

born, and they cannot tell in the least whence or how the Queen derives her title to be their Sovereign." To our own thinking, there is a still more difficult side to the teaching of history as a means of developing the passion of patriotism. Neither Mr. Bryce nor any other educated and broadminded man would wish to have it taught from the narrow and false standpoint of perpetual national glorification. That kind of teaching, now being discredited we hope, in the schools of the United States, has done untold injury to the national character. The study of history should be above everything else a quest of truth. But if history is to be taught in a broad, critical, philosophic spirit, it may be questioned whether its effect may not be the very opposite of that intended. It will conduce to the increase of that knowledge of which Mr. Bryce spoke at the outset, which by widening the horizon, tends to dissolve patriotism. The habit of looking on both sides of the great questions with which it deals, and of analyzing the moral issues involved, with the inevitable result of discovering that our country, like others, has been sometimes right, sometimes wrong, is to a certain extent inimical to the patriotic passion.

We quite agree with The Spectator that in the teaching of the Constitution of the country, and its method of self-government, is to be found the most hopeful means of inculcating patriotism. We do not mean the blind passion of patriotism, but that intelligent, deep-rooted, tenacious love of country which is as much more reliable as a safeguard as it is more worthy of a thoughtful and right-loving people. Such a study is adapted to make clear to us just what has been the result of all the struggles and sacrifices of our forefathers, and what they have left to us as our political heritage which is worth perpetuating and if need be, dying for.

There is much room and a fine opportunity for this kind of patriotic teaching just now in Canada. Vastly more precious and enduring than all mock military drill and empty flag-worship would be a study of the Constitution and institutions of Canada, as a foundation for Canadian patriotism. The end and aim of all patriotic teaching worthy of the name and of this age, is to make men more intelligent and high-minded citizens, and so to develop the highest possible type of national character.

SAMSON.

Plunged in night, I sit alone
Eyeless on this dungeon stone,
Naked, shaggy and unkempt,
Dreaming dreams no soul hath dreamt.

Rats and vermin round my feet
Play unharmed, companions sweet,
Spiders weave me overhead
Silken curtains for my bed.

Day by day the mould I smell
Of this fungus-blistered cell;
Nightly in my haunted sleep
O'er my face the lizards creep.

Gyves of iron scrape and burn
Wrists and ankles when I turn,
And my collared neck is raw
With the teeth of brass that gnaw.

God of Israel, can'st thou see
All my fierce captivity?
Do thy sinews feel my pains?
Hearest thou the clanking chains?

Thou who madest me so fair,
Strong and buoyant as the air,
Tall and noble as a tree,
With the passions of the sea,

Swift as horse upon my feet,
Fierce as lion in my heat,
Rending, like a wisp of hay,
All that dared withstand my way.

Can'st thou see me through the gloom
Of this subterranean tomb,—
Blinded tiger in his den,
Once the lord and prince of men?

Clay was I; the potter Thou
With Thy thumb-nail smooth'dst my brow,
Roll'dst the spital-moistened sands
Into limbs between Thy hands.

Thou did'st pour into my blood
Fury of the fire and flood,
And upon the boundless skies
Thou did'st first unclothe my eyes.

And my breath of life was flame
God-like from the source it came,
Whirling round like furious wind
Thoughts upgathered in the mind.

Strong Thou mad'st me, till at length
All my weakness was my strength;
Tortured am I, blind and wrecked,
For a faulty architect.

From the woman at my side,
Was I woman-like to hide
What she asked me, as if fear
Could my iron heart come near?

Nay, I scorned and scorn again
Cowards who their tongues restrain;
Cared I no more for Thy laws
Than a wind of scattered straws.

When the earth quaked at my name
And my blood was all aflame,
Who was I to lie, and cheat
Her who clung about my feet.

From thy open nostrils blow
Wind and tempest, rain and snow,
Dost thou curse them on their course
For the fury of their force?

Tortured am I, wracked and bowed,
But the soul within is proud;
Dungeon fetters cannot still
Forces of the tameless will.

Israel's God come down and see
All my fierce captivity;
Let thy sinews feel my pains,
With thy fingers lift my chains.

Then, with thunder loud and wild,
Comfort thou thy rebel child,
And with lightning split in twain
Loveless heart and sightless brain.

Give me splendour in my death,
Not this sickening dungeon breath,
Creeping down my blood like slime,
Till it wastes me in my prime.

Give me back, for one blind hour,
Half my former rage and power,
And some giant crisis send
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God, Thy mercy show—
Crush him in the overthrow
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Drummondville, P. Q.

The Scientific Commission, appointed to select a site for a new capital of Brazil, consists of five civil engineers, two astronomers, a naturalist and an expert in hygiene. The commission has started for the central plateaus of the republic, where it hopes to find an ideal site for the future "greatest city of South America."—New York Tribune.

HAS CANADA AN INTEREST IN MOROCCO?

What interest has Canada in the mission lately sent to Morocco? is a question that has been frequently asked by Canadians who watch the movements upon the chess-board of the great world. And yet a moment's thought will show that every portion of the British Empire, yes, and every portion of the world at large, has a share in the opening up of new countries to trade.

All the money and privileges granted to the capitalists who built the Canadian Pacific Railroad would hardly have been sufficient, had there not been the prospect of an ever-increasing trade with China and Japan, and that trade is the direct outcome of Great Britain's policy with those countries for the last forty or fifty years, and it is not looking ahead too far to say that when Morocco is opened up, some portion of the trade, in which the imports are chiefly wheat and horses, will benefit Canada either directly or indirectly. It is, therefore, of interest to us to follow the events described by The Times' special correspondent and others who accompanied Sir C. Euan Smith upon his late mission to Fez, and to note the influences at work.

It is curious to see how the European papers chuckle over the present failure of Great Britain to accomplish her mission, and to watch the wheels within wheels that are at work to baffle her.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* says: "There can be no shadow of doubt that we are in the face of a parallel action on the part of France and Russia, which has for the present stopped the progress of the English in both cases (Morocco and Afghanistan). There is, we suppose, scarcely a single European power which does not see, with secret satisfaction, the failure of the English in Morocco. The endeavours of the French, however, to establish themselves in the country will not the more for that reason be crowned with success. On the contrary, the English will perhaps be able, hereafter, to make good their present losses. The latest events in Afghanistan are of a much more serious nature. Russia is enlarging, slowly, but surely, the sphere of her influence. The Amir, who was until recently a friend of the English, has now forbidden any interference on the part of England in his affairs, and will, as a next step, enter into friendly negotiations with the Russians. In this instance England will have a hard task to regain what she is on the point of losing."

The intelligence lately received that the Sultan of Morocco had announced his intention of asking for a Russian Minister to be accredited to his court, so that he might, with oriental astuteness, play off the French and Russian alliance against England and the other European powers, helps us to understand the connection in the minds of the friendly German writers between the two events mentioned.

And yet when Lord Salisbury selected Sir Euan Smith to carry England's mission to Morocco, it was with no dog-in-the-manger idea or instructions. Sir Euan Smith has already made a great name for himself in dealing with one of the worst slave-trading, semi-barbarous powers that has existed during the present epoch, and during his many years' residence as Consul-General at Zanzibar, which he ultimately brought under British protec-