

those of the latter, and the representation of one class by the other would at best be but partial. Some may hold that the effect of the measure would be a powerful inducement on the part of the illiterate, to come out from their condition. Now while this would be true of a portion, we cannot expect the same result from them all. Human nature gives us no ground for such an assumption. Whether the elective franchise be based upon education or property, seems to me not to differ in principle. In either case, many useful citizens are disfranchised. Again, the enforcement of such a scheme would be a mere farce. We all know how few persons are in any degree educated, and how many, though not reckoned as illiterate, are yet barely able to read intelligently. If we add to this the other difficulties of the plan, we will see that if the standard be made low, it will not effect the desired results; if it be high, it will cause a vast amount of deception.

In order to meet the great end in view, our system of education can be extended and improved. If public sentiment can be made to co-operate, then it is well and good: put in our eagerness to improve our national condition, we must not let zeal blind our eyes to the fact that obstacles of the most serious nature often lie in the way, even of the best of schemes.

CALUS.

RECIPROCATED MAXIMS.

CHAPTER III.

This story was commenced in the May issue. Back numbers can be obtained by addressing the Business Manager.

"We twa ha'e rin about the braes
And pu'ed the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne."—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Ten years have now passed away. In these ten years Howard McKee has made the tour of Europe, studied law, been admitted to the bar, and at this time is a judge of no mean reputation.

Nellie Raymond has during this time lead a quiet life at home, and we find her now in womanhood with that same "sweet, attractive grace" which formed so characteristic a feature of her character when she was first introduced to the reader in her teens. It is a frosty evening late in November, and she is sitting by a small table in front of the cosy sitting-room fire, busily engaged with some fancy needle-work. At length she lays aside her work and going to the window, peers out into the street as if anxiously awaiting her father's return from his store. Mr. Raymond had been for some days suffering from rheumatism, and Miss Raymond generally met him in the hall when he returned home, to help him off with his great coat, and put away his hat and cane. To-night however he was later than usual, and Miss Nellie, returning from the window, brought along to the light the morning's paper which she found on the window sill, and began to look over the column of local items. At the third paragraph her eyes rested upon the following announcement.

THE HON. HOWARD MCKEE gives a temperance lecture at Library Hall this evening. Let every one come out and hear him.

"Well," mused Miss Nellie, "who would have thought that the boy of ten years ago would have become the sober Judge McKee of to day. Some good people hinted to me then that he would without any doubt be in a drunkards's grave ere this. What a great mistake they made; probably because the mistook his boyish faults for more seated vices. I wonder if all smart boys must sow wild oats before they become men of strong minds and staunch moral characters. It does seem to me that real smart boys are more or less wild. I don't believe that old saying: "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined" will always apply to boys, that is, smart boys. Real smart boys seem to have a coat of mischief, which, like the pupa skin of some insects, must