

schools, in the high schools, and in the normal schools, and all has gone on well enough. Why should old fogysm linger in our colleges long after it has been dispelled from every other branch of our school system? The new Minister of Education—a man of much practical experience in educational matters—did well to give his voice and influence on the side of equal justice. It is quite likely that the authorities of University College will soon give heed to the opinion of the Legislature and throw wide open their doors to all, irrespective of sex.

In the House of Commons the new Government franchise Bill will very probably become law before the close of the present session. Sir John still adheres to his proposal to give the franchise to unmarried women and widows with the necessary property qualifications. No doubt many of his supporters would sooner not favour such a plan, but the Leader of the Party has committed himself to that, and the Party will endorse his action. It is certainly a more liberal measure than any Liberal government have proposed.

The Ontario Government are expected to bring down a franchise bill also, but it hangs fire so long that it is not probable it will be introduced and passed through this session. Possibly the Government are waiting to see just what Ottawa will do first. If the new Provincial measure does not include female franchise, and that too on a more liberal basis than the Dominion law, some people will begin to seriously enquire which is the Liberal party in the country.

Prohibition in Parliament.

Last week Prof. Foster, M. P., moved resolutions in the House of Commons in favor of prohibiting the importation, manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors in Canada, as the only true remedy for the evils of the drink traffic. In doing so Mr. Foster made an able and eloquent speech, which was not finished when the hour for recess arrived, and in consequence no vote could be taken, the question having then to give away for other routine business. Mr. Fisher, of Brome, is the seconder, and when the turn on the notice paper comes again he will be heard and a vote will probably be taken.

It is not all probable that any thing definite will come out of these resolutions just now, for no one expects a prohibitory law from this Parliament, but it is as well to keep the fact constantly before the attention of the House and the country that temperance people look to prohibition alone as the ultimatum, and all measures short of that is but a step in the right direction.

The *Mail* sniffs politics in every thing and has a good word to say in behalf of its friends all going for a prohibitory law from the very fact that in doing so the Government would score a grand victory over the Grits of Ontario. TRUTH sincerely hopes that Sir John and his friends may act on the hint and thus cut the difficult knot in regard to the question of the rights of the Provincial legislatures in the license question. The *Mail* writes a good many sensible things as well as a good

many foolish ones; but, for once, nearly every temperance man in Canada would heartily approve of its suggestions. It says, in effect: Pass a Prohibitory law, which the Dominion Parliament has an undoubted right to do, and then the Provincial legislatures may stop any further agitation about their rights on the matter of legislating about the drink traffic. Sir John is generally very willing to do a shrewd thing to out-general his opponents, and he never had a grander opportunity of taking the wind out of their sails completely. At the same time he could gain for himself thousands of hearty supporters who would readily support him and his government if he resolved to stand or fall on the great question of giving the country a prohibitory liquor law. Now is your grand opportunity, Sir John!

Preserve Some Fo rest

BY R. W. PHIPPS.

There are reasons altogether independent of the rationalities of commerce for the preservation, here and there, of some remains of our once wide-extending woodlands; though money may be the main chance, and you and I, and our neighbor alongside, ride what hobbies we may—thorough bred with silver plated stirrups or broken down cobs with a wheat sack across 'em, whether they trot over the road merrily, or drag wearily along the way—have the oddest aptitude, come we suddenly to a by-road where the Temple of Riches glitters golden in the distance, to jerk the smart bridle or the rope yarn substitute in that direction, and away we all go, helter skelter—"and the dust that those fellows are kicking up there in front is choking me, sir; but I'll get there if I die for it," grunts the old fellow on the donkey—as if the devil was after us, as indeed he is said to be close behind all who travel that road.

It is the way of the world, and the way they travel in it. But suppose we leave it, and rest ourselves on this retired and shaded eminence, where—for I observe you to be a person of discrimination and taste—we will quietly consider the effect on communities of the loss of their forests.

Many experiments by scientific men have given the reason, and many histories of the decadence of nations have added examples, that where the forest is recklessly cleared from the surface of the land, the springs cease their accustomed flow, the rivers fail in their courses, the rain no longer descends at its wonted fertilizing periods, and the parched and arid earth demands from the wearied husbandman a double labor for a scant return. While the forests held the hills of Palestine, her valleys were the lands flowing with milk and honey. The nations whose chariots were of iron must have given many a million of good trees to the furnace. Egypt, in her freshness must have been, with her soil, the home of forests dense and huge as many an African region yet can show. Observe the effects on the people of a once powerful nation, and compare her timid and sand-blind race of to-day with the stout fellows who kept Israel in thralldom for so long. By the way, what a loss they suffered in not having some of our institu-

tions! What a reverberating anti-Israelite boom might not have arisen among the native artisans; and what crushing orations might not Pharaoh's Loyal Opposition have levelled at the "astonishing and inconceivable imbecility of the gentlemen on the Treasury Benches," as the successive plagues appeared.

Of course there is still the Nile, and still the kind of fertility it gives. But think of the past of that whole great region around—African and European—the mighty cities buried in sand—the waste countries once rich in forest and field—the scant populations—the forlorn harbors now. Think of one incident of that past—the thronging laborers—the hosts of armed men—the concourse of ships which once were there. Remember Byron:—

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!"

Look round for a moment—and tell me what you could do without wood?—your cradle is of wood—your floor, your door, your roof—nay, your every convenience—your carriages, your stables, your side-walks, your counters, your furniture, your wharves, your shipping—it is wood—it is forest. Carry then your mind back to that time gone by and think of the concourse, "flashing with steel and rough with gold," extending right and left to the distant horizon, bounded in front by the blue and rocking waves on which rose and sank the anchored navies—the myriad galleys—singly—doubly—trebly banked with oars—which Xerxes must have viewed. Consider what it betokened—that these myriads poured to the call of the Emperor from forested regions, for only such could have supported them—only such could have afforded the many munitions necessary to such a host. But now what are the regions which then maintained and sent them?—a wilderness of soil, partly sterile, and of sandy desert wholly so. This change has been caused by the destruction of the forests which maintained the life-giving moisture in those lands.

It is the lesson of history. Yet nations, it is said, never learn. But, let me remark, all the statement declares is that nations never did learn. But shall they never? Shall you, my dear Sir, with the full light of modern knowledge beating brightly on every side—with free schools dotting the country as thick as mushrooms—with great colleges anxious to educate you by State-aid, and denominational colleges extremely anxious to educate you likewise—with learned institutes haranguing you on everything from catfish upwards—with free libraries also emerging from the mist—shall you, uncompelled follow, where your ancestors, by the compulsion of ignorance, were led?

The country judge wrote to his bookseller, "Pleeze send me the ax of agustus peace." "No doubt," says the commentator, "when the learned justice had possessed himself of the axe, he hewed the laws with it to some purpose." Not to a more reckless purpose than we on our trees. We came to Canada, like the ancient Bersekars, with our axes on our shoulders; and like the enemies of those heroes, the great forest appears to have fled before our faces across the length and breadth of the land, till over great sections

the ground is almost bare, save where, in low places and inaccessible valleys, patches of woodland hide themselves, their topmost branches seeming to look shiveringly over the edge in remembrance of the desolating storm that has passed them by.

All Ontario, luckily, is not yet thus. Every here and there, the farmer holds ten, twenty, forty goodly acres of the ancient forest. But they are not continuing to hold them.

The Ontario Government have commenced a movement in forest preservation which is destined to bear good fruits. But throughout settled Ontario, it needs the farmer's co-operation, for he holds the forest remainder. In all directions that remainder decreases. The axe, which once thinned, now extirpates. It is full time that, on ten or twenty acres of every farm, the chopper should stay his hand. But he must do more—he must exclude his beasts; where hoof and horn range, down go undergrowth and sapling—in a moment, before their placidly devouring jaws, vanishes the umbrageous wealth of flexile branch and delicately-penciled leaf—gone is the promise of hardy timber yet to come. The little youngling elm, his green and double leaf fresh springing from the soil—the infant cotyledon of the future oak—the maple bud and the sprouting ash are no more; and from tree to tree, is nothing but trampled leaves. The forest ground dries and shrinks; far above the giant masses of the upper foliage alone oppose the rushing wind; the undergrowth below—the natural barrier—is gone; the air sweeps through; some stormy morning the outward ranks are prone—the beech and the great oaks lie across; with the next tempest more will follow. Our enemies are those of our own stables; and our farmers may say, "With the jaw-bone of an ox, heaps upon heaps, have I slain a thousand trees."

On every farm some forest is needed to break the winter winds. It is needed to keep level the drifting snow. It is needed for pleasure; he who has near his house a forest walk of his own, where he may for a space enjoy the health-giving atmosphere, and

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,"
has opportunities many would give much for. It is needed to aid in procuring rain in due season. It is needed as a store house of timber—soon likely to be full scarce throughout the land.

We found here the wood—the water—the fertile soil. It is certain that the deforesting of a country in process of time does more than withdraw the one; it greatly impairs the others, so much that the land may not then support one-tenth of those it now could maintain. Proprietors should remember that no one can possess a title to destroy the usefulness of the soil, lest "the land cry out against him, and the furrows thereof likewise complain." The vast concourse of humanity continually emerges from the unknown past; it travels toilsomely by; it passes into the clouds of the future. Be sure that there we shall meet with stern questioners; nor will those pass unchallenged who have, to serve their temporary greed, rendered painful, sterile and barren, the path of generations yet to follow.