

hope that he may be the one successful in getting his opponent's property for nothing. This may palliate the offence, but can scarcely make it either innocent or harmless.

But while it might be easy to show that in its motive and aim gambling in every form is essentially immoral, something more than this is probably required to justify organized society in forbidding it by law. It is not the business of either law-makers or courts of justice to classify human acts as moral or immoral and to permit or forbid them accordingly. No enlightened citizen will permit the civil authorities to exercise lordship over his conscience. It is when the act or practice tends directly to the injury of society by depriving other citizens of their property without giving an equivalent, by incapacitating them more or less for honest industry, by corrupting their morals and provoking to such crimes as theft, robbery, murder and suicide, that it comes fairly within the cognizance of law-makers, to be prohibited with pains and penalties.

The most advanced modern legislatures and governments have not hesitated to bring certain forms of gambling within the area of practices to be regarded as criminal, but hitherto the lines seem to have been drawn with a good deal of arbitrariness and caprice. Distinctions are made where it is hard to see that any real differences exist. In England, where, as we have seen, the Lottery acts are rigid enough in some respects, and are strictly enforced, not only are exceptions made in certain respect—horse-racing for example—but the forms of gambling thus excepted are some of them practiced in the most open manner, sanctioned by the example of the highest persons in the realm, and tacitly approved even by Parliament itself. And yet no one, we think, can doubt that this one form of gambling is productive of more crime and misery of the kinds above described than could possibly result from all the "missing-word" competitions that could be carried on by all the newspapers in the kingdom. But the jewel consistency is not always conspicuous even in acts of parliament.

In the United States a determined effort is being made to bring gambling in all its more popular forms under the ban of criminal legislation. Some progress has been made. The Lottery act is scotched, if not killed. "The endowment orders are dying of their own iniquity." An act is now before Congress to prohibit the gambling "in futures" which has become so gigantic an evil in the republic. The prospects of its being passed are good, though it is naturally being met with the most determined opposition from interested parties. In the mean time, betting on horse races, or future prices of staple articles of trade, and on athletic games grows constantly worse. "The latest movement is taking shape, or rather seems about to take shape, in the organization of a National Anti-Gambling League." The deplorable effects of the passion, as seen in all grades of society, are certainly sufficiently alarming to warrant the union of all good citizens in Canada, as well as in the United States or England, in an organized and determined effort to put a stop to, or at least to stamp with the brand of illegality, every unmistakable form and phase of the gambling evil.

I regret often that I have spoken, never that I have been silent.—Publius Syrus.

"THE GRAVE OF ALL THINGS HATH ITS VIOLET."

When what is memory now was bitter pain,
In by-gone days when life and love were new,
I heard the echo of an old refrain
That smote me as a hollow jest, untrue;
For grief, it said, was fleetier than the day,
And fleetest grief was but love's threnody.

How strange I had not dreamed that grief
could die,
Or fade into a tender, far regret;
I had no thought of days when memory
Would soften down the fever and the fret.
When through salt tears I heard that old refrain
I did not dream that peace would follow pain.

But now the very rose that flushes there
Against her gravestone hath a charm for me;
The songs she sang ring sweetest on the air,
The books she loved I treasure lovingly.
Grief comes in many forms to claim us, yet—
"The grave of all things hath its violet."

EMILY McMANUS.

THE CAPTURE OF ACADIE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

During the war of 1812-14, the people of Nova Scotia and the New England States made frequent attacks upon each others coast towns and villages, so that truly eternal vigilance was the price of liberty. The temptation to privateering could not be resisted and the seafaring people of both countries, with or without license, fitted out armed vessels and preyed upon each others shipping and undefended coasts, with more or less success, throughout the war.

This was the condition of affairs on the 18th of July, 1813, when good old Benson D'Entremont stood on the deck of his schooner "Acadie," off the southwest coast of Nova Scotia and mentally calculated the probable profits on a certain liquid cargo beneath that deck, if he got it safely to land.

He was one of an historic family, was old Capt. D'Entremont. One of the race of French Acadians exiled years before when the English settlers of Nova Scotia decided the country was not large enough to hold two races and their French neighbours must leave. In the winter of 1756-57 a vessel hailing from some part of New England was wrecked off Cape Sable. James D'Entremont, Baron de Pobomcoup, in whose veins coursed the blood of the royal house of Bourbon, was in the wilderness hiding from the English foe. Out on the ice, on the coast, hunting seals, he saw the wreck and managed to save the lives of captain and crew, who eventually made their way home, deeply grateful to their preserver. The following spring, a British cruiser, sailing off the coast, led to the discovery of the hermit Baron, and he was captured with his family and conveyed to Boston, where he was thrown into prison. The captain he had rescued a few months before learned of the Baron's misfortune and made such representations to the Governor that D'Entremont was sent for. Broken in spirit and feeling that his torn raiment and shabby appearance ill befitted a representative of Le Grand Monarque, he declined to accept the invitation. His grateful friend discovered the cause of his refusal and presented him with a suit of clothes and a handsome walking stick, curiously

wrought with silver mounting and carrying in its handle a concealed dagger. Thus equipped, the Baron was prevailed upon to appear before the Governor, and from an exiled prisoner he became a welcome guest in the city. His knowledge of seamanship gave him ready employment in Boston and here he ended his days. His grave may still be found in Roxbury.

By this time a new condition of affairs made it possible for his sons return, unmolested, to their old Acadian home and at Pablico (a corruption of the old name Pobomcoup) in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, they founded a settlement. In that thriving village to this day may be seen, as a treasured heirloom, the curious dagger-cane presented to the old Baron, in Boston. It was one of these returned sons, Benson D'Entremont that we find on the deck of his schooner, at the opening of our story, in the Summer of 1813, on his way from St. Pierre-et-Miquelon, with a cargo of brandy. The wind had fallen almost to a dead calm, and a mile from him he could see another in the same plight. While he looked, a boat put out from the other vessel and pulled rapidly towards him. As they drew near he saw the boat was crowded with armed men. D'Entremont's crew consisted of two Acadians and two Englishmen, without weapons of any description. In a moment they were boarded without any pretence of resistance, and such a villanous looking crowd of cut-throats it would be hard to find elsewhere. Their vessel was a Yankee privateer, and without even bothering D'Entremont with questions as to his nationality or where his vessel was from, they bundled him into his boat with all of his crew but one, whom they meant to use as a pilot.

The coast of Lockport Island was in sight, and D'Entremont's boat was headed there. He observed the privateer took a portion of his rough gang on board the Acadie and returned to his own vessel, which with a light breeze which sprang up got under sail and was soon out of sight. The prize crew on the Acadie seemed to feel perfectly secure as they dropped anchor where they were for the night.

D'Entremont and his three men arrived at Lockport that evening and related their story. It was Sunday evening, and good Deacon Locke was on his way to "meeting," to lead in prayer and discourse on "the Word," when the little knot about the forlorn sailors attracted his attention. The Deacon was a tall, spare man of tremendous strength and undoubted piety; but such a frame and such a jaw as he possessed were never meant for peaceable pursuits, entirely. The audacity of the capture within sight of land seemed to fill him with thoughtfulness.

"So the rascals even anchored with their ill-gotten prize off our coast?" he enquired.

"Yes," replied D'Entremont, "and pity it is we had not a way of letting Shelbourne know where they be."

Shelbourne, then, was a military post and a city of about 13,000 people.

"Verily, it seemeth wrong that we should devote the Sabbath to thoughts of possible courage," said the Deacon. "Let us go to our wonted place of meeting, but good neighbor D'Entremont, tarry about for an hour so, till the darkness comes on and I may have a word or two more