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APRIL, 1892.

CANADA

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF UNION, PATRIOTISM, SELF-HELP AND REFORMATION

EDITED BY MATTHEW RICHIE KNIGHT

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE AND CANADA FOR FOUR DOLLARS

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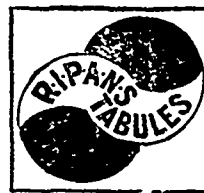
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CANADA:

A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

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

Vol. II.—No. 4.

APRIL, 1892.

One Dollar a Year.

For Table of Contents see page 92.

(FOR CANADA)

THE SPIRIT OF THE RIVER.

FROM the din of the town I wandered,
Till I reached a daisy-starred lea,
And stood watching the mighty river
Rolling on to the distant sea;

Where afar from Lachine's wild rapid
Comes softened its ceaseless roar,
And the crest of the last white breaker
Droops in foam on the pebbly shore;

Where the rest of the troubled waters
In the curve of Laprairie's bay
Seems the sleep of a giant wrestler
Stretched at ease after some fierce fray.

Queen Stream of broad lakes and wild rapids
And a thousand green fairy isles!
I have seen thy face dark in anger,
But to-day it is wreathed in smiles.

Make vocal the deeps of thy current,
Give a voice to thy splashing waves,
Let a ripple tell me its story
As some soft sandy curve it laves.

And this is the story it told me
As, in shade of a spreading tree,
I lay watching our grand St. Lawrence
Sweeping on to the distant sea.

In the depths of "the big sea water"
I, a shy forest stream, was lost,
Till, emerged from its shining vastness,
Through the Sault I was rudely tossed.

But a calm brooded o'er my spirit;
I was hushed in an awe profound,
And moved forward with gentler motion
Towards a spot that seemed Holy Ground.

And why should we not deem it holy?
The great Manitou's island home,
When the child of the forest worshipped
'Neath the Spirit's blue temple dome.

With a curve round Nottawassaga,
I was swept into Huron's tide,
But St. Clair, with its narrow limits,
Gave a check to my growing pride.

The swift winds of the low, gusty Erie
Had nigh ended my ocean quest;
But I leaped for life at Niagara,
And was caught on Ontario's breast.

There, quiv'ring, I lay on her bosom,
Till she soothed away all my fear,
And the whispering winds sang: "Courage,
Now the goal of thy hope draws near."

Give me skill more than earth-born artist,
Give me colour not earthly bright,
Ere I picture the 'wildering beauty
That then broke on my dazzled sight.

In the glow of the sun's first splendour
A thousand fair isles met my gaze;
Till the last pink flush of the sunset
Did I thread their silvery maze;

But, while floating dreamily seaward
'Neath the light of the moon's soft beam,
A stern foe rudely barred the pathway
And challenged the right to midstream.

Then closed the lithe knight of the waters
With the knight of the rigid rocks,
While the blows in that dreadful tourney
Resounded like earthquake shocks;

But the victor in that wild combat
Was my knight of the foam-white crest,
And we now are hast'ning to ocean
With the spoils of the distant West.

We shall creep through St. Peter's shallows,
Round in shadow Cape Diamond's height,
Meet the gloom of the Saguenay's waters
Pouring into a flood more bright;

Through a channel that ever widens,
'Twixt blue hills and receding ranks,
Till we're lost on the Ocean's borders
In the mists of Newfoundland's banks.
Montreal, Que. ERIE.

If you have not renewed your subscription, remember that the success of CANADA depends largely upon the promptness of its subscribers in this respect.

AN OLD FUNERAL SERMON, AND ITS HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

"A gracious woman retaineth honour."—Prov 11c.16c.
A SERMON preached in the Methodist Chapel at the funeral of the late Mrs. Abigail Newton, wife of Joshua Newton, Esquire, of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Perkins. Delivered on the 12th September, 1819, by Jas. Knowlan, Wesleyan Methodist Missionary. Halifax: Printed by Edmund Ward, at his office, No. 4 Cheapside, near the Province Building. 1819.

ALL the names mentioned on the title-page of this old pamphlet are woven with the early history of Queens County, Nova Scotia. Colonel Simeon Perkins was one of the proprietors in the confirmation grant of Liverpool township in that county, and settled there as early as 1764, and the same year was appointed one of his majesty's justices of the peace, by Governor Wilmot, and also one of the judges of the court of common pleas for Queens County. In 1772 Colonel Perkins was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Queens County militia, and in 1773 he had the appointment of colonel commandant. In that station he conducted himself with great ability, zeal and loyalty, and during the American revolutionary war distinguished himself highly in defending the town of Liverpool several times from the attacks of an enemy of a very superior force, which had surprised the regular troops stationed there. Colonel Perkins re-took the garrison from the enemy by his intrepidity, and on that occasion was highly applauded, and his battalion received the appellation of the "Queen's Buffs," in token of the approbation of the commander-in-chief of the provinces. He remained at the head of his regiment until 1807, when he resigned. During the whole of the revolutionary war the coast of Nova Scotia was scourged by American privateers, and nearly all the small independent towns and settlements pillaged by these lawless marauders, who are now called patriots in Yankee history.

For thirty-four years Colonel Perkins represented Queen's County in the General Assembly, being chosen in 1765 and continuing to serve until he declined in 1799. On the 9th of May, 1812, this staunch old loyalist passed away and his remains were interred behind the Methodist Chapel in which this sermon was delivered.

Colonel Perkins united with the Methodists of Liverpool in 1785, and to his exertions and zeal the early founders of Methodism in Liverpool owed the erection of the first chapel for divine worship belonging to the denomination in that town.

Mrs. Abigail Newton, whose death in 1819 occasioned this sermon, was a daughter of Colonel Perkins, and with her husband, Joshua Newton, were leading members of the Wesleyan Methodist community, of Liverpool, and persons of respectability and position in that town. Mr. Newton was a native of England and settled at Liverpool about 1796, and became collector of customs for that port. He was made a justice of the peace for Queens County, and also filled many other offices of trust and responsibility. He died in 1849, and with his wife, and other members of this early Methodist community, is buried close to the Wesleyan Chapel in which they worshipped, during the early days of Methodism. Joshua Newton was intimately associated with William Black, and the founders of Methodism in the Maritime Provinces, and retained the confidence of the ministers of the denomination to the close of his long and useful life.

James Knowlan, the author and preacher of this sermon, was an Irishman, of whose early life very little is known. In 1806 he had been ordained and sent as a missionary to Jamaica. In 1808 he left Jamaica for England, in consequence of ill health. The following year he left England for St. John, N. B., and an incident of the voyage reveals the manner of man this Wesleyan missionary was. A sloop-of-war, spoken during the passage, was at first taken for an enemy's vessel (as war then existed with France), and preparations were made for defence, by forty men with fourteen long guns. The missionary took his station beside the captain on the quarter-deck. On the 2nd of December, 1809, James Knowlan landed in St. John, and commenced his work, writes the historian of Methodism, Rev. T. Watson Smith, "by delivering an exhortation at the prayer-meeting held that evening in the old church," on Germain street. For a quarter of a century the brave Wesleyan missionary

continued to labour in the provinces. "In the early years of the century," continues the writer first quoted, "he had been one of the strongest men of the provincial itinerancy. His mental strength, aided by a good education and an extensive stock of general knowledge, caused him to take a wider range in the pulpit than some of the preachers of the day. An early abandonment of pathway to worldly honour, and a long missionary service in Jamaica and several of the British American provinces, render this able and possibly wayward Irishman deserving of honourable mention in any history of the Church he served."

In what the preacher of this old sermon styles the "Advertisement," or preface, to his production, he makes this apology for its publication:

"The propriety and utility of holding up to imitation the example of those who have through the changing scenes of many years, and to the end of life, advanced their Christian profession, is not only dictated by common sense, but also justified by experience, and warrant of Holy Writ." In all of which the reader, we presume, will concur; but in an historic point, the old sermon, with the autograph of Joshua Newton written on a blank page, comes to us as a message of love and hope from the brave and loyal hearts, whose devotion to king and country often stood even the test of persecution. But John Wesley had proved a loyalist in the hour of trial, and why should those who followed in his footsteps prove otherwise?

Even the printer of this sermon, Edmund Ward, possesses interest for us. About the year 1840 Mr. Ward wrote and published a description of the River St. John and the lands adjacent, now a very rare pamphlet. He shortly after this returned to Halifax, and founded, or attempted to found, a monthly magazine in that city. He was a man of brilliant parts, and a good printer.

Liverpool, Nova Scotia, in the early years of this country, was a town of considerable maritime importance. During the first year of the war of 1812 the mercantile marine of the town suffered severely from the depredations of Yankee privateers, but the following year, when letters of marque were issued to our people, the Yankee privateersman ceased to be a source of trouble, and disappeared rapidly from our coast before the combined attacks of the British cruisers and our own private armed vessels, manned principally by our fishermen.

Liverpool became celebrated during the war, as it had during the war previous, for the number of private armed vessels

fitted out at that port, and also for the daring audacity displayed by their crews. The memory of one of their old privateersmen, Captain Alexander Godfrey, has been enshrined in verse by a Nova Scotia poet, Calneek:

A niche for a name in the temple of fame,
Oh Acadie, gem of the occident wave,
The muse and the poet beseechingly claim
For Godfrey, thy Godfrey, the good and
the brave.

His virtue inspire every note of my lyre—
In song softly numbered his worth I will
sing:

While men value courage or virtue admire,
The tribute of praise to his name they
should bring.

Liverpool, it must not be forgotten, was the birth-place of John McPherson, the "Bard of Acadia," one of the many sweet singers who have made the Province of Nova Scotia famous in the realms of song.

Books, those silent and never weary messengers of thought, have strange vicissitudes, and are found in many unexpected places, and this old pamphlet is no exception. It is a presentation copy from Joshua Newton to John Perkins, possibly a brother of the lady whose death evoked this effort from James Knowlan, and was found, where many a literary and historic treasure has come to light, among the stock of a dealer in old books.

J. H.

NOTE.—The writer has drawn freely on the following works in the preparation of this article:

The History of Queens County, Nova Scotia, by James F. More, Esq. Halifax, 1873.

The History of the Methodist Church in Eastern British America, by Rev. J. Watson Smith. Halifax, 1877, 1890.

J. H.

St. John, N. B.

[FOR CANADA.]

HOW OTTAWA BECAME THE CAPITAL.

BY J. JONES BELL, M. A.

SOON after the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada were united in 1841, Montreal became the capital. It was centrally situated, near the boundary line between the provinces, and easy of access, besides being the commercial centre. It would in all probability have remained the seat of government till this day but for an event which occurred in the year 1849.

Political feeling ran high over a bill to provide for the payment of certain

losses incurred during the rebellion of 1837. It passed both branches of the legislature, but when Lord Elgin, who was then governor-general, came down to give it the royal assent, he was assailed with stones by a mob which had assembled in the streets. The same evening an attack was made on the parliament building, which stood on the site now occupied by St. Ann's market, near the foot of McGill street. The windows were broken, the furniture smashed and the building finally set on fire. Many of the members barely escaped with their lives, and in a short time Canada's legislative halls, with the library and all the valuable public records were a smouldering heap of ruins. The house of the Hon. Mr. Lafontaine, the premier, was also wrecked and his stables burned, and the windows of the residences of other members of the government broken. Further riots occurred at a later date, and the governor-general was again pelted with stones as he passed through the streets.

Such lawless acts on the part of its citizens could have only one result—the removal of the seat of government from Montreal. But where to go was the question. Neither province was willing the other should have the advantage, so a very inconvenient compromise was effected, by making Toronto and Quebec the seat of government alternately for four years, which was the duration of a parliament. At the end of that time everything had to be packed up and removed, and the civil servants with their families and all their belongings carried back and forth at the public expense. Some funny stories are told of these movings. On one occasion a packing case which was broken open revealed a lot of cordwood, which some government employee did not wish to leave behind.

Of course a system which involved so much inconvenience, expense and interruption to business could not last, and in 1857 steps were taken to establish a fixed seat of government. Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Kingston and Ottawa were all aspirants, but parliament could not decide in favour of any one of them. It was finally determined to refer the matter to the Queen, with the request that she would make a selection. After obtaining a report on the merits of the rival claimants she selected Ottawa, her award being announced on the 31st of December, 1859.

The reasons for the selection were obvious. Ottawa was on the line between the two provinces, it was removed from the frontier and therefore safe in the event of foreign invasion, and it possessed

an admirable site for the buildings on Barrack Hill, an ordinance property of about 30 acres in the centre of the city. To an impartial observer the selection must have appeared the wisest that could be made, though at the time it caused some surprise.

Attempts were made by disaffected parties to set aside the award, and the government of the day was actually defeated for upholding it, and resigned in consequence. But they were soon back in office, and supported by the good sense of the country, set about giving effect to the decision.

Parliament voted \$300,000 for the necessary buildings, but there was a great deal of jobbing in their erection, and before the parliament building and eastern and western departmental blocks were completed over \$3,000,000 had been expended. An extension of the western block and the erection of the new Langevin block since Confederation have brought the total cost of the buildings as they now stand, up to over \$5,000,000.

In 1860 the corner stone was laid by the Prince of Wales, in 1865 the buildings were so far completed that the departmental offices were removed to Ottawa. Parliament met there for the first time in 1866. When the provinces of British North America were confederated in 1867, Ottawa became the capital of united Canada, and Toronto and Quebec were made the seats of government for Ontario and Quebec respectively.

A turbulent mob is difficult to restrain, but had those disaffected people who assembled in Montreal on that fateful 26th of April, foreseen that their lawless acts would deprive their city of the advantage of being the capital of a prosperous country, they would probably have stayed their hands. But this did Ottawa a good turn.

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THE PAMPHLET

(Copyrighted.)

on DYSPEPTICURE gives the results of many years study on Diet and the Diseases of Digestion. All interested in these subjects, Chronic Dyspeptics especially, should read this little book; it is wrapped about each bottle of the remedy, or will be promptly mailed free to any address.

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Is sold by all Druggists—Sample Size 35 cts.; Large Bottles \$1.00. Those who cannot get it easily will receive a large bottle by mail, all expenses prepaid, on sending \$1.00 by registered letter or P. O. Order to the maker, Charles K. Short, Pharmacist, St. John, N. B.

P. S.—DYSPEPTICURE is being daily sent with safety to the remotest parts of Canada and the United States in a special mailing package.

REMINISCENCES OF RESTIGOUCHE.

BY H. L. G.

(Begun in last number.)

JUST at the moment I noticed two or three of our young ladies in earnest conversation, but I made no remark. Loosening my canoe from the flatrock to which she was held, I pushed out, sitting well back, and keeping her head straight down stream. I gave two or three quick strokes, headed her right on to the seething caudron, then rested the paddle. To bound over the first fall, steady the birch and leap the second, took but a minute. I was over, and took not a drop of water. "Hurrah" from the watchers. "By jove, that was well done" from Mac. "Harry, did you get a snap shot," to the youngest of our party, who had his kodac. "Yes, and a beauty. Just coming through the spray."

It was good too. After that five of the boats followed in quick succession. Mac sat too far forward, and took water, but on the whole the most difficult part of our journey was passed in safety. But the 7th was still to come. What folly is this? There two of the girls were deliberately stepping in. Will McLeod, already seated in the canoe, and the Sr. hold her firm. Little use there would be for me to interfere. The young ladies could handle a paddle better than some of the men, and were determined to risk it. All that could be done was to be on hand if an accident occurred. I got into my canoe and waited. But I might have saved myself the trouble. Down they came like a flash. McLeod standing in the stern and when just in the middle of the falls he waved his paddle above his head. It was pretty to see those laughing girls, and the true voyageur fairly wreathed in the dancing spray; and yet one false move would undoubtedly hurl them into the cruel river and perchance into a watery grave.

It would be useless to describe the whole day; shooting rapids, watching the changing lights and shadows steal over the hills, laughing, joking filled up the time. At Millstream we landed and dined. The usual picnic meal. Again Harry's kodac came into requisition, and some capital proofs were taken of the party, entire. After resting for upwards of two hours during the heat of the day we started once more. Nothing of importance took place till we neared the mouth of the river where it joins the main river with a last terrific, yelling bound. First there is a terrible rapid, deep, dark, mighty, running along the right bank

then crossing to the left. To my mind more dangerous to take a boat through, than where it breaks into foam. This is called "Hell's gate," and a bad gate it is too, for the mouth of a river. Here, there is no roar to warn you of breakers ahead, no head to the thing to face, only the water looks more purple and if you notice closely seems to rise a little above its surroundings. It can be crossed, but woe betide the one who comes too near broadsides. Down he is sucked without a word of warning. A short distance further on comes the "Little Falls" at the very junction of the rivers, and here we met with what might have been a serious accident. Ours and the small canoe following had gone ahead. It was now drawing on to evening. Clouds from the east were banking up, forming a background of dark blue, while the sun sinking behind the hills lit up the highest tops in flames of fire; streamed across the now pinky waters of the Metapedia; and shone on the opposite banks of the mighty Restigouche like burnished gold. We had just shot the falls. The water was deeper than usual, and so a gagged rock which rises in the centre was almost hidden, making it a ticklish business to manage. Suddenly there was a startled cry from the boat following. I looked back and to my horror saw the party in the small boat struggling in the water. There was a dead silence. To back water, turn and steady the canoe was but the work of a moment. Our only chance was to paddle up as close to the Falls as possible and pick them up as they whirled past. Two of the party, a gentleman and lady, were swimming ashore. They had been towards the stern, and so when the rapid caught the bow, which was drawn to the centre they were pitched shorewards and away from the worst of the falls; but the others for the same reason, seated as they were in the bow, were being sucked in by the undertow. For a second they were seen together, then we saw the gentleman raise the girl in his arms, and push her headlong over the fall. A strange thing to do, and yet "there was method in his madness." Feeling they were being dragged under, he thought she would have a better chance of our saving her if free, and he could perhaps manage to keep up, swimming till afterwards. Coan and I knew what we had to do, but could we do it? For a brief second we lost sight of them, then we saw the young lady, bob up, breast high out of the water. She held her waterproof, (which she happened to have on to keep the spray of the various rapids from wetting her) over her mouth with one hand, and at

the same time held up her handkerchief with the other, but it was only an instant till she disappeared. The next time we saw her, owing to the velocity of the waters she was very much nearer, and thank goodness in clear water, but to our dismay the undertow held her fast, there we could see her held close to the bottom, beneath good 12 feet of water, twisting and rolling along over the now perfectly distinct stones. It was awful. Another danger assailed us. One of our number, a girl of 15, in her excitement was bound to jump in; our canoe began to topple.

"My God child," cried her brother, seizing her by the shoulder, "do you want to have five women drowned instead of one? If you don't sit still and stop your screaming, I'll throw you over." She was quieted, and the ladies, who could do nothing, covered their faces and waited. A dead hush followed which lasted a full minute. How could we get to her, even if she came right under us? We were distracted, when a happy thought struck Coan. Just as the apparently unconscious body of the girl was sweeping past, on to the larger river, which with its many islands lay like a glimpse of Paradise beyond, he lowered his paddle, in the faint hope that she might be able to catch it. Would she see it? It moved, but it might only be caused by the weight of her body thrown against it. If so, would he be strong enough to resist the weight and force of the water until we rescued her? I was just on the point of jumping in to seize her and swim ashore which was now in smooth water was possible when I saw Coan begin to pull in the paddle, and in another instant up came our heroine, pale, breathless but able to gasp out. "Where are the others." They fortunately by this time were saved. Her presence of mind and nothing else saved her. She had been fully five minutes under water and yet by means of the gossamer, she could speak whenever we got her, and in fact was little the worse of her ducking.

To point the canoe for shore and tow her in took but a few minutes. As luck would have it a waggon was driving down the road, which follows up the valley for miles; and so the driver kindly took our half drowned shivering party to the hotel. Ten minutes after our bark dragged on the stones under the Metapedia bridge, and shortly our whole party assembled. Each boat load as they came in, asked much the same questions. "Are any drowned?" "No, thank God, they are all right, 4 in number, and the Sr. is with them at the hotel." What a relief it was to hear those few quick-spoken words.

As there was no use in all waiting, four canoes kept right on, according to the original plan. On the main river no paddling was needed. Boat songs were taken up, and so just as the moon sent her silvery rays up the river, tinting the edges of the darkling clouds, head of tide was made. The red lights at the station told of the approaching train, and with a sense of tiredness, thankfulness and supreme content the now listless party waited for her to slow up. Seats were taken and in twenty minutes we were at home.

PRAISE DESERVED.

Much has been said in praise of CANADA. From every quarter the press has borne the same testimony to the excellence of the little magazine. Its *mechanical execution* and attractive appearance have been commended on every hand, and contemporary periodicals have vied with each other to praise the *type, the paper and the general get-up* of the new applicant for public favour. And the *matter*, both original and selected, has received no less pronounced and general commendation. The ground thus gone over has left but little further to notice. And yet one or two other matters are as worthy of commendation. It is the ardent patriotism of the paper and its most earnest and consistent loyalty. CANADA sincerely loves the country, whose name it bears, and with whose interests it is so unequivocally identified. And as regards the Empire, its loyalty is never to be mistaken. For "queen and country," is its unvarying claim and tribute, thus rebuking in almost every issue, tho' quietly and "more in sorrow than in anger," the utterances of those misguided men who, bribed by a foreign and hostile power, have sacrificed their loyalty and with it all allegiance to the monarchical institutions which have given them security, prosperity and a welfare of which every dependency of the empire should be proud and happy. And CANADA is loyal to the truths and traditions of the scriptures, with a faith which never wavers and seeks no other foundation than that of the "apostles and prophets," then silently if not by formal protest rebuking the crude and pretentious scepticism of the day and the periodicals which are engaged in disseminating it. Only one thing more shall be mentioned, it is the extreme liberality of the paper in its methods adopted to reach the public. In its clubbing arrangements it is unique and unsurpassed, and furnishes about twice as much reading matter as is

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King's, N. S., Feb. 2nd, 1892.

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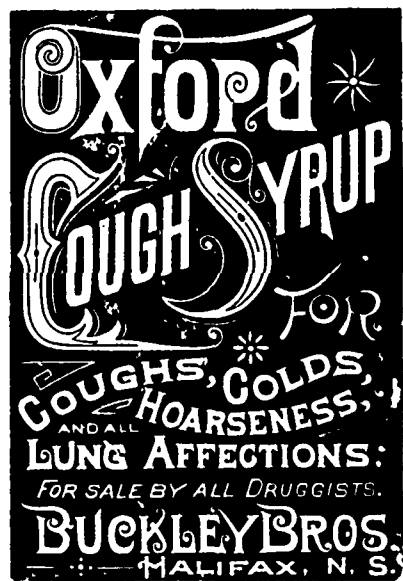
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MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

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

Chapter IV.--(Continued.)

The pillagers are emboldened and the terrible war-cry resounds. "Scarcely," writes M. de Vaudreuil to the minister, "had they uttered their cries when the English troops, in place of putting on a brave face, took alarm and fled in great confusion, casting away their arms and baggage, and even their coats." The column is broken: the fragments are seen to whirl and scatter on the plain like leaves driven by a storm of wind; a horrible drama begins between deer-like objects bounding from every side, and a confused throng of humanity, when Montcalm and his officers, running up out of breath, threw themselves in front of the Redskins. Such was the rage of these that "several of our grenadiers were wounded by them, and our officers ran the risk of their lives, for, in cases like this, the savages respect nothing." The tumult ceases: asylum is given in the camp and in the fort to the distracted English. The Indians had made six hundred prisoners; these are ransomed and, as they were almost naked, the French soldiers share their garments with them: Montcalm sends them in safety to the Earl of Loudon, to whom he communicates a true account of the catastrophe and the causes which had produced it. "I congratulate myself," said Montcalm, "that the disorder was not followed by so serious consequences as at first I had reason for fearing. I am glad that I exposed myself personally, as well as my officers, in defence of yours, who will render justice to all I did on the occasion."

How little he anticipated the answer of the English government, the loyal soldier who wrote this letter! What justice, what simple good sense proclaimed monstrous and absurd, was due to the want of exciting public opinion against France and to the humiliation of national self-esteem; the generous, the chivalrous Montcalm saw himself accused in London of having given up the conquered to the fury of barbarous hordes, and at once the capitulation was declared null by the British government. But who could believe that, a century after the event, when the English themselves have treated as a hero the pretended accomplice of Canadian savages, this odious report should still find echoes!

But why should we linger more; Montcalm is sufficiently defended by his life and by his death; in this fatal journey of August 10th, 1757, the only blood that is on him is that of his grenadiers wounded by his side in saving the Anglo-Americans!

Daily increasing difficulties, of which we shall speak further, and against which Montcalm struggled already, prevented him from pushing on to the valley of the Hudson. Nevertheless, the result of the campaigns of 1856 and 1857 surpassed all expectation, and the star of France, soon to be extinguished on these distant shores, shone with a last and delusive lustre. The English army, in spite of its enormous numerical superiority, was vanquished by incapacity; it had done nothing, attempted nothing. The fleet on the lakes no longer existed; France remained mistress of all the waters, and according to the confession of the minister in full parliament, "all the gates were open to her." In the eyes of the Indians, what prestige! Not a tribe which was not proud to be the daughter of Onnonthio. Between the two great French valleys of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, were three open routes, and upon all the immense territory possessed by France, from Quebec to New Orleans, not an Englishman dared to plant his foot. At this moment, the destinies of the New World hung in the balance: will America be English or French?

But it was not only beyond the Atlantic that England had declined: in the Mediterranean, she had lost Minorca; the Anglo-Hanoverians capitulated at Closter-Seven, and crushed by the blows of the Russians, the French and Austrians, the last army of Frederic, the sole ally of George II, seemed annihilated. Nothing was left to England then, according to the counsel of Horace Walpole, "but to cut her cables and be carried by the tide to some unknown ocean." In this solemn hour of the history of the English people, a man, walking painfully, oppressed with the burden of untimely infirmities, mounted the tribune in the House of Commons, and, all eyes fixed earnestly upon him, pronounced this vow:—"I will save this country, and I alone can do it." The orator who assumed such a responsibility was the new Secretary of State, William Pitt, who had become dictator of England, because all parties, equally incapable at home and abroad, had abdicated into his hands.

(End of Chapter IV.)

Most ably-written articles in recent issues of the *Week*, are "Professor Hutton on Athenian Politics," by John A. T. Lloyd; "The Acadian French in Cape Breton, once Royal Ile," by J. G. Bourinot; "Aeschylus and the Bible," by Nicholas Flood Davin, etc. The *Week* publishes able and timely articles from the British press, especially such as closely relate to Canadian interests.

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At the postern gate of Day
 Stands Apollo clad in light,
 Trilling forth a summons gay
 To the wrinkled warder Night :

" Ho ! old laggard, what has kept ?
 Dost thou hear this challenge mine ?
 Well I wot thy beard has dip't
 In the wassail's ruddy wine.

Song and story, jibe and jest,
 With thy boon companions all,
 To the donjon of the West,
 Now betake thee, Seneschal !

Ward and watch, and vigil keen,
 Still thy beacon fires confest,
 Blazing in the blue serene,
 Hie thee, warrior, to thy rest !"

And in armour silver-dight,
 As becomes a knight to win,
 At the postern held by Night,
 Crowned Apollo enters in.

JOHN MACFARLANE.
 From "*Heather and Harebell.*"

SPRING.

The wild bee leaves his empty cell,
 And gladly quaffs his brimming cups of bloom,
 Humming the honied hours to rest, and now
 The grey-bird pipes his song and sweet-winged
 choirs

That never tire by wood and leafy lane.
 The meadows blaze with myriad twinkling
 stars ;

Mid yellow dandelions nimbly trip
 The bleating lambs, beside the quiet ewes.
 O'er sunny lawns. Aloft the swallows fly,
 Twittering in joyous groups o'er orchard trees
 That rain upon the ground sweet pink-white
 flakes ;

Among the clustering lilac bells doth stray
 The humming-bird ; the whitening hawthorn
 dons

Pale perfume robes. Will not the voice of
 spring.

These cheerful signs of life and fragrant winds
 That wander through the drooping willows,
 win

Thee back to glowing life again ? And thou,
 O robin, with the mellow flute so full
 Of melody, 'twas almost to forget
 That this fair world of ours could know care
 pang

Or fear, it was so beautiful, so full
 Of joy. How my young heart did wild'y
 bound

With thee in warb'ing greenness of glad
 spring !

My youth had been attuned to thy sweet
 song ;

We have together roamed by mossy streams
 Whose gladness mingled with our own,
 through fields

Where buds and berries ripened into bloom,
 And by the leafy greenness of cool woods.
 Our lives were like a merry dream, serene

And shadowless ; passion and apathy
 Were far away, when thou wert breathing
 forth

thy ecstasy.

PHILLIPS STEWART,
 "*Corydon and Amaryllis.*"



What's in Progress this week?

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A YACHTING SONG.

Trim the sails, the breeze is fair !
 See the white-cups o'er the bar !
 Who with me to start will dare,
 They the sons of Neptune are.
 Ho ! for yonder breaking foam ;
 Ho ! for where the billows swell ;
 Ho ! for this our heaving home
 Where but jolly sailors dwell.

See, the fluttering canvas fills !
 To the leeward she careens,—
 So adieu, ye purple hills ;
 Now for other sports and scenes.
 Ho ! for where the driving spray
 Soon shall sprinkle on the deck ;
 Hearties, can we not to-day
 Laugh at aught that threatens wreck ?

As the sheltered bay we clear
 How she curvets to the waves !
 Straight before the wind we steer,
 While the froth our bulwarks laves.
 Ho ! for such a vessel staunch ;
 Ho ! for such a spread of sail ;
 Ho ! on such a sea to launch ;
 Ho ! for such a lively gale.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.
 From "*Rhymes Afloat and Afield.*"

GOODMAN SMITH.—Why not come to
 church, Brown ? You would hear a beautiful
 sermon. Braddon Brown—My dear boy, I
 heard one when I came home at two o'clock
 this morning, and I can't stand another one
 to-day.

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PHILLIPS STEWART: GOODRIDGE B. ROBERTS.

We set an hour apart, dedicate, as a white mark to two beautiful souls. Let it be this; for it is quiet, and softly veiled, tempered with evening's tenderness. If we could go stumbling on—even to amuse ourselves with flower-gathering and the weaving of selfish garlands—careless of young hopeful laurels withering, and the making of untimely graves, who would envy us? Sir Walter communed with his heart alone, when but forlorn with memories of Camp—the dumb companion of his rambles. But will not the fading of his friends touch him more nearly—burdening him with a natural pensiveness, not unmingled with pain? Will he not weep for the little child he cuddled, and droop more mournfully still where some laurelled associate head is lying low, if only to remember how the familiar voice of counsel and sympathy is silent? So, ye unseen, but not unloved brothers! for the sake of what you were, and what it was hoped you would be: for the sake of the bright poetic laurels that were just budding about your brows, and the pure earth-sweetening office of your lives; for the sake of the ones who most loved you and most grieve for you, this hour "of memories and sighs" to you is consecrate.

We have had a dusky, dreamy brood of thoughts this evening, and know not which is darkest or saddest. Images of "sleepless souls that perished in their pride," and of divine souls that perished patiently, and of those that "walked in glory and in joy" for a season, and then reft bitterly sank down with a hilarious gasp at the cruelty of their misfortune—these have floated before us. We have seen an independent manly soul under base restrictions and galling constraints. We have seen the lyric soul of Mozart predominating the world of song: his name a talisman of love and reverence. But who can measure the long wearying pain once in the heart of the living Mozart, or his long crucifixion by contemptuous neglect, so consistently meted out by a people who should have been amazed at his genius? And who shall measure the width and depth of that nameless, pauper, forgotten grave in which they laid him, after his true life became insphered "where the Eternal are"? For, lo! the world is his tomb! But, from our night-side of the world, we have seen one thing more melancholy, in the cutting off of the morning-promise of dear and precious lives. These souls were not, indeed, condemned to suffer long and unjustly; nor can we now reap the richer fruits that might have fallen to us from their suffer-

ing and striving. You star rides free and clear in the blue heaven; and you tell me that once it was obscured by malign mists and envious clouds. But there was one we saw on the violet edge of evening—a new-created one, that had just begun to unbosom its beams, when fell the untimely curtain of darkness, and it vanished away. Removed in the depths of its skiey home, a new career of light is open to it; but, ah! it had won our eyes, and no more it shines for us!

* *

We have among our papers a letter, which accompanied a little volume "Poems: Phillips Stewart"—both of which are precious to us; and the more so, that the promise they indicate can never be fulfilled. The letter greets us in cordial tone, tenders a welcome gift, confesses immaturity, intimates hope of riper achievement. The poet's book is redolent of youth, its sweet regrets, its tinted memories, its longings for action. We open it at random, and read from his memorial address to his mother—and from this you shall judge if he is not a poet:

"Let thy sweet memory
Inspire my life to deeds; my soul doth crave
Action. Action is the soul's finest speech;
Words may deceive, deeds never can. I
would

Do more than live a shadow-haunted life,
A pensive poet by the dreaming sea.
'Tis sweet to watch the moon with lily face
Beneath a silver saffron veil, dreaming
Of her first love; the russet blush of trees
In last wild dalliance with the autumn winds;
The mirth of twinkling birds in golden air;
The calm of ivied ruins in dim night;
But the large struggling world had need of
Youth's

Enthusiasm, passion, high action, deep
Conviction, honest toil, the glowing dawn
Of noblest thoughts, green hopes, warm love,
and faith,
Ambitions, aspirations, all that make
The splendid setting of a noble life.
And if I cannot enter where I long
To go, let me breathe thoughts for noble
action.

Life is a pallid student at his books
Who falls asleep beside the midnight lamp;
The broken column of Youth's high built dream:
A silver wave in ever-changing tides
Of restless time, and yet the weakest life
Is not in vain if spent in mankind's good.
Though life be brief, 'tis long enough for all
To do some noble work. We do not live
For Time and Space; but they for us, to serve
Each noble thought. We only live in
Thought's

Fine animation; not in votive tablet,
Nor dust-stained urn, nor in the sculptured
niche

On shadow haunted walls of lofty gloom.
Time is the reverent gaze on marble eyes,
The pilgrim's fading feet on marble cars.
Time is our slave; in Death we still can stir
The veins of those we love to noble thoughts.
Death is the power of life without the pain.
Mock not the poet's dreams; the poet sings
The Golden Age. It is his hapless lot
To suffer scorn in youth; mock not his
dreams,
Lest in clear depths thou dost but mock thy
shadow.

Our highest thoughts are but poetic dreams.
Therefore the poet hath his brothers' love,
Flushed gleaners in the yellow fields of hope,

Beside the bell-sweet waves of memory
That ever chime.—We are not what we
thought

We were; we are not what we hoped to be.
Who climbs Thought's mount is ever climb-
ing toward

The gloom; the larger vision hath unrest,
And Resignation is the only path
To death for poets and philosophers;
The consolation of a generous heart,
The noble freedom of a faithful mind."

Alas! he has reached that ultimate goal,
so frequently boded in his tender strains,
only too speedily. His lyric cadences are
as sweet to the ear as his reflectiveness is
to the heart. Such bits as—

"We'll gaze into the violet eyes of Spring,
That open and close upon green dewy banks,
Where hyacinths are twined in purple mists;
Our dreamy sighs will fill melodious days,
And I will love thee, love thee evermore."

"Amid the music of far bells
The starry night steals softly on."

"And, ah! when moon-eyed Night doth rise
and call

Her silver flowers upon the sapphire fields
Of trembling bloom, from these eternal
flowers
We'll catch the perfume of life's sweetest
thought."

"The white swan is paddling his feather-
sailed boat
With lazy oars."

"Hesper bright
Appears, leaving his sapphire couch on high,
While lowering knee creep through the tinkling
vales,
And sweetly rise thoughts of the golden
sheaf,
Thoughts of the harvest song and blushing
vine"

"In shadowy calm the boat
Sleeps by the dreaming oar;
The green hills are afloat
Beside the silver shore.

"Youth hoists the white-winged sail,
Love takes the longing oar;—
The oft-told fairy tale
Beside the silver shore."

Here is some of that intense love of pure
beauty, and of nature in her serenest
moods, found in Keats, Shelley, and their
followers. There is a wistfulness, a win-
someness, in the contents of this little book
of song, which, aside from its poetic attrac-
tiveness, has grown upon me, and will I
doubt not, have had a like effect upon
others. We find, in the *Toronto Week*,
these just and generous words of commen-
dation:

"The death of Mr. J. B. Phillips Stewart
last week made a gap in the ranks of young
Canadian poets. Although for some years he
had published nothing, the little volume of
poems brought out in 1887 by Messrs. Kegan
Paul, Trench and Co. had not been forgotten,
and there were many who looked forward to
his again tending the homely slighted shep-
herd's trade. For this little volume of less
than a hundred pages contained unmistakable
evidences of true poetic taste and talent.
There were faults of course, for the author
was but twenty-three when the book
appeared, and doubtless many of the pieces
were composed at a still earlier age. Yet the
faults were few, and were such as age and
experience would easily have winnowed. The
poetical character of the conceptions was

undoubted, and generally the expression of these in metre was very beautiful. The fragment "Morn" is one proof of this:

'Aur-ra fair
From love's soft couch in beauty rises up
With Tithon's kisses blushing sweet, and o'er
The restless sea stote silver smiles. . . .

Nor was he too young—or perhaps it would be truer to say that such was the strength of his poetical temperament that, young as he was, he had already given evidence of an originality and uniqueness in habits of thought rarely met with. Chiefly was this to be seen in a *certain gentle melancholy, a softened gloom*, which, because perfectly sincere and spontaneous, lent to his productions a strange charm. This peculiarity runs through the greater part of his work, notably in the opening poem of his book, "Lines to My Mother." We shall be very curious to know whether Mr. Stewart has left any manuscript poems, and we hope his executors will not allow anything to be unpublished which might add to his nascent fame."

In the same pages are reproduced his fine sonnet on "Keats." It can but enrich our own: so here we have it:

"Immortal exile from the Grecian shore,
Thou who didst lay thine heart at Nature's shrine,

Breathing a noble praise in song divine,
Making melodious rhymes that sweetly pour
Enchantment like the Lesbian isle of yore
And dreams of Dryads, amber honey, wine,
And flowery wreaths, the white-limbed
nymphs did twine;

These sadly thou didst leave, and sing no more.

In crumbling Rome, beneath Italian skies,
Where memories of Virgil haunt the spot,
Thou sleep'st alone, and Time's great ruin lies
About thy grave. Young dreamer, who once sought

Parnassian heights and bore a precious prize,
Thy golden reed of promise lies forgot."

That *journal bears a sorrowful significance which we unfold first to read: "We regret to chronicle the death at an early age of one of the most promising young men of the Province—Goodridge Bliss Roberts, son of Rev. Canon Roberts, of Fredericton, N. B., and brother of Professor C. G. D. Roberts of King's College. The sad event took place at Wolfville on the 4th inst., and was very sudden. Mr. Roberts had gone to Wolfville to preach on the previous Sabbath, and was taken ill with pneumonia, which terrible disease proved fatal. The deceased was a graduate in arts of Kings, and was pursuing the divinity course at that university. For a man of his years he had already become well known in literature, although naturally his brother's fame as a poet somewhat overshadowed him. Had not death's relentless shaft struck him down thus early in his career, there is no doubt that he would have been enrolled among Canada's principal men of letters. Sorrow for the young is always greater than for those whose race is run, and we feelingly echo the words of the poet:—

*Come let the burial rite be said—the funeral song be sung!—

*The Halifax Critic, Feb. 12th, 1892.

A dirge for him the doubly dead in that he died so young."

We have, also, among our domestic archives, with certain generous words of his illustrious brother, some of his own—the more to be treasured that they can never be supplemented by others of like character. They were written in partial reference to that work, with which his name in literature may stand chiefly connected, — the Canadian department of Sladen's "Younger American Poets." (Nevertheless, may we not hope for a residue of letters from his hand sufficient for a volume?) Even in such brief compass, and with such business-like occasion, some of the most excellent traits of mind and character appear in this epistle. This is not for purpose of eulogium, useless or fulsome, (though—as a favorite poet has told us, in that finest of all tributes to the greatest of all Scotia's birds,—

"It is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind;")

but to express our sense of grief that what was so hopeful cannot in its fulness be realized on earth. He was the just occasion of this forelooking, not on the part of those who most deeply knew and loved him, but, also, on the part of such as knew him in any degree. One of an exceptionally gifted family, that he was intellectually acute and of liberal powers, goes with the statement: the testimony is likewise to the goodness of his heart, and to the general, lambent nature which shed round it a radiance and charm so deeply felt by all who came near him, and which occasioned the tenderly-solemn and sorrowful ovations on every hand when that welcome light was so suddenly withdrawn. His youth and his promise must be the measure of our regret. He was a man, by general testimony, not only of a harmless, innocent nature,—for this is virtue merely negative,—but of aims high and pure, and of beneficent action. His was the impulsive spiritual life that fails not to triumph over mere human accidents, in finding its appropriate channel. He was designated and preparing for the office of the sacred ministry in the church of his kindred, wherein his father is an honoured and useful incumbent; in its initial exercise the virginal lamp he had so clearly lighted in the sanctuary went softly out. With him it is doubtless well, and God may have some work, to us, for him to do; but we think of that great void and awful unknown silence to the home, and the group who when they are gathered there will feel more painfully than ever the bereavement that has fallen them. Yet, speaking, might he not address to them the apostolic counsel, in his own beloved—the Miltonic—strain?

"Weep no more,
For Lycidas, you, morrow, is not dead."

Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes."

JOHN J. WEDDALL,

†Dry Goods,†

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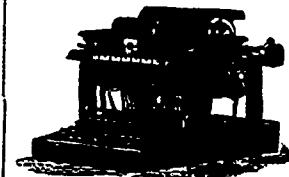
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Home Topics.

SALADS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

AT this season of the year one wearies so of everything, and longs for spring's earliest offerings, lettuce, radishes, etc. In the mean time let us make the best of what we have, and a salad is always delightful.

TRY BEET SALAD.—Take 3 or 4 beets, boil, and slice in vinegar over night. In the morning take an equal quantity of celery and chop both very fine, make a simple dressing of one tablespoon of sugar, one of mustard, one of salt, and enough cream to make your salad quite moist. Garnish with hard boiled eggs, or celery tops.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Beat three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon mustard, a little pepper, and last a cup of vinegar, (if vinegar is too strong dilute with water). Cook like soft custard. Some add a half cup of thick sweet cream. Pour over chopped or shredded cabbage.

WOODLAWN POTATOE SALAD.—A pint of cold mashed potatoes, season by putting slices of onion in, but remove before serving. Dressing, three tablepoons of butter, three teaspoons cream, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon white pepper, one half cup of vinegar; cook like soft custard. When cold pour over potatoes mixing lightly with pork.

One house keeper recommends the melted fat of chickens for chicken salad. Garnish salad with slices of hard boiled eggs, carrots, beets, green or pickled cucumbers, lemons, olives, celery tips, parsley, and the heart of lettuce or radishes. Cold-boiled beets, potatoes, string-beans, asparagus, make excellent salad. Shrimps and lobsters are prepared with lettuce. Oysters, chickens, turkey, ham and veal with celery or cabbage. Now that tomatoes and cucumbers are high, a few slices covered mayonnaise, served on a lettuce leaf, turns a plain dinner into a feast.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—Put the yolks of four eggs, with two hard-boiled ones into a cold bowl. Beat well, then stir in by degrees four tablespoonfuls of oil. When thoroughly mixed, introduce gradually two teaspoons of salt, one of pepper, one of made mustard. Adding the salt earlier coagulates the albumen of the eggs. Add gradually two tablepoons vinegar. Should it curdle, place on ice thirty minutes then stir till smooth. This makes a fine chicken salad composed of equal parts, chicken and celery. For lobster salad use the coral parts mashed, cover with dressing, and serve on lettuce leaves or in shells.

IN house plants the great point now is by all means to keep down those troublesome little green pests, for there is no season when their increase is more rapid than during the spring months. Handfuls of tobacco stems, kept moistened and laid among your plants, may almost wholly take the place of the inconvenient fumigation in helping rid you of them, but hand picking is the most effectual.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

IT has come to be more and more a maxim of good manners, not to mention good morals, that scandal is never to be talked in the drawing-room. So thoroughly is this recognized that if a woman is heard in good society talking of unpleasant personalities, she is at once set down as an accident of the place, and not as one either to the manner born or who has been long enough with people of good breeding to acquire their repose and taste. Very likely many of these high-bred people in question, who are to the manner born, hear gossip and scandal, and perhaps lend to them a too willing ear; but it is in privacy, in the depths of boudoir or chamber, vice paying its well-known tribute there to virtue in the hypocrisy that whispers it in the dark, as it were, and will not listen to it more publicly. And it is to be confessed that of the two evils, the indiscriminate encouragement of evil-speaking is the greater, for the hypocrisy injures one's self, but the opposite course injures one's self and many others besides.

The forbidding of the enjoyment of scandal in public is, at any rate, an acknowledgment of its vulgarity if not of wickedness. It proclaims, too, the fact that society thinks well of itself and its intentions, and has a standard of some loftiness up to which it endeavors to live and that it recognizes an interest in the possible ill-doings of fallen mortals as sometimes intrinsically low and coarse and calculated to hurt its own structure, an interest in such facts anyway is indicative of an order of taste not to be desired, and its possessor a person not to be associated with. It may be simply as a sybaritic precaution, ease and pleasure being so much surer when no uncomfortable suggestion thrusts in an ugly head, that unpleasant topics of an unwholesome nature are tabooed in the conversation of the finest drawing-rooms. But whether this is so or not, it is plain that good society would like to be optimistic, it would believe in no evil and would speak no evil; it has found that the essence of good manners is also the essence of the golden rule, and as the voice of scandal violates all its notions, it has laid upon such utterances within its borders the penalty of ostracism.

—From Harper's Magazine.

Yea; find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk, lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

BEFORE I read Ruskin I wondered why God had not made the world more beautiful. When I read Ruskin, I saw the world was as beautiful as it could be. I was taught to see that the commonest things were full of beauty.—PROF. DRUMMOND.

CALLAS.—If large plants are wanted, give plenty of pot-room, and keeps all side shoots removed. Give plants in bloom a top-dressing of fine, rich manure and plenty of water, or liberal doses of liquid fertilizer.

THE costume worn by the Greek woman is seldom bought ready made. It is usually either made by the wearers themselves or has come to them by inheritance. A handsome costume is an expensive purchase. The chemise, long enough to form a shirt, is very richly embroidered about the bottom in silk, and the two jackets of white cloth are elaborate. These are sleeveless, but a fine pair of embroidered sleeves makes a separate part of the dress. Silver ornaments for the head, neck and arms, a red apron, a sash and a silk gauze veil complete the costume. The last named items are luxuries, however, and vary according to the means. Rich maidens braid long strings of coin into their tresses, and at a country dance, where the costume is seen in its full splendor, the eyes of the suitor are as much attracted by the back view as by the face of the fair creatures? For every day use nearly all women of every age wear a handkerchief over the head, and they are for the most part manufactured in Greece.

THE child queen of Holland, brought up according to the strict etiquette of the Hollandish court, which forbids her playing with any other little boys and girls, said to a refractory wax baby the other day: "If you are so naughty I shall make you into a princess, and then you won't have any other little children to play with and you'll always have to throw kisses with your hands whenever you go out driving."

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Our Young People.

[FOR CANADA.]

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

BY MARJORY MACMURCHY.

"You haven't got your sails fixed right." Tom Leath pushed his hat back on his head and looked from the toy ship, whose white sails were swelling faintly with the breeze blowing across the pond, to Billy Parker, who was swinging his empty basket carelessly beside him.

"What's wrong with them?"
 "You've got them on the wrong side."
 Tom looked doubtfully at the sails.
 "You fix them, please."

Billy dropped his basket and lifted the ship from the water. His brown fingers worked in and out deftly among the white sails.

"There!" he exclaimed, setting the rudder, "now she'll go."

Across the rippling pond went the ship, leaving a gentle wake behind her. She landed on the opposite shore with all sail set. Billy and Tom raced round the pond to meet her with shouts of delight.

"Hullo, what's the matter?" cried a boy, suddenly springing up from behind a sand bank, "Oh, just your old ship, Tom, come and help me to build my sand castle."

"No," said Tom, "Billy is showing me how to sail her, you come and help us, Humphrey."

"I'll come if you put up the Stars and Stripes, I won't help sail a boat flying the Union Jack."

"Not much," cried Billy, "We aint Americans, we're Canadians."

"Well, the Union Jack ain't the Canadian flag, it's the English flag."

"It is," cried Tom excitedly, "just as much as your flag is the Stars and Stripes, I'll fight anybody who says it isn't."

He squared up to Humphrey with doubled fists.

"I don't fight with boys a head shorter than I am," said Humphrey loftily.

"I don't care," said Tom, "if I don't, you needn't."

"Yes, I need, guess I'm not a coward."

"Here you two," growled Billy, "stop that. Of course the Union Jack is our flag, you know that, Humphrey, would you fly it on your ship to please Tom?"

"I'd like to see myself doing it."

"Then don't ask Tom to fly your flag, come on and play. What do you call your ship, Tom?"

"I haven't given her a name yet, let's call her the Shannon."

"No, the Monitor," cried Humphrey.

"I'll tell you," said Billy, "let's call her the Phantom Ship."

"Why?"

Billy glanced around him cautiously and lowered his voice.

"Didn't you ever hear of the Phantom Ship? Well, a long time ago a pirate and his crew used to come up this bay with their ship and leave their treasure at an

island a little way down from here. Once they got caught with the ice and had to stay all winter. There's a little house down there where the pirate captain used to live. Then once the ship got on fire and burned all up, and now whenever there's going to be a storm you can see the ship all burning going up and down the bay. Sometimes it sails so close to ships that they can see the rigging and the masts all afire and the crew walking round."

"Did they ever come right close to them?" asked Humphrey eagerly.

"No, often and often they have tried to sail out close to it but it would go off down the bay faster than any ship could sail."

"Did you ever see it?"

"No, but my father has lots of times."

"My! I wish we could see it," sighed Humphrey.

"Suppose we try," said Tom. "Could we, do you think, Billy?"

"Course we could. I'll get father to let me have the boat and we'll go out fishing mackerel and then stay out till late, and perhaps we'll see it. I heard Lot say he seen it last night, so it's almost sure to be there to-night."

"Oh, how splendid," cried Tom, dancing up and down in the sand, "when will we start, Billy?"

"Don't make such a row, we'll go out this afternoon with the other boats and then when they come in we'll go out farther."

"What will we have to bring?" asked Humphrey.

"Bring your warm coats and as much grub as you can get, its awful cold out there at night."

"Were you ever out all night, Billy?"

"Yes, often, with father, out cod fishing."

"There's the dinner bell," cried Tom, "what did you bring down for our dinner, Billy?"

"Corn and raspberries," answered Billy, picking up his empty basket and flying across the sand. "I'll be down about five, I'll have to help with the hay after dinner."

Tom and Humphrey were summer boarders. Billy was a farmer's son whose superior knowledge by land and sea was the envy of their souls.

"Do you suppose we'll really see it, Humphrey?"

"Of course we will, but don't you say anything about it or they won't let us go."

Billy was sitting on the side of the boat handling the fishing lines with a skill that made Tom's heart ache when the boys plodded through the deep sand.

"Don't be all day now," Billy cried lustily, "we won't get a bite of mackerel before sundown if you don't hurry up."

"My coat is awful heavy," said Tom, throwing it down in the boat, "and I brought a lot of cookies."

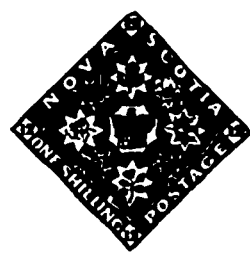
"Didn't you know enough to wear your old clothes going out fishing?" said Billy, looking at them scornfully.

Tom glanced crestfallen at his blue sailor suit. "I haven't any older clothes down here," he said.

"Oh, well, come on and help shove the boat out."

(To be concluded next month.)

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EDITED BY

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Associate and Contributing Editor:

REV. A. J. LOCKHART ("Pastor Felix").

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April, 1892.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

As the canvass made by our subscribers for new subscriptions has not been as extensive as we anticipated, we have been compelled to reduce the size of CANADA this month. Next month, however, we shall add eight pages, and the average size during the year will be at least twenty pages and cover. The number for May will contain contributions of great interest from J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C.; C. D. Randall, and others. We appeal to our subscribers to help us by sending in their renewals as soon as possible. We have been carrying on the magazine at a loss until now, and cannot afford to do so much longer. Any one sending a new subscription with his renewal will only require to send \$1.50 for the two.

ALTHOUGH reduced in size, CANADA will more than maintain its reputation for interesting and valuable articles. Next month we shall offer our readers a very charming paper by Mr. LeMoine, entitled "The History and Legends of

the King's Forges, near Three Rivers, Quebec." The same number will also contain a Nova Scotia story and a paper by Mr. Randall, of Wolfville, "Criticisms on Eulogisms." We hope our friends will not forget to recommend our monthly when opportunity offers. When you send your subscription, send another (a new one) at the same time, and \$1.25 will pay for both. If you will double our subscription list, we can give you 24 pages monthly at 75 cents a year.

**

THERE is a movement in the United States in favour of the issue of fractional currency scrip. There ought to be a similar movement in Canada. In many lines a very large amount of business is transacted by mail, and the want of some convenient form of mailable currency causes much annoyance. It is not safe to send silver, postage stamps are a poor substitute for currency, and post office orders are not to be had everywhere and involve time and trouble in obtaining them and getting them cashed. We have in circulation a very few 25 cent scrip issued in 1870, but what good reason is there for not issuing 10, 25 and 50 cent scrip in sufficiently large quantities to be of substantial advantage to all merchants whose business is largely transacted by mail?

**

SAYS *Current Literature* for March: "Works on the social position of women, according to the latest index of the British Museum, increased in the last half of the decade, as compared with the first, from 54 to 72; on education of women, from 18 to 25; on employments of women, from 19 to 27; on women's

clubs, from 3 to 10; dress reform, on the contrary, decreased from 17 to 4; and works on dress, dressmaking, needlework and embroidery, from 78 to 64." A writer in the *Saturday Review*, commenting upon these figures, says: "In 149 we are lectured on the crime and folly of treating women as objects of consideration and respect, instead of as rival strugglers in the hurly-burly of life, and we are adjured in the shrillest of accents to give freedom to the free and to reduce the captors to the level of the captured." This is somewhat sarcastic and severe, but none the less the figures are suggestive and significant to the student of social problems.

**

Mr. WIMAN calls Prof. Goldwin Smith the *tertium quid* of Canadian politics, in a recent article in *Belford's Monthly*, and speaks of him in this way: "In Canada his influence upon the thought and intellect of his fellow-colonists exceeds that of any other man in the direction of a closer intimacy with the people on this side of the border." Instead of taking the direction indicated by Mr. Wiman, the rhetoric of the Professor has had the very opposite effect upon the people of Canada, and, while they are willing to concede all that Mr. Wiman claims for him as a "learned scholar and most graceful writer," they are very far from acknowledging him as a "wise philosopher," in matters Canadian at any rate.


**

Mr. WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE may be a very clever writer, but he should never pose as an authority upon Canadian


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subjects. He sees everything Canadian through green spectacles, and probably it would be hard to find anywhere a less reliable authority on men and matters Canadian. In a recent article in the London *Literary World*, he makes some statements which are either very ignorant or very malicious. He says: "There is no public in Canada for good literature. The people there only care for wheat, railroads and politics. In the second place, there is no chance of existence for a Canadian monthly magazine." He says: "In regard to the de-Canadianising of Canadians in the States, I quite deny that there is any essential difference between Canadians and Americans to begin with. The people of Toronto and the people of New York are absolutely identified in all their aims, ideas, speech, and customs." He says further: "There is a growing feeling in Canada among the young men that Canada must soon belong, economically and politically, to this continent of North America (by which, we presume, he means the United States), and they have little filial feeling for a people and a Government three thousand miles away, which do not pretend to be in the least interested in them." We in Canada do not take very seriously these catch-penny statements of Mr. Harte, but we are afraid that those who are as ignorant of Canadian subjects and sentiments as he appears to be may accept them as true. If we have not had as good opportunities for studying Canadian sentiment as Mr. Harte, we have made a better use of them, and we are confident of this, that the young men of Canada with rare exceptions are intensely loyal to the British connection. If they admit the possibility of any change in our political relations, it does not lie in the direction of annexation to the United States, the very mention of which is distasteful to the great majority of Canadians, both old and young. Nor is Mr. Harte's estimate of the literary sentiment of the Dominion any nearer to the truth than his estimate of its political sentiment. There is not certainly as much literary taste and culture to the square yard in Canada as in the United States; none but a fool would expect that. We have no hesitation in saying, however, that in proportion to its population there is no more cultured community in the world than in this land of the Maple Leaf. Ask the publishers of the great American magazines, which bid so eagerly for the patronage of Canadian readers and whose pages are enlivened by the contributions of so many Canadian writers, whether Canadians are not a literary and reading people!



SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Back numbers of CANADA can still be supplied at 10 cents each, except those for February, 1891, (25 cents),—January 1892 (15 cents),—March 1892 (20 cents). The volume for 1891 will be sent complete for \$1.00.

Those whose subscriptions expired several months ago will confer a favor on the publisher by renewing them at once.

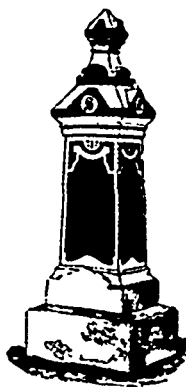
MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,
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MRS. HOTCHKISS, widow of the inventor and manufacturer of the Hotchkiss gun, has given a tract of land, a building fund of \$150,000 and an endowment of \$500,000 for the purchase of building a preparatory school for Yale College. It is a singular fact that women of means rarely remember the need of women's schools and colleges in their eagerness to bestow gifts upon well-equipped institutions for men whose doors are resolutely closed to the woman-seeker after knowledge.

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Literary Notes.

The "Roamings in Classic Massachusetts," of "Fidelis," [Agnes Maule Machar], which have been so pleasant a feature of the *Week*, are discontinued in the No. for February 19th. We follow her to the sea-shore at Nantasket, to Beacon street and the study of Dr. Holmes, to Cambridge, Elmwood and Mt. Auburn. How often, in other days, have we most lovingly lingered in those paths, now sadder than then! The public have something of undoubted value to anticipate from the gifted pen of Miss Machar, in "Marjorie's Canadian Winter," now in press of D. Lothrop & Co., to appear in the spring.

Whatever can charm the most in old time manners and the heart-felt simplicity of poetry, we have found in "Memorials of Auld Land Syne," by Thomas Carstairs Latto, a venerable Scottish poet, resident in Brooklyn, N. Y., [16 Utica Ave.] It contains, "The School Examination," "The Country Sacrament," and other poems, partly in the Scottish dialect. For many a year Mr. Latto has had a reputation as a song-writer, but we think he has written nothing entitled to so much praise as the "School-Examination,"—to which we hope again to recur with fuller particulars. It is published at Paisley, by Alexander Gardner.

The first number of *The Dominion Illustrated Monthly* has the favourable judgment of the most careful authorities in criticism, as to its literary, typographical, and artistic quality. If the public give it their loyal support, it is within the range of Canadian authorship and enterprise to give them something worthy of their patronage, and highly honourable to Canada. The work of Prof. Roberts and of Mr. Scott might warrant this conclusion.

A most wholesome, vigorous and humorous piece of writing is "Sandy McRae in Winnipeg," by Rev. Hugh Pedley, B. A., published as a serial in *The Orillia Packet*. It is a bit of bracing nature, devoid of the mawkishly sentimental, and is calculated for benefit.

Recent Canadian books of verse well spoken of are "The White Canoe, and other verse," by Allan Sullivan. Toronto: J. E. Bryant Co., 1891; and "Songs of the Human," by William P. McKenzie. Toronto: Hart & Co. We may be able to make more particular reference to those books.

Public recitations of the writings of our best Canadian authors is a recent and excellent way of popularising them and advancing the claims of a distinctive literature. We trust these expositions will become more frequent; and, where the requisite talent is possessed for effectiveness, it is quite appropriate that the author's thought and style be exhibited in person. One of the latest of such appearances before the public is that of Miss Pauline Johnson, the poetess, and talented writer, who read from her own writings at Association Hall, Toronto, during the month of February.

A UNIQUE magazine, recently established in New York, has the happy title *Uncut Leaves*; it is not published; its contents can only be known at the monthly meetings when its articles are read; the articles are short, and, wherever possible, are read by their authors. —*Current Literature*.

The February *Outing* contains an article on "Wapiti or Elk Hunting in Manitou."

Greater Britain for January has a paper on "Canada," by D. Watney, and a review of Lady Dufferin's "My Canadian Journal."

In *Belford's Monthly* for February, Erastus Wiman has an article on "An International Personality: Goldwin Smith."

The April number of the *Eclectic Magazine* offers a variety of timely articles as well as papers of more purely literary interest. The brilliant story of the "Great Armada," from the Spanish side, by J. A. Froude, is continued. Mrs. Lynn Linton again takes up the ever present question of the place of women as it is and as it should be with a rattling attack on "The Partisans of the Wild Woman." Students and thinkers will be delighted with the brilliant and searching essay on "The Genius of Plato." All the articles are eminently readable.

The *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* for April, is a capital number, as is also the April *Comopolitan*. This month we have no space for notices.

The word *boos* is derived from the Dutch settlers who first colonized New Amsterdam, first called New York by the English when the colony changed masters by coming into possession of the British Government *Baas*, in the Dutch language, signifies a master or foreman of a workshop.

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Fact, Fancy, Fun.

He had a poem accepted,
By a magazine, at that,
And down the street the poet went,
And bought a larger hat.

BARON H. is the most methodical of men. Yesterday he was questioning a new servant before finally engaging him. "Where were you born?" "At St. Cyprian du Var." "In what year?" "In 1852." "At what age." —*Texas Siftings.*

SIMPLE EXPEDIENT.—Among the more recent stories of feminine banking is one of a young lady who in a fit of abstraction signed a cheque, "Your loving Susie." A still later anecdote is this, from one of our exchanges: A fund was being raised in New York for the benefit of sufferers by a great disaster, and a certain rich but illiterate woman was approached on the subject:—

"Oh, I shouldn't mind sending the money," she said, "but I do hate to have my name in all the papers."

"But that could be easily arranged," said the gentleman who had opened the subject.

"Why, yes, of course," remarked the woman, "I could send an anonymous cheque. Why didn't I think of that before?"

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EDITOR—Your manuscript was so badly spelled that we found it almost impossible to make out the sense of it, and—

Literary Aspirant—I—I'm very sorry, sir; I—

Editor—And so we have decided to use it as a French-Canadian dialect story. Cheque will be sent on publication.—*Puck.*

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EX-MAYOR ROBERT BOWIE, Brockville, Ont., says:—"I used Nasal Balm for a bad case of catarrh, and it cured me after having ineffectually tried many other remedies. It never fails to give immediate relief for cold in the head." This is the experience of thousands in all parts of the Dominion. There is no case of cold in the head or catarrh that will not yield to Nasal Balm. Try it. Beware of substitutes.

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OARGOYLE (showing his curiosities): "This is an Indian hatchet I dug from a mound in Ohio" Mrs. Fangle: "How interesting" I have read that the Indians were in the habit of burying the hatchet."

A **CLERK** in a large shoe store on Sixth avenue is very much given to spells of absent mindedness. Miss Murray Hill went into the shoe store not long ago.

"What can I do for you, Miss?" he asked, timidly.

"I want a pair of shoes."

"Have you—have you brought your feet with you?"—*Texas Sittings.*

A **WILY DOG**.—Hunting dogs, when they grow old, become rheumatic, or at least debilitated with pains. We know, too that they crave heat, and get as near the fire as possible—a craving which increases as they grow older. One such dog, older than the others and slower in getting into the lodge on returning from the hunt, was often crowded away from the fire by the other livelier dogs getting all the best places before him. Finding himself thus turned out in the cold, he would dash toward the door barking, when the others, supposing it was an alarm, would rush away too, while the old rheumatic went to the fire and selected a place to suit him.—*Translated from the "Revue Scientifique" for Popular Science Monthly.*

THOMAS CARLYLE, though a great talker on occasion, did not talk with people who, in his opinion, were not worth his talk. A young American once called on "the sage of Chelsea" with a letter of introduction from a friend. Mr. Carlyle talked with him long enough to get the impression that the young man had no ideas to exchange for his own, and then relapsed into sullen silence, gazing the while steadily into the fire. The visitor, who was much awed by the presence of the great man, sat in similar silence for several minutes. Then it occurred to him that his host was waiting for him to say something.

"Ah—Mr. Carlyle—" he began, falteringly, "what a fine old neighborhood—ah—Chelsea is—"

"Don't interrupt me!" thundered Carlyle, looking up angrily.

"Ah, but Mr. Carlyle!" said the young man, in astonishment, "but you weren't saying anything!"

"Saying anything? No, you blockhead; you interrupted my silence!"

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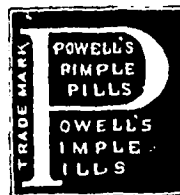
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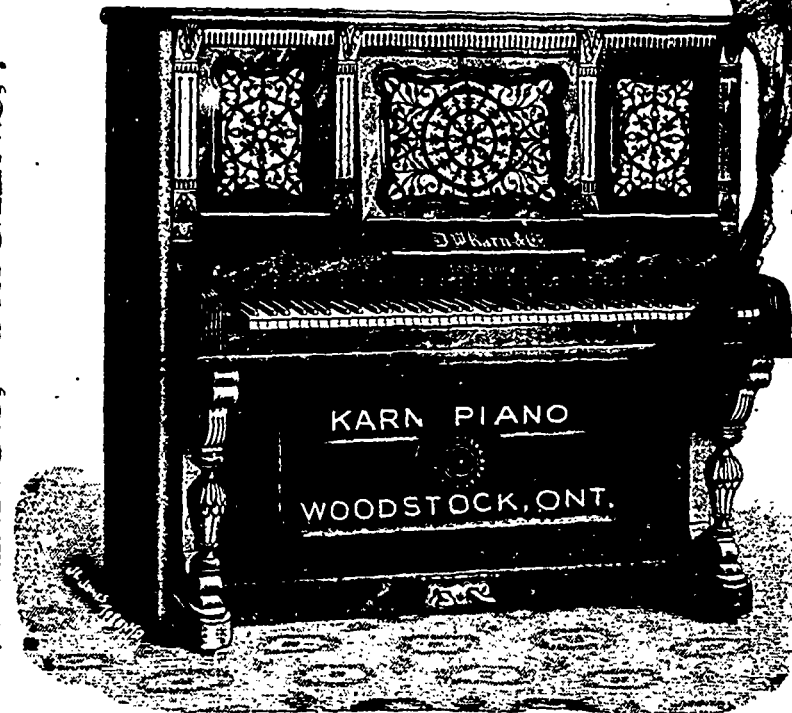
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