

sacrilegious speech and gives utterance to a very fine soliloquy, "It's a grand spectacle; it's the voice of nature in the wilderness proclaiming to the untutored tribe thereof the power and majesty and glory of God. It is consecrated by the visible impress of the great invisible Architect. It is sacred ground—a temple not made by hands. It cannot be viewed without fear and trembling, nor contemplated without wonder and awe. It proclaims to man as to Moses of old, 'Draw not nigh hither, put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground!' He who appears in the flame of fire in the bush, and the bush was not consumed, appears also in the rush of water, and the water diminishes not. Talk not to me of mills, factories, and machinery, sir, nor of introducing the money changers into the Temple of the Lord." Sam did not like this language any better than he did the numerous figures of the poets for the babbling brook—His own attempt is "the noise water makes tumblin' over stones in a brook, a-sputterin' like a toothless old woman scoldin' with a mouthful of hot tea in her lantern cheek." Topsey "grewed" but long after Sam's gall (I., ch. 12) says: "I guess I warn't brought up at all; I grow'd up." His description of Nova Scotia weather would suit the most of us nowadays. They haven't any spring there, he says. They retain the name of the beautiful season but it is "*Vox et preterea nihil*." But the fall is fine, *rare cheerfulsome*.

"*Travelling in America*" (II., ch. 5) gives the author an opportunity to open the flood-gates of his wit on the hasty travelers who write books of travel and is full of "bam." "They think they know everything, and all they got to do is, to up Hudson like a shot, into the lakes full split, off to Mississippi and down to New Orleans full chisel, back to New York, and up Killock, and home in a liner and write a book." The *genus* is not all dead yet."

Woman is a difficult subject to Samuel! She is deceitful, worse than horse-flesh. (II., ch. 17.) There is often a false modesty about her which is a sure sign of indelicacy. (II., ch. 18.) He doesn't believe all the fine talk about domestic hearth, etc., prefers a boarding house (II., ch. 20) and holds forth at great length on matrimony and its disadvantages. (III., ch. 9.) He doesn't want any woman rule, but agrees with the clever woman who is the man of the house, that if the breeches are worn the petticoats ought to be long enough to hide them. He has a chapter on the "Taming of a Shrew" (I., ch. 25) in which he tells of using very drastic measures in the case in question. He thinks there is "an everlasting sight of nonsense about wine, women and horses." He's had a good deal of trading in all of them and he thinks "no one knows a grain of any of them." A woman's heart is not a pipestem and won't break. "It is just like a new india rubber shoe." "There's a plaguy sight of wear in it." (I., ch. 10.) But the road to a woman's heart is by soft *sawder* and through her child.

Slick is a notorious punster. A very good thing is his translation of the Latin "*Dulce est pro patria mori*" and is still another slap at patriotism. He had been listening to an old kurnel of Bangor, Hon. Conrad Corncob, as he was twisting the lion's tail and quoting this line. Sam allowed it were better to live by one's country and gave as his translation—"mori" the more I get, "pro patria" by the country, "dulce est" the sweeter it is. This was in reality

the valiant kurnel's practical translation as well.

Enough has now been quoted, or references given to show that Haliburton was an author of no mean power and a fit companion of Theodore Hook. No one will suppose that he has no faults. Samuel is too clever by half. He is a ventriloquist, can give an opinion of weight on any subject, can paint with the best, can bronze, gild or do anything under the sun; the very best example of the Jack-of-all-trades. He is matter-of-fact, but too much so, for matter-of-fact men are very often the most profane though, perhaps, not meaning it. He loves no poetry nor fine talk, about as bad a fault as that of Cassius. His punning propensities lead him to overstep the bounds of propriety and a *double entendre* is not rare. His characterization of women will hardly suit this age of woman worship. But let no one think that he is therefore not to be read. There are mines of common sense, of brilliant *aphoristic* sayings scattered through his works which will delight anyone who will take the trouble to read them and innumerable instances could be given to prove that quite a proportion of our modern slang phrases, witticisms and aphorisms date from this great Bluenose.

Of course, life in Nova Scotia is not now what it was then, apple-parings, husking bees, and all the other frolics of those days are now dying out and the Nova Scotian, though still a great politician, is wide awake and a match for the cute Yankee posterity of the good-natured, knowin' Samuel Slick.

L. E. HORNING.

### MY FRIEND.

My friend is gone!

Ere the joy-dawn rose over night of sorrow,  
While hope was lingering with the early morrow,

That never shone.

My friend is gone!

When came so near the oil of life's anointment,  
Down in the depths of endless disappointment,

Till life was done.

My friend is gone!

O men with head and heart, how dared ye tarry?  
Cold is the brow that fits the wreaths ye carry,

The curtain's drawn.

My friend is gone!

Vacant his chair my study fire still facing,  
Silent his voice of wisdom all embracing,  
I sit alone.

My friend has fled!

Forth have I gone to meet him with tears falling,  
Hearing one voice amid all voices calling,  
"My friend is dead!"

My friend is hence!

O'er his dead form they bade me pray, entreating  
Comfort for those whose hearts ne'er ceased repeating  
Late penitence.

My friend is gone!

Through the deep snow I saw his bier descending,  
Earth unto earth, and that was friendship's ending,  
Yet I live on.

For he is blest.

Patient and calm, and meekly long enduring  
Trials and ills beyond the leal heart's curing,  
He finds his rest."

My friend, released  
From earthy labours in the field God-given,  
Joins the employ of tireless saints in Heaven,  
All troubles ceased.

My friend is gone!  
Thither, where he who best has borne life's burden,  
Sits in the seat of highest heavenly guerdon,  
The victory won.

Lost friend of mine!  
Lost till the night ends, and God sends me warning,  
"Endless shall be your meeting in the morning,

My friend's and thine."

Love has no end!  
God grant me then such fond heart's exclamation,  
While on my spirit falls His proclamation,  
"Behold thy friend!"

J. CAWDOR BELL.

### THE LIEUTENANT'S WATCH.

#### CHAPTER I.

"OLD TIME'S ON WING."

"After all it has turned out very luckily then, and you will not have to keep it in a sling so very long, eh Duff?" and Mr. Hartley rubbed his hands with much satisfaction. "You look very white though, my dear; perhaps you had better change your mind and not come to dinner. Be sure you do not put yourself to any pain."

"No, Henry; I can come. You will have to cut up my dinner for me though. Mr. Duff, you are not going? I cannot think of letting you. Why, I might let the bandage slip, or something, you know. I have not had it on long."

"Really, my dear, you do not flatter Mr. Duff; but of course he will stay and take dinner with us. What can be keeping Hilyard? He must surely be coming. There—that's his ring, I am sure. Now we can go into dinner. It's very lucky, Meg, that you've not hurt yourself more."

"Indeed, I fear Mrs. Hartley will find that a sprained wrist is no light affliction. If I am not mistaken, it is hurting her more than she allows."

"My dear, is this true? You must not come in to dinner. Ah! here is Hilyard—we were just giving you up."

A tall, bluff old man entered the room and grasped Hartley's proffered hand, then a look of surprise came into his eyes as he turned to Mrs. Hartley.

"Ah! you did not expect to see me like this, Mr. Hilyard," she said, in her sweet contralto voice. "I have had an accident, and I cannot shake hands with you. I slipped on that step, and sprained my wrist."

"It cannot be the deprivation to you, madam, that it is to me, when I cannot touch your hand."

"That is delightful, Mr. Hilyard. There was never anyone could come up to you for paying compliments. Ah! dinner is ready, and I feel quite faint for mine. Henry, are you coming?"

Duff and Mr. Hartley followed her, and in another minute they were seated around the small, bright dinner table. If Mrs. Hartley's wrist caused her any pain, she kept it out of sight, and talked as brightly and as happily as a still young and pretty woman, surrounded by love and admiration, should. She was very fond of a little admiration, and she was clever, too, and a very