

understand. But what we cannot understand is the praise and appreciation his works have met with among people who profess to abhor the "Penny Dreadful" style of literature, and to deprecate the placarding of dead walls with theatrical pictures illustrative of scenes of violence and bloodshed, and the circulation of papers after the type of the "Police News," and the "Murderer's Own Guide."

Mr. Rider Haggard is a clever man. No one can deny that. He knows what the people want. He rightly gauges the popular taste. For many minds there is a deadly attraction in things hideous, and in the laughter and curses of the damned; and to this it has been Mr. Rider Haggard's mission to minister with unparalleled success. His pages fairly drip with blood. Each book is a carnival of crime and horror. Were the scenes of villainy and carnage described in his books printed in letters of red, the remaining letters of black would appear as few and as far between as do the oases in the Desert Sahara. To give extracts from these creations of Mr. Haggard's distorted and gloomy imagination, in order to substantiate the present charges, is not possible in the space at our disposal. But it is not necessary to do so. His methods and mechanism are too well known to need illustration. His caverns, and tombs, and deserted cities; his fantastic, preternatural machinery, so "lumbering and creaky," his monstrosities, so "crudely monstrous," his skulls, and bones, and corpses—are they not as familiar to us as our A B C's? Would that they were not!

We have said that Mr. Rider Haggard has accurately gauged the taste of a large section of the reading public. It is the prevalence of this unhappy and deadening taste which we deplore, more than the books which serve to pamper it—the taste which craves such morsels to feast upon as are afforded by the recent Whitechapel murders; the taste which craves for every particular concerning the last hours of criminals, the details of bloody prize fights the awful corruptions of the human heart and mind.

Those who minister to this depraved and morbid taste; those whose joy it is to lay bare all that is most revolting in human life, all that is darkest, blackest in man—these are they who should be shunned as we would shun the deadliest pestilence. Their ways are not the ways of wisdom and light, neither are their deeds the deeds of the brave and the true.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Only a flower girl, there, on the flags
Hungry and weary, in tatters and rags,
Standing beseechingly, out in the street
No hat on her head, and no shoes on her feet.

Poor young unfortunate, withered and pale
Little the opulent care for your tale,
Little they reckon as they hurry away
Who starve, if they have their *own* comforts to-day.

Musingly each hears her sorrowful plaint,
'Tis only a beggar girl, feeble and faint,
"Artful imposter! 'tis all very fine,
The beggar waif touches no money of mine."

Still she begs on in the slow fleeting hours,
Sobbingly, "buy but a few of my flowers,
Gentlemen?" Oh such a prayerful cry,
Only a penny, *one* penny, *do* buy?"

How many thousands, now, day after day,
Like she, poor flower girl, wantonly stray,
Houseless and penniless, having no name,
Treated with ridicule, covered with shame.

True-hearted preachers, who Heathenward roam,
Charity, charity, centres at home.
Shelter the shelterless, help the oppressed,
Cheer the dispirited, weary for rest.

F. M. D.

OUR SEARCH FOR SILVER.

At the time I write of, the silver craze had struck Port Arthur. Oliver Daunais's discoveries had been the means of attracting to the neighbourhood, a veritable horde of miners from those culminating points of civilization, Denver, Leadville, and the Black Mountains, and the spirited cordiality with which these redoubtable knights of the pick and shovel had fraternized with their brethren, the navvies of the C. P. R. kept the noble triumvirate of constables, who guarded the interests of the town, on perpetual tender-hooks of watchful anxiety. The hotels were crowded, the bar-rooms were jammed. Every branch of trade and every profession represented in Port Arthur were experiencing the electrical ecstasies of a "boom." Surveyors had their hands full marking out locations and preparing plans, and it was in my capacity as surveyor's assistant that I had the happiness of being taken into the confidence of the chief of my party relative to certain indications of silver he had discovered on his last trip.

"Look here," he said to me, "if you can find this vein, and can make anything out of it, let me know, and we'll go snacks on the profits." I closed with the offer, and engaging a friend of ours in the enterprise, started forth without delay.

"By George!" cried Robson, as we started off at a swinging gait from the town, "what a glorious morning," emphasizing the exclamation by indulging in a series of frantic leaps down the Fort William road, like a skittish young colt in a pasture field. It certainly was a glorious morning. A spirit of restful tranquillity was brooding over nature. There was not a cloud on the sky; so wondrously clear was the air, that miles away across the sunlit waters of the lake, could be seen the frowning headland of Thunder Cape, with its tessellated terraces of naked stone rising tier upon tier, and tier upon tier, each at