

Then her lover took her in his arms. "And I have brought a Hogmanay gift for you, dear," and from a dainty little box he produced a cairngorm brooch, with which she might fasten her shawl or plaid when she went to kirk on the Sabbath; and from a still smaller box—which, in her eyes at least, looked far daintier than the other—he showed her a plain gold ring, which just fitted the third finger of her left hand, "for," as he said, "there's no knowing what may happen, and how soon we may want to use it." Then he vowed to her, amid many kisses, that he needed not such a cruel test to have been put upon her affection by his father's stern will; and that, come what might, he would marry her as soon as their banns or speerings could be put up, without waiting for Mayday.

And he did so, she being quite agreeable to the same, and no longer bound to Mr. Machane as his servant: for the stern old father, taking a lesson by the events of that well-remembered night on the last day of the old year, and thankful for his escape from any evil that, through him, might have befallen Mary Morrison, gave his consent to her marriage with his son, and with the promise that they would still continue to live with him at the farm, divided his fortune with them. On the wedding-day, Janet Baillie, who was her bridesmaid, told Mary, in strict confidence, that it would not be many months before she followed her example, for that she had promised to be married to the young miller at Muasdale who had been so long paying her attention. And, to add to the events of the happy day, the laird of Saddell, who had been told of that midnight visit of Mary Morrison to the old church, slaughtered a fine buck that had played his part on that occasion, and sent him over as a gift to Mary, in order that a haunch of venison might grace the wedding-feast of the Brave Girl of Glenbarr.

### THE MANUFACTURE OF HISTORY.

A book has lately appeared in Paris, entitled "Notes sur Le Canada,"\* which indicates the disadvantages attendant on the writing of history by partisans. M. De Cazes is a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic,—at least if he is not, his book has the additional defect of being insincere: and yet he presumes to write the record of a land where we are Canadians, rather than English, Scotch, French or German, and to indite a memoir of a sect, which should be rather the story of neither Jew nor Greek, but of a struggle for, and the attainment of complete religious equality. The essence of M. De Cazes's historical *résumé* is, that the French race and the Catholic faith have been the unhappy objects of oppression from 1759 down to the present hour. The key-note is struck in the introduction, in which it is said that the noble army of Montcalm was defeated in an unequal struggle and compelled to submit to the laws of victorious England. The struggle was unequal, but not in the writer's sense. The troops engaged in the battle of the Plains of Abraham were 5,000 British and 7,000 French. M. De Cazes cannot be complimented on his discretion in raising a question, which is a resuscitation of the national jealousies of 1815 rather than of 1875. The book is fairly well written in a literary sense, and as to the typographical workmanship it is excellent, but it would not be sufficiently important for lengthy review here were it not that it is issued in a form which gives the impression that it is authorized by the Dominion Government. That being so, we propose to quote one or two passages and leave the reader to draw his own conclusion. At page 45 it is said:—"But this project of the annihilation of the French race, which was a prevailing idea with Lord Dorchester, and many of his successors, was defeated by the firm and patriotic attitude of those who, at different times, constituted themselves their defenders and guardians." Of this same Lord Dorchester, an enemy has said that he was brave, just and humane. As Sir Guy Carleton he was at Fontenoy and at the taking of Havana, New Orleans and Quebec, and four out of his seven sons were killed in the services of their country—Christopher of wounds received in India, Thomas at the battle of Cateau, George at Bergen-op-Zoom, and Charles on board H. M. S. "Niobe." Was the sire a fiend to his enemies, not to mention the subjects of his master, because he happened to do his duty to his country?

At page 49 we find it implied that it was also a policy to war against not only the race but also against the religion:—

"At the end of a stormy session, the Governor (Craig) who had taken the administration of affairs in 1807, dissolved Parliament, seized the presses of *Le Canadien*, and imprisoned the leaders of the French party. Not content with these rigorous acts, he sent his Secretary, Mr. Ryland, to London with a despatch in which he counselled the Imperial Government to take prompt and energetic measures to Anglicize and to Protestantize the country. He proposed also to make up the expenses of the administration by confiscating the property of the Sulpicians at Montreal and of the Jesuits at Quebec."

Is M. De Cazes prepared to repeat in English at Montreal what he has said in French at Paris? On this same subject of the policy of the home Government he includes, on page 50, other distinguished names in his ill-timed libel:—

"Under the Governors Drummond, Sherbrooke, Richmond, Maitland and Dalhousie," he says, "who successively administered Canada . . . the struggle of race and of religion recommenced with more cruel obstinacy than ever."

The eye sees what it looks for: and this is what the writer sees in the history of the disturbances in Montreal in 1831:—

"In the month of May, 1831, during a warmly contested election at Montreal . . . the troops, called out under a pretext of maintaining order, fired on the people, killing two men and grievously wounding many others. Whether this was the result of accident or design, all the victims of this bloody episode belonged to the French Canadian party."

At page 59 the same contempt for the troops of Great Britain is implied as in his Introduction:—

"It was then that, in spite of the opposition of the leaders, the revolt broke out known as the Rebellion of 1837. Several thousands of the French

Canadians, exasperated by the continual vexations to which they and their fathers had had to submit for more than seventy years, without leaders, arms, ammunition or organization of any kind, threw themselves heroically against regular troops ten times their superior in number."

Even the Colonial Office, to which at least M. De Cazes from his position in relation to Canada owed some respect, has not escaped without a taunt. Speaking of the 91 Resolutions which Mr. Roebuck presented on behalf of the Canadian opposition, he says:—

"But all failed yet awhile on account of the animus of the Colonial Office, to whom the English Parliament had referred the matter," &c. [page 58.]

Of the author of this book personally we know nothing but that which demands our highest respect; but of his "Résumé Historique" we can only say that it is an affront to the scholarship and intelligence of every Canadian, whether British or French, whether Catholic or Mennonite, and we can only express a hope that M. De Cazes will suppress this edition and issue something more worthy of himself and of Canada and Canadians. Q.

### HILLSIDE GLEANINGS.

Christmas is come! The children echoed the words repeated from each other's lips as the last few counted days went by—the elder with demure suspense for what it would bring, the younger firm in the faith that believes in Santa Claus and his wonderful pack; and while the mother of many a household tried to tell again the story of the Christ-child, the little ones' thoughts would wander to the gifts to come when they heard of the wise men who, when they went to see Him, took with them choice presents, and so originated the pleasing custom. That it is "more blessed to give than to receive" is exemplified, too, in the pure enjoyment that can be obtained by the sight of a family of children when they catch the first glimpse of a home-tree on Christmas morning; for it has been the custom in one house I know, which the jolly Christmas Saint never fails to visit, always to have the tree lighted before daybreak, when the morning stars are to be seen. Then what a shout from the crowd of fresh expectant voices; what a chorus of remarks; what surprises; what searching for stockings, while the tapers burn brightly on the rich dark-green pine branches. Even the new baby has to be brought from its crib, with large blinking eyes, and mouth half framed for a cry, till the glory of the tree meets its astonished sight; and no doubt after a first glimpse, it sagely concludes in its baby mind that this is only one of the many wonders to which it is getting a little accustomed in this curious world. It is a labour of love for the Santa Claus of a household. With a few coloured candles, and some bright cheap ornaments, apples and oranges, strung on bright ribbon, the childish heart may be so pleased as to feel the choice of little Gipsy when she said last year: "I know what tree is the prettiest of all, it is the Christmas tree."

How the brightness of dull December would be dimmed if Christmas were abolished; if the churches of to-day took no notice of its coming, and, like the staunch followers of the Scotch Kirk, ignored it as the Saviour's natal day; if the words of peace and goodwill to all men failed to move us to deeds of charity and kindness, at other times unthought of; if ingenious brains failed to be racked for appropriate gifts, and letters no longer contained the floral cards that speak of good wishes; if rich men failed to open their purses to the needed institutions, having no Christmas reminder; and the bright eyes of the children had no added expectancy. But this is not likely to be realized, and the men and women of the world are none the worse for being once a year reminded of their poorer brethren, and of the little ones whose holiday is so celebrated, nor for the pleasant word of greeting that is on every tongue when we wish you "a merry Christmas."

Annie L. Jack.

### CURRENT LITERATURE.

"Harper's Half Hour Series" is to the fore with the Rev. Alfred Church's "Stories from Virgil," a rendering in plain but elegant English prose of the leading incidents of the *Aeneid*, and a good sequel to the author's "Stories from Homer." Although much of the pathos and brilliancy of the poet is necessarily lost, those who cannot read him in the original will be grateful for the form in which his masterpiece is now available. Mr. Oscar Browning in another of these handy volumes brings the "Epochs of English History" from 1820 down to 1874, the outline sketch thus given forming a most convenient index to an at present all-important but very inaccessible era in English history. Those whose tastes are for lighter reading can take up Mary Cecil Hay's novelette, "A Dark Inheritance," the "Sorrow of a Secret" by the same author, "Our Professor" by Mrs. Lynn Linton, "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay" by Walter Besant and James Rice, or "Lady Carmichael's Will and Other Christmas Stories" from the pens of Mary Cecil Hay, F. W. Robinson and Justin McCarthy. All of the latter are well selected short stories, and keep up the reputation in this respect of the Series.

"The Franklin Square Library,"† which for cheapness and diversity has been more than once favourably noticed by us, has among its latest numbers Miss Yonge's "Story of the Christians and Moors of Spain," and Mr. O'Flanagan's recent sketch of the wits of the Irish Bar. The former needs no commendation at this date; the latter is not a mere collection of the *bon mots* of the brilliant spirits whose race seemed to die out with the Union, but comprises such a number of short biographies and outlines of Irish society and opinion during the last century as to be almost an historical work. For Irish life and feeling at the present day, "Light and Shade," a novel by Charlotte G. O'Brien, may be read with some interest. It is a Fenian book *par excellence*, one of the few avowedly such that we have come across. In conception and literary execution it is by no means to be despised. The whole plot turns on that one anomaly in Irish character, an informer, and equally of course the

\* Harper's Half-Hour Series. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

† The Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

\* Notes sur Le Canada, par Paul De Cazes, Membre de la Société de Géographie de France. Paris: Gustave Bossange, 16 Rue du Quatre Septembre. 1878.