

graphic arts, through which the scenes that most interest the world are visibly transported elsewhere and to another hemisphere, suspended in the printshops, laid on our tables, and rendered familiar to every man, woman, and child. Canada is far from the Crimea, considered geographically, but the leading points of the Crimea are familiar to Canadian eyes. We can see the heights of the Alma scaled by the allied troops, and to multitudes of persons in our country those heights are more familiar to-day than the heights of Quebec, which rise from the bank of our own noble river. We can see that awful and disastrous British charge at Balaklava, where, alas, "some one" had so sadly "blundered," and we can hear the French General's exclamation, "C'est magnifique !" We can see the "redoubts" and the "parallels" of the besieging army, and the strong walls and defiant forts of Sebastopol. And we can almost hear the noise of the mighty cannon and the dreadful crash of their shot and shell. Nay more, such is the connection which subsists between the various nations, by the multiplied agencies of our present commercial civilization, that the blow of battle struck in one land is not only heard, but felt, in other lands. A war on the shores of the Euxine is soon felt in the "funds" on the banks of the Seine and the Thames. And a strain put on mercantile resources there is speedily felt on this side of the Atlantic,—in New York and Boston—in Wall Street and State Street. It is felt in our own streets and throughout our own country. The war takes away our mail steamships, and somewhat halts the progress of our Grand Trunk Railway.

"A sound of battle is in the land, and of great destruction." We have heard it now for more than a year.