

three fights upon the wharves. When I lived further to the south, a Sunday seldom went by without two or three pitched battles at the foot of the street, but a police officer or a magistrate was rarely to be seen. . . . Boys are playing marbles and pitch and toss all over the streets on Sunday, without anybody to check them." Quite a land of liberty; but the rowdies could hardly help having a wholesome respect for at least one of the magistrates, who was able to exercise his powers after the following fashion:—One Sunday afternoon when Mr. Howe was wending his way homewards, Bible under his arm, Joe trotting by his side, they came upon two men fighting out their little differences. The old gentleman sternly commanded them to desist, but, very naturally, they only paused long enough to answer him with cheek. "Hold my Bible, Joe," said his father; and taking hold of each of the bruisers by the head, and swinging them to and fro as if they were a couple of noisy newspaper boys, he bumped their heads together for a few minutes; then, with a lunge from the left shoulder, followed by another from the right, he sent them staggering off, till brought up by the ground some twenty or thirty feet apart. "Now lads," calmly remarked the mighty magistrate to the prostrate twain, "let this be a lesson to you not to break the Sabbath in future;" and, taking his Bible under his arm, he and Joe resumed their walk homewards, the little fellow gazing up with a new admiration on the slightly flushed but always beautiful face of his father. As boy or man, the son never wrote or spoke of him but with reverence. "For thirty years," he once said, "he was my instructor, my playfellow, almost my daily companion. To him I owe my fondness for reading, my familiarity with the Bible, my knowledge of old Colonial and American incidents and characteristics. He left me nothing but his example and the memory of his many virtues, for all that he ever earned

was given to the poor. He was too good for this world; but the remembrance of his high principles, his cheerfulness, his child-like simplicity and truly Christian character is never absent from my mind." Oh, rich inheritance, that all parents might leave to their children! It was his practice for years "to take his Bible under his arm every Sunday afternoon, and assembling around him in the large room all the prisoners in the Bridewell, to read and explain to them the Word of God. . . . Many were softened by his advice and won by his example; and I have known him to have them, when their time had expired, sleeping unsuspected beneath his roof, until they could get employment in the country." So testified his son concerning him in Halifax. When too old to do any regular work, he often visited the houses of the poor and infirm in the city and beyond Dartmouth, filling his pockets at a grocery-store with packages of tea and sugar before starting on any of his expeditions. The owner of the store told me that Joe had given orders to supply him with whatever he asked for in that line. When nearly eighty years of age his philanthropy took a peculiar turn. He was greatly afflicted at the number of old maids in Halifax. Making a minute calculation, he declared that there were five hundred of them actually living between Freshwater on the South and Cunard's Wharf on the North of the City; and believing marriage to be the greatest boon that could be bestowed on woman, he took an office and announced that he would give a lot of land up the country, at Shubenacadie, to every young fellow that married one of them and settled down to country life. The amount of business done in this Shubenacadie office I have not been able to find out.

Joe's mother—his father's second wife—was a sensible, practical Bluenose widow, a fit helpmeet for her unworldly husband. Her son describes her lovingly and well in