

ming slow or dull but happy and contented. Method helps the memory, and tends to do away with habits of forgetfulness. It fosters ambitious tendencies leading to the fulfilment of the brightest and most lofty aspirations.

In the hurry and haste of to-day all time saving appliances are at a premium. Past experience and present necessity point with imperative significance to method as the means whereby the greatest and most satisfactory amount of work may be performed in the least possible time. Let us then of all things be methodical.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A POET AND NOVELIST.

Scott, Byron and Dickens form a trio of particular merit. Of Dickens, a recent number of the London *Times* speaks thus:—"Westminster Abbey is the peculiar resting place of English literary genius; and among all those whose sacred dust lies there, or whose names are recorded on the walls, very few are more worthy than Charles Dickens of such a home. Fewer still, we believe, will be regarded with more honor as time passes and his greatness grows upon us." Lord Byron shown in the region of poesy, and no better eulogy to his memory and ability can be found than in Macaulay's essay on this poetic genius of the first quarter of the 19th century. But both in the regions of poetry and prose does Walter Scott win laurels.

Granted that Dickens is the superior of Scott as a novelist, still we claim that the difference is rather one of kind than degree. Look, for instance, at what Sir Walter has done for Scottish history. Before his time, with the exception of the parts relating to Wallace, Bruce, Queen Mary and one or two others, it will not be far from the truth to say that Scotland did not know its own history. What was possessed was merely a confused mass of antiquarian relics. But passing among these remains, by his keen insight, patient research and wonderful genius, there has been such a shaking of dry bones that in his novels Old Scotia seems to live again. Those ghosts of dead warriors that hover around the well-fought fields he has caused to take form and taste again the wild delights of battle.

But on the other hand what relation does he

sustain to Byron, the third of this notable trio. In poetry Byron is said to excel; let us consider briefly this verdict. In description Byron is undoubtedly superior; but look at his meditations, his soliloquies. Everything is tainted, almost withered, by that egotistical morbidness which he seems unable, or unwilling, to conceal. Each stanza seems to say:—"I, Lord Byron, am here represented; a man hunted to death, hated and despised by all others, suffering untold agonies alone; estranged from my native land; loving none, loved by none, and hated by all." This is sufficient. Clearly with much that is good there is much that is nearly disgusting. Let us read some of Scott's description of Scottish scenery. 'With all the freshness of those highland hills, those nestling, half-hidden valleys, those clear crystal lakes depicting beneath their placid waters a second scene, this beauty of nature is presented to us without a tinge of personality. It is a description of natural scenery and that alone. It is partly in consideration of this feature of his poetry that his popularity as a poet was secured. Moreover he started on a new train of thought and adopted a new style of writing. He attempted to revive the chivalrous poetry of our earlier age, and in his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' we have a romance of chivalry, the charm and natural flavor of whose verse, coupled with the interesting narrative, attract and invariably retain the attention of the appreciative reader. In his descriptions of battle he is equally successful. Seldom do we meet with finer imagery, or passages more striking and grand than those on the battle of Flodden in his second great poem 'Marmion.' For over two hundred lines and more, in describing that fatal day, the music of the numbers gives us one grand anthem, full-toned and harmonious, a long continued burst of melody.

A WATER LILY.

'O star on the heart of the river
O marvel of bloom and grace!
Did you fall straight down from Heaven,
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thought of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the golden city,
My fair and radiant one?'