of the Indus. He thinks it probable that the Valley of the Euphrates, lying in the centre of a belt of cultivation extending from China to the Canaries, was the chief home of the species in prehistoric times, and that to the east and west of Western Asia wheat has never existed save as a cultivated plant.

The extraordinary developments of the quarrel between the two sections of the Irish Nationalists have cast every other old-world topic of interest into temporary obscurity. A Canadian pioneer, Mr. Samuel Thompson, in his interesting "Reminiscences," describes an incident which came under his notice during a visit to Galway in 1833, which sheds light on the perfervid Irish temperament and its excessive inflammability. A warden of Galway, like another Brutus, hanged his own son from a window of his house to prevent a rescue by the populace. During Mr. Thompson's visit, this ill-omened house was still standing, though greatly dilapidated, a sad memento of the domestic tragedy. One day he was sitting in a hair-dresser's shop on the other side of the street, looking across at the warden's dismal house, when a beggarman, in rags that barely covered his nakedness, with a sack over his shoulder and a cudgel in one hand, came lounging along. "A butcher's dog of aristocratic tastes took offence at the man's rags and attacked him savagely. The old man struck at the dog, the dog's owner darted out of his cellar and struck at the beggar, somebody else took a part, and in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the narrow street was blocked up with men furiously wielding shillelaghs, striking right and left at whoever happened to be most handy, and yelling like Dante's devils in full chorus. Another minute and a squad of policemen in green uniforms—peelers, they are popularly called—appeared as if by magic and with the effect of magic; for instantly, and with a celerity evidently the result of long practice, the crowd, beggarman, butcher's dog and all, vanished into the yawning cellars, and the street was left as quiet as before, the police marching leisurely back to their barracks." The account that Mr. Thompson gives of the surrounding peasantry and the fishing population of the coast tallies so exactly with the reports of Mr. Balfour's tour as to make it evident that two generations have brought no improvement in their condition and mode of living. On Mr. Balfour has devolved the task, while Mr. Parnell and his former colleagues are settling their deplorable quarrel, of creating that elysium of rural prosperity which so many statesmen have fruitlessly promised.

CANADA FIRST.

It is nearly twenty years since this suggestive motto was adopted as the watchword of a number of patriotic Canadians. It was originally the title of a brochure published in Toronto in the year 1871 from the pen of the late Mr. W. A. Foster, Q.C. The author of it had already in 1865 and the two following years made the formation of a Canadian confederation the basis of an appeal to the national sentiment of his compatriots. In an article in the *Westminster Review*, he undertook to make clear to English readers the significance of the movement for the union of the Provinces, tracing to its origin the aspiration of which he believed it to be the development, and hazarding a forecast of its probable sequel. An article in the same review in 1866 dealt with the history and effects of the reciprocity treaty and its termination. The third in the series was contributed to the Toronto *Telegraph* in August, 1867, after the late Mr. George Brown had insisted on renewing the old party warfare, which had ceased for a time in order to carry confederation. All these articles revealed an original and independent habit of thought and a vigorous grasp of principles and facts. But it was "Canada First; or, Our New Nationality," that attracted most attention, especially among the younger educated men who had been born in the country and were proud to be called Canadians. It rehearsed the ignored or little known evidences of achievement which justified the larger aspiration. It pointed to the great names on the pages of Canadian history; recited the glories of the heroic age of the earlier régime; dwelt on the valiant struggle of the little handful of colonists against their secular foe; of the transfer to the victors of the land which they had settled; of the later conflicts in which victors and vanquished had stood shoulder to shoulder in defence of their right to live and develop in their own way; of the invasions of 1775 and 1812, 1866 and 1870, and the prompt courage with which patriots of both races had united in repelling the aggressors. It enumerated the long line of native statesmen who had initiated and continued till success crowned their efforts the battle for constitutional rights and responsible government. It recounted the obscurer but no less real and enduring triumphs of the hardy pioneers who had made the wilderness blossom as the rose. It indicated the more salient features in Canada's vast and varied resources which were the heritage of a people worthy of their descent from the most distinguished of European races. It drew attention to the spread of education and to the first fruits of scientific research, scholarship and literary culture. It mentioned with pride the names of Logan, Gibb, Haliburton, Falardeau, Paul Kane, Bourassa, Mrs. Moodie, Miss Murray, Dr. (Sir Daniel) Wilson, Dr. McCaul, John Foster Kirk, Heavysege, Mair, De Boucherville, Garneau, Sangster and many another who had won repute and conferred honour on Canada in the spheres of science, literature and art. It gave a list of famous Canadian soldiers and sailors—Williams, Dunn, McNab, Wallis, Westphal, Montizambert, Welsford—who had won laurels fighting for the Empire in India, Egypt, the Crimea and all over the world.

We need not now recapitulate the inferences that Mr. Foster drew from the comments of strangers who only remembered that Canada was a colony. We would rather dwell with some share of satisfaction on the extent to which his forecasts have been fulfilled. Since 1871 the attitude of Englishmen towards those outlying parts of the Empire to which Sir Charles Dilke gave the name of Greater Britain, and which the Marquis of Lorne prefers to call Larger Britain, has undergone a welcome change. The colonies have become too important, too powerful to provoke contemptuous criticism from any Englishman of intelligence or influence. While their development as a whole during the last twenty years has been extraordinary, Canada has, in many respects, more than kept pace with the average of advancement. If Mr. Foster were writing his essay to-day he would be able to add many triumphs to those which he so proudly recalled in 1871. At that date the confederation was not yet quite complete, even as to the formal admission of the Provinces constituting it, while as for the Western half of the Dominion, it was still an unknown region, a great lone land, of whose capabilities we had only begun to be aware It was virtually more distant from Eastern Canada than Europe was. Its great natural features and resources had only begun to be carefully examined; for it was not till that very year, 1871, that the Geological Survey entered upon the explorations which have proved so fruitful and have revealed such a practically exhaustless store of economic wealth. The course of events since "Canada First" was written has shown an ever increasing tendency to give reality to what many then regarded as a dream. Without discussing the different standpoints from which the new nationality might be regarded, there is no reason to doubt that the national sentiment has broadened and deepened, that the bonds between the several provinces have been drawn closer, and that the gaps of territory between the different groups have been to a considerable extent filled up by settlement. The Canada of to-day presents many salient contrasts to the Canada of 1871. The younger men of to-day have grown up accustomed to conditions, the forecast of which could hardly have occurred to the most sanguine twenty years ago. Those who were young men when Mr. Foster wrote his patriotic and spirit-stirring appeal have lived to see at least the nearing mountain tops of the promised land of his vision. Not only in the material order is the situation greatly in advance of what it was when the western half of British America was entering the Dominion, but in the intellectual order also there has been a most gratifying progress.

The spread of education from ocean to ocean is one of the most welcome features in the change. Only those who are able to compare the professional and business communities of the time when Mr. Foster issued his trumpet-call with those communities as they have been modified by the advantages of the higher training can realize what headway has been made in that direction alone. The universities of the older provinces have been placed upon a footing of efficiency which facilitates beyond expectation the diffusion of culture among all who cherish aspirations after knowledge and taste. No young Canadian need perish for lack of knowledge, the means of acquiring which have been brought to his door, and made accessible even to slender incomes. The number of persons, not only in the professions, but in every occupation, who take courses at college has fully trebled. Provision has been made for instruction in technical subjects, which has rendered Canada independent of outside aid in those branches of industry that call for special training. The admission of women to our universities is another step forward that ought not to be ignored. But if we look to newer Canada (Manitoba, the Territories, and British Columbia), the gain in those respects is still more noteworthy. On this side of the Rocky Mountains and beyond Lake Superior the educational system comprises all the grades known to the older provinces. Manitoba University was hailed in England as the solution of a great problem—the co-operation of colleges of different creeds so as to form one central institution. The same plan will probably be adopted by and by with the Territorial colleges. British Columbia has reached the university stage with every prospect of equalling what cis-montane Canada has achieved.

There is one feature in connection with the development of the western half of our great country that deserves special mention—the large proportion of graduates in the several communities. This is at least partially due to the increased appreciation of university training in older Canada, whence the new provinces were mainly settled. But it is not the number of graduates alone that merits attention. It is the evidence of higher and more extended literary efficiency in the younger generation that inspires us with pride and hope. If Mr. Foster were still with us to compile his lists of eminent Canadians over again, he would have to make additions in every department of intellectual effort of names that any country might be proud to own. New Canada, as well as Old Canada, has contributed to the welcome total. In literature, in science, in art, in arms, in diplomacy, in statesmanship, in exploration, in the higher ranks of commerce, Canada has been pushing steadily to the front. There are drawbacks, it is true; if there were not, there would be no scope for earnest endeavour. But the sentiment which it was Mr. Foster's patriotic aim to make and keep alive in the breast of every Canadian—of the educated Canadian, especially—lives and bears fruit from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He wrote not, he spoke not, in vain; and, though he has gone from us, his words have still power to deepen our love for the land that he loved so well, and the more we hearken to his exhortations to sink old feuds and prejudices and sectional jealousies in the stream of oblivion, the sooner shall we attain the full fruition of that seed-time of aspiration and hopeful striving in which he led the way.

In the Grove.

You read us Lampman's poems, while we lay
In green seclusion of an island grove;
Curled clouds across the lucent heavens drove
The shining flocks and herds of shepherd day;
The maples round us raised their pillars gray,
An osprey from the blue above us dove,
And harsh and deep the steamer's whistle clove
Our tranced sweet quiet from the river-way.

The poet's mystic work of lofty rhyme
Around our hearts its cords of wisdom threw;
His high dreams brooded o'er us from the blue,
His words were mingled with the water's chime:
The infinite deep delights of August's prime
From Song's soft charm a holier gladness drew.

J. E. Gostwycke Roberts.