

such lives and we are back at the beginning of the Christian era—even five such lives as Lord Strathcona's, and Columbus had not discovered the New World. But those who do not experience this sense of the real modernity of antiquity, turn their eyes back upon a world of awfulness and mystery, as well as of poetry and beauty. The shortest journey of the memory or the imagination backward is bordered by shadows and by dreams. Men and scenes are not the men and scenes we know, but something quite other and heroic. And the best of it is, it may *be* so. We can by no means reconcile our knowledge of the world to-day with what has come down to us of that world dead and buried even these hundred years. That is where our poetical faith comes in—our refusal to measure the people and customs of long ago by the psychological yard-stick of this our time. We refuse to see in Champlain, Lescarbot, and Poutrincourt, only the seventeenth century equivalent of Mr. Nansen, Dr. Grenfell, and Commander Peary, people who, in spite of their heroic achievements, are surely prosaic folk.

Something of the glamour of the past is already falling upon the figure of Joseph Howe—Nova Scotia's great hero. Nova Scotians speak of Howe as Americans speak of Abraham Lincoln. Throughout the Province, in the towns, the villages, and the countryside, you will find plenty of old men who remember “Joe” Howe in the flesh, who exchanged greetings with the “patriot, poet, and orator,” who, maybe, held his horse, or fetched him a draught, not, I fear, often from the village pump, but from the village inn, and who, and whose descendants, bear him the same measure of affection which in Ontario is accorded to