody the other day who naïvely wondered what it would be like to get a prize, yet she is one of the best educated women in the city. Her school was a very primitive institution, where students either studied or were punished, and the examinations took place every three months. These weeks of June must certainly be deducted at least from the professors' prescribed sojourn in purgatorio. Everywhere we go it is either the anxious face of the baby savant or the low wailing of distracted teachers that meets us. Finally the climax was capped when, with reams of uncorrected examination papers in his hand, an honoured friend looked despairingly at me and exclaimed he wished to Heaven he never had been educated!

So they are going to build the Royal Victoria Hospital on the mountain after all. That the reservoir will not suffer in any way from its proximity has been satisfactorily decided, but that its situation is bad from every point of view no one seems to have had the courage to maintain.

LOUIS LLOYD.

### A BALLAD FOR BRAVE WOMEN.

A story worth telling our annals afford,  
'Tis the wonderful journey of Laura Secord!  
Her poor crippled spouse hobbled home with the news,  
That Boerstler was nigh! "Not a minute to lose,  
Not an instant," said Laura, "for stoppage or pause—  
I must hurry and warn our brave troops at Decaw's."  
"What! you!" said her husband, "to famish and tire!"  
"Yes, me!" said brave Laura, her bosom on fire.  
"And how will you pass the gruff sentry?" said he,  
"Who is posted so near us?"

"Just wait till you see ;

The foe is approaching, and means to surprise  
Our troops, as you tell me. Oh, husband, there flies  
No dove with a message so needful as this—  
I'll take it, I'll bear it. Good-bye, with a kiss."  
Then a biscuit she ate, tucked her skirts well about,  
And a bucket she slung on each arm, and went out.

'Twas the bright blush of dawn when the stars melt away,  
Dissolved like a dream by the breath of the day—  
When Heaven seems opening on man and his pain,  
Ere the rude day strengthens and shuts them again.  
But Laura had eyes for her duty alone—  
She marked not the glow and the gloom that were thrown  
By the nurslings of morn, by the cloud-lands at rest,  
By the spells of the East, and the weirds of the West.  
Behind was the foe, full of craft and of guile ;  
Before her a long day of travel and toil.  
"No time this for gazing," said Laura, as near  
To the sentry she drew.

"Halt! You cannot pass here."

"I cannot pass here! Why, sirrah, you drowse,  
Are you blind? Don't you see I am off to my cows?"  
"Well, well, you can go." So she wended her way  
To the pasture's lone side, where the farthest cow lay,  
Got her up, caught a teat, and, with pail at her knees,  
Made her budge, inch by inch, till she drew by degrees  
To the edge of the forest. "I've hoaxed, on my word,  
Both you and the sentry," said Laura Secord.

With a lingering look at her home, then away  
She sped through the wild wood—a wilderness gray—  
Nature's privacy, haunt of a virgin sublime,  
And the mother who bore her, as ancient as Time ;  
Where the linden had space for its fans and its flowers,  
The balsam its tents, and the cedar its bowers ;

Where the lord of the forest, the oak, had its realm,  
The ash its domain, and its kingdom the elm ;  
Where the pine bowed its antlers in tempests, and gave  
To the ocean of leaves the wild dash of the wave ;  
And the mystical hemlock—the forest's high priest—  
Hung its weird, raking, top-gallant branch to the east.

And denser and deeper the solitude grew,  
The underwood thickened, and drenched her with dew.  
She tripped over moss-covered logs, fell, arose,  
Sped, and stumbled again by the hour, till her clothes  
Were rent by the branches and thorns, and her feet  
Grew tender and way-worn and blistered with heat.  
And on, ever on, through the forest she passed,  
Her soul in her task, but each pulse beating fast,  
For shadowy forms seemed to flit from the glades,  
And beckon her into their limitless shades ;  
And mystical sounds—in the forest alone,  
Ah, who has not heard them?—the voices, the moan  
Or the sigh of mute nature which sinks on the ear,  
And fills us with sadness, or thrills us with fear !  
And who, lone and lost in the wilderness deep,  
Has not felt the strange fancies, the tremors which creep  
And assemble within till the heart 'gins to fail,  
The courage to flinch, and the cheeks to grow pale,  
Midst the shadows which mantle the spirit that broods  
In the sombre, the deep haunted heart of the woods ?

She stopped—it was noonday. The wilds she espied  
Seemed solitudes measureless. "Help me!" she cried ;  
Her piteous lips parched with thirst, and her eyes  
Strained with gazing. The sun in his infinite skies  
Looked down on no creature more hapless than she,  
For woman is woman where'er she may be.  
For a moment she faltered, then came to her side  
The heroine's spirit—the Angel of Pride.  
One moment she faltered. Beware! What is this?  
The coil of the serpent! the rattlesnake's hiss!  
One moment, then onward. What sounds far and near?  
The howl of the wolf, yet she turned not in fear,  
Nor bent from her course till her eye caught a gleam,  
From the woods, of a meadow through which flowed a stream,  
Pure and sweet with the savour of leaf and of flower,  
By the night-dew distilled and the soft forest shower ;  
Pure and cold as its spring in the rock crystalline,  
Whence it gurgled and gushed 'twixt the roots of the pine.

And blest above bliss is the pleasure of thirst,  
Where there's water to quench it ; for pleasure is nursed  
In the cradle of pain, and twin marvels are they  
Whose interdependence is born with our clay.  
Yes, blessed is water, and blessed is thirst,  
Where there's water to quench it ; but this is the worst  
Of this life, that we reck not the blessings God sends,  
Till denied them. But Laura, who felt she had friends  
In Heaven, as well as on earth, knew to thank  
The Giver of all things, and gratefully drank.

Once more on the pathway, through swamp and through mire,  
Through covert and thicket, through bramble and brier,  
She toiled to the highway, then over the hill,  
And down the deep valley, and past the new mill,  
And through the next woods, till, at sunset, she came  
To the first British picket, and murmured her name ;  
Thence, guarded by Indians, footsore and pale,  
She was led to Fitzgibbon, and told him her tale.

For a moment her reason forsook her ; she raved,  
She laughed, and she cried—"They are saved, they are saved !  
Then her senses returned, and, with thanks loud and deep  
Sounding sweetly around her, she sank into sleep.  
And Boerstler came up, but his movements were known,  
His force was surrounded, his scheme was o'erthrown  
By a woman's devotion—on stone be it engraved.  
The foeman was beaten, and Burlington saved.

Ah! faithful to death were our women of yore.  
Have they fled with the past, to be heard of no more?  
No, no! Though this laurelled one sleeps in the grave,  
We have maidens as true, we have matrons as brave ;  
And should Canada ever be forced to the test—  
To spend for our country the blood of her best—  
When her sons lift the linstock and brandish the sword,  
Her daughters will think of brave Laura Secord.

Prince Albert, N.-W. T.

C. MAIR.

THE foundation of courtesy is laid in the home. If early lessons are not taught there it is well-nigh impossible to compensate for the lack by subsequent culture. If the child is taught to be unselfish, sympathetic, considerate of the feelings of others in the home, he will carry this habit with him wherever he goes. He may be ignorant of those conventional laws of etiquette which vary in different localities, but he will everywhere be recognized as a man of good breeding. Thus it is that courtesy becomes a family and even a national trait. The Frenchman and the Japanese are courteous, because they are trained to consider the feelings of others. The English, as a nation, are not courteous. Their courtesy is a matter of court etiquette, and adjusts itself according to classes. There is more conscience on the English side of the Channel, more courtesy on the French side.