

hail storms are unfelt and the rough winds are hushed for evermore. It is probable that he died in London, though even that is not certain any more than the exact date of his death. No man knows where his dust reposes. No monument was erected to perpetuate the memory of one of the noblest and bravest seamen that ever trod the deck of an English ship. He gave a continent to England; and in all that wide region there is not a headland, bay, creek or harbor called by his name. The navy and commerce of England received from his genius their first onward impulse; but no monumental record marks the few feet of earth which, in return for all his services, England gave as a resting-place for his ashes. His maps and discoveries were never published, and were allowed to sink into perpetual oblivion. The world's benefactors seldom meet their reward here. Never was there a more flagrant case of the world's ingratitude than that presented in the case of Sebastian Cabot. Have our North American Colonies done anything to wipe away the blot? In the splendid Parliament Buildings at Ottawa has a niche been devoted to a statue of the discoverer of North America? If so, it is not yet generally known. In the year 1860 Newfoundland came to the rescue; and when the Prince of Wales visited the island the people presented him with a fine specimen of a Newfoundland dog, having first baptized the animal by the name of "Cabot," out of respect to the memory of the discoverer of the island. It is surely possible to do better than that. The erection of a statue in the capital of the Dominion would be but a little tardy justice done to the merits of this great man, after a lapse of more than three centuries and a half. It is known that there is still, in one of the private picture-galleries of England, a portrait of Cabot, painted for Edward VI. by the great painter, Holbein. Though taken at an advanced age, it is said to have been an admirable and characteristic likeness, presenting a man of commanding stature, on whose noble countenance the lines of profound thought were deeply marked; while the dark hazel eye gave token of the force and ardour of character which made him a leader of men. An engraving of this fine portrait would be a boon to the public.

We have seen that the grand object of Cabot, in his early voyages, was to find a short route to Cathay or China. "There is no new thing under the sun." What we call new has existed ages ago, in rude and embryotic form, and now merely recurs in