

If there is protoplasm, he knows it; the missing link Darwin longed for, and mourned because he found it not, our enterprising friend is on the road to procure. Ah! what times had we in that room on the hill, in that old white college, that the bright devouring tongues fed upon! How we talked, and talked and talked; and if our gabble merited no Boswell, it aimed at least at wisdom, and served to make the time pass pleasantly away.

We wait for one other. Who is the youth of more slender physique, but gentle, manly demeanor, who carries the cane, and maintains his opinions? We knew him as critic, and friend, and as plenteous discourser, on all themes, but chiefly the literary or political; while now all Canada knows him, as one of the leaders of the time, alike graceful and forcible with tongue or pen. This is L—y; and whatever he may since have acquired of dignity and prestige, we see and know him now as he was then; for never since, except by letter, have we had communication. We solace ourselves with a half-melancholy smile when we remember the manner and occasion of our boyish intimacy. The harmless devil of the office had a predilection for penning stanzas; and having begun with Pindaric Odes, published in the *Acadian*, he was honored by a review in the same periodical. Flaming with ire, and careless of the personality of his critic, the poet rushed to arms; and having the "Dunciad" and "The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" fresh in memory, it may be supposed that eloquence and acrimony were mingled in about equal proportions. To his surprise when the bard had got the cup to his victim's mouth it was found he liked it; and the effort was commended in the most cordial terms by the very lips he had expected to be white with wrath. I think this a prognostication of the excellent spirit in which our wise and witty Attorney General meets many of the unfair things said about him. Howbeit, through all these years, we have, I trust, been friends, and enemies no more.

Ah! how many objects of detestation are here, if we could remain. Yonder is the home of our jolly doctor B—n. Dear friend and physician, we never take up our Burns, our Goldsmith, or our "Hu libas," but we think of you. But the train hastens us away; on through Grand-pre and Lower Horton. We point out the white church with its tall steeple on the hill, where M—a lies; and the old carriage-road along the marsh, and the bridge over the red banks of the lower Gaspereau:—

"The sun goes down, and over all
These barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will bide
Until the coming of the tide.

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A grievous stream, that two and fro
A-through the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering, as if to know
Why one beloved face should be
So long from home and Acadie!"

Has the spell departed from the house yonder, among its orchard trees, where the colored prints of Mazeppa hung in our bed-room; and Sir Walter Scott, with Maida in his study at Abbot-ford, was the attractive picture in the parlor; unless it might be our hero, Wellington. On, through Avonport. Ah! dear scenes, and dear friends, and dear vanished youth? The pigeons and swallows that nest about your roofs, come not more thickly than my

dreams. On, by the cliffy and shelvy shores of Avon; over gorges bridged with trestle work, and gullies opening to the beach, here and there, overhung with shrubs and deciduous trees, that begin to show the tints of autumn. Across the turbid tide are the red banks, and above them the green fields of Choverie, Kempt and Summerville. On, till the engine makes its shrill announcement and the conductor opens the car-door and calls, "Hantsport!"

PASTOR FELIX.

CHINA AND CONFUCIUS.

The world year by year is becoming smaller, and its circumnavigation now is a matter of comparatively little difficulty. Steam, electricity, and the hundred other agents of modern progress have so simplified the question that what to our grandfathers was the work of years is now a question of only a few weeks. But not only so: every morning the facts and fancies of the whole world are gathered together for our delectation; a panorama, as it were, of the daily life of the world with its myriads of inhabitants passes before our eyes. The realms of farthest East, of India, and of old Cathay, lie at our very doors. Of farthest East, do we say? No: they have become Western realms now, for we reach them by following the sun in its course towards the west. And no more interesting land can we visit, either in reality or imagination, than this same Cathay, this Empire of China. What a wonderful Empire it is! Wonderful in every way. In its vast extent: it is one-third larger than Canada or the United States. In its seeming population: its inhabitants number 400,000,000. In its history—just think of it. China has existed as a regularly organized nation for at least 2,000 years. We speak about our flag's having waved for a thousand years. That is nothing from a Chinese point of view. The birth of Christ seems to be a very long way back in the annals of the world. China was then as she is to-day. The building of Solomon's temple takes us back to 1,000 years before Christ. China at that time was in her sturdy strength. When Joseph went up into Egypt, she had evolved a system of settled government, a literature, and a social organization as advanced as that which he found upon the borders of the Nile. Still farther back, when the foundations of Chaldea were laid in the deltas of Mesopotamia, she stood full-grown before the world. Look back as we may, there is no childhood to the Empire of China. There have been changes, it is true: revolutions and wars and shifting dynasties. But the race and the nation have remained through all these centuries a distinctive race and nationality, sitting apart from the Western world, looking down upon it with a measure of scorn: the great sphynx-like riddle of history. Other nations have been born, lived, and died; they have passed away "like the withered leaves of autumn, like the cloud-rack of a tempest." China has still remained: "unwasted by the lapse of years, unchanged by time or place." It might be worth while to ask ourselves sometimes whether these almond-eyed Mongolians, as we call them, are so very low in the scale of humanity as we fondly imagine, whether there may not be something in their temperament and type of civilization well worthy of study, and perhaps of imitation; whether, in a word, the Western

world, with its mushroom growth, is justified in looking down so patronizingly upon this ancient people.

But more than that: ages before Europe had dreamed of printing, China had printed books. Ages before Europe had the compass, gunpowder, paper and many another product of civilization, all these things were known to the dwellers in the Celestial Empire.

No more interesting subject, then, can be studied than this wonderful Eastern people; its history, customs, language (we see in the hieroglyphics of China to-day the parallel to the hieroglyphic writing from which our alphabet sprang), its policy, and future. And as to this future, we should not lose sight of this; that China is now beginning to feel the pulse and throb of Western life, and that it has been truly said that were a great leader, such as Napoleon, to arise, China with her countless millions could over-run the world.

But it is the religion of China that is chiefly interesting: Confucianism and its founder Confucius. "The religion of China," but that is hardly correct; for the Empire has three religions, three great religions, besides Mohammedanism, professed by some of her Tartar tribes, and out-and-out idolatry in the far north. The two great religions besides Confucianism, it is hardly necessary to say, are Buddhism and Taouism, the latter being virtually mere ancestor-worship.

Confucianism is, however, the faith of the millions of China, and as such deserves our close study in any review of the religions of the world. China in the sixth century before Christ occupied only about one-sixth of its present area, and its population was only from 10 to 15 millions. This era was a very unfortunate one; the country being plundered by invaders, and being in a state of feudal disorder; for, strange to say, the China of that age—about 2,500 years ago—was, in governmental and social condition, very much like Europe as delineated by Froissart, i. e., Europe of the 14th and 15th centuries. As far as enlightenment and culture were concerned, China was at that early time in advance of France and England even in the 14th and 15th centuries, for she had excellent educational institutions, carefully prepared historical annals, books of poetry, well-built cities, and fruitful lands. Yet this sixth century was, in certain ways, one of the most unfortunate ages in the history of China: it was an age of misrule. Each one of the feudal lords did what was right in his own eyes. The country was in a condition of constant civil war; bands of marauders plundered at will, and, as a consequence, famine stalked through the land. Moreover, polygamy was especially prevalent; and then, as ever with the Chinese, there were no real, vital, religious beliefs. This has always been their characteristic: a lack of religion in anything more than an ethical sense. But, at any rate, this particular epoch was one of the least peaceful and least prosperous in Chinese history, so that Mincius said of it afterwards: "The world had fallen into decay, and right principles had disappeared. Perverse discourses and oppressive deeds were rife. The ministers of the government murdered their rulers, and sons killed their fathers." Into such an age, in the year 550 B.C., was born Confucius, of whom the old saying is still accepted: "Confucius! Confucius! How great was Confucius! Before him there was none like him. Since him there has been none other. How very