

it tends to the realization of ideal or infinite beauty. Or, again, be his development on the moral side, it has true value only when it tends to the realization of supreme goodness.

The true, the beautiful and the good—three aspects of the single unity—are not something apart from the intellectual, the aesthetic and the moral, but are merely the latter universalized. There is no separation between the human and the divine, between the particular and the universal. These are only two distinguishable aspects of the same unity.

Hence, then, we conclude that whatever man does he should do it in the spirit to the "glory of God." Thus and thus only is true culture possible of attainment.

## ✻ LITERATURE ✻

### FORGIVE THEE ?

**F**ORGIVE thee? Though the years be long  
 Since last I touched thy brow,  
 Men shall not say I wrought thee wrong  
 Or broke my early vow  
 Won from me by one simple song,—  
 I must forgive thee now.

I do forgive thee, and I bless  
 Thee as a dear regret,—  
 A golden, olden happiness  
 That should be with me yet.  
 Forgive thee? I forgive thee, yes :  
 Ask not that I forget !

From "Lyrics" by  
 GEORGE F. CAMERON.

### ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 21.)

**I**T was a lovely summer's morning, not a breath stirring, and the glassy surface of the river bore in its bosom the reflections of the fleecy clouds above. Scarcely a sound could be heard save the regular beat of the paddle-wheels on the tug and the occasional swish of a black bass or giant sturgeon as he gambolled in the distance. The men were in their quarters getting things ship-shape, and our cook, who rejoiced in the musical name of Moise Lanouette, was leaning against the door of the caboose with his arms folded, as motionless as a statue. There was evidently no fun to be had on the raft, so we launched our boat and pulled lazily in towards the shady banks, where we hoped to replenish our larder with a plentiful supply of fish, but the latter kept studiously away from the alluring spoon, and we reluctantly hauled it in with the firm conviction that fishing in the St. Lawrence had all gone to pot. At any rate it was much too hot to be chasing about after fish who so persistently refused to meet us even half-way, so we landed

near a pretty little cottage on an island, and finding the owner thereof not at home, sat down on the cool verandah and waited until the steamer caught up to us. On boarding the raft we found everyone busy. The foreman, whose acquaintance we diligently cultivated, was a fine old man who seemed to have immense control over his motley crew. He had in his younger days been at the head of the Caughnawaga Indians, who piloted the rafts down the rapids. These fellows, for the sake of the salvage money, were in the habit of wrecking, year after year, the rafts entrusted to their charge. The lumbering firms were in despair, being totally at their mercy, as no French-Canadian was considered competent for the difficult task. It was a dilemma. Finally one firm hit upon the expedient of taking Aimé Guerin, the leader of the band, into its employ, paying him a good salary. This it did, and from that moment the diabolical system of piracy was heard of no more. Aimé spoke English very slightly, and what he *did* say was always so ill-treated in the process of saying that we preferred his French as almost easier to understand. He was besides very excitable, and afforded us unqualified amusement at the methods he employed to emphasize an important order. It mattered not what might be the style of head-gear, if his commands were not obeyed with the alacrity he deemed suitable, off it was torn and trampled and jumped upon until the wrath of its owner was appeased. This, with the accompaniment of a torrent of invective and a pair of arms flung wildly about like Indian clubs in the hands of an insane prize fighter, presented a *tout ensemble* that can be elsewhere seen only on the mortgaged platform of a Salvation Army barracks. The men were of all sorts and conditions, and looked as if they had come into this cold world with their clothes on. The various styles of shirts, breeches and boots would make the figures on a fashion plate turn green with envy. There was one Indian that attracted our notice particularly, an enormous man, who, among other less interesting features, was the happy possessor of what was probably the biggest under-lip on the American continent. It hung down in front like a Masonic apron, and with a chamois leather lining would have served an excellent purpose as an improved chest protector. He was a solitary old customer, and would invariably retreat to the extreme end of the raft to consume his salt pork and hard tack. "Jim Tice" was his name, and he deserved a better one. There were fifteen or twenty men all told—to be reinforced as we went along. They were hard at work getting out the sails and setting the masts in position, for the wind was fast rising and from a favourable quarter. There were nine sails in all—one for each dram. A dram is really a small raft, varying in size, and a number of these are fastened together two abreast. As may be supposed, the length of the tow is considerable, the distance from the stern of the steamer to the stern of the raft being fully a quarter of a mile. The rope is shortened as the river narrows. This raft breaks up into its