

leader in philanthropic work, and he became a politician.

Grant has told the story of these early political struggles himself, in that address of last January which forms his valedictory. I may quote from it: "Eighteen sixty-three to sixty-eight were stirring years in the Maritime Provinces, especially in Nova Scotia. Large questions almost simultaneously occupied the public mind. At first they were, shall we provide free, common schools for all our children or not? and shall our little Province encourage the establishment of a university governed by an independent board of different denominations, or remain content with a number of small and sectarian institutions? But these questions, important in themselves, soon became dwarfed by the infinitely more important one, shall our three Provinces remain separate or shall they form a Maritime Union or even a confederation with Upper and Lower Canada, and so aim at the formation of a British North American nation? The issue forced every man to whom country was dearer than self to think, and to think with all his might. It soon became evident that vested interests were imperilled; that the immediate prosperity of Halifax, the good old city I loved so well, was threatened; and that local feelings, all over the Province were in favour of our remaining simply Nova Scotians, instead of trying an experiment, the outcome of which no man could foretell."

Unity had already become the guiding principle of Grant's political action. It was better for Nova Scotia to make some sacrifice to enter into the full heritage of nationhood. Howe, of whom Grant had been a fol-

lower, faltered and made the great failure of his life; Grant left him, and aided Dr. Tupper, the champion of Confederation. He wrote and spoke; he rendered powerful aid to Tupper, and of course he angered the opponents of Confederation and scandalized those who held that a preacher should stick to his pulpit. To quote once more: "Mr. — is not coming to church, one of the elders said to me, in an icy tone, 'because he is offended at you for having spoken in Pictou in favor of Confederation?' 'Has it not occurred to you that I may be offended, because he has spoken against Confederation?' I replied. 'This point of view was so novel that a puzzled look was the only response. 'Tell him,' I resumed, 'that I am not at all offended, and that he has too much good sense to deny me the freedom which he himself takes.' Both men, it may be added, remained members of the congregation."

Five years after Confederation came a picturesque sequel. A member of Mr. Grant's congregation was Sandford Fleming, the engineer who had been in charge of the building of the Intercolonial Railway. He was now Engineer-in-Chief of the C.P.R. Mr. Fleming judged it necessary to travel over the entire length of the projected line—a formidable undertaking—and he asked his pastor to go with the party as secretary. The adventurous Highlander—he was 36 years of age—eagerly consented. Along the rivers of New Ontario, over the prairies of the West, through the profound solitudes of the Yellowhead Pass, down the Thompson and the Fraser, the party journeyed by canoe, wagon, saddle-horse or on foot. It was a toilsome journey, carried out with re-