

stand up for their country, especially when not in it. "When I'm abroad," said he, "I brag of everything that Nova Scotia is, has, or can produce; and when they beat me at everything else, I turn round on them, and say, 'how high does your tide rise?'" He always had them there. No other country could match the tides of the Bay of Fundy. When living in Ottawa, he took a long walk one day by the Rideau Canal, near some magnificent maples, a tree far superior to the Nova Scotian maple, and as if for the first time awakened to a sense of their surpassing beauty, he turned round to his wife, and half-reluctantly, but determined to be honest, said, "I th-think they are rather finer than ours."

This insular-like prejudice in favour of his own tight little Province, combined with his deep-seated healthy conservatism of feeling, came to him by right. His father was a Puritan, descended, not only after the flesh but in spirit, from one of those stout Englishmen of the middle-class who left their native country and settled in New England, between 1630 and 1637, not because they loved old England less, but because they loved freedom more. Even as they then left home and country in obedience to conscience, so, likewise, in obedience to principle did John Howe seek a new home for himself and his young wife in the 18th century. And no English squire of the 17th century was truer in heart to England and to God, than was John Howe when he turned his back on Boston and on rebellion, and sailed for Nova Scotia. The picture drawn by Carlyle of the English squire describes the young Yankee printer. "He clearly appears," declares the Chelsea seer, "to have believed in God, not as a figure of speech but as a very fact, very awful to the heart of the English squire. He wore his Bible doctrine round him as our squire wears his shot-belt; went abroad with it, nothing doubting." So too lived John Howe; so he always went abroad, Bible

under his arm. His son tried hard, more than once, to trace him back to that John Howe who was chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. Whether he succeeded or not I do not know. At any rate the loyalist printer was not unworthy of the grand old Puritan. The well-known story that illustrates the chaplain's unselfishness could be matched by many a similar one in the printer's long and holy life. On one occasion, the chaplain was soliciting pardon or patronage for some person, when Cromwell turned sharply round and said, "John, you are always asking something for some poor fellow; why do you never ask anything for yourself?"

Whether descended from so illustrious a forefather or not, John Howe was a Puritan, and a right noble one. No matter how early in the morning his son might get up, if there was any light in the eastern sky, there was the old gentleman sitting at the window, the Bible on his knee. On Sunday mornings he would start early to meet the little flock of Sandemanians to whom he preached in an upper room for many years, not as an ordained minister, but as a brother who had gifts—who could expound the Word in a strain of simple eloquence that a high salary does not ensure. Puritan in character, in faith, and in the ritual he loved, there were signs that neither was the Puritan organ of combativeness undeveloped in him. As a magistrate, also, he doubtless believed that the sword should not be borne in vain; and being an unusually tall, stately man, possessed of immense physical strength, he could not have been pleasant in the eyes of law-breakers, of whom Halifax contained not a few in those days, according to the testimony of his son. He declared that "there was no town elsewhere of the size and respectability of Halifax where the peace was worse preserved. Scarcely a night passes that there are not cries of murder in the upper streets; scarcely a day that there are not two or