



ICE-CUTTING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, NEAR MONTREAL.

that "kindly light" which, wherever it shines, is the same, with the bond of a gentle humanity, and the attraction of a kindred genius, abolish barriers, making one whom they will. So I stand by this grave, and seeing not beside but only my fellow-mortal, I say to him whose ashes lie therein,—Brother!—and I am not without my response. I open my heart's rubric and read a common creed, that names one God, and calls him Father; that is not silent about His Son, nor ignorant of the brotherhood of man in Him; that forgets not an atonement, and the forgiveness of sins, nor the purifying office of His Holy Spirit. And while I repeat the solemn averment, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting," lips, that for all the ears of this world are silent, open in assent most reverently, and close in a soft "Amen!"

There are other things I would have said, Mr. Editor, but they cannot fitly follow here—sometime later.

PASTOR FELIX.



Faith in one's country is next to faith in one's self, and he who hasn't the one probably hasn't the other, and conversely we can argue that he who hasn't faith in his country probably hasn't faith in himself. We of Nova Scotia flatter ourselves that we are not sending a single member to represent us at the Capital who is not an ornament to our province. We claim to own the greatest legal mind in the Dominion—perhaps on the continent—in powers of rhetoric; we also hold that the Minister of Justice is second to none. I should like to have seen the Minister of Marine and Fisheries go back with twice as big a majority as he had, magnificent though it was. We are genuinely glad to see that politics have not spoiled our young minister. I knew him a great many years before he had anything to do with such matters, and have never known him as anything but the frank, ingenuous, off-hand man that he is now—always

ready to chat, but equally ready to listen, with an inexhaustible store of fun, anecdote and information; we look for him to be as great a man as his father one day. Among other counties in this province in which I take a particular interest is Inverness, in the Island of Cape Breton. I knew both candidates intimately, and in all justice I must state that as far as abilities are concerned there is very little to choose between them. Both are men of education and polish, logical and sharp-witted, and equally eloquent. Mr. Macdonnell has the advantage of being a member of the legal profession; a more pleasing speaker than "Sam" it would be difficult to find. Dr. Cameron, or the "Red" Doctor, as he is called, owing to a peculiar custom of the country, where everyone has a nick-name, based usually on some personal quality, has a plain, succinct and convincing way of stating facts; he has ably represented the county in the house for a number of years. Cape Breton is a part of the Dominion of which we probably hear less than any other; owing to its position it is somewhat out of the world, and except for two or three months during the summer is seldom visited by strangers; and yet some of the cleverest men in the country are natives of Cape Breton. In the county of Inverness, for instance, where the inhabitants are almost wholly the descendants of Scotch Highlanders, the average of ability is remarkably high; it is a rare thing to meet a man who is not by nature bright, intelligent, quick-witted and capable; and in those who have the advantage of education these qualities are developed to an extent which places them on a level with the foremost in the race for distinction. Public schools are spread pretty well all over the country now, and a remarkable change has already taken place in the social condition of the people at large. One great drawback to the advancement of the country is the bad rum dispensed at the taverns, (which, by the way, exist by the dozen, all the provisions of the Scott act to the contrary notwithstanding). This rum is a vile home manufacture, and is simply poison, possessing all the bad qualities and none of the good of the genuine article. A Scotch Highlander when he is sober is as peaceable and reasonable a being as any man that breathes; fill him with liquor, especially if it be bad, and he becomes a demon, and is full of fight and mischief. Physically they are probably the strongest men in the

Dominion; they are nearly all giants, and both by the nature of their avocations and their inclinations they develop their physical capabilities to a remarkable degree. During a session of the Supreme Court at Port Hood, the county town, a few years ago, two young giants from Judique held the whole town in a state of terror for a couple of hours, battering this man, breaking that man's head, and carrying off whole panels of another man's fence. The sheriff was finally obliged to raise a posse for the purpose of capturing them. The disturbance had its ludicrous side too; stones and sticks and fence poles and ordinary missiles were all well enough for desultory skirmishing; but when it came to serious, downright fighting, these rascally giants armed themselves each with about a panel and a half of picket fence and charged the crowd, scattering them like grasshoppers in a cyclone; when they had had all the fun they wanted and had cracked the heads of half the people of the town they were bound over by the judge—a very stern man—to keep the peace. The Cape Breton railway, which is about completed and extends from the west side of the island on the Strait of Canso to Sydney on the east, will accelerate the development of this country, which is singularly and strikingly behind the age in almost everything. During the few hot months of the summer tourists from many parts of the States and Canada flock to Cape Breton, generally confining their attention to the magnificent Bras D'Or lakes, Sydney and Louisburg. Prof. Bell, of the telephone, owns a house on the lake, and annually entertains a good-sized party there. In Sydney are to be found some of the most hospitable and interesting people in the province; this was once a garrison town, and many of the descendants of officers in the army are resident there.

Our two new Halifax papers are flourishing, though where they procure the material for their peculiar provinces it puzzles me to know; they are not so busy, however, as not to have any time for indulging in satirical remarks at each other's expense; indeed refined irony appears to be part of the regular table of contents. If they are to be believed, and I have no reason for thinking they are not, they are both in the field to stay. Time alone will show if there is room for both; if not, I suppose it will be a case of the survival of the fittest; just now, I should judge the chances to be about equal.