

In Canada, not a controversy could be named, that would not rouse a controversy. As there were two opinions aforesaid, so would there be now.

Sir Robert Walpole, during his last illness, desiring a friend to read to him, was asked to select the book. "*Anything but History,*" he answered, "*that must be false.*" The dying statesman, who for more than 20 years, as Prime Minister of England, had been making history, knew full well whereof he spoke. His criticism was somewhat novel then, but the century since its utterance has made the sneer a maxim. A hundred years ago, and to the common kind all history was alike, the legends of Livy or the marvels of Herodotus, the gossip of Suetonius or the campaigns of Cæsar,—all were sacred—to question them was well nigh heresy. But to day is the age of the iconoclasts. Under their blows our idols are crumbling to powder. They dig up the musty records from which history has been made, they search into the lives of the historians to find out who they were, and they seek further, to find out why they wrote. True science is exact, for it is founded on laws which are immutable; true poetry is immortal, for its breath is inspiration; but history is like the work of the photographer, it depends for its accuracy upon the material, the workman, the focus and the atmosphere. No wonder that the scholar rises from his task to say with Walpole, "*It must be false.*"

This restless, inquisitive 19th century presses its enquiries everywhere, into the heavens above, into the earth beneath, and into the waters under the earth; but its record will contain no more instructive and fascinating chapter than that which describes its re-arrangement of the annals of the past. We have seen a host of great scholars, led by the audacious Niebuhr, reconstructing Roman history; we have seen another army sifting the grains of truth from the fairy tales of the early Greek historians; whilst, still later, an indefatigable explorer has exhumed the wall of ancient Troy, and