

scenery of Canada and the United States, and the endless panorama of soldiery marching back and forth throughout both countries, with glimpses of the pageantry of those days. His displays of intellectual resources take many and varied forms of literary expression and always with a remarkable technical skill and temperamental power. Truly he is a past-master in the artistry of words. Incidents that had almost vanished with the dust and mists of centuries he re-suscitated, and he illuminated the trodden paths of others with newer and richer lights.

All his writings bear the imprint of strong mentality; his characters are drawn with fidelity and discrimination and his historical facts unimpeachable. The details are handled with great grace and powerful and felicitous diction, and much erudition. He wrote sympathetically and appreciatively of the charms and attractions of old Stadacona and Canada generally. His erudition was varied and felicitous; he carried it as lightly as the flower he used to wear in the lapel of his coat, and like it, it shed a distinctive, pleasing fragrance. His unassuming wisdom, his quiet modesty, his never-failing good sense, his open-mindedness, his kindness and humanity, were striking features in his make-up. A kindlier, more amiable or more urbane gentleman I have seldom met. In truth his intellectual gifts were only excelled by the charm of his personality and his character as a man.

Parkman has left the intellectual world a legacy that time will account as more noble, more enduring than any material monument which could have been erected to his memory, although Boston has raised one in one of its public parks. Canada owes a great debt of gratitude to this noble and

highly gifted historian. His books on the colonial border warfare of both countries will exist in popular esteem as long as interest in such matters holds sway over human life. He has exercised and will continue to exercise the deepest influence over writers on both sides of the line.

During the writer's residence in Boston he was the recipient of flattering and courteous attentions from Parkman, both at his Boston home and at his delightful residence at Jamaica Plain, the memory of which to-day is genuine pleasure. The courtly dignity and grace of his acts are still vividly present in the writer's mind. Parkman rendered him a service about a year after his arrival in "The Hub of the universe." He called one day at the Hotel Vendôme, and in the course of conversation asked: "Why did you not follow your article of a few months ago, in the North American Review, with a sequel? The agitation going on in Canada at this moment, is an excellent theme for a second paper, on the same lines with your first!" (The question of the Annexation of Canada to the United States was being revived just then). The writer answered: "I anticipated your suggestion a few months ago, but my contribution was declined." Parkman's reply was: "Your article may not have been considered timely just then. Send it again to the same editor and let me know its fate." This advice was followed, without a word of alteration in the Ms. and the article was sent in absolutely the same condition as when refused. Not ten days later a cheque for fifty dollars was received from the North American Review magazine. This is mentioned more especially as an instance of a singular experience in the life of a literary man.

Our distinguished historian sounded