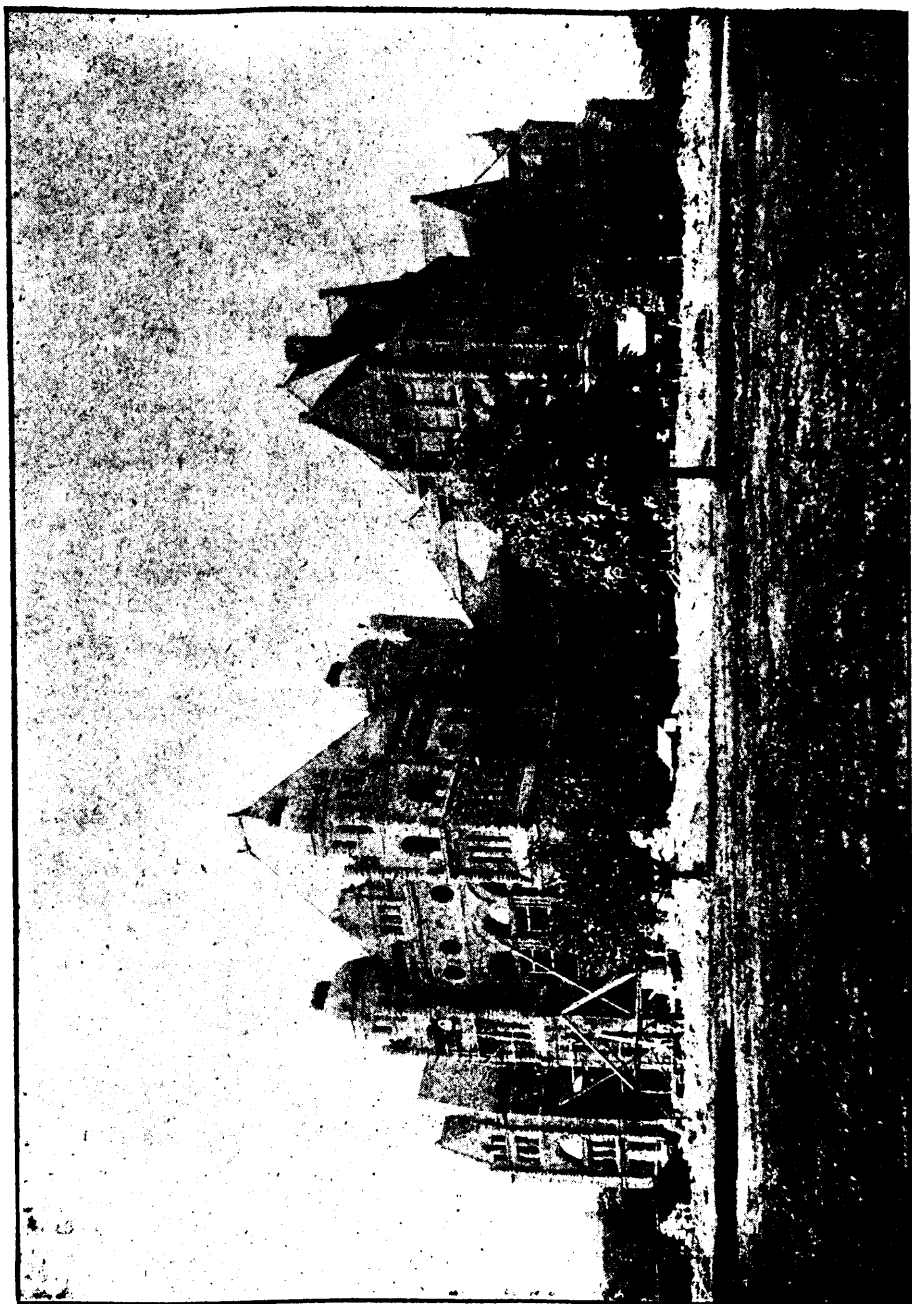


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THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY,
Attorney-General of Nova Scotia.

Though the most important and far-reaching question that can possibly engage the attention of the Canadian people, it is only very recently that any large number of Canadians have begun to manifest any real interest in it. The present is fairly comfortable and the tendency among masses is to be indifferent to all matters which do not actually press themselves upon their notice by some palpable inconvenience. Yet it seems beyond all doubt that Canadians will, sooner or later, realize that the problem must be seriously faced. Differences of opinion may and must continue to exist as to the wisest and best solution, but all thoughtful persons must agree that colonists we cannot always remain, and many will recognize that it is not honorable nor desirable that colonists we should much longer remain.

While the time has past for being indifferent, the time has not yet come for dogmatizing. A great many things have to be carefully, indeed anxiously, weighed. The stage of discussion has been reached and it is the duty of intelligent men to think about it, to reflect gravely upon the question and speak fully and without passion or prejudice in regard to the issue.

The purpose of this paper is simply to clear the ground so that the discussion, which is bound to come, may

be rational and fair. More than one alternative is presented to the Canadian people, and if a wise decision is to be reached the most absolute and unfettered freedom must be afforded for presenting all sides of the question. This statement is necessary because many of those who are speaking upon this momentous question approach it as if it were base or treasonable to advocate any other than one alternative. We are constantly reminded that we are British subjects and owe allegiance to the British Sovereign, and that it is, therefore, wicked, ungrateful and ignoble to suggest any alternative except that associated with the British Empire. We are at liberty to accept any changes within the scope of British citizenship, but to go outside would be traitorous and vile. It may be that our true interests will continue to be bound up with the Empire of which we at present form a part, but most men will prefer to reach this conclusion after a careful examination and full investigation of all the other alternatives.

Speaking in general terms, it may be said that Canadians have the choice of at least four alternatives:

First. Remaining as we are—a colonial possession of the empire.

Second. A direct political alliance with the empire, involving represen-

tation in the national councils and a share in the responsibilities and achievements of the whole nation.

Third. Political union with the great English nation lying beside us on this continent, with whom we are intimately associated and connected by geography, race, language, laws and civilization.

Fourth. An independent nationality with our own flag and our own national responsibilities.

These four seem to embrace all the alternatives within the range of practical politics. Of course, it is open to the Canadian people to seek an alliance with France, Germany or any other nation, but such solutions are simply imaginative and do not represent any principle or reason. But each one of the four presented are natural, and on behalf of any one of them much can be said. All of them are in the minds of thoughtful people, and all are so far within the range of the possible and practical that they ought to be weighed carefully, and no decision should be reached until the contingencies which each presents have been maturely considered.

I am going to repeat the remark that no wise conclusion can be reached unless there be untrammelled discussion and, therefore, there must be no degrees of virtue in the advocacy of one alternative over another. There can be no discussion at all if such a thing as gag law be applied. Therefore, I lay down the wide principle that any citizen of Canada is absolutely free to advocate any one of the four alternatives presented, and as free to advocate one as another. Nor can the position of the citizen in any way affect this right. What is honorable for an independent citizen to do cannot be dishonorable for an office-holding citizen to do, and what is base and improper for a man holding office to say or do in respect of the destinies of his country cannot possibly be right and high-minded in a man not

holding office. In this view I must, with great reluctance, on account of the great respect and regard I have for Sir Oliver Mowat, respectfully take issue with his action in relation to his officer, Mr. Elgin Myers, Q.C. There is no man in Canada for whom I have greater esteem than the able and high-minded Premier of Ontario. I am his political friend and I trust his personal friend as well. Nor do I deny his right to remove officers serving under him who are distasteful to him. But with a full sense of the responsibility of my words, I declare that I know of no law, civil or moral, which prevents Mr. Elgin Myers or any other Canadian from advocating political union with the United States. That he is a sworn official has nothing to do with the case, so far as I can see. Sir Oliver Mowat is the Premier and Attorney-General of Ontario : is there any law which commands him to remain silent if his judgment becomes satisfied that the union of this country with the United States would be the best destiny available for his country ?

John Bright, one of the bravest and most patriotic Britons of modern times, while a member of the Parliament of Great Britain and under the obligations of an "oath," if that could make any difference, repeatedly advocated the union of Canada and the United States in the most clear and emphatic terms. Here are his words :

" I should say that if a man had a great heart within him he would rather look forward to the day when from that point of land which is habitable nearest the pole to the shores of the great gulf the whole of that vast continent might become one great confederation of states—without a great army and without a great navy—not mixing itself up with the entanglements of European politics—without a custom house inside through the whole length and breadth of its territory—and with freedom everywhere, law everywhere, peace everywhere—such a confederation would afford at least some hope

that man is not forsaken of Heaven, and that the future of our race may be better than the past."—*Rochdale, Dec. 4th, 1861.*

Again :

"I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen north in unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main,—and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and, over all that wide continent the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and every clime."—*Birmingham, Dec. 18th, 1862.*

Is there any Canadian so spiritless as to deny to himself the same right to speak of the destiny of his own country which is enjoyed without question by a member of the English Commons? I am an official and an adviser of the Queen's representative in the Province of Nova Scotia. I am bound to discover all plots and intrigues against the constituted authority and government of the country. If any persons were discovered banding themselves together by secret conspiracy to hand over this country to a foreign power or clandestinely drilling or making preparations for armed effort, it would be my duty, as it would be my solicitude and pride, to bring them instantly to justice. But that is quite another matter from openly exercising the privileges of free speech, and by fair argument and honest reason seeking to convince the judgment of their fellow countrymen.

The especial advocates of the Imperial Federation idea always seek to deprive the subject of the character of a fair debate upon the merits. It is their favorite idea to recall the glories of the British Empire, the pleasant relations which have always existed between the Canadian provinces and the home government, the obligations which we have incurred by accepting for so many years the fostering care and protection of the old flag, and the bonds of fealty by which we are bound to the old land. All these may be admitted. But,

after all, there is a purely practical side to the question. Incidents surround the matter which cannot be ignored. While primarily British subjects and owning a willing allegiance to the Sovereign who rules over the British Empire, the time must necessarily arrive when a given number of millions of people, with a splendid country and separated by some thousands of miles from the cradle of the race, must seriously consider the special interests of their own country. It is idle to talk of Canada and Great Britain as one country. Notwithstanding the political ties which now bind us together, they are essentially two countries, and it may happen to the intelligent recognition of both that a point will be reached when their interests may lie in divergent directions. The problem is this: Here is a mother country great and powerful to-day. From her shores some colonists set sail some day and take possession of a new land of large dimensions. The colony is founded and seeks and freely obtains, from motives of mutual interests and glory, the protection and support of the mother land. The position is recognized fully on both sides. Years pass by and the colony grows and prospers, until at length it assumes national proportions. The relation of colony which sat naturally and becomingly once, becomes not only inconvenient, but almost ridiculous when the efflux of time has developed a puissant nation. The moment comes when, with the kindest feeling, the younger community lays aside the garb of dependence and assumes the becoming robe of independence. Is there anything unnatural, ungrateful or base in this? I confess frankly I cannot so regard it. On the other hand it seems perfectly natural and proper.

Again, in the discussion of this question sentiment is appealed to in the most vehement manner. Upon

this point there is need of clear definition. In the work of building up a nation there must needs be sentiment, without it there can be no consolidation, no strength, no permanency. A man's country is, in an enlarged sense, his home. For it he must have love, and in it he must have pride. No wise person would think of denying this. But there must be more than mere sentiment in the constitution of a nation. To have success in national life there must be community of interest in the component parts. But coming to the case of Canada, where we are anxiously appealing to sentiment among the people in settling its destiny, it is a proper question to ascertain to what and to whom the generous instincts of a lofty patriotism are due. That Canadians should love their country and bend every energy to its prosperity and glory none will deny. But here comes in the blunt question,—What is the Canadian's country? Is it Canada, or is it Great Britain? If the first and supreme obligations of patriotism belong to Great Britain, then love for Canada as such is practically treason. To state such a proposition is to demonstrate its absurdity. There is hardly a rational being within the bounds of this Dominion who will not agree that instinct as well as duty impel an unflinching love and devotion to this our own country, and inspire this as the first and irresistible impulse of every patriotic Canadian. We love our empire because it is our empire and because our interests are at this moment bound up in its common welfare. But it does not follow that the time will not come when Canadians will have a right to decide that their interests and those of Great Britain diverge and their duty demands a separate career. Let us not ignore the value and power of sentiment, but let us also see that it is properly conceived and rightly direct-

ed. If any devoted imperialist doubts the accuracy of the proposition that the period can ever arise when a colony, so-called, can honorably assume the responsibilities of a separate nationality let him suppose, if he will, that Canada shall remain a colony for the next eighty years. By that time the population will probably be about forty millions and the accumulated wealth enormous. The population of the British Isles is not likely to increase much in that period, and we shall have the problem: Great Britain forty millions and Canada forty millions.—Who will say that one country has a better right to independent national existence than the other, or that one is under any moral obligation to be a dependency of the other? I understand the contract between a colony and the parent country to be fittingly illustrated by the contract between parent and child. During the period of childhood there is to be protection on the part of the parent and obedience and devotion on the part of the child. When the child is grown up it is his duty as well as his right to seek and assume the responsibilities of life on his own account, if a son or, if a daughter, to bid a fond adieu to the old home and bathed in paternal blessings to seek a new home under entirely different auspices.

But the imperialist will say that the interests of Canada are most intimately bound up with the British Empire, and consequently the best possible course for us is to become a co-ordinate part sharing its responsibilities and its fortunes. This is a fair proposition; it is one well worthy to be discussed. But it involves another proposition absolutely essential to all discussion whatever—namely, the right of the Canadian people freely to decide the question. If the best interests of Canada are to be subserved by Imperial Federation, then I am for Imperial Federation, because

I am for the best interests of Canada, and because I claim the right as a Canadian to decide the destinies of my country according to its highest interests. But while I am listening intently to the proposition of my imperialist friend, another steps forward and says: "But I am prepared to show that the best interests of Canada will be subserved by an independent national existence. True, the sentiment lies in that direction. We have a great heritage and are fast developing a deep-seated national pride. To us Canada is the dearest name among the nations of the earth. Let us have faith and courage and facing the awful responsibilities of to-day, bequeath to our children a country worthy of their love and bright with glorious promise. To quote the stirring words of Roberts:

"How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame,—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?"

Here, then, I have two distinct propositions presented to my consideration. Both appeal to the instincts of patriotism, and alike inflame the imagination. Both present features well worthy of serious reflection from the standpoint of material interest. How can I or any other Canadian upon whom will be imposed the responsibility of ultimately deciding the question, reach an intelligent and wise decision unless the fullest latitude be given to the discussion of the relative merits of both? And what is the use of discussion at all if there be some occult, mysterious and overshadowing obligation to Great Britain which renders it dishonorable for me and my fellow Canadians to exercise our judgment and make a free choice?

As between Imperial Federation and Independence there are, after all, few rational beings in Canada who will question the right of the Canadian people to fairly discuss and freely decide. A few gushing loyalists may

rave, but the innate common sense of the Canadian people will decide once and for all that the Canadian people are free to choose their own destiny. But there is one step farther to go before we have cleared the ground for a fair discussion of the question.

After my Imperial Federation friend has dazzled me with his pictures of a united empire, and my Canada first friend has influenced me with the glories of an independent national life, yet a third steps forward and claims my attention. What is his message? Let him speak, and give him respectful audience: "Why need we seek alliances with European countries," he says, "when we have the full outlines of a most perfect civilization on our own continent? Why do you seek to impose upon Canadians the burden of maintaining a standing army simply to take a hand in the selfish game of European diplomacy? Beside us on this continent is a nation that within the compass of a little more than a century has outstripped in population, in accumulated wealth and internal resources the greatest of European nations. She stands without a rival in industrial progress. Every citizen is a wage-earner and a producer, while every nation in Europe is supporting hundreds of thousands of men in idleness so far as productive returns are concerned, solely as a national police, and a necessary safeguard against invasion and conquest. In America standing armies are needless, because we are not concerned in the wastes and burdens which afflict the military-ridden nations of modern Europe. Beside us and sharing the continent with us is a nation speaking the same language, sprung from the same race, and animated by the same impulses as ourselves. The United States was once a colony like ourselves and derived its origin from the same cradle. With its enormous pro-

gress it must in time have established an independent nationality in any case. Under normal conditions the communities which now constitute Canada would have been linked with the communities which now form the United States. Unfortunately, incidents occurred more than a century ago which caused them to separate from the mother-land in anger and by force. We in Canada represent, for the most part, the descendants of those who preferred to stand by the empire. But history has decided that the resisting colonists were justified, and time has demonstrated that as descendants of the great Anglo-Saxon race they had the capacity for self-government and the power to achieve the most wonderful national progress the world has ever seen. Time has mellowed the old animosities and completely changed the conditions under which our ancestors separated from theirs. Why should we longer remain apart? Our interests are identical. Why should we form an alliance with less than forty millions of people in a country several thousands of miles away and with national interests distinctly diverse, when we can form an alliance with over sixty millions at our own doors with common national interests? The forty millions in the British Islands have pretty nearly reached their measure of expansion, but the sixty millions of English-speaking people beside us will soon become hundreds of millions and exercise a commanding influence among the nations of the earth. Why should we load ourselves with the burdens of a separate national government when under a federal system, one central executive can govern a whole continent as effectively as half a continent? Do we want a destiny that will fire the imagination? Then let us take John Bright's advice and unite the great English race in North America and bequeath to our children a scope and

a destiny unparalleled in the annals of mankind. In so doing we shall be rendering the greatest service in our power to the great nation to which we now belong and to which we are bound by so many ties of honor and affection. To the great English-speaking communities which have sprung from her loins, Great Britain must look for her allies and supporters in her great civilizing mission in the world. The only cause of friction between Britain and her greatest offspring is Canada. The petty disputes about fisheries, seals, canals, railways and bonding privileges are the sole remaining hindrance to an absolutely friendly alliance. Let us then with Britain's consent seek an equal alliance with our separated brothers, and make our changed allegiance the occasion of a treaty of perpetual friendship and mutual defence between the two great nations of the English race."

This is the third proposition: presented to my consideration by the advocate of a United North America. What he says, be it understood, may be all fallacy, if this be so, it can be demonstrated. It may be that the proposition he propounds is one which it would be dishonorable and unmanly for the Canadian people to accept. If this be so can we not trust the logic of the imperialist and the intelligence of the Canadian people to make this clear? What I am contending for is that all these questions must be discussed and discussed on even terms. The advocate of Political Union with United States has as good a right to present his case to the Canadian people as the imperialist, and the people who desire to reach a right conclusion are bound to hear and weigh everything that can be offered upon the question—the momentous question of Canada's destiny. The supreme point, as I conceive it, is which alternative stands for the best interests of Canada? How can I decide without hearing *all*

sides? Is imperialism the true solution? Then let the advocates of imperialism take the platform and demonstrate their case. Is continentalism wrong and unsound? Then what is the difficulty of so demonstrating to the intelligent thinking people of Canada? If there is anything that will throw doubt and discredit upon a cause, it is the fear to challenge the crucial test of fair, open and manly discussion.

I said at the beginning that my only object in this article was to clear ground, not to give opinions on the merits of the several proposals. Indeed I have no definite opinions to give. In common with most of my fellow citizens I do not conceive that the moment has arrived for making a decision on this vast question, but I recognize that the moment is approaching. There is no need of haste, and yet every reason for thought. Of the four alternatives presented above there is only one upon which I have any settled convictions, and that is in relation to the first. I am clear that the existing condition of things cannot and ought not to last. If British subjects we are to remain, then I say, a thousand times better that we be a co-ordinate part than a mere dependency of the empire. If I am to accept Great Britain's protection then I want to be a man and pay my share of the shot; and if I am to share the fortunes of the British Empire I want to have a say in shaping these fortunes. If there be a career of glory within the compass of the national service I wish that career open to me and to my children.

But in reaching a decision in this overshadowing question, whether my moral instincts be right or wrong, I propose to be guided solely by my conceptions of the best interests of Canada. I put this first and make it supreme. If the interests of Canada are identical with the interests of Great Britain, well; if they come in conflict in

any form, I shall take my stand on the side of Canada. In the years to come, as this question of Canada's destiny becomes from day to day more pressing and immediate, I shall listen respectfully to all who have views to present. I shall not be afraid to seek light from any quarter or any source. I shall listen and give as full weight to whatever is urged by the advocate of political union with the United States as to that which is presented by the Imperialists. I maintain positively and unreservedly that any citizen of Canada, in office, or out of office, has the same right to stand upon the public platform and advocate by fair argument union with the United States, as any other citizen has to advocate Federation with the Empire, or independent national life. There is no official in the Dominion of Canada, from the Prime Minister down, whose oath of office precludes him from standing on any platform in Canada and telling his countrymen, when it becomes his duty to express his views, his conscientious convictions as to the wisest and best course for them to pursue in deciding the destinies of the country.

Because I have put in a plea for fair discussion, I have no doubt I shall be charged, as has often been done before, with being an advocate of political union with the States. This will be entirely without foundation. I never advocated political union, and if I were compelled to make a choice of the alternatives to-day, I would not vote for political union. But I do wish the question intelligently threshed out. Up to this point there has been no fair discussion of this great question in Canada. The advocate of Imperialism has mounted himself on the platform of a lofty abstract loyalty and any one who dared to suggest any destiny for Canada that did not find its centre in Downing Street was a traitor and a scoundrel. So eminent a man as Professor Goldwin Smith,

whose devotion to the empire has borne the test of sixty years of eminent services in the paths of literature, and who to-day would be an honored guest in the homes of the highest public men in England, has ventured to express the opinion that the true interests of the empire and of Canada alike would be promoted by a union of English-speaking people on this continent. For this he has been bespattered with mud by blatant loyalists, who were thinking of nothing but the interests of their party. Mr. John V. Ellis, ex-M.P. for St. John in his newspaper mildly presented a similar view, and a partizan howl was sent up that he had violated the oath which he had taken as a member. Mr. Ellis violated no oath, but, if he did he was in good company, for John

Bright violated the same oath and in the same fashion, under the very eye of Her Majesty, and in the heart of her dominions, and no person said aught.

Let the discussion go on, and let it be fair. Let there be no gag law. Let there be no attempt to dragoon a free people into a detestable hypocrisy and a mean concealment. If there be any men in Canada who believe in political union with the United States let them speak their minds freely. If they are wrong, the Imperialist will have the grateful task of exposing their fallacies. One end and one only should be kept in view on this subject—a full and honest discussion and a sober and wise decision by the Canadian people upon the question of the destiny of the Canadian people.



THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN MANITOBA.

BY TIMOTHY WARREN ANGLIN.

The decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council when announced by the telegraphic despatches published in the newspapers surprised all parties. The surprise was not diminished when the full text of the judgment was published in the newspapers of August 15th.

That the minority in Manitoba have right and justice on their side in this case is scarcely questioned. The right of the parent to direct and control the education of his child is admitted, even where the State makes education compulsory, and that right even the Manitoba Act does not directly assail, as it does not require a parent to send his child to what is called a public school, but only imposes on him what may properly be called a penalty for the exercise of his right to send his child to a private or denominational school. This natural right of the parent some contend "does not want any legislation to protect it." Unfortunately in this Manitoba case the legislation framed expressly for its protection has not proved sufficient for the purpose. To the ordinary comprehension it seems that a law which requires a man to contribute to the support of a school to which he cannot conscientiously send his child does seriously infringe upon and impair that natural right. But such is not the opinion of the judges who in this case composed the Judicial Committee. They say :

In their Lordships' opinion, it would be going much too far to hold that the establishment of a national system of education upon an unsectarian basis is so inconsistent with the right to set up and maintain denominational schools that the two things cannot exist together, or that the existence of the one necessarily implies or involves immunity from taxation for the purpose of the other.

And yet there are many cases in which a parent must find it exceedingly difficult to pay the taxes levied for the support of the public schools and also the amount required to secure for his child the education he desires. It is now generally admitted that it is essentially unjust to compel any one to contribute to the support of a church which his conscience forbids him to attend, and that religious liberty in the full sense of the word does not exist where dissenters are compelled to contribute to the support of an established church, even though those dissenters are permitted to erect and maintain churches of their own and to hold and teach what religious doctrines they please. The right to build and support churches of their own does not, it is admitted, offset or neutralize the injustice of compelling them to support a church whose doctrines they regard as erroneous or mode of government as objectionable. But because Catholics and all other religious denominations in Manitoba are left free by the Act of 1890 to establish their own schools, to support them by school fees or otherwise, and to conduct them according to their own religious tenets, and because no child is compelled to attend a public school, no right or privilege of any of these denominations, say the Judicial Committee, is violated or prejudicially affected by that Act. And they use a sort of argument which may be quite as properly used in reply to dissenters when they complain of being forced to contribute to the support of an established church, and which in fact has frequently been so used. They say :

It is not the law that is in fault ; it is owing to religious convictions, which

everybody must respect, and to the teaching of their church, that Roman Catholics and the members of the church of England find themselves unable to partake of advantages which the law offers to all alike.

That they used this burlesque style of argument, which it is a shame to find in what should have been the solemn judgment of this high tribunal, seems to prove that they thought it necessary to make some show of arguing that the Act whose validity they maintained does not violate the natural right which admittedly should be held sacred.

The minority in Manitoba plead that besides the natural right they have also what they not unreasonably call a Treaty right to denominational schools. This right does not rest upon such a basis that it could be maintained in the courts of law; but in *foro conscientie* much weight must be given to it by all who desire to consider this question fairly. When the Canadian Government under the Imperial Act, 31st and 32nd Vic., and the Canadian Act, 32nd and 33rd Vic., cap. 3, proceeded to establish a government in the North-west, the opinions and wishes of the people then resident in those territories were completely ignored and their rights were utterly disregarded. The people, alarmed at these proceedings, would not permit the Lieutenant-Governor and Council appointed by the Canadian Government to enter the country and, the authority of the Hudson Bay Company as a governing power having ceased, they formed a Provisional Government. They were not unwilling to become part of Canada, but they insisted that in the Union their rights, civil and political, must be respected. At a meeting held at Fort Garry, a list of claims, then called a Bill of Rights, was adopted and three delegates, one of whom was a Protestant, were appointed to proceed to Ottawa and there present those claims to the Canadian Government and

insist upon their acceptance. Those claims, which were for the greater part perfectly reasonable, were accepted, and they were incorporated in the Bill passed in the Session of 1870 which made Manitoba a Province and gave it a constitution. The 22nd section was framed with much care to carry out that part of the agreement made with the delegates which related to education. During the debate on this section it was suggested that the wording be so changed as to leave no room for any question in the future as to its precise meaning, but Sir George Cartier, who was known to have the confidence of the people of the North-west, contended that the language was plain and unmistakable, and in this he was supported by nearly all the members on both sides of the House. The words of this section and of its first sub-section are almost precisely the same as those of section 93 of the B. N. A. Act, and its first sub-section which for some reason not easily understood it was thought desirable to follow. The insertion of the words "or practice" after the words "by law" in the sub-section it was generally agreed would place the denominational schools of Manitoba in the same position before the law as was held by the denominational schools of Ontario and Quebec.

That it was the intention of Parliament to establish the denominational system of schools in Manitoba with constitutional guarantee is beyond doubt. This is proved by what is known of the agreement made by the Canadian Government with the delegates from the North-west, by what was said in Parliament by Sir George E. Cartier and all others who spoke when the Manitoba Act was under consideration, by the opposition offered to the 22nd section by those who were opposed to the denominational system, and especially by the words of those sub-sections which are wholly void of sense and meaning if they do not

provide for the continuance or establishment of that system. That in the opinion of the Judicial Committee the section fails to do what Parliament intended and strove to do can not be said to be the fault of the North-west delegates, and the moral obligation to do all that can be done to give effect to the agreement made by the Canadian Government and thus solemnly ratified, rests upon the Canadian Parliament whose the blunder and the failure were. It would be dishonourable in the highest degree were a majority in Parliament now to declare, as some newspapers contend, that the people of the North-west were rebels when the agreement was made with their delegates, and that faith should not be kept with rebels. The Government and Parliament of Canada had, in 1869, the same means of judging of the attitude and conduct of the people of the North-west that those newspaper writers have to-day. They deliberately entered into that agreement with the delegates of those people then and deliberately passed the Act of Parliament framed to give full effect to that agreement. Every one who sincerely desires to see Canada respected and honoured will say that the faith so pledged should be held inviolate.

Except as to the provisions with regard to education, the Act which gave a constitution to Manitoba, treats of the powers of the Legislature of the Province in the most general way. The 2nd section enacts that the provisions of the B.N.A. Act, 1867, shall "except those parts thereof which are in terms made or by reasonable intendment may be held to be specially applicable to, or only to affect one or more but not the whole of the Provinces now comprising the Dominion, and except so far as the same may be varied by this Act,—be applicable to the Province of Manitoba in the same way and to the same extent as they apply to the several

Provinces of Canada, and as if the Province of Manitoba had been one of the Provinces originally united by the said Act." This would have been quite sufficient to make the 93rd section of the B.N.A. Act, which relates to education, operative in Manitoba as far as circumstances permitted. No special provision authorizing the provincial Legislature to make laws relating to education would have been required if Parliament had not sought to give effect to the agreement with the delegates by making provision for the establishment or continuance of the denominational school system. It may be well to quote at length the section by which Parliament thought that this provision was made.

"22. In and for the Province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions:—

(1) Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the Province at the Union: :

(2) An appeal shall be to the Governor-General in Council from any Act or decision of the Legislature of the Province, or of any Provincial authority affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.

(3) In case any such Provincial law as from time to time seems to the Governor-General in Council requisite for the due execution of the provisions of this section is not made: or in case any decision of the Governor-General in Council on any appeal under this section is not duly executed by the proper Provincial authority in that behalf, then, and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case require, the Parliament of Canada may make remedial laws for the due execution of the provisions

of this section and of any decision of the Governor-General in Council under this section."

If the words "or practice" in the first sub-section had the effect which nearly all parties in Parliament at the time the Manitoba Act passed thought they must have, this section would have fully carried out the agreement made with the Manitoba delegates. The Supreme Court of Canada unanimously decided that such was their effect, and that therefore the last Manitoba School Act was invalid. The Judicial Committee reversed this decision, declaring in effect that these words have no value whatever. The section and the first sub-section are almost precisely the same as the 93rd section and first sub-section of the B.N.A. Act, except that the words "or practice" are inserted, and the Judges of the Judicial Committee say:—These words were no doubt introduced to meet the special case of a country which had not as yet enjoyed the security of laws properly so called. It is not, perhaps, very easy to define precisely the meaning of such an expression as "having a right or privilege by practice." But the object of the enactment is tolerably clear. Evidently the word "practice" is not to be construed as equivalent to "custom having the force of law."

This is positively astounding, and upon this their judgment rests. The words "or practice" were undoubtedly inserted in order to place the denominational schools existing in the Province at the time of Union, in precisely the position in which they would have been if they had been established by law. Unless the words have that meaning they are absolutely meaningless and without force. The Judges try indeed to give them a value different from this, but the value they pretend to give is inappreciable.

They admit that it must have been the intention of Parliament "to preserve every legal right and every privi-

lege or every benefit in the nature of a right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons practically enjoyed at the time of the Union," and they say that if the right of Catholics and of the members of other denominations "to establish schools at their own expense, maintain them by school fees or voluntary contributions, and conduct them according to their own religious tenets, had been defined or recognized by positive enactment it might have had attached to it as a necessary or appropriate incident, the right of exemption from any contribution under any circumstances to schools of a different denomination." To the ordinary reader it appears that it was the manifest intention of the Canadian Parliament to preserve as well the rights which existed without a special legal enactment to establish or define them, as the rights described in this judgment as "legal;" that it was for this purpose the words "or practice" were inserted after the words "by law" in that sub-section, and that if any value, force or effect were given to these words, the right of exemption from payment by members of one denomination to any schools other than those maintained by such denomination would be secure.

The judges quote the statement of Archbishop Tache as to the character of the schools existing when the Act relating to Manitoba was passed. He said, "There existed, in the territory now constituting the province of Manitoba a number of effective schools for children. These schools were denominational schools, some of them being regulated and controlled by the Roman Catholic church, and others by various Protestant denominations. The means necessary for the support of Roman Catholic schools were supplied, to some extent, by school fees, paid by some of the parents of the children who attended the schools, and the rest were paid out of the funds

of the church contributed by its members. During the period referred to Roman Catholics had no interest in or control over the schools of the Protestant denominations, and the members of the Protestant denominations had no interest in or control over the schools of the Roman Catholics. There were no public schools in the sense of State schools. The members of the Roman Catholic church supported the schools of their own church for the benefit of the Roman Catholic children, and were not under obligation to, and did not contribute to the support of any other schools."

All this, say their Lordships, Catholics and the members of every other religious body are still free to do notwithstanding the Manitoba Public Schools Act of 1890, and no child is compelled to attend a public school. And they ask, "What right or privilege is violated or prejudicially affected by the law," which leaves the denominations as free in these respects as they were at the Union? They themselves describe the right of which the denominations are deprived as "the right of exemption from any contribution under any circumstances," to schools other than those to which they send their children. Of this most important, most valuable right, Catholics and the members of the church of England who also prefer denominational schools are now most unjustly deprived.

It is difficult to understand why no effect is given in this case to the third sub-section of the 93rd section of the British North America Act which seems to have a very important bearing on it. The Act creating the Province of Manitoba was passed under authority of the 146th section of the B. N. A. Act which provides that.

"It shall be lawful for the Queen . . . on address from the Parliament of Canada to admit Rupert's Land and the North-west Territory or either of them into the Union on such

terms and conditions in each case as are in the addresses expressed, and as the Queen thinks fit to approve *subject to the conditions of this Act.*"—and under the authority of the Imperial Act, 32 and 33 Vic., cap. cv. which after providing for the surrender of Rupert's Land and the North-west Territories to the Queen and the transfer to the Dominion provides that from the date of such transfer, "It shall be lawful for the Parliament of Canada to make or ordain and establish within the Land and the Territory so admitted, all such Laws, institutions and ordinances and constitute such courts and offices as may be necessary for the peace, order and good government of Her Majesty's subjects and others therein."

This does not seem to repeal, by implication or otherwise, that section of the B. N. A. Act of 1867 which provided for the admission of the Northwest "into the Union;" nor could that part of the B. N. A. Act which relates to education have been deprived of its force so far as Manitoba is concerned by the 22nd section of the Canadian Act, 33 Vic., cap. 3 (The Manitoba Act) although that an Imperial Act passed in 1871 (34 and 35 Vic., cap. 28) provided that this Canadian Act "shall be and be deemed to have been valid and effectual for all purposes whatsoever," from the date at which it received the assent of the Governor-General. This B. N. A. Act of 1871 does expressly give the Parliament of Canada power to establish provinces in the new territories, but it did not affect the state of things then existing in Manitoba, further than by making the Canadian Act of 1870 valid in all respects.

The third sub-section of section 93 of the B. N. A. Act of 1867 is as follows:

"Where in any Province a system of separate or dissentient schools exists by law at the Union, or is thereafter established by the Legislature of the

Province an appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any Act or decision of any provincial authority affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education."

If the effect of the 22nd section of the Canadian Act of 1870 was to repeal this sub-section of the B. N. A. Act, as far as Manitoba was concerned, then that which was meant to do good by securing the rights of the minorities has done great mischief. Under the operation of this sub-section the rights of the minorities in Manitoba would have been safe, as the denominational system was fully established by the laws of the Provincial Legislature. The judges give the history of this legislation in brief:

Manitoba having been constituted a Province of the Dominion in 1870, the Provincial Legislature lost no time in dealing with the question of education. In 1871 a law was passed which established a system of denominational education in the common schools, as they were then called. A board of education was formed, which was to be divided into two sections, Protestant and Roman Catholic. Each section was to have under its control and management the discipline of the schools of the section. Under the Manitoba Act the Province had been divided into twenty-four electoral divisions, for the purpose of electing members to serve in the Legislative Assembly. By the Act of 1871 each electoral division was constituted a school district, in the first instance. Twelve electoral divisions, "comprising mainly a Protestant population," were to be considered Protestant school districts; twelve, "comprising mainly a Roman Catholic population," were to be considered Roman Catholic school districts. Without the special sanction of the section there was not to be more than one school in any school district. The male inhabitants of each school district, assembled at an annual meeting, were to decide in what manner they should raise their contributions towards the support of the school, in addition to what was derived from public funds. It is, perhaps, not out of place to observe that one of the modes prescribed was "assessment on the property of the school district, which must have involved, in some cases at any rate, an assessment on Roman Catholics for the support of a Protestant school, and an

assessment on Protestants for the support of a Roman Catholic school. In the event of an assessment there was no provision for exception, except in the case of a father or guardian of a school child, a Protestant in a Roman Catholic School district or a Roman Catholic in a Protestant school district—who might escape by sending the child to the school of the nearest district of the other section and contributing to it an amount equal to what he would have paid if he had belonged to that district. The laws relating to education were modified from time to time, but the system of denominational education was maintained in full vigor until 1890. An Act passed in 1891, following an Act of 1875, provided among other things that the establishment of a school district of one denomination should not prevent the establishment of a school district of the other denomination in the same place, and that a Protestant and a Roman Catholic district might include the same territory in whole or in part. From the year 1876 until 1890 enactments were in force declaring that in no case should a Protestant ratepayer be obliged to pay for a Roman Catholic school or a Roman Catholic ratepayer for a Protestant school.

The Judges attach much importance to the fact that the schools to be established under the Act of 1890 will be as they say, strictly non-sectarian. Catholics would not be satisfied with schools in which no religious doctrine was taught and nothing positively offensive could be found in the class books or in the exercises or in the language or demeanor of the teacher. But the schools now to be established by law in Manitoba will be Protestant schools. They will not be less so in the eyes of Catholics because the books to be used will be selected or compiled, and the prayers to be said in the daily religious exercises will be selected or composed by a Minister of Education and an Advisory Board.

But whatever may be thought of the decision of the Judicial Committee, even though it be regarded as illogical, prejudiced, partizan and unjust, dictated by motives of policy, as the plea in behalf of public schools may indicate, instead of by a strict regard for the legal significance of words, it, so far as it goes, determines conclusively what the law is, or as some may say,

makes the law very different from what the Parliament of Canada intended it should be. Can the Government and Parliament, do anything now to protect the minority from the disastrous effects of the blunders committed in framing the Act of 1870? If, as the judges decide, no right has been taken from the minority in Manitoba by the Act which inflicts upon them a wrong so grievous: if this Act does not prejudicially affect any right or privilege which those who are now the minority enjoyed at the time of the Union, it does seem at first view that there can be no grounds for appeal or for any action on the part of the Governor-in-Council, unless, indeed, the 3rd sub-section of the 93rd section of the Confederation Act be held to have effect in this case also. The report of Sir John Thompson, who is reputed an able constitutional lawyer, on the petitions asking for a "remedy to the pernicious legislation," is generally regarded as stating that if the Judicial Committee held the School Act to be valid a remedial measure could be passed by the Canadian Parliament at the instance of the Governor-in-Council. Certainly there is a very wide spread opinion, if opinion it may be called, that the Canadian Parliament can pass such a measure. It is to be hoped that this opinion will prove well founded, and that such a measure will be passed to save Canada from disgrace in the eyes of the civilized world. The impression that Canada is a country in which sectarian rancour is ever burning fiercely, in which the majority are ever seeking to oppress and humiliate the minority, in which this hideous passion constantly seeks gratification in offensive demonstrations and violent words, in the destruction of property, in street riots and bloodshed, has been of incalculable injury to this country in the past by turning away from it the vast majority of those immigrants,

Protestant and Catholic, English, Scotch, Irish and German, who in seeking new homes prefer those in which they may enjoy peace and quietness, and freedom from the never-ceasing strife which has done much to swell the exodus whose deplorable results our census returns exhibit. The passage of such a measure as this School Act, even in a small, remote Province, does much to renew and strengthen the belief which has already done such injury. So does this decision of the Judicial Committee. If Parliament passed a "remedial measure" such as is talked of, it would do much to counteract the mischief that bigotry and fanaticism have wrought.

Some of those who demand justice for the minority contend that the Parliament of Canada which passed the Manitoba Act must have the right to amend it. This is at least doubtful.

The manner in which many of the newspapers which approve of the Manitoba School Act speak of it and of the remedial measure which they fear will be passed, must do the country enormous injury in any country outside Canada in which those papers are read. In Canada their ravings would be treated by all reasonable, intelligent persons with the contempt they deserve did not experience teach that even such rant and fustian have power to excite to frenzy a large portion of our people. Some declare that this decision is a triumph to Manitoba and makes that Province truly free, forgetting perhaps that such restrictions on the power of legislation in relation to education were imposed upon the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec by the B. N. A. Act of 1867, and for the very purpose of securing the freedom of the minorities in these Provinces. Some say that Manitoba will now have a truly national system of education. The system which this Act sets aside was national as it provided for the

education of all the children of the Province. The new system will exclude a large proportion of the children from the Provincial schools and except in the matter of taxation, which being general is unjust and oppressive, it will prove to be the mutilated, imperfect system of a faction. Some of the papers assert that a remedial measure would be a violation of, an infringement of, a trampling upon the constitutional rights of Manitoba, and they hysterically cry, "hands off," and make dire threats of dreadful consequences sure to follow if such a measure be passed. They do not seem to know that the Canadian Parliament can not do anything unconstitutional. That were it to pass an Act which exceeded its powers such Act would be null and void; or that if it legislate within its powers in this case Manitoba could do nothing to prevent the operation and effect of such legislation, and therefore that all the wild and violent language in which they indulge is, at best, mere vapour, except in so far as it may excite and inflame those to whom such language is really addressed. Others there are, who fearing that injury may be done to the country or to some one of the political parties, advise the Catholics of Manitoba and all who sympathise with them to accept this decision as a final settlement of the Manitoba school question, to submit tamely to what those papers say is inevitable, and not to seek from Parliament redress which neither could nor would be given, but to look to Mr. Greenway

and his colleagues for lenient treatment and such partial relief as they perhaps would grant if the minority by their humble submission to the will of the majority proved themselves deserving of such consideration. The Catholics of Manitoba do not seem disposed to accept such advice. They feel that they have been most grievously wronged, and they will not submit in silence to this gross injustice while they have hope of obtaining redress. There is no reason to apprehend that they will resort to violence in word or deeds, or that if they must agitate in order to obtain justice they will depart from the peaceable, legal and constitutional method they have hitherto followed. But there is reason to believe that they will agitate, that they will appeal to the sympathies and to the sense of justice of all lovers of right and religious liberty in all the Provinces. While injustice is done to them they will complain of it aloud, and will seek redress wherever redress may be obtained. And although they may but passively resist payment of the obnoxious school taxes, they will, wherever it is at all possible, continue to support their denominational schools and so save their children from influences which they regard as calculated to blight the faith and destroy the souls of those whose welfare is their chief concern. It will be well for other denominations, it will be of incalculable service to the interests of all the people of Canada, moral and national, if they succeed in their struggle for justice.





E. PAULINE JOHNSON.
THE INDIAN POETESS.

THE INDIAN POETESS: A STUDY.

BY HECTOR W. CHARLESWORTH.

The steady progress by which Miss E. Pauline Johnson has risen to the prominent position she now occupies in the literature of this continent, and more particularly in our northern part of it, has made her fame more secure than if her appearance in the literary horizon had been more meteor-like and her writings been as much a source of wonder as of admiration. It is safe to say that in Canada, at least, there are few people who claim in any way to take an intelligent interest in current letters, who have not read and admired her work. Her recitals have created a literary appetite and appreciation in many quarters where it hitherto was not; and a study of her genius is at this time peculiarly appropriate.

Miss Johnson has been a writer of slow development. At an age when most poets have sifted the sands of life and begun to suspect that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, she had not published a line. She is now at the beginning of the very prime of her life. So far her poetic genius has grown in richness; her powers of expression have increased from year to year, and at present it would be futile to hazard what the future has in store for her. A consideration of what she has already given us excites the utmost admiration and delight; her published poems number about half a hundred, and about forty of these, it is to be hoped, we will in the near future see perpetuated in book form.

Emily Pauline Johnson lived the early part of her life among the beautiful landscapes of the Grand River region and there imbibed much of the freedom and beauty which she has since imparted to her poetry. Born in the County of Brant, on the reserve

of her Iroquois ancestors, as a little child many of her amusements were such as they might have been had she been born centuries before, instead of in the latter part of the *blasé* nineteenth century. A few words about her Mohawk descent and the bearing it may have had on her career may be interesting. As is generally known she is the daughter of the late Chief G. H. M. Johnson, of Brantford. He was a polished gentleman of great linguistic acquirements—he could speak seven languages with ease—and was noted in his English speeches for his wonderful eloquence and beauty of expression. Writing in *The Magazine of American History* after his death, Horatio Hale said: “The career of this eminent Mohawk chief who did more, perhaps, than any individual of our time for the elevation and advancement of his kindred of the red race deserves a more permanent record than that of a newspaper obituary.” Her grandfather, who died in 1886 at the age of ninety-four, a veteran of the war of 1812, was for forty years Speaker of the Six Nations council. He was noted for his exquisitely flowery and musical language, insomuch that he was known as “The Mohawk Warbler.” Still more interesting is the account of her father’s mother. To quote again the great Indianologist, Horatio Hale: “The Iroquois women have always been noted for their high spirit and turn for public affairs;” and this grandmother of Miss Johnson held in the federation of the Six Nations the position of “matron” of the Teyonhehkon—a title which may be termed a peerage, having been handed down from one of the associates of Hiawatha in the fifteenth century, he having borne this title in the first

great council of the fifty chiefs of the Five Nations, formed by the hero whose deeds have been sung by Longfellow. This title Chief G. H. M. Johnson succeeded to, but his seat in the council was opposed on account of his holding a position—that of interpreter—under the Dominion Government. The matron, hearing of the contemplated action of some of the chiefs, presented herself before the next meeting of the council, and using her privilege as a peeress, spoke at length and forcibly to the assembled chiefs with the result that her son was allowed to retain his seat.

The great mental gifts of the Iroquois as a people have been the source of admiration to many great ethnologists and Indianologists, including Prof. Whitney, Prof. Max Müller and Horatio Hale, who has been already quoted. The Iroquois solved the problem of responsible government centuries before most modern civilized nations; but it is with the poetic nature of Indians that we are at present occupied. Even those having but a little sympathetic knowledge of the race know that each and every red man is innately a poet. Indians speak even the commonest communications in metaphor and allegory: their language is quite untainted by slang, profanity or bad grammar; their wood and water lore is delicate, picturesque and warmly colored. Their songs are poems, their prayers poems; in both cases a sort of blank verse chant, but with decided meter and form. It will thus be easily imagined that Miss Johnson's poetry is but the fulfilment and expression of a latent national poetry which has hitherto lacked the nourishing hand of civilization for its development.

The reader who has had the opportunity of the writer, to read and compare a large number of Miss Johnson's poems, cannot fail to be struck by the wonderful range and quality of her poetic voice. Beauty and music she has,

too, but the clear, strong, personal note which must ever be the great quality of the lyric poet is grandly developed in her.

Perhaps it first rang out with all its fulness and strength in "A Cry from an Indian Wife," published in 1885, and in relation to the Indians engaged in the North-west rebellion. Grief, tenderness, scorn and bitterness are faultlessly expressed in the fifty or more lines which it contains. Conceived with all art and dignity, the intensity of the mighty sob which throbs through the poem stirs the very fibres of those who read it—or, better still, hear Miss Johnson recite it.

About the "Cry from an Indian Wife," however, there is nothing to distinctly prove the nationality of the authoress. The burning enthusiasm in it *might* be as much the result of a strong sense of justice as of blood-sympathy; and so also in several other poems on Indian subjects, even in the case of "The Re-interment of Red Jacket," read before the Buffalo Historical Society, and in which she says:

"And few to-day remain;
But copper-tinted face and smouldering fire
Of wilder life, were left me by my sire
To be my proudest claim."

The strong qualities of these poems *might*, by one who wished to dispute the Indian character of Miss Johnson's genius, be attributed to an objective recognition and appreciation of the noble and poetic qualities of the Indian. But the poem "As Redmen Die," which was published about two years ago and aroused enthusiasm in many quarters, proved conclusively that Miss Johnson's genius was wholly Indian.

In these days, "As Redmen Die" could have been written by no one but an Indian. Entirely impersonal, there is yet more of the authoress' personality reflected in it than in any poem she has written. The mere abstract quality of virility which is usually attributed to it has been shared

with scores of poets and poetesses. But the Homeric savagery of the poem is wholly original and quite unapproached by other modern writers. The strange cry of exultation which rings through all the cruel story could not come from the pen of a poet of white blood. When the white writer of to-day tries to be savage there is ever a strange note of affectation in his attempts, no matter how great his qualities of description may be. The incident which the poem narrates is a true one; the walk upon the coals was a punishment meted out to a great-uncle of Miss Johnson during an Indian war. The poem contains nearly sixty ten-syllable lines and was written in less than forty minutes: a fact which to the reader who has ever written verse may seem incredible, but it is true nevertheless. And it might also be added that but one word in the whole poem was afterwards altered: that the verses do not contain a single clumsy or crude expression is known to most Canadian readers.

There is uncivilized, primitive poetry about "As Redmen Die" that can only elsewhere be found in the Bible, in the Homeric poems, or in the folk-lore ballads of pristine times. It has been customary to refer to such productions as "the lusty product of the youth of mankind; the song and story that come when life is unjaded, faith unsophisticated, and human nature still in voice with universal Pan." These qualities are, in a certain degree, reflected in all Miss Johnson's poems, and especially in her Indian ones; they are regulated by the circumstances that the impulse of expression comes to a race which, instead of being in its youth, is dying out; that our civilization brings a power of expression that is almost wholly subjective, and that Miss Johnson is a woman. Instead of an epic spirit or a lasty faculty of song she has tenderness and delicacy; but she has also a fresh unjaded and primitive freedom—a joyous feel-

ing for nature—and all its wealth and richness of color are reflected in her poetry.

In one of her finest poems, "Shadow River," which possesses a wonderful lyric quality, with grace and delicacy of description, are two stanzas in which she strikes a modern note and says:

"Mine is the undertone;
The beauty, strength and power of the
land
Will never stir or bend at my command;
But all the shade
Is marred or made
If I but dip my paddle blade,
And it is mine alone.

"O! pathless world of seeming!
O! pathless life of mine whose deep ideal
Is more my own than ever was the real:
For others Fame
And love's red flame,
And yellow gold—I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming."

This poem is a wonderful contrast to many of Miss Johnson's other poems, but it illustrates the range of her song. Her muse is not at all a dreamy one in the general sense, but the mood is one that comes to all poets, to everybody, one might almost say. In such a mood Shakespeare wrote:

"We are such stuff as dreams are
made of,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

But though this dreaminess has given the world some of its most beautiful poetry, the poets who have claimed "the dreaming" have ever been those whose muse has been the most active; and these restful verses just quoted are indirect proof of the real fire of their author's genius.

As the singer of the joys of canoeing, the sport which was given to the white man by her own red race, Miss Johnson has won the affections of a large portion of young Canada. Her muse and personality peculiarly fit her for such a task, and her canoe songs breathe the freedom and unspoken joy of generations who have loved

"The boat's unsteady tremor as it braves
The wild and snarling waves."

The sport of canoeing seems an ideal one for such a singer and such a personality as hers. Its alternate sensations of storm and calm; its action and stir which bring song and joy; its quietude which opens the way to reflection and regret, the peaceful sadness that is really happiness, and the dreaminess which has been already spoken of—these are all reflected in her canoe songs.

These songs and many other poems in which she sings of the loveliness of nature have all a primitive touch, a simplicity that is refreshing. Canadian poets have a reputation for producing delightful nature-poetry, but no other Canadian has her fresh, strong, yet delicate touch—her Indian-touch, in truth. Miss Johnson's emotions do not become complicated and vague when she beholds a beautiful scene. It is an all-too-frequent habit of most poets to reproach nature because she is beautiful; they sigh and philosophize and forge beautiful phrases, but they have no freedom: to use a painter's term—there is no air in their landscapes. In Miss Johnson's nature poetry we find strength and simplicity and unsurpassed richness of color, unburdened by wordiness and an exotic surfeit of artistic phrase. She blends description with those strong, heart-burning emotions known to all.

The great emotion of human love has been the theme of some of her strongest out-door poems. And where in the whole array of the world's literature shall we find refined passion expressed with more perfection and grace. Fugitive instances of faulty technique may be met with occasionally, but the human force and candor of these love-songs, taken with their artistic beauty, recall that other primitive singer in whose veins civilization was also young, Sappho. Again, we meet with a pure joy in the beauty of the human form, a noble admiration for that wonderful combination of strength and soul which makes a beau-

tiful man, an admiration which is now unconventional. "Passionate poetesses" have of late years become a popular jest, but there is nothing that is undignified or deserves the term of erotic about Miss Johnson's love songs. Other love poems of hers breathe sadness and longing and regret. The poem "Re-voyage," published in the *New York Independent*, is one of the most beautiful of these and is widely known. Richer still in color but without its wonderful harmony and charm perhaps, is "At Sunset," which has also met with very wide appreciation, and is here reprinted because it illustrates so many of the great qualities of Miss Johnson's songs:—

AT SUNSET.

To-night the west o'er brims with warmest
dyes;

Its chalice overflows
With pools of purple coloring the skies,
A flood with gold and rose,
And some hot soul seems throbbing close
to mine,
As sinks the sun within that world of wine.

I seem to hear a bar of music float,
And swoon into the west,
My ear can scarcely catch the whispered
note,
But something in my breast
Blends with that strain, till both accord in
one,
As cloud and color blend at set of sun.

And twilight comes with grey and restful
eyes,
As ashes follow flame;
But oh! I heard a voice from those rich
skies
Call tenderly my name;
It was as if some priestly fingers stole
In benedictions o'er my lonely soul.

I know not why, but all my being longed
And leapt at that sweet call;
My heart reached out its arms, all passion-
throughed
And beat against Fate's walls,
Crying in utter homesickness to be
Near to a heart that loves and leans on me.

No other poem that she has written has more richness or color, but her tones are very carefully used. The temptation to be over-lavish of de-

scription, which is especially strong in writing of a sunset, has not been yielded to. The similes are refined and beautiful, and withal there is the sad, loving cry, the personal note that gives tenderness and charm to a lyric. In the last stanza may be seen a daring but artistic use of metaphor; such a phrase as "My heart reached out its arms" may be taken as distinctly Indian. The red orator fairly revels in metaphor: there is metaphor in by far the greater number of the Indian names, and in Miss Johnson's poetry instances of it are abundant and generally show great strength in their application. A few quotations in which the descriptions are particularly apt and beautiful are interesting. The following lines from a little sketch "Joe," are, in their quality of apt, condensed description, and what, for want of a better phrase, might be called air and movement, nothing short of perfection:

"A few wild locks of vagabond brown hair
Escape the old straw hat the sun looks
thro'
And blinks to meet his Irish eyes of blue."

A charming Indian poem "The Happy Hunting Grounds," which has, I believe, been highly praised by Sir Edwin Arnold, furnishes such a delightful bit of song as the following:

"Whispers freighted with odor swinging
into the air,
Russet needles as censors swing to an
altar, where
The angels' songs are less divine
Than duo sung 'twixt breeze and pine."

In a poem entitled "Depths," and composed on a beautiful little lake near the city of Brantford, Miss Johnson has given some of her best touches. Here are a few couplets from it:

And down, far down, within the sable deep
A white star soul awakens from its sleep.

O! little lake with night-fall interlink't
Your darkling shores, your margin in-
distinct,

More in your depths' uncertainty there lies
Than when you image all the sunset dyes.

Like to a poet's soul, you seem to be
A depth no hand can touch, no eye can see.

And melancholy's dusky clouds drift thro'
The singer's songs, as twilight drifts o'er
you.

Her several Muskoka poems contain some of her best artistic work. "Shadow River" has already been quoted. In another of them, "Bass Lake," the following stanza which has reference to the singing of the pines that enclose the lake is delicious:

"Their chanting floats and falls
Soft as the murmurs purling in a shell
That sings of far off seas—whose cup en-
thralls
The voice of many deeps where waters
swell
To everlasting song, and evermore
An echo pearl-enclosed repeats it o'er."

This same poem, "Bass Lake," is full of virile thought, and in the following lines the poetess speaks with an Indian impatience of the white man's stiff conventions:

"Among these wilds treads not
The foot of fashion: all the littleness
Of social living dies away forgot,
And scorned by him who seeks this
wilderness
For majesty that lies so far beyond
The pale of culture, and its trivial bond.

This noble couplet from the same poem is peculiarly characteristic:

The littleness of language seems the flower.
The firs are silence, grandeur, soul and
power.

"The Camper" is also a most effective bit of description, and all Miss Johnson's out-door poems show a large grasp and appreciation for the dignity as well as the loveliness of nature. Quotations are apt to produce a petty effect and the writer assumes that the individual taste of the reader has singled out from time to time some gems for its own delight, and which are perhaps superior to anything that has been quoted. It has been possible only to give a few instances to illustrate the points the writer has taken:

some of the greatest poems of Miss Johnson have even been left unmentioned.

One more quality which has been merely alluded to so far, is the powerful imaginative faculty that so influences her work and personality. It is the faculty which the great actor has in common with the poet, and to it may be attributed, no doubt, the dramatic ability which Miss Johnson possesses in no mean degree. The speed at which "As Redmen Die" was written has been mentioned, and is evidence of the strength with which an imagined situation takes hold of her mind: this ideal intensity is exemplified in all her longer poems, and a little poem named with a quotation from Charles G. D. Roberts, "Through Time and Better Distance" is a remarkable instance of it. It is here quoted in full, and it may be added that Miss Johnson considers the last four short stanzas the most perfect artistically that she has ever written:

..Unknown to you I walk the cheerless
shore:

The cutting blast, the hurl of biting brine
May freeze and still and bind the waves
at war.

Ere you will ever know, O! heart of mine,
That I have sought reflected in the blue

Of those sea depths some shadow of
your eyes:

Have hoped the laughing winds would
sing of you;

But this is all my starving sight des-
cries:

Far out at sea a sail
Bends to the fresh'ning breeze,
Yields to the rising gale
That sweeps the seas,

Yields as a bird wind-toss't
To saltish waves that fling
Their spray, whose rime and frost
Like crystals cling

To canvas, mast and spar
Till, gleaming like a gem,
She dips beyond the far
Horizon's hem.

Lost to my longing sight.
And nothing left for me,
Save a fast coming night,
An empty sea.

It may be that in objection to my ascription of many of Miss Johnson's characteristics to her Indian blood, some may suggest that her poetic power is due rather to inheritance from white ancestors, for is not Miss Johnson a third cousin of W. D. Howells, and is she not, through her mother, related to the Howells family who are all writers? To this I reply that there are no poets in the Howells family, unless, indeed, the efforts of the great novelist—flippantly but aptly described as "tappings on the back door of his soul"—may be classed as song. What Miss Johnson does owe to her white blood is finality in the creation of her songs, and the heritage of a habit of expression. The rich and burning poetry of her Indian ancestry grafted on this unimaginative and mechanical habit of expression has brought forth the poetry as we find it; but her genius remains wholly Indian.

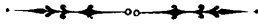
Any nation is slow to realize the greatness of one of its people but there are not a few among us who feel in her poetry, in her quality of spontaneous song, the germ of immortality. There is no living poetess who has her united strength and sweetness, no woman writer whose poetry is so completely the "outcome of real and intense internal feeling craving expression, and careless of everything but its own instinctive adherence to truth of matter and beauty of form—in a word, inspired"—to quote from a writer in the last number of this magazine. And to one who has been enabled to examine all Miss Johnson's poetry it does not seem a very bold assertion to make that not only is she the greatest living poetess but, were the few of the greatest women-poets of all times to be counted on the fingers of one hand, her name must be included in the number.

The consideration of sex is not a wholly desirable one to bring into literature, however, and judging Miss

Johnson's poetry as a contribution to general literature only, who of all poets that this continent has produced can we honor so thoroughly as the *American* singer? Setting Whitman aside, as one who fought for expression but only half won it, who sings with a note so sure as hers the freedom, the grandeur, the wealth of this great continent of America? What singer has her feeling for and intense expression of the cadences of the falling water, the strong, heart-lightening breath of the woods, the exultant grandeur of our legions of pines, our broad free sun-

light, our wide cold fields of snow, and the richness of our harvest time?

And it surely is not meaningless that the singer who stands pre-eminent for expression of what is beautiful and ennobling in the scenes of our great continent should be an Indian; should come of that noble race which for centuries waxed strong and joyful in the primeval forest, but with all its primitive understanding and sympathy with the great Nature-spirit has failed to survive contact with that paler race, which loves better the world-spirit, and has for its heritage the instinct to trade and possess!



THAT EVE UPON THE LAKE.

BY NORA LAUGHER.

Dost thou remember
That eve upon the Lake,
One sweet September?

Across the bay, in dreamland seemed to float
Twin souls within a tiny, swaying boat.
The gloaming deepened, and two stars shone bright
In glassy depths—two rippling paths of light;
And thou did'st ask, as their reflection fell
Athwart our buoyant barque, "Come, dearest, tell
Which pathway wilt thou take?"

Dost thou remember,
One sweet September,
That eve upon the Lake?

Dost thou remember
That eve upon the Lake?
Love's golden ember

All barriers burned away in passion's glow
And tongue found voice, with wavelets' ebb and flow.
The pure, pale moon rose calmly in the sky
To gaze upon us, like an angel-eye;
While thou did'st ask, amid that dream of bliss,
And I replied to thee and thy fond kiss
"The pathway thou dost take!"

Dost thou remember,
One sweet September,
That eve upon the Lake?

Toronto.

A HABITAN HERCULES.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

I had a good deal of difficulty in locating this hero. A passing reference to his wonderful feats put me upon his track some years ago, but it was only the other day that I succeeded in running him to earth in a modest little brochure entitled "*Histoire de Montferrand — L'Athlete Canadien*," wherein Monsieur Benjamin Sulte, well known in Canada for his valuable historical essays, has with characteristic diligence and accuracy gathered together all that was authentic concerning his inspiring subject.

At the opening of the present century there lived in Montreal a couple named Montferrand who were not less noted for strength of body than for worth of character. The man in his younger days had been a guide and trapper in the employ of the renowned North-west Fur Company, and had won the reputation of never failing to respond to a challenge, and of never having been beaten in a fair fight. He was the pride of his French-Canadian companions. His wife was a fit mate for him. It is told of her that one day seeing a big bully maltreating a child she sprang at him like a tigress and inflicted such injuries upon him that when he got out of her hands he was scarcely recognizable.

To these giants there came in the year 1802 a son who received the name Joseph, and who was destined to become to French Canada what Robin Hood was to England or Rob Roy to Scotland—the popular beau-ideal of muscular might and agility irradiated by an unselfish chivalry and winning geniality.

Before he was well into his teens Joseph found himself the lion of his neighborhood owing to an exploit which gave sure promise of future

fame. He was engaged at an excavation in front of his father's house when a noted bully named Duranteau came down the street accompanied by two birds of the same feather. Duranteau thought it a clever joke to put his huge foot on top of Joseph's head which happened to be on a level with the ground. With a single bound the boy sprang out of the hole and threw himself upon his insulter with such startling vigor that almost before he realized the situation the latter, who had never before met his master, was soundly thrashed and his companions put to flight. The *quartier St. Laurent* rang with Joseph's praises for the next nine days.

Now, to win the suffrages of the *quartier St. Laurent* of that day was to acquire a reputation as wide as French Canada itself. It was, in some respects the most notable quarter of Montreal. There were the chief hostelries and thither came the larger part of the travelling public. The "manly art" was in high favor then, and no establishment considered itself complete without a *salle de boxe*, which was hardly less frequented than the adjoining tap-room. Not only the "sports" of the city, but gentlemen of the highest social rank, the officers of garrison, and even the ladies freely patronized the boxing matches that were constantly taking place. Everything was done in strict accordance with the most approved rules of the P. R. A clever upper cut became the object of ardent discussion, and the inventor of a novel blow would win the praises and congratulation of thousands of excited spectators.

It was but natural that a lad possessing Montferrand's remarkable strength and agility should take kind-

ly to these athletic exercises, and living as he did within a few doors of the *Fort Tuyau*, the *Coin Flambant*, and other noted resorts, he was a frequent visitor, although he carefully avoided the ugly quarrels which were constantly occurring, when the gloves would be angrily thrown aside and the business finished with bare fists. As is so often the case with men of gigantic mould, Montferrand was of a very mild and gentle disposition. Fully appreciating his exceptional strength and the lawless times in which he lived, he was always on his guard, and on the side of right and justice. His parents were well-to-do. They had brought him up with care. His habits were above reproach; he never gave way to strong drink, and was consequently absolute master of himself when others had lost their heads, an advantage that was of inestimable worth at many a critical juncture.

A remarkable characteristic was the quickness and suppleness of his movements. In the language of the biographer, who saw him when he was well advanced in years, *il ne portait pas le sol*. His step was so springy as to suggest a bird just about to take to its wings.

By way of amusing his companions he would sometimes, with a sudden leap, leave the print of his heels on the ceiling of the room, which was, of course, low, as all ceilings were of that date. Indeed once he paid his bill in that odd fashion. He had invited a number of friends to have some refreshment at an inn, and when reckoning time came was much disturbed at finding he had no money in his purse. The landlady, charmed with his handsome face and winning manner, although she had no idea who he was, assured him it was no matter, she would trust him. Montferrand thanked her, and then standing in the middle of the room with one of his marvellous bounds left the mark of both heels upon the ceiling, saying with charming grace:

"There, Madame, is my *carte-de-visite*. You can show it to your customers. My name is Montferrand."

This signature of the famous athlete made the fortune of the lucky hostess, for the people came from ten leagues around to see the wonder and of course did not fail to try the tap at the same time.

When Montferrand was about sixteen, two renowned English boxers had a match on the Champ de Mars, at Montreal, in the presence of the garrison and a brilliant assemblage. The winner was proclaimed champion of Canada, and the whole country was challenged to produce a better man. Montferrand happened to be present; his blood was roused by the challenge. According to the custom of the time he sprang into the ring and crowed like a cock, signifying that he accepted the challenge. There was wild applause from the *quartier St. Laurent* section of the spectators at his appearance, for they knew something about this boy who thus presumed to pit himself against the big English boxer. Amid breathless silence the athletes faced. The Canadians had no cause to regret the daring of their juvenile champion, for, watching his opportunity, he dealt his opponent so tremendous a blow as to knock him out in the very first round, to the utter bewilderment of himself and his supporters.

The next day the whole city rang with the name of Joseph Montferrand. He was the idol of the populace. The sporting portion of the community hastened to pay court to him, and it is pleasant to find on record that they were no less favorably impressed with his modest genial manners than with his superb muscles.

When he was about twenty years of age Montferrand entered into the service of the famous North-west Fur Company. Among those with whom he came in contact was a half-breed named Arnström, a hulking bully,

whose favorite amusement was to go from camp to camp insulting the men and challenging them to single combat, a challenge, which on account of his well-known strength and brutality, was usually declined. This man was very anxious to have a duel with pistols at twenty paces with Montferrand. The latter wished to shorten the distance, but Armstrong refused.

"Very well, then," said Montferrand, "since you don't want to fight you shall none the less smell powder," and putting the pistol under his nose he fired it in the air. Then laying his irresistible grasp upon his shoulder he cried: "Now then I'll make you dance."

Completely cowed, the half-breed sank upon his knees and begged to be let off. Montferrand gave him a good shaking and dropped him as limp as a blind puppy — a humbler and much wiser man.

After spending several years with the North-west Company and performing many notable feats, Montferrand took up the hardy and adventurous occupation of lumbering, his chief duty being to bring great rafts of square timber down the Ottawa River to Montreal. This was a very profitable business in those days. The highest wages were paid by the enterprising lumbermen. Men of especial strength, courage and dexterity were eagerly sought after, and it misses of being necessary to say that Joseph Montferrand soon established himself at the top of the tree; so much so that his wages, like Benjamin's portion in the palace of Pharaoh, were double those of any other foreman.

One day when he was carrying a large sum of money to be paid to his men, he was attacked near Lac des Sables by five men who intended to rob him. They soon realized that they had wakened up the wrong passenger, for, throwing himself upon them, he sorely wounded three and made prisoners of the other two, handing them

over to the authorities for punishment.

His name was soon in everybody's mouth. Here is an illustration of the extraordinary effect of his imposing presence. A party of raftsmen, Scotch, Irish and American, who were the guests of a French-Canadian inn at Buckingham, got up a little dance, and the festivity was at its height when the son of the house sought to take part. The others promptly repulsed him, saying that no Canadians were wanted there. The young man retired in high dudgeon, and spread the news of the insult offered him throughout the village. Montferrand happened to be in the neighborhood, and as soon as the matter reached his ears he set out alone for the dance. Bursting unannounced into the room he laid a silencing hand upon the violin and cornet. Then, turning to the company and drawing himself up to his full height, he cried in his most awe-inspiring tones:

"Everybody out of this!"

So immediate and complete was the obedience to this startling and unwelcome command that our admiring annualist, breaking away from the restraints of matter-of-fact prose, expands into poetry after this fashion:

"Vox comprenex le reste;
Sur cet ordre un peu leste,
Chacun s'en fut coucher."

Aside from his height (which was six feet three inches and three quarters) and his strength, which was in due proportion, the physical characteristics that made Montferrand so redoubtable an opponent was the unusual length of his arms, (for like Rob Roy he could untie his garters without stooping), the suppleness of his legs, which he could use like flails, and the unsurpassed agility of his whole body. Add to these qualities a sang froid that was rarely shaken, and a courage that knew no flinching, and it is not so difficult to credit his many marvellous feats.

Usually he fought in a somewhat negligent fashion, but if brought to bay and put on his defence he put forth all his powers. Then did the struggle become homeric. He hesitated at nothing, and everything yielded before his audacity. He seemed to have a sovereign contempt for the number of his adversaries, perhaps because of his plan of campaign, which was to put two or three of the foremost *hors de combat* without delay, and thereby strike terror into the rest of the gang.

In the year 1828, while Montferrand chanced to be visiting Quebec, a ball was given to the *voyageurs* by their employees in the hotel at which he had put up. The officers of a British man-of-war took it into their heads to break up this festivity, and the disturbance soon became serious. Montferrand was appealed to for assistance, and at once came down from his room. The officers were armed with gaskets, and evinced no readiness to retire even before Montferrand. Then the ball began in earnest. Montferrand did not spare a single officer; he sent every one of them into the doctor's hands.

This affair created an immense sensation. From the city, the fleet, the garrison the men came in scores to pay homage to the victorious giant, fairly overwhelming him with their praises.

"We have with us," said the captain of the frigate, "the champion of the British navy. He is about your size, and would like to try what he can do with a Canadian."

No sooner had he spoken than Montferrand exclaimed, "I accept." His patriotism never hesitated, although he had no love of fighting for its own sake.

The meeting took place on the Queen's Wharf, and among the two thousand spectators who were held in check by a ring of soldiers, the eager faces of many ladies might have been seen, a curious trait of the times. Heavy wagers were at stake, but of this Montferrand knew nothing. When the English champion came forth he

proved to be a veritable colossus, six feet four inches in height, with the torsus of a bull, and arms covered with huge lumps of muscles. So imposing was his appearance that for the first time in his life Montferrand's heart failed him. A feeling of deadly weakness attacked him. He believed it was all over with him.

At that moment the regimental band struck up. The music had a magical effect upon the Canadian. He completely recovered his self-control and stepped gaily into the ring. He felt more afraid of the science than of the strength of his opponent, and so set himself to tire him out, feeling confidence in his own endurance. Up to the twelfth round the result was in doubt, both men fighting bravely and brilliantly. Then the big Englishman began to show signs of weakening and the Canadian's prospects brightened. Yet in the sixteenth round a clever feint enabled the marine champion to get in a good one on Montferrand's head just behind the ear. But it was his last advantage. Two rounds later Montferrand, seeing his opportunity, sent in both right and left with irresistible force and his burly opponent was irrecoverably "knocked out" amid tremendous applause.

The captain who had challenged Montferrand, hastened up to congratulate him on his victory, and handed to him two thousand piasters as his share of the stakes. Montferrand's reply strikingly illustrates the nobility and simplicity of his character.

"I am very willing," he said "to keep the title of champion that you bestow upon me: as for the money give it to the poor devil I have defeated. He has more need of it than I in order to repair his damages. I fight neither for gold or silver."

"Then come with me," cried the captain, filled with admiration; "I will take you round the world and treat you like my own friend, and first of all let us dine together."

"I will dine with you right away," answered Montferrand, "but we will go no further together. You do not know how little I care for money, or what it would cost me to leave my own country."

And there the matter ended. In the same spirit was the response he made to those, who on the eve of an important election—and elections were wont to have much of the character of a free fight in those days of open voting—offered him one thousand dollars for his support. Montferrand indignantly repulsed it.

"If it is for my party, I want no money; if it is against my party, no money can buy me."

A curious and interesting field of conflict was the Ottawa valley between the years 1806 and 1850. From Hull to Montreal, a distance of over a hundred miles, human habitations were few and far between. Lumbering was the chief industry, and this adventurous, arduous business attracted to it a class of men who had many points of resemblance to the Argonauts of '49. They were, for the most part of either Irish or French extraction, and when it is remembered that the former were mainly Orangemen, and therefore the sworn enemies of all who spoke the French language or held the Catholic faith, it is easy to understand that their mutual relations were the reverse of harmonious.

Throughout the long line of communication law and order were alike unknown. Might alone was right. The raftsmen were selected for their size, and the chief of each "gang" was always the man who had shown himself the best fighter. Montferrand was admirably adapted for such a sphere of action. As guide of a raft or foreman of a "shanty" he had abundant opportunity for the display of his splendid strength no less than of that sound judgment and practical grasp of affairs, which made him the most sought after and best paid foreman on

the river. He soon became the recognized chief and champion of the Canadian party.

If a gang of his fellow-countrymen suffered defeat he was sure to be called upon to avenge their overthrow, and he devised schemes for the undoing of the Orangemen that would have done credit to a general.

The continual going to and fro of the different employers brought them constantly into contact, and necessitated sleepless strategy and forethought in order to prevent calamitous surprises. The weaker party was always treated without mercy in the fierce struggles which took place, and in which many men were killed. The Orangemen got the name of "shiners"—a title whose etymology is uncertain. They were guilty of many cruelties.—To burn down a house, to tar and feather men and women, to smash furniture, to break up a funeral, to interrupt divine service, to waylay and maltreat innocent passers-by—these, and the like enormities entered into their programme, and as each one of them provoked reprisals, there was little lull in the race conflict which made the Ottawa valley the scene of many a bloody struggle during two score years.

As the recognized leader of the French Canadians, Montferrand figured very prominently in this racial strife, and a score of stories might be related showing him to good advantage, but I must, for lack of space, confine myself to two that are especially thrilling, and well substantiated. The villages of Hull and Bytown as it was then called, now the capital city of Ottawa, standing the one upon the Quebec, the other upon the Ontario side of the Ottawa River, were united by a suspension bridge swung lightly over the foaming swirls of the Chaudiere, these famous falls being to the west of the bridge, and so close at hand that their spray splashed in the faces of the passers across it. This bridge was the

scene of many a famous fight, and alas! of many a lamentable tragedy. It would be held now by the Canadians and again by the "shiners," and the right of passage could only be won by sheer fighting.

One day, in the year 1829, a large party of "shiners" having reason to believe that Montferrand would be coming along, lay in wait for him at the Hull end of the bridge. Montferrand, in some way suspecting mischief, inquired of the toll-gate keeper on the Bytown side if he had any friends about, and getting a negative answer, set forth on his perilous passage alone. He had hardly got half way across before the enemy rushed upon him. He sought to fly, but the toll-keeper, being in sympathy with the "shiners," had closed the gate behind him. Thus, caught in a trap, Montferrand's fury rose to white heat. With tremendous bounds he charged at his assailants who halted in astonishment. Felling their leader with a blow he grasped him by the feet and using him for a club, laid the first rank of the enemy prostrate. Then, before the surprise of this sudden attack had passed away, he picked up his victims as though they were mere puppets, not human beings, and hurled them to right and left over the parapet into the boiling current below.

One of the "shiners" whom he had knocked over got upon his knees, and just as the giant's hand was upon him to send him after his companions, made the sign of the cross and pleaded for mercy. "Pass behind me," cried Montferrand, letting him drop and turning his attention to the others. A moment later a stone struck him on the back of the head, inflicting a ghastly wound. For an instant he staggered, then recovering himself he leaped upon the sneaking scoundrel, and seizing him round the waist, flung him over the parapet as though he had been a chip. An eye-witness of the whole affair speaks of it as being awful beyond de-

scription, though it lasted for but a few minutes, the "shiners," overwhelmed by the giant's onslaught, fleeing in dismay before him and leaving him master of the bridge. Mr. Sulte mentions that Montferrand's son bore upon his head a mark closely resembling the one made by the traitor's stone.

In the last story that I shall tell the "shiners" got their turn, and Montferrand had a taste of the same treatment that he had meted out to them. Ottawa might well be called the City of the Twin Falls, for at the west it has the Chaudiere, and at the east the Rideau, the latter a less imposing but more symmetrical natural feature. After the affair which has just been described the "shiners" naturally thirsted for revenge, and Montferrand was warned that it would not be safe for him to go about alone. One day, while walking alone on the banks of the Rideau, he was surprised by a gang of his enemies and plunged into the river to escape them. But as he neared the opposite bank he saw that another gang were awaiting him there. In this extremity he formed the desperate resolve of trusting to the mercy of the river, rather than fall into the merciless hands of the "shiners." Accordingly returning to the middle of the stream he let himself drift, and gliding swiftly onwards, shot over the brink of the falls and vanished into the foam and froth below.

Two hours later while Bytown was buzzing with the news of his tragic death, Montferrand was tranquilly getting into a suit of dry clothes at Lesperance's hotel, and relating his thrilling adventure. He had reached the bottom none the worse for his plunge of forty feet or more, and remembering that there was quite a space between the water and the face of the rock, had, with little difficulty, made his way in there and, concealed behind the friendly curtain, awaited patiently the disappearance of his ene-

mies who, of course, considered him disposed of forever.

With one more *conte* which bears striking testimony to the extent of Montferrand's fame, I will bring this sketch of him to a close. A regiment was being drilled upon the Place d'Armes, Montreal, and had just been drawn up in line when Montferrand happened along. The soldiers began to point him out one to the other, and in an instant all discipline was forgotten. The colonel, not comprehending the reason of this unusual behaviour, issued his commands, and the majors repeated them, but no one obeyed. Then the adjutant, who was at one end of the line, pointed with his sword towards a certain spot. The officers wheeled about and caught sight of Montferrand, who was rapidly moving away. The colonel smiled indulgently upon his men, the majors followed suit, and the soldiers understood that their momentary inattention was condoned.

Montferrand was going by; that was excuse sufficient.

Despite his eventful youth, Montferrand reached the goodly age of sixty-two, and spent the latter years of his life in Montreal, living in dignified retirement upon the fortune he had accumulated, and enjoying the esteem and admiration of his fellow-countrymen to the close. He was the most brilliant illustration of a period in Canadian history now past never to return, when might was the only law throughout the thinly settled districts — when brawn was of far more account than brain, and when a man of the Montferrand type received the homage of all classes instead of being relegated to the sympathy and society of the sporting element only. Wherever the French-Canadian goes he bears with him the name and the fame of Joseph Montferrand as representing for him the *ne plus ultra* of strength, agility and knightly valor.



SEA FOG.

BY PROF. THEODORE H. RAND, CHANCELLOR OF M-MASTER HALL.

Here danced an hour ago a sapphire sea;
 Now, airy nothingness, wan spaces vast,
 Pale draperies of the formless fog o'ercast,
 And wreath'd waters gray with mystery!
 The ship glides like a phantom silently,
 As screams the white-winged gull before the mast;
 Weird elemental shapes go flitting past,
 Which loom as giant ghosts above the quay

The vapor lifts! Again the sea gleams bright;
 The heavens have hid within their chambers far
 'Cloud-stuff' of gossamer, from which are spun
 To-morrow's skiey poms, inwove with light,
 The belted splendors for the rising sun,
 And rosy curtains for the evening star.

Bay of Fundy,
 August.

HINDRANCES TO ART IN AMERICA.

BY W. A. SHERWOOD.

We in Canada by a simultaneous sympathy enter into the spirit, especially in a social sense, of the neighboring republic. The fashion plates of New York are the guiding models of Canadian clothiers, as the green room of the metropolitan theatre guides the histrionic palate of the larger mass of our people.

The evils that affect the people of the republic rapidly become our own: just as their virtues, by a slower process perhaps, become numbered amongst ours. This holds also in art. Canada and the United States, in this respect, as in many others, are practically one country.

There may be said to be three conditions that retard the development of art in America. The first, and of the greatest importance, is a fixed indifference to the universal principles of art. The uncertain condition of national character takes second place, and the third, which more particularly applies to Canada, but also affects the United States, is the hiding from view in secret chambers of the works of the great masters.

The last condition will be the one most easy to remove. Those who through their taste and wealth have possessed themselves of the treasures of art are scarcely likely, as their culture and public spirit increases, to forever hide these treasures beneath the social bushel-measure, but may be expected to throw their salons open from time to time to the earnest devotees of art. But this, though it would be a gain, is not enough. The issuing of a limited number of invitations will not suffice: the salons must be opened to the public, free, regardless of who may attend, and without the humiliating incident of attendant lackeys.

The first and the most formidable of the conditions I have mentioned—the indifference to the universal principles of art—must receive decided denunciation at the outset; and denunciation further emphasized and impressed by conclusive argument. It is always well to enquire on what ground we ourselves stand, lest we rudely condemn by false light or, worse, by prejudice, this evil in others and unduly exaggerate their indifference to our recognised canons. The public taste is always formed upon the artist's standard. This standard should always recognize the lines of grace and beauty which the antique statues so well illustrate, but must further give prominence to the individuality and local coloring that we find in nature. Nature's universal decree touching individualism, and the localization of colour, must be apparent to all. It is therefore false to introduce the chalky tints of French coloring into the richer, amber-hues of our own landscapes. This, which must be evident to every one, will in due time impress itself on the landscape painters and lovers of landscapes in foreign lands.

Not only is it the artist's duty to follow as his light will lead; but it is imperative that he use his every power to uproot prejudice, and promulgate truth.

Photography, in a very large measure, is responsible for the despicable condition into which portraiture has sunk. In its early form, the daguerreotype, it contained at least a semblance to truth, though the hands were often larger than the head, and the feet would have done service for some Brobdignagian. These, however, were merely difficulties of perspective, diffi-

culties which photography has not yet overcome. The microscopic reproduction of the lens, which unduly particularizes everything upon which it bears, results in rather a triumph of science than a conquest of art. Herein is its weakness. The human eye sees only what is beautiful, and pleasing, or what impresses itself on the mind, and aided by art it discovers in nature only the elements constituent of this mental impression.

Photography, however, pure and simple, possesses many valuable uses. It is when the languishing genius of the "crayon artist" disports itself in the picture that the climax of usefulness is reached. The rock bottom prices, the subtle and convincing blandishments of the vendor, prepare the victim for the purchase of a "real work of art." Nor does the evil end here. The ghastly presentment is strung up upon the wall, with a loud lacquer frame adorning it. Month after month the children are led into the holy chamber to gaze reverently upon the emaciated nonentity, which they are taught to regard as a high achievement of artistic genius. Poor souls; deluded, ignorant, unconscious of the imposition of the spattering of a hair brush upon a bromide photograph.

To eradicate this evil is not easy, since thousands of such portraits, month after month, have been issued and sold by dishonest or questionable means, and been hung in many a home. To what a depth of degradation has the taste of our people sunk! How long shall art, which by its very nature should be sacred, be openly and defiantly mocked by this disreputable waif of photography. Here is a field for the critic, and for the missionary devotee of art. Enough for photography, which though a welcome guest in the halls of science must ever be regarded as a rude intruder in the galleries of art.

The uncertain condition of national

character will long continue to be more or less a stumbling block in the way of art. The extreme change of fashion, the disregard for established usages, and the consequent lack of appreciation of what is simple and true render difficult the task of naturalizing our art. Yet there are portions of our country affording very considerable opportunities. "There is no nation so poor" said David Hume in one of his essays, "in which art cannot thrive, providing only that the agricultural interests are sufficient for the wants of the people." The native art is always the best criterion by which to judge of the advancement of a people:—not the imported art as some would have us to believe. The imported art may teach technique, and even composition, and it shows us what is being done in the great homes of art. But the work of native men should ever meet with our sympathy and appreciation: like lyric poetry it best reflects, under all conditions, the light and shades of our own home life, our deepest sympathies and our fondest recollections.

The condition just referred to will tend to disappear with the lapse of time. The writer of story must first prepare the way, the public mind must be cultivated: the demand for artistic representation will follow. So in due season our artists will have a well recognized field of work distinctively their own.

The progress of art in the Dominion may be regarded as almost phenomenal. The work of developing it has fallen chiefly upon the artists themselves, who have done much by holding their public exhibitions and private views. What has been accomplished is yet little, however. It is the sweet voice of a faint singer chanting her matin song above the babel noises of the bartering multitude.



MELVILLE ISLAND - HALIFAX HARBOUR.

W. H. Holmes del.
1854

TO THE LAKES.

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

With purple glow at even,
With crimson waves at dawn,
Cool bending blue of heaven
O blue lakes pulsing on ;
Lone haunts of wilding creatures dead to wrong ;
Your trance of mystic beauty
Is wove into my song.

I know no gladder dreaming
In all the haunts of men,
I know no silent seeming
Like to your shore and fen ;
No world of restful beauty like your world
Of curv'd shores and waters,
In sunlight vapours furled.

I pass and repass under
Your depths of peaceful blue,
You dream your wild, hushed wonder
Mine aching heart into,
And all the care and unrest pass away
Like night's grey, haunted shadows
At the red birth of day.

You lie in moon-white splendor
Beneath the northern sky,
Your voices soft and tender
In dream-worlds fade and die,
In whispering beaches, haunted bays and capes,
Where mists of dawn and midnight
Drift past in spectral shapes.

Beside your far north beaches,
Comes late the quickening spring ;
With soft, voluptuous speeches
The summer lingering,
Fans with hot winds your breasts so still and wide,
Where June, with tranced silence,
Drifts over shore and tide.

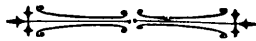
Beneath great crags, the larches,
By some lone, northern bay,
Bend, as the strong wind marches
Out of the dull, north day,
Horning along the borders of the night.
With ic'd, chopping waters
Out in the shivering light.

Here the white winter's fingers
Tip with dull fires the dawn,
Where the pale morning lingers
By stretches bleak and wan ;
Kindling the icéd capes with heatless glow,
That renders cold and colder
Lone waters, rocks and snow.

Here in the glad September,
When all the woods are red
And gold, and hearts remember
The long days that are dead ;
And all the world is mantled in a haze ;
And the wind, a mad musician,
Melodious makes the days ;

And the nights are still and slumber
Holds all the frosty ground,
And the white stars whose number
In God's great books are found,
Gird with pale flames the spangled, frosty sky ;
By white, moon-curvéd beaches
The haunted hours go by.

Department, Sec. of State,
Ottawa.



MODERN INCONVENIENCES.

BY A. C. CAMPBELL.

How often do we hear it said in every day conversation that some wonderful, perhaps impossible, invention has been completed, the announcement being followed with sapient remarks about our titanic century and its wonderful progress. Even before a want is felt by the people themselves, we are often told the inventor has prepared to supply it. Every human wish seems to be considered—the wish to travel and the wish to remain at home; the wish for excitement and the wish for rest; the wish to engage in money making and the wish to indulge a laudable talent for spending it. All these and a thousand others are the themes of the inventor, the discoverer and the thinker of new things. Some day, I hope, these gentlemen will turn their attention to a want very clearly defined, long existent and spread over a very large portion of the human family—the desire to be happy.

For my own part I class the desire to be happy as a very important element in human nature, and it grieves me, in a way, to see it lost sight of as often as it is by those who think they are thinking out ideas for the benefit of the people. It is well enough for a people to have a big country dotted over with big cities, producing enormous wealth, having great freedom, an enlightened public opinion and institutions of the very latest progressive brand. I do not deprecate these things, I admire them. Still I would be quite willing to lease or sell my share in them to any person who would give me in return the happiness they bring him.

It is the fashion nowadays to cultivate unlimited credulity as to the

powers of the mechanical inventor. If it were announced that a sanguine visionary was on the trail of an idea which only required to be "developed" to enable him to take a trip to the moon, many people would regard it as something only a little out of the common, and of one who declined to share their trusting faith they would pityingly demand whether every great invention had not had to pass through an era in which stolid unbelief was a greater obstacle than either the ridicule or the organized opposition that appeared later in its conquering career.

These same people, however, will tell you that it is quite impossible for an era of general happiness to come on earth. The great inventions and discoveries in which they place such childlike trust, may wipe out distance, annihilate time, extend knowledge, lengthen life, but to hope for more than just about so much happiness in the world is to be a crank. But it seems to me that when these much extolled inventors and discoverers begin to take human happiness into their calculations at all, the result is bound to be a series of improvements quite as marvellous in their way as any of those whose object was advancement along some other line. To doubt the all-perfection of the present age is to be regarded as a confirmed pessimist, as a tory "hoary white with old." But, if to be hopeful of the future is to differ from the pessimist, I think the one who looks to a coming reign of happiness, may fairly claim to rank as an optimist. However, the idea that our ancient friend, the comforter of Jobs of all ages, Eliphaz, the Temanite, may

possibly have been wrong when he said "Yet man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," is so utterly abominable to many, that it is perhaps better not to insist upon any point of mere nomenclature at this time.

It is fashion to assert roundly that civilized people—we are civilized of course; all not up to our standard are barbarians—are happier than others, and that in this age of greatest progress and development people are happier than they ever were before. This is very satisfactory to a man who can be content with averages and who does not insist that his averages shall show any rapid increase from year to year. But there are some questions that some of us still feel inclined to ask, and though we do not usually get a civil answer, or, indeed any answer at all, it may be worth while to give suggestively one or two. For instance, are all the people happier than they would be under less "civilized" institutions? Could we by any changes gain an increase of happiness that would compensate us for making the change?

I observe in the newspapers more or less graphic descriptions of people "suiciding." There must be a maximum of trouble and a minimum of happiness ahead of a man when he will answer Howlit's query in a way in which even that horror-stricken young gentleman did not dare to answer it. Admitting that more people would have committed suicide had we made less advances in modern civilization, would their number have included all those of whom we read to-day. I doubt it. It seems to me, therefore, that whatever may be credited to our present conditions or institutions in the way of happiness gained, it is only fair to put down on the other side the miseries which some would have escaped had things been otherwise. For those of us who enjoy life because

of the conditions in which we live, it seems to me that it ought to be an object to make that enjoyment universal. Otherwise we gain what we regard as enjoyment at the expense of others. When we insist upon having goods brought from all over the country for our enjoyment at home, and that demand brings into existence a vast system of railways, it seems worthy of our attention at least to note that these great machines are so scamped in the making that hundreds of happy, hearty young fellows are crushed and maimed or killed between the bumpers every year. For my part I would rather have a civilization that would make a complete railway while it was about it and not a lottery machine in which the prizes for thousands of good fellows are mutilation and death. The answer will be that such a railway would not be "commercially successful." The turnout of a fashionable family is not "commercially successfully," as a rule, it is in this respect a dead failure, bringing no revenue and involving great expense. Both the scamped railway and the ten thousand dollar rig are products of our civilization. It seems to me it would be a good scheme if, somehow, the commercial principle could be set aside in one case as well as in the other, at least to the extent of saving the lives of friends. I don't insist upon that way of doing it, but still I would enjoy all the more the beautiful things people tell me about the advantages of the railway if our civilization could arrange it so that there wouldn't be blood on so many of the bumpers. Of course the blood can be washed off; but still, though this is the plan usually adopted and regarded as satisfactory, I confess I would prefer not to have it there at all.

Then the other question: Could we make some changes that would make us happier? There is no use in limiting ourselves in this matter. We do

not rob the angels or the inhabitants of any other planet by enjoying ourselves. We are not bound to make progress if it isn't going to add to our comfort. One class of us may insist upon wearing stiff collars and heavy air-tight head coverings, and another class may refuse to walk the street without having a piece of dress skirt to carry in order to prevent it trailing on the ground; still we are not bound to follow out this principle in everything. I do not believe that the genius of Progress herself is so unreasonable a being as to demand that we shall sacrifice at her shrine such comfort as devotion to her has still left us. But I sometimes fear that this is what will be done, and I am reasonably sure that too much has already been given away "along this line," as the American Sabbath School convention orator had it. When we find a whole British Empire boasting that we possess the biggest city in the world, when we find this, that or the other European capital protesting that it has finer streets, greater art galleries or a richer nobility than any other; when we find the whole United States jubilant over the extension skyward of an office building; when we find five millions of Canadians vociferating their own praises at having built a trans-continental railway, and doing it all the more loudly in order to conceal their chagrin at not being able to count themselves ten millions, it would seem a fair inference that something else than considerations of real happiness have weight in this world. It is related of an eminent mathematician that, hearing some splendid music and being called upon by his friend to note and admire its beauties, he asked: "What does it prove?" Of course the rest of us know that the music and the question taken together proved that the eminent mathematician was an ass. I do not wish to emulate this individual, but when all these great

things that are done by the great countries are catalogued for me with splendid setting of adjectives and trope, I venture in all humility to ask what the use of it all is. It seems to me that those who see these things see only part of them. We have set up, as it were, an arbitrary standard and, judging all things by this standard, we reach conclusions which are only relatively true. We are like a house-keeping couple choosing wall-papers. They have been accustomed to the style of wall papers in vogue and one pattern is voted to be "horribly ugly," and another "sweetly pretty," according as it approaches or departs from the ideal of the fashion which they have formed in their minds. When a radical change takes place in the fashion, the young people find, or at least their friends do, that their walls are an abomination in the sight of men. I do not insist that an absolute rule of beauty can be discovered, nor do I insist at this time that a perfect standard can be set up by which to judge of the value of institutions. Still I believe that one of the objects of these institutions ought to be to promote the happiness of the people and to the extent that they fail to serve this purpose, I would regard them as defective. We have it on authority which many consider good, that even one of the most ancient and most venerated of our institutions, the Sabbath, "was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." There is sound philosophy in the principle there laid down, and just as I would make the Sabbath subservient to our own happiness, so even railways and public affairs, ay and Progress itself, even when spelled with a capital, should be compelled to acknowledge the same standard.

The trouble with us is that we are willing to accept a thing in an incomplete state and base our actions upon it, so that complications follow in which the original defect is buried

out of sight or so knit in with the system that change is difficult. And even this would not be so bad if it were not for the number of cranks—a name they are fond of applying to others—who actually resent any suggestions that the thing can ever be otherwise. Take an example. We hear on every hand the cry of “over-production.” There are too many goods of all kinds on the market and consequently no means of getting them consumed unless a providential storm or fire or earthquake destroys a great deal of property—and if it destroys also a great many producers of property, why so much the better for “trade.” And yet, though everything is produced in such abundance that we are in a quandary to know what to do with the goods, you find about half the people with their reasonable wants as civilized, cultured beings not half supplied, while thousands are in a state of more or less complete destitution. You find, moreover, that the man who works the longest and most toilsomely gets least of the things which labor produces, while many a man who does nothing more useful than play a good game of cards is able to enjoy almost all the luxuries of the world, and moreover it doesn't seem to make much difference how rapidly Progress moves, the relative positions of the unskilled worker and the skilled idler remain about the same. Why can we not stop making things long enough to find some scheme which will give everybody a better share, or at least arrange it so that abundant production will not be a direct cause of want? Instead of doing this we speak of the “fierce competition of modern times,” “the battle of business,” “the age of struggle,” and so on. Why in the world should we put one another to such trouble when after all there is plenty for everybody? A man saves up what he calls property to the value of what he calls a million dollars. If he is not a mere lunatic, a

worshipper of figures or of papers, he can get no happiness out of those savings except in contemplating the good he has accomplished for others. But if the things that are produced every day were distributed so as to give everybody a good share, there would be such abundance with every recurring day that a million millions of money could not add a single blessing. But because we have not some such scheme every man has to go around trying to make a million dollars so that the uttermost generation to which his blood may descend may not see starvation. This is pure waste of labor. Why not set the machinery going and then let every man take his short turn at work and his long turn at going fishing? Or, better still, why not let every man enjoy himself at fishing, play-acting, farming, or whatever he may like best and divide up the product of the fun? I know a member of Parliament whose longing through the whole session is to get back to his machine shop, and who enjoys rivetting a boiler more than most men would enjoy watching a game of ball. I know another man, not otherwise peculiar, who positively enjoys taking and transcribing shorthand notes, a job which, to the well-balanced mind is the completest realization of the curse, “In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.” These things prove the soundness of that philosophy which holds that there is no accounting for tastes. They also contain a suggestion to those who regard themselves as the principal engineers in the construction of modern civilization: that fun may be made productive, and that by simply leaving each man alone you could have about as much produced as you have now, and nobody do any work over it either. Every age and land has despised the worker and gloried him who refused to work, if his refusal was given with proper dignity. The only difference between a tramp and an

aristocrat after all is that the aristocrat knows that he ought not to work, while the tramp has a sneaking notion that he is remiss in his duty. It is said that in this age labor is respectable and idleness a disgrace. We all think we believe that, but if we ever look ourselves squarely in the eye and put the question so that there is no evading it, we know that it would be a lie to say that we regard the village blacksmith's wife as proper company for the wife of the gentleman who has a chattel mortgage on the smithy. The fact is that labor came upon us as a curse, and the man who escapes it may fairly claim, in this respect at any rate, to have passed the cherubims with the flaming swords, and thus to have returned to Eden. If he engages in any light occupation such as that of his first ancestor who was put into the garden, as we all know, to dress it and to keep it, well and good. He does not sacrifice his aristocratic position thereby more than does Lord Roseberry by devoting himself to politics. It will seem most crankily absurd to everybody to suggest that labor can be done away with altogether, and that we may all be aristocrats, doing only what we please and doing it when we please, but it surely cannot be more absurd than the fact which confronts us every day, that every one must work harder or have less, because we are able to make things so much more easily than in former years.

Every one of us is working for money—at least that is what we say. And we are puffed up with boasting about it too. Each declares that he is not in this thing for his health, that it is money we're all after and so on. And every one of us handles more or less money, the minority handling more and the majority the balance. But yet if any man were asked to say what he meant by money, he would not be able to reply except to tell you not to make a fool of your-

self, not to be a crank, and an anarchist. The fact is that no two even of the great philosophers agree as to what money is, or as to what is money, and when they venture a step beyond this and try to explain the functions and uses of money, we only lack the shadowy looming of the tower of Babel in the distance to make the scene complete. Modern civilization should be typified as holding a dollar bill in her hand, baffled and vainly calling upon the greatest and wisest of her subjects to tell her what it is and what it is for. Because they cannot agree upon these things we find the price of the poor man's loaf increased, the value of the widow's savings reduced, vast power handed over to one, and others driven to penury, none knowing more than the philosophers know how it all comes about. The savage who trades a beaver skin for a bow and arrows at least knows something of the nature of the commerce he carries on. Until civilized men can make their trade just as sure in its results as well as convenient in the majority of its transactions, there will remain an anomaly which the savage would not tolerate.

In some way which seems to be mysterious to the majority of those who assume to speak for us all, our civilization has either actually brought into existence or else has greatly strengthened the force which drags or drives men into the cities. And so we find in England as many people crowded into one city as occupy the half continent which we call Canada; and in Canada, while five millions of people are dispersed over a territory probably a million square miles in extent, fully one-tenth of the number are to be found in the two largest cities. And in the cities—not so much in our cities as in others—people are packed together like tusslers in a football scrimmage, only, unfortunately, they are not so equally

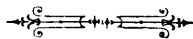
matched in strength. The weak ones, especially the babies, actually die sometimes for want of fresh air—at least the doctors and the newspapers tell us they do. Now savage babies may die of small-pox or of starvation, they may even die to make a feast for their black skinned relatives, but they do not die gasping for fresh air. The fact that a slaughter of the innocents must go on not for a few days in a little Syrian village as the result of the special edict of a tyrant fearful for his crown, but all over the civilized world under the unwritten, self-administering statutes of civilization, seems to me an inconvenience.

It will not do to give people the idea that there is no alternative to the present state of affairs save in barbarism; they may accept the alternative. But as a matter of fact it is not true; the history of reform and invention proves that institutions can be changed to suit the requirements of the people who live under them. Contrast the "worries of the poor," or the awful loneliness of the pioneer's cabin on the prairie with what might be. Here is what Ruskin, the old man, says about it after all his years of thought. He speaks first about improving the houses of the people as they stand, and then goes on: "And then the building of more, strongly, beautifully and in groups of limited extent, kept in proportion to their streams and walled round so that there may be no festering and wretched suburb anywhere, but clean and busy streets within and the open country without, with a belt of beautiful garden and orchard round the walls, so that from any part of the

city perfectly fresh air and grass and sight of far horizon might be reachable in a few minutes' walk." If I am asked how this ideal may be achieved I answer at this time that to stop boasting about our big cities and our big country will be a good first step, and to set the value of human life higher than so called progress will be a second.

It seems to me that we civilized people might be like a well-bred family living in a spacious and beautiful home, using our time for all true pleasures and making improvements in our surroundings deliberately and with enjoyment of our work. Instead of that it seems to me we are like a set of parvenues, each community filled with vanity, and taking happiness only in outshining the others. Everything we do is done to make a point in some unworthy competition of fashion.

The home of each community is continually in a state of confusion with "modern improvements," and we live, as it were, in a never-ending litter and in shadowy hope of ever postponed completeness. We must put up with ten thousand inconveniences because the improvements which we should make for our own benefit and make well and completely, we allow to be half made for us, content if only we can keep up with our rivals. What is wanted in this world is a community that prizes life, enjoyment and national improvement, rather than push, fashion and "Progress." Let us cease this turmoil which kills both body and soul, and let us realize the value of the time that is given us and the opportunities we have to be happy.



"MIKE."—A REMINISCENCE.

BY NORA LAUGHER.

"Och, whin gay sparks the swate young ladies woo
Their little hearts catch fire in rale quick fashion,
And isn't it becós they're victims to the *under* passion?"

Who indeed can make love like a wild Irish boy? Does not Moore make it poetically proverbial of the race, that when far away from the lips that he loves the Irishman makes love to the lips that are near? Yet indeed, be a son of the Emerald Isle ever so great a flirt, he is seldom a dishonorable one, for through all his numerous escapades will he prove true to himself, in keeping his own heart "true to Poll," or rather, faithful to some blue-eyed Eily and his Irish home.

What a witty, practical current too, one finds coursing thro' the magnetic channels of the genuine Irishman. To me he somewhat resembles the old ethnic legends of his race; strip him of every vestige of his imaginative and picturesque details, and he will yet remain full of broad, quaint conceits and facts.

Take all the romance and fun from an Irishman's nature and you will find, deep down in his heart of hearts, a sound, practical vein, through which flows an honest hatred for all that is cowardly, false and mean.

Constant as the northern star is the true son of Erin, for he never forgets his own kindred or his native land.

Actor Joe Murphy can stir honest Irish eyes to not unmanly tears by his song "A Handful of Earth from the Land of his Birth," and exiles, here in Canada, journey miles to see the realistic plays of "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhue." Long may Murphy live to brighten Irish lives

amongst us. We have many a one in our midst, trying hard to build up a home in our new country, whose brave heart sometimes aches for a sight of the pretty colleen, who, anxiously awaiting the return of her lover from far-off Canada, is cheerfully tending her patch o' pataties, her pigs and her poulthery outside the old homestead. A few hours spent in witnessing Joe Murphy as the Blacksmith, or one or another of his creations, recalls the old Irish life and love of fun within him, and he thinks, as in a vision the old days come before him, "Ah, the sunlight ne'er shines in the whole world so fair, as o'er the old cabin which holds my colleen."

The dear old mud cabin, the old Irish cabin,
Near its walls grow in clusters the
shamrock so green;
Shure no floweret e'er blossoms, so rich
and so rare
As the shamrock which kisses the feet
of my queen.

Then here's to the shamrock, the emblem
of Ireland,
'Gainst the old cabin walls be it ever-
more seen,
Long may its sweet flower raise its face to
the bare—
The tiny bare feet of my little colleen.

And here's to the cabin, the dear old mud
cabin,
The picturesque cabin, so neat and so
clean,
May peace be its plenty and sorrow e'er
spare
The old Irish cabin, the home of Norine.

Shortly after writing the words of the above little song I made the acquaintance of an old Irishman named Mike.

In this plain, unvarnished workman of the old-world type, I find such a quaint mixture of the humorous, the poetic and the pathetic, that he not

inappropriately intrudes himself in my thoughts now; and ever after the following conversation has Mike earned my respect and admiration for his true Irish heart.

"Its meself that takes the playsure in doin' that same irrard, Miss, an' it's becos yer name's Nora.

"Don't seek to hinder him or to bewilder him. Shure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone," quoted I, laughing, yet somewhat surprised at the old man's willingness to walk three miles under the burning mid-summer sun, merely to please a young woman because her name seemed familiar to him.

A shadow stole over the expressive, rugged face as he replied, "Its not the Blarney Stone, as its yerself that's afther sayin', Miss, but its the name Nora," and the old man almost reverently took off his well-worn hat as he uttered the name.

"Why, Mike, my Irish cognomen appears to please you."

"Shure an' its the wan name av all others my sowl reveres; it carries wid it the touch o' the dewy shamrock, an' the smell o' the sod av old Ireland, and there was niver another corner in the worruld so grane. Whin Oi hear the name Nora it carries me back to the days whin Oi wuz a bhroth av a bhoy an' the neighbors wur afther sayin' the devil himself was in Mike, maning me."

"Faix, an' its meself that rimimbers the shindy Oi kicked up wan night at Ballycuilish, whin Oi played banshee an' frightened good Father McGrath most out av his sivin sinsis. An' its laughin' Oi am to this prisint day, whin Oi recall the Praist's sister, Miss Peggy, in her frilled night-cap, an' herself carryin' a shillaley as Oi wuz afther crawlin' up the ivy into the study windy."

"An' a rale illigant dhrop o' the crayther is what Oi wuz findin' on that study table of his riverence's room. Shure it was so nate that it

warrumed up the cockles av me heart, an' Oi helped meself plintifully, for there wuz nobody by at all at all; the quality an' the sarvints bein' afther catchin' the banshee in the back garden, the omadawns."

"But, begorra, its meself that wuz forgettin' entoirly to get out of Father McGrath's comfortable arrum cheer, an' its slapin' Oi wuz whin Miss Peggy herself came in, a brandishin' the big shillaley, an' her night-cap frills a noddin', an' the sarvints aparin' behind her. Faix its forgotten Oi had that Oi wuz the banshee, an' its slapin' Oi wuz."

"'Faith, an' its meself that's a goin' to lay the ghost,' screamed Miss Peggy, shakin' me up. Oi wuz most as dhrunk as a fiddler, an' a sittin' in the praist's big cheer, or its meself that wud have cut an' run for me dear loife, for a mighty high tempered lady wuz Miss Peggy McGrath."

"By the Lord Harry, an' its that divil of a Mike," said Father McGrath, a laughin' till his fat sides wur afther achin' wid the exarshun."

"But it was Miss Peggy herself that wuz intint upon layin' the ghost, an' shure wid this end in view, its herself that made for me wid the shillaley; faix, if she didn't lay the ghost, she wuz afther layin' the dust, a whacking the loife out o' me owld leather breeches."

"The time it wuz then, whin Oi wuz but a wild bit av a spalpeen, and before Oi wuz afther foindin' me colleen, whose name yourself's afther barin'. An' shure its the tinder recollectshuns the name Nora calls to me heart."

"To me dyin' day will Oi moind the evenin' whin the sun wuz hidin' his face behind the purple mists av the hill av Ballycuilish, whin I waited by the river for the soft swish-swish av the two purty, bare feet to cum pitter-patterin' over the shamrocks that grew by the hillside,"

"The moments samed hours while

Oi wuz waitin' for me Nora, but its meself that heard her footsteps, lighter than the dew fallin' on the blossoms; an' its mavoureen that made a swate pictur, wid the sunlight glintin' her little red cloak' all flyin' behind her, in her hurry to spake wid me; her purty, white ankles like snowflakes dancin' over the laves, her blue eyes shinin' like twin stars under her brown curls, an' her cheeks like two red roses a growin' on wan stalk."

"An' its Mike, acushla, that has the two strong arrums,' said me colleen, the red roses a growin' all over the gardin' av her face, as Oi carried her across the stepping stones av the river, so the wather shouldn't be a wettin' her two purty feet."

"An' aftherwards how we kissed wan another, wid no eyes to witness the love-light av our sowl, but the angels, who were afther lookin' down from the blue sky."

"Och, but its the sad picture that's comin' now, Miss, whin me pore Nora (God luv her an' rest her swate sowl) had gone to jine them self-same angels. An' she lay there, wid the tall candles a burnin' near her, so still an' cold, wid the purty white petticoat on that she wuz afther warin' the day whin Father McGrath spake the howly worruds that made us wan. Shure we wuz wan, an' she wuz the wan av the two av us, for the Ballycuilish folk wuz always sayin' 'That divil av a Mike, he doesn't count at all at all.'"

"An' there me darlint wuz lyin', wid her two bright eyes closed, her long dark hair a curlin' on her forehead as it wuz afther doin' in her loife toime, an' twin lilies a growin' where the roses used to bloom on her cheeks."

"The neighbors wur cryin' fit to brake their hearts, an' a sayin' Mike wuz the sowlless spalpeen that he

didn't be afther wapin' wid the mourners."

"Shure its meself that wuz the biggest mourner, only they couldn't see the tayers that were droppin' from me heart instid av me two eyes."

"But me darlint understood, for she saw wid the eyes av the angels, an she knew all the sorrow av me sowl, whin Oi placed the grane shamrocks on her dead breast."

"The bhoys took to whisperin' among themselves that all the deviltry wuz gone out o' Mike. Shure the heart av me heart an' the loife av me loife wint away whin the howly saints took me swate gurl."

"The sight av the white shamrock buds, the purple mists across the river, the sun, whin it wuz sinkin' behind the Ballycuilish hill, all samed to spake to me sowl av Nora, an' it well nigh drove the rason from me brain, so wan day me mind wuz made up to lave the old sod an' jine me brother in Canada."

* * * * *

"Is they shamrocks, ye're afther askin, Miss?"

"Yis, they'se shamrocks an' all dried up and faded; but its meself that's carried them betwane the laves o' me dead gurl's prayer-book for nigh on forty years. Oi gathered them the night before laving the old land, while me colleen's eyes were lookin' down on me from Hivin'."

"An' its these same withered shamrocks an' the blessed stars abuv that have helped me all these long years in Canada, for whin Oi'm afther foindin' it difficult to say no to the dhrink, or wan or another av the divil's timptashuns, Oi jist touch this little book in me pocket, or else Oi look up to the eyes av me Nora, a shinin' down from the sky o' nights, an' its always wan or both av 'em that are afther sayin' 'Be thrue, Mike, be thrue.'"

A PEEP AT THE PRAIRIE.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

The grand prairie of the west is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. As it appeared to DeSoto, when he discovered the Father of Waters, or even to the gold hunters, who crossed it at a much later period on their way by the overland route to California, even now it exists only in history. It is no longer the "Illimitable Wilderness," or "The Great Lone Land," nor is it any more the home of the "crooked-backed oxen" described by the Spanish explorer. It, like everything else on this continent, is in a state of rapid transition. The characteristic peculiarities of its primeval condition are passing away like the snow beneath the summer sun, and the "crooked-backed oxen" have already become virtually extinct. In order to find any considerable stretch of primitive prairie one has to go into the Canadian North-west, and even there the tide of immigration is setting in more and more strongly every year, and the advent of civilization is producing the same changes that it has wrought farther south. Anybody who desires to see the prairie of the North-west in anything like its primitive condition, even without the Buffalo which once was one of its chief glories, must make haste and use present opportunities.

It is not, however, about the primeval prairie that I am about to write. That must be left to the earlier explorers, or to those who have pushed farther into those vast solitudes than I had done at the time to which this article chiefly refers. What I have to say refers not so much to what the prairie was when it was only the home of wild beasts and of nomadic tribes of uncivilized men, but to it as it is, or rather what it was twenty years

ago. It was not until 1872 that I first saw the grand prairie, and then I was only permitted to touch the border of it, that portion of it in which civilization had made the greatest progress. My experiences and observations were all comprised in what at the time was described as, "A Raid into Indiana," and "A Run through Illinois."

Of course I had been hearing and reading about the prairies from my childhood. It was when I was a boy that the tide of immigration fairly began to flow in thither. Then a man who had gone as far west as Chicago, and as far south as St. Louis, had enough to talk about, in the way of adventure, the rest of his life. But, unfortunately for me, the mystery and romance that once belonged to a journey of this sort, and to the country itself, had ceased to exist; and, though I had no reason to find fault with it, I found a somewhat extended trip in luxurious coaches over the Grand Trunk, the Michigan Central, the Panhandle and the Illinois Central railroads rather a tame and matter-of-fact affair. But for the presence of my fellow travellers, all of whom seemed disposed to converse, and some of whom did so with intelligence and interest, I fear I should have found it positively dull.

Even the prairie itself was disappointing. It would, no doubt, have been more so had I not been forewarned concerning some of its peculiarities. A Yankee, who happened to "live right there," as he said, gave me a suggestive hint as I was leaving home, which I found of use to me. "Take plenty of reading matter with you," said he, "for you will have plenty of time for reading and meditation. There is no other part of the

world where you can travel with so much economy of time as on the prairie, for you can go out in the morning, take one good look in every direction, and then sit down to your books and your papers with something like an absolute certainty that you have seen all that there will be to see for the next twelve or twenty-four hours."

Then, the prairie was not as large in appearance as my undisciplined and untrained imagination had pictured or tried to picture it. I found, what I ought to have known before, that the horizon is about as distant on one part of the earth's surface as on another, when one is standing on the level. Even from the deck of a ship, the whole of that part of the ocean surface that comes within the field of vision at any one time is included in a circle the radius of which is less than five miles. It is only when standing on some elevation that we acquire a larger horizon than this, and these elevated points on the prairie are few and far between. All that the eye of the traveller, when crossing it, can see at any particular time is a comparatively insignificant patch.

Some of the most startling and even tragic incidents of life on the prairie are connected with prairie fires. When one of these fires gets headway, and is backed up by a strong prairie wind—a phenomenon which is unlike anything else—it must be appalling in the extreme. My very first glimpse of the prairie fire happened to be connected with a tract of a few miles extent that had never been broken up, and, the air being quiet, the fire had not a very terrific aspect. It was, happily, unattended by any startling incidents.

I was rather pleased than otherwise at seeing this prairie fire. This was not because of its grandeur. In this respect it was not at all comparable to some of the scenes with which I was familiar in my boyhood. In point

of sublimity there is nothing in the way of fires, except it be a conflagration in a great city like that which laid waste the city of Chicago in 1871, that is at all comparable to one of the great bush fires which have occurred now and again in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and in other thickly wooded parts of this continent. And even twenty or thirty acres of log-heaps all on fire of a dark night, surrounded by the gloom of the primeval forest, with the men walking about among the flames like so many ghosts or demons, punching the burning logs and rolling them together—a scene with which everybody was once familiar who knew anything of the early settlement of this country—presented an aspect of sublimity with which the prairie fire at best, when viewed simply in the light of a spectacular display, but ill compares.

It was rather on account of its destructiveness that my heart warmed toward the fire referred to. A fellow-traveller, but a short time before the flames became visible, had been giving an account of some of the inhabitants of these plains which had not only greatly interested me, but excited in me a malevolent desire that they might speedily be burned out, and, if possible, exterminated. He had been giving me some facts and incidents concerning the venomous reptiles found in the prairies, which quite reconciled me to having my lot cast somewhat farther north. He told me that the men, when engaged in mowing the grass in the lowlands in that region, used to protect themselves from snake bites by swathing their legs up to or above the knee in hay ropes, and that it was not uncommon for one of these to find a "rattler" dangling from one of his limbs that had struck at him unawares and fastened his fangs in the hay ropes. A relative of my own told me that he was gathering sheaves one day and putting them in shocks, and at the moment happened to have

two sheaves under each arm, when he felt something smooth slipping through his hand, and looking down he saw, to his horror, that it was a rattlesnake that he had picked up with one of the sheaves. Another farmer told me, by way of illustration of the fewness of these reptiles in the neighborhood where he lived, that he had not killed more than four or five rattlesnakes on his farm that season. One of these, he went on to explain, in the most cold-blooded way imaginable, had fallen upon him from a sheaf as he was pitching grain from a wagon either into the mow or on to a stack.

And the rattlesnake, though the commonest of the deadly serpents of the prairie is not by any means the only one. The king snake and the copper-head seem to be no less poisonous. The hoop or horned snake—I believe they are the same—a reptile armed with a horny spike in his tail with which he strikes his victim, inflicts an ugly wound which is not easily healed. The blue racer is one of the commonest of the snakes of this region. But though he is made upon a pretty large scale, carries a high head, and makes a rather formidable and threatening appearance, like many another braggart, his bark, from all that I can learn concerning him, is worse than his bite. The bull snake is another ugly reptile that seems to trade largely upon appearances. The black snake belongs to the order of constrictors. He is one of the commonest of the snakes found here, and he grows to a great size, often attaining to seven or eight feet in length and the thickness of a man's arm. The jointed snake, though harmless, is in some respects one of the most remarkable of the reptiles of the valley of the Mississippi. He seems to be built in sections, and so loosely put together that a very slight tap of a rod or a walking stick is sufficient to separate the compartments of his singular organization.

Some of the natives out there appear to verily believe that these separated segments after the reptile has been dismembered after this fashion, if let alone, come together, reunite, and his snakeship goes on his way as if nothing disastrous had occurred.

Whiskey seems to be the common remedy on the plains for snake-bite: even total abstainers when bitten by a rattler generally take to the bottle. They even sometimes administer it to dumb animals in their extremity as well as to man. A ranchman told me that a valuable dog of his was bitten by a rattlesnake, and that by "filling him up with whisky," as he expressed it, "and making him dead drunk," he managed to save his life.

Another thing that this rancher told me seems worthy of scientific investigation. The dog in question, which, by the way, has a great antipathy to rattlesnakes, and never fails to attack one when he can find it, has several times been bitten since the time referred to, but he has never seemed to mind it, or to suffer very much from it. He thinks that having had the disease, which is set up in the blood by the introduction of this deadly virus, once and recovered from it, the patient enjoys a certain degree of immunity from it ever after. In other words, his theory is that the person once bitten is thenceforth less susceptible of the poison, or—so to speak—if he takes the disease again, it will be in a milder form.

As an exterminator of the rattlesnake the hog seems to bear the palm. One old mother porker with a litter of pigs—the latter should not be too young I suspect—it is said, will do more to rid a lot that has been overgrown with weeds and brushwood, and so become dangerous, of these pests, than a whole battalion of armed men. The senses of the swine are quick to detect the presence of the snake; and his mode of attack, when he has found him, shows more

sagacity than the hog generally gets credit for. He waits until the reptile has coiled himself up and with head erect is ready to strike: he then offers his cheek and receives the poison fangs in the fatty part of it where there are few, if any blood-vessels, and where, in consequence, the poison injected seldom does much harm. As a rule, after one blow of this kind, which involves a large expenditure of energy, the snake is pretty well exhausted, so as not to be in a position to immediately renew the attack and easily becomes a prey to his assailant. If, however, he still shows signs of fight, the wily hog offers him the other cheek, and, after receiving another blow, he seizes him a few inches from the head, puts his foot on him and proceeds to tear him to pieces and devour him, or, scientifically speaking, to convert him into hog.

The average American, whether he is found on the prairie or elsewhere knows very little of any other country but his own. Even Canada, though it lies so near him and the relation between it and his own country is so intimate, is to him, so far as accurate and extended information is concerned, a sort of *terra incognita*. He knows little about the country, its characteristics and resources, and less about its people and its institutions. This is not from any want of intelligence, but solely from lack of interest. He knows his own great country, and what is there beyond it that is worth knowing? For the outside world he has a sort of sublime contempt, which, in its way is admirable. And of this there is perhaps as much in some sections of the prairie as anywhere else.

It is rather amusing to find what notions the people of the prairie get of us Canadians when they happen to come over and spend a little time among us. Our self-respect and our observance of the amenities and pro-

prieties of civilized life, considering the comparative poverty, of which they often have a somewhat exaggerated notion, appears to them to be strangely out of harmony with the fitness of things. One of them, a man of far more than the average intelligence of his countrymen, told me that he had been in Canada, that he had got a buggy at Stratford, and driven eastward through Toronto as far as Cobourg, and from thence northward as far as Bobcaygeon, and that during this journey he had seen more stuck-up pride, with very little money to support it, than he had seen in all his life before. Of course the implication was that the stuck-up pride would have been right if there was only money enough at its back. But a farmer living on a hundred or two hundred acres of land, making little more than a comfortable living, and the means of educating his children so as to fit them for positions of respectability and usefulness, and having the manner of a gentleman, was an offence to him.

This incident is only worthy of notice as an incident of the phase of civilization through which these people are passing. The weight of their purse, so far as the mass of them is concerned, is the only thing that determines their status in society. They are respectable and influential in proportion as they are rich. Wealth takes the place of family and of fame, and is the only thing that approximates to the idea of a patent of nobility. Democratic communities have their aristocracy as well as any other; and in a new unformed community one of the earliest forms of aristocracy is apt to be a monied aristocracy, or an aristocracy of wealth. The United States has reached this stage—the nabob is the millionaire.

The object of this reference is not to cast odium upon the people of the prairie or the American people generally, or to excite a prejudice against

them. It may be, and probably is, true that there is no other part of the world in which, as it has sometimes been asserted, a man without money, and a good deal of it, too, is relatively of so little importance as in the United States. But if so it is because there is no other country in the world in which there are so many people who have become suddenly rich, without any other claim to distinction than the accident of financial success. The desire to distinguish oneself above his fellow men is the mainspring of much of the activity of which the world is full. And if men have no other gift than the ability to make money why should they be ruled out of the lists! And yet when money takes the place of character, of culture, of name and of fame, and lifts a man who has absolutely nothing else that constitutes a valid claim to the special consideration of his fellow men to a position of importance above multitudes of worthier men, all that is noblest and best in human nature rises up in protest.

But this exists not in the States only. Beyond question it exists there in a more aggravated form than elsewhere; but it is not confined to any one country, climate or zone. The worship of Pluto is a cult which is at least co-extensive with civilized society, and there is probably something corresponding with it among savages. But it is not a thing to be cherished. There is no superstition that is more degrading. And while it is a laudable ambition to desire to improve one's circumstances, and thereby secure for himself the glorious privilege of being independent, and at the same time augment his power to do good, all honor to the man who persists in holding up his head and cultivating the manners of a gentleman though he has the misfortune of being less successful than some of his fellows. The reason why some men are not rich is honorable in the highest degree; they are poor simply because they

would not stoop to use the means by which others less scrupulous than themselves have secured the golden prize.

Of course the chief interest connected with any country centres in the people that live in it, and that are produced by it. It is not the corn and hogs, but the men and women who are raised on the grand prairie which are to give it character and to determine its place in history. But it is too soon, perhaps, to attempt to speak with intelligence of these. The people of the prairie are too heterogeneous for one to make them, for the time being, the subject of scientific study. They are not so much a people, as the raw material out of which a people is to be made. Mr. Herbert Spencer has defined evolution as "change from a state of indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a state of definite, coherent heterogeneity"; but in the evolution of a people there must be a process the very reverse of this, especially when it is to be evolved from materials so diverse, and drawn from so many different sources as those that are drawn together on the grand prairie. The first thing that is necessary is to fuse this congeries of heterogeneous elements into a uniform mass. And this is a slower process now than it was formerly. Foreigners of the same nationality cling together more tenaciously than they did in the past. They are more conservative of their languages, their social customs, and whatever else has come to them by inheritance and that seems to bind them to the parent stock. They intermarry among themselves to a greater extent, perhaps, than formerly, and in this way the existence of distinct types is prolonged. In view of these facts a completely homogeneous people can only be looked for on the prairie in the somewhat distant future.

It is scarcely wise to speculate very confidently just yet on what this people is to be. The history of the races

that have had their home in those parts of the world where the struggle for existence has been least arduous is rather admonitory. The very things which we are apt to desiderate in a country are those which are likely to produce effeminacy and early decline. The people who have their homes in the deltas of great rivers, in fat valleys, and on great and fruitful plains, have, indeed, rapidly risen to great prosperity, distinction and renown, but their decadence has been no less rapid. They have run the course quickly. Northern races who have lived under leaden skies, and have had to contend with an unpropitious climate and a comparatively sterile soil have been the imperial races. The history of Great Britain and of the leonine race that have sprung from her rugged bosom is full of instruction, especially when compared with that of some parts of southern Europe where Nature has been more lavish in the bestowment of her gifts. The same story is told by the part which the Scandinavians and the Switzers of the Alps have played in the history of Europe. And it is just possible that the history of the old world may repeat itself in this respect, as well as others, in the new. The progress which the Great Mississippi Valley has made in all that pertains to material prosperity and in all the arts of civilized life, is certainly one of the greatest marvels of history. Let us hope that luxury and effeminacy shall not there, as elsewhere, act as a poisonous worm at the root of this prosperity, so that the decline shall be as marvellous as the progress has been.

Already indications are not wanting that the character of the people on these great plains shall be essentially oriental. This becomes more and more apparent the further one goes west. The idea which seems to impress the mind of everybody is that of largeness. Hyperbole is their most natural and inevitable figure of speech.

They can scarcely speak without it. And this is the form in which their wit and humor almost invariably expresses itself. Even New Englanders with all their affectation of exactitude and precision catch the trick of speaking in this way when they get out on these great plains, on the margin of great rivers which have little to commend them but their considerable volume and great length, and especially, when within sight of the great mountains. One of them impressively set forth his sense of the essential littleness of a certain man whom both he and I happened to know. "O," said he "he could colonize for a thousand generations on the point of a cambric needle and there would be land enough and to spare." Another giving me a notion of the extreme poverty of a community of "Pukes," in the southern part of Missouri that he had recently visited, said: "You would'n't believe it, but it is literally true: they are so poor that the dogs have to sit down to bark, and the pigs have to prop themselves against the fence-corners to be able to squeal." Even when they are talking to their horses, they address them in the same oriental style. One of them who drove me recently with a pair of horses a few miles over the prairie, said to one of the horses, a beautiful young mare, that was evidently to him as the apple of his eye, but was a little frisky and playful and disposed to kick up her heels—addressing her in the most confidential and affectionate manner—"Honestly, Doll, if you don't behave yourself I'll cut you in two." All that he meant was that he would give her a sharp cut of the whip; indeed I doubt whether he meant even so much as that, but such was the expression of it in the language of the prairie.

Of the hospitality of these people of the plain it is not easy to speak in too high terms. In this, as in other respects, their character conforms to

the oriental and patriarchal type. They are liberal-minded and large-hearted. If they speak in a style hyperbolic, they carry something of the same spirit into their actions, especially in the treatment of strangers. "If you can eat hog and hominy, and chicken fixings," you are welcome, and are pretty sure to fare well at the humblest farm house on the prairie, and the door of the best house you come to will seldom be found closed against you. They don't like tramps, their houses are too far apart, and their women have been too often insulted and annoyed by them to make disreputable people welcome. But a respectable stranger will meet with nothing but the most profuse and exuberant kindness from them.

Changes, I am told, have taken place during the twenty years that have elapsed since I got this peep at the prairie. Many of the first generation of the settlers—the real pioneers—have died. Most of them are now gone. Their sons, too, have as a rule betaken themselves to the cities. The taste of city life has made the patriarchal simplicity of life on the prairie too quiet and dull for them. The land is gradually passing into the hands of strangers—Germans and Poles and Swedes and Bohemians, in a word, foreigners from all parts of Europe are taking the place of the people who twenty years ago were the occupants of the land and gave character to that part of the American continent. The result is that the homogeneous people of whom I have been writing is farther off to day than it was twenty years ago; and the process of evolution which seemed to have so nearly reached its consummation has, in a great measure, to begin again,

and scarcely, I fear, under quite as favourable circumstances as it began before.

There is one thing about the people of the prairie which one could heartily wish were otherwise: the family is not, I fear, as sacred an institution as it should be. The hasty and inconsiderate way in which people are mated, and the ease with which the tie between husband and wife is sundered, is a disgrace and a menace to society. There is no kind of judicial business that is despatched with such reprehensible carelessness and indecent haste as this matter of granting decrees of divorce.

One more observation about the people of the prairie. The part of the prairie to which this paper refers does not appear, so far, to be particularly favorable to personal beauty. The people generally are bony and muscular enough, but they lack color. They are bleached and bloodless. Two things contribute, doubtless, to that result: the presence of more or less malaria, and the bleaching wind of this region. I suspect that a really sound liver is the exception rather than the rule; and in the presence of malarial poison one can hardly have the delicacy and purity of skin which is generally regarded as one of the elements of personal beauty, and the evil is aggravated by the wind and dust. How far these influences may be modified by the more perfect drainage and general cultivation of the soil, the growth of trees, and other incidents of the transformation which is taking place in this region, it is impossible to say, but the impression which one gets is not that the prairie is destined to become the home of a handsome people.



COW BAY - HALIFAX HARBOUR.

ART IN HOUSE-FURNISHING.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON.

The word "art" pursues the house-furnisher, who, nowadays visits the great shops on an important buying mission. She hears of art squares in Brussels and Milton, art silks, art curtain stuffs, art screens, art wall-hangings and art pottery.

She holds her hands to her puzzled ears, and says over and over to her inmost conscience that she must be a law unto herself and that the question is not what to buy, but what to avoid buying.

She has a few clearly defined ideas. She knows her floor-covering and wall-hangings must be subordinate in tone to the other furnishings of the room. She appreciates the wise law that enjoins her to keep the darker colors low down, and allow the walls and ceiling to fade away into delicate tints. She remembers that masses of color must be judiciously introduced, and so she compels her tired-out eyes, her love of bargains, her sense of beauty in form, and even her purse to own the mastery of the laws of harmony in coloring.

A room may be expensively furnished. The richest of brocatelles and Wiltons and gold-finished hangings may cover window-panes, floors and walls; the designs may be of the newest patterns; the furniture of the most precious woods, elegant in finish and perfect in detail; but if the color-scheme be not carefully worked out the effect of the whole is vulgarly ostentatious and without artistic strength.

On the contrary, simple furniture, inexpensive carpets and window-hangings, which owe their beauty more to the delicate perception of the mind that set them in their places than to any splendor of dye-stuffs or trick of

the loom, may unite so harmoniously that the entire agreement of tints and textures breathe out an air of artistic refinement that greets one at the doorway.

It makes little difference what furnishings cost if only they fit into their designed places and harmonize with their environment.

So much for the coloring. It is of the greatest importance and should receive the first consideration.

But after the laws of harmony have been fulfilled, there is yet the artistic sense of form-beauty to appease.

With regard to the arrangement of rooms, the ideas of to-day are strangely at variance with those of the yester-days, and even among humble people of small means.

This is true of the taste in colors as well, for who cannot remember the vivid greens and flaming reds of those old-style carpets: who can not bring to mind those horse-hair chairs with backs to the four walls of the room, the tables placed exactly in the centre of the middle bunch of flowers in the carpet, the worse than cushionless sofas, and the awful primness of the few best books on the before mentioned table?

Now drawing-rooms are broken up into sections, chairs are placed ready for the stranger who may not be able to grope his unaccustomed way in perfect dignity to the nearest wall against which there are empty chairs. Little tables have replaced the centre horror, pots of palms and baskets of ferns, books and pretty photographs relieve the eyes from direct contact with the picture-hung walls, which last are not now, as then, covered with the faces of dead ancestors.

In this regard we may congratulate ourselves upon a definite progression. It is a credit to the sons and daughters of to-day that they hang their family portraits in their libraries or sitting-rooms. It is with undoubted unseemliness of taste that the pictured features—the loved features of our friends, should be exposed to the cool criticism of the strangers in our drawing-rooms. We have learned to love their faces in spite of the defects which imperfect characters have printed upon them. Those who do not know them see only the surface-face, hard with deep lines, perhaps, and with many a curve and curl which lose their strength for ill in some well-remembered softened gleam of eye, or tenderness of smile. We have enshrined them in our inner hearts, and we hang their pictured faces in our inner rooms.

The careful house-furnisher never buys a table, a chair, a screen or a cabinet without having first considered where it will be placed in her rooms, what coloring it will be near, and with what effect.

The law of fitness holds her firmly. She recognizes that not only must a thing be beautiful but it must receive beauty from its surroundings, as well as enhance the loveliness of its environment. This is true of nothing so much as of pictures and draperies. With the first, one is tolerably safe. It may be an engraving that is the subject of earnest thought. If the subject is pleasing, the work genuine, and the frames suited to the picture and its surroundings in the place it will hang, the choice is easily made with discretion.

But with draperies there is not only the color and texture to decide upon, but the surroundings must be studied with most minute attention to detail, and after all that comes the most difficult task, the artistic placing of the folds.

What crimes in the way of draping have been committed in the name of

art! What twistings and coils and loops; what unnameable contortions of cloth, what generations of knots, what drafts on patience have fallen on the altars of high-art as it has been sometimes practised amongst us.

The rage for studied carelessness is responsible for all these horrors.

Studied carelessness is in itself beauty. It is adopted from the beauty of buttercups tangled in grass, of clouds that writhe and pile one upon the other in summer skies, of waves that careen towards sandy shores and frolic there in broken lines of cream and blue. It is art, and it is not easily imitated.

But this fact did not deter people with dull perceptions from mussing up their rooms until they were positively untidy, and tangling lengths of silk and yards of stuff into such tortured strings that they were bereft of beauty and grace and excuse for being. Better the old rectangular system of chairs to the sides and tables to the centre! Better the days of white-net curtains and white-linen blinds, than that we should attempt the impossible and draw down upon ourselves ridicule in place of praise.

What is true of art in drapery, is as worthy of remark in the selection of ornaments and small pieces of decoration.

In needlework the hurried stitchings, the elaborate patterning, the glaring contrasts have given place to exquisitely fine embroideries. The scarf which is thrown across a table now will have only one end decorated, but when you have examined it closely, marked its intricate pattern and faithful execution, you will cease to marvel at the proverbial patience of Job. With the return of a soberer and more refined species of decoration comes the disposition to give utility the pre-eminence.

Never since the old days of tapestry weavers and the patient stitching of hand-made hems has so much dainty

needlework been put upon the accessories of the dining-room table and the wealth of the linen closet.

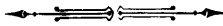
A little time ago most of the energy of womankind was expended in decorating chopping bowls, japanning pie tins, gilding old shoes and beribboning superannuated baskets.

The origin of the craze was simple enough, and it was commendable. Some women who had two chopping bowls and a taste for flower-painting, brushed some sprays of wild roses in one of them and set it against the marred place on the wall-hangings of her little front room.

Another woman wanted a paper-weight and money was scarce, but she had an extra flat-iron. She gilded it, tied a ribbon on it and rejoiced at her success. These two were only yielding to mother necessity. They made the best of what they had, and all the world should honor the women who

honestly do that. But these others—all the nine hundred and ninety-eight women who had just one chopping-bowl and no grease spot; a dozen paper-weights and no spare flat-iron, why should they copy the makeshifts and call their finished work art? Yes, bless you, and not only art, but "high art."

Let us be thankful for the awakening of the cool, calm reason which has declared that makeshifts shall be countenanced only when they are necessary, and has relentlessly swept the unseemly "high art" rubbish into the furnace or the rag man's cart, and let us rejoice in the acceptable doctrine of the new faith in art house-furnishing—that a little of the best that can be afforded, harmoniously arranged, is more artistic and more refined than either a poverty stricken jumble of makeshifts or a lavish display of the best that money buys.



A REVERIE.

BY W. A. SHERWOOD.

As a wondering child at the window,
Sits lingering into the night,
Her soul set deep in the shadows,
With the distant village light.

So often, I hear on the lattice
Faint murmuring rise on the gale;
Like sounds of a distant army
Whose trampling thrends the vale.

Dim, dreamy face at the window!
Dost thou know, whilst the eons roll
Sorrow will come with the morrow
In some measure to each soul?

The lamp's far glimmer endeth—
Or follows the shimmering gloom
Of the midnight-ushering shrouds,
To the caverns of the tomb.

Come, come; for thy breath on the pane has
But hidden a face thou would'st see
Which the note of the whistling plough-boy
Will wake at the dawn for thee.

A NEW SOCIAL PROBLEM.

BY J. L. PAYNE.

Social and economic problems of serious importance, and far-reaching in their effects, arise from the rapidly increasing number of women who have entered the fields of daily work. Let anyone who cannot throw statistical light on this matter contrast his observations of twenty-five years ago with those which he makes to-day, and he will find a change which must set him thinking. He will be apt to ask himself questions which cannot be answered, particularly as he seeks to estimate the probable condition of things in this respect at the end of another twenty-five years. Let us glance hurriedly at the facts in order that we may see where we stand.

A quarter of a century ago there were few avenues of work open to young women, either here or in the United States. The use of the needle in one way or another, made up the occupation of seven-tenths of all the women who sought a livelihood outside of the home circle. At all events, the factory and the sewing-room, where manual labor in its alleged lighter forms was carried on, gave employment to nearly all who worked. Girls had only found their way behind the counter in special branches of large commercial houses, and were practically unknown in the office, the counting-room, the professions, or the public service. They were taught to regard the domestic sphere as their legitimate and divinely assigned place in life. Men were regarded as the bread-winners, and filled the places.

Now, however, a change has occurred which carries with it a vast and impressive social revolution. Women are working side by side with men in every branch of work from which they are not debarred by lack

of physical strength. They are everywhere, and there has been such a mutual and successful adaptation on the part of employers and employed that they are certain to stay. Women have discovered that sex no longer prevents them from selling their labor in a common market, and the market has been reciprocal in the sense that it has always found a ready means of absorbing the supply. I may take the city of Ottawa as fairly indicating the extent of the change which has taken place. There are now more women employed in stores than men, quite apart from the work-rooms. In the general offices the sexes may be said to be equally divided. Three-fourths of all the teachers in the schools and in music are women. Twelve years ago there were not ten women in the Government service; whereas to-day there are hundreds. The exact number is not easy to get at, for the reason that the published pay sheets do not draw a line between the sexes, and simple initials do not afford even a clue. But it is not necessary to fortify the statement I have made with statistics. It will be accepted, as I assumed at the outset, by every one who intelligently uses his every-day faculties of observation, in its general application to all large centres of population at least.

I shall not attempt to analyze in detail the causes which appear to me to have operated to bring about this great change. It is sufficient for all immediate purposes to deal with the fact. But it will be admitted by every one that the willingness of women to work for less wages than men has induced capital to provide many forms of labor for them. Women were found to be skilful and indus-

trious. They were more tractable than men and less inclined to be nomadic. They learned quickly and in every way became satisfactory employes. Thus it came about that the success of the pioneers induced a steadily increasing army of girls to enter the ranks of labor, and the novelty of the thing having disappeared it became in a way fashionable for women to accept every form of work which they were capable of performing. The desire for independence, once the way was opened, has very naturally actuated a vast majority of women to take occupations—particularly those occupations in which they could wear neat clothes and enjoy some measure of variety.

But this desire for independence must be considered in the light of a startling fact, which is capable of the clearest proof—the fact that young men are not marrying now as young men did twenty and thirty years ago. Let anyone who cares to do so take a census of his immediate circle of acquaintances, and he will be surprised to find how many young men there are who, at twenty-eight or thirty years of age are unmarried and perhaps unengaged. The marriage rate by ages, as I could demonstrate by official tables, shows a surprising decline since 1870. That is to say, the number of marriages in which the male contractor in particular is between twenty-three and thirty years of age exhibits a remarkable decrease within the period indicated. I cannot enlarge upon this fact, although I have data at hand, but present it as one of the potent reasons why girls have leaned so readily to the notion of being independent. In a sense, young men have forced them to do so.

Let us glance hastily at the social and economic results of this modern movement. In the first place it is quite clear that the extent to which women have entered the fields of

labor has caused the displacement in many instances of men. In all branches of clerical employment young men find great difficulty in getting places, simply because girls can do the work as well and will do it for lower wages. Very soon young men will have to forsake the clerical field altogether, and in this fact I see one of the causes which has created a lamentable exodus year by year. This process of displacement will become more striking in another five or ten years. At the present time I know of a large department in the Government service here in Ottawa into which, during the past year, two girls have been admitted to one young man; and it is perhaps true that taking all the departments together the admissions of young women have considerably exceeded the admissions of young men during the past two years. As I said a moment or two ago, there were less than ten women all told in the civil service twelve years ago; while now there are hundreds.

Soon there will be crowding and competition for places, and sentimental considerations which now weigh in favor of young women may be expected to disappear. The conditions which obtain at present will certainly intensify, and it would seem to be only a question of a few years until offices and counting-rooms and stores and public departments will be wholly equipped by female clerks. More than that, the professions are being seized on by women of ambition and talent, and ere long a displacement will begin in those walks of like. It appears to be inevitable. Commerce having welcomed the deft hands and clear heads of women a wider place is sure to be found for them in other avenues of human effort. How will all this, however, effect the home life of our nation. Already as a result of the failure of young men to marry, an important decline is apparent in the

size of the average family as revealed by the census. Fewer children are being born and these children find the old notion of their relationship to each other radically changed. I cannot foresee all the results of this altered condition of society, but I know this, that we shall have to read our Bibles differently if we regard it as altogether a good thing.

It would be unjust to women, I believe, if it were thought they are satisfied with the movement which has given them such a large place in business affairs in these days. On the contrary, they would prefer to fill those higher places which their domestic natures best fit them for. In plain words, they would rather marry

and let their husbands earn their bread; but what can they do? If the wild course of extravagance into which most young men seem to be falling stands as a barrier to marriage, the girls are helpless. It stands then to their credit that they have met the emergency by independent action—an action which carries some retribution upon the profligate young men, who find many ways of toil slowly closing against them. I have not the prophetic instinct to see how far all this will go, and do not care to speculate. My immediate purpose is served if the facts I have cursorily outlined shall set men and women thinking.

JOHN MYERS, B.A.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON.

"Well mother, the boy's through. Here's his name in the paper, and with honors too. I knew he'd come off well. He's got grit, John has."

Mrs. Myers was ironing at a low table in the farmhouse kitchen, and turned towards her husband with a flat-iron in her hand. She was tall and sallow. Her scanty front hair was drawn back from a wrinkled brow. Her eyes were a blurred brown and red-rimmed. They were darker than usual now and moist with feeling as she said: "He's done splendid, if he only ain't injured his health."

Then she spread out the course sheet and passed the iron slowly over it, saying after a moment: "But didn't he write a letter to say when he was coming home? He made out to stay till the thing was settled, but he'll surely come home now."

"I didn't wait for the letters. They weren't sorted. I just got the paper

and started for home. I didn't feel like openin' it down at the corners, for fear the boy's name wasn't there. One of the Green boys will fetch the letter, if there is one."

The old man was seated now. The paper was spread out on his knees, and he was running a heavy brown finger up and down the columns of names.

"Jones' boy ain't here," he said presently, with something which was almost triumph in his voice, "but," he went on, "Tim was a slow one beside John—though he did have so much schoolin'."

"Yes, our boy's not had any great chance. If he's done well, it's all the more to his credit," said Mrs. Myers, as she hung the sheet on the clothes-horse, and began snapping the fringe of a towel on the edge of the table.

There was mother-pride in her eyes now, and an enthusiasm on her face

which seldom rested there. She was usually too tired to be interested in anything. Years of toil and "saving" had broken down her health. Where she looked out on life it was dark.

Now she bent down to look out of the window. "I wonder the Green boy ain't come," she said. Her husband came over beside her. He too scanned the dusty road with eyes that were as anxious as his wife's, if less expectant.

"It's done me good to know that John's really got through," he began, with almost boyish fervor. "It's cost a lot, but it's worth the money to have your boy a B. A."

"If he ain't got proud, with his learnin'," said the mother in a dreary tone.

"Never you fear" replied the father, "John's got sense. And we'll sell the farm by and bye, mother, and go into town. We can have hired help this year, too, I guess—now there's no schoolin' money to pay. It's good this year was the last—we're both pretty well worked out."

"Yes," came wearily from the wife's lips, and then she added with a sigh: "I guess we wouldn't have stood it much longer."

The old man leaned nearer his wife, and touched her arm with a half-caress. It was seldom he showed much affection, but this great good fortune, this realization of hopes—seemed to draw them closer together. Her dull, red-circled eyes met his timidly, yet with a light of devotion and joy. She moved her arm and leaned towards him, still looking shyly into his face.

A tap sounded on the door-panel, and they started apart. It was Green's boy and he brought a letter. The old farmer walked with feeble haste to the little table where his glasses lay. His wife set the iron on the overturned saucer that served for a stand, and stood near him. He fumbled over the letter, and bending

her weak eyes to the envelope she cried uneasily. "It don't look like John's writing, father."

"It is though," said the old man, as with flushed cheeks, his trembling fingers followed by his wife's enlarged, anxious eyes, he tore off the covering.

It was written with lead pencil. Some of the letters were ill-formed. The words did not follow the lines, and here and there the endings had gone beyond the edges. It told a sad story, and when it was finished the mother was sobbing. She had sunk into the arm-chair and pressed her calico apron to her eyes. Her husband stood with the letter still in his hand. The other rested on his wife's shoulder and was moved with her sobs. His eyes stared out into the garden. They seemed sunken in his head. There were dark shadows beneath them, and his lip twitched now and then.

Their boy had gone blind, and each was saying over with closed lips the dreadful word blind! blind! trying to realize it, to grow accustomed to its awfulness, reaching out for something to steady them in their trouble. Neither spoke. Out where the father's eyes strayed, there were flowers in bloom—pinks, snowballs, syringa and peonies. The air he breathed so spasmodically was laden with their perfume, but he did not know it. He seemed to draw in something that choked him. He saw his boy, his son over whom his old heart was so full of pride a moment ago, coming towards him—now with bandaged eyes, now with great black hollows where his eyes had been, now with white drooping lids.

It had been coming on for months, this blindness, but the boy had been brave. He struggled against it. He read only by daylight, in the dawn saving the remnant of his sight to win his degree. His eyes would be better when he could rest them, the doctor said, and he had hoped on. He

had not told his parents. It would only worry them, he said. He had remained in town under treatment since the examinations, and had lately had the advice of a celebrated oculist. The great man's verdict was a cruel one—total blindness for two years at least and likely forever. A cataract now growing over one eye would ripen in two years. Its removal might give him back one eye: it was impossible to say. The other was sightless for all time.

"Oh father," cried the broken voice from behind the apron—"it's worse than anything else could be. He'd better never have gone to college."

"It's pretty bad," answered the old man in an uneven voice, that was harsh with the effort to control it, "but maybe the cataract can be taken off."

"It ain't likely" moaned the mother. "His eyes always was weak—even when he was a baby. They're like mine. Oh my poor, poor boy—but when's he comin' home?"

"To-morrow."

"We must get ready for him," she said more bravely, and then she went back to her ironing.

John came home next day. He was a tall man with a smooth honest face and stooped shoulders. He had very little luggage. His clothes were coarse and plain and he wore blue glasses.

The brakeman led him off the train. He lifted his head and listened for a moment when he was left alone on the platform, and then he hurried with short uncertain steps towards a little bent figure from whose direction had come the husky words: "I'm comin', my boy."

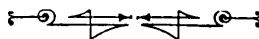
A moment later the student's firm slender hand was clasped in the father's brown stumpy one. There was little said but the boy knew he was welcomed home.

Poor fellow, his trouble had bowed him down, and his old hard-worked parents tried to cheer him. His father led him by the hand over the fields, through the garden, into the orchard, after a little down to the corner store, and, when the first hot rebellion had died out of his heart, into the little church.

There is no "hired help" at the farm. The mother plods about the household duties, irons and washes and bakes. The old farmer potters about the barns, sells a cow now and then, and looks half-sadly over the fields that are "out on shares."

Sometimes a letter comes for John from some college friend. It is often addressed to John Myers, B.A., and a cloud comes over the old father's face, as he looks from the coveted letters to his son's upturned face with its poor sightless eyes.

There are times when the burden presses heavily upon the farmer and his wife, but no word of complaining ever reaches John's ears. The boy is less unhappy now. He sits in the shade or moves carefully about the house and garden. Sometimes he talks almost cheerfully, as the old folks sit with him in the twilight, and when they are all silent, each knows that both of the others are silently hoping and praying that the doctor may have been a little wrong, and that the young man will be able to see when the cataract is removed.



THE BAILLYS AND THE BAILIFF,

BY ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

We—the members of the Bailly family—would never have left Ireland if our parents had lived. The idea of forsaking the old sod had always seemed like sacrilege to us, for we dearly loved the land of our birth, and especially that part of it in which we lived, including the beautiful old crumbling ruin where we had first seen the light and which we had come to regard as “home.” To us “Ballinahinch” was the dearest and the fairest spot in this mundane sphere, and the wild, uncultivated grounds a second Eden.

We were always a happy-go-lucky crowd, and took all things, whether joys or sorrows, quite philosophically.

Bart was the eldest, and at twenty shouldered the rare responsibility of looking after us—his younger sisters and brothers—with both a father's and a brother's affection and solicitude.

Nora came next—dear old Nora—and she assumed the manifold cares of the household with a motherly grace that well became her, though she was but eighteen.

I came next, and lest my readers should get my own impression of myself, which is anything but flattering, or perhaps, on the other hand, think I am conceited and vain, I shall here hand over the pen to someone else, never mind who.

“Kit,” (that's me—I mean that's I) “Kit was as beautiful as the fawn itself, and just as harum-scarum. She was the darling of the family and everybody else—and the most skittish and troublesome of the lot—beautiful both in face and form, high spirited, generous and self-willed, the latter especially. When Kit brought to bear all her powers of persuasion, of

fifteen years cultivation, on the rest of the Bailly family, they merely acquiesced, for they knew it would simply be madness to do otherwise—Kit might run away somewhere or do something dreadful. Kit was and is a dear girl all the same, and the image of what her mother was at the same age. Bryan says: “Faith! sure, an' the loiknesship that she be to her mother, darlint—rist her sowl—could not be bate for bein' twins—she does so ray-semble her.”

When I look at what he has written I am pleased, and yet annoyed. There are some things that he has said about me that I feel it my duty to box his ears for, and then I will thank him for the rest. I have already hugged dear old Bryan for what he said about my mother.

Well, Larry came next, aged twelve, “a pretty and a loikely boy, but as mischavous a young divil as iver vexed the sowls o' saints in days begonst, bless his hairt,” says Bryan, and I quite agree with him.

Last, but by no means least, came old Bryan, for to enumerate the Bailly family minus Mr. Bryan Lynch, would be as bad (as Larry put it) “as going to a picnic without grub.” Oh, yes, Bryan was one of us. He had lived so long in our family that we mutually considered him guardian by act of Providence, of us fatherless and motherless ones.

No, we would not have left dear old “Ballinahinch,” and beloved Ireland and come to Canada, if father had lived; but he died, and we must go somewhere, for we were poor, and the estate was “swallowed up by incumbrances,” that is what the villainous red-faced lawyer said.

Bart thought he could do better in

Canada—Bart is an artist you know—and so with what little money he could raise, we all (Bryan Lynch included) clinging fondly to each other in our hour of trial, after bidding a tearful adieu to every animate and inanimate object on the estate—the sight stirred up fond memories, and another burst of inconsolable weeping from Larry and myself—migrated to the land of promise—Canada, and settled ourselves in Ontario's fair capital.

It amuses us now when we look back on our early experiences in this country, one of which is especially interesting, although it was not particularly pleasant at the time.

It was not long before poor Bart found that art was not so highly appreciated in Canada as he had fondly imagined. It was difficult, nay, almost impossible, for an unknown artist to make any headway for a time at least, perhaps for years.

Mr. Bryan Lynch was installed as coachman in the household of a wealthy young bachelor, he, Bryan, having procured the position through the incontestible references he carried, viz., that "I had the map o' Oirland on my mug and was fresh fram th' owld sod."

But poor old Bryan did not get much; Bart had as yet made little; Larry and myself were at school, and Nora's hands were quite full at home. "There was beginnin' to be the divil to pay ginerally," as Bryan said. Ours was not a very grand house, but Bart was getting behind in the rent; poor boy, he was laid up ill for over two months and the little he had saved had to go to keep us all supplied with the absolute necessities of life. The landlord had threatened, and things were assuming a very blue look. Bart sought manfully to earn enough with his brush to keep things moving; but he was slowly and secretly becoming discouraged and sick at heart, and almost hated his art.

Nora endeavored to cheer him at all times with kind words and sage advice, and succeeded in putting new life into him more than once.

Larry and myself, although not naturally thoughtless, I believe—at least Larry wasn't—in the buoyancy of our youth did not fully realize the seriousness of affairs. We were most delightfully oblivious of it all, and as lighthearted, gay and mischievous as of yore—providentially so, perhaps, for by our lightness of spirits, we prevented the entire demoralization of the Bailly family.

Bryan felt, perhaps, as bad as anyone; and when by himself, in his cosy little room over his master's stable, would sit with his head in his hands for twenty minutes at a time trying to think of some loophole out of which to pull us all, while occasionally he would give vent to such exclamations as "Moira! "Moira! phwhat's to be dune! Mother av Mawses, phwhat can I do at all, at all!"

At length things came to a head. The landlord would wait no longer, and the bailiff made his appearance in the orthodox and usual manner peculiar to bailiffs in realistic, everyday melodramas. A man was left in charge, with instructions that if the money was not forthcoming at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning he was to have the household lares of ours—the Baillys'—carted away to the slaughter.

Then, it was, there was wailing from Larry and me.

Wholly unconcerned, the deputy settled himself comfortably in the parlor in the midst of Bart's beloved books, and with lighted pipe in mouth was already deep in the vagaries of "Pendennis." This was very terrible to us all, and raised the wrath of Mr. Bryan Lynch to such a pitch that he pleaded with Bart to "Jest give th' worud, and oi'll haul the mane, snakin' divil out by the slack of his corduroys—the durty, thavin' spalpeen that he

is," and Bryan's face assumed a look of ferocity, and his fingers worked convulsively as though in the act of clutching the throat of the offending but innocent deputy.

This man was quite a character. Bryan said he was a "soaker." His face was horrid, and red, while his nose was large and swelled up, and presented the color and appearance of an over-ripe strawberry.

After another unsuccessful sally to procure the necessary funds, Bart one day wearily threw himself into a chair in the parlor, and during some casual conversation discovered that the ill-conditioned deputy was an educated man, and could converse intelligently on both literature and art, and said some pretty things about Bart's productions which adorned the walls on all sides. He was, moreover, possessed of a kind heart, and once, after carefully looking into the street, and behind all the doors leading out of the parlor, announced to Bart in a hoarse whisper that it was "A shame," and old Skinflint was "an infernal skunk."—I heard him, for I was at the stovepipe hole upstairs, and I'm sure Bart fully concurred in this opinion, for I saw him shake hands with the deputy. But the deputy's private opinions were never allowed to clash with his professional duties (until Mr. Bryan Lynch got hold of him) and he said impressively to Bart, that if the money was not forthcoming by 10 o'clock, Thursday morning, "every movable stick must go, for thus saith the bond," whereat there was a wail from the vicinity of the stove-pipe hole.

In the meantime Mr. Bryan Lynch, coachman to young Mr. Bentley, had not been idle, and had sought a private interview with his master, and with many tears and many "Moiras!" told him all, and moreover repainted Bart's last production in such glowing, incongruous, and startling hues, that his master, with a smile of amusement,

said, after a moment's thought: "Lynch, I will buy this picture, but cannot see about it just now. I'm off to Montreal by the 8.05 train this evening, and will be back about 8 Thursday morning, when I will have a look at this famous work of art," and picking up his hat and cane, Mr. Bentley went out, and Bryan was so elated that he then and there cocked his beaver hat over one eye, and executed a hoe-down, accompanied by a war-whoop of such vigorous proportions that several servants rushed in to see what was the matter, a pretty housemaid even going so far as to assert that Lynch was "drunk again," and the said Lynch further impressed her with this belief when he threw one arm round her generous waist and made her an unwilling partner in a wild pirouette around the room, while the rest gazed in open-mouthed astonishment. Then he stopped short, and explained, without going further into details than was absolutely necessary, and wound up with the exclamation: "The master's a brick. Bless his sowl an' inards, say I, an' its me as'll make him the natest coachman, and his the natest, and the toidiest rig in the town, s'help me Brian Boru, me antheater that was!" and with this awe inspiring oath, Bryan hurried off to the stables to "hitch up" and take his master to the station, while his hearers, with a last admiring glance at his retreating figure, scurried off to their several posts of duty.

Bryan had intended keeping his little secret to himself until the last moment, and enjoying the many demonstrations of misery depicted in every variety of form in all our faces.—the old rogue—but I think my lugubrious visage was too much for him, for placing his horny hands on my shoulders and gazing with loving pity into my face he said: "Kitty, asthore! its me as does'nt loike to see ye lookin' so, and ye must smoil at

me, right now," and then he unburdened himself. "Oh, Brian, come and tell the rest," and he did, and there was rejoicing in the house of Bailly.

But that adage about the nice and men comes in right here. When Bryan returned to his master's residence, he was informed that a telegram had come from Mr. Bentley saying that he would not be home until the following afternoon.

"He'll be too late" exclaimed Mr. Lynch, when he heard this, "to save Bart's, and Nora's, and the childers' things, and that ugly divil, that lazy lout, that snakin', thavin'—that worum, that rapscallen of a deputy-bailiff will walk off wid ivery loose thing about th' place. By the Mother av Mawses! he won't if Oi can help it," and with a look that boded ill for the minion of the law, he rushed off to his stable-room to hatch some plan to circumvent the unsuspecting deputy-bailiff.

The result was, Bryan held a whispered conversation with Bart. Bart laughed and nodded his head. I saw him, and made him tell me what it was all about. In fact we all did more than smile that night, when we gathered together upstairs, and listened to the noise below. We might have laughed outright if we were not so anxious about the result. I believe Larry and I did laugh once, when we heard Bryan break forth into a Bacchanalian song downstairs, the refrain of which was:

"Kape up yer sperits,
I've got him as full as th' moon
On its last quarter.
An' sure an' bedad!
It's me last quarter too."

Bryan had, much against his inclination, made friends with the deputy that evening, and had played a couple of games of draughts with him. It was about the only game Mr. Lynch could play, he was quite a proficient, and it so happened that his guest also prided himself on his skill in the manipulation of the frisky chequer.

Nora afterwards prepared a little spread in the dining-room, at which we all presided.

"It's thur last noight in th' house" said Bryan, "and as they'll lose ivery-thing in th' marnin' (consternation depicted on the faces of all of us) they think they moight as well have one last male to celebrate, as it wur, thur lavin' th' owld house—bad cess to yer ugly mug" (this under his breath.)

Then Bart, Nora, Larry and I retired upstairs, while Mr. Lynch and his now bosom friend—the deputy-bailiff, played another game of draughts, the deputy coming out victor. Then Mr. Lynch produced a couple of suspicious looking bottles, and the deputy's eyes glistened. Mr. Lynch carefully removed the corks from both, and poured out two generous potions. Courtesies were exchanged, and in the promiscuous drinking which followed, it would have perhaps puzzled a stranger why Mr. Bryan Lynch always poured his own liquor out of the same bottle. A slight sniff at that same would have explained matters—it was filled with *cold tea*.

To look at them, a casual observer would imagine that Mr. Bryan Lynch was the more drunk of the two. He told yarns in a loud tone of voice, with unsteady speech, and much gesticulation with both hands and feet, varied occasionally with an extremely drunken laugh, while his companion, in a somewhat maudlin state, listened with the utmost gravity to the funny portions of Bryan's yarns, and chuckled immoderately when tears would have been much more appropriate. Then the deputy's head dropped forward on the table, as Mr. Bryan reached the refrain of his fifth song:

"An' a wee dthrop o' th' crathur
To ossist toired nathur—

Bedad! it's assisted this divil moightily," and Mr. Lynch heaved a huge sigh of relief, and wiped his perspiring brow, after which he lifted the now inanimate form of his guest to the

sofa, and wheeling the table close for the double purpose of keeping him from rolling off, and for placing liquid refreshment within easy reach, he poured himself a modest finger from the deputy's bottle, and quietly left the room.

"Mr. Bart," he called softly up the stairs.

"Yes, Bryan."

"That divil beyonst is slapin sound, and when he wakes, there's somethin' beside him will make him slape again. Let me out and lock all th' doors, and don't let a sowl into th' house until I come back wid th' money, ye hear."

"All right, Bryan."

And so Bryan went out into the night, and we all went to bed. Next morning we peeped into the parlor, and saw that the deputy was still sleeping, and the bottle on the table half empty. He continued in this condition the greater part of the day.

At 10 o'clock the bailiff and his men came to carry out their nefarious work—nefarious I say, for such things have never happened in Ireland. There, tenants neglect or are unable to pay rent for twelve months or even years: they are evicted, and all the world howls with indignation; while right here in Canada—in Toronto, whole families, who have the misfortune to be poor, lose their all by virtue or vice of a lease, the conditions of which are galling in the extreme, and the amount due is in nine cases out of ten a mere trifle.

Well, the bailiff and his satellites did not get into the Bailly mansion, for the doors were all locked and barred. There they stayed nearly all day, a dirty, ill-conditional wretch at every exit, and passed the time with brutal jests, and coarse sallies. At two o'clock we were all beginning to feel anxious, when a clatter of hoofs was heard and a stylish brougham dashed up to the door, while an even more stylish coachman jumped lightly to the ground and assisted his master

to alight. Then he rang the door bell, and immediately half a dozen men crowded round the door, ready for a bold dash forward, as soon as the door was opened.

"Back, you hounds! What do you want here?" cried Mr. Bentley, for it was he.

"We wants to get in to that 'ere 'ouse, Guvenur; so just stand hout o' th' bloomin' way, will yer," remarked a wretched specimen of humanity.

"No impudence, my man. Answer my question. You have papers there; let me see them."

There was an air of authority about Mr. Bentley that was not to be resisted. The bailiff handed him the wretched papers, whatever they were, without another word. Mr. Bentley carefully went over them, and then taking out his pocket-book he handed over the requisite amount, while the coachman, Mr. Bryan Lynch by name, grinned with delight.

The door had long since been opened by Nora, who politely invited Mr. Bentley to come in. At the same time Mr. Bryan Lynch hastily shook up the sleeping deputy, and commanded him to "get out for a thavin' trayspasher," a mandate which the deputy unsteadily complied with, uttering muttered curses the while.

He was awfully kind, this young Mr. Bentley (for he was only twenty-eight), and I noticed he stared at me so, when I wasn't looking. He was very handsome too, and when his eyes met mine, it gave me such a strange feeling—a thrill, whether of pleasure, or pain, I know not. He was so delighted with Bart's last picture, that he purchased it on the spot, and at a price that nearly took all our breaths away.

"I do not offer this amount, Mr. Bailly, on account of your present trouble; but because the painting is really worth that and more—'tis exquisitely treated, and a clever imitation of the lovely original" (Here he

glanced at me, and I blushed furiously, and hung my head.) "Some day, I would like to see the rest of your work, and be assured, Mr. Bailly, you have a brilliant future before you."

Bart smiled with pleasure, while I, forgetful of aught else, threw my arms around old Bryan's neck, and sobbed for very gladness.

Young Mr. Bentley came often to see us after this—with shame, I must confess that it was I who received most of his attention, although he was more than kind to Bart and the

others. It quickly dawned upon me that he loved me, and I was glad in consequence. Three years afterwards we were married with Bart's consent, and Bryan's unconcealable joy.

Dear old Bart has R. C. A. after his name now, and has been also recognized by the French Academy. He, Nora, and Larry are still together in a lovely little place on the banks of Lake Ontario, and my husband and I are quite near them in the summer. We are all so very, very happy.

