

of one of the finest collections of Indian curiosities in the Province. Lunenburg, the shire town, was named from the Duchy of Lüneburg in Lower Saxony, the home of many of the settlers. It is built on a very narrow peninsula, and enjoys the distinction of a harbour in front, and also at the back of the town. It has by no means the unpainted, untidy appearance of the orthodox fishing port. The houses are well built and nicely painted; the windows inside and out are gay with flowers, and every little garden patch is sweet with roses, pansies and mignonette.

Another German characteristic is the universal love of music. Nearly every house has a piano or organ, and the towns and villages a band. The first brass band of Lunenburg was awarded the carnival prize for the best country band in the Province. The churches profit by this love of music, and there is no lack of congregational interest in the singing and services. The Protestant denominations are well represented, but the most interesting to strangers is the Lutheran. They have opened this summer a fine new church, beautifully finished in native wood. The church service is used in English, and is readily followed by those accustomed to the Church of England service. The church book contains the famous Augsburg Confession of Faith submitted to the Emperor Charles V. in 1530, and among the signatures is Ernst Duke of Lüneburg. The sermons are in German and English. The Presbyterian (Dutch Reformed) and Lutheran congregations have been greatly blessed by the earnest labour of such spiritually-minded men as the late Rev. Dr. Duff and the Rev. Carl Ernst Cossman, or, as he is lovingly called, Father Crossman. An interesting relic belonging to the Lutheran Church is the chest for holding the church documents, plate and money, which the fathers of the congregation brought from Germany. The chest is about three feet long and two high. It is of very hard wood, bound and ornamented with brass, and has two heavy locks, and a slit in the top for contributions. The old people all speak German, the younger generation English, which is very shaky in regard to the pronunciation of r's, w's and v's. Many read both German and English, and all readily follow a sermon in German. The quaint old customs and merry-makings of the early settlers are dying out, and the belief in folk-lore stories and superstitions is being swept away by the matter-of-fact public schools. The silvery-haired old grandfather shakes his head sadly over the unbelief of the grandson, who listens, enjoys, and questions as to the real happening of the folk-lore tales, the truth of which the narrator regards as almost a part of his religion. The enterprising American tourist has found out this delightful old world settlement. Artists are growing enthusiastic over the beauties of Mahone Bay and the La Have River. Numbers of Halifax yachts are to be found cruising about the coast. A well-known Halifax family has a delightful summer residence on Hermann's Island, which is a centre of hospitality. Boating, bathing, yachting and deep-sea fishing are to be had in perfection, and the weather during June, July and August is charming. The summer air is crisp and bracing; the sun shines in a sky as clear and blue as that of Italy. The great waves of the Atlantic roll proudly in and break in lines of soft white foam on the beach. Occasionally in the later summer there comes an afternoon when the sun is hidden by a purplish-grey mist. There is no sunset, and the fog comes creeping in with a mysterious quietness. But the wildest grandeur of old ocean is to be seen in the autumn gales. Then the wind shrieks and raves over the dark heaving mass of the ocean with its long lines of foaming breakers, and great white-capped waves thundering along the beach, and sending showers of spray high over the cliffs. It is days and nights such as these that cause the strained, anxious expression in the faces of so many of the fishermen's wives. Full well they know the danger of the little schooners beating about outside the iron-bound coast in the teeth of the gale. Canadians are justly proud of their land of magnificent scenery. The grandeur of the mountains, lakes, rivers and forests is unsurpassed. The boundless prairie, stretching away in dim lines to the horizon, gives a sense of freedom and immensity akin to that of the ocean. The westward march of civilization will change in a few years the face of the prairie. But the ocean will move on unchanged, unmarred, until in the fulness of time—"there shall be no more sea."

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### CRIMINALS CONFESSING THEIR CRIMES.

THE facts connected with the recent execution of John Conway at Liverpool for the mutilation and murder of a boy are very suggestive and full of instruction. The murderer, who was apparently an Irish Catholic, was one of the leading members of the executive of the Seamen and Firemen's Union, which has caused so much trouble and loss in the British shipping trade. His confessor, Father Bonte, insisted upon the prisoner making through him a public confession of the crime. Conway's last words were: "All my persecutors to be forgiven by me and by my God." This is additional proof of how prevalent the habit is in Ireland of looking upon the officers of justice and the witnesses as "persecutors." If there were no such "persecutors" society would be dissolved. After the execution, Father Bonte, addressing those present, said: "Gentlemen, before we leave I want

to read to you a declaration which he has made this morning. It is as follows: 'I accept the sentence that has been pronounced against me as just, and I now offer my life in satisfaction to all whom I have offended, to God, to my religion, to my country, to the parents of the victim, to the victim himself, and to society. Drink has been my ruin.' The prisoner had signed the document. Father Bonte, continuing, said: "I tried to impress upon him the necessity of this; he resisted considerably to make this public declaration, but he eventually consented to express this sentiment through me." Public confessions like this are very rarely—if ever—made by Catholics in Ireland. The only faint approach to reparation that a murderer can make is a public confession, as in this case. If it was the rule in Ireland, there would be a great diminution in the number of serious crimes. Men guilty of agrarian murders often pose as martyrs, and, on being absolved, profess to die sinless. There is a notable instance of this in French's "Realities of Irish Life," page forty-three, of Longman's sixpenny edition. A man was hanged for having conspired to commit murder—such being then the law. When urged to confess and assist justice on his life being spared, he at the second interview, replied: "I will tell nothing; I have seen my priest and am now prepared to die. I am content to die for my country." The truth was, that he and two others were hired by about twenty farmers at so much per week, to dog like thugs the intended victim, and murder him when there would be a good chance of their escaping. They did this for upwards of a year. The prisoner had been caught, blunderbuss in hand, lying behind a hedge when his intended victim had got within a few yards of the ambush. If his confessor had acted like Father Bonte, there would have been an end of such crimes in that region. Instead of as in Father Bonte's case, compelling him to make what reparation he could to society, he had induced the hitherto wavering criminal to refuse to do so. Practically the priest sent him to the gallows. It would greatly diminish serious crime if a rule was adopted that convicted criminals should not have confessors, unless they authorized them like Father Bonte, to make the confession public. But, in this era of moral cowardice, it requires a great statesman to carry such a measure. If this could have been done after the verdict in the Cronin case, the public would have learned who it was that planned that dreadful murder. There is but little doubt upon the subject, but seemingly he will escape earthly justice. Sooner than be debarred from absolution by their priests, those who were sentenced to life-long imprisonment would have yielded him up to justice. Father Bonte has initiated a great public service, which may, in time, lead to valuable results. If such a man was raised to the episcopate he would do much to harmonize the intelligence of the rising generation of Catholics with their Church. Surely if a convicted criminal refuses to publicly confess, he should have no indulgence: the welfare of society at large is of vastly more importance than sparing the feelings of a vile murderer; but this is the age of sham-liberalism, which says it is better that a hundred law-abiding men should suffer rather than that one deeply-dyed scoundrel should be justified.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

### TELL ME WHAT IS LOVE, MY HEART?

TELL me what is love, my heart?  
Thou canst surely say now,  
Ere the wonder doth depart  
That hath come this way now.

Love's a storm, heard 'mid trees  
By the summer weighted;  
'Tis the honey (hive and bees)  
Crushed by swain belated.

'Tis a ripple on the calm  
Tide of tranquil feeling;  
'Tis a soul-prick and the balm  
Held to it for healing.

Nay, I said, but tell, my heart!  
Say it in good sooth now—  
What is love? Ere love depart  
Tell me all the truth now.

For a willing learner, thou,  
In and out of season,  
Must the secret know, I trow:  
Hath it rhyme or reason?

Love, ah love, my heart replied,  
Is the mystic token,  
Through the ages, undenied,  
Soul to soul hath spoken.

'Tis a rosy-winged delight,  
From earth's cares releasing;  
'Tis the source of purest might,  
Fount of joy unceasing.

'Tis a perfume from the East  
O'er a garden blowing;  
'Tis a new face at a feast,  
Or a strange star showing.

'Tis a sweet surprise, a fear  
With a fond hope twining;  
'Tis the casket's self grown dear  
For the jewel shining.

'Tis the tremour in the breast  
Of the lark at waking;  
'Tis the young moon's silver crest,  
And the grey dawn breaking.

J. H. BROWN.

### OTTAWA LETTER.

THE strike of the lumber hands still continues, but happily all apprehensions of violence were speedily removed. The calling out of the militia is now felt to have been an unnecessary step, though their prompt appearance on the scene doubtless had a good effect upon the more turbulent of the strikers, who might not otherwise have been so ready to listen to the earnest entreaties of their leaders to preserve order and respect property. The manly attitude of the strikers as a whole has commanded for them respect and no little sympathy. They promptly repudiated the few acts of force committed at the outset by some outsiders, and gave an impressive object lesson by furnishing from among themselves guards for the protection of the mills and the mill owners' houses. The militia consequently had but a day's duty of the most uneventful kind. The meetings of the strikers have been noticeable for their orderly character and the moderation of the language used. A similar spirit has characterized the conferences between the committees of employers and strikers, and the large processions which traversed the streets daily. One professional labour agitator from Montreal is reported to have used, if not exactly incendiary expressions, at least suggestions of *vis major*, but even he claims to have been misreported. Some mistakes have been made, such as preventing purchasers from carrying away lumber from the yards and interfering with the loading of barges, and here and there a few rough words may be heard from knots of strikers, but, on the whole, the behaviour of the men has been as admirable as it is surprising. They are receiving promises of support from Labour Associations throughout Canada and the United States, and some of the Hull merchants have arranged to furnish provisions on credit. The leaders seem confident of ability to carry the strike on to the end of the season and of obtaining their full demand which is twenty-five cents a day more wages and a reduction of the working hours to ten.

On the other hand, the employers are equally firm of attitude. There are some signs of weakening among the mass of the men, many of whom are in the strike against their personal inclinations. All efforts at compromise have hitherto been rejected by both sides, though both have discussed all rational proposals fairly and temperately. There are, however, hopes that they will meet half-way after all. The speakers at the men's meetings laid great stress on the importance of avoiding drunkenness, and recommended a mild form of lynch law for any offender in that respect. It is certainly a thing to be remarked that not a drunken man is to be seen, and the police court is unusually idle.

Since the last of these letters Lieutenant-Governor Angers' communication to the Governor-General has been laid before the Senate, and the Baie des Chaleurs business has passed into a new stage, the Quebec "crisis" being now over for the time being. Opinions may vary as to its prudence, but there can not be much difference as to the ability and forcefulness of the letter which His Honour sent to Mr. Mercier. It not only sums up with great lucidity the points brought out in the Senate's investigation, but makes some new ones, notably that the Provincial Treasurer was not authorized by Order-in-Council to draw any money for the railway, that raising money by letters of credit without the sanction of the Crown is illegal, and that such a system of finance is injurious to the public credit. The demand for an explanation in no way ignored Mr. Mercier's rights as the adviser of the Crown, though the request for his co-operation in the appointment of a Commission of Judges must have given him a pretty good idea that no other advice would be taken than that which His Honour wanted. Strong situations require strong measures. The efficacy of this action by Lieutenant-Governor Angers has been speedily demonstrated by the acquiescence of Mr. Mercier in the appointment of the Commission desired, which is to commence work at once. That the caucus of Mr. Mercier's supporters could see no other way out of the situation is good presumptive proof that there can be no serious constitutional objections raised to the Lieutenant-Governor's course of proceeding. Pacaud is now energetically repudiated by them, and perhaps they anticipate his playing the rôle of Thomas McGreevy. If the Commission pushes its enquiries beyond the ground covered by the Senate, some sensational disclosures may be expected, for there seems little reason to doubt that the facts brought to light in the investigation at Ottawa were but the skeleton of a highly interesting drama. The Lieutenant-Governor's account of the Honourable Mr. Garneau's complaints about the strong pressure brought to bear and the threats used to make him do things he objected to doing, are but a mere suggestion of the incidents. Rumour also has it that to fully understand this matter the old adage of diplomacy, "*cherchez la femme*," must be acted upon.