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CANADA:

A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism, Science & Literature.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Vol. I.—No. 8.

AUGUST, 1891.

One Dollar a Year.

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Original contributions are solicited from Canadian writers and on Canadian themes. While the Journal remains of its present size, contributions should not exceed one thousand words in length. Those not required will be returned, if stamps for postage be sent.

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Our Short Story.

HEAD OR HEART?

BY MAUDE L. RADFORD.

"PAW, O-o-oh Paw! Man ah a-comin' up ther road. Reekon mout be that ar Canadian artis' feller".

"I reckon it ah. Go tell yer maw, Sal, en I'll go meet him".

He strode down the steep road, a typical, strong and sturdy mountaineer, with the simple honest expression of face so usual with that class of men. The young man looking up towards him, instinctively liked and trusted him, before a word had been interchanged between them.

"Mr. Lyman, I reckon?" questioned the mountaineer, extending a broad hand. "Glad to see you, suh; haint you tired?"

"Then you must be Mr. White with whom I am to board? Tired, indeed I am. These Ragged mountains which well deserve their name, are enough to weary a more experienced climber than I am".

"Wall, yere's the house. Supper ah ready. Come right in, suh".

Frank Lyman paused and glanced at this mountain home with interest. It was a little house, perched on a rising half way up to the summit of one of the highest of the mountains, and peeping down shyly at the ragged ridges and clumps beneath. A fit spot for a painter, Frank thought, but he did not gaze much longer. Even a great-souled, nature-loving artist grows hungry, and our friend was no exception.

"Mr. Lyman, suh, this ah Mis' White, en Sal", said Mr. White, leading Frank in.

The young man looked at them with interest. Mrs. White was an ashy, nondescript sort of woman, whose beauty, if she had ever possessed any, had been beaten out of her by forty-odd years of life and hard work on this mountain.

But Sallie—looking at her with an artistic eye, Frank decided that she was a little treasure. Small and slender, with wonderful curly brown hair, and wide-open grey eyes, cheeks as pink as the blossoms of her own mountain ivy, and a dainty mouth which sent the painter into raptures. The brown hand she timidly extended to him was small, and well-shaped, as were also her feet.

All during the meal he took stolen glances at the girl whom he made up his mind he would have as a model. Now and then she caught one of his looks, and shook her brown curls over her face with a shy as well as an unstudied movement.

"Sal ah some bashful", laughed Mr. White, as they rose from the table, "but she'll git over it dire'ly. Take seat yere, Mr. Lyman. So you ah Canadian, suh?"

"Yes, and proud of the fact".

"Glad you haint a Yankee. I haint got no likin' fur them ar. Saw 'nough of 'em durin' the war".

"O, Yankees are well enough. I live among them, and they have always been very kind to me".

"You live in the Northern States".

"Yes State of New York".

"H'm. I don't know much of Canada, but I reckon 'taint so overcrowded but what it could hold you. If I could git anywhars else on the Lord's airth, I'd go thar afore I'd live with Yankees".

"Well, Mr. White, I'll tell you exactly why I don't live in my own country. A man in my line can't make a reputation in Canada, to our shame be it said, for it must certainly be our own fault that it is so. Everyone who wants to succeed in art or literature comes to the States. Look at Margaret Mather. She came over and steadily rose in her profession, until she is now one of the best actresses of the day. If she had stayed in Canada all the time where would she be now? And there is Grant Allen. He found his fame here in the United States. I don't think Canada ever produced a great painter. I hope to be one, but I knew I would not succeed in my own country, and so I left. No one can love his native land better than I, but what can I— one man—do? I hate to talk so of my dear home, but it is simple truth".

"It mout be, now, that the cold up thar freezes all thar energies and int'lec's", said Mr. White seriously.

"Oh, no", said Frank, trying to repress his laughter, "Their intellects are all right. They read the best of literature,—from the States, and mother England, of course. I don't know why this state of things concerning art and literature exists in Canada, for surely we Canadians can rival the Americans in those branches, as well as others. Three-fourths of our people never think of the matter. Well, I hope it will be different some day".

"Thar no tellin'", returned the other; "it ah safe not to show surprise at nothin'. I haint, ever sence the war".

"Philosophy among the mountains", said Frank lightly, "and by the way, what grand mountains they are. Do you think I can get about here without losing my way?"

"I reckon so. Sal will show you 'round some. She ah out doors half the time. She jes' lives in the air. When are your things a-comin'?"

"The man said they would be here at sunrise to-morrow".

"Wall, Sal 'll be ready 'bout nine to-morrow mornin, won't you, Sal?"

"Yes, Paw".

"I hope, Miss Sallie", said Frank, "that I will not trouble you by accepting your father's offer".

"O, no", she replied, the mountain ivy pink in her face deepening; "I don't mind a-going".

"Thank you", he said smilingly, and she couldn't help drawing her chair up a little nearer to watch his face, as he talked about his beloved Canada to her father, and explained that Canadians don't exactly live in snow houses, that the sun occasionally shines upon us, and that our summer brings as many flowers and birds as the same southern season. She looked admiringly at his longish wavy hair, and wondered if all Canadians wore theirs that way. She thought how much

prettier his smile was than that of a certain Jim Woods, who often visited them. She drew still closer, and even ventured to ask a timid question or two, and listened with a face that forgot to blush, and shake the curly hair around its pinkness.

And that night, instead of thinking of Jim Woods, as she usually did (for an eighteen-year-old girl, whether she is a drawing-room belle, or a simple child of the mountains, usually thinks of some man she knows, whom her imagination, more or less vivid, has glorified to an Apollo), Sallie turned her attention to this charming artist with the lovely hair and teeth, and tried to imagine what the pictures, which he had promised to show her, were like. Perhaps, O, perhaps he would paint her, she thought, and then reproached herself for the fancy, shaking her curly hair over her little face, and so went to sleep with our friend in her thoughts. Well, Sallie was not the only girl who dreamed of Frank Lyman that night. And he? Alas for romance! at that moment he was lamenting the fact of having just consumed his last cigar.

The next morning Frank was roused at what he considered, an unearthly hour and, after breakfast, lounged about until Sallie was ready.

"Ah you a-goin' to paint any this mornin'?" she questioned shyly.

"Perhaps I shall sketch some little bit which happens to please me. You see I am carrying my traps. And you, what are you going to do with these pails, if I may ask?"

"I'm a-goin' to pick dewberries".

"You don't expect to fill both pails, do you?" he asked as they walked along.

"Yes, indeed. Dewberries ah thick round yere, en I pick fast. I mout pick right smart more'n this, if I could carry more".

She had on a dark gingham dress, which was not nearly down to her bare feet, and a pink sunbonnet covered the curly head.

"Now, kin you walk fur?" she inquired.

"Well, I guess I'm good for as many miles as you can tramp", he laughed.

"I reckon you haint used to mountain walkin' though", she returned indignantly; "when you want to rest, say so. I'm a-goin' to a berry patch fo' mile away. The nearer ones ah all picked out".

"She walked on in vexed silence, and after a while he ventured—she was such a little thing—to peep under the sunbonnet.

"You are not angry, Miss Sallie", he said, smiling irresistibly.

"No, indeed," she laughed back, and they walked on amiably together.

"See that ar house down thar", she said, pointing to a white speck far below them.

"I think so".

"That's whar the other Sal lives".

"The other Sal?"

"Yes, my half sister. Paw ben mar'd twice, on they named me Sal too, becuz I was the livin' image of the other Sal when she war a baby. We don't favor now, though", she said, tossing her head, "en Sal ah on'y twelve year older'n me. Paw tol' her you war a-comin', en she wants to see you".

"I hope to meet her".

"I reckon you will, Mr. Lyman", she said innocently. "I wonder why you came yere?"

"It was by chance", he returned. "I very often do silly things, Miss Sallie, and a week or so ago I did something a little more idiotic than usual. I couldn't decide where to spend my vacation, so I took a map of the United States, and spun a nickel on it, deciding to go where the coin alighted. I half-hoped it would veer over into Maine, but it didn't. It slipped down to Virginia, and rested on Albermarle County. I came, as you see. When I started, I thought it was foolish, but since I have seen you, I don't regret."

The words slipped out before he thought, and he could have pinched himself for having said them. She was so innocent, and could not be supposed to know that he uttered just such unmeaning compliments a dozen times a day to all the women he knew.

The girl looked down shyly. What did he mean?

"Because, Miss Sallie", he added in a constrained voice, "I think you have a nice little face, and want to put you in a picture".

She flushed with pleasure, yet felt only half satisfied.

"Put me in a picture?" she cried. "I haint worth it, Mr. Lyman".

"O, yes, you are. But I hardly know how to paint you. If you were tall, now, I might make a Hamadryad of you, but no, your face does not suit for that. Could I make you a nymph, or —"

"Why don't you paint me like myself?" she questioned.

"By jove! I will! and call the picture 'the child of the mountains'. I want to do a good deal of work this summer. Miss Sallie, I do hope it won't be very warm".

"The breezes ah cool", she said. "I reckon the heat haint a-goin' to stop you paintin'".

"Miss Sallie, are we not almost there?"

"I said fo' mile. Ah you tired?" she said, smiling wickedly, for they were going upward now, and it was rather steep.

"O, no", he returned indifferently, while his labored breath belied his words, "I only felt curious to know how far we had gone".

She walked on more quickly than ever, and he endeavored to keep up with her. He determined not to be outdone by a girl.

"O, this view", he panted, "is so grand. Let's stop, Miss Sallie, and look at it a moment".

"You kin see it better if you come higher up", she said, perceiving his extremely deep artifice.

He yielded weakly, and struggled on.

"Miss Sallie, I— I—", he began at last, and sunk under a shady tree.

She threw her head back so far that the sunbonnet slipped from her curls, and a peal on peal of laughter came from her pretty lips.

"O", she gasped, forgetting she had only met her companion yesterday, "O, Mr. Lyman, ah you the man who was good fur as many miles as I could tramp? You look like you could walk fur as me, O—o—o".

He was vexed, but no one could withstand such bubbling laughter. He joined in directly, and confessed that he was beaten.

"These yere mountains ah ha'd to climb," she said, sitting down beside him. "You see, I ben used to 'em all my life. Ah you warm? Give me your hat, en I'll fan you".

It was very pleasant to lounge on the grass, and look at that pretty, unconscious face, Frank thought lazily. She did not talk any, and soon his eyes closed.

When he woke up, a nice little lunch lay beside him, but Sallie was gone. He did not work much, sketched a scene or so, decided on one or two bits he would paint, and wondered where his companion was.

It was mid-afternoon when she appeared, a little flushed and tired, but with two splendid pails of berries.

"I see you have not been enjoying *dolce far niente*, Miss Sallie."

"I don't know what *dolce far niente* ah", she said wearily.

"Well, never mind", he said consolingly, "there are a few things I don't know".

"They can't be much you don't know", was her reply. There was no envy in her tone, only genuine admiration.

He dropped his eyes, and felt that she had unconsciously reproved him.

After a while they started homeward, Frank silent, and Sallie a little grieved at his silence. Hardly a word was interchanged on the way.

Jim Woods came after supper, and when Sallie saw him walking through the gate, she ran up-stairs to bed, cried herself to sleep, and couldn't think why she did such a foolish thing.

It was a sober little figure that walked beside Frank next morning, for she felt that she had offended him in some way. But he chatted gayly, bringing the smiles back to her face, and making her sit for the picture, which he laughingly said, was to make him famous.

She felt so glad and light-hearted, that meeting Jim Woods on the way back, she smiled sweetly on him, and fibbingly said she was sorry she had not seen him last night.

"If you go on like this, Sallie", said the artist, "I shall begin to think you are an April face. Sometimes you

frown, again you smile, then you laugh, and—well, no, I haven't seen you cry, but I suppose you do”.

“I mout, en then, agin, I moutn't”, she said shyly “Tell me how you want my face, Mr. Lyman, en I'll try en git it so. I want it painted right”.

“Put your heart in your eyes, little girl. That's the safest plan, whether you are to be painted or not. Don't give it away, or wear it on your sleeve. Let's go in”.

In the house they found the other Sal. Frank looked at her curiously. She was a very much faded picture of Sallie,—there was the curly hair, but grayish and rough, the fresh complexion was deadened to dull sallowish tints, and the mouth was purple and chapped.

“By jova!” exclaimed Frank to himself, “could little Sallie ever look like that, and talk in such an ear-splitting squeak. These mountain women must age rapidly, if they are faded at thirty”.

A fortnight passed, and it was well into the third week of his stay, when Frank put the finishing touches to his picture. The two sat in Sallie's favorite spot, and the painter was working rapidly, as he always did.

“One moment, one moment, Sallie”, he said eagerly. “There, even I must admire it. Come and look, Sallie”.

She gazed breathlessly over his shoulder.

The background of the picture was composed of great trunks, and lower branches of the mountain trees, exquisite in tint and coloring. In the foreground a little brook tossed over stones, and posing herself on one of these was a girl with white star-flowers in her curly hair, and her hands full of the pure blossoms. Her heart, her soul was in her beautiful eyes, and a little smile parted the sweet lips. In its simplicity consisted the beauty of this work. It was grand, and in after days it won for the painter much of the fame he longed for.

“Well, Sallie, how do you like it?”

“O—, I caint tell how lovely it ah, Mr. Lyman. I never war so pretty as that ah”.

“Yes, you are. It's exactly like you, Sallie, my dear. You are the prettiest girl I know. I'll tell you what I'll do, little one. When I go home, I'll make you a copy and send it to you”.

“When you—go home”, she repeated slowly. “I haint thought yit of you a-goin' home”.

(To be concluded in next number.)

ELLA NORRAIKOW.—The Countess Ella Norraikow has, so far as journalism is concerned, an unique record. She was born in Toronto, Canada, and when very young one story from her pen was published. After this came marriage and travel over the limits of the world. Finally, after the death of her husband, coming to New York, she met her present husband, an exiled nobleman, was married to him, and decided to devote herself to literary work. The countess has contributed to all the local newspapers, as well as to the *Detroit Free Press*, *Youth's Companion*, and other publications. She is at present occupied on a volume to be called *Russian Life*; the upper, middle and lower classes. She has also written of the police and spy system of Russia, and a brief *History of Nihilism*—Fannie Aymar Mathews in the *Cosmopolitan*.

Our Contributors.

AT LAST.

In limine est lumen, est animam

A DIEU, thou circling source of glory
That through my lonely window shines
Dappling my couch with splendours hoary!
Farewell, thou Day, that low declines;

And thou, sweet Eve,—ye twilights tender,—
Ye friendly stars, 'mid falling dew,—
White maiden-queen, of softer splendour,
Regent of midnight skies,—adieu!

Adieu, fair world! thy face adorning,
These fading eyes no more shall see:
Once, lit thy purple pomps of morning
And throbb'd thy flowery breast for me.

Ye minstrel-winds, adieu! ye mountains,
With piny harps whereon ye play!
Ye cymbal-waves, and fluty fountains!
Others shall list the things ye say.

Ye friends who weep to see me lying
With mortal paleness on my brow,
Rejoice; for Love and Song, undying,
Have filled my years and crown me now!

For sun and moon and stars of heaven.
Sunsets and risings, ever new,
And winds and waves, have emblem given
Of glories I am going to.

And Song is there—supreme, victorious!
And Love is there—divinely sweet!
And Beauty there shews ever glorious
The steppings of her radiant feet!

Yea, Truth and Life, fair angels, find me,
Wending up my appointed way;
Frailty and fear I leave behind me;
Awake, my soul, for it is Day!

There sainted souls and birds immortal
Swell of delight the mighty sun;
Thou warden bright, under the portal!
Is it a dream that I have come?

Farewell, vain hopes I loved to cherish
When heart was high and thought was new!
Farewell, ye dreams that brightly perish!
Ye lingering loves, a fond adieu!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

CANADIANS AT HARVARD.—We notice among the names of Canadians at Harvard College, the following: W. A. Taylor, St. John; Benj. Rand, Cornwallis; W. F. Ganong, St. Stephen; E. W. Nicolson, Liverpool; M. Chamberlain, St. John; T. T. Davis, Oxford; J. A. and C. H. McIntyre, Springfield, (N. B.); R. J. Burkitt, Halifax; E. R. Morse, Paradise; S. St. C. and S. A. M. Skinner, St. John; W. T. Raymond, Hampton; F. W. McLeod, Charlottetown; Edward Fulton, Lower Stewiacke; A. J. B. Mellish, Charlottetown; and Prof. Frank Eaton, of Nova Scotia. Several of these are professors in the university.—*British American Citizen*.

SOME AMERICAN IDEAS ABOUT NOVA SCOTIA.

I have often heard it said that other people know more about you and your affairs than you do yourself,—it may be true; but it is certainly true in regard to our friends across the line, whose ideas of Nova Scotia are, to say the least, a little strange. If you mention her, they look at you as if you had named some outlandish place more heathenish than "Darkest Africa", colder than Greenland, and harder to get to than the North Pole.

Lately, while on a visit to their country, a few questions asked, and conversations indulged in, to quote the school girls, "struck me comical".

When getting off the *Halifax* at Boston, and waiting for the word to move on, I heard a lady, presumably English by her accent, say—"How fresh and healthy looking the young women from the provinces are; they seem to have so much life and action, I always like to watch them".

A number of Halifax girls were a little way ahead, and it was to them she referred; for they were fine looking young women. "Yeas", answered her American companion, "so they are; but it does amuse me so to see the perfectly at home way they move about, ordering officers and cabmen around, as tho' they have been used to steamboats and such things all their lives. You know Nova Scotia hasn't many improvements yet". I heard no more, and that was enough.

The Bay of Fundy seems to be their greatest puzzle. I was talking one evening, with a man, who I should have supposed knew a little more of the country lying alongside of his own.

"I should not like", he said, "to be on your beaches when the tide is coming in".

"Why?" I innocently asked.

"Why! because the tide comes in with such a rush, I've heard that it would fill the whole river in ten minutes".

The river! in ten minutes! I could not help wishing I had the chance to put him on the embankment of the Falmouth Dyke, and let him wait for the tide to come in so as to be able to get either up or down the river.

But I explained it was not a tidal wave, and how long it took to come in.

"Is that so! Well now, I want to know what part of Nova Scotia P. E. Island is".

I began to wonder if I had forgotten the geography I once had learned.

"Have you a map of North America or an atlas?" I asked. "I'm afraid I cannot explain very clearly without one". After a little he procured the latter; and I showed him where the Island was, and told him also something about it.

He was a "dealer in provisions", and knew that P. E. Island potatoes came from somewhere down east.

I also explained that Pictou coal did not come from Annapolis County, that New Brunswick was not a vast

waste of forest and pasture, and the St. Lawrence was not closed with ice nine months of the year.

But the most comical thing of all was a young lady's asking a friend of mine, what it was like "down east", what they did, ate, and looked like. My friend gave her a description, which showed she had thoroughly learned one chapter of Calkin's Nova Scotia History; for she told her about the wigwams, camp fires, peace-pipe, dress, manners and customs of the Indians, as he gives it. "Of course", she said, "the whites were a little more civilized, especially about Halifax, where the English fort was situated". And the young lady took it all in good faith.

A young man said to me soon after arriving, "You see those lights, Mrs. —; those are our electric lights, and there is one of our electric cars coming down Shawmut Avenue. I suppose you haven't got along so far into civilization as that in Nova Scotia. I could not help laughing. "Oh yes", I replied, "in our little town of Windsor we have had electric lights some time, and other places before us".

When I spoke of having a telephone in the house, he "looked wild", but promised to spend a summer in Evangeline's land, before judging us further.

I happened to speak of getting a dress made last January, and the woman, opening her eyes widely, cried "Why it is made like my winter dress!" then, "Was it made in Nova Scotia?" It was not so much said as implied in that sentence.

Another asked me a question that was rather hard on some of our colleges,— "Are there any other colleges, save Acadia, in Nova Scotia; I never met anyone from there who had been to any other. I informed her then, for the first time she beheld one whose *alma mater* was Mt. Allison, and to watch out, for there were a few others, also some from Kings and Dalhousie.

To one who was talking against Nova Scotia, I said, "Were you ever there, sir?" "Oh, no", came the answer quickly, "but I'm prejudiced against it and Canada generally." As there is nothing so hard to convince as prejudice, I did not try to; for "a man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still". But a goodly part of all this is due to Canadians themselves. I heard such numbers running down their own country, that my blood used to boil; of all traitors these are the worst. But most of it is laughable to loyal Canadians, especially when they claim for their own any one who has made a name. For instance, one of CANADA'S contributors, Archibald Lampman, is a Northern States man, and Bliss Carmen, a New Yorker by birth. It may be news to them; but as I said before, others know more about you than you do yourself. [SIDONIE ZILLA.

A CANADIAN AJAX —Weldon, of Albert, is about six feet and a half tall. He is smooth-shaven, and his hair is iron grey. He is a man of excellent ability and a good speaker. He was completely conversant with the subjects requiring consideration in the tariff discussion. The old chieftain, Sir John Macdonald, called him the Ajax of the party, and anyone who sees him will readily conclude the appellation was most appropriate.—*Colchester Sun*.

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.

MY own Canadian Home I love ;
 None other is so dear to me ;
 Her sons and daughters daily prove
 Their heritage both rich and free ;
 A land of freedom for the slave,
 Of wealth and honour for the brave.

Let others boast of sunny skies,
 Of lands of proud historic fame ;
 Higher than these my own I prize,
 Which peerless bears unsullied name ;
 Proudly I claim her for my own,
 Most worthy of imperial throne.

Others may weave their chaplets rare,
 The lily, shamrock, thistle, rose ;
 But mine shall be the maple fair,
 The peer of each and all of those ;
 Adorned in this she grandly stands,
 A guiding-star for other lands.

Her towering mountains bid us rise
 To noble and heroic deeds ;
 The fruitful land before us lies,
 Abundant store for all our needs ;
 Not less than patriotic fire
 Should each Canadian heart inspire.

Not one will yield his country's right ;
 Not one will flee before her foe !
 With all the power of love and might,
 Resist the wrong ! return the blow !
 With all faithful firmly stand
 " For God and Home and Native land " !

My own Canadian home I love,
 Home of the fair, the brave, the free ;
 Here choicest blessings from above
 Our children's heritage shall be ;
 Their trust, her fame, her high renown,
 The brightest gem in Britain's crown.

ISAAC HOWIE.

MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DE BONNECHOSE
 BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from July number.)

ON the southern shore of Lake Ontario, almost opposite to fort Frontenac, which stood upon the northern shore, the English, regardless of right, had built in 1727 a fort called Chouaguen or Oswego, which had given them access to the great sheet of water from which flows the St. Lawrence. "This post," says a memoir of the time, "enabled the English to invade the commerce of the lakes which till then the French had shared with no European nation and which constituted their principal wealth. From that point it was easy to divide the colony through the centre and to arrest all communications with the posts which diverged from it. All the upper country and the

whole of Louisiana found themselves completely isolated. The savage tribes of these countries, among which France had many and faithful friends, could no longer combine with her, and Canada became an easy conquest."

In the first council of war held after the arrival of the general, it was decided to capture this place ; and Montcalm was charged with the execution of the plan.

It was necessary first to elude the Earl of Loudon, the English commander-in-chief, who had massed 12,000 men upon the Hudson at Albany ; Chouaguen was to the west of that town. Montcalm made a movement to the east, to the camp of Carillon on lake Champlain, and drew the attention of all the English forces to that point. The enemy misled, the general, stealing away, traverses more than a hundred leagues to take command of 3,500 men, troops of the line, Canadians and savages, which had been assembled at fort Frontenac on lake Ontario. The expedition crosses the lake, disembarks at the foot of Chouaguen and the siege commences. It was conducted with a swiftness, a good fortune, a vivacity unheard of. The English commander absent, twenty pieces carried by hand and set in battery, the garrison was summoned to surrender and but an hour given to deliberate. "The yelling of our savages", writes Montcalm to his mother, "caused them to come to a speedy decision. They have surrendered as prisoners of war to the number of 1,700, including eighty officers and two regiments from Old England. I have taken from them five standards, three military chests of silver, one hundred and twenty-one pieces of ordnance, including forty-five swivel-guns, enough provisions for 3,000 men for one year, six armed and decked ships of from four to twenty guns. And as it was necessary in this expedition to use the greatest diligence to send the Canadians to gather in the harvests and to reassemble the troops upon another frontier, between the 15th and the 21st, I have demolished or burned their three forts, and brought away artillery, ships, provisions and prisoners".

Before leaving the shore, by order of Montcalm, a column was erected with the arms of France and this inscription : *Manibus date lilia plenis* (Bring lilies with full hands). August 21st the French fleet raised anchor and, saluting for the last time the ephemeral monument of its victory, it disappeared in the offing : then in the unbounded solitude of shore and waters, the noise of the waves upon the strand alone disturbed the silence of the ruins of Chouaguen.

While to the chanting of the *Te Deum* they suspended from the arches of the churches in Quebec, Montreal, and Three-Rivers, the flags taken by Montcalm, he himself thought it was necessary to excuse himself for having conquered, the enterprise was so rash. "It is perhaps the first time", writes he to the minister, "that with 3,000 men and less artillery than the enemy, an attack has been made on 1,800 who could be promptly succeeded by 2,000 more, and could oppose our landing with a naval superiority on lake

Ontario. The success has been beyond all expectations. The conduct which I have displayed in this affair, and the dispositions I have taken, are so strongly opposed to the ordinary rules that the boldness shown in this enterprise will pass for temerity in Europe. At all events I have made my retreat, saved the army and the honour of the arms of the king. And I implore you, my lord, to assure His Majesty that if ever he shall wish, as I hope he may, to employ me in his armies, I will conduct myself upon different principles".

At the same time he addresses to the marquise de Montcalm this lively note: "It is a pretty fine adventure, my dearest; I pray you to have a mass said for it in my chapel; I have quite a bit of the campaign ahead of me yet. I must be off to carry a reinforcement of troops to the chevalier de Lévis at lake Saint-Sacrament, about eighty leagues from here. I write only to you, to my mother, to Chevert and to the three ministers, to no one else; let my credit make up for it, for I am wearied with work. May my mother and you love me always, and may I rejoin you all next year! I embrace my girls; none can love them more tenderly, my dearest".

It was in this campaign of Chouaguen that Montcalm found himself, for the first time, at the head of "our savages"; the friendship which bound him to these strange allies of king Louis XV was so curious it must be dwelt upon a little. But first we will cast a rapid glance at the earlier relations of the natives of America with the French, and we shall tell how our fathers made themselves beloved by a people brave and haughty whom they had known how to conquer without humiliating them.

Our Young Folk's Serial.

THE WHITE COTTAGE:

Or the Fortunes of a Boy-Emigrant in Canada.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

OFF TO CANADA—CHAP. 3.

I WILL not say anything more about leaving my friends, than that on the day appointed my father took me to the train in the innkeeper's cart, kindly lent for the occasion. Jim and Dick sat behind on my trunk, while Will was between father and me, trying to keep up a conversation.

I felt as though mother's arms were still around my neck, and her tearful cheek still touched mine, when I found myself in the train amongst a crowd of people going to London. I should like to have had a cry on the quiet, for my heart ached, but I couldn't let strangers see my grief, and so by dint of shutting my teeth tightly and looking through the window at things I didn't see, I succeeded in mastering myself.

Every time the train stopped I wished it was London, but we reached it at last; and when I got out of the train as everybody else did, I felt absolutely frightened. Such a

noise! Such crowds! Such jostling and hurry! I hadn't the faint idea what to do, nor where to go for my trunk and bag, so I stood still until many of the crowd were gone.

"Got any luggage, my lad?" said a quick man in a velvet suit, and with a number on his cap, that made me think he had a right to ask.

"Yes, sir"; I replied.

"Come and get it then, sharp".

I followed him to a great truck where other men were lifting and throwing out luggage as fast as they could.

"Where for, and what name?" asked my friend.

I told him "Thomas Jones, Canada!" at which all the men looked up at me, but resumed their work instantly.

"Going to Canada by yourself?" again enquired my friend, eyeing me a good deal.

"Yes, sir"; I replied.

"Father and mother there?" he enquired.

"No, sir, they live at Hazel-wold, but if I'm lucky they may go some of these days".

"Well, it's a long journey for a youngster, but I suppose you're steady, and in that case you'll be sure to get on. I've a brother there and he's doing very well. Where are you going now?"

I drew out my purse and taking from it a card in such haste that money came with it and fell on the floor, gave it to the man.

"Now my lad", said he, as I picked up my money, "take my advice and put your money in your side-pocket, keep only a shilling or two loose in your waistcoat pocket for accidental expenses, and don't shew your purse more than you can help. I'm sure you can't afford to lose money, and you'll want all you've got before you can earn any more; there'll be beds, meals, and extra travelling to pay for before you get settled, I dare say; at any rate, we never know what may happen. It's too late to go to the office on this card to-night; where else do you go?"

The idea of my being too late to see the agent at once had never entered our heads at home, and I was now terrified to think that I had no home or friends to go to.

"I don't know where to go", I said; "the gentleman has to take care of me to Liverpool".

"Well, I live on the ground here", said the man, "and I'll give you a bed to-night if you like; being one of the company's servants is warrant enough for my honesty, I suppose, but you must make up your mind quick, for the 6.50 'll be in directly".

"I'll be glad to go with you, sir"; I replied.

"Here, Bill, give us a lift with the box", shouted my good friend to a man who was rubbing the brasses of an engine. The man came, and I followed them carrying my carpet bag, which was pretty heavy between odds and ends, books and food.

I never forgot this lesson. If the porter had not asked me about my travels, I might have been lost in a strange

city, have been robbed of my money, which I had thought would travel with me all the way to my destination untouched, or nearly so, or have been led into evil hands, which would not have let me go without a great deal of trouble, and perhaps the loss of everything I possessed. Since then I have always endeavoured to have an alternative. We may lay excellent plans to be sure, but we can never confidently count on carrying them out, and in such an event we ought to know what is the next best thing to do.

Again, I always take care to have money to help myself with. To go about empty-handed is to become a dependant on the charity of other people, and I have never seen the charity that is willing to help him who ought to be able to help himself; it will scarcely help the helpless, and as a rule does so with great compunction, though I have seen one or two true examples of Christian charity; but if you want to lose the respect, the esteem, the worship so to speak, of your fellow creatures, let them see you are penniless and dependant.

I took care of my money and never spent a penny I could help spending by any means, and yet when I reached my destination in Canada I had not ten shillings left.

The porter's wife treated me very kindly, and gave me a bed with her eldest little boy, but the dreadful noise of the trains constantly going through the station, kept me awake so long that I thought I should have no sleep that night. At last I fell into a dream of being lost in a crowd of engines, my box, which I was compelled to carry on my back, bursting open with its stuffing of shillings, which rolled under the wheels so that I could not get them, my poor mother at one of the windows I could see far above me, weeping and wringing her hands on my account, until my little sister Emmy came flying towards me on shining wings; and then I knew no more until a movement beside me woke me up to find myself in a strange bed, with strange sounds in my ears, and a strange feeling at my heart. After breakfast the porter sent a cabman, who was a friend of his, to take me to my destination, and in three hours more I was again in the train on the way to Liverpool.

The gentleman in whose care I travelled was very good to me, and left me in charge of a lodging house keeper, to whom I was to look for bed and board until the ship started, which would be next day but one. This person asked me many questions as to my expectations in Canada, and seemed pleased with my replies. "The great folly of most emigrants", he said "is in expecting too much; they expect they are going to live like gentlemen without much exertion, and suppose that to become rich they have only to buy land. You seem to be wise, my lad; prosperity requires exactly the same means and qualities for its attainment in Canada as in England; if you are honest, industrious and persevering, if you are content to learn the ways of the country, and have a good judgment and a bit of education, you will get along.

Now come with me and we will buy your bedding and other things".

I was much encouraged with these remarks, and went with a light heart through what appeared to me the dirtiest, darkest, muddiest streets imaginable, until we reached a shop dirtier and darker still; here my friend got me a narrow, hard mattress, a pair of rough, grey blankets like horse cloths, a pair of sheets of soft but green looking calico, and a rough, knotted quilt, something like I had slept under at home, but smelling horribly new; then I was furnished with a knife and fork and teaspoon, a tin plate, mug and pot, and some other things I forget now.

"These things will be sent to the ship to your berth", said my friend after I had paid for them, and this lessened my money nearly half. "Now we will go to the ship and you can see something that will surprise you".

As we went along more muddy streets, where the lumbering noise of waggons and the smell of tar seemed continual, I saw the scaffolding of what I thought must be remarkably high buildings, peeping over the tops of the houses. I looked at them for some time, and at last as I saw more of them the further I went, asked my companion what they were building.

"Where?" he enquired, looking round.

I indicated the high poles before us.

"Those! why those are the ships!" he replied, laughing heartily; "don't you see flags flying from the masts? There's the Yankee flag with the stars and stripes; you'll pass several ships on your way over carrying the same. There's one of the White Star Line", he continued, as he pointed to a little flag with a white star on it "There's the Persia, one of the Cunard Line, and the swiftest clipper on the Atlantic; she made her last passage in little more than nine days; and that's the Hibernian of the Allan Line, by which line you are going".

"Is that the ship I am to go in?" I asked.

"No, not that, yours is the American, but here we are", he replied, as we came in sight of what seemed to me a whole village of masts and cordage.

"Keep close to me", said my companion, "or you'll be lost".

I promised to do so, and he went straight to a ship that lay at the edge of what I thought was a cross street, but he called it a deck; in following him I stumbled down a deep step, under which, as I fell, I perceived the black water gurgling and jostling, with a fear that made my heart jump. Nobody noticed me, even if they saw me fall, and as I regained my footing I found myself on a much bigger floor than I expected. As I walked about I was conscious of a tendency to turn giddy now and then, but I was glad to find there was none of that bobbing up and down, and rolling from side to side, which I had always thought was the regular condition of ships in general. I looked sharply about me, but found it hard to separate things; probably

this was because I was not used to such close crowding. I could not see much water, but ships, ships in every direction; there were steamers snorting and groaning; sailing ships creaking and straining; little wherries and big boats jumping up and down like restless children waiting for mother to come home from market; and little, ugly, sooty things, puffing out steam and smoke enough to fill a city with blacks and dirt. These were the tugs, and though I despised them I found that but for their services the large, handsome steamers might stay in dock until they rotted. I thought also that I was looking at sea water for the first time in my life, but was told that it was the river only, the river Mersey, upon the muddy bank of which Liverpool is built. It seemed almost beyond my belief that less than two hundred years ago, all the land occupied by a vast and splendid city, the name of which is famous wherever ships travel to and fro, used to be nothing but the muddy mouth of a short river, a place of marshes where jack o' lantern danced, and of pools over which the river bird flew fearless, but time and commerce do wonders.

I did not know where people slept on board ship, but I soon found out. After speaking to several of the officers of the ship, men with gold bands on their blue caps, my kind guide called to me to go with him down the hatchway, a kind of step-ladder that leads down into the lower parts of the ship, passing several of the many men employed in lifting, carrying or stowing bales and boxes, and in cleaning the ship, we got into what seemed a great, dark room with doors all round it, and the ominous word "hospital" on one of them, this large room was divided by passages across it, and on the sides of these were ranged, one above another, what appeared to me to be boxes without lids, but so far apart as to admit of a person getting into one without hitting his head against the upper one if he was very careful; these were the berths, and in one of them I should have to sleep.

"You look as if you don't like your bed place, my lad", said my guide to me, "but you'll soon get used to it; you can't fall out of it very easily, you see".

"It's very dark down here, sir", I said, for I thought it a poor prospect if I was to be shut up here for a fortnight.

"You don't want much light to eat and sleep by, and all day long you may be on deck amusing yourself".

Then I went with him down into the hold, where spare juggage, freight, and sand for ballast are kept, and I could hardly be persuaded that the tremendously thick post that seemed to support the decks was the mast that looked so tall and tapering above. Men were emptying the water casks of the waste, so I learned where to go for washing and drinking water, and by the time we left the ship, I felt quite as though I had made a new friend whom I should soon see again.

When we returned to the hotel there was quite a bustle, the passages were full of luggage, men were moving about

with their arms full of stjeks and umbrellas, and the voices of woman and children were heard above all the other accustomed noises. A large party of emigrants had arrived going the same voyage as myself. I looked at them curiously, wondering if I should find a friend among them, but none of them took the least notice of me, which rather vexed me, though I might have known that they had enough to think of in their own concerns. There were several boys younger than myself among the children, and after supper, when people began to talk to one another, some of them crowded together over a handbill of the steamer company, and spoke of the ship. I told them I had been on board, and you never saw boys more pleased than they were to hear me tell them all I knew about her.

Next day we were all hurried aboard, and the first proof I had that I had really left dear old England and my own home, was having a meal on board; it seemed to me a great bustle and very little comfort, the food was very roughly served, but tasted pretty good, and I didn't like to have to wash my tin plate and cup and knife and fork, as I found I should have to do all through the voyage.

Among so much that was strange I had forgotten to write to my mother from Liverpool, but there was talk among the passengers that letters could be sent from Queenstown, where we had to call for the Irish passengers, so I managed to get a few lines written to tell my dear mother that we were fairly started, and all was well with me, and that dear little Emmy must not cry about me. I cried a little as I wrote it, though, for I loved the little thing dearly.

There were a great many people on board, and some of them very unpleasant companions, dirty, rude, and swearing beings, who would have been better in a ship by themselves, but on a voyage one has to take rough and smooth together, and I kept away from the unpleasant people as much as I could. When the ship got into rough water I began to feel very sick; it seemed as though I left my head behind when the ship sunk down, and my stomach behind when she rose, and the sensation was constantly getting worse as she continued to pitch and roll; nearly everybody was as bad as I was, and if they all felt as I did they would have been perfectly indifferent had the ship foundered, indeed I should have been rather glad, seeing thereby an end to my misery. The only relief I experienced was in lying still in my berth, but this the surgeon wouldn't allow, but made us all turn on deck every morning, saying it was good for our health to be sea sick, and so we proved it after a day or two, when we found our sea legs and our appetites. Then we grew quite lively, there was always joking and songs, and, in the evening, dancing going on, besides much talk as to the prospects of the country we were going to, with a good deal of grumbling at that we were leaving; some wild young men who swore at the steward because he would not get them spirits, which it is against the rules of the ship to sell, were exceedingly bitter, and, as I thought, just as foolish in their expectations of the country they were going to. According to them you have nothing to do in Canada but to take your gun or fishing line and shoot deer or catch fish to supply your table for each meal, hard work is wholly

unnecessary, and land might be had for little more than the asking. I knew this was all nonsense, for if there was such a land all the idle people in the world would flock to it, and good land would be wasted for want of the working. For myself I expected to have to work for my living, and to work hard, but I hoped to get good pay for it in time.

I experienced quite a new sensation before I had been out many days, and that was, being my own master, having no work to do and no one to obey. At first, I think, I was silly enough to feel conceited about it, but when I needed advice, and had no one to guide me, it seemed to me that it would be much easier to be told what to do and to obey, than to decide for myself, and indeed I must own that my conceit was soon greatly lessened by my many mistakes. I enjoyed the voyage very much; the beautiful tossing and sparkling water, the fresh breeze that gave me courage and vigor, the bright sunshine that made the water blue, and the Cape Flyaways that shaded it, green, and gave the sailors a joke for the land lubbers. I liked to hear the sailors' chants as they worked at the capstan, or raised a sail, and the novelty of bells in place of clocks to mark the time, the service of the Church of England read by the Captain on Sunday, the constant noise and shake of the steam engine, as she sent the ship through the water at a spanking rate, all combined to make my life a pleasure and a holiday, and as, day after day, the number of miles made told us we were nearing our destination, I actually began to wish the journey longer.

(To be continued.)

From Current Periodicals.

THE SALT MARSHES.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

HERE clove the keels of centuries ago,
Where now unvisited the flats lie bare.
Here scathed the sweep of journeying waters, where
No more the tumbling floods of Fundy flow,
And only in the samphire pipes creep slow
The salty currents of the sap. The air
Hums desolately with wings that seaward fare,
Over the lonely reaches beating low.

The wastes of hard and meager weeds are thronged
With murmurs of a past that time has wronged;
And ghosts of many an ancient memory
Dwell by the brackish pools and ditches blind,
In these low lying pastures of the wind,
These marshes pale and meadows by the sea.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

THE LIVES OF MEN OF LETTERS.

BY CHARLES F. NEWCOMBE, TORONTO.

IN his delightful Introduction to "The Essays of Elia", which Mr. Augustine Birrell has edited, this critic has raised an exceedingly interesting question, and touched upon a thought that must have frequently forced itself upon the true lover of literature.

"It would be hard to explain", says Mr. Birrell, "why the lives of men, so querulous, so affected, so centred in self, so adverse to the probing of criticism, so blind to the smallness of their fame as most authors stand revealed in their biographies and letters to have been, should yet be so incessantly interesting".

It is frequently asserted that the various epochs of literature, with their effect upon general movements in the history of the world, together with the story of the lives of the writers of a particular age, are of quite secondary importance to a study of the works which we owe to the genius of those writers. Excellent as this precept is, in a general sense, those who urge this practice are liable to forget the value of an author's life in relation to his work. To follow strictly such a rule may even cause a great misunderstanding as to the purport of a work of art. By refusing to gain some knowledge of the details of an author's life we undoubtedly lose a large part of the interest which attaches itself to his work. We wish to know how a man has been helped by his predecessors in his life of thought, we long to trace the progress of his mental activity and power; and it may be said with truth that, with an even stronger interest, we follow him in the ups and downs of his journey from obscurity—perchance to fame. Our knowledge of the life of a man of letters, with even those minor details and incidents which are in themselves, perhaps, insignificant, has a certain charm about it which we are unable to recognise in the lives of other men. In the present day it would be folly to add to that "talk" of the kind that has been wisely designated "chatter about Shelley," and "prattle about Lamb". Even worse is that repellent kind of criticism which suggests the idea of poking your finger into the breakfast room, the study, or the house generally, of a modern poet or novelist. The intense pleasure which some readers find in the knowledge that "Lord Tennyson had a cup of coffee for his breakfast on Monday morning", or "Mr. George Meredith was seen in the stalls of a London theatre on Tuesday evening", or something that very nearly approaches twaddle of this description, is amazing; but it is a criticism—save the mark!—that will die a natural death.

The story of Goldsmith's happy-go-lucky existence—the wild escapades of his boyhood, the ever cheerful temper and generosity of his manhood—this life touches a tender chord of sympathy, blended possibly with humour, in the hearts of all admirers of the work he left us—the immortal "Vicar of Wakefield".

Dr. Johnson's life, apart from its almost inseparable connection with the name of Boswell, is to many readers of far greater interest than are the works his mighty brain brought forth as the result of his patient and laborious toil. Carlyle has reminded us that this sturdy, independent Samuel Johnson was "yet a giant invincible soul". It is difficult to pass over Carlyle's magnificent outburst of

genuine admiration for his hero, an admiration which is in itself refreshing and delightful, as coming from a giant of the nineteenth century in praise of him whose mighty form predominates in the eighteenth century.

"One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford; the rough, seamy-faced, raw-boned college servitor lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts; pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger, or what you will; but not beggary, we cannot stand beggary! Rude, stubborn, self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes".

Of the numerous instances in Johnson's career of a tender and really compassionate nature breaking out from beneath so uncouth and ungainly an exterior, none is more beautiful than the account of his carrying home on his shoulders a poor outcast of humanity,—one whom the modern Pharisee would pass by with a shiver of contempt—and giving her shelter, and a glimpse of the love that a warm and brave heart can bestow upon a crushed and battered life. It is this humanity of great personalities, the small actions of a mixed and many-sided existence that will force themselves into our view, and it is this among other important factors that creates that incessant interest in lives which in some particulars are distasteful and even repulsive.

The thought that there is nothing of poetic beauty, or even of great attraction, in the lives of Pope and Swift is a common one. The venomous sarcasm of the one is as objectionable as the gross and flagrant satire of the other is distasteful, but whenever it may be asserted with almost perfect accuracy that Pope never knew what it was to enjoy a single day of good health; that as a child this deformed and diminutive specimen of a human being had to be carried about from room to room, we can make a very large allowance for the defects of such an existence. Again, a larger and a wider knowledge of the events in the life of the famous Dean of St. Patrick's will enable a sympathetic and thoughtful student of literature to pause and consider before he joins others in the employment of throwing stones upon the grave of Jonathan Swift. We have imagined that in the life of the genius to whom we owe "Gulliver's Travels" and "The Battle of the Books" there was none of that "sweetness and light" (which phrase he was the first to use). There certainly was not a large quantity of that valuable possession in Swift's life, one so essentially desirable in the character of a man of letters; yet do not those passages in his life which we associate with the name of "Stella" suggest a brighter side to his curious mind? The light was blown out when "Stella" died. The common-place mediocrity of so much of living dignified by the name of "life" passes away into something very insignificant when the strong light of a remarkable personality is placed side by side with it.

It is almost time to remain quiet, and to refrain from adding more praise to the already highly eulogised Charles Lamb, but here the temptation is too strong! This man of letters in his life transcends in moral beauty the names in the whole catalogue from Chaucer to Tennyson. The pious and respectable look with an unforgiving eye upon the tipplings of Lamb. It has always appeared to me that the life of this hero of the world of literature, whose name cannot be uttered without a feeling of reverent devotion, contains in a most marvellous sense the marks of one of the highest forms of self-sacrifice. Some weakness of human nature seems absolutely necessary to balance the beauty of his thoroughly unselfish life. It has been charmingly remarked by the same excellent critic to whom I referred at the beginning that "In early life Coleridge planned a Pantisocracy where all the virtues were to thrive. Lamb did something far more difficult; he played cribbage every night with his imbecile father, whose constant stream of querulous talk and fault-finding might well have goaded a far stronger man into practising and justifying neglect." It is then, in these simple acts, if one may so name them, that the supreme nobility of Lamb's life is everywhere obvious and distinct. His failing was therefore a virtue; it saved him from becoming quite a saint. It is impossible to read those charming letters of his without feeling very insignificant ourselves—without, in fact, becoming very humble. Surely the spirit of cheerfulness, of good humour, and of love saturates them throughout. If we turn to one of Lamb's contemporaries—Wordsworth—it must be admitted that his life is, on the whole, very disappointing, although it is hard to agree with those who have considered the epithet "conceited" an appropriate one for Wordsworth. Because Wordsworth effected a revolution in English poetry, he will always be gratefully remembered—his work cannot die; but it is with the life of the poet with which we are at present dealing, the every-day existence, and that, unfortunately, does not attract. But there is an interest attached to the life of Wordsworth, as in that of every man of letters, and in his case it attaches itself to his friends and relatives more than to the poet in person. Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy are so closely joined in our thoughts with men who interest us in their common life far more than the poet does, that in their congregated interest they stand unique. Southey, Coleridge, Hazlitt and Lamb, and to them may be added the name of Joseph Cottle, the Bristol bookseller—certainly no mean figure when his connection with the "Lyrical Ballads" is remembered—all these bring their sparks of bright and cheerful criticism and throw a certain brilliancy upon the person of Wordsworth which he alone does not possess. Lacking vigour, the greyness of his later solitary life produced a most disappointing effect upon the genial and clear spirit of Emerson, the spirit of a man who sought for loveliness in all he met, who expected sweetness and life, and found it not in Wordsworth's outward form.

For lives of vigour and spirit we must go to Carlyle and Macaulay; here is force, and here is brilliance—a brilliance not of the limelight, but of the glorious sun. To many, "the philosopher of Chelsea" is more vigorous in his utterances than he is in his life; "a sour and dyspeptic old man!" such is Carlyle in the estimation of a goodly company. Here, again, such a dictum is apparently the result of a hasty judgment, and insufficient acquaintance. A care-

ful study of the numerous and ever-increasing reminiscences of Carlyle's sayings and doings will soften the portrait which our fancy has painted for us. We must not expect to find in a prophet or a seer, the characteristics of a Charles Lamb; we find instead the sledge-hammer force of a Cromwell, and in Carlyle's case also we must take him "with the scars and wrinkles". But Carlyle is not present in our thoughts as a solitary seer; it is the pungency of his life that provokes interest; we are attracted to him by the unique position which he held among the men and women of his day. The impression he left upon the minds of his contemporaries have been faithfully handed down. Those impressions frequently differ in more ways than one, but they have culminated in an essentially accurate portrait. The glimpses of this great personality, caught by little men and big men alike, add some new light to his character—often it is a tender human touch. It is very probable that many of the individuals who mingled in the crowd that surrounded Carlyle resemble Browning's friend who once met Shelley:

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new.

Matthew Arnold has dubbed Macaulay "the great apostle of the Philistines". This is a hard saying. Perhaps after all it is but half the truth. Macaulay stands revealed to us very clearly in one of the most perfect and delightful of the biographies of men of letters—Sir George Trevelyan's labour of love. The charm of Macaulay's vigorous intellect acts upon the reader of "The Life and Letters" with a curious tenacity. The quieter side of Macaulay's life, his love of children, his really noble passion for the best in literature, combined with the strong sense of the serious duties of this troublesome world, and their intrinsic importance, surely these raise him above that which is sordid, uncultured and conventional. Neither should we forget his strenuous efforts on behalf of education in India, his criticisms on the classical literature of Greek and Rome, from which he drew so much strength, especially in those tiresome moments when surrounded by a vulgar Anglo-Indian society, such a retreat into another world would be so peculiarly delightful. Macaulay's connection with the political life of his day, his hereditary traits, with perhaps that tincture of old-fashioned Evangelicalism which never apparently quite left him, produce, it might be imagined, that in his nature which presupposes the existence of Philistinism. It is interesting to watch him in those lighter moments, that are so charming in the lives of the supremely great personalities of the past. With Macaulay, his love of children is the means of introducing us to some of these moments, bringing out these bright and harmonious touches in his nature. From a letter written to his youngest niece we can gather the following delightful specimen of humour and gaiety. It will be useful to remember that it was written at a time when lie was closing with him, in the quiet retreat of the house at Campden Hill:

"I have been living these last ten days like Robinson Crusoe in his desert island, I have had no friends near me but my books and my flowers, and no enemies but those execrable dandelions. I thought that I was rid of the villains, but the day before yesterday when I got up and looked out of my window I could see five or six of their great impudent glaring yellow faces turned up at me. 'Only you wait till I come down', I said. How I grubbed them up! How I enjoyed their destruction! Is it Christian-like to hate a dandelion so savagely?"

Again and again these human touches in the lives of men of letters prove their culture more thoroughly than their own writings do.

With the new light that "The Journal of Sir Walter Scott" has brought us, how infinitely great does the figure of Scott become! In "Lockhart's Life" we had truly an admirable portrait of Sir Walter, a book which is one of the really fascinating contributions to the domain of biography, and yet in spite of this fact there is, to modern readers, an air of old-fashioned conventional stiffness running throughout Lockhart's pages. The world that surrounded Scott is in many ways strikingly different to the world in which Macaulay found himself. The contrast is heightened by the opinions we know these two men of letters to have held. They did not at any time quite understand one another, and when they accidentally met, the meeting was an awkward one, and the effect was inharmonious and decidedly disappointing. Scott, in the hey-day of his success, surrounded by the glitter of fashionable society at Abbotsford, with the patronage of George IV.—this is not the author of "The Waverley Novels" at his best, but there is in this life a valuable contrast to the sombre sadness of the final struggle. That heroic fortitude and magnificent vigour with which he met the calamities of his later life, exalts the novelist into a man of a sublime stoical grandeur. Mr. R. H. Hutton has admirably expressed this final beauty of Scott's life: "What there was in him of true grandeur could never have been, had the fifth act of his life been less tragic than it was". With the additional aid that the "Journal" offers us in understanding even more vividly this fifth act, Scott's character becomes glorious in its grandeur, and mighty in its muscular force. The story of "The Waverley Novels" alone repays contemplation. When we think that almost the whole of "Ivanhoe" was dictated to one of the Ballantynes or to Willie Laidlaw, while Scott was suffering the most acute pain, ought not this thought to increase that keen enjoyment of the novel which most of us have felt while poring over its romantic pages, and produce an additional feeling of admiration? Among the crowd of men and women that night after night congregate in a modern opera house to witness the present dramatic representation of this wonderful novel in Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, there may, perchance, be a few,—probably a very small part of the audience,—who will recall to their minds the circumstances under which the creator of the plot—the source alike of librettist and composer—wove his immortal romance. The luxury of a modern theatre, the gorgeous scenic arrangement of the nineteenth century stage, are more likely to hide for the time the scene of a great intellect dictating his story and unweaving his plot, while at every interval the room is filled with shouts and cries of an agonized body. It is perhaps late in the day to be reminded of those novels which came from the furnace of adversity, wrung from the pen of a Samson Agonistes, that the end might be what?—that of a true gentleman, an honourable name left not to his family alone, but a name which has become an inheritance of ours, of all who enjoy the result of his labour.

Undoubtedly there is a most undeniable charm, an incessant interest to be found hidden between the pages of the biography of a man of letters, a charm which can only be fully enjoyed by those, who, not content with merely eating the fruit that falls from the tree of Literature, would also peer into the branches and bask beneath its hallowed shade, enveloped in an atmosphere of "sweet reasonableness" and sober joy.—*Canada Educational Monthly.*

ON FIRST SEEING THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY CHAS. HENRY LUDERS.

BEYOND the grey autumnal meadows,
Past the thickets hung with gold and red,
Where the lands are mellowed by the hazes,
Flows a stream by mighty rivers fed.

Long I look upon its distant current,
Flashing 'mid empurpled fields of mist,
Like a flexile chain of burnished silver
On a cloth of silken amethyst.

How serenely flows the stately river
'Twixt its fertile shores so calmly blue;
Lo! it is a hand Divine that guides it,
As it guides the whole Creation through.

Thou and I are flowing down together,
Thou on liquid axles, I on steel;
But the morn will see my journey ended,
While thy constant passing 'twill reveal.

Yet, O river, that doth seem forever
Destined to pursue that shining way,
Thou one day shalt vanish into ether —
God has said that I shall live for aye.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

A FORAGER OF THE FLOATING FIELDS.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

ONCE in every year, usually towards the first of March, the great fields of ice that form during the winter in extreme northern waters, break away from their moorings and go moving away towards southern latitudes. I suppose Nature provides that the great ocean tide from northern seas shall set more strongly towards the south in spring in order that the ice formed in winter may melt in summer, and the seas that wash the coast of Greenland be open. With the enormous fields in their southern excursion, come the great icebergs which later on get freed from the fields and menace life in the track of ocean ships. On these floes, too, millions of seals get a free passage to warmer waters, bringing forth their young on the cold, shiny, sea-blue pans of ice. But it gets more passengers than the seals.

There lives, as my readers know, in lands where the ground is white with snow two-thirds of the year, a small fox which prowls over the barren and rocky wastes winter and summer. In the summer he is a pale yellow, somewhat the color of the moss-covered regions where he has his den. While the snow is off the ground he can get food enough for himself and his family; but when the early, bitter winter begins to pipe over the naked wastes, all the animals upon which he preyed hide themselves in holes in the ground or in thick, warm places in the scrub woods, so that he is sorely pressed to find food, often scampering fifty or sixty miles over the hard snow during a night. Should a light gleam in some sheltered nook on these cold shores, how his little eyes glisten, how furtively he steals toward the house, avoiding any approach that shows the mark of human feet! Then should he, by his keen scent, come to know that any fowls are housed here, he will look everywhere for an opening to enter; and if he find none he will return a small way and

wait till the day comes. Should the day be fairly fine he becomes alert, watching for the release of the fowls from their house. Should he notice a human form, he crouches on the snow, feeling secure; for with the first winter drifts his coat turns as white as the snow itself. Nature in this way stands loyally by him, as she does by the weasel, the hare and the ptarmigan.

But at one period of winter, or rather in the early spring, the white foxes have a great joy in their hearts. How they long for the coming of the bright, early March morning! There is not a white fox whose heart does not thrill at the coming of this time, as it is a season of long marches and delightful scamperings under the cold, glary sun, with one continual round of feasting. For toward the first of March the great ice-floes heave in sight, draw nearer, and presently push their great, solid edges upon the land, completely blotting out the sea. Yesterday there was a limitless expanse of shiny blue or raging, tempest-beaten water; now there is only the unbroken ice-field, as solid under the foot as the eternal hills.

Then the white foxes come galloping over the snow from east, west, north and south; they crawl out of their burrows among the rocks or under the ridges, making their way for the coast. If the wind blows steadily in, and it looks like a breeze that has come to last for a good while, they have no hesitation in venturing forth. The Eskimo, wrapped in his sealskin clothes, and the fisherman, making ready his scalping knife and towlines, know that they should be abroad on the floe when they see the nimble-footed white fox running away from land. The first food usually in the way of this snowy Reynard is the sea birds, which are compelled to go upon the ice when the water is all closed up. They squat mopishly on the cold ice cakes, utterly bewildered and apparently having lost the use of their wings. Reynard come up, cuts their throats, and drinks the rich, warm blood; then scampers off again. Sometimes he returns to land, bringing with him a six pound northern diver, which he either carries and leaves in his den or hides till his foraging is ended. If he should find no sea birds, then he quests till he comes upon a covey of seals. If there are no young seals yet born he prowls about till they appear; then he gets many a rich feast.

But the "cats," as the tiny baby seals are called, grow very rapidly, and are soon too large a prey for the white enemy. Then appears another resource for the hungry little hunter. Far away across the blue, sun-drenched ice, and clear against the sky, his siarp eyes see a ship, a ship which, his instinct tells him, is manned by hunters who will soon provide him food. The stalwart seal hunter, with his gaff upon his shoulder and his sharp knife in his sheath, sees coveys of white foxes scurrying about, frequently stopping to observe his movements. When he strips the skin and blubber pelt off the white coat seal, he leaves the rest of the animal upon the ice; and as soon as he has departed Reynard falls to feasting.

In the early part of spring, these foxes seem more bold and are not frightened to be so far from land, for they know that the ice at this time usually presses hard against the shore. But as the season advances they get wary, and seem always to be in dread. Seal hunters tell me that their instinct is unerring in forecasting an off wind. Frequently in calm weather I have seen them scurrying for the land; and I have never known an off-wind not to follow. They are in deadly dread of getting away from reach of land, for the floe drifts to more southern waters, and there disperses and melts. Sometimes the seal-hunters see them in sore

plight, huddling on the drifting ice far from their homes; and sometimes, in their terror, they have been known to board ships and crouch on the deck. But most of them get back to land looking plump and able-bodied; and they usually go ashore at the place where they sallied forth upon the ice a month or so before.

New York City.

The Editor's Portfolio.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT has been doing the North-West, not in the interest of any immigration scheme or company, but simply for pleasure, and of course, as a journalist, will make use of the information he gathers during his trip. He is more than delighted with the country. He says his opinions have undergone an entire revolution. He finds that not only the soil, but the climate is excellent. He finds that the district from Calgary north is admirably adapted to mixed farming, and that south it is a fine grazing region. He purposes, says the *Calgary Tribune*, making a suggestion to the authorities at Ottawa to invite a deputation of newspaper men from the old country to take a trip next year through the North West and write up the country for their journals. This idea of Mr. Davitt's is a good one, and would undoubtedly, if carried out, have a good effect in stimulating immigration of the right sort.

THE investigations being carried on at Ottawa afford much food for thought to the Canadian people. It is not for us to express any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the parties implicated for they are now upon their trial before a properly constituted tribunal, where no favor will be shown. But the evidence which has been made public is sufficient to convince everyone that there has been corruption and infidelity to trust on the part of both public servants and private citizens. The party in opposition offers as the only remedy for existing evils the ousting of the party in power. This is not the remedy which the country needs. It is not a question of party which should interest us most deeply, but a question of men. No party can be pure, if the individuals which compose it are corrupt and unscrupulous. When will electors insist upon pure men in preference to principles and platforms? Men whose honesty is doubtful, whose opinions are dependent upon their interest, who are more partizan than patriotic, are not the men to govern any country. We shall have a pure administration, if we refuse under any circumstances to vote for unscrupulous men. The first question with every Canadian citizen should be one of men, afterwards one of platforms. Of course the purest government may be betrayed by individuals among its members or employees, but we reduce the danger of this to a minimum when we constantly put men before opinions, and insist that our representatives shall be first of all both Christian and courageous men.

COLONEL HOWARD VINCENT's visit to Canada is likely to create a wide interest in the scheme of which he is the earnest advocate, an Imperial Trade League. It is a scheme which is likely to prove of very much more advantage to us in the long run than any measure of reciprocity with the United States. The British Empire is admirably adapted, because of its vast extent and the variety of its products, to form a great commercial organization within itself. Almost every want of each part of the organization could be supplied by some other part. Col. Vincent's statements

with the colonies may be somewhat at variance with the recent utterances of Lord Salisbury and others upon the subject, but the development of the scheme itself will undoubtedly create and foster a sentiment in that direction. There will be difficulties in the way, of course, both in England and in the colonies, but there are difficulties in the way of every beneficent scheme. There will be individuals and classes who will oppose the movement from motives of self interest, but not one of these difficulties appear to us insurmountable or important enough to outweigh the wide-spread or far-reaching beneficent results.

We have in Canada more and more variety of good native literature than a great many suspect. The sum of it is highly creditable to a country so young as ours. We have a number of story writers, poets, and antiquarians of whom we have just reason to be proud. But there are some departments of literary activity in which we are as yet hardly represented at all. We have no essayists, scarcely any critics, very few descriptive writers, and yet the field for these is as good here as anywhere in the world. What a pity it is that some of the capital which is lying idle should not be employed in drawing out and developing young Canadian talent in these directions.

A FRENCH nun has bequeathed one hundred thousand francs to the Academy of Sciences to be offered as a prize to the person who shall discover some means of communicating with another planet or star. The planet Mars is suggested as the most convenient to experiment upon. A writer in the *Chicago Tribune* shows how inadequate is the bequest for the purpose. An object half a yard wide or thick can be seen by the naked eye at a distance of one mile. When Mars and the earth are nearest to each other, the distance between them is, in round numbers, thirty-five millions of miles. To be seen by the naked eye then, the object in Mars then must be seventeen and a half millions of yards in width. Divide this by two thousand, the power of the biggest telescope we have, and you have eight thousand seven hundred and fifty yards as the size of the smallest object to be seen at such a distance with our largest telescope. The smallest bodies that the citizens of Mars can use then to make their thoughts and wishes known to us must be each five miles in diameter. But when Mars is nearest to the earth, the earth is in the blaze of the sun's light and nothing on it could be seen. So the objects used by us in signalling to Mars would need to be at least twenty miles in diameter, and it must be presupposed too that the Marsites have telescopes as powerful as we. The chances certainly seem to be against anyone's getting this prize.

THE MAGAZINES.

Current Literature for July is full of good things. Its departments and readings cover a very wide field. Of the departments, Gossip of Authors and Writers, The Sketch Book, Pen Pictures, and Brief Comment, are especially good. The readings and selections are made with admirable care and taste. In fiction there is "The Incarnation of Khaled", "Dining with Colonel Carter", "The Victory of the Scarlet", and "Revelation of Genius". Departments of verse, grave and gay, lively and severe, alternate with the prose.

IN *The Week* of July 24th we notice an article by Hon. J. W. Longley on "Public Opinion", and a Rondeau, by Mr. W. P. Dole, of St John. Original contributions in the issue of July 31st are "Farmers and Finance" (William Trant), "A Story of Three as to the desire of the people of England for closer trade relations

Skeletons" (E. T. D. Chambers), "Life at High Tide" (Eva Rose York), and "One Aspect of the Woman's Rights Question", (Anne Hamilton). The last-named article takes an eminently sensible view of the real rights and duties of woman, and is all the more effective because it comes from a woman's heart and pen. The editorials, letters and departments in *The Week* are all strong and bright, and we are proud that such a journal prospers in Canada. *The Week* and CANADA for one year, \$3.50.

The place of honour in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for August is given to Baroness Macdonald's racy article, "An Unconventional Holiday", which will be continued in the September number. It is illustrated with views of the Bow Rapids and Albert Canyon. There is a paper on "The Post Tennyson's Wife" in the series Unknown Wives of Well-known Men. Several stories, poems by Jessie Burwell, Chas. Henry Luders and Nancy Patton McLean, with the departments, Summer Ills and Summer Dangers, At Home with the Editor, Side Talks with Girls, the King's Daughters, In Literary Circles, Bright Things for Boys, All About Flowers, etc., make up a full and fascinating number. (Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, \$1 a year).

From the contents of *The Land we Live In*, July number, we call the following titles: "The Haberville Manor—its Old Laird" (J. M. Lemoine, F.R.S.C.), "Cookshire in 1868" (James Reilly), "The Chinook" (Sinax Akia), "Murray Pankakes" (Hermit), "Nimrod's Paradise" (H. A. Gildersleeve), "The Fisherman" (Jay), "Incidents of Pioneer Life in the Eastern Townships" (Hiram French), and "Idaho Hash" (K. J.) What more appetising fare than this can a sportsman want for the evenings in camp or while waiting for the fish to bite? No maritime sportsman should be without this bright and overflowing monthly. Write to the publisher at Sherbrooke, Que., and he will send you a sample copy. To new subscribers for both publications we offer *The Land we Live In* and CANADA for one year for only one dollar. That is half-price.

"ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN", the new story by Amélie Rives, opens in the August *Cosmopolitan*. The scene is laid in Paris, where the author has been living for two years, and the heroine is a Virginia girl who is studying music abroad with a negro servant for a chaperone. A portrait of Miss Rives is the frontispiece of the magazine. This number contains two papers of special interest to journalists, one by Valerian Grubaydoff, "the father of pictorial journalism", and "The Woman's Press Club of New York", by Fannie Aymer Matthews. The cartoons of Bismarck furnish a subject for Murat Halstead, reproductions of many of the most noted cartoons illustrating the paper. "The Ducal Town of Uzès", "Placer Mining", "The Dukeries", "The Court Jesters of England", "A Romance of the Hour", "Gambling in High Life", with poems and departments, make up an exceptionally interesting number even for the *Cosmopolitan*.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

The *Canadian Voice*, of Halifax, is for sale.

Mrs. S. A. CURZON has been elected a member of the York Pioneers.

THE Our Homes Publishing Company has been compelled to assign for the benefit of its creditors.

MR. GRANT ALLEN is to supply a weekly column of gossip to the flourishing newspaper, *Black and White*.

THE *Calgary Tribune* says: Mr. Charles Young, of Toronto, is crossing the continent taking notes for a series of articles for an English magazine, which articles will afterwards be published in book form.

MISS ELAINE GOODALE, the well-known writer, was married recently to Dr. Charles A. Eastman, an Indian of the Sioux tribe.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY has conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters on two French-Canadian litterateurs, Alfred de Celles and Joseph Marionette.

At a recent meeting of the Maritime Provinces Club in Boston, A. J. McLeod was to give an address on "The Life and Times of Hor. Joseph Howe".

MR. T. E. MOBERTLY's beautiful poem on the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, first published in *The Empire*, has been reprinted by *The Colonies and India*.

THE *Newsdealer's Bulletin* says: J. Macdonald Oxley's story, Dick of Diamond Rock, just begun in Harper's Young People, is proving immensely popular with the boys.

PROF. E. STONE WIGGINS, the weather prophet, will soon appear in a new role. A novel from his pen, dealing with life on the planet Mars, is to be published in New York.

SOME time ago *Public Opinion*, of New York, offered \$300 in cash prizes for the three best essays on Trade Relations with Canada. The first prize was won by Frank C. Wells, of Toronto.

PROF. DAVID ALLISON, LL.D., has been offered and accepted the presidency of Mt. Allison College, Sackville, N. B., and has resigned his position as Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia. The friends of the institution will be glad to welcome him back to his former position.

A VOLUME of Canadian humorous verse is to be published in London, England, by Walter Scott. James Barr, a patriotic Canadian, at present representing the *Detroit Free Press* in London, will be the editor. Anyone who can furnish information or suggestions of value should communicate with Mr. Barr, *Detroit Free Press* Office, 325 Strand, London, W. C.

ECHOES.

GILBERT PARKER.—Gilbert Parker, the author of several interesting papers on Australia, which have been lately appearing in *Harper's Weekly*, is a Canadian by birth and education; he spent some years as a journalist in the great southern continent, and is now successfully engaged in active literary work in London; the *Independent* says of him: "His writing is genuine, manly and careful, with a hearty, vivacious style that is sure to win recognition and find a ready market."—*Current Literature*.

THE CANADIAN FLAG. The most elaborate, and at the same time the most beautiful, of modern flags is that of the Dominion of Canada. Heraldically it is in perfect taste and it tells a complete story, is, in fact, a summary of its country's history, as all national flags should be. The various provinces are arranged according to precedence, and at the same time in a manner that gratifies the artistic tastes of the spectators, while over all is the British coat of arms, typifying the connection of the country with Great Britain, a connection of which Canada and Britain are justly and equally proud.—*Scottish American*.

SIR JOHN AND PROHIBITION.—A friend of mine said to him: "Sir John, when are you going to give us prohibition?" The prompt reply was: "Whenever you want it." "But we want it now," said my friend. "Then say so," said the premier. "But how shall we say it?" "By sending prohibitionists to parliament", was the prompt and effective answer. In this answer we have, I venture to say, the solution of this difficult question in a nut-shell. When the churches do their duty and Christian men vote as they pray, then the days of a legalized liquor traffic will be few indeed.—W. W. Buchanan in *Royal Templar*.

A DEAL IN PINE.—Fred. W. Hill, Dr. Baxter, Charles D. Stamford, Frank Gilman and W. H. Maling of this city have recently purchased 10,000 acres of land in Gloucester County, New Brunswick. There is estimated to be on the land 40,000,000 feet of good pine lumber. There are a number of co-partnerships among the gentlemen, and their possessions include, beside the last purchase, one tract of 65,000 acres and another of 63,000 acres. The owners propose to manufacture the lumber at Newcastle or Chatham, and the green lumber will be shipped to the Boston and New York markets by rail, and the dry to those and foreign ports by water.—*Bangor News*.

Olla Podrida.

FAILURES of batters are nearly always due to the fact that they cannot get ahead. - *Rochester Post*.

"WHAT does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one schoolboy of another. "You had better go home and read your 'Robinson Crusoe,'" was the withering reply.

CZAR OF RUSSIA (just out of bed) What has become of my undershirt?

Valet—Please, your Majesty, the blacksmith's putting fresh rivets in it.

"Do you think, cousin Fred, I'm very fond of dress?" "No, I don't." "Why?" "Because I don't think you wear enough of it."—*Judge*.

A.--Is land dear in Italy?

B.--No, but the ground rents are awful.

"What's the cause of that?"

"Earthquakes".

LUCAS PAEZ, an aged resident of Barcelona, in Spain, is the head of a family of 279 persons. He has thirty-nine living children—sixteen daughters and twenty-three sons.

"You will ask Papa, will you not? Or must I?" "Oh, I have seen him. Fact is he made the suggestion that it was about time for me to propose".—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The Universal Postal Congress at Vienna has selected the United States as the country where its next meeting is to be held and Washington as this city. The next congress will assemble in 1897.

GLADSTONE is comparatively a poor man, and the occasional literary work he does for magazines and periodicals is not the result of any desire to add to his established fame as a writer.

"MABEL", said a teacher last week at a London school, "spell kitten".

Mabel.—"K-double-i-t-e-n".

"Kitten has two i's then, has it?"

Mabel. "Yes, ma'am, our kitten has".

"WHAT do you call your dog?" was the question which a policeman asked of a very large man who was followed by a very small pup. "I don't call him at all", was the reply. "Ven I vant him I vistle".—*Washington Post*.

PETER CZARTAN, a Hungarian peasant, was born in 1539 and died in 1724, aged 185 years. Thomas Parr, "the olde, olde man," died in London in 1735, aged 152 years, and a Countess of Derry lived to be 165 and cut three sets of teeth.

"REGORRA, but I've got the best of that nuthern' railway this time, anyhow!" said a Hibernian who had a grudge against the company in question. "How is that Dennis?" asked a bystander. "I've bought a return ticket, and faith, I'm not coming back at all!" was the triumphant reply.

J. CHOLMONDELEY PHIPPS (*en tour* over the plains): "When I gaze around, don't you know, over these boundless rolling plains, stretching on every side to the horizon, without a vestige of human habitation, I am positively filled with awe".

Broncho Bob. "Filled with ore, eh? Well, don't let the boys find it out, or they might stake you out for a mineral claim."—*Mansley's Weekly*.

THE total number of stars, of which some knowledge may be obtained by the optical appliances now available, according to Professor Lockyer, is from 49,000,000 to 50,000,000. Of these only about 6,000 are visible to the naked eye, equally divided between the two hemispheres.

A NEWSPAPER in the Gypsy jargon, the Romany tongue, is soon to be published in England with the expectation of making it the organ of the wandering people. It will be edited by George Smith, the "king" of the English gypsies, who counts upon getting 20,000 subscribers to it.

JOHN WANAMAKER; "I never in my life used such a thing as a poster, or dodger, or handbill. My plan for fifteen years has been to buy so much space in a newspaper, and fill it up with what I wanted. I would not give an advertisement in a newspaper of 500 circulation for 5,000 dodgers or posters." This is the experience of all business men.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING. - Fangle: "How did you happen to tell Mrs. Fangle that you go to Europe twelve times a year, when you have never crossed the ocean at all?"

Cunso.—"She must have misunderstood me. I merely told her that I go over the *Atlantic Monthly*".—*The Epoch*.

ACCORDING to an eminent German statistician the world has had 2,550 kings or emperors who have reigned over 74 peoples. Of these 300 were overthrown, 64 were forced to abdicate, 28 committed suicide, 23 became mad or imbecile 100 were killed in battle, 123 were captured by the enemy, 25 were tortured to death, 134 were assassinated and 108 were executed.

"I THANK you for the flowers you sent", she said,

And then she pouted, blushed, and dropped her head;

"Forgive me for the words I spoke last night: Your flowers have sweetly proved that you were right".

And then I took her hand within my own

And I forgave her—called her my own.

But as we wandered through the lamplit bowers,

I wondered who had really sent the flowers!—*Toronto Globe*.

BESIDE the war ships for which the Minister of War has contracted in foreign countries, all the Russian shipyards, as *Novoye Vremya* reports, are busy building war vessels of various sizes. Twenty-five new war vessels, mostly ironclads, are in process of construction in the Russian yards on the Baltic, the Asov, and the Black Seas, some of them of a tonnage exceeding 12,000, and calculated for a speed of twenty to thirty knots. "Our friends of the League of Peace", says *Novoye Vremya*, "may be assured that we are preparing to uphold the peace of Europe as busily as they".

THE *Stratford Times* has the following: An Ingersoll deacon and a pillar of the church had two of his nephews, students at a religious college not more than 100 miles from the aforesaid town, down for dinner last Sunday. The old gentleman in the guilelessness of his heart supposed that all students strictly observed the tenets of the church. On this belief he spoke as the family were seated at table. "George, will you say grace?" "I beg to be excused for this time", said the young Canadian, whose head was fuller of base ball than of salvation. Turning to the other, the

benign old churchman blandly said: "Will you say grace, John?" George was shocked enough, but when John replied: "Uncle, I shall have to pass", the old gentleman nearly fell from his chair.

COMMON SENSE IN BATHING.—A dip in the sea once, or even twice, a day will do a vigorous person no harm; but those who are not strong should be careful, says a writer in the *August Ladies' Home Journal*. It after coming out of the water, there is a sensation of freshness and exhilaration, of renewed life and vigor, the bath has been beneficial. When, however, the bather looks blue and feels languid, there is not sufficient vitality for proper reaction from the chill of the water, and it has done harm. Delicate people can easily wash themselves to death. There is an impression amongst those who have been brought up in refinement, that daily ablution of the whole person is absolutely necessary to cleanliness and health. Even those who do not practice it recommend it, and are shocked at the mere suggestion of the omission of the morning tub. Bathing is a delightful luxury, and when it has been long indulged in, is indispensable to comfort; but, like other luxuries, there are circumstances that should modify its use. It is too exhausting for persons whose vitality is low and who need all their nervous energy to carry on the functions of life. These should, as a substitute, rub the surface of the body briskly with a piece of toweling wrung out of tepid water, so as to damp, but not wet. When they take a full bath, it should be in comfortably warm water. This may be either sea water heated, or water with sea salt added to it.

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