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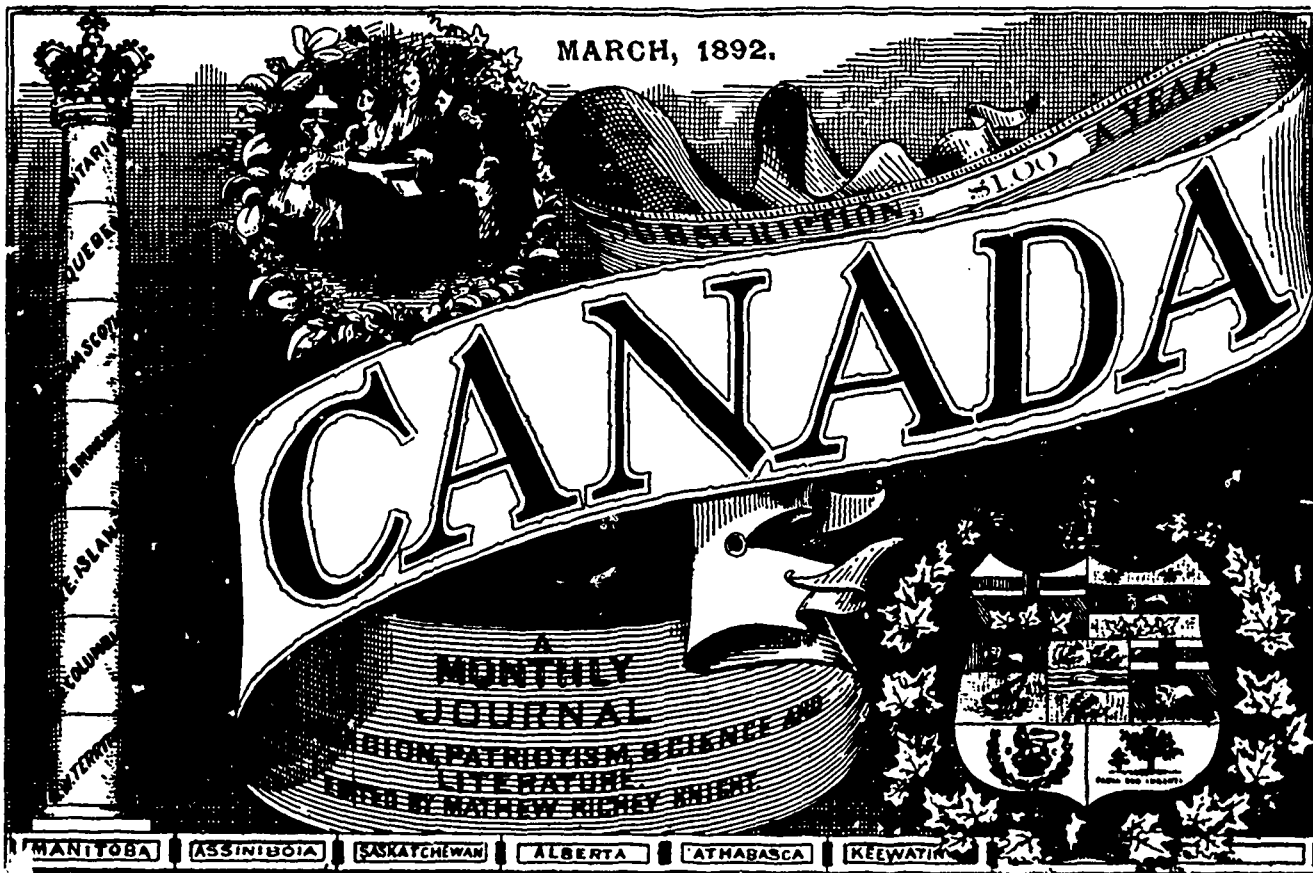
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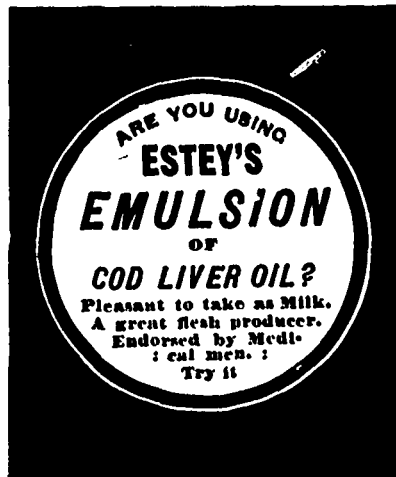
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Vol. II.—No. 3.

MARCH, 1892.

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For Table of Contents see page 7.

[FOR CANADA.]

## WOLFE'S CANTEEN.

About three years since, while excavations were being made at Louisburg, on the site of the old fort, a soldier's canteen was found. On it was inscribed the name of Wolfe.

**D**ARK and drear the night had settled;  
Nestling o'er the sleeping town,  
Fogs, from seaward drifting slowly,  
Cast their sombre shades adown.

'Neath a window's rough hewn recess  
Sat a maiden, fair and bright;  
She, of all in that doomed village,  
Keeps a watch and ward to-night.

On a couch beside the window  
Rests her father's aged form:  
He has passed through life's bright sunshine;  
Now he bows before its storm,  
And she peers far o'er the waters  
Where a headland ends the bay:  
"See! a flash lights up the heavens,  
And in darkness melts away."

"Hark, a storm is fast approaching;  
See the lightning's lurid beam;  
Hear the roll of volleying thunder  
Echoing far o'er hill and stream!"  
"Tis a storm, but not of heaven,—  
English ships are in the bay,—  
To the Chapel! Rouse the people!  
They will land by dawn of day!"

Out into the storm and darkness,  
Now she gains the chapel door;  
And the bell clangs forth its larum,  
British soldiers tread our shore.  
"Men of Louisburg, to your stations!  
We must check the foe's advance!  
Fight for home, for wives, for children!  
For the love of *la Belle France!*"

Bright the rockets flashed their signals  
From ship to ship throughout the fleet,  
Making ready for the slaughter  
That the sun's first beams must greet.

We hope that every subscriber whose  
subscription has expired will renew it  
at once, and send us one new subscrip-  
tion at the same time, if not more.

Every murmur from the squadron  
Told of ruined homes and lives,  
Told of death, despair, destruction,  
Orphaned children, childless wives.

When the bright tints of the dawning  
Tipped with gold the verdant turf,  
Troops in whale-boats, armed for carnage,  
Landward pierced the foaming surf.  
But the mighty God of battles,  
Hurls the fierce oppressors back;  
Beaten by the waves and breakers,  
Beaten by the fog and rack.

Fierce the battle swelled, subsided,  
But the foe made good their way;  
Then the Acadians to the fortrees  
Hasten on in sad array.  
But the father, by the window,  
Has not strength to leave the room.  
"Go, Anetta; join the others!  
This, my home, will be my tomb!"

But Anetta stops his pleading;  
"Father, urge me not to go;  
Where you die, I'll be beside you;  
Stay with you, come weal or woe.  
Englishmen, though bold and ruthless,  
Do not harm the weak and old;—  
Brave hearts never can be cruel;  
No base metal mines with gold!"

Stubborn still, they conquer ocean,  
Force their vessels to the shore,  
Gain the land and charge the lighthouse,  
Hurl its guardian from the door;  
Mount their guns upon its borders,  
Train them on the leaguered town;  
And, mid war's dread desolation,  
Dash the weak defences down.

But the Acadians, still unconquered,  
Hold the fort through June's bright days,  
Till July's last week is going;  
Then, midst houses all ablaze,  
Forth the women, masked and girdled,  
Sallied out from ruined walls;  
Leaving husbands, brothers, children,  
War's grim captives, bonded thralls.

Soon the cannon shot had shattered  
All the weak defences down;  
Soon the British troops victorious,  
With bands paraded through the town;

And the gallant Wolfe, their leader,  
Stops before a cottage door,  
Where, together, sire and daughter  
Sleep the death-sleep ever more.

From the ruined cot they bore them,—  
Bore Anetta, pale and cold,  
Bore the pallid father, lifeless,  
To the fortress' ruined hold;  
Close beside the wall they laid them,  
Where no tombstone marks the shrine;  
But in annals of Acadia  
Their names will ever brightly shine.

And the grey mists of the morning  
Rolled in solemn waves away;  
Lingering long and oft returning,  
Loath to shew to light of day  
Such dread scene of war and carnage,  
Such ensanguined fields of woe,  
Man's fierce hate and love of bloodshed,  
All the ills that war can shew.

As the soldiers stood around them,  
Wolfe looked in the open grave;  
Took the canteen he had carried  
Many months o'er ocean wave;  
Laid it in the tomb beside them  
Tenderly, his good canteen,  
For that love which knit together  
Fair Annette and Piero Lachine.

ALEX. HERON.

Fredericton, N. B.

[FOR CANADA.]

## IN OLD NOVA SCOTIA.

**P**ANZANT'S Island!  
On the edge of the wilderness  
The May night was dark and  
soundless. There was no moon,  
no stars. In the gloom the lightest thing  
was the glimmer of the sandy beach where  
the white man stood: the darkest thing  
his own shape (and some others), against  
the dark forest; in the quiet the loudest  
thing his own hard drawn breath. The  
very air choked him.

Silently, with dry tongue, he tried to  
moisten his thick lip; silently he cursed  
himself; silently—in the sudden sweat-  
ing terror of the death which pricked

him, he thought he screamed it;—but he spoke quite softly.

"Payzant's Island!" he said.

He had nothing on him worth having, when they had caught him outside Lunenburg an hour ago. In another hour they would kill him unless he could lead them to better prey; already they had tortured him. And on Payzant's Island to-night, the trader, his wife and children were alone in their strong newly-finished log-house. Payzant was rich; the night was quiet; and death—the man's teeth chattered—came to all. His knees gave under him as he watched Indian after Indian spring into his canoe, and vanish without even a ripple the more on the water. Sweet life awoke in him; he forgot the withes on his wrists; they were going—going!

Two Indians caught him up, head and heels, and swung him into their canoe. They were going indeed, but he was with them—sobbing, writhing, despairing, in the bottom of the last canoe; a new Judas in the New World.

There was no light in Payzant's house. In front of a dying fire, he and his wife sat talking; in a corner the children were asleep, and the warmth gradually made their mother drowse as she watched them.

Payzant looked at her from half-shut, contented eyes; looked at his new log walls, his sturdy doors. He raised his head sharply, and listened. There was not a sound; yet he had heard one! He went to the barred window, and put his ear against the heavy wooden shutters. He had wealth in his home for those times, and the German settlers at Lunenburg wished him no good. He took his gun from the wall, and began to undo the door.

His wife sprang up, wide-awake.

"What are you doing?" she demanded. "Would you open the door so late?"

Payzant shrugged his shoulders. For months past they had lived in a hut with no door to open! He stooped again to unbar it.

"I will give them a fright. It is some of those Germans, come over to steal!"

"Oh, Payzant! I heard nothing. Do not venture out. What if it were Indians?"

"Indians! Why runneth thy mind on them?" said the man, with bitterness. "When to us the whole province is but a horde of enemies. German hogs settled at our doors, with Cornwallis's men quartered on them to keep them from rooting up the whole township! Popish French rising in Acadia, and all agog in Quebec, sending their spies and their hired Indian devils even to Halifax,—it seems to me that in all the earth the

least to be feared by a Huguenot is the Indians!"

His wife sighed.

"Yet I fear them," she said.

"It is not from them that I have sought refuge on this island," he repeated obstinately, moving to the door.

"Wait! you know not who is there." And she took him by the shoulder to delay him.

"I heard the swearing of a white man!" he returned drily, not knowing that an unwilling guide had tripped, and, falling, shrieked out an oath. He opened the door, and from where he stood on the threshold, fired into the darkness; the shot had scarcely sounded, before the blaze of twenty muskets lit the heavy air. Against the open doorway, and the glow of his own fire, Payzant's figure had been clearly visible. He dropped his gun, staggering, recovered and stood erect, staring into the darkness with eyes which could not pierce it.

But his wife in that momentary flash of muskets, had seen shadows squatting under the bushes; brown, keen-eyed shadows, waiting to see how many men garrisoned the house. Oh! For five, for two, for one man!

"Come in!" she cried. "Payzant, come in."

He fell, outwards on the grass.

"The Indians," he muttered, as she seized him frantically. "The children—go in!"

The children! He was her husband, her best beloved. How heavy he was as she dragged him nearer, nearer yet to the open door behind her, never taking her eyes the while from those lurking shadows.

Payzant groaned heavily, and she felt his shudder.

"My heart—grows cold," he said, "Get in!" He slipped through her straining arms to the ground.

From the house came a child's voice shrill with terror, but its cry was drowned in a dog-like whoop from the near bushes. Mrs. Payzant leapt from where her dead lay on the ground; the living called her, and they had none but —.

She barred the door, twisting the heavy beam home, just before the rush of the Indians broke against it. It quivered but it did not give.

The children screamed afresh.

"Be quiet!" the mother ordered harshly. "Come and help me."

The boxes of merchandise, which had brought the Indians on them, must help to keep them out, if only she could lift them from the inner room where the serving woman lay sick, with her child beside her.

Thank God, there were barrels in plenty! And she rolled them against the door, till she could do no more.

She ground her teeth as she sat among her children, the two younger boys and the girl clutching her round the neck, by the skirts; the eldest standing tearless and defiant as his mother herself, but with rage shaking him like a fit.

"I will kill them!" he repeated, stamping his bare foot.

"Hush!" Mrs. Payzant gathered the children closer, and listened. "Hush!"

The boy stood quiet, a rigid little figure in the gloom.

There was a scraping sound as of twigs against the door, a fall of heavier wood.

"They are going to burn us!" he cried. "Mother, the house won't catch, will it? Mother?"

"I know not," she answered. Burn, —she would burn a thousand times so that the Miemcas should go empty as they came,—but the children! She tightened her clasp of them, sat rocking them. Outside a spark leapt, crackled! Brush-wood was tinder at this time of year. As the flame sprang out, it sent a fitful light through a chink in the logs; a chink to fire a gun through; and their only gun lay outside on the grass. She sat quite still, watching the growing fire-light, hearing the wood catch as new was thrown on; in the light from the loop-hole she saw smoke oozing into the room in little impalpable film. Suddenly there entered a great whirl of it. Where?

She rushed to feel the opposite wall of the house, and sprang back with a blistered hand. The smoke poured in till the room was choking, the children sobbed and gasped. From the inner room the sick serving woman called where she lay helpless and forgotten, "Mr. Payzant!" Payzant's wife shuddered. She could not let children and a sick woman burn! Death was shut in with them and death waited without; one she must choose. Wild with doubt she pressed her hands to her eyes to stop the intolerable smart of the wood-smoke. Suddenly over the faint wailing of the panting children, over the steady hiss of the fire, came a voice. A white man's voice. A voice of warning, of reassurance.

She could not know that for him it was speak, or burn on the slow fire of the burning house. With a cry of thanksgiving she opened the door. There swept in a reek of smoke; a breath of night-air,—cool, heavenly; a yelling mob. The woman quailed. For behind

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there came the man whose voice she had trusted, and his hands were tied behind his back. He was nothing but a prisoner, a decoy. As she looked at him, she recognised him.

"You!" Regardless of the Indians, she sprang up and pointed through the doorway to the dead body of her husband. "This is your work. It was *your* voice I heard!"

"Madam, madam!" he stammered, his face convulsed.

"Ay! madam, madam," she repeated. "Call not on my name, but on God's, that He forgive you. I cannot!"

She turned from him, better to look on the Indians than on him. But her strength was gone. Like a dream she heard her servant's voice in the outcry of death; heard the Indians mocking that shriek; saw them dancing round her; not till the night air struck chill on her face, did she realise that she was being taken from the burning house and carried down to a canoe, she and the children—prisoners!

Dark against the brilliant flames which shot high now, she saw the Indians stooping over something which struggled. Presently they came down the hill leaping and whooping, waving a fresh scalp; she thrilled to the sight with a fierce joy, even while it sickened her. Mother and children clung to each other where they were huddled in the largest canoe, which slipped noiselessly through the waters, out to the open sea. Where were they going?

The elder yell of the dying traitor rung in the women's ears as she sat tearless in her cramped place. She watched the Indians paddling tirelessly, grim and bronze against the white dawn, their paddles bloody from their reeking fingers. Over the peaceful sea, over the young woods of the islands they were skirting, rose the sun which had shone yesterday no fairer than to-day; the children slept around her knees. It was high noon when they landed, and were hurried through the woods, walking all day. When the children could walk no more their captors carried them; the mother, running, stumbling, kept up to them by the strength of despair. They were hers, she would not let them out of her sight; if they died she would die with them; if she could save them, for them.

They stopped at last on the shore of a river she had never seen. She lay down on the bank and drank like a thirsty dog, like a dog snatched at an unclean crust an Indian threw her. Trembling with fatigue, she soaked and fed it to the youngest child; there was no more given

her, she ate the crumbs the child had dropped. She would neither be starved out nor tired out; she would watch over her children through all.

By moonrise they were in the canoes again, dropping down the river through an unbroken wilderness. In spite of herself the woman dozed, and while she slept, the canoes swept out into a broader stream, whose red clay banks towered high. The Indians paddled noiselessly, close in shore. Yet suddenly with a sick start, Mrs. Payzant was broad awake. Where were they? She gazed about her wildly,—she knew this place!

On the bank above her she heard a measured tramp: a voice—an English voice—rang out in the quiet air. Dear God! It was a sentry's challenge to the officer turning out the guard. This was Windsor town, and they were passing right under the fort!

She leapt on her feet in the unsteady canoe; her lips opened to shriek. Her parched throat could not make a sound! Silently, and more quickly than she could draw her breath again, the nearest Indian had laid his knife within a hair's-breadth of her little girl's throat. The mother dropped speechless to her place, and watched the blessed fort slip by, the soldiers, the village where their mothers and children slept warm in their beds.

For days she sat dumb, not till they landed again somewhere on the New Brunswick shore, did she so much as lift her sick head. And then their awful march began again. Fevered, footsore, Mrs. Payzant fed herself on berries and roots, scraps thrown aside by the Indians; her bones were nearly through her skin, her face was fiercer than theirs with famine, when they camped one night in a strange country, by a great river with French poulars like land-marks on its banks.

Deathly tired, she dropped asleep on the damp ground, for once forgetful of her charge; and awoke with day-light; to gaze wildly about her, to run panic-stricken to and fro calling her children. But for two Indians, she was alone; the others had gone away in the dark, the children with them. It was the only night she had slept, clutching them to her, and they were gone.

That afternoon the two Indians took into St. Anne's, a dumb skeleton of a woman whose feet hardly bore her. They received their price for her, for the French government paid for English prisoners and scalps, and went quietly away, leaving her behind them senseless. She was just in time to be sent that very day on to Quebec, to join the roll of British prisoners waiting there for ransom

or exchange. In Quebec she lay for months, with bye-and-bye a new-born infant beside her; and the sight of the child it's father had never seen, roused her like a call from heaven to find the children he had known and loved. The longing made her leave her bed; she went out, weak and staggering, and sought everywhere among incoming trappers and scouts, Indians and prisoners, for a man who had heard of her children. And at last found him. The Indians were camped near Fredericton, the children with them, adopted into their tribe; beasts of burden to their masters.

Outside the house of the Archbishop of Quebec, there knelt a woman; night or day he came not in nor out, but she plucked at his habit. "Monseigneur, the Indians at Fredericton have stolen my children. Give them back to me! Bid the priest confess them not, neither absolve them till I have mine own again, *Monseigneur!*" Even after he had stopped and spoken kindly to her, she scarcely left her post, a haggard, silent figure pleading for remembrance. One day in Autumn a priest came out and called her.

"Your children are here!" he said. "Come with me."

Faint and trembling, she followed him to the citadel, where beside a lounging, chattering guard were huddled a motley crew; a detachment of English prisoners, come under escort from St. Anne.

"Find your own, madame, and make haste!" a sergeant bade the wolf-eyed mother; who staggered but half alive up to the ragged mob; and shrieked, and clasped her own, and shrieked again.

ANDRÉ MESSERT

Halifax, N. S.

[FOR CANADA.]

CANADA.

CANADA! my country,  
Protector of my birth,  
Offspring of the noblest realm  
That rules upon this earth,  
Where shall thy sons and daughters  
Future more bright command  
Than within thy fair dominion,  
Stretching from strand to strand!

The grandeur of thy scenery  
The poet fails to pen;  
The richness of thy fertile plains  
Scientists "dinna ken."  
Thy giant march of intellect  
Has stirred the mother-land;  
The shrewdness of thy men of state  
The *laid* who seeks thy hand.

Then rise ! ye sons of freedom,  
Sons to the manor born ;  
And claim your noble birthright,  
Unblemished and untorn.  
Stand by the land that loves you,  
That claims you as her own !  
Make her the fairest jewel  
In the imperial crown !

W. T.

Kempt, Hants Co., N. S.

(FOR CANADA.)

## REMINISCENCES OF RESTIGOUCHE.

BY. H. L. G.

IF you are a tourist and want to see Canadian life to perfection, or if a Canadian and want a summer's outing, for beauty and the study of the country, take a trip up the Restigouche. There, better than anywhere else in the Dominion that I know, you will meet the true type of a Canadian. The north bank of the river, settled in the 16th century by the French, the south bank by Scotch, English and Irish, have produced a sturdy race of mountaineers, thinking for themselves. For upwards of two hundred years, these people, owing to the physical features of the country—until the last 30 years, when the Intercolonial railway was built—have been isolated. The Indian element too is not wanting, and in your holiday you will find that he plays no mean part in adding to your pleasure. Coming in contact with different characters, which for their oddities, ruggedness, together with a dash of gentleman, would give a Dickens or a Scott food for a lifetime, I have thought how true it is that country forms character. The inhabitants seem to be merely reflections of the dark mountains, foaming waters, and peaceful valleys, nestling close to the banks of the laughing river, and smiling back as in worship, beneath the face of their god, the mystic sun.

Sitting in idleness, and for want of something better to do, I am tempted to make some running jottings of a day's doings last summer. For a few days a murmur of its being time for a picnic had reached my ears. At first I paid but little attention to the suggestion, in fact I was busy, and had other things on hand, but on the evening of the 5th wending my way home, after business hours, a little tired, dusty, and hot ; and thinking that after all a fellow's but a grown up boy and sometimes wants a lark, really must "jig" if he can't get it any other way, I met Mac. with a "Hello ! when's that Millstream racket coming off ?"

"They speak of Thursday."

"Well I'm on hand. How many canoes have you ?"

"Six ; but we want seven."

"All right ; you know mine ? She's good for it, Thursday morning. Take the train, dine at Metapedia, and float down, I suppose ?"

"No, they speak of Assametquaghan, and coming down over the large falls."

"What, you're not going to take the ladies over them ?"

"Well no ; some of them say they'd like to try them."

"Impossible," was my prompt reply.

That was Tuesday. Wednesday the boys got the canoes taken to the station, and arranged for the different boat loads. Who should take whom ? What married lady should see the thing through ? While the fair ones were kept busy cooking all sorts of nice things, and arranging dainty baskets, the same only seen at a picnic in N. B. I'll back the women of that Province for filling the best baskets and spreading the best table on the green sward against all others. No ; they've got the knack to perfection. Nothing's too fine, nothing's too much trouble for a picnic. And for *their* picnics they're right.

Thursday morning, and oh ! what a day. Not a vestige of a cloud to be seen. The wind stealing soft and warm over Sugar Loaf, whose frowning top cast smiling glances across to the Quebec peaks, saying in very words, "We've got you this time, the wind and I, and will hold you for at least twelve hours ; then you may blow your north east wind, and ruffle the limpid waters as much as you like. The young folk who give me a name, climb my sides, and call me theirs, shall have their day in peace, my friends." At the station I found the party assembled, 33 in all, eager for the day's trip. The canoes, with the exception of one, could easily hold from five to six. As most of the gentlemen had done a good deal of canoeing on these rivers, we decided to dispense with the help of Indians. The party took fair possession of our car, laughing, talking, enjoying the scenery as we whisked past sunny points of shingle, dark sombre coves ; green islands ; a farm truly kept, the hands stopping work to wave a good bye to the flying train on the one side, while the hills on the left sent long green and purple shadows over the shimmering waters. In an hour and a half, forty miles of such country was left behind. "Assametquaghan" was roared in at the door by the grinning brakesman ; there was a jar, a rush, everyone losing her own basket and wraps and finding another's, and in less than no time the

party of trim girls in their summer costumes, and stalwart men, ready for work although combined with pleasure stood on the platform on the margin of the coquetting Metapedia. In a trice coats were doffed, canoes shouldered, baskets stowed inside, and all on the way to the beach, which was a few steps only from the once busy, now silent station. It has often been a wonder to me how all the people who make a crowd at a railway station disappear as if by magic. In half an hour the boats with their appointed crews pull away. Some, a trifle weightier than others, need to be poled off, giving rise to a little good-natured badinage as regards the consequence. "Bad lookout for you, Doc. You'll stick fast on the shallows below."

"Well, he wont mind that, time's measured by the company one's with. Three hours may seem three minutes in some cases."

"Yes, we've got the biggest basket and all the lemons, so I imagine we can have the best of it," replied the would be indifferent Dr.

Away we float, at first amid a good deal of talk from the ladies about sitting still, and the general chatter which is kept up, when none have settled down to a *tête-à-tête*, and every one can keep up a running conversation from the various canoes. But after a trial of skill in paddling, a discussion as to the best canoe, and an arranging of grass and rugs, which the ladies are sitting on, there is quietness, and one is left to revel in the wild, weird scenery which meets the eye.

On either side, hills from four hundred to about a thousand feet high rise from the water's edge. In some places rugged and cracked, crowned with dark pines which adds to the gloom, while perhaps on the opposite bank at any place only a stone's throw, the hill may slope gradually, covered to the very summit with the most beautiful flora one can imagine. Flowering shrubs, maidenly maples blushing rosy pink at the thought of approaching Autumn, shimmering pale faced birches, and impudent poplars who shake their tiny dingy leaves in the face of the dignified beech, while in and through, vines, drooping under their extra weight of fruit, downy mosses, feathery trembling ferns, great staring ox-eyed daisies, black eyed susans, gigantic goldenrods smile benignly on the rushing, foaming, maddened river below, tumbling headlong through the narrow channel, turning, twisting, winding in and out among the rockbound hills, in its tortuous course

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to the parent Restigouche, which in loving arms bears it on and on to the sea. There is a hush round about. You listen intently for what? The ripple of the waters at the bank's edge; their surge at an approaching rapid; the leaves sighing in the breeze; the startled cry of a hawk, the loving twitter of the sparrow, and feel surprised at that which you know best, the human voice from a canoe further on. You look ahead and see only walls of rock, perhaps with a white line of foam at their base; behind, the same. You wonder for a moment where the river has gone. Then a voice from the stern, "Steady now," warns you of the coming danger. What, your first rapid? Everyone fairly holds his breath. All are really going into that rushing, boiling water? You have no time to think. The canoe gives a bound, quivers. Again in a low compressed voice from the stern, "Steady now. Paddle hard to the right. To the left. Ease a little there." And once more, like a frightened steed, quieted by the firm hand of his master, the thin piece of birch, which is between you, and the angry seething waves, glides on into the gurgling, moaning waters beyond.

About fifteen miles from the start, where the Assanetquaghan joins the Metapedia, you come to the large falls. Above them the canoes were moored, in spite of the current, which is strong. The ladies were handed out. We all got out. "Who'll go over the falls first?" was the general query. There they lay, right across the river, which again narrows at this point. You see the greeny curve of the waters over a decided fall of from two to three feet, then there is a ledge of rock, after which a second dip of little less. Where the rocky shelf is, the waters are lashed into foam, which sends up spray to the height of about five feet, then the same is seen at the foot of the second fall. Can a boat go through that in safety? Yes, but one needs a steady head and hand.

"Well, Morgan," said Mac., turning to me; "You show us the way, and we'll follow."

"All right, I'll take the first leap."  
(To be concluded next month.)

WHAT HE GOT.—A Hoosier lad of twelve years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his master's back yard, when he was approached by a playmate.

"Hello, Ben," said the youngster, "do you get anything for cuttin' the wood?"

"Well, I reckon I do," replied Ben. "Ma gives me a cent a day for doin' it."

"What you goin' to do with yer money?"

"Oh, she's savin' it for me, and when I get through she's goin' to get me a new ax."

(FOR CANADA.)

## THE LESSON OF THE LILIES.

BY S. H. SABINE.

The spot described in the following poem is situated in the southern part of Kings County, P. E. Island.

I STOOD upon a barren heath,  
Whete poison shrub and moorland moss  
Had thrown their tangled bridge across  
The black and oozy soil beneath.

'Twas in the balmy, ha'cyon days,  
The days when spring and summer seem  
To meet, and, seen as in a dream,  
The distant hills loomed through the haze.

And, tideless in the noontide heat,  
Hemmed in by walls of sedge and mould,  
A blot upon the desert wold,  
A stagnant mere lay at my feet.

Afar, I heard the wild birds sing,  
As from tree-top and swaying limb  
They raised their psalms of praise to Him  
Whose bounty sends the gladsome Spring:

Anear, the bull-frog's dismal croak,  
The speckled toad's discordant cries,  
The huzzing of the venom'd flies;  
These sounds alone the silence broke.

O spot accursed of God! I cried;  
Forsaken both of God and man,  
What part hast thou in nature's plan?  
But from the depths no voice replied.

Once more beside that mere I stand;  
And, lo, a wondrous change is wrought,  
A change surpassing utmost thought;  
For never did enchanter's wand

Or hoar magician's potent rod  
Such changes work: awhile I gaze  
Upon the scene, in mute amaze,  
Ther' bowing say, Lo, here is God!

Up from the dark and slimy ground,  
Through waters black, their snakelike stems  
The lilies rear, and, lo, with gems  
Of floral grace the lake is crowned.

Huge palm-broad leaves of richest green  
Bedeck the bosom of the lake,  
And emerald-hued flotillas make,  
Where resting gracefully are seen

White flowers whose waxen leaves enfold  
(Half-hiding them from outward view,  
Yet letting half their warmth burn through  
Their pointed spires) rich hearts of gold.

And, borne upon the summer breeze,  
Come subtle perfumes, rare and sweet  
As are the odorous gales which greet  
The voyager on Southern seas.

With emerald wing and throat of gold,  
The ruby-breasted humming-bird  
Flits to and fro, less seen than heard,  
Till, made by admiration bold,

He pauses in his arrowy flight  
To fan some lily's blushing cheek,  
Then darts away fresh fields to seek;  
He is in truth a lover light.

And hither comes the honey bee  
To revel mid these sweet perfumes:  
He leaves the garden's cultured blooms,  
The myriad flowers that deck the lea,

And in his boat of shining pearl,  
On couch of gold, at anchor lies,  
Nor heeds the mimic waves that rise  
And round his vessel foam and curl.

Bright butterflies on gaudy wing  
Go fluttering from flower to flower,  
Enjoying well their life's brief hour,  
In idleness and wantoning.

Like lances robed in living light,  
The crested dragon-flies are seen  
To brush their wings of emerald sheen  
Against the lilies, creamy white.

O pearly leaves! O hearts of gold!  
O subtle perfumes, rare and sweet!  
Here have I found a mercy seat,  
A sacred place where I may hold

Communion with the God of love,  
Communion with the God of grace,  
Who rules in every realm and race,  
Whose fitting emblem is the dove.

He calls no spot "accursed ground;"  
But where sin hath all beauty slain,  
Where basks foul error's reptile train,  
There doth his grace the more abound.

Then bloom ye on, ye flowerets fair;  
Bloom on, nor shall your lives be lost;  
Still let your petals, wavelet tossed,  
Shake honied perfumes on the air;

For while on your magnificence  
I gaze with wonder and delight,  
I learn a lesson from the sight  
As touching God's omnipotence;

That not alone from cultured lands,  
By churchly rite, and rule walled in,  
But ofttimes from the wilds of sin,  
From moral deserts, barren sands,

From stagnant fens of unbelief,  
From Etna heights where passions flame,  
From fetid pools of crime and shame,  
Spring fragrant flower and verdant leaf,

That in a chaplet fair to see  
By angel hands are wreathed and bound  
About the Brows with thorns once crowned,  
A coronal of victory;

That forms of faith where seem to meet  
The dark, the cold, may yet give birth  
To Christlike lives, to glad the earth,  
With beauty and with fragrance sweet;



That even the vague and mystic creeds  
Of Eastern lands, creeds centuries old,  
In their dim depths perchance may hold,  
Hidden from sight, some precious seeds

Which, quickened by the holy light  
Of God's free grace, may germinate,  
To gem the floods of strife and hate  
With Love's pure lilies, fair and white :

That sometimes from the dark abyss  
Of pain, all pain, God's grace may bring  
The pure and perfect blossoming  
Of endless joy and righteousness.

Then bloom ye on, ye flowerets fair ;  
Bloom on - your lives shall not be lost !  
Still let your petals, wavelet tossed,  
Shake honied perfumes on the air !

For while on your magnificence  
I gaze with wonder and delight,  
I learn a lesson from the sight  
As touching God's omnipotence.  
*West Point, P. E. Island.*

(FOR CANADA.)

### FAIRLY CAUGHT.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

(Began in last Number.)

"THAT'S a sweet story, my dear; but how do you know it was your favourite fern that was their shelter?"

"I tell the tale as it was told to me, and I suppose there must be some ground for the conclusion, either in the natural history of the country, or something equally trustworthy."

"You must mount me a bit of *Osmunda* as a souvenir of your story, and this pleasant evening. What is it, Maggie?"

"The missis says, if ye'd like a nice evenin' walk down to the Forks, she's a goin' to see a woman after some butter."

"Let us go, Miranda: we shall have a peep into somebody's 'interior,' as the artists say."

"Tell Mrs. Bayley we will be 'down in a minute,'" said Miranda to the little maid.

"Better put yer thick boots on, er yer rubbers, fer there's awful heavy doo down the valley after nightfall."

"Thank you, Maggie."

As they passed the front of the hotel, the ladies observed that Mr. DeSury Stone was sitting there, and it struck Agnes that it was just likely he might have heard her little story, if it was possible for one above to be heard so far below.

After they had passed under the bridge, the rocks drew in, and it was very dark for half a mile or more, the crescent moon seeming to throw no light further down

than the tops of the cliffs: after that the landscape opened out wider, and farms and cottages were seen nestling in the shelter of the valley.

"This must be a lovely walk by daylight, Mrs. Bayley. We have always gone up the stream, but we must certainly follow it down to the lake, or wherever it ends," remarked Agnes.

"It just goes on till it crosses the road and runs into the river--the Clearwater, as it's called--and that goes on for miles gettin' bigger and bigger till it gets to Lake Ontario. See them white-lookin' rocks in the face o' the mountain, miss!"

"Yes, Mrs. Bayley, they look like sheets pinned up for magic-lantern scenes."

"There is Mr. Stun's property, so he tells me. Miss Winter, he's agoin' to be a rich man."

"Indeed. And you don't think he has been a rich man hitherto?"

"Can't tell, Miss, sometimes he seems like it, and sometimes not. Bayley says he's puttin' on, but it aint our business. If he opens quarries, we'll have a lot o' new boarders, and it all helps to make money."

"Yes, I suppose so; but ladies can't stay in the house where there are a lot of rough men. So we must ask you to let us know when the workmen are to arrive."

"I will, Miss. Fore that, though, there is to be a kind o' party or summat, so Mr. Stun tells me, and I'm amost at my wits' end to know what to get for 'em; and gels is so stoopid, none o' 'em knows how to make a bit o' bread decent, hardly."

"O Mrs. Bayley, your bread is so nice, it will be a treat to city folks, and I suppose Mr. DeSury Stone's friends are mostly city people."

"I heerd Bayley say he comes from Guelph; but I heerd him talkin' to a man as comes to see him, and it was 'Teronter,' 'Teronter.' Anyhow I must begin to prepare, for it's next week, I understand."

"Don't you be uneasy, Mrs. Bayley," cried Miranda: "we'll help you. We are both used to making cakes, and Miss Vaughan makes the nicest veal pasty you ever tasted, and we'll gather flowers, and borrow some glasses for them from your neighbours, and we'll have as elegant a lunch and tea as the 'Queen's' could show."

"O, you're very good indeed, and I'll be awful glad o' your help.--Well, if that ain't Mr. Stun! I wonder what brought him at Ward's!"

Ward's was the farm to which the ladies were going after the butter, and,

as they approached, Mr. DeSury Stone came forward confidently saying:

"Unexpected pleasure, ladies! Was looking at my rocks, you know, stumbled a little, and rolled down to the river; jumped over to get a drop of milk at the farm-house. Can see you home, if you'll allow me."

"That will be almost a necessity, Mr. DeSury Stone, since there is but one road, and if we don't all go together, you or we will have to stay a time at the farm-house, while the other gets back to the hotel," said Miranda saucily.

"Cert'nly! cert'nly! I'm quite in luck, Miss Winter, for I know you'll never condemn me to stay behind in misery and suspense, while you are escorted to the hotel by our good hostess."

"It seems to me you gentlemen are very confident; now if it were not for Miss Vaughan, who would be angry at what she would call "such non-sense," I should myself insist on going home with Mrs. Bayley unaccompanied."

"How absurd you are, Miranda!" cried Agnes, blushing; "but Mrs. Bayley is ready: she beckons us."

"Mrs. Ward wants ye to have a drop o' buttermilk, Mr. Stun an' all," explained Mrs. Bailey.

"Now for your 'interior,' Aggy," whispered Miranda; not so low, however, but that Mr. DeSury Stone heard.

The 'interior' was the ordinary small Canadian farm-house kitchen, a big room with white-washed walls, a large wood-stove, with no fire in it in deference to the season, a clean scrubbed uneven floor, a large clean scrubbed pine dining-table, with black painted chairs set in a close row behind it, a big rocking-chair with a patchwork cushion in it, a black walnut cupboard ornamented with odd bits of glass and china, a little window with a white cotton valance above, and some luxuriant geraniums in lobster cans and rough wooden boxes below, and some old harness on the pale by the door, over which hung a couple of 1812 muskets and a powder horn. In the corner by the door stood an excellent double-barrelled fowling-piece, on which a leather game-bag was suspended. Agnes took it all in at a glance, and reproduced the picture on a canvas she exhibited at the Royal Academy show of the following year, adding, however, a cherubic child, a spaniel, and Mrs. Ward, who now stood by the table pouring out buttermilk for the visitors.

When the party took the road home, Agnes had possession of Mrs. Bayley, leaving Miranda to Mr. DeSury Stone, who, she mischievously hoped would be a sufficiently trying companion to pay

back Miranda for the saucy jokes at her expense.

But for some reason or other when they all parted at the hotel door, she found Mr. DeSury Stone and Miranda were on excellent terms with each other, and on reaching their own room, her exclamation was, "You dreadful flirt, Miranda!"

"Didn't flirt a bit, Miss! Mr. DeSury Stone went beyond himself to please me, and moreover, I am more than ever persuaded I have met him before, although he says he thinks not."

"Well, well! poor George!"

Such a time as they had, preparing for Mr. DeSury Stone's quarry-party, as he phrased it. The little hotel had no table linen fit to lay for city guests, and the consequence was a big parcel of it and a box of knives from Mrs. Winter's stores; a crate of glass, tumblers, jugs and fruit dishes from Agnes Vaughan's home; and a hamper of fruit, late strawberries, early plums, apples, and pears, with some California nectarines and peaches, the Canadian kinds being yet unripe. Nobody knew where these came from, since Mr. DeSury Stone seemed so immersed in 'rocks' that he hadn't a minute for anything else, even for his meals at regular hours.

Bread, custards, pies, were turned out of the birch oven every day for a week, and the day before the party a couple of neighbour women swept and dusted the little hotel from top to bottom, while Miranda and Agnes beat eggs, made icing, blanched hickory kernels, *faute de* Jordan almonds, coloured sugar, and kept a little maid running borrowing tins for jelly-cakes. On the day itself, nobody could arrive until the twelve-thirty P.M. train, and so the two friends had time to make up the table bouquets from the flowers, wild and not wild, the youngsters of the neighborhood brought in from every direction, and Miranda had grown quite accustomed to Agnes' frequent exclamation, "O here's a rare specimen!" by the time all was done. Two big chicken pasties of golden hue had ample time to cool in the cellar where there was a fine cold spring, and the hams were all ready be-frilled and peppered, so that Mrs. Bailey had only to roast the sirloin that was to grace the head of the table and be served hot, to keep in countenance the potatoes, the only vegetable she could command.

When they had seen the table properly laid, and an improvised buffet supplied with the necessary extras, the two young ladies retired to dress. Necessarily they were a little weary, but when they emerged upon the little balcony in their soft white frocks with pretty ribbons,

and ripples of lace, the sun shone on no lovelier maidens.

And so thought Mr. DeSury Stone as he came up the road, carrying a stone-mason's pick, and he actually blushed as he raised his hat, probably realising how dusty and lack-a-day he looked. Mrs. Bailey had him in to look at the tables, and told Miranda when she ran down to see if Mrs. Bailey had had time to put on her best cap, that he 'actually trembled Miss, 's if he had the ague.'

At twelve-thirty the guests began to arrive. The ladies were shown to a big empty room gazed by the only two looking-glasses in the house, a rude table, covered with a half-worn cashmere shawl, and three stools, all the chairs being needed for the dining room. But there was no need of much dressing, all being in fresh morning gowns. The gentlemen shifted for themselves.

When the bell sounded for lunch, Mr. DeSury Stone came to take Miranda down himself, and brought with him a "professor," spectacles on nose, to wait upon Agnes.

As they entered the big hotel parlour, they were more than surprised to find themselves in the midst of city friends. On every hand they were greeted by cries of "Miranda!" "Miss Vaughan!" "Miss Winter!" With the exception of three or four of the company, they knew everybody, and certainly everybody seemed on the easiest terms with Mr. DeSury Stone, though a certain constraint towards him was visible, but there was no time for asking questions.

Lunch over, all walked down under the shade of the hill to where a steep incline had been graded, and up and down which a continuous cable carried a couple of rough open cars. Into these cars the assembled company, which had been augmented by several respectable-looking men in tweed suits, entered, half a dozen at a time, and were pulled up to the top. A sort of guard of honour was formed around Mr. DeSury Stone, some speeches were made in which legal and scientific terms jostled compliments, and at length Mr. DeSury Stone was handed a pick and requested to chip off a bit of rock, and announce the work begun.

But to her great astonishment that gentleman, pick in hand, advanced before the assembled multitude to Miranda, and, bowing low, requested her to do him the honour of naming his quarry. So completely dumfounded was the poor girl, that she could not even find words in which to decline; that being the impulse of the moment.

"Pray honour it with your own name, Miss Winter," begged Mr. DeSury Stone

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MATTHEW R. KNIGHT.

BARTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

in a voice that made his guest look up at him quickly and increased her confusion so much that she said :

"As you wish, Sir."

"Miss Winter does me the honour to name my quarry the 'Miranda,'" announced Mr. De Sury Stone, as he retired, and immediately a well-directed swing of his pick brought off a piece of limestone that was at once broken into small pieces by several stone-hammerers and distributed among the company for souvenirs. Then lemonade was handed round, and attracted by the beauty of the scene the company began to stroll off in various directions, and Miranda found herself alone: for Mr. De Sury Stone, who had requested the honour of being again her escort, begged to be excused a few moments. After having recovered from the embarrassment of hearing her name bestowed upon the possessions of a man of whom she knew absolutely nothing, conscious that she had in some sort given her consent to the proceeding, Miranda determined to treat Mr. De Sury Stone with the barest civility, and to go home as soon as she could possibly arrange with Agnes to do so. Agnes had "gone off with that Professor," so Miranda rather pettishly remarked to herself "and everybody else had somebody" and there was she, left in charge of a man who had actually disappeared she knew not whither, but she

"Miranda," said a low voice at her ear. She turned and found herself face to face with the discarded George :

"O my darling, my beautiful darling," exclaimed the dismissed lover, "will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? - for what?" asked Miranda faintly, for a new doubt of herself was beginning to find place in her heart.

"For my disguise, for being Mr. De Sury Stone: for cheating you: for—O, my darling, for annoying you, I fear."

"You? Mr. De Sury Stone?" faltered Miranda; "Yes—yes that was it. That was the likeness that puzzled me and I tried to flirt with Mr. De Sury Stone and it was—you."

"Yes, dearest, 'twas me, your lover, your slave. O do not send me away again." You flirted, dear, yes; but I didn't flirt, did I? I was no good at the game, and that was all it was, just a distraction you amused yourself with, because your heart kept calling for your poor George—was it not so?"

"O George, how good you are, covering up my follies, and pretending to be to blame while it was I, my own wicked self, who was at fault."

"Don't talk like that, love! If you can forgive De Sury Stone there is no more to say, only—may I hope?"

For answer the fair girl looked up in her lover's face and there was indeed no more to say.

Nobody appeared surprised when George Prescott walked into the little hotel parlour with Miranda Winter on his arm: not a word of inquiry for Mr. De Sury Stone was heard! Everybody had been let into the secret of the disguise, but not into the secret of the secret. They all thought it a bit of pantomime, and so Miranda was spared enquiries that might have proved awkward, if not humiliating.

"Fairly caught! my dear!" remarked Agnes as Miranda concluded a detailed explanation of Mr. De Sury Stone's appearance on the scene, and his assumption of that remarkable cognomen. He had heard not only the story of the *Osmunda Regalis*, but also the secret of his curt dismissal by the lady of his love.

◆◆◆◆◆  
[FOR CANADA.]  
**DIED,**

AT THE CONVENT OF ST. PATRICK, SEPTEN-  
BER 16, SISTER MONICA, AGED 29."

WITH white hands folded over her breast  
Mother Earth takes her again to her rest.

Sister Monica we look on your face  
And under the frozen death white we can trace

Hints of rare beauty, such as men love -  
The grace of the lily, the peace of the dove.

Sister Monica, how much have you missed?  
Those rare, perfect lips that never were kissed

With a lover's long rapture; oh! who can tell?  
Sister Monica, was it well?

Sister Monica, you had a heart;  
God never made you, then set you apart

To a cell and a rosary, prayers for the dead,  
Matins and vespers long faithfully said.

The heart of a woman burned somewhere down  
Under the folds of the nun's sad gown.

In the gay world whence women come and go  
Free to love and be loved, let us question  
them, so:

O sweet full hearts, do the wounds ye bear  
Hurt less than the girdle of cloth of hair?

Are those you love to faith as true  
As men should be to such as you?

When you close the door of some inner room  
And alone and hopelessly face its gloom,

Do you say when the world is hid from view  
"Yes, I have mistaken the false for the true."

We question proud faces--but they will  
not tell:

Sister Monica—perhaps it was well.  
IRENE ELDER MORTON.

*The Chalet, Wilmet, N. S.*

**CHIEF JUSTICE J. SEWELL.\***  
**QUEBEC, 1889.**

A REMINISCENCE OF A ST. JOHN LAW  
STUDENT OF 1789.

ON a bright, frosty November Friday the 15th—fifty-two years ago, I can remember sauntering up St. Louis street and listening to the grand, measured tolling of the English church bell. The west end of the thoroughfare, I could perceive, was packed with a dense crowd of persons. Was it the brisk, autumnal temperature which made the dismal clangour clearer, more solemn, and thus helped to impress the novel scene on my youthful memory?

An immense, an imposing funeral cortege was slowly wending its course down the street, in the direction of the Anglican Cathedral, past the officers' quarters, past the old-fashioned Ursulines Chapel on Parloir street. A few paces only separated it from the dark vault within, where slept the great Montcalm.

Strange indeed would it have been, had a fresh, blue-coated seminary boy—not city bred—taken in at one glance how much of old Quebec, its judicial, political and social history—nay, even of its pomp and pride, was at that moment departing forever from its antique habitation, the Sewell homestead, erected by the head of the clan, in 1804, close to St. Louis gate, now the quarters of the Dominion Cavalry, for the repose of "God's acre" in St. Matthew's Cemetery.

The cortege was indeed large, comprising numerous sons, grand-sons, near relations, as well as citizens lay and clerical: one and all vying to shew this last mark of love and respect to the memory of their tried standard bearer, one of the most gifted representatives of their own blood, Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell, who had expired on the 12th inst., at his country seat, Auvergne, Charlesbourg, at the ripe age of 74 years, bidding a last adieu to the city he had so well loved and which, on more occasions than one, had on bended knee asked him to accept new honours.

A MEMBER OF THE QUEBEC BAR,  
(J. M. L.)

*Quebec, 15th November, 1891.*

\*Solicitor General in 1793; Attorney General in 1795;  
Chief Justice in 1869.

THE WRONG NAME.—Mistress:—"Ellen when you have company in the kitchen they must be more quiet. I heard hilarity here last night, and—"

Ellen:—"Sure, ma'am, oi've not seen a Larrity since Oi left Tullamore. 'Twas Miaster Hogan, the junk man, an' the jokes av him wud make the Pope himself die wid laughin'!"  
—Puck.

[FOR CANADA.]

**COME UNTO ME AND REST.**

MATT. 11 : 28.

**C**OME unto Me, dear child, and sweetly rest;  
The way is long, and thou art sore  
oppress  
With toil and care; come, lean upon my  
breast.

Poor fainting heart, thou'rt tried and tempted  
sore:

Dost thou not know how much for thee I bore?  
If thou could'st know, then would'st thou  
trust Me more.

Art whispering, child, of worldly thoughts  
and vain,

Of fame and higher place thou'st striven to  
gain,  
Which brought to thee, at last, but tears and  
pain;

Cling closer, child; thou'rt weary, sad and  
tired:

Thou seest how vain is all thou hast desired,  
The praise of men, the world, so much admired.

The path was rough, too narrow for thy feet;  
Thou could'st not find thereon the blossoms  
sweet

Of earthly love and joy, thine eye to greet.

My guiding hand which led thee day by day  
Grew irksome too, because thou could'st not  
stray

When led by Me along thy pilgrim way.

Thy hand from Mine was loosed, and thou  
wert free:

Thy feet soon found the paths where thou  
would'st be;

Thou did'st not know My love still followed  
thee.

And when at last, all footsore, heart oppressed,  
Wearied and worn, thou'rt turned to Me for  
rest.

I told thee now, dear child, unto My breast.

Ottawa, Ont.

IDA H. WILSON.

[FOR CANADA.]

**A WINTER FIRE.**

**T**HE wind swept and bellowed round  
the cottage, and the old fisherman  
built a fire in his little stone fire-  
place, and sat down with his long pipe,  
to enjoy the warm glow and the savoury  
tobacco.

He must have gone to sleep over his  
pipe, for he told me afterwards, that each  
of the sticks on the fire told him a story,  
and moreover, he gave me the stories.

Here they are, pretty nearly in his  
own words.

I was sitting before the fire on the  
night of February twelfth, smoking and  
looking into the leaping flames. There  
was a big wind blowing, and the waves  
were rolling up the shore right heavily,  
when I heard a voice coming from an  
old elbow of pine which I had brought  
from the forest that morning, with an  
armful of other stuff.

"I have come from the great forest,"  
it said, "and belong to one of the oldest  
trees in New Brunswick.

"I was born one hundred and two  
years ago, and my mother, the tree, was  
born twelve years before that, and thus  
you may know that I was situated at  
quite a distance from the ground.

"I lived happily through my youth,  
every morning watching the great sun  
rise out of the ocean and gild the top of  
the breakers as they rolled in, and every  
evening watching him go down, dyed as  
if with blood. At night I could see the  
light house on the point, flashing out its  
red and white lights on the sea, and  
when the ocean and wind grew strong  
strange birds often rested near me in my  
mother tree.

"Those were wild fellows, those birds  
from the open sea, and chattered and  
sang all night, telling of shipwreck and  
disaster and great hurricanes.

"I often saw the fishing smacks sail  
away from the shore, and again I would  
see them return, so low in the water that  
the gentle swell of a fine summer day  
would lap up over their gunnels. In the  
great storm that blew two weeks ago,  
which you will remember if you are a  
true sailor, I was blown clear off my  
mother tree, and the next gust that came  
by laid her flat also."

Here the elbow of pine stopped, and an  
old piece of drift-wood which I had  
picked off the beach a few days before,  
began his story.

"I too, am pine," it began, "and lived  
many years in a great forest somewhere  
north of here, but one day I and my  
mother were cut down and became part  
of the bowsprit of a great ship.

"We sailed everywhere that there was  
depth for a keel or width for a hull, and  
when the great wind blew we took in  
some of our canvas, and laughed at the  
waves. I saw the coral islands of the  
south and the slow moving icebergs of  
the north, and my paint blistered and  
boiled in the heat of a tropical sun.

"But one night an awful storm came  
up, such as we had never felt before, and  
every wave that touched us rolled the  
whole length of our decks, thumping at  
the hatchways as they went and then  
falling off through the after port-holes.  
One moment I would be high up in the

air, with the split jib flying out in front  
of me, and in another moment I would  
be buried deep down in a dark green  
wave.

"Toward morning there was just a  
tinge of light in the sky, and as we were  
lingering on top of a great wave, before  
rushing down into its trough, I saw a  
black mass lying beneath me. We were  
hurled down, there was a crash and a  
shriek! and I, once part of a great ship,  
am now burning quietly on shore."

"The bit of drift-wood stopped here,"  
said the old sailor. So I heard no more.

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[FOR CANADA.]

## TRILOGY.

I.

**O**UT from the infinite Vast;  
Wonder-eyed, questioning why;  
Waked from Night's dream-sleep and  
passed  
Life's portals through -yet a cry, -  
Dawn-kissed, yet naught but a sigh  
Breathed on the Threshold, aghast.

II.

Into the roar and the strife:  
Parched 'mid the hot sand's dank red:  
Spent with the toll of the knife:  
Battling the lions for bread!  
Flung to the kites with the dead!  
Hushed the Arena of life.

III.

Back to the vasty Unknown  
Doming the pendulous stars:  
Winging its topaz-gemmed zone,  
Haloed in heroic scars.  
Loosed the Soul's shackles and bars:  
Fetterless Life shall atone!

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

Montreal, Que.

[FOR CANADA.]

## THE PROSCRIBED LANGUAGES.

BY "PASTOR FELIX."

**S**ITTING late on a recent evening, musing over the political vexations of our dual-languaged Canada, I fell asleep over the embers, and had a dream which I will try to recall for the amusement, if not the benefit of my readers. My narrow study seemed to expand into an immense covered thoroughfare, - much like a general railroad depot, - through which was moving a concourse of people. Everything had a shadowy appearance, and the figures I saw were noiseless and unsubstantial, but determinate; and I marked with distinctness their varying forms and features. They seemed to come up by a sort of slip or ferry-way into the building, and I saw some of them pause to read a placard: "Pluto, Charon & Co., Styx Ferry Service. The electric boat, Acheron, will run, etc." The roof of the building was arched; and, revolving there, I noticed a number of electric lights flashing out like stars, which cast their lustre up and down the tessellated floor. At the further end of the room, toward which the people were moving, was an immense gate of gold, formed of horizontal and vertical bars, interwoven with spirals; and, just beyond it, the beaming leaves of the great folding doors, through which

the new-comers pushed their way into the mysterious country beyond them. This gate was guarded by an armed keeper, who opened it to such as could certify their qualification, but denied passage to all others.

At the right of this gate was a dais, slightly elevated, whereon sat a man in a chair of ivory, dressed in a garment that seemed lustrous; but, though it was white and glittering, I could not determine its fabric. The form was portly and commanding, but without grossness. The face was one of high purpose and intelligence, and, though genially inclined, was capable of repulsion and severity. He was evidently an officer of detention, stationed here to examine the qualifications of new-comers who proposed passage through the gate. Beside him sat a secretary at his desk, busy with record of the depositions given by each, in his turn, whom his superior questioned. I saw the people were of all nationalities, and that when addressed they answered in their native language; at which the president shook his head to signify that, though they were understood, it was not the prescribed medium of purley.

The first whom I saw approaching the dais was a Greek, who bowed and requested a pass; but was informed that of each comer, who proposed joining the "Universal Commonwealth," two things were required as essential: that money, the invariable source and instrument of corruption, should be abandoned, together with the language to which they were born, as tending to efficiency of sympathy and narrowness of action in a wide, yet homogeneous community, wherein all were brothers. At this, I noticed the Greek's countenance fell, and he complained of the rigorous demand. "I will willingly," he said "forego money, which has brought me more trouble than advantage; but the tongue of my fathers is another thing, and I count it dearer than all my personal possessions beside. There is not a memory of my past life which does not flow in its renowned channel, and all my fancies clothe themselves with its liquid robes. It is the speech of Gods; in it Homer sang, and Plato dreamed, and Aristotle reasoned." "Stand aside, sir, for a moment," said the President, interrupting him: "I will return to your case again." A German next approached, who, learning of the requirement, exclaimed, "Ach! Himmel! Every thaler! Show me how to do without money, and into the Styx with it! But how can I renounce the sacred speech of Vaterland? It is a German's life, that language of the Rhine, which his mother taught him, in which he wooed his love

by moonlight among the vineyards, and sang soft sweet ballads. His heart would grow stony cold in his bosom, but that he hopes to hear those accents again, and to respond in the words he remembers from his cradle."

"I have understood," said the President coolly, as if ignoring all sentiment, "that in the American Republic your people gather in communities, maintaining their national traditions and speech, to the detriment of the Commonwealth." "Ah! indeed, it may well be so, that they cling to the spiritual and intellectual inheritance their fathers gave them. Are these things to be put off, like an old coat? And who so cruel as to demand it? But that it is to the detriment of the Commonwealth has not been fairly shown. We are a home-loving domestic people, and in our own language we teach our children loyalty to the government under which they live; that language can be as bitter as any other if it curses a traitor; fonder words are not spoken than Luther spake, nor wiser than are built into the verse of Goethe. Let me be emptied of the past, let me be stripped of every recollection, if the tongue to which I was born must be forever silent."

The next that came was an Englishman, who seemed surprised and half indignant that his lordly polyglottic speech was there to be discussed. He seemed somewhat choleric: "What! he exclaimed, "renounce the language of the conquering Nation of the modern world, - a language spoken in every land, whereon the sun rises and sets? Renounce the speech of Shakspeare - the most comprehensive of minds, and of Milton, the sublimest? Can there indeed be any part of the universe where this is a dead language?" "All your mortal parts perish," replied the President curtly; "and your mundane tongue has gone with the rest. But why this bluster? I am not aware of any one of late on the earth more strenuous in suppressing the French and German tongues in America. You now have an opportunity of feeling what it is to renounce the speech of your birthland, who have required the same as a political necessity of the French Canadian."

"Listen to me," he proceeded, raising his voice, (for now he saw a Frenchman at hand) so as to address the entire company, "On earth, it was not, in any land, or under any government, essentially necessary, but here it is essentially necessary, that a man should renounce and surrender the language of his birthland, for here conditions, quite common there, are wholly changed - and the former

things have passed away.' All the mightiest of all those lands have gone through the gate before you. Therein, beyond these shining doors, went Homer, Dante, and Milton. Shakespeare, Æschylus, and Goethe went through, and one day I saw Hugo enter. All these are members of one immense commonwealth, as pure, as just, gentle and intelligent, as it is vast. Nor do they regret the language they used with such mastery in that initial stage of their existence; for they are now masters of an universal language, into which has been transferred all the finest qualities of the speech to which they were born. What ever was most exquisite, whatever was aroma or flavor, whatever was colour or harmony in the Greek, the Latin, the Tuscan, the Gallic, the English, or any language, it is preserved and recognisable in this. Nor is it a difficult acquirement; for it is, like the first you knew, a sort of birthright: and many will gather around you by their converse the better to perfect newcomers in the speech of the Eternal City, sweeter and softer on their lips than honey of Hymettus. Enter, then, on these named conditions: and understand it is the man who should attempt to retain his old speech who would here find himself the alien."

Then, one by one, I saw them give assent, and at the indication of the President, the Secretary handed to each one a little thin ivory ticket, printed in gold; when they were motioned to pass on, and the keeper swung open the gate. Then the procession went streaming outward through the shining valves; and such a glory of light, such a burst of choral delight, such a waft of mingled perfumes, as came through, was enough to charm the night away. I started, for the living coals rattled down in the grate, and I was near dropping out of my hand an uncovered pot-pourri jar, of which I had been smelling sometime prior to entering the land of vision. So, leaving the Celestial linguists to themselves, I covered the fire, put out the light, and went up to bed.

Cherryfield, Maine.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

Editor "Canada:"

Have you observed that a new paper is announced, to be called "Canada," under the editorship of Mr. Hereward K. Cockin, whose verses may, or may not, go down to posterity as the sort of thing written in the Dominion during the boodle era? If I mistake not, the English courts have decided that to issue

a "colourable" title-page is an offence at law. The unfortunate choice of a name for the proposed paper can be attributable only to one of two causes, either a desire to rob you of your popularity, or to ignorance of their being such a paper in the Maritime Provinces. If the latter, it certainly does not exhibit the acquaintance with native literature that the project demands. If the former, it is ungenerous. What would Mr. Cockin think, were a new book announced under the name of "Gentleman Dick o' the Grays, by M. R. Knight," containing further adventures of an impossible trooper? **FIAT JUSTITIA.**

**NEWFOUNDLAND SEALING.**

THE various fisheries which constitute the wealth of Newfoundland are the most extensive and the most valuable in the world. Speaking in general terms, it is surprising to find how widespread and real is the ignorance which prevails about everything pertaining to this ancient, though most interesting colony--the first fruits of Britain's lust for territory--an ignorance as dense as the fog which is supposed (though erroneously) to envelop it in perpetual gloom.

The fisheries comprise seal, cod, herring, salmon, trout and lobsters, though many other varieties of fish are found in the cold waters of Newfoundland and Labrador, not, however, in such great abundance as the first mentioned. In days gone by halibut and mackerel were both very plentiful, but since the enactment of restrictive legislation against the Americans (as many seriously aver) this has ceased to be so, and one material source of wealth has, therefore, been lost to the toiling fishermen. The following account of the fisheries, which is specially prepared for the readers of the *Ledger*, is given as we have ourselves witnessed them.

The seal fishery begins in March, about the middle of which month the young seals, or white coats, as they are called in their infancy, are whelped on the ice. The little creatures are most valuable when in the white-coat period of their being, though it is a very brief one, rarely exceeding a fortnight or three weeks. They are at this time literal balls of fat, and their pelts yield an enormous quantity of the purest oil. They are found on the ice by thousands sucking, by which, it is said, they derive nourishment when the parent seal is away fishing, or gambols delightedly and

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affectionately in the pools of water which lie amid the ice near its offspring. The coat of the young seal is of a creamy hue, but the hair is somewhat rough and crisp. The little animal is about thirty or forty inches in length, and possesses the loveliest eyes imaginable, though they are always tearful. They bleat piteously and even more appealing than lambs for their mothers, and never move at the approach of the blood-thirsty seal hunter.

The seals are taken by the Newfoundlanders either on board large steamships which make voyages to the ice, or from the shore by means of nets, which are variously used. In the former case elaborate and careful preparations have to be made ere the huge sealing steamer can be thoroughly equipped for her perilous expedition. The vessel herself has to be carefully overhauled and made staunch against the heavy ice which she must inevitably encounter in her search for the valuable prey. Next she will be provisioned. This is the most serious undertaking, for she must provide storage for food sufficient to satisfy the enormous appetites of the 200 or 300 hardy fishermen who will comprise her crew. Thus barrels of pork, beef and flour, bags of bread and a puncheon or two of molasses are rushed aboard and thrown anywhere and everywhere, since under the exigencies of the seal hunt order and neatness are out of the question. Next and last of all comes the crew. For the coveted privilege of getting a berth (we speak metaphorically, for no one literally gets a berth) on board an ice hunter, as the sealing steamers are called, there is great competition, since most frequently the financial reckonings of a successful hunt are pretty considerable, and the fisherman's earnings good. On going aboard each member of the vast crew will be cleanly clad and provided with rope, gaff, club and, perhaps, long sealing gun. The vessels leave the wharves in the presence of hundreds of spectators, who have come to bid Godspeed to husbands, fathers and brothers, whom they may either never see again or will, mayhap, erewhile welcome on their return from the ice flushed with the excitement of a successful hunt.

On two melancholy occasions one of these sealing steamers has gone to the bottom with every member of her living freight, the frightful catastrophe in both cases being due to the heavy ice between which the vessels became hopelessly jammed and then were crushed to atoms. On another occasion a ship was thus crushed, but her crew escaped by leaping on the ice, and so, amid great

privations and exposure to the cold, reached land.

The sealing vessels are provided with sail and steam, for reasons which must be sufficiently obvious to the reader, hence they can, when beset by heavy ice, employ the power afforded by both combined to facilitate their progress to the seal ice. As soon as the ships leave harbour a "look-out" man is sent aloft to take up a position in a barrel, which has been previously placed at the topmast head, whence a constant watch is kept for seals. From so exalted a site the human eye may scan an immense distance on the monotonous ice plain, and the presence of seals may be easily discerned from afar, the range of vision being greatly increased by the singular transparency of the atmosphere. The barrel watch lasts four hours, and, for that period, the man it contains is the most important person on board the ship. It sometimes takes many days to reach the seal ice, at other times but a few hours. At all events, when the seals are sighted, the reign of pandemonium begins on the sealing vessel, and every member of the crew is transformed into a bloodthirsty monster. The ship is brought to and made fast in the midst of the ice and the slaughter begins. The air is filled with the hoarse cries of the men, intermingled with the piteous baby-like wailings of the little whitecoats, and the deep baying of their dams, who have left the ice at the approach of the hunters, and gaze anxiously on the scene from the pools of water amid the ice. The young seals are clubbed, one blow on the head being generally enough to deprive them of life, and almost instantly pelted. And this is where the cruelty of this method of seal killing becomes so apparent. In their haste to make a good haul the hunters, who think only of gain, will often take the pelt off a half dead whitecoat, maybe thoughtlessly, though I fear sometimes wantonly, leaving on the blood-stained ice the ghastly spectacle of hundreds of peltless seals whose flesh even then quivers with life. In the early days of seal hunting in Newfoundland the cruelties practiced on the young seals were of the most revolting description, but it is not so now. I am glad to say, save in some few cases where it seems to be unavoidable. The ice may be moving near a "patch" of seals, and the safety of the vessel menaced thereby, and while everybody recognises the danger there is, the excited eagerness to kill as many seals as possible or, rather more truthfully, to procure the largest number of pelts, and thus the last thing considered, if it be considered at all, is the agonised

sufferings of the unfortunate seals. If the weather be calm and the ice, therefore, still, the slaughter is not pursued so savagely, and, in consequence of this, there is much less cruelty practised. The hunter clubs his prey and removes their pelts, placing them in small heaps of four or five on the ice. Fastening together as many as he can haul, he attaches his rope thereto, and thus takes them to the ship, where they are all laid in order within the hold. Thus one crew will often kill in a few days as many as 30,000 or 40,000 seals, as was really the case during the sealing season of the present year.

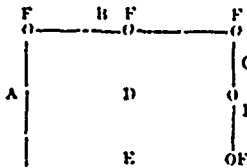
Personal comfort and personal cleanliness are both alike unknown to and unobtainable by the seal-killer, and when he returns from the ice he is in truth a gruesome sight, nor does he smell a whit cleaner than he in reality is. From head to foot he is deeply stained with blood and grease, and his features are quite beyond recognition by reason of dirt. Throughout the voyage, it matters not of what duration it be, he has slept and ate and killed, but he has not washed since. The means to do so have not been at his disposal. Further he has not changed his clothes, and his couch will, in all likelihood, have been on the outward voyage a barrel, and on the inward a pile of seal pelts is the best he can look for. In the way of food, the changes will have been rung on salt beef and pork, tea sweetened with molasses, hardtack and flour duff. Many of the crew indulge pretty freely in the hearts and flippers of the slaughtered seals, which are, beyond question, tasty and nutritive food when they have been able to spare the time to procure them. We have frequently eaten both, and always with enjoyment. Sunday is not generally observed during a sealing voyage, though I have often heard of individual seal killers who have spared the seals on that day, and, of course, lost money, out of regard for its sacred character.

The captains of the ice-hunting ships are always well-tried mariners, and, from the good fortune that has always seemed to follow them in their pursuits of seals, three or four Newfoundland shippers enjoy the pleasures which attach to the fame of being a successful seal killer, the most distinguished being Captains Blandford and Jackman. Fame in this connection happily brings wealth, since the captain of a successful sealing steamer receives a considerable percentage on the value of every seal killed. Thus it is not an uncommon thing for a captain to receive as much as \$3,000 as his share of the profits of one sealing voyage, which

may conceivably have occupied but a week. The loss which the absence of seals or inability to procure them necessarily brings falls on the merchants who own and fit out the ships for the voyage, the men losing nothing but their time.

During the sealing voyage the weather, as a rule, is fair, often, indeed, beautiful. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the night if it be fine. Below all is the purest whiteness, save here and there where dark lines of water gleam through fissures in the ice, adding beauty to the scene. Above, in a sky of deepest blue, glitter myriads of stars, whose light glows the more vividly for the extreme rarity of the atmosphere. Around hangs an unspeakable calm, which fills the mind of the sympathetic observer with awe and compels him to lift up his heart to the great Artificer Divine in humble adoration.

Two other methods of capturing seals in Newfoundland remain to be noticed. The first is by the use of what is known as the "frame," the last by that of nets. When the heavy ice leaves the coast at the approach of spring, the old seals and such of their young as may have escaped the hunter's club begin their northern migration, which they continue throughout the months of May and June. So long as they remain near the land they follow closely the configurations of the coast, even paddling up to the heads of deep creeks and bays which run a great distance into the land. This strange instinct of the seals is fatal to thousands of their number, as we shall presently see. The seal frame is composed of three heavy nets, which are placed in the water near a promontory or headland, which lies in the rear of the seals. It lies in the shape of a square, the land forming the fourth side of it.



In the rough diagram presented the letters A, B, C represents nets, which are known as the "heave-up" nets, the "barrier" net and the "stop" net respectively. The letter F denotes the immense floats which support the heavy nets in an upright position in the water and are painted white, in order that they may resemble ice blocks. The land is denoted by the letter E. The special feature of the ingenious seal frame is the the heave-up net A, which, it will be noticed, possesses no float. As its name

implies, this net is movable, its position being changed by means of a capstan placed on the land, E, to which it is connected by a stout rope. The frame being thus set, a watcher is placed at the capstan, whose duty it is to observe the movements of the seals as they pass along. Should one or more pass over the heave-up net, which is now innocently lying on the bottom, the capstan is sprung round and this net is lifted to the same height as the barrier and stop and the prey is inclosed.

As soon as they recognise their peril, the seals splash and dash frantically in their efforts either to pass over or make a way through the nets, which are composed of very large meshes. All the efforts of the excited capstan guard, who stands on the beach, are now directed to effect the meshing of the prisoners, who ever and anon threaten to leap over their cruel barriers. Should their entanglement be delayed, the guard, who always provides himself with a gun, fires a heavy charge of goose shot at them, which pretty generally suffices to finish them. Frightened, they rush into the meshes, where they are quickly drowned. The seals thus taken are invariably the old ones, and they yield enormous quantities of oil. We have seen as many as eight or nine of these immense animals enclosed at one time and every one captured. The frame is not very common in Newfoundland because of its expensiveness, but it is, as we have shown, a most successful means of procuring seals. An old friend of ours caught 300 seals in his frame in the early part of June last, which, since they averaged in value four dollars a piece, netted him quite a comfortable sum of money.

Finally, the seal is taken by means of nets let down through holes in the ice and deposited on the bottom in the neighborhood of its feeding pond. It is well known that the animal feeds on small herring, crabs and other crustacea to procure which last it has to drive to the bottom. In doing this they are entangled in the nets before mentioned, which are attached to a small anchor, which is, in its turn, made fast to the ice. These nets are overhauled in the morning and evening by the fisherman, who often has to travel a considerable distance over the ice to reach them. He is pretty generally accompanied by a dog-sleigh and a team of from eight to nine dogs, whose assistance he needs in carrying the spoil to his hut. Toilsome and laborious in the extreme, this method of seal catching is adopted by none save the very poor, and by them only when times are specially hard.

In spite of the increased number of seals which have been annually slaughtered for the greater portion of the present century, they appear to be as plentiful as ever—indeed, the catch of the last season was one of the largest ever made.—F. E. J. L., in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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## Canadiana.

Edited by REV. A. J. LOCKHART, ("Pastor Felix"), Cherryfield, Maine, who will be pleased to answer, under the head of "Queries," any question addressed to him concerning Canadian history, biography and literature, where the information is at hand or obtainable.

### I.

#### ARTHUR WEIR'S POETRY.

WHILE special attention is now directed to the annals of CANADA, and to particular epochs and characters, which are made subjects of story and song, it should increase our interest in the writings of Mr. Weir, that he has shown much spirit and enthusiasm in dealing with matters legendary and historical. But he has other claims to recognition, some of which we have endeavored to set forth in an article here reprinted from *Butler's Journal*.

ARTHUR WEIR seems to lay hold quite instinctively of whatever is noble, knightly or ideal in his art: and in his breathing and portrayal of these he follows closely his master, Tennyson. If some hero has spoken a ringing word, or has achieved a glorious action, if love or duty have given some fine suggestions, if some pleasantly memorable experience has been his, or some bit of unexpected beauty has peeped on him out of its lurking place, the same has been echoed or mirrored in his picturesque and musical verse, the outcome of what would seem to be a hopeful, buoyant, cheer-inspiring spirit. He is engaged with human affections: childhood has for him a charm, revealed in some of the most exquisite of his verses: maidenhood and widowhood are beautiful in his eyes, rendered more so through the possession of a woman whose touch is a summoner of his best fancies. She is his "imperial Louise": he exclaims, "How shall I paint thee, my beloved one." How excellent should she be of whom it can be said, even in the intoxication of love:

"Fit word has language none  
To picture thee. Not Shelley's hyperbole,  
Nor even of Milton the sonorous roll  
Might justice to thy glorious charms have done."

He believes in the summit of moral and intellectual achievement for woman, and embodies his faith in "The Valedictorian," which is one of the most finished of his poems. He puts his winsomeness before us at a stroke, as the "sweet girl graduate," comes forward with her thesis:

"Flute-voiced, like a bird full-throated, she  
Upholds the cause of truth,  
By the beard she plucks the greybeards,  
Laughs to scorn the pride of man.  
Woman free is woman victor, let him rival  
Her who can."

There is a ring of Tennyson in this; and in the "Romance of Sir Richard," the title-piece of his latest volume, he resembles

that master in his treatment of a mediæval subject, and in the magic of his portraiture:

"Darkly the moated waters swept  
Around the castle's massive pile,  
The night when I my vigil kept  
Of knighthood in this gloomy aisle.  
The yew tree tapped the tinted panes,  
The sad owl hooted in the glade,  
And Philomel, in plaintive strains,  
Her secret to the night betrayed.  
Midsummer lightning, sweetly shy,  
Low in the far horizon burned,  
Like love-light in thine azure eye,  
When mine upon thy face is turned.  
And as amid the gloom I stood,  
With the departed great, alone,  
A moonbeam through the solitude  
Came creeping on from stone to stone."

But love, and the image of the beloved are with the knightly watcher there:

"Thy voice upon the enamoured air,  
The shadows routed by thy smile."

"Snowshoe Song," is a characteristic reflection of local sport in winter—a tramp on Mount Royal. All the sweetness of tender memory is put into "Faded Violets," given on a midsummer night.

"Red shone the moon through the trees, as an ember  
Glowed through the grate bars in frosty  
December,  
Cheerily shedding its light."

"The Flirt" has a Swinburnian lilt, as in the opening stanzas:

"If Time the god of pleasure,  
If Time, the god of tears,  
My moments would remeasure  
And give me back my years:  
Life's cup I would brim over,  
And all old pleasures drain;  
But the draught that made me lover  
I would not quaff again."

In Detroit he feels the sickness of the home-tonging heart, and writes "In Exile," with sad sincerity:

"Though friends and fortune smile, this is  
Not home;

No dew of peace on me, constrained to roam,  
Drop these strange skies, my sad soul bend-  
ing over.

From their flame-fretted, silent, soulless  
dome:

No sun-thronged days, warm as a maiden  
lover,

Bring rest, though they be sweet as wild bees'  
comb,

This is not home.

"This is not home: my spirit in exile  
Faints for old scenes. Dear argent girdled  
isle,

Loved birthplace rising, Venus-like, from  
foam,

Like her, thou slav'st me with thy beauty's  
wile.

In absence still the crags my feet have clomb,  
Its mountain grove and ferny, cool defile

My heart beguile."

A pleasant little woodland song is "The  
Courier de Bois":

"My home is in the forest shade,  
My rifle is my bride,  
From whom not e'en the fairest maid  
Can lure me to her side.  
My bed is on the scented pines,  
My coverlet the sky,  
Yet not the king himself reclines  
On sweeter couch than I.

Soundly we slumber, till the dawn  
Breaks in a flood of gold  
O'er forest dense and dewy lawn,  
The mountain and the wold.  
Then I arise and with my bride  
Thread the awakening wood:  
And woo the savage beast betide  
That breaks our solitude."

Some of the Sonnets are excellent, embodying noble sentiment in well selected words, as that, "To Louise," or "In the Morning," so, "To the Sea," "My Lady," "The Noblest Poem," etc. In the latter he says:

"There was a greater Shakespeare than we  
know,  
A grander Milton, a diviner Keats;  
The noblest poem is the poet's mind."

His first volume, "Fleurs de Lys," rose-hued, within and without, was full of patriotism, and the chivalrous "maiden passion for a maid." In ringing ballads he celebrated Frontenac, Champlain, De Roberval, Cartier, Maisonneuve, De Salaberry and other sons of heroic France. He told the story of "Pere Brosse," the devoted father of the church, and of his lonely death at night in the chapel on the Isle aux Coudres; of the "Priest and the Minister" and their unseemly contention on shipboard while voyaging to Acadia, of the old college Oak at Ville Marie, that may have sheltered Dollard, or De Vaudreuil—

"that bitter day  
When round him in the meadows  
Encamped the British forces lay."

But this later volume, dressed blue as a gentian or a bit of sky, embodies fewer subjects distinctively Canadian; though it gives maturer fruits, and a wider range of subjective poetry. To us the sweetest lines he ever wrote are "A Child's Kiss," but as they have been more frequently quoted, let these observations close with what follows:

"The aspens whisper to the passing breeze,  
I hear the night-hawk scream, the pipe of  
frogs,  
The baying of the distant village dogs,  
The lapping waves, the rustle of the trees,  
And every sound is musical to me."

### II.

#### MR. WICKSTEED'S "WAIFS."

IN the *Montreal Gazette* of the 27th January, 1891, appeared a graceful article, which bears some internal evidences of having proceeded from the accomplished and sympathetic pen of John Reade, from which we incline to quote a few paragraphs. It concerns the surviving fathers of the present age,—and of those in the Dominion of Canada especially,—the men of pure lives and cheerful spirits, whose "old age is beautiful and free." Wholesome youth is indeed rarely without its characteristic beauty, for that is the peculiar fountain-time of refreshment, perpetually jetting upward: it is the well-understood season of bloom and buoyancy. But old age has too often been relegated to the shadows, and "sans everything," given over to a shocking "childishness and mere oblivion." It is seen as a faint and watery star clustered

with clouds, a symbol of impotency and dejection. But how far this is, oftentimes, from being so, is shown by the names our author cites, of Bancroft, Von Ranke, Von Moltke, Bryant, Tennyson, Gladstone, Holmes, Lord Tollemache, Sir John A. Macdonald, etc. This lamentable condition of things is not inevitable, nor is it likely, where the faculties and organs of man are neither abused nor disused. Unless by some great misfortune, which may indeed befall, a good life is excellent and desirable in all its stages of growth or decline :

"For God, who loveth all his works,  
Hath left his love with all,"

soothing with His comforts and alleviations the utmost bound of our life. Longfellow, who is so fine an example of that he writes about, has given us in his *Mortuarii Salutamus* a most cheering view of the time when "desire shall fail." Well are we assured it must be

"The waning, not the crescent moon ;  
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon ;"  
but what of that, if

"Age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another dress,  
And as the evening twilight fades away  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day?"

To our quotation from Mr. Reade, whose article is entitled "Waifs :

"Men like this are not mere waifs and strays from the past, but rather

'A link among the days to knit  
The generations each to each.'

The heading of this article is not, indeed, of our choosing, nor is it altogether, in its titular guise, a stranger to many of our readers. "Waifs in Verse" they may recall as the title of a volume noticed in our columns in that retrospective year, 1887. While all who could recall the Queen's accession were ransacking their memories for incidents connected with that epoch-making event, the author of this book could claim to have been a young man when Her Majesty was born, could remember the jubilee of George the Third, and was in Canada before the first year of Lord Dalhousie's administration was ended. When he was born the 18th century had still a year to run. And to-day, when the 19th has entered its final decade, and he his 92nd (now 93rd) year, he is still hale and hearty, takes (as he has always taken) an intelligent interest in the world's progress and especially in that of Canada, with whose legislation he was officially connected for nearly sixty years. To his "Waifs in Verse" he lately added a smaller volume of "Waifs in Prose," having already discharged the friendly task of editor for a sister and a brother poet. A meritorious Anglo-Indian (the collaborator of Sir John Kay, in writing the story of the Mutiny) called one of his works "Recreations of an Indian Official." Mr. Geo. W. Wicksteed, Q. C., (for it is he of whom we write) has, like Col. Malleon, comprised under a modest title some very valuable and interesting reminiscences and reflections. When we state that these "Waifs" cover a period of more than sixty years of an active and useful life, that (apart from purely literary themes) they treat of persons and events that had become historical before most of our readers had seen the light of day, that they deal with situations so diverse as the Quebec of Lord Gouffier's commission and the Quebec of the

Jesuit's bill, and that they touch, always with point yet never without good humour and good taste, on questions of politics, of society, of letters, pay tribute to living and dead friends, bring into line the aspiration of two great races, and while loyal to mother England and no less true to Canada, for which he wrote an anthem that Lord Dufferin pronounced excellent, we have said but a tithe of what we might say about these "Waifs" and their venerable and patriotic author. May we have the privilege for years to come of hearing or reading what the future of his heart may prompt him to say or to sing."

Both of the above publications have been included in one volume of 261 pages bound in cloth. It will be a desirable addition to any Canadian library. Mr. Wicksteed was born in Liverpool, G. B., Dec., 1799. He came to Canada in 1821; studied mechanical engineering, and was for some time employed in work connected with that profession; in 1825 applied himself to the study of civil law, and in 1828 entered the service of the Legislative Assembly of L. C. For over fifty years he served in this capacity, having been retired on the superannuation list at the beginning of 1888. With that *bonhomie* which is so proper to him, he says humorously: "You may ask why should I, a rather ancient Q. C. and Law clerk of the House of Commons, write and print verses. My good friend, what I have done officially is the best justification of what I am doing now. An English author apologising for his hero, an apothecary, who attaches a short poem to the neck of his physic vial, exclaims,—

'Apothecary's verse!— and where's the treason?'

'If patients wallow physic without reason,  
'It is but fair to add a little rhyme :'  
and asks indignantly—

'Can't men have taste who cure a phthisis?  
'Of poetry tho' patron God,  
Apollo patronises physic.'

Now I have helped to make the public swallow some thousands of pages of heavyish reading prescribed by legislative doctors, in the shape of laws, and I am, therefore, not merely entitled, but bound in fairness to give them a *little* rhyme." The ingeniousness of the argument might give credit to the rhymes and secure them currency, even if they were less tolerable in themselves. An excellent example is his tribute to Sir John A. Macdonald, beginning with the touching inquiry :

"In Death's cold arms our Country's Father lies,—  
When shall his equal glad her longing eyes?"

Of his latest, a reply to the congratulations of a friend, when the author entered his 92nd year, we present entire :

"Over the changeful sea of life my bark  
Hath sailed in sunshine and when skies  
were dark ;—

By gentle breezes oft o'er ocean driven,  
Or gales when spars were lost and sails  
were riven.

But steering by the chart which God hath lent,  
And trusting in the Pilot He hath sent,—  
The toils and perils of the voyage past,  
I hope to gain the longed-for port at last.

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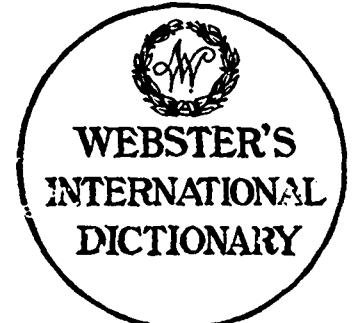
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"And through the dimness of approaching night,  
I see the glimmering of the beacon light  
Raised on its storm-proof pedestal on high  
To tell the wandering sailor, land is nigh,  
And hope ere long to reach that happy shore  
Where toil shall cease and peril be no more;  
And we shall prove, dear friend, that not  
in vain  
Our faith hath told us, -we shall meet  
again."

## NOTES.

The publication of another volume by the French Canadian Laureate\* newly awakens the desire, we have long entertained, that some one of our poets—say one so competent, by scholarship and sympathy, as his admirer, Prof. Roberts, would undertake a volume of translations, comprising the best, that not only the above named honoured poet, but *all* his brethren have sung. That Mr. Roberts has peculiar qualifications for this is evident by his happiness in lyrical translation, as in those exquisite bits of song rendered from De Gaspe's "Canadians of Old," as well as his airy musical version of Fréchet's "Snow-birds," and the stately measures of "Liberty" and "New Year's Eve." So far as we are aware, the number of these French Canadian poems in English is not large. The lamented Mulvany gave us a spiritual rendering of Fréchet's sonnet on Niagara, and Mr. Gustavus Wicksteed has given in severely pure and faithful blank verse, the same poet's narrative and historical pieces, "The Excommunicated" and "All Lost but Honour," which are included in his "Waifs," together with an unrhymed version of "The British Flag." There are a few translated pieces in Mr. Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion"; and Mr. Wicksteed again has done himself much credit in his dealing with that noble memorial poem of Benjamin Sulte, entitled "Cartier's Statute," of which this is the first stanza:

"Here in enduring bronze  
Proof against time and storm,  
Stands he "the mark and glass"  
Of patriots of his time!

A head to frame his country's laws,  
A brow that never blanched with fear,  
A generous man, - a rough backed oak,  
Whom Canada has not forgot,  
Will not forget!"

An anthology of translations from the French Canadian Poets, by some one, or several of their English contemporaries, might do something toward a greater catholicity of taste and feeling, and is a venture worthy, at least, of consideration.

The January Number of *The Land We Live In*, has a portrait of J. A. McShane, (Komo) author of "Baptiste Franchemontagne on the Politique," and other sketches. It is fully illustrated and brims with the healthy, breezy, funny, and picturesque. D. Thomas, Sherbrooke, Que., \$1.00.

\*"Fouilles Volantes Poésies Canadiennes," Dr. Louis Fréchet: Oranger Bros., Montreal.

## Our Young People.

## A PRINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The shower had ceased, but the city street  
Was flooded still with drenching rain,  
Though men and horses with hurrying feet  
Swept on their busy ways again.

The gutter ran like a river deep;  
By the clean-washed pavement fast it  
rushed  
As out of the spouts with a dash and a leap  
The singing, sparkling water gushed.

A little kitten with ribbon blue  
Crossed over the way to the gutter's brink;  
With many a wistful, plaintive mew,  
She seemed at the edge to shudder and  
shrink.

And there she stood while her piteous cries  
Were all unheard by the heedless throng,  
Looking across with such longing eyes;  
But the torrent was all too swift and strong.

Up the street, o'er the pavements wide,  
Wandered our Prince from Newfoundland,  
Stately and carelessly and dignified,  
Gazing about him on either hand.

The sun shone out on his glossy coat,  
And his beautiful eyes, soft and brown,  
With quiet, observant glance took note  
Of all that was passing him, up and down.

He heard the kitten that wailed and mewed,  
Stopped to look and investigate,  
The whole situation understood,  
And went at once to the rescue straight.

Calmly out into the street walked he,  
Up to the poor little trembling waif,  
Lifted her gently and carefully,  
And carried her over the water safe,

And set her down on the longed-for shore,  
Licked her soft coat with a kind caress,  
Left her and went on his way once more,  
The picture of noble thoughtfulness.

Only a dog and cat, you say?  
Could a human being understand  
And be more kind in a human way  
Than this fine old Prince of Newfoundland?

O children dear, 'tis a lesson sweet:  
If a poor dumb dog so wise can be,  
We should be gentle enough to treat  
All creatures with kindness and courtesy.

For surely among us there is not one  
Who such an example could withstand;  
Who would wish in goodness to be outdone  
By a princely dog from Newfoundland?  
—Celia Thaxter, in Harper's Young People.

[FROM THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.]

## STRANGE COMPANIONS IN A STORM.

I happened to be in New York during what was called the great blizzard—the heavy snowstorm of March, 1888, which shut in the city from the outer world. I found it tame indeed compared with the ordinary storm that I saw during the years that I lived in Newfoundland. These storms come with any wind, and they break with the suddenness and fury of a wild beast freed from its cage.

One promising winter morning I set out with my two dogs—a pair of large Newfoundlanders—on an otter-hunt. A few minutes' walk from the coast, in the region where I lived, takes one into an unbroken wilderness of treeless marshes, dotted with ponds and threaded by innumerable little brooks.

Here and there a great gulch is cut sheer though the highlands and down to the level of the sea. A brook wanders through the gorge, and scrubby bushes sometimes cling to the sides. Here the otter screens himself from the storm.

A tramp of five or six miles on snow-shoes brought me to the otter ground. I found fresh "bores" in the snow, or rather my dogs found them for me. One large otter fell to my gun as he bobbed about in a "wind-in hole" of the frozen stream.

Slinging my trophy upon my gun, I started home.

My way lay over the snow-covered marshes, and before I had gone far a blinding snow storm came hissing out of the east. As long as I could see a fair distance in front I could keep my way, but the dry snow soon began to drift and puff into my face, nearly smothering me.

It was not long before I knew that I was astray. I halted, and immediately the dogs saw my dilemma, and started ahead to shew me the way. The instinct of these dogs is unerring in the thickest storm that ever blew.

But I did not wish to follow the dogs. I wanted shelter, and without it I must surely perish.

Almost the only growth along these barren stretches is a stunted or creeping fir. This tree grows crookedly to a height of three, four and five feet, and then pushes long creepers in every direction, forming close mats that hardly permit snow to enter, and affording shelter underneath.

With good fortune I happened to see one of these "tucks" or groves, though it was covered with snow, and rose but a few feet above the general level. I whistled to the dogs. They came to me as if unwilling, but when they saw me approach the ground first, they bounded and barked for joy.

With my hand before my mouth to enable me to breathe, I peered around the edge of the tangle, seeking an opening. The dogs saved me a long quest; they bounded down through a small opening, returning immediately and barking triumphantly. I speedily followed, forcing myself through the thick branches outside, and then crawling along after the dogs.

What an inviting, cozy place I found it! Not a snowflake was to be seen on the long, dry, green moss underneath the branches. Not a ray of light shone through the roof of thick, flat branches above; scarcely a sound of the gale that was shrieking and howling six feet above my head penetrated to my ears.

The accumulated snow of the winter had gathered on the thick branches outside, and I felt sure that, even were the storm followed by a fierce thaw, as often happens, not a rain-drop would come to me here.

I crawled well in toward the middle of the "tuck," and stopped where the dogs lay

down. On every side of me were crooked, awkward boles, running hither and thither, in every shape, but the branches were all above.

I took the otter off my gun, felt in my pocket and found that I had matches, looked to my gun to see that it was all right, and then lay back in the moss, resting against a crooked bole. There was very little light here, and that came from two or three small openings at the edge of the "tuck," and there was not a breath of wind. Nor was it very cold, although the temperature must have been below zero without.

There was an abundance of fuel—boles of small trees and moss. As for food, neither myself nor my dogs could suffer so long as the otter remained, and given salt and pepper, I knew nothing more delicious than an otter steak.

I have never felt more contented and cozy than I did in the midst of this wilderness, in the awful storm and quite unaware where I was.

I took a short nap, and then arose and crawled out as I had come in, to see if the hurricane was abating; but it was far worse than before, and the prospect was that it would rage all day and all night. Of course, the kind-hearted fisher-folk would be alarmed at my absence, but they knew I had some resource, and so long as the dogs did not return they might hope that I had not perished.

I now began to prepare for a stay. I first gathered four or five armfuls of moss for a bed, and a pile besides with which I might cover myself in the night, or make a blaze whenever necessary. Then I gathered a heap of decaying boles, and selected a safe place in which to kindle a fire.

This done, I took my knife, which was quite keen, and carefully removed the skin of the otter. This is not an easy task, as any carelessness takes some of the value from the skin. Then I opened the carcass, giving parts of the flesh to the dogs, which by this time had grown hungry.

At last I kindled a fire, and the ruddy blaze brightened the gloom of my weird abode. I roasted a good cut of the flesh, and although I had no salt it was by no means unpalatable. After eating I went to the entrance to my den, and satisfied my thirst with snow. The dogs followed my example, eating the compact snowballs that I made for them. When they had finished they lay down close to me, one upon each side.

By and by I built a good fire, putting upon it several soggy sticks, so that it would not burn away too fast, and then burrowed into the great heap of moss to sleep. My gun was close at my left hand, and both barrels were charged with heavy-shotted cartridges. My cartridge belt was also at hand, and the fire was two feet or more distant from my heels.

I speedily forgot my situation in sleep.

I had been asleep several hours—I think it was near midnight—when the deep growling of the dogs awakened me. Then there were furious barkings and strange yells, and I sat up, seizing my gun.

The fire had burnt quite low, and the light it shed was dull. On the boles near me it was the colour of blood. The dogs were some distance away, and from the yelping, barking and growling, I knew they were in an encounter with wild animals.

I called, and both dogs came back, but they faced toward the place of confusion. There was blood on Nero's side and on Jack's jaws.

I strained my eyes in the same direction as the dogs, and to my horror saw two pairs of gleaming balls looking directly toward me.

I threw some moss upon the fire and flung myself down close beside it, raising my gun. In a few seconds it was bright enough for me to be able to see along the barrel, and take aim at the greenish-yellow eyeballs of the nearest brute. He was moving along furtively, and making a detour as if to avoid the dogs.

The faithful animals immediately sprang toward him, but as I was sure that my aim was good, I called them back. Then I pulled the trigger, the sights being in line with a point between the eyes of the unknown beast.

The report of my gun rang out. There was a frightful cry, a series of yelping sounds, and then my dogs sprang upon the unknown thing.

In a few seconds its cries and moans were stilled, and the dogs came off. It was evidently dead. But there was another remaining; and it, nothing daunted by the fate of its companion or the barking of the dogs, made toward me. Its body was clear in the glow of the burning moss when I aimed just behind the fore-shoulder and fired.

It did not fall at the shot, but darted straight toward me. I had slipped another cartridge into the first barrel, and so was ready, and only that, for when I got my aim the beast was within a few feet.

So much the better. I fired right between its frightful eyes, and the creature bounded and fell straight into the fire. With a convulsive movement, it rose and tumbled over upon the moss, dead.

I again loaded both barrels, called the dogs to my side, threw more moss upon the fire, and carefully crept out to see what I had slain. It was an enormous wolf, and the one I first shot was very little smaller. This one I examined by the light of a moss torch, and found it also dead. It had been shot in the head, and the dogs had finished it.

I then went back to the fire, the dogs at my heels. I found that Nero was frightfully scratched and cut on the side and head, but Jack had come off without a mark. Courageous and strong as the dogs were, they had no chance against the cruel fangs and punishing mouths of the wolves.

I plastered poor Nero's wounds as well as I could by tearing a strip off my linen, and putting some fir balsam upon it. Then I replenished the fire, and began to keep watch. I was afraid there would presently be more wolves in the "tuck," for when wolves hunt in Newfoundland, as elsewhere, they usually go in packs.

As I thought the matter over, it seemed clear to me that the wolves could not have been long in the shelter, but had just come in out of the storm, which I found was raging as furiously as ever.

Hour after hour I sat and watched, and again fell asleep. When I awoke my fire was low, and the daylight straggled in through the two or three little openings in the edge of the cluster. To my great joy I found that the storm had ceased.

I and my dogs had breakfast. Then, slinging the otter-skin across my gun, I started home. I returned the following day with a fisherman, and got the two wolf-skins.

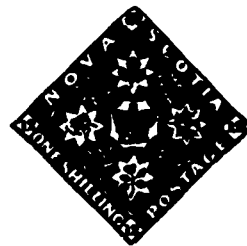
EDMUND COLLINS.

**LOOK OVER YOUR OLD LETTERS.**

SOME day when you are not busy, look over your old letters; it will pay you. Pick out those which are dated earlier than 1870, tie all the envelopes (with the stamps on them) in a neat bundle, and send them to us by registered parcel post. We will give you all the way from 1c to \$10 each for them. We will make you an offer for the lot, and if it does not suit you, we will return the package at our own expense. Remember, the envelopes must be dated earlier than 1870, or the stamps on them are worth nothing to us; at least ten must be sent at one time; and the stamps must be those of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia or Newfoundland. We do not want any others.

JOHN A. KNIGHT,  
Benton, New Brunswick,

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I WILL PAY HIGHEST PRICES FOR

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N. S., N. B., Nfld., &c.

Nova Scotia,	1d. brown .....	\$ 1 50
"	6d. green.....	1 50
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25 varieties, none torn .....	05c.
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HALIFAX, N. S.

## STAMP CHAT.

At a recent auction sale in London, England, a New Brunswick "Connell" stamp, though slightly damaged, brought 16 pounds 10 shillings sterling, about \$80.50.

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER is about to establish a Postal Museum at Washington. Hitherto Germany has been the only country in the world possessing one.

The French colonies are all to have stamps of their own, instead of the ugly surcharged ones with their infinite varieties and errors.

Mr. KETCHESON, of Peterboro, Ont., has in preparation a Canadian stamp album, for Canadian stamps alone.

A GENTLEMAN in Toronto has in his collection a 12 pence Canada on wove paper and a genuine used "Connell."

THE collection of the late T. K. Tapling, M. P., which he left to the British Museum, is valued at more than \$100,000.

THE *Post Office* is an interesting monthly for stamp collectors, published by Henry Gremmel, 80 Nassau St., New York, at 25 cents a year.

## LOOK OVER YOUR OLD LETTERS.

Some day when you are not very busy, hunt up all your old letters, 25 years old and more; tie the envelopes (with the stamps on them) in a bundle, and send them to us by parcel post.

We want stamps of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. Island and British Columbia used before Confederation. For these we pay one cent to ten dollars each.

We will buy also stamps of Canada used after Confederation, but none later than 1869, except the higher values (from 5c. to 15c.); and Newfoundland stamps of all issues.

Send us what you have, on the envelopes if possible, and we will make you an offer for them; if it does not satisfy you we will return the stamps at our own expense.

JOHN A. KNIGHT,  
Benton, New Brunswick.

## WANTED FOR CASH.

USED Postage Stamps of U. S., Canada, and Provinces. Highest cash prices paid. I will pay—

	EACH.		EACH.
Canada 3d	1.00	Nova Scotia, 3d.	.25
" 6d	3.00	" 1sh.	16.00
" 7 1/2d	3.00	" 8 1/2c.	.45
" 10d	1.40	Newfoundland,	
" 12d	45.00	2d vermilion	1.50
New Brunswick,		4d	3.00
" 3d	.45	6d	3.00
" 5d	1.60	6 1/2d	5.00
" 1sh	16.00	1 1/2h	20.00
Nova Scotia,		5c. brown	.75
" 1 & 6d.	1.10		

10 per cent. more if on the original letter or envelope. All kinds of stamps used during 1840-69 wanted, in any quantity, except U. S. 3c. I pay at least 10 per cent more than any other dealer will. Send your Stamps with prices; all that I cannot use will be returned post free and cash by return mail. 1,000,000 Canada 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6c., 5c., wanted. 50,000 Canada 2 and 5c. registered letter stamps wanted. Good prices paid.

HENRY GREMMEL,

80 NASSAU STREET, New York.

Reference: Germania Bank, 215 Bowery, N. Y.

## Our Own Poets.

## RE VOYAGE.

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

WHAT of the days when we two dreamed together?

Days marvellously fair,  
As light-some as a skyward floating feather  
Sailing on summer air—  
Summer, summer, that came drifting through  
Fate's hand to me and you.

What of the days, my dear? I sometimes wonder

If you too wish this sky  
Could be the blue we sailed so softly under  
In that sun-kissed July;  
Sailed in the warm and yellow afternoon,  
With hearts in touch and tune.

Have you no longing to relive the dreaming  
Adrift in my canoe?

To watch my paddle blade all wet and gleaming  
Cleaving the waters through;  
To lie wind-blown and wave-caressed until  
Your restless pulse grows still?

Do you not long to listen to the purling  
Of foam athwart the keel?  
To hear the nearing rapids softly swirling  
Among the stones, to feel  
The boat's unsteady tremor as it braves  
The wild and snarling waves?

What need of question, what of your replying?  
Oh! well I know that you  
Would toss the world away to be but lying  
Again in my canoe,  
In listless indolence entranced and lost,  
Wave-rocked and passion-tossed.

Ah me! my paddle failed me in the steering  
Across love's shoreless seas,  
All reckless, I had ne'er a thought of fearing  
Such dreary thoughts as these,  
When through the self-samerapids we dash by.  
My lone canoe and I.

Brantford, Ontario.

## IN MARCH.

By A. LANFMAN.

The sun falls warm; the Southern winds  
awake;

The air seethes upward with a steamy  
shiver;

Each dip of the road is now a crystal lake,  
And every rut a little dancing river.

Through great, soft clouds that sunder over-  
head

The deep sky breaks, as pearly blue as  
summer;

Out of a cleft beside the river's bed  
Flaps the black crow, the first demure new  
comer.

The old, scarred drifts are eating fast away  
With glossy tinkle into glittering laces;

Dogs lie asleep, and little children play  
With tops and marbles in the sun-bare  
paces;

And I that stroll with many a thoughtful  
pause

Almost forget that winter ever was.

Ottawa, Canada.

## THE SONG OF THE SUN.

Who'll sing the song of the starry throng--  
The song of the Sun and Sky?

The angels bright, on their thrones of light;  
Not a mortal such as I.

How vast, how deep, how infinite,  
Are the wonders spread abroad,

On the outward walls of the azure halls  
Of the city of our God!

Men seldom look on the marvellous book  
Which God writes on the sky;

But they cry for food, as the only good,  
Like the beasts which eat and die.

Awake! and gaze on the glorious maze;  
For every day and night

God paints on air those pictures rare,  
To thrill us with delight.

O, come with me! O, let us flee  
Across the dewy lawn,

And see unrolled, in realms of gold,  
The glories of the dawn!

Behold! he streaks the mountain peaks  
With the faintest tinge of grey;

But the glory hies, and the mists arise,  
And the shadows fly away.

The stars rush back from the conqueror's  
track,

And the night away is driven,  
While the King of Day mounts on his way,

Through the golden gates of heaven,  
And his heralds fly athwart the sky,

With a lovely rainbow hue,  
Or hang around the deeps profound,

The unfathomed gulfs of blue.

The great vault reels 'neath his chariot wheels,  
And the thunder clouds are riven,

Till they expire in crimson fire  
On the burning floor of heaven.

And then, O! then, every hill and glen,  
Every peak and mountain old,

With a diadem of glory swim  
In a living sea of gold.

With his gorgeous train, through the blue  
domain,

He rushes on and on;  
Till with a round of glory crown'd

He mounts his noonday throne!  
Then his burning beams, with their golden  
gleams,

He scatters in showers abroad,  
Till we cannot gaze on the glorious blaze

Of the garments of the god.

Then from his throne, with an azure zone,  
The conquerer descends;

And in robes of white, through realms of light,  
His downward course he bends,

'Mid great white domes, like the happy homes  
Of the ransomed souls at rest,

Whose work is done, whose crowns are won,  
And they dwell among the blest.

How calm, how still, how beautiful!  
The very soul of peace

Seems breathing there—her secret prayer  
That strife and sin may cease.

Then in the west he sinks to rest,  
Far down in his ocean bed;

And he disappears, amid evening's tears,  
With a halo on his head.

But I cannot write of the marvellous sight,  
At his setting last I saw;

I can only feel, I can only kneel,  
With a trembling love and awe!

Who'll sing the song of the starry throng,  
The song of the Sun and Sky?

The angels bright, on their thrones of light,  
Not a mortal such as I!

—Alexander M'Lachlan.

LOVE.

Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,  
When crimson glories, bloom and song were rife;  
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,  
And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,  
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;  
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,  
And whispered, "I am rest."

—William Wilfred Campbell, in the Century.

SAREPTA has, in the *Week*, done the lark a service equally with the nightingale; and so much searching out of Time's dark corners must be attractive to the poetic and the curious. The skylark of Europe is one of the songsters heard so loudly in all eras of the British muse, that we who never heard it in the sky have heard it in our dreams till it seems native to us. Shelley's is, indeed, the master-word it would be a presumptuous hope to outdo; but the brief lyric of the Ettrick Shepherd—not yet mentioned by our author—beginning,—

"Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!"  
is also memorable. Mrs. Piatt seems to have been disappointed, after all these praises, upon hearing actually what she had heard so often fancifully, and has in four stanzas, poetically speaking, taken the air out of its wings, and the music out of its throat:

A WORD WITH A SKYLARK.

If this be all, for which I've listened long,  
O spirit of the dew!  
You did not sing to Shelley such a song  
As Shelley sang to you.

Yet, with this ruined Old World for a nest,  
Worm-eaten through and through,—  
This waste of grave-dust stamped with crown  
and crest,—  
What better could you do?

Ah me! but when the world and I were young,  
There was an apple-tree;  
There was a voice came in the dawn and sung  
The buds awake—ah me!

Oh, Lark of Europe, downward fluttering near,  
Like some spent leaf at best,  
You'd never sing again if you could hear  
My Blue Bird of the West!

A NEW GAME. — A new game, called "Editors' Delight," is played in this wise: Take an ordinary sheet of writing paper, fold carefully, and enclose a bank note, sufficiently large to pay up all arrears and one year in advance. What adds immensely to the game is to send along the name of a new subscriber, accompanied by the cash. Keep an eye on the editor and if a smile adorns his face the trick works like a charm. Now is the time to play the trick. — *Trenton Courier*.



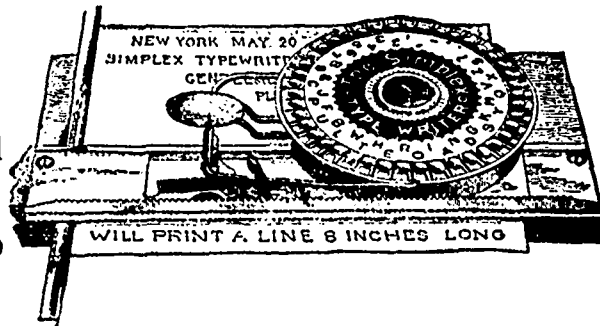
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**For Boys and Girls.**—The "SIMPLEX" will be hailed with delight by BOYS AND GIRLS. It will improve their spelling and teach proper punctuation. It will encourage neatness and accuracy. It will print in any coloured ink, violet, red, green, blue or black. It will PRINT A LINE EIGHT INCHES LONG and admit any size letter paper. The printing is always in sight. A USEFUL, ISSUING AND ENTERTAINING NOVELTY AT THE PRICE OF A TOY.

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The alignment of the "Simplex" is equal to the very highest priced machine. It is positive in action and each letter is locked by an automatic movement when the stroke is made. It has no ribbon to soil the fingers. Letters, when by it can be copied with a letter press. The "Simplex" is mounted on a hard-wood base, and put up in a handsome box with bottle of ink and full instructions for using.

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Address, Publisher of "CANADA," Benton, New Brunswick.

## Home Topics.

*Edited by B. A. S., Box 19, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, to whom all communications concerning this department should be addressed.*

HOW are we going to spend the long winter evenings to our greatest advantage? Of late years I have taken up a course of study every winter, and I find it makes life much more interesting. Don't think I have nothing else to do. I assure you my friends consider me a very busy woman. Summer is much more enjoyable after a course in botany; living is much more wonderful after studying physiology.

The great English physiologist says: "If knowledge is real and genuine, I do not believe it is other than a very valuable possession, however infinitesimal its quantity be. Indeed, if a little knowledge be dangerous, where is the man who has enough to be out of danger?"

One of the studies most helpful and useful to the average woman is that of how properly to take care of our sick ones, sickness is so common to us all. The opportunity for acquiring such an education is becoming very general. We who live in cities are especially favoured, if we visit our hospitals in connection with the study of a text-book on nursing; and the matron or nurses would not object, I am sure, to give us some very practical help.

### WHAT TO WEAR.

One of the handsomest mantles is made perfectly plain and reaches down to the feet; the lining is of rich fur, which rolls over at the top, forming a very graceful and heavy collar, opening some way down the front. There are others of the same shape made without the fur collar, these being generally decorated with *passementerie*, and edged with one of the numerous and highly decorative trimmings now in fashion.

One great fault of modern high sleeves is their getting so soon crushed, and on this account the pelerine style of capes and mantles is most sure of popularity.

Just now everything is trimmed with lace, and we further hear that we are only at the beginning of the rage for lace. So there will be no risk in using all that comes to hand, be it for rufflings or plain trimmings. Large manufacturers are bringing out entire corselet shaped bodices of black lace for evening wear. Lace cuffs, frills on skirts, and a thousand other combinations all tend to show that lace is about to play the important part in the fashions of the day. Embroidery is thrown into the background, but not so utterly as to prevent its being still the best trimming for velvet mantles and other heavy materials.

Veils still cover the whole face, and during the winter dotted and figured tulle will be worn in preference to plain ditto.

Strings now are much worn with large hats, are either tied in a small bow in front or else just crossed in front and knotted together at the back.

Bead embroidery and passementerie with an edging seem likely to be the favorite trimming for winter wear.

The newest lucky ornaments supposed to be a talisman for the wearers, are thin gold ring bracelets, as fine as a string. They are divided into links with real pearls between them.

### THE ART OF SITTING STILL.

In the hurry and scurry of the present day the power of sitting still seems to be rapidly becoming a lost art. Sooner or later will arrive to all the dreary, the dull hiatus of time when to be useful or actively employed becomes well nigh an impossibility. Hours must be spent in a doctor's or dentist's waiting rooms, at sleepy wayside stations at home or abroad, or bustling junctions (where perhaps a truck or bench on the platform is the only and endurable resting place), or chiefest of all, in weary watchfulness in darkened sick-rooms. If only for the sake of these latter, surely all women should strive to attain this valuable quality. When the slightest movement would disturb the weary sleeper or chase away the gentle slumber on which perhaps a life may depend—nay, even when it but tries and irritates the wakeful eyes to watch any constant movement—how blest it is to be able to sit placidly and without visible effort, simply doing nothing. I well remember once, when lying seriously though not dangerously ill, too ill to speak or be read to, a kind-hearted little German lady volunteered to stay by me and cheer my solitude; but in her hand she brought her knitting, and she knitted and knitted, as if for dear life. Not only was there a horrid kind of fascination in watching the needles, jinking of the fingers and emitting of the ball of wool, but the monotonous click, click of the needles, nearly drove me distracted. In vain I gently hinted that her industry was superfluous, that she might relax for a little while. "What sit with my hands folded and doing nothing!" she exclaimed in astonished remonstrance, and yet had she but known it, to sit with folded hands, in absolute quiet and tranquillity, would have been the kindest act, the most skillful nursing she could have devised. And she was wrong, too, in calling it "doing nothing" and looking on it as a waste of time; when the body is at rest, then the powers of the mind have free scope and play. What problems may not be worked out, what knotted questions argued, what poens may not be composed, and volumes written when the mind is turned in upon itself, and every energy concentrated. Who does not know how greatly the tedium of a lecture or sermon or dry sonata may be aggravated by the restless fidgeting of a companion. While those blessed beings who can simply sit still, seem to soothe our jarted nerves, and exercise a beneficial influence on them.

Wise George Herbert long ago found out the secret when he said, "God takes a text and preaches patience!" Patience is a virtue and quiet is its outward and visible sign. I have known educated women who could never sit down to dinner, drive in an open carriage, or take a short journey, without their work in their hands; not that there was any great haste or necessity for its completion, merely that they must be doing something; and I have actually seen such drive through the loveliest of our native scenery for the first time, scenery rich in beauty of landscape, in

noble buildings, and historical associations, with eyes fixed on their handiwork, and their shade of red and blue wool.

Let no one think I am inculcating idleness or detracting from real industry. The very word rest as opposed to restlessness forbids the idea, for rest presupposes labor beforehand. There is a time for all things; and those who deem it a very easy matter to sit still, and that they will be able to practice it when called upon, are mistaken. It is not always even very pleasant, and there is often self-denial needed as well as self-restraint.

The power of concentration and of observation, patience and forbearance, self-denial and self-control, these are all more or less concerned with the art of sitting still. Surely these are not light attainments, and where they are found, we may also look for other virtues; and indeed from my own experience, I can testify, that it is the noblest and most reliable woman, as well as the sweetest and most sympathizing, of whom it may be said in the words of the prophets of old days "The strength is to sit still."—*English Queen, Jan. 16th.*

ONE of the women interested in the Housekeepers' Association, gave her idea of the root of domestic worry and trouble in the *Chicago Tribune*, in an article on "Woman's Work." After graphically describing what we are all more or less forced to submit to from the "divinity of the kitchen" either on account of illness or of a large family when we could not get on alone, and dare not so much as find fault, she seems to think that here lies the keynote to the evil. "Domestic service is counted low—degraded—not worthy of the best thought of the greatest minds. There is science of the stars, science of music, science



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of plants, science of shells—science reaching to the invisible animalcule in the deep sea, but the principles pertaining to skilful and economic preparation of food, systematic purchase of supplies and accounts, cleanliness and arrangements of the house, intelligent care of children, simple remedies and laws of health—these common things, affecting so nearly the life and happiness of every man, woman, and child, are deemed too insignificant to be made the subject of special study and careful preparation. All lines of man's work are equipped for training in skill and proficiency, and those who wish attainments bringing honour and profit must seek them through those avenues. The result is that what is most appropriately man's and what is purely mechanical in woman's work are overcrowded, while the homes suffer and the happiness of families is destroyed for lack of intelligent, trained workers."

THE Countess Leo Tolstoi is an extraordinary woman. She does not share the paradoxical ideas of her husband. But for her ability and energy the great novelist would have been in the grave long ago. "All my husband's disciples," said the Countess the other day to Miss Hysgood the American lady who broke down in the attempt to translate some of the more terrible passages of the "Kreutzer Sonata," "are small, blonde, sickly and homely,—all as like one another as a pair of old boots." And she is quite convinced that they drift into idiocy by following the Count's teaching. The family live as simple, homely, industrious, God-fearing peasants. Plain living and high thinking is their rule.

RUTH ASHMORE tells us in the *Ladies' Home Journal* that she does believe in sweethearts. She says, "I do believe in the right of every girl to have one, and I do believe that when he is the real sweetheart he will soon be the one who will be your husband, whose joy it will be to care for you, whose happiness it will be to see you happy. It is a pretty word, that old-fashioned one, "sweetheart." It seems to me always to suggest the great white, sweet-smelling rose that grows in out-of-door gardens, and which has reached perfection because the sun of love has made it blossom, and the rain of disappointment has made the sun seem brighter, the flower hardier and more eager in hoping. That is what I think a sweetheart is. He loves you through the sunshine days, and he is your consolation when the dark ones come. He is a man who in honouring you respects all those belonging to you. And because he is your sweet heart he is going to try and not let you make any mistake, and you will be a very foolish girl if you don't listen to his advice."

BRIDAL FANCIES.—Married in white, you have chosen all right.  
 Married in grey, you will go far away.  
 Married in black, you will wish yourself back.  
 Married in red, you will wish yourself dead.  
 Married in green, ashamed to be seen.  
 Married in blue, he will always be true.  
 Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl.  
 Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow.  
 Married in brown, you will live out of town.  
 Married in pink, your spirit will sink.—  
*Old Rhymes.*

LINES with drawn borders are most in favour for tea-cloths, and some are charmingly embroidered in the washing flax threads,

which have all the appearance of silk without its costliness. Satin sheeting, serge, and a large variety of woolen stuffs are used for the purpose, and some of the brocades have the outline worked all over them. There are several new kinds of embroidery which are applied to tablecloths and it is becoming the fashion to introduce appliques of velvet intermixed with feather-stitching and other embroideries.

IN pin-cushions there is quite a novelty consisting of two or three imitation bulrushes, made of dark and lighter brown shade, in push or soft winsey, tied together with a bow of ribbon. They are exactly the size of ordinary bulrushes, and are made on the dry rusk stalks, the whole measuring 14 inches in length. The pins are stuck in here and there and the stuffing is ban, pushed in as firmly as possible.

THE first rule for keeping the hair glossy and thick, is to let the scalp be perfectly clean. Hair should never be tied up too tightly, and hot irons should be carefully avoided, they should on no account be brought in contact with the hair. Daily brushing is a necessity. And the more loose and unconfined it is allowed to be at night the better. The hair coming off can be obviated by a mixture of bay rum, cantharides, castor oil and carbonsic of ammonia rubbed into the roots twice a week. Some simple hair curls are better than any irons or any applied heat, and a little mixture of gum to dampen the hair will help to keep it in curl.

A GOOD receipt for wrinkles is to take one ounce of white wax and melt to a gentle heat. Add two ozs. of the juice of lily bulbs, two oz. of honey, two drams of rose water, and a drop or two of attar of roses. Apply this twice a day, rubbing the wrinkles the wrong way. Use tepid water to wash the face; the wrinkles soon disappear.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BRITISH PRIDE TOUCHED.—When three regiments of the English army took possession of Castine, Maine, in the last year of the War of 1812, a large detachment was sent up the river to seize the neighboring towns. As the red-coats were leisurely marching through the country, they saw an old, bent, white-haired man, sitting at the door of a small, plain house.

The young officer at the head of the troops designed to lay aside military dignity for a moment, and condescendingly hailed him:

"Old Daddy, did you ever see so many men before?"

"Yes," was the prompt answer.

"And where, then?"

"With Wolfe, under the walls of Quebec."

The officer stopped. Good natured condescension to the old Yankee countryman was changed to respect for the colonial soldier. 1776 and 1812 were forgotten. He ordered the command to halt, and with the other officers shook hands with the humble old man, proud to do honor to one who, under the British flag, had followed a young, brave general to his last victory.

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## Science Notes.

At the eighth meeting of the Congress of Americanists, an interesting address on the peopling of America was given by M. de Quatrefages. He expressed a strong belief in the unity of the human race, and in the consequent facts that the original home of mankind must have been confined to a very limited space, and that the world as a whole has been peopled gradually by process of migration. He holds that America, like Polynesia, was peopled by colonists from the Old World. The peopling of Polynesia, however, was effected during the Middle Ages, whereas the earliest migrations to America date from geological times.

**THE GEMS OF CANADA.** MR. C. W. Willimott, of Ottawa, has issued a pamphlet on Canadian gems and precious stones. The real gems, he says, are represented by the diamond, sapphire varieties, chrysoberyl, spinel, beryl, topaz, zircon, garnet, tourmaline, iolite, quartz, and chrysolite. All others are considered as semi-precious stones. Beryl is found in Berthier, Que., and the cut stones produced are sometimes introduced as Oriental, which enhances their value. Tourmaline is found in St. Lawrence region, some crystals being eighteen inches in length and a quarter of an inch through. The zircon, which constitutes such gems as the hyacinth, jacinth and jargon, is found in Ontario and Quebec with great frequency. Forty dollars has been paid for a single crystal from Bradenell, Ont.

Garnet is common in Canada as a mineral. As a gem it is found principally near Ottawa, the variety being the Syrian or "Precious Garnet" of the jewellers. Quartz asteria is much dwelt upon by Mr. Willimott, and is, from his description, a variety of quartz cut in a special way. In British Columbia and Nova Scotia rose and smoky quartz are common, but have not yet been reduced to gem material. Amethyst is found in Nova Scotia and Ontario, though most of the costly specimens come from the latter. In gold quartz Canada gives little. Agate comes from Nova Scotia, Ontario and British Columbia. Onyx comes largely from the same localities. Jasper is quite common. Canadian serpentine is often rich hued. There is much of it at Grenville, Quebec.

An enterprising machinist established himself at Grenville some time ago, where he turned by a foot-lathe a number of pretty ornaments, but owing to his method of cutting the stone with a hand-saw, the affair was not attended with great success.—*Montreal Witness.*

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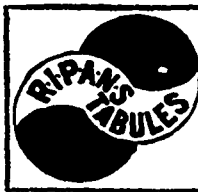
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*Detroit, Mich., Jan. 29th, 1892.*—A case has just come to light here, the particulars of which are published in the *Evening News*, which will be read with considerable interest by all Canadians, as it records the remarkable achievement of a Canadian medical discovery, which has already, in its own country, won great and enduring fame. At this added triumph there is no doubt the few countrymen of the proprietors will rejoice, as it sheds lustre on Canadian science. The story is told by the *News* as follows:—

The following paragraph, which appeared in the *News* a short time ago, furnished the basis of this information—a case that was so remarkable that it demanded further explanation. It is of sufficient importance to the *News*' readers to report it to them fully. It was so important then that it attracted considerable attention at the time. The following is the paragraph in question:

"C. B. Northrop, for 28 years one of the best known merchants on Woodward avenue, who was supposed to be dying last spring of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, has secured a new lease of life and returned to work at his store. The disease has always been supposed to be incurable, but Mr. Northrop's condition is greatly improved, and it looks now as if the grave would be cheated of its prey."

Since that time Mr. Northrop has steadily improved, not only in looks, but in condition, till he has regained his old-time strength.

It had been hinted to the writer of this article, who was acquainted with Mr. Northrop, that this miraculous change had been wrought by a very simple remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. When asked about it Mr. Northrop fully verified the statement, and not only so, but he had taken pains to inform any one who was suffering in a similar manner when he heard of any such case. Mr. Northrop was enthusiastic at the result in his own case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a remedy that he had heard of after he had tried everything he could hope to give him relief. He had been in the care of the best physicians who did all they could to alleviate this terrible malady, but without any avail. He had given up hope, when a friend in Lockport, N. Y., wrote him of the case of a person there who had been cured in similar circumstances by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The person cured at Lockport had obtained his information respecting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from an article published in the *Hamilton, Ontario, Times*. The case was called "The Hamilton Miracle" and told the story of a man in that city who, after almost incredible suffering, was pronounced by the most eminent physicians to be incurable and permanently disabled. He had spent hundreds of dollars in all sorts of treatment and appliances only to be told in the end that there was no hope for him, and that cure was impossible. The person alluded to (Mr. John Marshall, of 25 Litt'e

William St., Hamilton, Ont.) was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, and after having been pronounced permanently disabled and incurable by the physicians was paid \$1,000 disability insurance provided by the order for its members in such cases; for years Mr. Marshall had been utterly helpless, and was barely able to drag himself around his house with the aid of crutches. His agonies were almost unbearable and his life was a burden to him, when at last relief came. Some months after he had been paid the disability claim he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was induced to try them. The result was miraculous; almost from the outset an improvement was noticed, and in a few months the man whom medical experts had said was incurable, was going about the city healthier and stronger than before. Mr. Marshall was so well known in Hamilton that all the city newspapers wrote up his wonderful recovery in detail, and it was thus as before stated, that Mr. Northrop came into possession of the information that led to his equally marvellous recovery. One could scarcely conceive a case more hopeless than that of Mr. Northrop. His injury came about in this way: One day nearly four years ago, he stumbled and fell the complete length of a steep flight of stairs which were at the rear of his store. His head and spine were severely injured. He was picked up and taken to his home. Creeping paralysis very soon developed itself, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of friends and physicians the terrible affliction fastened itself upon him. For nearly two years he was perfectly helpless. He could do nothing to support himself in the least effort. He had to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair. He was weak, pale and fast sinking when this timely information came that veritably snatched his life from the jaws of death. Those, who at that time saw a feeble old man wheeled into his store on an invalid's chair, would not recognise the man now, so great is the change that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought. When Mr. Northrop learned of the remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall in Hamilton, and the person in Lockport, he procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through Messrs. Bassett & L'Hommedieu, 95 Woodward Avenue, and

from the outset found an improvement. He faithfully adhered to the use of the remedy until now he is completely restored. Mr. Northrop declares that there can be no doubt as to Pink Pills being the cause of his restoration to health, as all other remedies and medical treatment left him in a condition rapidly going from bad to worse, until at last it was declared there was no hope for him and he was pronounced incurable. He was in this terrible condition when he began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they have restored him to health.

"I want to say," said Mr. Northrop, "that I don't have much faith in patent medicines, but I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." The proprietors, however, claim that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of careful study and experiment on the part of the proprietors, and the pills were successfully used in private practice for years before being placed for general sale. Mr. Northrop declares that he is a living example that there is nothing to equal these pills as a cure for nerve diseases. On inquiry the writer found that these pills were manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y., and the pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. from either above addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment with them comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies, or medical treatment. This case is one of the most remarkable on record, and as it is one right here in Detroit and not a thousand miles away, it can be easily verified. Mr. Northrop is very well known to the people of Detroit, and he says he is only too glad to testify of the marvelous good wrought in his case. He says he considers it his duty to help all who are similarly afflicted by any word he can say in behalf of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If any of the *News* readers want any further information, we feel sure Mr. Northrop would willingly oblige them, as he has the writer in relating these facts to him.



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March, 1892.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Wolfe's Canteen (Poem).....	49
In Old Nova Scotia. Andre Memert.....	49
Canada (Poem).....	51
Reminiscences of Restigouche. H. L. G.....	52
The Lesson of the Lilies (Poem). S. H. Sabine.....	53
Fairly Caught. Mrs. S. A. Curzon.....	54
Died (Poem). Irene Elder Morton.....	56
Chief Justice J. Sewell, Quebec, 1839.....	56
Come unto Me and Rest (Poem). Ida H. Wilson.....	57
A Winter Fire. G. E. Theodore Roberts.....	57
Trilogy (Poem). Samuel M. Haslip.....	58
The Proscribed Languages. "Pastor Felix".....	58
Correspondence.....	59
Newfoundland Sealing.....	59
<b>DEPARTMENTS:</b>	
Canadians. Edited by "Pastor Felix".....	62
Our Young People.....	64
Home Topics.....	68
Science Notes.....	70
Editorial Notes.....	72
Francis Parkman. Sarah K. Bolton.....	73
Literary Notes.....	76, 77
Fact, Fancy, Fun.....	78, 79, 80

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. STEAD, in his paper on "The Czar and Russia of To-Day" in the January *Review of Reviews*, poses as an apologist for the "Little Father" and the Russian Government in reference to the way they have dealt with the great famine. Mr. Stead's sympathies are apt to blind him to the sins of the particular person or cause which he is engaged in championing for the time being. We cannot help contrasting the selfishness of the Czar and his Government with such examples as the following, and even heathen history can furnish many similar ones. We quote from Prof. Rawlinson's "Ancient

Monarchies." He says concerning a famine that occurred in Persia during the 5th century: "We are told that the drought in the reign of Perozes was such that at last there was not a drop of water either in the Tigris or the Oxus; all the sources and fountains, all the streams and brooks failed; vegetation altogether ceased; the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air perished; nowhere through the whole empire was a bird to be seen; the wild animals, even the reptiles, disappeared altogether. The dreadful calamity lasted for seven years, and under ordinary circumstances the bulk of the population would have been swept off; but such were the wisdom and the beneficence of the Persian Monarch, that during the entire duration of the scourge not a single person, or, according to another account, but one person perished of hunger. Perozes began by issuing general orders that the rich should come to the relief of their poorer brethren; he required the governors of the towns and the head-men of villages to see that food was supplied to those in need, and threatened that for each poor man in a town or village who died of want he would put a rich man to death. At the end of two years, finding that the drought continued, he declined to take any revenue from his subjects, remitting taxes of all kinds, whether they were money imposts or contributions in kind. In the fourth year, not content with these measures, he went further; opened the treasury doors and made distributions of money from his own stores to those in need. At the same time he imported corn from Greece, from India, from the valley of the Oxus, and from Abyssinia, obtaining by these means such ample supplies that he was able to furnish an adequate sustenance to all his subjects. The result was that not only did the famine cause no mortality among the poorer classes, but no one was even driven to quit the country in order to escape the pressure of the calamity." Allowing for whatever of exaggeration there may have been in the sources from which this account was drawn, Perozes, the Persian king, furnishes an example which the Czar of Russia might well have imitated.

A young *litterateur* of much promise died at Wolfville, N. S., on the 4th ult., Goodridge Bliss Roberts, a younger brother of Prof. Roberts. He was only 22 years of age. He was a graduate of Kings College, Windsor, had chosen the ministry as his life work, and was undergoing a theological training with the expectation of being ordained next

winter. He preached the Sunday before his death, was attacked by *la grippe* and died after a few days' illness. His writings in prose and poetry were prophetic of a successful literary career. He was editor of the Canadian section in Douglas Sladen's *Younger American Poets*. We understand that he left several articles ready for the press, one of which will appear in the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*.

THE usual instalment of "Montcalm and French Canada" has been crowded out this month; next month the instalment will be a larger one to make up for the omission.

THE Toronto Public Library is making every effort to complete its collection of Canadian literature. Mr. Bain, the chief librarian, wishes us to say that he is desirous of obtaining a copy of every book, however small, published in the Maritime Provinces; and that if authors will send him a copy of each book they publish, accompanied by an invoice, the amount will be remitted them or, if it is already in the library, the book will be returned free of expense.

THE editorial and literary notes in this number were for the most part written on the train between Benton and St. John, or St. John and Halifax, while going at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour. With our good friend, the Remington, we found it almost as easy to write as at home in the study. It was certainly more satisfactory than trying to read small print in newspaper or book.

OUR advertising patronage has obliged us to add eight pages more to the magazine this month. This number is 32 pages and cover, and contains a table of contents that would adorn a much more pretentious monthly. Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island are represented among the contributors. Let each subscriber send us two subscriptions when he renews his own and we shall keep improving every month.

SEVERAL of the leading papers have been drawing attention lately to the fraud practised on the Canadian public in the sale of American books. The *Montreal Witness* says: "We take up an American Atlas of the World. It gives about 400 pages to the United States and about 100 to other countries. It gives 55 maps to the United States and 31 to other countries." We can well remember having received our first ideas of Geography from

an atlas of this sort, and we had the impression for a long time that the rest of the world was a narrow fringe around the United States. Says the Halifax *Evening Mail*: "United States books on history, geography, statistics or any general topic resemble the maps formerly used in Siam, in which Siam occupied nearly the whole sheet, the rest of the world being represented as a thin border." We see this overweening conceit exemplified especially in American Cyclopedias, or American editions of English Cyclopedias. We would not complain of it so much if these lopsided productions were exposed for sale only in the Republic itself, but to canvass for them all over the Dominion is an imposition of the worst kind. Anyone who does not want to traverse American wildernesses, climb American mountains, swim American rivers and thread American forests before he can put his hand on the smallest item of desired information will not be persuaded into purchasing an American Cyclopedic.

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In Jamaica Plain, a suburb of Boston, stands a home which is a delight to those who are so fortunate as to enter. It is a two story and a half frame house, in grey, surrounded by great trees and gardens full of flowers. Azaleas are here in all their brilliancy; roses of every color, great red poppies, dainty clematis, varied columbines, rhododendrons, many kinds of iris, pansies and foxglove.

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great-grandfather, Ebenezer Parkman, were both eminent ministers, and his mother's ancestor was John Cotton—the boy, Francis, naturally loved books, and turned toward a literary career. Before he was seventeen years old he was born in Boston, September 16th, 1823 while a freshman in Harvard College, he planned to write the history of the French and Indian Wars, or the Seven Years' War.

To do this work, it seemed necessary that he should visit the Indians, live among them, and know from personal experience something of the people whose history he was to relate. Graduating from college in 1844, after a trip to Europe, and two years spent in the study of law, he started with a kinsman, Quincy Adams Shaw, for the far West.

For months he lived in Colorado and in the Black Hills, hunted with the Dakotas, joined in their camp life and partook of their rough fare: but like Darwin in the ship "Beagle," he ruined his health by the exposure and toilsome hunts. On his return, unable to use his eyes, with the aid of an amanuensis he prepared his first book, "The Oregon Trail: Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life."

Like all of Mr. Parkman's books, it is full of interest, vivid in description, and picturesque as a narrative. He says in his Preface:

"I remember that, as we rode by the foot of Pike's Peak where for a fortnight we met no face of man, my companion remarked, in a tone anything but complacent, that a time would come when those plains would be a grazing country, the buffalo give place to tame cattle, farmhouses be scattered along the watercourses, and wolves, bears and Indians be numbered among the things that were.

"We consoled with each other on so melancholy a prospect, but we little thought what the future had in store. We knew that there was more or less gold in the seams of these untrodden mountains; but we did not foresee that it would build cities in the waste and plant hotels and gambling houses among the haunts of the grizzly bear."

Three years after the publication of this book, in 1850, Mr. Parkman married, at the age of twenty-seven, the daughter of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, of Boston. She died eight years later, leaving two daughters.

Four years passed after the "Oregon Trail" was published before the next book was completed, "The Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada." The preface

shews under what difficulties the book was written.

"The most troublesome part of the task" (says Mr. Parkman) "was the collection of the necessary documents. These consisted of letters, journals, reports and dispatches, scattered among numerous public offices and private families in Europe and America. When brought together they amounted to about three thousand four hundred manuscript pages. Contemporary newspapers, magazines and pamphlets have also been examined, and careful search made for every book which, directly or indirectly, might throw light upon the subject.

"I have visited the sites of all the principal events recorded in the narrative, and gathered such local traditions as seemed worthy of confidence. Several obstacles have retarded the progress of the work. Of these one of the most considerable was the condition of my sight, seriously, tho' not permanently injured. For about three years the light of day was insupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred.

"Under these circumstances the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from my dictation. This process, tho' extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages; and I am well convinced that the authorities have been more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested, than they would have been under ordinary circumstances."

How few young men, between the ages of twenty-four and twenty-eight, when for "three years the light of day was insupportable," would have been content to listen day after day to an amanuensis, and then dictate a long history! The book shows the invincible purpose and able mind of the young historian. Mr. Fiske calls "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" one of the most brilliant and fascinating books that has ever been written since the days of Herodotus, and the *Nation* says: "It takes rank, among competent judges, as the most satisfactory historical monograph that our literature has produced."

But now broken health demanded a change from city life, and the home at Jamaica Plain was purchased. Comfort and rest were obtained in the care of flowers and plants. The youth who could join the Indians in their wild life could find delight for ten years and more in the hybridisation of lilies, the marriage

and intermarriage of the columbine till the most exquisite varieties have been produced, the development of immense poppies, the origination of the *Lilium Parkmanni*, which has attracted much attention in Europe for its size and color, and in the tender care and propagation of roses.

In 1866 his "Book of Roses" was published, showing the best methods of cultivation, and a description of the finest varieties. For two years Mr. Parkman was president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and held for some time a professorship of horticulture in the Bussey Institution, which is the agricultural and horticultural department of Harvard University.

During all these fourteen years since "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" was written, Mr. Parkman had not forgotten the one purpose of his life—to write the history of the early French settlements in America, as Prescott has of the Spanish. After the death of his wife in 1858, he again visited Europe to gather materials for his work.

In 1865 "The Pioneers of France in the New World" appeared. He says in the preface:

"During the past eighteen years the state of the author's health has exacted throughout an extreme caution in regard to mental application, reducing it at best within narrow and precarious limits, and often precluding it. Indeed, for two periods, each of several years, any attempt at bookish occupation would have been suicidal. A condition of sight, arising from kindred sources, has also retarded the work, since it has not permitted reading or writing continuously for much more than five minutes, and often has not permitted them at all."

Who among us would have worked on, year after year, when neither reading nor writing was possible "continuously for much more than five minutes?"

The same heroic will and indomitable perseverance and energy produced two years later, in 1867, "The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century," and two years later still, in 1869, "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West."

Five years passed before "The Old Régime in Canada" appeared, in 1874, and three years later "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.," in 1877. The latter, especially, is as interesting as any novel.

Seven years after this, in 1884, "Montcalm and Wolfe" appeared in two volumes, dedicated to "Harvard College, the Alma Mater under whose influence the purpose of writing it was

conceived." It is among the most delightful of Mr. Parkman's books. The amount of work for these two volumes has been Herculean. From the libraries of France over six thousand folio pages of manuscript have been copied, and from the libraries of England enough manuscript to fill ten volumes. Twenty-six volumes of notes and documents were used in writing the work on Montcalm and Wolfe, any one of which included as much matter as one of the printed volumes. No wonder that the world counts few historians on its list of authors!

In his seven visits to Europe, Mr. Parkman has collected, by the aid of copyists, a large amount of valuable material. He has presented thirty-five volumes of manuscript copies of documents to the Massachusetts Historical Society. Among these are eight volumes of papers from the Archives of Marine and Colonies of France relating to Canada from 1670 to 1700: twelve from the same sources, from 1748 to 1763; four volumes from the Public Record Office of London, from 1750 to 1760; one from the National Archives of Paris, from 1759 to 1766; one volume of Washington's letters to Colonel Bouquet, from the British Museum; one volume of Montcalm's private letters to his mother and his wife, written while he was in America, and obtained from the present Marquis de Montcalm.

One more volume of the historical series remains to be written, covering the first half of the eighteenth century, between Frontenac and Montcalm. Mr. W. D. Howell says in a review of these books:

"If we have objected to nothing in these histories, it is because we have no fault to find with them. They appear to us the fruit of an altogether admirable motive directing indefatigable industry, and they present the evidences of thorough research and thoughtful philo-  
sophisation. We find their style delightful always. . . . Whatever may be added to his labours, they will remain undisturbed as thorough, beautiful and true."

With all this study, Mr. Parkman, despite his poor health, has led an active life. For six years he was the president of the St. Botolph Club, of Boston; for thirteen years he has been a fellow of the corporation of Harvard University, and for about six years one of its overseers. He loves out-door life, rows on the pond in the rear of his house, enjoys the woods and country walks as in his boyhood, and retains all the sympathy, enthusiasm and cheerfulness of his early manhood.

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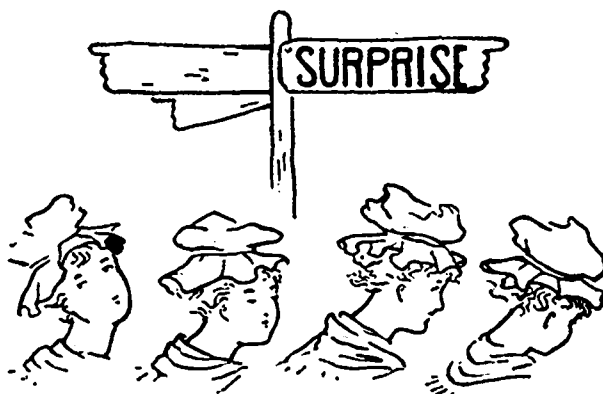
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## Literary Notes.

The *Week* bestows high praise upon Mr. Lampman's poem in *Scrivener's Magazine*, "Comfort of the Fields."

The new feature in the *Halifax Mercury*, "A Quiet Hour," is well edited, and is sure to extend its popularity.

*Cassell's Family Magazine* has a description of mining operations at Sudbury, under the title "Treasure Trove in Central Canada."

The first number of the *Philosophical Review* has appeared with the New Year. It is to be published bi-monthly. The editor is Prof. Schurman, of Cornell University.

The February number of the *Canada Educational Monthly* is a good one. Its original and selected articles well repay reading. Its notes on contemporary literature, though brief, are generally discriminating.

Mrs. Rogers, of Amherst, who wrote before her marriage that charming book, "Stories of the Land of Evangeline," has been elected a member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. She is the first lady who has been honoured in this way.

The leading article in *Brains* of Feb. 1st is by Mr. B. O. Flower, on "The Writings of Victor Hugo." There is a short paper on "Democracy in Fiction." *The Observer* says some good things about writers advertising themselves, and on the whole rather approves of it—from a business standpoint.

Two timely articles in the *Methodist Magazine* for February are: "Dr. Hart's Missionary Journey," by Rev. J. C. Seymour, and a biographical sketch of the late Rev. Dr. Stafford by the editor. We notice a sweet poem by Miss Ida H. Wilson, entitled "Rough Places Made Smooth."

The subject of the character sketch in the *February Review of Reviews* is "David Bennett Hill." Under the general heading, "Help for the Russian Starvelings," are three short papers, one of which describes "How Tolstoi is working in the Famine Districts." The usual departments are full of the spirit of the day.

The *Week* of January 29th contains two poems on the death of the Duke of Clarence; a story by W. E. MacLellan; one of Mr. LeMoine's delightful contributions, "General Montcalm on Horseflesh;" and other interesting matter. The issue of February 5th has a fine paper by "Sarepta," "A Tale of Two Sonnets." We are glad to see that the Editor is recovering from a severe attack of our common enemy, La Grippe.

The frontispiece of the February *Cosmopolitan* is a full-page portrait of Mr. W. D. Howells, whose editorial connection with the magazine will commence with the March number. There is a brief sketch of Mr. Howells and his work, by H. H. Boyesen. In variety, timeliness and richness of illustration, the magazine sustains its deserved reputation. Of special interest are the articles: "Love and Marriage in Japan," by Sir Edwin Arnold; "The Petroleum Industry," by Peter MacQueen; "Peppered by Africans," by Archibald Forbes; and "The Rise and Fall of Fonseca," by Robert Adams, jun.

The February *Eclectic Magazine* presents a very tempting table of contents. The article many will turn to first is also the first in order, "The Scene of the Riots in China," by Walter B. Harris. A paper on "The Folk-Tales of Sardinia" gives the Sardinian versions of Cinderella and Bluebeard. An article from the *National Review* deplores the decay of originality through the economic and educational tendencies to uniformity. "Effects of the Doctrine of Evolution on Religious Ideas," "The New Science: Preventive Medicine," "Women of Naples," "The German Newspaper Press," "Milton's Macbeth," "The New Astronomy: Its Methods and Results," and "Man, East and West," are other titles, which we have space only to name. This deservedly popular publication is now in its 48th year.

The *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* makes a good beginning. The February issue is very creditable to Canadian literary and artistic talent. Rev. A. J. Lockhart continues his interesting series of papers, "Red and Blue Pencil," which were a strong feature of the *Dominion Illustrated*. Another of our contributors, Mr. S. M. Baylis, appears with a fine imaginative poem, "The Viking." Other verse is by Helen Fairbairn, Arthur Weir and J. T. Burgess. There are two contributions from Prof. Roberts, the first part of a serial story entitled "The Raid from Beauséjour," and some literary notes with the caption, "Modern Instances." An interesting descriptive sketch, "Beyond the Pentland Firth," is from the pen of Miss A. M. MacLeod. Other articles are "Rugby Football in Canada," by R. Tait McKenzie; "Hamilton's Raid on Vincennes," by Douglas Brynner; and two stories by Duncan Campbell Scott and Marjory McMurehy. The Editor, "In the Library," devotes much attention to Canadian publications, and is wise but kind in his criticisms. Altogether, judging from the initial number, we are proud of this Canadian magazine, and predict a great success for it.

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## Literary Notes.

THE remarkable extent to which poetry has been cultivated in England during the reign of Victoria may be gathered from an article by Mr. H. D. Traill, in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Our Minor Poets." He mentions sixty-six names of more or less prominence. The following are some of the best known: Sir Edwin Arnold, Alfred Austin, J. A. Blackie, Robert Buchanan, Aubrey De Vere, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Eugene Lee Hamilton, Jean Ingelow, Andrew Lang, Eric Mackay, L. Morris, W. Morris, F. Palgrave, Coventry Patmore, Madame Darmesteter, Remell Rodd, Christina Rossetti, W. M. Rossetti, Wm. Sharp, A. C. Swinburne, Frederick Tennyson, Mrs. Graham Thomson, Katharine Tynan, Wm. Watson, Theodore Watts and Oscar Wilde. Here we have twenty-seven whose names are familiar to persons of literary taste on this side of the Atlantic.

To remind our readers of the agreeabilities scattered all through Mr. LeMoine's books, we cite the bit following, from his monograph on "Our Wild Flowers":

"I can recall among my pleasantest day-dreams, an hour spent on one of our early Dominion Days carelessly floating over the calm bosom of Echo Bay, on Lake St. Charles, in a birch canoe, impelled by the vigorous embrowned arm of old Sioui, and gliding noiselessly over a sultry but serene sky, amidst the yellow and white water lilies, through the narrows towards the cool retreats of the speckled trout. No sound except the gentle ripple caused by our frail canoe, blending with the warble of the hermit thrush, in the overhanging woods, or the occasional screech of a kingfisher, sitting meditatively on a dry twig, or the dismal moan of a loon floating o'er the rippling surface of the glad waters."

This is one glimpse of that loveliness which waits the tired sons of men so widely over all this Canadian land.

HOWEVER we may blame the Canadian habitant politically, or wish to set the motion of his wheels with the swiftness of our rushing time, he is of artistic interest, and it will certainly pay the inclining competent hand to sketch him. His gleefully picturesque figure, his cheerful communicativeness, his parti-Anglicised speech—in fine, the life, the humour and pathos of him—are creeping into literature, both song and story. Mr. Drummond and Mr. McShane have given us a good side-shaking, and others have contributed their quota of nature and delight; but to Mr. McLennan, of Montreal, belongs, at this time, the supreme achievement; the laurel for which justice and generosity will gladly award him. His Melchior sketches,—the third of which will shortly appear in *Harper's Monthly* with illustrations by C. G. Reinhart,—have secured a wide circle of readers, and have made a strong impression. "Marie" will be looked for with confident expectation of its intrinsic merit. The Creole lives for the future in Cable's artifice page, and Uncle Remus will speak to children's children; and though the Canadian habitant, with the passing of mortal things, may vary the present type, he may live and speak, "when the years have died away," from the pages of William McLennan.

"Flowers By the Wayside" is the title of a volume of contributed verse, issued by the Co-operative Publishing Co., of Columbus, Ohio. It is a book attractive to the eye and pleasing to the not too exacting and fastidious taste. It is well illustrated, and would be to many a most acceptable gift book. Among names tolerably familiar, we find Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Joseph Cook, Caroline W. D. Rich, Charles F. Adams, Caroline D. Swan, Clarence Urner, Frederick Myron Co. by, Thos. S. Collier, Robert Rexdale and Geo. B. Griffith, Capt. Jack Crawford ("The Poet Scout"), J. B. Naylor, (E. S. Q. Lapius,) Dwight Williams, W. B. Seabrook and Fred Emberson Brooks have contributed some excellent verses, some of them in Hoosier dialect.

A STRONGLY written article in *The Week* of Jan. 22nd, by D. R. Moore, of Stanley, N. B., entitled "Heroism: Heroic Endowment," contains the following: "Robert Burns, in the closing years of his fretted life, supplies Thomson with sweet songs to maintain his family." Does not the author err? Money was indeed sent to Burns, but against his protest. [See correspondence of Burns with George Thomson, author of "A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs," etc.] For it was generosity, and pure enthusiasm about Scottish song which moved him, while he depended mainly upon the excise for his living, scanty as it was. Thomson, in the introductory letter published with the correspondence between himself and Burns, writes: "I ventured, with all possible delicacy, to send him a small pecuniary present, notwithstanding what he had said on the subject. He retained it after much hesitation, but wrote me that, if I presumed to repeat it, he would, on the least motion of it, indignantly spurn what was past, and commence entire stranger with me." Thomson wrote this in his own vindication, having been censured for penurious dealing with the poet; but Burns knew that the work was being published at a pecuniary loss to Thomson, who was moved by the same desire as the poet, viz., to improve and extend the influence of Scottish song. Since Burns' spirit and part in this transaction should never be misseen, as respecting what was noblest in his character, we think Mr.

Moore will not consider us captious in calling attention to it.

PUBLICATIONS by Canadians increase in number if not in excellence. The taster of such sweets as Grant Allan's pen affords, whether it be fact or fancy, science or fiction, will surely lead to the pages of his latest novel, "The Duchess of Powysland," which is said to excel in psychological insight and character sketching. "Heather and Harebell" is the delicately suggestive title of a volume of poems, partly in the Scottish Dialect, by John McFarlane, of Montreal, which constitutes him peer of all, save Alexander McLachlan, who write Scottish verses in Canada. Williamson and Co., are the publishers. A notable addition, also, to the increasing volume of Canadian song, is entitled "Rhymes Aloft and Afield," by William T. James, the Poet Publisher of Toronto. The writer loves Nature, and would move others:

"Who wou'd not turn  
His feet to sylvan fanes, where every creed  
Is tolerated; linger, dream and read  
From other leaves than those of volumes;  
learn  
The collects of the flowers—the wild-birds'  
psalm,  
And talk with Nature till his soul grows  
calm?"

AMONG the periodicals we find agreeable evidence of the rich fertility of Canadian writers, or those who write about Canada, in Mrs. Catherwood's lately published romance about Madame La Tour; in Mr. Harte's paper on Canadian Journalism, in the *New England Magazine*, where men are exalted or ignored by what appears to be caprice; in Mr. C. H. Lugin's story of the Canadian North West, "Their Perilous Journey," and "The Leap," a story of Acadia, where a Frenchman saves his life by leaping from a cliff on Partridge Island, told by David Solon; by William Wilfrid Campbell's noble tribute to Lowell, "The Dead Poet," in the *Week*; by Lampman's "Sunset," in the *Independent*, wherein we see the quick eye and graphic hand as usual, and not only the scene, but the feeling that the scene infuses; these, and other things the mention of which space defers.

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## Fact, Fancy, Fun.

OVERCOME BY JOY. — In 1839 Phillip H. Gosse, afterward so well known as a writer upon natural history, and the father of Mr. Edmund Gosse, was in London in a state of downright poverty. He had just returned from America, and had but a few shillings in his pocket. His only immediate resource was the manuscript of a book which a cousin of his, Mr. Thomas Bell, who had already achieved a reputation as a naturalist, had offered to read and pass judgment upon. The anecdote is related in Mr. Edmund Gosse's biography of his father.

The manuscript was "The Canadian Naturalist," and it pleased Mr. Bell so much that he recommended it strongly to Mr. Van Voorst, the distinguished publisher of scientific works.

Phillip Gosse's pride made him conceal his real state from Thomas Bell, and though the latter knew his cousin to be in need of employment, he did not suspect that he was in such bitter straits.

Mr. Van Voorst appointed a day for the young author to call on him. Meanwhile the shillings, nursed as they might be, were slipping, slipping away. The practice of going once a day to a small eating-house had to be abandoned, and instead of it a herring was eaten as slowly as possible in the dingy attic in Farringdon Street.

At last the day broke on which Mr. Van Voorst's answer was to be given, and with as much of the gentleman about him as he could recover, the proud and starving author presented himself in Paternoster Row. He was ushered into the cordial and courteous presence of Mr. Van Voorst.

He no longer had hope, and expected in a few moments to be out again in the street, with his miserable roll of manuscript in his hands. The publisher began slowly: "I like your book; I shall be pleased to publish it; I will give you one hundred guineas for it."

One hundred guineas! It was Peru and half the Indies!

The reaction was so violent that the demure and ministerial-looking youth, closely buttoned up in his worn broadcloth, broke down utterly into sob upon sob, while Mr. Van Voorst, murmuring, "My dear young man! my dear young man!" hastened out to fetch food and minister to wants which it was beyond the power of pride to conceal any longer.

THEIR TRIP TO EUROPE. — A gentleman who made a hasty trip through Europe, was never tired, after he came home, of telling where he had been and what he had seen. "I visited Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy" — "Indeed! So you saw Venice?" "I should think so." "Did you see the Lion of St. Mark?" "I guess I did. Why I saw him fed!" Scarcely more intelligent was the remark of an American lady who, after a visit to Venice, was asked what she thought of the city, and replied that she "could hardly tell, because there was such a freshet when she was there that people were going around the streets in boats." — *Youth's Companion*.

MOSTLY A NATIVE. — "You are a native of this parish," asked a Scotch Sheriff of a witness who was summoned to testify in a case of illicit distilling.

"Maistly, yer honour," was the reply.

"I mean, were you born in this parish?"

"Nae, yer honour; I wasna born in this parish, but I'm maist a native for a' that."

"You came here when you were a child, I suppose you mean?" said the sheriff.

"Nae, sir; I'm just here about sax years noo."

"Then how are you nearly a native?"

"Weel, ye see, when I cam' here sax year sin', I jist weighed eight stane, an' I'm fully seventeen stane noo; sae ye see, that about nine stane o' me belongs to this parish, an' the ither eight comes frae Calachie."

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## Fact, Fancy, Fun

**WHAT HE WANTED.**—Visitor:—"I called in reference to your advertisement in to-day's paper, sir."

Man of the house:—"Yes; I have just invented a balloon that is going to revolutionise science, and I need an assistant."

Visitor:—"Exactly, sir. What do you want me to do?"

Man of the house:—"I want you to go up in it."

PROBABLY in March more than any other month in the year are the ravages of cold in the head and catarrh most severely felt. Do not neglect either for an instant, but apply Nasal Balm, a time-tried, never-failing cure. Easy to use, pleasant and agreeable. Try it. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—50c and \$1 a bottle. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

**A BOY'S IDEA.**—The following conversation reported by a friend was recently overheard between two brothers, aged four and six years:—

"Say, Winny, what is the difference, anyway, between a bicycle and a triecycle?"

Elder (with patronising air):—"Why, Ray, don't you know that? If a man takes the thing home to see how he likes it, it is a tri-cycle, but, if he buys it outright, it is a buy-cycle."

This etymology is not more fantastic than some proposed by older children.—*Christian Register.*

Mrs. Theresa Johnstone, whose name may be recalled in association with the work of Father Damien at Molokai, has gone to Capetown for the purpose of devoting the remainder of her life to the service of the lepers on Robben Island. Mrs. Johnstone is a native of England, and graduated under Florence Nightingale at St. Thomas Hospital.

**CONSIDERED HIS YOUTH.**—Sir John Macdonald, who was Premier of Canada nearly all his political lifetime, was noted for his art of saying things that "tickled the town." No matter where he went, no matter how short the time that he stayed, he made on some matter of current gossip some genial joke that travelled from lip to lip after he was gone.

In Toronto some years ago, a hale, rich and merry old gentleman of eighty, long an acquaintance of Sir John, became engaged to a very wealthy lady a few years his junior.

When the news "got round," the town talked of little else for a week. During this time Sir John arrived. Going to his political headquarters at the Albany Club, he found the newly-engaged octogenarian there "facing the music."

"What's this I hear, Mr. ——" said John, affectionately laying his hand on the other's shoulder. Then, in an indulgent tone, and with a slight sigh, "Well, well, boys will be boys."

The Halifax Critic deals soberly and with discrimination. The reader finds it reliable upon current topics, political and literary. To be humane, truthful and magnanimous gives value to a public journal, and these, we believe, are qualities the people of Halifax will not overlook in the editor.

**NAMING A MOUNTAIN.**—An English tourist in British Columbia says that his sophisticated and conventional mind was captivated by the freedom and heartiness of the dwellers in that country. The first friend he made was a little girl about five years old, who "seemed to be living independently of her relations." She announced her name as Miss Jenny Lorena Wells, and gave the stranger many interesting details as to the life and habits of her doll.

Our landlord, too, was exceedingly hospitable and agreeable. By way of conversation we asked the name of the mountain opposite the door, a peak so striking in its rugged magnificence that in Switzerland there would have been two railways and a dozen hotels planted on it. With princely generosity he replied:

"You can call it what you like. Every outfit that comes along gives it a new name, and I'll be shot if I can remember what the last one was."

It was gratifying to reflect that we were now an "outfit," but at that moment we could not think of an appropriate title for the mountain.

A name occurred to us not long afterward, however, as we began to get acquainted with one of the peculiarities of British Columbian speech, namely, the various uses of the phrase "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter with some supper?"

"What the matter with the bread?" that is, Please pass me the bread. "What's the matter with skipping out of this first thing in the morning?" These and sundry other similar expressions suggested to one of the company a name for the nameless mountain, and the world will be good enough to take notice that it is to be known henceforth as the "What's-the-Matter-horn."

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**MR. JOHN A. CAMPBELL**, St. Sixte, Que., writes :—"My wife was unwell for four years from irregular periods, brought about by a severe cold. She tried many remedies, but without relief. Seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised, I procured two boxes and the result is a permanent cure. They are the best medicine in the world for the diseases you represent them for." Sold by all dealers.

"**GRANNIE**," said little Maggie, as she counted over a lot of hazel nuts in her pinafore, which somebody had given her, "can ye eat nuts?" "No, pet," said the old lady, "I've nae teeth." "Then," said Maggie, emptying her pinafore into grannie's lap, "I'll gie ye these tae mind till I come back."

**THE LAST DIVISION**.—**Teacher** :—"If your mother should wish to give each one an equal amount of meat, and there should be eight in the family, how many pieces would she cut?" **Class** :—"Eight."

**Teacher** :—"Correct. Now each piece would be one-eighth of the whole; remember that." **Class** :—"Yes'm."

**Teacher** :—"Suppose each piece were cut again, what would result?" **Smart Boy** :—"Sixteenths."

**Teacher** :—"Correct. And if cut again?" **Boy** :—"Thirty-secondths."

**Teacher** :—"Correct. Now suppose we should cut each of the thirty-two pieces again, what would result?"

**Little Girl** :—"Hash."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

"**KINDER UNFORTUNATE**."—A gentleman travelling through the mountainous and thinly settled districts of North Carolina was overtaken by a severe storm. As he was on horseback, and therefore quite unprotected, he beheld with delight a log cabin in the distance, and speedily betook himself thither. The old farmer greeted him with true Southern hospitality, and he soon found himself seated at the dinner-table beside "the old woman," as his host designated his wife, while one by one a seemingly endless file of daughters entered the room. Turning to the farmer, he mildly observed, "You have a fine family of daughters, sir."

"Well," said the old man mournfully, "we've been kinder unfortunate with our darters. The chimney fell in and killed all but nine on 'em."

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The *Toronto Mail* says "it will occupy a distinctive place in the literature relating to the late Premier", that it contains "an extraordinarily large collection of anecdotes", that the parts dealing with his early life "are particularly interesting and valuable", and that "most interesting of all is a fine portrait of his mother now re produced for the first time".

The *Toronto Globe* (the great Reform journal) says that "whatever biographies of Sir John may appear it is not likely that any of them will quite fill the place of this", that the result of the author's work is "a bright and readable book", and that "the tone of the work is fair and candid".

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