

visers of the Lieut.-Governor on the one side, supported by the Legislative Council, and the popular chamber, the Legislative Assembly, on the other. The Government sought to control the public expenditure, and to exercise nearly all the functions of administration without reference to the Assembly—a proceeding which naturally excited the strongest objections among the dominant party in that body. This struggle culminated in 1837, when, the Imperial Parliament having undertaken to seize upon money which the Provincial Assembly refused to vote, an open rebellion broke out. This movement was headed by M. Papineau, although he afterwards repudiated the leadership. As every body knows, the insurrection proved a complete *fiasco*, and M. Papineau took refuge in the United States. In 1839, he went to France, and after living eight years in quiet in Paris he was allowed to return to Canada, together with a number of others who had been exiled for their share in the rebellion. He was afterwards elected to the Parliament of old Canada, and led the opposition against the Baldwin-Lafontaine Government, which, however, he was quite powerless to overthrow. The people of both Upper and Lower Canada had obtained concessions from the Imperial Government which satisfied them; the two Provinces had been happily united; and there was no longer a pretext for agitation such as had brought M. Papineau into prominence. He found himself without support in the country, without sympathy in his declared hostility to the Union, and, in 1854, he retired from public life. From that time to the day of his death he lived in perfect seclusion at La Petite Nation Seignory, in a beautiful chateau on the banks of the Ottawa river. M. Papineau was a man of talent, with a keen literary taste, a cultivated mind, and a gentlemanly bearing. He doubtless did much good in directing attention to the evils which existed in the Government of these Provinces forty years ago, and, remembering that good, posterity will judge his weaknesses charitably.—*Leader*.

5. LIEUT.-COLONEL. BOOKER.

Colonel Booker was born in Nottingham, England, in 1824, and removed with his father to Canada in 1840, and settled in Hamilton. While yet a very young man he took a great interest in the Volunteer movement; and, in 1852, he organized and equipped the No. 1 Company of the Hamilton Independent Artillery—purchasing and paying for two field pieces with carriages and limbers, uniforms, side arms and accoutrements for gunners and drivers. From that date up to 1866, when he removed from that city to go into business in Montreal, he was prominently connected with military matters, being gazetted 8th June, 1858, Lieut.-Colonel commanding the whole of the active force in Hamilton, and having received several complimentary notices in general orders from the Governors and others in authority during the whole period. At the breaking out of the Fenian difficulties in 1866, Colonel Booker was ordered to call out his battalion and proceed at once to meet the enemy. The orders were received from the Adjutant-General at half-past five in the morning, to proceed at once to Dunnville, and so energetic were his movements that by half-past nine he left with his corps by the Great Western, arriving at Port Colborne by eleven that night, where he took the command of all the Volunteers. The circumstances attending his engagement with the Fenians at Ridgeway on the 2nd June, 1866, are now historical.

6. JAMES MCGILLIVRAY, ESQ., OF SABREVOIS, C. E.,

Was born in 1790, in the Parish of Devot, in Inverness-shire, Scotland, and, was therefore, in the 81st year of his age. He came to this country in 1817, and passed the first portion of his life at Isle aux-Noix, where he carried on the lumber business; after which he turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, and was one of the first settlers in Sabrevois. In fact, he was a pioneer, and being a man of strong resolution, and having many resources within himself, he soon cleared the forest and made a comfortable home, where his numerous friends always received a Highland welcome from the large-souled Scotchman. The deceased also took a very active part in the unfortunate Rebellion of '37 and '38. He enrolled and commanded a company of volunteers, and being a man of powerful frame and constitution, did some hard frontier service uncomplainingly, for which he received the thanks personally of the commander and Governor, then Sir John Colborne. Mr. McGillivray was the first to plant trees on the first Concession Road, and so beautified his old homestead that his French neighbours soon followed the example, and, by the way, there was no road when Mr. McGillivray commenced operations; he had to reach his land by canoe. He was also the first Justice of the Peace in the district, and was appointed by the Earl of Dalhousie.

7. CANADIAN PIONEERS.

A Mr. G. Pontbriant recently died at St. Ours, on the River Richelieu, at the patriarchal age of 105 years. He has a brother living at Sorel, who is no less than 108, and is probably the oldest man in Canada. When he was born, George III. sat on the throne, the United States were colonies, and the last French soldier had scarcely returned to France from Canada. He was 13 years old when the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed in 1776; 49 years old when the War of 1812 broke out: 74 when his countrymen rose in arms, in '37, and 104 when Confederation went into effect. The population of all Canada when he first saw the light did not exceed 80,000 souls; it now exceeds 4,000,000! Upper Canada was a trackless wilderness; the furthest settlement under the British Crown was at Detroit; Ontario now blossoms like the rose, and the time-honoured old flag has crossed Lake Superior, the Mississippi, the Saskatchewan, and the Columbia and now floats on the waters of the Pacific. We have recently recorded many instances of Canadian longevity in the *Gazette*, but Mr. Pontbriant's great span with its many incidents far exceeds them all.

X. Miscellaneous.

1. LITTLE LIFTERS.

"Bear ye one another's burdens."

Did you know, my darling children,
There was work for you to do,
As you tread life's flowery pathway,
'Neath skies of brightest blue?
Your tiny hands so feeble,
May powerless appear,
But they often lighten burdens,
The stronger scarce can bear.

You all are "Little Lifters."
Who with loving zeal will try
To help the weak and weary,
And dry the tearful eye;
And though you can but lift but little,
Faint not, but lift again,
The hardest rock is worn
By the constant dripping rain.

And when you sing to baby,
Till he gently falls asleep.
Or comfort little sister,
Till her blue eyes cease to weep,
Or tie up Johnnie's shoe strings,
And brush his tangled hair,
You are lifting mother's burdens,
And shielding her from care.

And when father, tired, weary,
Comes home to rest at night,
Draw up for him the easy chair,
And make the fire burn bright.
Though small the deeds of kindness,
And low the words of love,
The recording Angel writes them,
In glowing lines above.

Then love and help each other,
For to you this charge is given;
And in lifting others' burdens,
You lift your souls to heaven.

2. WILL HE SUCCEED?

A VALUABLE CHAPTER FOR YOUNG MEN.

In nine cases out of ten no man's life will be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father or mother have kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out of the end of his row; if, instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he moved away all the time—in short, if what was light always fell to him, and what was heavy about the same work to some one else; if

HE HAS BEEN PERMITTED TO SHIRK

till shirking has become a habit—unless a miracle is wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of the weak, foolish parents. On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk any legitimate responsibility, or to dodge work, whether or not it made his heart ache, or soiled his hands—until bearing heavy burdens became a matter of pride, the heavy end of the work his from choice—parents, as they bid him good-bye, may dismiss their fears. His life will not be a business failure. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize