

These words have called forth tears of true tribute from every wanderer or exile as he dwells or has dwelt upon the scenes and the home of his early days.

It is now creeping on to fifty years since we first left the home of our youth. That home is delightfully situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, two miles above the Lachine Rapids, and nearly opposite the old Indian town of Carignan, being the very spot on which the Canadian home of Robert de la Salle stands, as pictured in our articles 9 and 10 in TRUTH.

During the lovely month of May, 1885, we paid a visit to the old home. How changed was all around! Not one of kith, kindred, or of name to be found there. Not one of the many playmates of our youth. They are all gone! The greater number of them have been gathered to their fathers. Others of them have found other homes. We felt as a stranger—a desolate stranger—at the home and amid the very scenes of our youth.

We stood beneath the same clear, blue sky, unchanged! Such as gladdened our young days. We trod the very same ground as of old; but, nevertheless, a great change had been wrought! This was the old home in which grandsire, grandame, father and mother lived, labored and died! This was the home where sisters and brothers were born and grew up side by side; but now "their graves or their homes are severed far and wide." The living remnant of them have been driven from their home by hard oppressor, by wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

We sought the old garden, where the pear, the plum, and the cherry of old France were choicest of fruit, but nothing remains to mark where a garden had been, a green sod now covers the whole spot. Even the old hawthorn, which stood at the foot of the garden with its seats beneath the shade where, fifty years ago, we studied our lessons or pondered over some favorite author, has succumbed to age or fallen beneath the leveller's axe.

We sought the old seat by the road side at the corner of the old stone wall. Nothing remains to mark the spot except the two supporting stones. This old seat was the summer evening resort of old and young, "For talking age and whispering lover, made." Many a tale of the old time, Scotch or Canadian, was told and retold on that old seat. It was the family out-door seat.

Old men now living, who were brought up in the country will, on reading this, recall just such another seat close by the homes of their early youth. And, perchance, they may repeople those dear old seats with faces from the dead! with forms which are ever present in their memories! Wander where we may, voices from the dead will ever ring in our ears, rejoicing the heart or, maybe, filling it with deep sorrow in dwelling upon the wrongs and the ravages of time.

This is where the old orchard stood, partly enclosed by a stone wall; over 500 trees were standing there 50 years ago. Not a score of them now remain. They were of the choicest kinds from Old France, some of them were planted in the days of Champlain by the early Jesuit Fathers and added to by La Salle and his successors. This old orchard was long known as the oldest in Canada. A feeling of deepest sadness crept over us as we paced, in solemn silence, the old orchard ground. We could mark the spot where this and that old tree stood, bearing tempting but not forbidden fruit.

This simple sketch of a visit to an old Canadian home may meet the eye of many a grey-haired wanderer whose early home is,

perhaps, thousands of miles away, and may awaken in him "Ties that stretch beyond the deep, and love that scorns the lapse of time."

This is a true picture of many an old home. What home is there without its tale of sorrow, by which families have been wronged, ruined and scattered to the four winds of heaven? The wrong-door in this particular case is to be pitied! Mark him well as he walks the public path. Go mark his downcast eyes—his haggard face and his forced, unearthly smile! "He ever bears about a silent court of justice in his breast. Himself the judge and jury, and himself the prisoner at the bar, over condemned."

This old home is not only dear to the writer as being his birthplace, but it will ever be held sacred by Canadians as the home of the most noted character in Canadian history. This was the Canadian home of Robert de la Salle, as described in our articles 9 and 10 in TRUTH.

### HOW THE GOVERNMENT WILL FARE AFTER RIEL.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

I am one of those who have the greatest admiration for the soundness, the solidity, and the clearness of Mr. Blake's intellectual parts. But once more I have to confess a feeling of disappointment at his utter lack of tact. When the country was at the highest pitch of excitement respecting the North-West insurrection, Sir John Macdonald introduced his Franchise Bill, the measure, to use a pet illustration of his own, being calculated to act as a red herring to divert the Opposition from the more important scent. And members of the Opposition said: "This may be a very clever dodge; but Sir John has outwitted himself. Under pretext of fighting this iniquitous measure, we shall keep Parliament together till the moment comes to strike a blow at the Government for its impotent and mischievous policy in the North-West." And many who stand aloof from "sides" replied: "Yes, you are right. The Opposition has Sir John this time." Well, the fight about the Franchise went on at Ottawa while a few bands of Indians and a couple of score of ragged Halfbreeds were killing and maiming our young men in the prairie bush.

Meanwhile, Mr. Blake kept pretty much out of the House, and was understood all the while to be compacting a charge to fix into the Government at the very first opportunity. Some people, who are becoming somewhat sick of the monotony of Tory Government, went to conspicuous Liberals and offered suggestions respecting the manner in which the case against the ministry should be handled. The said conspicuous members readily and cordially agreed that the proposals were good; "but," they added, "this matter is in Mr. Blake's hands, and we have every faith that he will carry it through right."

But Mr. Blake is not in the habit of carrying "through right" anything that calls for an exercise of diplomatic skill. The universe "is run by reason and mathematics," but it takes a good deal more than reason and mathematics to procure the smooth, efficient, and harmonious working of the law, that "resolves the earth a sphere, and guides the planets in their course." Unfortunately for the Opposition, and for the principles which they advocate, Mr. Blake looks not at tact or finesse, without which the most brilliant statesman is a mere political hewer of wood and drawer of water, but upon the regulation,

the systematic, or, better still, the lawyer's mode of presenting the case. Every step proposed against the Government takes the form of a magnificent brief. It is always regarded as a splendid sort of political fireworks; but it never hurts anybody.

After long and painful cogitation, Mr. Blake came out of his cell, and in a magnificent speech inferentially arraigned the Government for mismanagement and malfeasance in the North-West. But the effect was neither a motion of want of confidence, nor a direct charge against the Government. It was simply a round of magnificent blank cartridges fired into the faces of the holders of ministerial benches. "Great Caesar, what is Mr. Blake at now?" some spectators asked. "Wait a little and you will see," was the reply. "He is feeling his way. This is a sort of preliminary fusillade. But the wary old political fox, Sir John, insisted that it was not a feeler, or a fusillade, or anything of the sort. He declared Mr. Blake to be a man who had something to say, but who was afraid to say it, because his case was not a strong one. The Tories all accepted Sir John's version, and I very much regret to say that a great many persons who wavered between the Grit and Tory lines were impressed much as the majority in the House of Commons was impressed. The truth is that in this blank assault upon the Government Mr. Blake very much resembled a general who goes out with powder-guns, and tom-toms, and wooden spears before the enemy's fortifications; makes a flourish there and then returns, after he has been raked fore and aft by the enemy's fire. It would be no argument for good generalship if the officer were to say: 'Oh, that was merely a preliminary affair. The greatest is behind.' The public, in spite of bias, was craving for a hostile declaration when Mr. Blake spoke. They wanted a square meal, and he gave them a magnificent service, without any viands in the dishes."

The session is drawing to a close, the unfortunate event in the North-West is ended and Mr. Blake is preparing to go home. Everyone must now ask of the Opposition: *Quis furor est O Ciores?* Wherefore all this delay and oratory, if the matter is to end like this? Clearly, once again Mr. Blake has leant upon the usage of the constitutional lawyer, and once again has found it a rotten stick. The House will meet again next winter, and there will be arraignments and want of confidence motions upon the hearsay evidence of the summer and autumn. Sir John will characterize the evidence as fraud and falsehood, and his followers will say: "Yea, so it is, Sir John." A suggestion has been offered to Mr. Blake as to how information could be obtained, but, wedded to legal form, he has shut his ear. It is a pity that so up right, so able, so honorable a man should choose political expatriation for himself and his party in deference to a theory and a system that have been over and over again proven unfortunate and wrong. It is because of my sympathy with Mr. Blake, and my regard for him as the purest, and—intellectually—the ablest statesman in this country, that I write as I have done in this letter.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.

A smooth sea can never make a skillful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

### GLINTS OF HOME LIFE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

The writer of this column of household talks solicits from the lady reader any correspondence that may be of mutual benefit. If "in a multitude of counsel there is wisdom" it is well, by an interchange of thought, to show our often dearly-bought experiences. I was quite amused one day lately when attending a kitchen garden lesson given by Miss Huntington, of New York, in which she sought to train little girls in the mysteries of housekeeping. The minor details seemed so simple to a number of experienced housekeepers who were on-lookers, and we smiled quite superior to these childish teachings. But in speaking of new iron pots, she remarked, "You must boil a handful of hay or grass in it first, if you would have it sweet and clean for use." The lady who sat nearest me said with a touch of respect for a new idea, "I never knew that, did you?" Curiously enough it had been one of the useful items on Marion Harland's calendar for that day, but I had learned it in the early years of my housekeeping. It showed plainly, however, that it is possible to learn something from every one we meet, if we are only on the lookout to do so. This department of all others should be of service to the readers of this fresh and original weekly, and while questions will be answered as far as possible, the aim will be to help those who "alter by the way, to strengthen weak hands, and to give each other 'glints of home life.'" Correspondence to be addressed to Mrs. ANNIE L. JACK, Hillside, Chateaugay Basin, Province of Quebec.

### An Angel's Touch

Rough natures and careless lives often show surprises of redeeming kindness. An instance of this victory of the better feelings, in the presence of innocent want, is related in the San Francisco News-Letter. A little girl of nine or ten years old entered a place which is a bakery, grocery and saloon combined, and asked for five cents' worth of tea.

"How's your mother?" asked the boy who came forward to wait on her.

"She's sick, and ain't had anything to eat to-day."

The boy was then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In a few minutes she was fast asleep and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the nickel in a tight grip between thumb and finger.

One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said:

"Say, you drunkards, see here! Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this child and her mother wants bread. Here's a two-dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left."

"And I can add a dollar," observed one.

"And I'll give another."

They made up a collection amounting to five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades:

"Jist look there—the gal's dreamin'!"

So she was. A tear had rolled from her closed eyelid, but on the face was a smile. The men went out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out:

"What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it."

When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said:

"Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery!"

We would like to believe that those men, who let the angel in them speak, went away resolved never to drink whiskey any more.